

Chapter 6: A New Mate

-Helena-

I had no car now, so I had to call an uber. I made sure they stopped further away, not allowing them to go all the way to the house. I was in the middle of the forest, though, not understanding where my phone wanted me. But before I knew it, I stood in front of an enormous iron gate with wolves' heads on them. I looked around, confused. Where the hell was I? I sniffed the air, scenting the powerful scent of pack. I really shouldn't be here. Packs didn't like trespassers. You had to be invited, but I had been, in some way, right? The gate was big, and so I could slip in between the iron bars.

Should we really do this?

"Let's just get it over with. I have the explanation in my hands."

Yes, but if they attack, I can't help you.

"Just... stay calm."

I hadn't even walked that far up the gravel road when I felt it. Eyes on me and a lot of them. I was being followed. Pack members knew quickly when someone was trespassing, and they had come to check out who it was. I knew it wouldn't be long, then one of them would make a move on me. I couldn't stop myself from looking over my shoulder, but saw no one. When I looked back, though, three huge ghters stood in front of me. I let out a little shocked gasp and stopped. They all let their eyes run all over me, and I took a step back.

"What is a little lone wolf doing in our territory?" one of them asked.

I swallowed hard, then held up a letter, waving it around.

"Just here to see someone," I said.

I was trying to be brave, but I was really shltting my pants.

"Who?" the ghter asked darkly.

Shlt, what did they feed the people here? I didn't remember they used to be so huge.

"Eh..."

I looked at the note with the address.

"A... A... Oh, it says Alpha," I said, now actually reading the note more carefully. "Alpha Clark."

They all looked at me, confused, and I just shrugged, not understanding what was going on.

"He is dead."

"Shlt..."

Well, we tried.

"Oh, well..."

"Why did you come looking?" one of the others asked.

"My mother... eh... knew him, or... I believed she did. She wrote me this letter, saying he was a friend who might help me."

"Where is your mother?"

"Dead..."

They glanced at each other, and I could see it softened them a little. Not that I really wanted their help, but at least they might not rip me apart for trespassing.

"Alpha Clark is dead, but his nephew took over a few years back," the leader in the front said. "If your mother was a friend, there might be a chance he wants to help you."

"No, really... I only came because... well, it was a dying wish. If Alpha Clark is gone, then there is nothing more for me to do here."

"Are you sure?" the ghter asked.

I was surprised at almost how friendly they were. Not that they were asking me in for tea or anything, but at least they weren't telling me I was a good-for-nothing wolf who had no business even asking to see an alpha.

"Certain. Don't worry, I will leave again."

I turned around just as the gates further down suddenly opened and a black Mercedes drove closer. I quickly stepped to the side, not wanting to get run over. It surprised me when the ghters did the exact same as me. The car drove by. I couldn't see who it was. The windows were tinted. It stopped, though, shortly after it had passed me, and one of the ghters stepped closer to the car. The window rolled down, and they began to talk lowly. I knew it was none of my business what went on there, and I turned away.

"Stop."

I froze when the ghter told me to. I couldn't help it. His rank was far above mine.

"The letter," he said.

I looked down at the letter in my hand. I felt strangely protective of it, but told myself I was silly. He and I walked closer to each other. We met at the back of the car, and I handed it to him. He took it and walked back to the open window in the driver's seat. The letter went into the car. It took longer than I believed it should. I felt weird standing there, waiting. I was about to walk away again, saying damn be the letter, but then I heard the car door open, and a new voice spoke. A much deeper and skin tingling one.

"Running?"

I didn't know what it was. Something about the voice... it felt calming and exciting at the same time. What was going on?

Do NOT turn around.

"Why?" I whispered.

It feels... it feels...

Amaya couldn't nish the sentence, and slowly I turned. My eyes grew big as they met forest green ones that were slightly narrowed, and despite the smell of pack and forest, his scent almost knocked me over as the wind blew by. It was like a powerful dark scent mixed with whatever cologne he used. I felt my knees almost grow weak, and my body felt strangely... itchy.

Mate!

Amaya couldn't stop herself from growling the word, and I knew she tried. When she had found our mate in Carter, she sounded excited. This time she sounded angry, and it was very confusing when everything inside me told me this one was the one for us. He was very tall with dark brown hair and an almost evil smile on his lips, as if he knew now I was trapped with him, or... was he just happy he got to break my heart as well? He was an alpha. He wasn't even "just" the next in line. No, he was alpha, and what would he ever want from a lone wolf like me? I sighed deeply, and glanced at the ground in front of me, before I threw my arms out to the side.

"Just get it over with," I said.

The alpha looked at me puzzled.

"What?"

"You know what you have to do," I said, and for some reason, his smile grew.

"Oh, I know," he said darkly. "I just thought you might want privacy for that."

"Privacy?"

I didn't understand. Privacy for what? I mean, of course, I didn't want to be humiliated the way I had in front of Carter's bed-friends, but why wait? Why should we step into a private room for him to break my heart all over again? No, maybe not break my heart. That was wrong to say, since I had not fallen in love with this alpha like I had Carter, but we were destined to do it. What was it with these alphas coming after me? Was I destined to always just be reminded of what I was? Nothing...

"Really, I have tried it before. Go ahead," I told him.

He looked suddenly very angry and stepped in front of me, making me take a small step back.

"Tried it before?" he growled angrily.

"Yes, so, go ahead. Do it."

He grabbed my arm hard, before he pulled me closer and then ripped the side of my jacket down before ripping open my shirt, ruining a few buttons.

"What the hell?"

I tried covering myself because he ripped it so hard my bra was almost exposed. He looked confused, though, as he stared at my shoulder. What was he doing? His grip loosened, and his eyes met mine.

"What was that?" I asked, and I tried covering myself.

He still held onto my shirt though with one hand and I couldn't get it back in place.

"Let go!"

"You said you had done it before. I was checking," he said.

"For what?"

"For the mark."

"What mark?" I asked him.

He leaned closer to me, bending a little forward, and I swallowed hard, my heart going crazy as his scent just overpowered me.

"The mark of a mate."

"I don't have a mate..."