

Alpha Amanda's Love Adventure

Chapter 8 Drowning in Destiny

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Amanda's POV:

The cool water wrapped around every inch of my body, but that familiar yet unfamiliar scent grew clearer by the second, like an invisible thread hooked deep into my soul.

Alice was practically bouncing off the walls inside me, her howl nearly shattering my eardrums. "Open your eyes! Amanda! You have to see who he is! This is your destined mate's scent. If you miss this, you'll never find him again!"

My heart pounded so hard it felt ready to burst from my chest. I wanted to follow that lifting force and open my eyes, but my vision only blurred further, and my chest grew unbearably tight.

The overwhelming excitement clashed with my wolf spirit, and darkness swallowed me whole as I lost consciousness completely.

I didn't know how much time had passed before awareness slowly returned. The faint smell of antiseptic hung in the air, mingled with a trace of unfamiliar fragrance.

I forced my eyes open. A nicely decorated changing room came into view. I was lying on a soft couch, covered with a thick blanket.

"Amanda! You're finally awake!" Alice's voice carried the relief of someone who had just escaped disaster, though it still trembled slightly.

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"My energy went haywire in the water and made you pass out... But that destined mate scent was definitely real!"

I braced myself against the couch and slowly sat up. My head still felt foggy. I pressed my fingers against my throbbing temples, trying to recall what happened before I blacked out.

All I could remember was that overwhelming scent of destiny. Who it belonged to, where they were... I had no idea.

I drew in a soft breath and moved my limbs. Apart from some lingering weakness, nothing else seemed wrong.

Suddenly, I realized my makeup might have washed off in the pool. I rushed to the mirror to check my face.

Thank God. The ugly disguise had smeared a little, but overall, I still looked like my hideous alter ego.

Relief flooded through me instantly. Then I noticed a cup of warm ginger tea sitting on the coffee table, along with an unopened pack of towels beside it.

I picked up the tea and took a sip. The warmth slid down my throat and gradually spread through my body, clearing some of the fog from my brain.

Who had saved me? And who had brought me here and even changed my clothes?

Questions flooded my mind, but what concerned me most was that destined mate scent.

Alice was right. That scent matched me perfectly. It was the unique bond only a destined mate could share. Yet I hadn't

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even seen his face or learned who he was.

"This is all my fault!" Alice said, frustration lacing her voice. "I got too excited and messed up my energy, making you pass out! But don't worry—destined mates share a connection."

I let out a soft sigh and pushed down the chaos in my heart.

I threw off the blanket and stood, heading to the sink to wash off what remained of my ruined makeup.

Once my face was clean, my head felt clearer too.

...

Just then, a gentle knock came at the changing room door.
"Amanda, I brought you some clothes. Are you alright?"

It was Derrick's voice. Without thinking, I opened the door to grab them. I had just parted my lips to thank him when Derrick's startled voice cut in.

"Why—"

I frowned, confused, then followed his gaze. My hand flew to my face.

Damn it! I forgot to put my ugly makeup back on.

The wig was still there, but my face was completely exposed.

The shock of realizing Samson was my mate had rattled me so much that I made a rookie mistake.

"I..." My mind spun in panic. I'd thought about the day

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someone might uncover my real face, but never this soon. What now?

Thoughts raced like lightning. I glanced at Derrick, and sure enough, he was staring at me with that sharp, calculating look in his eyes.

His gaze prickled against my skin, but I forced myself to stay calm. "Mr. Derrick, how about we have a little talk?"

"Alright."

"Then come inside." I pulled him in quickly, only relaxing once the door shut behind us.

"But before we talk, can I ask you something?" Derrick set the clothes down, his tone curious.

Straight to the point—good. Talking with smart people was easier.

"You're wondering why I disguised myself, right?" When Derrick nodded, I said, "Because I hate being trapped in an arranged marriage."

"So your goal is the same as mine?"

"Oh?" That surprised me. This marriage would bring huge benefits to the Eclipse Pack. Why would he reject it?

I didn't get Derrick's reasoning, but honestly, it didn't matter.

So I went along. "Then could you keep my secret? Don't worry. You'll get something in return. I'll owe you a favor."

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"And what could you possibly help me with? The things I want... no one can give me." Derrick gave a bitter laugh but nodded anyway. "Fine. I'll keep your secret."

"Thank you."

He gestured to the clothes. "Be more careful next time. If anyone else had seen you, there'd be no taking it back. I'll wait outside while you change. We'll head back down together."

I thanked him again and took the clothes inside.

But honestly, this outfit—soft and gentle—was nothing like me.

Whatever... It didn't matter. I'd just wear it for now.

Besides, my real face was beautiful no matter what I put on.

After a second of admiring myself, I cracked the door open. When I saw only Derrick outside, I finally relaxed.

He glanced up as soon as he heard me, his eyes lingering for two seconds before a small, unreadable smile crossed his face.

His fingers brushed over his cuff. "Looks like if Samson and the others realized what they lost, they would drown in regret."

My chest tightened, but before I could answer, Josh's loud voice floated up from downstairs, with words like "Samson," "looking," and "Amanda" mixed in.

Derrick tilted his head toward the stairs, speaking casually, "Seems someone's too impatient to wait for you."

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And I knew exactly who that "someone" was—most likely Samson, the one who had just pulled me from the pool.

Was he searching for me because of that flicker of connection under the water, or because he'd already noticed something more?

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Damn it! I forgot to put my ugly makeup back on.

The wig was still there, but my face had already returned to my real one.

The shock of realizing Samson was my mate had rattled me so much that I made a rookie mistake.

"I..." My mind spun in panic. I'd thought about the day someone might uncover my real face, but never this soon. What now?

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As I finished changing and opened the door, it seemed Derrick noticed the sound. He looked up reflexively, his gaze lingering on me for two seconds.

Watching Derrick's figure, I suddenly remembered what happened before I passed out. I quickly stopped him.

"Derrick, wait... do you know where I can view the security footage from the pool area? I want to find out who pushed me."

But what I really wanted to know was who had saved me...

Because that would tell me who my destined mate was...

