3. Mate

Blake's POV

Taking another ute of champagne from the table set up in the corner of the reception hall, I thought about the look in Bella's eyes. I wanted that. I wanted to look into my mate's eyes and see the same amount of love directed at me as she gave to him. She was my best friend, and I wished her all the happiness she deserves, but most importantly, I wanted to feel it too. The excitement of riding your mate, the heat that consumes your body just looking at her. The pull to have her in my arms at any time.

When I had downed the last sip of the sparkling wine, the doors behind me opened and people started to walk in. Some looked at me with distaste, some didn't even spare me a glance, some sent daggers at ruining the perfect day of their Luna. But when she rally came through the doors, she kept me frozen in my spot with her single glare. And that glare told me all: the anger, the disappointment and the small amount of understanding of my actions. For courage, I took another ute and prepared myself for the impact.

She looked beautiful in her white wedding dress, striding in my direction. I had no idea about fashion, but the dress she wore molded to her slender body like a glove, exposing her curves like pure perfection. The bodice was covered in lace and drew your eye to her slightly exposed cleavage, and the skirt owing down freely made you think she was ying with every move she made. She looked like a real Goddess.

Her red hair, braided into a fancy updo decorated with a lot of pearls, shone like a halo in the sun rays peeking through the French windows. But what kept me still in my place were her eyes. The blue-green eyes with a hint of anger aimed at me. I was a goner at this point and even being an Alpha, I had to admit it, she overpowered me.

"What the f**k, Blake?!" Her voice and a sharp slap resounded in the whole room and people stopped to watch our encounter.

I touched my cheek and turned my head to look at her. She was on the verge of crying, holding back the tears to not show how much I hurt her. Feeling like a total d**k, I was about to respond, when her mate appeared behind her and engulfed her in his arms, but his eyes were focused on me. If looks could kill, I'd be dead on sight.

"Let's go somewhere private Honey, people are watching." Greg whispered in her ear before kissing her neck.

Another pang of jealousy hit me. I wanted that too. She reluctantly obeyed and they walked to the private room nearby and I followed them, knowing I needed to make it up to them. In the corner of my eye, I saw my family and hers following us, while Greg's parents distracted the guests by offering beverages.

I was in a really deep s**t. If it was not my mother or Bella's father, her older brother would derisively break my legs.

"What the f**k were you thinking, boy?" Uncle Deacon was the rst to ask.

Greg was still holding the crying Bella in his arms, trying to calm her down. I looked at everyone in the room. Uncle Deacon and Aunt Linda, Bella's parents, were pissed. Aiden, her older brother, was already taking off his jacket while his mate, Sandra, was trying to stop him from murdering me. My brother tried to laugh at my shitty situation but hid it. But the disappointment in my parents' eyes was what made me regret my actions. Sighing, I lowered my eyes and taking a big inhale, I faced Bella.

She had been my best friend since we were ve. Not to mention, we were family on my mother's side. She was the one person who was always by my side when I needed a friend. The one I promised to support when she decided to become a feminist against her father's wishes. The one I shared my ups and downs with. The only person beside Cam who held the high position of most trusted friend. I had one simple task to do today. To be her 'Man of Honor'. She chose me over her girlfriends and I screwed it up BIG.

"I'm sorry Bella." I began and took two steps forward to hold her hands. Greg was securely holding her in his arms, not willing to let her go or hurt her even more on their most important day. I looked at her teary eyes and sighed in shame.

"You, of all the people in the world, know that I would never hurt you." I shook my head, "But I did. And in the cruelest way ever. I walked out of the church on the most important day of your life, and I'm truly sorry for that." I tried to wipe the tear that left her eye but Greg's growl stopped me, so I took my hand back and looked at him.

"I envy you, Greg. I envy you, because you have something I don't." His hold around her waist tightened, showing me that she was his. I chuckled at his act and shook my head. "Not having Isabella, but having a mate. When I saw her all happy looking at you, I was happy for both of you. Please believe me I was, but that made me realize how badly I want to have it too. I'm sorry to ruin your wedding, or make you think I don't support you. It wasn't my intention. I just felt..." I couldn't nish my sentence, so I closed my eyes and took a few deep breaths.

"I know." Her delicate hand touched my slapped cheek while she spoke. Her touch soothed the burning but it had no sparks to make it go away instantly. I opened my eyes and saw the understanding and sadness in hers.

"I know, Blake, why you did it. And although I'm sad you didn't wait two more minutes to walk away, I understand you better than anyone in this room." She smiled a little through her tears, fully aware of my deepest desire to experience a mate's love too.

"So, if you're not dead after I walk back to my reception, you can make it up to me." Her statement made me smile.

"I'll do anything to make you feel better." I answered instantly. She blinked a few times and smirking, she named the price.

"One." She raised her forenger, and just like that, the stubborn and content girl I knew was back.

"Your speech must be epic and make all the guests cry." She shot up another nger and chuckled, "And two, I want a fully paid second honeymoon next month in Belize, with all the attractions we choose, with no complaints." And just like that, I relaxed, knowing she'd forgiven me.

"Deal."

I looked at everyone around, smiling, but they weren't convinced. Bella and Greg walked away to clear her face before joining the guests. As a son of a Council member, Greg had a reputation to uphold, and to think I might anger the man whose father sent mine to prison so many years ago made me rethink my next moves. I turned to my mother and, with a simple look, I begged her not to lecture me right now.

"You made my sister cry at her own f****g wedding! You better do more than just the speech and trip to make it up to her, or else..." Aiden sent a death glare my way before he grabbed his mate and dragged her back into the reception. Her father did the same seconds later. Linda sent me a reassuring smile before they disappeared. I was left alone with my parents and Brody.

"Blake..." My father exhaled, holding my mother to his chest. She was so small compared to him, like a little girl held by a beast. But the love they shared was indescribable, all I wished was to taste the same and I was fed up with waiting for it.

"You're in deep s**t bro, I'm surprised you're still alive." Brody nally let out his laughter, bending over while holding his stomach in amusement. We all looked at him. Me with annoyance at his lack of seriousness, my parents in disbelief at his childishness.

"Thank you for your support, dipshit." I rolled my eyes at his words. But that earned me a scolding look from my parents, with a few words of disappointment. So I shut up.

"Blake, I know you have been waiting for your mate for over four years and you're irritated. But I met your father when I was twenty-seven. Trust the Moon Goddess, she'll send her to you at the right time. Calm down and focus on your task today. You have a speech to make. Make it phenomenal." My mother said while placing a hand on my shoulder and, sliding it down, pulled the card with the speech she had written for me from my pocket, taking it with her as she left the room, dragging my father with her.

I was stunned and petried by her action. The woman who was always by my side just took away the only thing that made me feel content today. I had trusted her with the speech and now I was left alone with nothing. I hadn't even checked what she wrote for me.

"s**t, she's scary at times. I'm glad her anger is focused on you, not me this time." Brody's st bumped the air in victory, before coming to pat me on my shoulder, reminding me that I was doomed before he left also with the encouraging words, 'You got it bro' before he closed the door.

"What am I going to do now?" I said out loud, tugging at my hair while pacing the room. The reception had already started and the only missing piece was the Man of Honor. ME.

:Speak from your heart.' my wolf advised, speaking to me for the rst time today. He had left me to deal with this s**t all alone.

'You think you're funny?' I asked him but he only huffed and blocked me out. I was really left alone. Counting to ten and preparing myself for whatever was to come, I left the room and joined the party.

I have no f****g clue how I did it, but my speech made all the guests cry, even Uncle Deacon and my father wiped away tears too discreetly for anyone to notice, except me. Bella smiled through tears mouthing 'thank you' over and over again with