

Chapter 3: Not Happening

Sable POV

"Come on Sable, join me for dinner tonight." Alpha Darius said.

Usually, any she-wolf would want to have the attention of their Alpha. Especially, one as handsome as Darius Steel. Not me though. I have never thought of entertaining a man that wasn't my fated mate.

Alpha Darius knows this, but it has never stopped him from pursuing me.

"Alpha, that would be inappropriate. Besides, we are not fated mates and you know how I feel about being with any man that isn't my mate." I told him, letting him down again for the umpteenth time.

"It's not a date. It's two people having a meal together. Come on, what do you say?" He persists.

"Alpha, I appreciate the offer, but I really just want to get home and rest for the night. Training was hard enough today and I feel zapped." I say, once again letting him down.

He looks at me with his grayish blue eyes and feigns a frown. "Fine. How about tomorrow then?"

"I'm not thinking about tomorrow until it is here." I say and wave goodbye as I start to walk away towards my small cottage. It's a small two bedroom and one bathroom. The feel of the cottage is cozy and I have herbs growing in the flower baskets in the windows. I have an old but sturdy rocking chair on the small front porch. It looks worn and the arm rests are smooth from the years of rubbing my hands on the edges as I rock in the evenings with a blanket over me.

I go inside and strip my sweaty clothes from warrior training and let the

shower in the bathroom start to steam. As I look in the mirror and see the steam circling around me, I notice the dullness in my eyes. My life is not bad. I am a warrior in the Dark Flame pack. Alpha Darius Steel is a good alpha to his pack, although I am not sure how this pack is funded so well with the only business being agriculture. I understand agriculture pays the pack well, but not for the pack to have several Cadillac Escalades all while remodeling the pack house and pack hospital, at the same time. Either way, he treats everyone respectfully. I only wish he would stop trying to pursue me.

He is good looking with brown hair and grayish blue eyes. He is probably six foot two and has broad shoulders. He is muscular but not overly. He has more of a slender athletic build. I guess I could do worse than him but I still don't want to compromise myself with someone who isn't my fated mate.

My parents were fated. They loved each other. They used to talk to me and told me that no matter what, wait. Wait to meet the one the Moon Goddess has for me. They told me that when we meet, it will be when we need each other the most.


As the hot water hits my body, I can feel the tightness of the day unwind. I wash my hair of the sweat and oil and my body of the grime. Then I turn around and let the hot water beat on my back. It gives me the relief to my body that I need.

Once I'm done, I dry off and change in my bedroom. I wear some Capri leggings and an oversized shirt that hangs off one shoulder. After I towel dry my hair as best as I can, I brush it through and tie a loose braid. I go to the kitchen and heat up one of my pre-cooked meals I prepared over the weekend.

I sit at the small table and start eating. My mind drifts back to my

parents. When they were alive, we all lived together in this little cottage happily. My mother and I use to cook in the kitchen and my father would help clean the dishes after every meal. They moved in unison with everything they did together. If perfection were two people, they were those two people. Everything with them looked effortless. I remember when I was around sixteen years old, I asked them if they ever argued.

They looked at me and laughed. "Sweet child, no relationship is perfect. It takes work, patience, love and understanding." My mother said while looking lovingly at my dad, "When you meet your fated mate, he may be going through something you don't know how to navigate and that's okay. You just need to remember that the Moon Goddess doesn't make mistakes. Everyone is paired with their mates for a reason, even if you don't understand in the beginning."

My father chimes in, "When I met your mom, little bug, I didn't want to take the mate bond seriously. I almost lost your mother. Thank the Goddess I realized it before it was too late or who knows what would have become of me, without your mother. He finishes and smiles at my mother with the most sincere and full love in his eyes. 

"Above all," my mother said, "wait for who the Moon Goddess has for you. You will need him as much as he will need you and the love will only grow from there."

I brew me some chai tea with cream and go outside to rock in my chair. When I was younger, I swore my best friend, Ethan was going to be my mate. We both were crazy about each other. He turned eighteen first but didn't find his mate. We both thought for sure we would be mated to each other once I turned eighteen. When I turned eighteen, we realized we were not fated mates, but he was however, fated to Rosalie. The same Rosalie who always made fun of me and bullied me. Just like that, my best friend was gone. I was devastated.

Then two months after I turned eighteen, my mother passes away unexpectedly. My father was inconsolable and fell into a deep depression. Three months later, he died of a broken heart. I was alone after it was all said and done. That's when I decided to become a warrior. I was strong and athletic and being a warrior seemed like the next logical step since my parents were no longer around.

My wolf Nia was in need of interaction with other wolves. My parents had left me my little cottage and everything there are the memories I have of my parents. It's been five years. Now, I'm twenty-three and I have worked hard to be the best lead warrior in the Dark Flame pack. While I'm proud of what I have accomplished, I feel incomplete. I would love to find my mate, but one thing is for sure, he isn't in this pack. It makes me wonder two things. First, which pack has my mate? Second, what has happened to him? [1](#)

big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

[get it](#)