

## Chapter Eleven: Mating Ball Part One

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Aurora POV:

"Goddess Aurora, you look absolutely breathtaking." Said mom from the side; as she covered her mouth with her hand, she was acting like I was getting married or something.

My mom, the overdramatic drama queen, ladies and gentlemen, or wolfs and wolets? I wasn't sure, but the fact remained the same, mom still hadn't gotten over the habit of gushing over me whenever I dressed up. As a med student, I basically lived in my hoodie and denim shorts, sweats or mostly, in my case, my scrubs with my hair up in a bun, the typical graduate student uniform. I hardly dressed up, and everyone used to go gaga whenever I did, claiming that I wasn't the same Aurora, which usually got them an exaggerated eye-roll, the same one I was giving my mom right now.

"She's right, apple. White is denitely your colour." Said Nana, smiling at me with adoration.

I was in an ivory-white shoulder-less gown with a slit up to my hip, giving a view to my killer legs and my six-inch red Louboutin's, which meant if I fell, it was game over for my ankle and a couple of my bones. My long black hair was made into a messy updo with tendrils falling on both sides of my face, blood-red lipstick, and a thick coat of mascara and bronzer highlighted my cheekbones. As much as I wanted to tell nana and mom they were exaggerating; I couldn't; no doubt I did look good. It had been a while since I dressed up or went anywhere formal. I couldn't even attend the graduation party back at Harvard since everyone dropped the Lycan bomb on me, and then Ali baba me to a different galaxy.

"Fine! I guess you didn't do all that bad, mom." I said, smirking and winking at her.

She and Nana chuckled; mom hit my arm in a joke which actually ended up hurting like hell. Ugh! Stupid supernatural strength, I didn't need a bruise popping up. It would stick out like a sour thumb since people healed freaking third-degree burns over here in a matter of ve minutes. Why did they need any doctors here in the rst place anyway, if they could heal themselves?

"Not all that bad, huh?" Said mom, smirking at me.

I rolled my eyes at her playful and looked at myself in the mirror again. I couldn't help but think about the mate thing they talked about during lunch. Could I really have one out there, and would he even want me when he comes to know I'm clueless about this world? But another question, how do you even know who's your mate? My pet Lycan in my head was on vacation and in do not disturb mode. Turning to mom and nana, I looked at them; they were doing the nishing touches to their looks. Mom was in a beautiful sky blue gown with a halter neck that had rhinestones all over it. Nana was in a simple sleeveless lilac gown with a round neck; she looked elegantly beautiful, whereas mom looked like a freaking supermodel. I swear we could pass as sisters; she looked that young. Clearing my throat once I saw them nishing up, they turned towards me, smiling at me, prompting me to go on.

"I have a question...." I said; they both nodded their heads, giving me their full attention, "... you know you guys say that I have a mate and all that good stuff, but how am I supposed to know who it is? Will there be like an orchestra of violins in the background, and the breeze will blow as we stare into each other's eyes as we fall deeply in love." I said, being overdramatic.

Mom and nana spluttered out laughing; I couldn't help myself and ended up laughing with them. I was slowly getting used to all these things and the feeling of being around so much family. It felt nice; it felt right. I loved daddy and my relationship, but I always felt it was incomplete. Even though it was him and me against the world, the yearning for a proper family: a big family that could come over on thanksgiving dinner or Christmas eve was always something I craved. However, I never told daddy that. He had always done whatever he could for me, and I wasn't going to complain. Instead, I would count the blessings I had at the time. Despite that, daddy knew I had always carved a big family. I even remember him apologizing to me a few times, but I always brushed it off, telling him that he was all I needed. At the time, he even used to say that when he was gone, I would never be alone and that my wish to grow up around many family members would come true. Yeah, it did come true, but I never wanted that at the expense of him. Even though daddy wasn't here with me, he would always be in my heart. I was broken out of my thoughts when I saw mom and Nana nally come out of their laughing t and smile at me before Nana said.

"I thought med-school would suck you dry apple, you proved me wrong again...." she snickered, shaking her head, then continued, "... in a way, it feels like an orchestra is playing with all that whoop-it-do that people on earth exaggerate about. But the main thing that will tell you that someone is your mate is their distinctive smell, which only you'll be able to pick up. It'll bring goosebumps everywhere, and your vajayjay down there will pulsate, and to pack it all nicely with a bow on top, your lycan will conrm...." before nana could nish, she and mom realized something and cursed under their breath, not knowing why they stopped I stared at them, realization dawning on me about what she said before she could complete her sentence sank in to why they looked so tensed and upset now.

My lycan was to conrm who my mate was. How was that going to happen when she or it or whatever it was, was on indenite vacation in Lala land in my mind.

"Yeah, well and good there, ladies, but if you haven't noticed, my pet Lycan is shy and denies coming out. I doubt she's popping out to go gaga over some random dude." I said, rolling my eyes.

Both mom and nana seemed lost in thought for a bit when I saw their eyes glazing over again. Yup! That's it. I need to know if they need cataract surgery, but the tidbits thrown at me nowadays, I was pretty sure it was another freaky wolf thing, but I still needed to know. When I saw their pupils clear up and focus again, I cut her off before mom could open her mouth.

"What's with your eyes and everyone around? You guys should let me check it out. You might need cataract surgery! They're always going hazy; it's dangerous." I said.

They looked lost for a second when what I said clicked, and mom spoke up.

"Baby girl, our eyes are ne. It's called mind-linking; I thought Kai would've mentioned it to you." She said.

Mind linking?

Seeing my confused expression, she explained further.

"Um, it's talking telepathically with your mind. Everyone in the Crescent Fang Pack can link to one another with their minds; you will also be able to once Shawn inducts you into the pack. We wanted to do that today but will do it rst thing tomorrow when you get back from the hospital." She said, smiling.

She smiled at me, acting like she didn't, just didn't blow my mind by telling me everyone here was like freaking Professor Charles Xavier from the X-men movies. There go another two neurons; I would soon go brain dead. What was the point of working in that hospital? I was soon going to be a patient there in the psychiatric ward.

They both laughed at my expression before mom opened her mouth again to kill the remaining neurons struggling to survive.

"And regarding the mate thing, even if you can't pick up your mate's smell, if he's around, he will be able to pick up yours and hopefully, once you're marked and mated, your lycan will hopefully surface," She said.

Wait, did she just say I was supposed to hop into bed with some rando? I was sure that's what mating meant? Yeah, hell no, mom. I don't care if he was a freaking Greek god at that; I wasn't losing my virginity to someone who is supposedly supposed to love me forever just at rst sight.

"Yup, no, can do, mom; I ain't jumping any p\*\*\*\*\*s just because a dude said he's my so-called soulmate. How do I know that dude won't just lie and say he's my mate to hop into bed with me. Plus, why would I want anyone to mark me? What is this, medieval times?" I said, deadpan.

Instead of the annoying lecture I had thought I would get, Mom and Nana chuckled.

"You'll know if he's lying apple, with or without your lycan. Your body will tell you. And, as far as mating and marking are concerned, mates can be pervasive; you'll know in due time. Now, come, child; everyone is waiting for us outside." Said Nana.

Saying that, mom and nana turned and left with me tugging behind them. I just hope everything goes smoothly, and I don't end up meeting this so-called mate, even though the thought of not meeting him gave me this weird gloomy feeling. Still, I pushed it away. The other feeling I wanted to shake away was this excitement about meeting the so-called famous triplet kings; the mere thought of them had me buzzing with happiness. God, those lost neurons were denitely taking their total on me slowly.