

Chapter 3

Blakely's POV

Trey shifts back into his naked human form and runs a hand through his hair to push it out of his face.

"Who's gone?" Trey looks confused. "Blakely, what just happened?"

I ex my ngers at my side as if counting each nger, another nervous habit, and ex up and down on my toes. What was that?

"I don't know Trey, I just thought I felt someone watching us," I make a quick decision not to tell Trey about the eyes...the piercing green eyes that haunt my dreams, and even now, when I am awake.

Trey looks down at me without saying anything. It's like he knows I am not telling him something and he is deciding whether or not to question me further.

He seems to decide against saying anything more and starts to look around for clothes.

He nds some in a bag behind the rock we had just been making out against and puts on athletic shorts. Then looks for his shirt that he had just discarded mere moments ago during our short lived make out session.

I am watching him silently the entire time. Something between us feels off. Strange even. He knows I am keeping something from him, I know this is hurting him, but I can't tell him. I don't want to tell him...

What I want, is to nd the owner of those green eyes. Those green eyes hold some kind of answers for me. I didn't feel the connection in my dreams, but now, I can feel it through my entire body. I need to know the person behind those eyes.

I'm suddenly in a hurry to get back to the packhouse. I need to talk to the Alpha.

Trey pulls on his shirt and looks at me again, almost hesitantly.

"Want to go back?" He asks me with a weird tone in his voice. I can tell he is disappointed, but any desire I had to make out is completely gone now. I can tell he has already gured out the answer to my question before I can nod, and he walks over to me, grabs my hand and we start walking back to the packhouse.

Neither of us are talking, both deep in our own thoughts. I strain to remember more of my dreams. The unfamiliar forest, the snow, the blood staining the snow, and always ending with those piercing green eyes looking at me.

What did this mean? Were the green eyes the cause of the blood? The enemy? My stomach did a weird ip. I somehow felt like they weren't. When I really thought about it, those eyes didn't make me feel scared...they made other feelings come up. Tension? Excitement. Eagerness.

But why? Probably because I wanted to know why I am seeing those damn eyes!

"So Alpha Jake," I nearly jump when Trey breaks the silence. "I've heard he is pretty intimidating."

Ha. Intimidating? More like asshole, from what I had heard. I had heard stories that he was a great ghter, but pretty ruthless, and crazy strict within his pact.

"Kind of strange to visit on short notice. The North Appalachian pack doesn't usually come around the South pack. I wonder what the occasion is?" Trey wasn't looking at me, but I felt his hand grip mine tighter.

"I'm unsure...but can't be for anything good.," I still haven't looked at Trey, there is too much to think about. The green eyes have left my thoughts and now I am wondering why North America's strongest pack is making a visit to our pack. The North Appalachian pack has always been allies with us, but it has always been clear that they thought of themselves superior, never coming to any events the South Appalachian Pack hosted or inviting us to their village.

This is considered a pretty big insult. Most packs encourage getting together amongst each other so unmated werewolves have opportunities to nd their mates.

By North Appalachian refusing invites and not extending invites, its as if they are saying they would never be mated with a South Appalachian pack member.

"I heard that Alpha Jake is unmated," Trey says this casually, but there is a weird, guarded tone to his voice.

"Well, that explains his asshole reputation."

Trey looks at me, shocked, then his face breaks into a huge grin. "You better watch that mouth of yours around the North Pack."

I shrug. "I can hold my own."

Trey's grin fades. "Seriously, Blakely. Alpha Jake and his tribe are different than ours." Trey hesitates. "Alpha Jake is different. He's stronger than all of us."

I give Trey a cocky grin and am about to tell him that I could still take him, but Trey has stopped and grabbed both my hands.

"Blakely, Alpha Jake has never lost. There is a reason that their pack is the largest and strongest pack in North America and that everyone fears him."

"I have never lost a ght Trey..."

"And neither has Alpha Jake," Trey cuts me off. "And Alpha Jake has fought way more ghts, and ghts from real enemies..."

"Oh, and all my ghting is just pretend?" It was my turn to cut Trey off. How dare he! I fought and trained just as hard as any other pack member, if not harder. I fought off rogues just as often as any pack member, if not more.

"I know Blakely!" Trey let out a huge sigh and ran his hand through his hair again. He looked straight into my eyes. "I just want you to be careful around the North Pack when they get here, not drawl too much attention to yourself. There might be more unmated werewolves, and you are unmated..." he trails off looking anguished.

I release his hand and grab his face with both of mine and stand on tip toe, even though he is already leaning over, to look into his eyes.

"Don't worry about me. I love you, Trey." I kissed him on the lips and when I pulled away, hands still on his face, he looked slightly more relaxed. "And besides, I would never be mated to a jerk from the North Pack. Gross." I wave my hand dismissively at this. Trey looks completely sated now. He stands up straight, grabs my hand, and we keep walking.

"I heard it's super cold and miserable up at their packhouse too." Trey says this cheerfully. "Tons of snow too."

A shiver runs through my body.