

Book 1 Chapter 6

AXEL

I knew I was dreaming.

It felt like a dream, but it also felt real.

I didn't know if it was my dream or Mace's, but whoever was dreaming made my heart ache.

I was back in our pack and was walking through the forest nearby.

Mace was nagging me to go for a run, so I let him. He took over and shifted into his true form, a big black wolf. He took over and ran. He ran what felt like miles but stopped as he looked at a cabin home. Mace sniffed the air and walked toward it. He tried to open the door, but it was locked.

Mace walked around the cabin, looking for a way inside.

The cabin felt warm, but as we approached a side, there was a window. Mace walked up to it and peered in, and whined. There, on the couch, was a woman holding a baby. She was humming a tone.

I couldn't see her features or anything. She looked like a ghost.

Mace scratched at the window, but the woman didn't look up from the child.

Who was she?

Mace whined as he tried to get the woman's attention, but everything he did went unnoticed by her as she kept humming a tone. It was a tone I didn't know.

I stared closely at her, there was something familiar about her, but I didn't know what.

"Who is she?" I asked Mace.

Mace sat on his hind legs and whined. "Mate," he murmured. "Mate in there, but we can't get to her."

I looked through his eyes.

"How do you know?" I asked.

Mace looked back at me with a stupid look plastered on his face. "Scent," he said and looked back. We both looked through the window, but the woman and the child were gone.

Mace shot up and searched the cabin room through the window. He stared frantically and walked around the cabin again, trying to nd her.

After a few attempts to get inside and no luck, the woman was nowhere to be found. It was like she had disappeared.

Mace howled.

My heart broke; we needed to know who she was.

I woke with a start as Mace whined in my head. I stared at the ceiling, but after a few minutes, I looked back at him; his eyes were on me.

"Was that a dream?" I asked.

Mace nodded.

My mind raced.

Our mate came to us in a dream, but who the hell was she? There was nothing, no hair color, nothing.

I looked at Mace, who was trying to piece together what she looked like, but there were no features, just a blank canvas.

I looked back at the ceiling but moved slightly to look at my side, and Verity was facing me.

I couldn't help but stare at her beauty. She looked like an angel sleeping.

All I wanted was to believe she was my mate, so much so that I was willing to come here again to nd out after my birthday if no one in the pack was my mate.

I didn't care what people thought about humans, especially from my pack. My father never had a problem; the older generation, my grandfather's generation, were the ones who had the problem, as many humans back then were hunters. Many were weak, but there were loads of stories about them.

My father was different; even though my mother was a she-wolf, he still let humans come into our pack, even though the wolves picked on many as they were not fast enough or strong regarding training or ghting.

I didn't care that Verity was human. I knew who Verity was, and she would make a ne Luna. I didn't want her to suffer.

Mace grunted.

"You overthink too much," he murmured. "Mate will be strong, whatever she is."

I stared at him.

"What about Verity?" I asked. "Do you think she could be our mate?"

Mace stared at me but c****d his head to the side. "You have asked me this loads of times, and the answer is still the same, I don't know," he said. He stared at me hard and let out a low sigh.

"I like little human," he said as his eyes bore into mine. "I don't know why. She is sweet as sin but also has a wild side."

I smirked, which made Mace chuckle.

"I like her," he said but sighed. "I would take her as our mate in a heartbeat too, and I know you would. I don't care what anyone says, and humans are strong in their own way. We shouldn't listen to old men's tales; they know nothing."

I nodded, agreeing with what he said.

Mace stared at me as he carried on. "I think we should spend some time with little human and do what we planned, and nd out if our mate is at the pack, but if no one is, we come back here and nd out if the little human is," he said. "I want to believe she is, as I know you are starting to catch feelings. I don't know about her, but she does look at you if she wants you."

I stared at him but didn't say anything.

Mace and I had a plan, and we were sticking to it.

I know I didn't have to tell Verity about mates when I got here, but I had to pre-warn her in case we had one. I didn't want to hurt her, but when she looked away. Her eyes glistened when I made her look back at me. It broke my heart.

I knew I hurt her, but I didn't want to lie to her. I let out a low sigh and looked away from Verity. I could feel Mace look at me, which made me look back at him.

Mace sighed.

"We should go," he murmured. "It will be time to get up soon for the meeting."

I nodded.

I looked back and moved slowly out of bed, ensuring I didn't disturb Verity.

I sat on the bed and looked at her once again.

I didn't want to leave, but Mace's right. We have a meeting with some humans from this town this morning to open up a few new stores. That would mean I would be here more to oversee every plan.

I turned and looked away from Verity.

I stood up and walked over to where I took my clothes off. I dressed quickly, and my eyes darted to Verity, who never moved.

I wanted to wake her up, even if it was to tell her that I was leaving, but I knew I had to go. I had to return to the hotel before Dixon noticed I was absent. I couldn't answer his questions, especially if I had to talk about Verity to him.

I quickly did the button up on my pants. I didn't bother tucking my shirt in as I knew Mace had to shift into his form to get us to the hotel, which was twenty minutes away. We took a taxi here last night.

I knew it was early morning, but it was still dark, and I knew we had to leave before the sun rose.

I let out a low sigh and looked at Verity one last time. I knew I was seeing her later, but I had to go all day without saying anything to her due to the stupid meeting. She knows it will be late; it usually is when I have meetings here.

I could feel Mace move closer and look through my eyes. "She is peaceful," he whispered. "I can't wait till later to see her bent over like earlier."

The thought of having Verity again made my c**k twitch, which I took as a sign to leave, or I would have jumped on her to wake her to suck me off.

I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth, trying to get the image that coded into my head of Verity on her knees.

"Little human looks good on her knees," he murmured. "And having your c**k thrusting in and out as she slurps every inch of you."

I groaned, which made Mace chuckle.

I turned and walked away, heading out of her bedroom.

I walked out and headed to the front door.

We forgot to lock the door last night. Verity usually places the chain on the door, but she never locks it as she knows I must leave in the morning.

I opened the door and walked through, closing the door quietly but tightly behind me.

I walked away from her at and headed out the front door.

I head out and start to walk.

I knew I had to walk toward the forest so Mace could take over.

Verity lives in a block of ats, but her at is the rst on the ground oor. She likes it here, but I don't see the appeal. It is small, but I am used to living with many people and in big spacious rooms. It is a danger zone sometimes when many people are in one room, but I like it. When members nd their mates, they move out of the pack house and into a home. Only single werewolves live in the pack house.

My father and mother live in the pack house, but they have an apartment on the top oor with three bedrooms. I used to live there with them, but when I started to work for my Dad, I decided I needed my own space and moved into one of the rooms below them. Dixon is on the same oor as me, and Don, who will be my gamma when I take over the pack.

I walk faster, and soon enough, I am at the forest entrance.

Mace comes closer and frowns. "Are you stripping, or am I shredding?" he asked.

I laughed. "Take over," I murmured. "The clothes can be replaced."

Mace said nothing but pushed me back and shifted into his form.

Mace shook out his fur and looked at the shredded clothes. He moved them all in one pile and grabbed what he could in his mouth.

I frowned, but I didn't ask any questions.

Mace was strange like that; he did some strange things over the years.

Mace walked into the forest but started running as we moved further in. I loved feeling the wind through his fur as he ran and the leaves crunching beneath his paws in the Autumn.

I stayed in the back of his head, trying not to think about Verity, but a few moments later, a mind link tried to open up.

I knew who it was, and I knew I had to answer it.

"Hey, Dude," I said to Dixon as I opened the mind link. "I won't be long. I couldn't sleep, so I went for a run."

"Oh," he said. "I was wondering where you were. I even asked the receptionist if she saw you. I was worried that something happened."

I couldn't help but frown.

"No need to worry," I said. "Mace is nearly there now. Can you meet us around back with a fresh pair of clothes?"

Dixon chuckled. "I guess so," he said. "I take it, Mace couldn't wait."

I didn't say anything as Mace grunted at what Dixon said.

I knew we would have to tell him about Verity eventually, but I didn't want the secrecy to end just yet as it has been fun just being the two of us, even though it has been more of a hook-up than anything.

"Things will change if she is our mate," Mace whispered, ensuring Dixon couldn't hear him.

I cleared my throat before I spoke again. "I will be there soon," I said, closing down the mind link before he could respond.

Mace ran all the way, dropping our shredded clothes halfway there.

After a few minutes, Mace came out of the forest and headed to the back of the hotel, making sure no one saw him. Dixon was there with a pair of shorts, and also Don.

Great, all I need, I thought.

Mace pushed me forward as we approached, and I took over and shifted back.

Dixon handed me some sports shorts.

I placed them on and looked at him. He gave me a strange look but didn't say anything.

"I think you need to shower," murmured Don.

I stared at him, but Dixon was the rst to ask. "Whose scent is on you?" he asked.

"That's none of your business," I muttered as we walked into the hotel and headed to the door-marked stairs.

We walked through and headed up, taking two steps at a time.

"Get showered and ready," Don said. "We will have breakfast and head to the meeting in an hour. Hopefully, it won't drag like the others did the last time."

I frowned.

I pushed the door open to our oor and saw my door opposite.

That's how easy it was to slip away to leave without anyone noticing.

"See you later," Don called out as he walked away from us and opened his door.

I could feel Dixon's eyes on me, and I turned around.

He gave me a knowing look. "Who was she?" he asked.

I stared at him and sighed. "Look, I don't want to talk about it," I said. "I will tell you everything after the meeting. But as for now, I need to get ready, or mister grumpy pants will have our asses."

Dixon stared but nodded.

"Okay," he said. "I want to know everything. I know someone here has taken your fancy, I know you don't have the same beliefs as me, but I understand. You're a man, and you do have needs."

I smirked.

Dixon grinned and turned to walk away.

"I will see you in a bit," he said as he walked to his room beside mine.

I opened my door and walked in, closing the door behind me. I leaned back on the door and sighed. I could tell my best friend about Verity, and he might be able to meet her later if he is around.

I knew I had to get ready as the meeting was happening soon.

I heard Mace snore, which let me know he was asleep.

I pushed off the door and headed over to the bathroom, but I knew where my mind was, and it always went to her; it went straight to Verity.