1. Wedding

Blake's POV

"AGAIN!"

I shouted at Cam to attack me one more time. Disappointed at another failure to block his quick blow, I stood up from the ground hurriedly and brushing off the dirt from my body, I took the defense stance. With all the instructions given by my father, I had to succeed. I vowed to master the move he showed us a week ago when he came back home from his last Alpha training, and I would not stop.

"As you wish, 'Funny Little Blake.'" he teased me, using the nickname my mother used to call me privately when I was little, or at least I thought it was private. I groaned when I heard it, and he knew he had pushed my last button. I narrowed my eyes and focused on my opponent. Cam's body structure was similar to mine. Tall, well-built, and covered in tattoos. Even our dark brown hair looked so similar that sometimes people confused us from a distance. The differences in our appearance were his amber eyes, instead of my green, and a big scar on his neck from childhood that didn't heal right. He suffered that injury while running from the rogues' attack when his previous pack was almost wiped out.

Preparing for another shot, I didn't miss the smirk on his face when he aimed at me at full speed. Twisting his body to kick me in the face, he placed one hand on the ground, lifting his legs up and hit the side of my head with his left foot, causing ringing in my ear, before kicking my chest with his right foot. Within seconds, I landed on my butt from the deadly combination of speed, strength, and element of surprise he used. Cursing loudly at my failure, I stood up and shook my head, annoyed that he did it again, not letting me even touch him. He was way better at this s**t than me.

The move he used was almost like dancing and Cam was the best dancer in our pack. He was at the center of every party our pack had ever hosted, surrounded by a hypnotized crowd of girls watching him in awe, wishing to dance with him just once. I would never admit it to him, but he is a f*****g STAR. So it was no surprise that he had walked around for the last few days like a proud peacock, bragging that he kicked the next Alpha's butt every time he could. Stupid jerk. But one day I'd beat him.

"Is that enough, Alpha?" he asked and offered me a bottle of water from his training bag. I took it, still irritated. But I drank all the contents; attempting to kick his ass wore me out. Dusting off the mud and grass that stuck to my sweaty body, I didn't miss the victory smile on his smug face.

"Don't be so cocky Cam, I can still kick your ass." I sneered at him after downing the whole bottle and throwing it at him. He just smiled after dodging my throw, put all the empty bottles into his bag and slung it over his shoulder. With aching muscles, dirt covering my body, and, yet again, lost dignity, we nished the training.

"Yeah, I know. But you still suck at dancing." he added and patted me on my shoulder, laughing. That was true. Besides the simple swaying around, I was a terrible dancer.

We passed a group of girls near the training eld and in true Cam style, he sent them a ıritatious wink accompanied by his famous panty-dropping smile, leaving them squealing from excitement. It was a typical scene for us; ever since we had reached the age of maturity, all the unmated she-wolves ogled us shamelessly.

It was obvious that they wished to bed us just to feel the rush of f*****g the high-ranking wolves or becoming the chosen one as our mate, if we didn't nd our fated mates. I shook my head at their stupidity. I might be an Alpha, and our s*x drive was on the highest level, but I'd rather masturbate my entire life then f**k my own pack member. Throwing the t-shirt over my shoulder, I didn't spare them a glance and walked into the packhouse with my best friend and Beta.

I had met Cameron 'Cam' Darren when I was almost 6 years old. He was one of the kids whose family joined our pack after his family ran away in search of safety. He was 5 years old and so scared and timid that it took him a lot of time to open up and start to play with me. But once he realized that our pack would protect him, we became fast friends and to this day we stayed close.

After him, came a lot of new members that my father welcomed openly after coming back from prison. Well, not exactly prison, but he was sentenced to stay six months in a closed facility after rescuing my mother and me from captivity. He killed some psycho b**ch that helped another psycho fucker to abduct my mother and me almost seventeen years ago.

Although his motives were right, unfortunately that woman had a high-ranking daddy, so they punished my father to satisfy his demands. Little did he know that my mother's brother helped to make it less painful for all of us. And after only two months, he came back and our pack started to grow. The 'Alpha' who did that to us was pissed and went to Europe, leaving his pack abruptly. His son, Alan, took over as Alpha and made his pack better than before, and even stronger with his mate by his side.

A mate.

Something, someone I have been longing to nd for the last four years, ever since I turned eighteen and met my wolf. We had been a long way from home, attending some Alpha training my father had signed me up for after my constant nagging, when I shifted for the rst time. It was painful and unexpected, since I was not eighteen yet. It happened a week before my birthday, and after that we both thought it was a sign of our uniqueness.

We were so eager to prove our ability to take the reign, we felt the need to prove our worth to be a great leader even at a young age. But the more time I spent with my wolf, we realized that wasn't the real goal. I understood it wasn't about the title, not about me being ready to take over the pack. We weren't unique; it could happen to anyone ready to meet with their wolf.

We decided to learn more and have grown so close to each other, sharing the same goals and desires, but with the passing time, all the achievements were relegated to the background without the one missing piece we needed to feel complete: our mate. Our better half, who was created by the Moon Goddess to make us stronger. The woman who would be our whole universe. The Only One. And just thinking about her, my whole face lit up and my mood got better.

"Are you happy for tomorrow, dude?" Cam slapped my shoulder and got me out of my thoughts.

"Yeah, I am." I answered with a proud smile on my face while climbing the steps to my oor to reach my apartment. Just thinking about tomorrow's event, I felt overjoyed. Tomorrow would be a big day, and I couldn't wait to see her happy face with shining eyes lled with unconditional love. And that was my main goal, to make her smile the entire day.

After entering my suite, I was met with the irritating dipshit called 'my brother' sitting on my bed scrolling through his phone. Probably looking for another 'reckless adventure' he could put into his schedule before we leave. At fourteen, he loves all the danger that a werewolf's life provides. He's the best warrior after Cam, but also gifted with a great sense of intuition, he could always smell the problem from miles away. So when you felt something was shy, he'd be the one giving you the leads to nd it out.

Although he was adopted when I was eight, he's the closest thing to being really called my brother. We had created a bond so strong that we could be described as real siblings. Just like my mother and her brother, who also aren't related. Something so unique, magnicent and unbreakable. I would die for him and he'd do the same for me.

"Why are you here, Brody? Shouldn't you be chasing another adventure with your friends?" I asked, dumping my shirt on the oor and walking over to the bathroom.

"Mom told me to make sure you're packed and ready for this evening's ight," he said, not taking his eyes off of the phone, while I proceeded to enter my bathroom. "And she sent the card with the words you should say tomorrow, to not embarrass yourself in front of the whole crowd." he nished, showing me the yellow card held between his ngers.

That was my weakness during the preparation. I was a man of action, not words. What the f**k should I say to her on this special day? Every attempt to write something deep went to trash, nothing I wrote down was close enough to say it out loud.

So, here's where my mother stepped in. She always knew what to say, she was the greatest at helping with everything. She always found the solution. She was the best. The best mother, the best woman, the best Luna. I always dreamt about a mate like my mother. Strong, caring, seless and devoted. That was my goal.

Brody stood up from the bed, still not taking eyes from his phone. He was almost reaching my shoulders. His dark brown hair was pulled into a ponytail at the back of his head and the pack's tattoo had almost healed on his neck. That was our tradition, to ink our bodies with the experiences that made us stronger. So practically my entire body was covered in tattoos, just like my father's. I even put 'her' name over my heart right under my family members, to show the love I have for her.

Tracing the pattern of the innity, I exhaled deeply and mentally thanked the Goddess for my parents and brother for being with me, especially on that day. I was just hoping not to screw it up. Snatching the card from Brody, I chased him out of my apartment and nally took that damn shower. It was time to hit the road and catch our light.

The next few hours were a pain in my ass, trying to mute the stubbornly talkative Brody in the car to the airport or nd the best comfortable position to sleep in the small plane seats to not look like a wreck at the ceremony. But as soon as I thought I could nally rest, someone kicked my long legs, waking me up in frustration and starting the process over again.

We nally landed and after another hour of driving to reach the hotel, it was already 3 a.m. My body was so exhausted that I skipped a shower and just stripped off my clothes. After setting my alarm, I placed the phone on the nightstand and I threw myself onto the comfortable bed. The moment my head hit the pillow I fell asleep, dreaming about my beautiful and mesmerizing mate.

"Blake, wake up or we're going to be late!" My mother's voice woke me from my short sleep. Well... more like, the pounding on the door accompanied by her shouting.

"I'm up. Give me ve minutes." I answered her, covering my head with the duvet to steal a few more minutes of sleep, hoping she'd believe me.

"I know you're still sleeping. Don't make me call your father. Hurry up. Now!" she yelled back, and with a nal loud bang, she walked away.

Yep.

She denitely didn't believe me. She was my mom after all. Well, not my biological one, but still, I loved her very much. Groaning, I dragged my exhausted body out of bed and checked the phone.

"F**k! It's not even noon." I cursed, realizing my mother had woken me up an hour too soon, but knowing her excitement, she was up and ready before 10. Not ready for my father to intervene, I switched off my alarm and went into the bathroom to prepare myself for the wedding.

After nishing the refreshing shower, I wrapped a towel around my waist, walked out of the bedroom and began to dress in my already prepared clothes for this solemn celebration. Once I nished, I took a look at the reection in the mirror and couldn't help but feel satised at the man looking back at me. Tall, well-built and handsome.

The black three-piece suit, white button-down shirt with deep green tie matching my eyes made my appearance more appealing. "Hot stuff" as Bella would say. I chuckled to myself at that thought. Brushing a hand through my dark hair for the last time and examining my tired face that surprisingly didn't look that bad, I turned around and whistling the 'wedding march', I walked out of the room to take my place at the altar.

From the very beginning, I knew this day would make me feel happy seeing her dressed up all in white looking dashing, smiling so beautifully that it'd light up the entire church. My heartbeat sped up a bit at the sight of the beautiful creature walking down the aisle escorted by her proud-looking father. The pink, bloomed peonies decorating every pew released a sweet, yet fresh scent perfectly suiting her personality.

The guests had appeared in the thousands, lling the church's paws to the brim. Friends, family, pack members and a few important delegates from the Werewolf Council. The crowd of people greeting me before the ceremony was endless. And it all happened because I agreed to be the man who decided to make her happy. As happy as any woman on this special day could be.

But with every minute the ceremony proceeded, I felt more out of place. Like I was needed somewhere else. And as much as I didn't want to disappoint her, my mind was set. Seeing her so happy, I couldn't stand it. Just when she said the words:

"I do."

I knew I was going to regret it. Looking into her eyes, I realized with overwhelming clarity that I was lacking something bigger. So with no remorse, I turned around and stepped off of the platform. Not caring about the gasps I heard, or the pleading for me to stay. I couldn't stand this scene. In the middle of the aisle, I turned around and smiled at her, mouthing, 'I'm sorry' before I left the church.