

Chapter 5

Blakely's POV

When we leave the forest and the packhouse comes into sight, I pick up my pace to almost a run, unconsciously dragging Trey along with me.

I let go of Trey's hand when we reach the packhouse and turn to face him.

"I'm going to go talk with my father, I will meet you later, or see you at the elder's meeting."

Trey looks hesitant. "Are you sure you don't want me to..."

"No," I cut him off. "I need to talk to my father in private. I'll see you later."

Trey nods, but I don't give him time to say anything else. I practically run to my father's ope. There is a weird kind of energy running through me now, something unfamiliar.

There is also some kind of enticing scent throughout the entire packhouse. Maybe coming from the kitchen as they prepare for our visitors tomorrow. Or perhaps some new cleaning spray? Whatever it is, it's making my mouth water and I want to see where it is coming from, but I need to go to the ope rst.

I knock quickly and more loudly than I mean to on the ope door. I can't help it, there is so much adrenaline running through me right now, I'm bouncing on my feet.

There are footsteps and the door opens a crack to reveal my father. The strength of that wonderful scent coming from inside the room hits me so hard that I stumble backwards a step.

"Father, I need to talk with you!" I eagerly lean forward again and place my forearm against the door, I need to get into that room.

My father's face is twisted in agony, and for the life of me I cannot understand why. Something is in there that is wonderful and I need to nd out what it is. I have completely forgotten about any questions I had, all I wanted now was to nd what that scent was. So, how could my father not be feeling what I am feeling? How could he look so sad and tortured when that scent was making me feel so happy and excited?

"Blakely...I said to meet me at 11:00. I am in a meeting—"

"Let her in." An unfamiliar voice interrupts my father. It's a deep, soft, and authoritative voice that makes my body tingle.

What is going on? Who would dare interrupt the Alpha? And what in the hell is happening to me today?

My father works to make his tortured face turn neutral and opens the door all the way. I'm looking at him as he swings the door open. Then I turn to look inside the room, utterly confused...and my eyes meet the piercing green eyes from my dreams.

I'm stunned. I can't move. The piercing green eyes belong to the most stunning man that I have ever seen. He has white blonde hair that falls casually to the side of his forehead, full kissable lips, those amazing bright green eyes, and his body...it's massive. He is taller than Trey by at least 5 inches. He has wide shoulders and chest that narrows at the waste, and long arms with bulging muscles. He looks too big for the room, and it's a very large room.

His white polo is tted to show his bulky muscles and he is wearing khaki shorts that t him perfectly, making me stare at his long muscular legs.

He is staring back at me, not saying anything, just taking me in as much as I am him.

He is leaning casually against a desk with his arms gripping the sides, but as I look at him, he stands up and crosses his arms across his chest.

I want to be in those arms. I want to walk over and touch him. I want to run my hands through his hair. I want to touch those lips with mine...look deeper into those green eyes.

I know where the smell is coming from now, although I can't truly describe it...it smells something like fresh rainfall, pine trees, and something else I can't make out.

It ts him so well. And it is surrounding me, engulfing me.

"Blakely" My father's voice makes me jump. "This is Alpha Jake from the North Appalachian Pack." He gestures towards the green-eyed man, whose eyes have still never looked away from me. "And these are his fellow pack members, Brett, Eric, Scott, and Danny."

I nally look away from Alpha Jake and notice there are other people in the room besides us and my father. I look at the other men, all nearly as tall and large as Alpha Jake, all larger than any males in our pack, with varying shades of blonde hair and blue eyes. They all nod to me, the one standing beside Alpha Jake in a baby blue tee, grins at me.

I look back at Alpha Jake. Alpha Jake. The legendary asshole leader of the ruthless North Appalachian pack. The pack who thinks they are better than us. I should feel nothing but dislike towards him. So why in hell do I want to run my hands across his chest and shoulders? My mind is not willing to admit what my body is telling me right now.

No...Alpha Jake just can't be my...no way! I'm not even going to think that word.

Alpha Jake is still watching me.

I should probably speak. Or at least leave the doorway.

I nod and walk into the room, Alpha Brad closes the door behind me.

"Welcome to our village, Alpha Jake." I smile politely at Alpha Jake, who uncrosses his arms and leans back against the desk, gripping the edge with his hands again. He nods and looks at my father expectantly.

Alpha Brad takes a deep breathe and puts his hand on my shoulder. "This is my daughter..." he hesitates, and his eyes go to Alpha Jake, "and my Beta, Blakely."

Alpha Jake's face turns to shock for a moment as he looks at me.

Someone laughs. Alpha Jake and I both look over to the man in the baby blue tee, who is grinning even bigger now.

"Blakely, nice to meet you. Looking forward to bringing you home to the North Appalachian packhouse with us."