

Don't Leave Me, Mate (by AlisTae) - Chapter 1[1,492 words]

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Ava's POV

"Ava, leave. Go with your mother. They will kill you both."

My father yelled at me, his eyes filling with fear as he looked at the other side of the forest. 1

"N-No," I mumbled and sobbed. I could see him lying on the ground.

"Little girl, always take care of your mother," he said while struggling to sit up. There was blood all over his legs. "Angela, run away with Ava. Don't waste time," he told my mother, who was kneeling in front of him and crying loudly.

"How can I leave you in this condition, Hector?" She cried out in a distressed tone.

We all heard crunching sounds. 1

We were in the middle of a war, and every wolf was fighting each other.

"Leave. I can't shift to protect you two because of my wounds. At least save our little child." My father said it again to my mother.

When my mother saw that a pack of wolves was approaching us, she got to her feet, picked me up in her arms, and then started running in the opposite direction while she was carrying me.

While running, my mother whispered in my ears with a crying voice,

"Don't look back."

My arms were wrapped around her neck in a tight hug. Curiosity was killing me so

I dared to look at what was happening there.

I saw two wolves jump on my dad to kill him. My eyes widened. I was so shocked that I closed my eyes and let out a

scream.

"DAD!"

I opened my eyes and realized I was in my bedroom.

"I was dreaming again," I muttered, pressing my hand to my forehead.

I sat up and took deep breaths. My entire body was drenched in sweat.

Actually, it was not a nightmare. It was a reflection of moments from my past that I would never be able to forget.

My father was killed in a war when I was only five years old. He was a pack fighter, but they attacked his legs before he could shift, leaving him unable to save himself.

My mother had to run away with me from that pack and seek shelter in another pack.

This pack's Alpha and Luna were kind enough to let us live in their pack.

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Since then, we have been lying in the Mystic Shadow Pack

"AVA, YOU WILL BE LATE."

I heard my mother's voice, shouting from downstairs.

"YES, MOM. I'M COMING," I replied loudly so she could hear me.

I ran to the bathroom, took a shower, and then got ready to go to my university.

I was in my freshman year. So I did not want to be in the professor's bad books by becoming a latecomer.

I took a quick look at myself for a moment in the mirror. Ang, loose-fitting white dress was what I was wearing at the time. I tucked my hair back into a low ponytail. My big glasses fell on my nose, so I lifted it to my eyes.

My eyesight was perfectly fine. But I preferred to wear large glasses because I wanted to hide my emotions and my face behind them. Though the glasses were transparent, they helped me disguise my sentiments.

Because I did not want to draw attention to myself, I never put on any makeup. For the same reason, I preferred to dress in simple, long, loose clothing.

People referred to me as a "nerd" because of my high grades and appearance.

Or maybe I was really a nerd. I decided to take it as a compliment. This tag also caused me to deal with some bullying when I was in middle school.

I went downstairs and hugged my mother. We had breakfast together. She was the only one in my life. I wanted to study hard and establish myself so that I could give her a happy life.

"Ava"

I looked at my mother. "Yes, Mom?"

with

"You will turn eighteen next week. You'll find your mate soon. Before that, I want you not to mess up someone else. You already know how we got into this pack. You are an omega. We don't have a male member in our family to protect you, my dear."

I stared at my mother's worried face. She was concerned about my safety because this pack was full of Alphas.

"Don't worry, Mom. You have my word that I will not mess up with anyone and cause any trouble for myself. I will keep my promise. I always avoid grabbing attention."

"My child, I long for the day when you finally find your mate. He will accept you, and I will be able to die peacefully."

I quickly got out of my chair and rushed over to give her a hug. "Mom, don't say that, please."

She never married again and dedicated her entire life to me. I could not bear to see her in pain.

After reassuring my mother, I left my house. I went to the bus stop and got on one.

It took me twenty minutes to get to my university.

The letters were written in an italicized, bold font.

'Mystic Shadow University'

I started walking in the direction of the department's building. My eyes wandered around as I walked past the students. It was the best university in our pack. It was only possible for wealthy kids to enroll in this university.

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However, I was fortunate enough to receive a scholarship and gain admission to this university.

I could see girls looking at me with disgust.

A girl walked past me, not forgetting to push my shoulder.

"Bloody nerd."

I heard her, lowered my head, and walked directly to my class.

My friend Abigail waved at me. I sat beside her. I only have three friends. Abigail was the closest one. We had the same schedule, so we could spend more time together.

When the professor entered the classroom, the lesson began. I tried to concentrate but was distracted by gossipy girls whispering behind our backs.

"Have you seen Ian today?" A girl asked another.

"No, what have I missed? Don't tell me he took off his shirt to show off his hot abs and I missed it."

"I'm going to die just thinking about it. But no. I heard his friends mention about Luke's party."

"Omg! I can't miss it then.".

I stared at the projector, but my thoughts were focused on their gossip.

They were talking about the hottest boy at our university.

He was none other than Ian Dawson.

He was our head Alpha's only son. But he was not like his father, who was very strict about rules and regulations. He was the complete opposite-a troublemaker.

He was a bad boy that every boy feared, and a playboy that every girl desired to be with.

"Ian Dawson never dates. He only believes in one-night stands," my best friend, Abigail, muttered from my left

side.

I turned my head toward her. She smirked at me and said,

"You innocent girl, don't listen to this gossip."

"I was just-"

"Babe, I know you really well. But let me tell you something. He is waiting for his

mate. That's why he doesn't date. These are his own words," she whispered to

me.

I turned my attention away from her and tried to concentrate on the class instead of responding to her.

But I could not lie to my heart. I did not know why but whenever I saw that boy, I felt my heartbeat turn faster.

After the class, Abigail and I took a leisurely stroll to the locker room. During that time, I received a text message from my friend Luke.

He was the only boy who was my friend. It was because he never bullied me.

"Who texted you?" Abigail asked.

"Luke. He is calling us to the basketball court."

"You go first. I'm coming in ten minutes. I have some work"

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"Okay."

I exited the building and made my way to the basketball court, which was quite a distance away.

When I arrived, there were many boys leaving the court. They had just finished their practice.

"Hey, Nerdy." A boy teased me and laughed.

I lowered my head, trying to avoid him. I could hear some whistles, too. I felt that it was a bad decision to come here alone.

Though there were many girls there, they only picked on me,

I started to walk fast while looking at the ground..

But suddenly, my head bumped into a hard chest.

My gaze was drawn to the person's black shorts, which exposed his strong thighs.

I shifted my gaze, which led me to the tank top, revealing his tattooed hands.

He possessed the most flawless physique.

I slowly raised my head, and my eyes froze on his face.

He had a pair of thick brows, dark hair that was wet, dark eyes that were mysterious, a piercing in his eyebrow, and a perfectly defined jawline.

There was a scream of danger coming from him.

I should run away from him. Everyone claimed he was the only hazard capable of killing anyone alive.

However, my heart wanted something else. It started to beat faster, like a marathon. I stared at his face. He was without a doubt the most handsome boy I had ever seen.

As soon as I noticed a frown forming between his brows, I felt myself returning to my senses.

He looked fierce, which made me take a step back in fear.

I could not help but stutter.

"I-I am sorry, Ian."