

Chapter 2

Blakely's POV

I work to keep my face impassive.

The North Appalachian Pack? Here?? Alpha Jake?

I need to process this. I need a moment. But I can't take a moment.

I nod to my father.

"What needs to be done? What is the occasion for this visit?"

For just a brief moment, I think I see extreme sadness cross over my father's face. But just as I think I've seen it, it's gone.

"We will be discussing this with the rest of the elders in the study today at noon. Training has been cancelled in preparation of the visit." Once again, I think I see sadness on my father's face, then impassive again. "I would like you to meet me in my oca at 11:00, just a few details to iron out before the elder's meeting."

"Of course, Alpha father." I nod.

He nods back and picks his fork back up. That is all he will say for now, but I know he will give me more details in his oca, things he didn't want to say in front of everyone in the great hall, he won't leave me in the dark. I just have to be patient.

Not my strong suit.

"Blakely, want to go get some training in?" Trey has moved his other hand to my shoulder and is turning me around to face him.

Ah, yes... "training."

"Sure." I lift a hand and nod to the table and follow Trey as he wraps his large strong hand around mine.

As Trey pulls my hand, he walks quickly in front of me. I look at the back of him. The muscles bulging in his back as he moves under his form tting blue athletic tee, his muscular long legs that ex with every step. I feel eagerness to be alone with him.

I feel his eagerness to be alone with me.

The more I think about it, the more I think, "this is totally a mate thing."

We make our way out the side of the door, Trey throws a quick grin over his shoulder at me and takes off at a run. I grin and run after him. I know where we are going.

I love the way this feels. Free. Running, moving easily between the trees and over the brush. It feels like no time at all that we are at our favorite spot. A small lake a few miles from the pack village. Secluded. Hidden from any stray hikers

The only way we would be interrupted here, would be by another pack member. But they know this is our spot. No one else comes here.

We are completely alone.

I stop when I arrive and lean casually against a large boulder, waiting for Trey. I

Of course, I beat him here. No one is faster than me.

I have my arms folded across my chest and a cocky grin on my face as Trey comes to a halt in front of me.

He looks exasperated.

"Really?? I mean, my legs are twice as long as yours!"

I shrug and my cocky smile gets wider.

I love to win. I can't help it. I imagine I would be a really sore loser...if I ever lost.

Trey's exasperated look melts into a sly grin of his own as he steps closer to me, stooping over, putting either hand around me against the rock, leaning his face close to mine.

"Consolation prize?" he whispers before his lips touch mine.

I feel myself melt into his kiss.

This is nice. I unfold my arms and tug on his shirt, he lifts his arms obligingly over his head and his shirt disappears in an instant.

I run my hands over his hard abs, up to his bulging pecs, and back down to wrap around his waist.

Trey lets out a groan and grabs my waist with one hand and my face with his other, pulling me tight against his hard body, his lips pressed harder to mine, his tongue pushing open my lips.

I hold onto him tighter as the kiss deepens and he runs his hand down my neck and into my sports bra to cup my breasts.

I tilt my head to the side as Trey moves his lips to my neck. I close my eyes.

Piercing Green Eyes are staring straight at me.

Shit!

My eyes y open and I involuntarily push Trey away.

Trey stumbles back in shock, his face hurt and confused.

"Blakely...?"

"I'm...I'm sorry..." I stammer. I have no idea what to say. What the hell just happened? Here I am making out with my boyfriend...or mate...whatever...and I close my eyes and see those green eyes! Like they were right here, looking right into my soul...like they were scolding me.

I shake my shoulders. Then I shake them again. I can't shake this feeling off of me. Like something is watching me.

I feel my body tense. I crouch and look around, a snarl escaping from my lips.

Trey gets over his shock and turns his back to me, crouching and looking around.

He glances over his shoulder at me and shifts into his wolf form, still crouching in front of me, my constant protector.

I don't shift. I don't feel at my strongest when I shift. I'm odd like that. I am the only werewolf I know that feels stronger in human form versus wolf form.

I like my hands to be available, not sure why, but I feel comforted by them at my side, more so than four paws on the ground.

I can feel someone else near me, I know the green eyes I have been seeing belong to that someone.

As I slowly circle, Trey circling slowly against my back, I feel a weird calming sensation roll over me.

Trey turns his wolf head towards me in question. I imagine he can tell that my tension has left.

"He's gone," I say with a shrug.