

Chapter 29

Nicola's POV

Zander and I completed our mating bond nearly four weeks ago and since then, everything has been like a dream. We've both been trying to settle in to the feeling of being connected to another person, but it has seemed to be harder for me. Being an alpha means he's naturally stronger and more powerful than normal wolves, and with this comes greater emotion. Emotions that I have never felt so deeply before.

Each feeling he has seems to course through my body and seep down into my bones. Some are so strong that it becomes almost hard to breathe and he's learning to control that as well. At first Freya was unsure what to do with the overpowering bond, which caused Zander and his wolf to walk on eggshells around us. I could tell my struggle was hurting them and when they hurt, I hurt even more. It was a terrible cycle in the beginning.

Days went by though and soon Freya started to get use to the intensity. She begun to embrace the emotion we felt from our mate and almost thrived off of it. His strength was starting to become our own and his pride mine. I became so connected with his wolf that, at times, it felt as if I was invincible. It was freeing.

Zander was initially puzzled with mine and my wolf's reaction to the bond. He couldn't feel the intense pull he had since he already learned long ago to control it. Sometimes I would find him sitting outside with his eyes closed, deep in thought. If I asked him what he's doing he'd always say the same thing, "I'm trying to feel you". It would make me laugh and only make him more frustrated, but really, it was hilarious to see.

Today I'm in the training room finishing up the last round of fittings for the afternoon. We've been sizing nearly 100 warriors a day for new armor and it's been a great experience for me to interact with all the different pack members. By now, everyone in the ECHO pack knows

that I'm Zander's mate since they felt the new connection when we tied our lives together. Most are still unsure what my title is in the pack and honestly I'm unsure myself, but regardless, all have been very respectful and I think I've even made a few new friends.

I'm feeling great as I walk along the path back to the pack house. My eyes search along the brick that slowly wind through the town when Parker mind links me.

"Target practice in the morning?"

"If you're ready to get your ass kicked again." I link back.

"Born ready. See you at 0700."

I continue to look up ahead until I catch Zander sitting on a bench along the trail. He has his eyes tightly closed and appears to be deep in thought... like always. I stop in front of him and wait for him to acknowledge me.

"I could start to feel something." He says, eyes still closed.

"Oh could you?" I say amused, wondering what the hell he could have even felt at this moment since I'm feeling pretty indifferent.

"Damn it. I can't feel it anymore." He grabs at his hair as a frustrated growl leaves his throat.

I grin and I can see his brows scrunch together, causing me to break out into laughter. His facial expressions are adorable and I find it entertaining that my big bad alpha is spending so much time trying to 'become one' with his feelings.

Suddenly a smile grows across his face and he opens his eyes to look at me. "I felt that." He says in awe. "You were happy."

"I've been happy." I chuckle as he wraps his arms around me before walking with me back to the pack house.

The next day I meet Parker at the range and I'm surprised to see Cameron as well. I go to give him a hug and he returns my embrace.

"I've missed you." I mumble to him.

"I've missed you too crazy." He says back.

We begin to set up our gear when a voice comes from behind.

"Mind if I join?"

I turn and see Rivers giving me a hopeful look. Cameron and Parker exchange glances before turning back to me, unsure what to say.

"I don't discriminate, if you'd like to lose too that's on you." I say with shrug.

Both Cameron and Parker look as though their eyes might bulge out of their sockets as they stare at me. Saying something like this to the Gamma would usually result in a few broken ribs but he's not just the Gamma to me, he's Rivers. We've become so close after he stayed with me for two weeks and I truly see him like a brother.

"Wow cocky much?" He smirks.

"I can back it up." I stare at him straight on.

"You're on then."

We've begun shooting and have reached the point where the targets down range are sitting at 1000 yards. Parker's shot was the furthest from center on the last round so he's currently the one walking down to hang new targets. I start to reload a few new bullets into my clip as Rivers walks up to me.

"Hey." He says as he shoves his hands in his pockets.

"Hi?" I say slightly confused and he rolls his eyes.

"I just wanted to say thanks." He nods and I can see Cameron look at us out of the corner of his eye.

"For?"

"For saying my life." He says as if it's obvious.

I turn to look at him.

"What the hell are you talking about?" I'm now very confused.

"You saved my life Nicola." He states matter of factly.

I stare at him to see if he's trying to bullshit me but after awhile I realize he's serious. Whiskey. Tango. Foxtrot.

"Rivers did you hit your head?" I ask him. "Plus I'm pretty sure you're the one who saved me." I turn and continue to load bullets into my gun.

"But that's my job. If it wasn't for you giving me the armor ahead of time, that Fae would have stabbed me in the chest. He had a silver dagger." He shakes his head. "I'm not sure why you thought of me out of everyone else when you knew shit was about to go down, but thank you. I owe you."

"Good god Rivers. You're like my brother, of course I'd think about you. Now quit being so emotional, I came here to shoot shit." I shove him hard in shoulder.

By the end of our conversation Parker has made his way back and we resume our little competition. We each fire 3 shots in our target before we pull the papers down to see who got the closest.

"You've got to be kidding me." Rivers says as he looks at me.

I give him a huge grin as I hold my target proudly in the air.

"Told ya I'm a good shot." I say.

"Better than good. I'd say you're probably the best shot in the pack." Rivers scoffs in disbelief. "Besides maybe Zander or Kane."

I can agree with that, I've seen Kane shoot and the man has serious skill.

"Shit, she usually always wins dinner out of me when we shoot together. She'll hustle you man." Cameron chimes in and I glare at him as I scratch the side of my face with my middle finger, discretely flicking him off.

After the guys leave I decided to shoot a few more rounds by myself. It feels like it's been forever since I've been behind the trigger and my focus seems to have gotten better. I feel more at one with my wolf and better able to control my breathing and heart rate.

I set the targets out further and further and I'm shocked at the accuracy I'm still able to maintain. Soon I'm shooting at 2500 yards and still within two inches from center. My wolf puffs her chest out with pride at how well we are now able to synchronize together and I smile.

I begin to pack up my thing and look down at my watch to see it's almost 0900. I sigh knowing I need to get to work and head that way.

Chapter Comments :



