

Alpha's Unwilling Mate

The Moon Goddess' Mistake

Emma

No! No! NO!

Not him, not now. Why me?

After years of desperately waiting for my mate, years of wondering if I will ever be lucky enough to find him, here he is and he's the notorious alpha of the Blood Moon Pack. How could the Moon Goddess be so cruel? What have I done to incur her wrath so brutally?

As far as I know, I've been a good person. I've respected my elders, obeyed my alpha, and even taken on a skill I knew my pack would benefit from. None of that sounds worthy of punishment to me.

My eyes have dropped to the floor the second my wolf has made her declaration and I try not to scramble too much as I finish my section with shaky hands.

I can feel Owen trying to make eye contact with me and concern is filling his face the longer I resist but I refuse to give anything away. If he knew, he'd do something stupid and now is not the time for mistakes. I don't know what our alpha would say.

I didn't even notice my father's reaction while hastily making my rounds which is a testimonial in itself to how distressed I feel and it only serves to increase my resentment towards the male opposite us.

The plates are served in relative silence and now is the time to make my escape, maybe he hasn't noticed? Maybe his wolf isn't as diligent as mine? Or maybe he doesn't want me as his mate either? They say rejection hurts but I can't be worse than a life *with* him and hope starts to blossom in my chest for a way out of this.

Deciding that now is the time to act, I'm conscious of every creak of the floorboards as I move back towards the door. I even get a small glimpse of freedom before it crashes down around me.

"Sit." I don't need to turn to know where that voice belongs, the shivers down my spine are indicators enough and my wolf practically backflips with glee. The idiot.

I pause for a second in my tracks before realising that he doesn't even know my name. Nobody could know what has happened between us just now and there's nothing stopping me from walking on and faking partial loss of hearing.

Servers aren't usually addressed by guests anyway and even so I've not been serving him this evening, Derek has. Yes, this is perfect, I can keep going! Another step is made before my alpha intervenes and I should have known he wouldn't let it fly past the radar.

"Who are you speaking to, Alpha Orion?" His voice sounds displeased with the way he must have addressed one of his people, and I'm hoping that his attitude remains that way when he finds out the rest.

Will I have to tell him what I've just found out? Goodness, I hope not. What does it say about me to know that I've been paired with a monster like him?

"Her."

From one simple word, I feel the painful transition of going from invisible, to having every pair of eyes glued on my face. The flush of the kitchens is back but this time it's with vengeance.

The invitation to sit lingers in the air as my alpha hasn't declined it for me, he hasn't said anything yet and I wish he'd have spoken on my behalf. What am I supposed to say to that?

I have things that I need to do, dessert isn't even finished yet and the last thing on my list is to sit here and chat idly with this male. It's not even on the list at all for that matter but clearly, I need to say something.

"Thank you for the offer, Alpha Orion but I have duties to perform in the kitchen for the next course." I refuse to make eye contact with him as I speak, but that's not to be sniffed at considering he is an alpha and I am not.

It would be a sign of disrespect to look him in the eyes if I wasn't his mate and that's a secret I'd like to keep to myself as long as possible. Maybe he'll realise and drop the invitation? I am his mate after all and aren't they meant to be considerate of each other?

"Sit." He repeats in an almost threatening tone and something within me snaps.

I don't know if it's the fact that the mate I've waited so long to find is a cruel murderer, the fact that I'm now the centre of unwanted attention or the fact that he just spoke to me as if he can order me what to do.

He's not *my* alpha and that's a fact he'll do well to remember.

"I'm not a dog." I say through gritted teeth before turning to the other side of the table, please let him say yes, "Alpha, please may I be excused to prepare the dessert?"

He just nods, uncertain of what is happening here but rather than questioning me, he looks to his guest. Good, let him explain how he dares to speak to me that way but I don't care enough to stick around.

Now that I have permission from my true source of authority, I leave faster than a bullet from a gun. I swear in this second I could have beaten the world record or something and as I do, a growl that could have shaken the walls sounds from behind me. I have a fair idea who it came from.

Rather than turn around to know for sure, I dart to the stairs and back down to the sanctuary of my kitchen. If there is any mercy left in this world, let him not follow me.