

Chapter 9: A Perfect Match

-Wylder-

Someone had seriously damaged my mate if her rst thought was that I was going to reject her. It was not that I didn't notice the differences in status between us. I simply didn't care. Mates were sacred. You didn't just reject them. It had consequences. I might as well just kill myself if I rejected her, because it would make me weaker and I had enemies that would use that as an advantage. I would not allow myself to get weak. A mate made you strong, and I was keeping this one now that I had found her. I certainly didn't mind it, though. She was sweet and a little feisty, too. I couldn't wait to uncover all her secrets and, of course, her body. A very nice body. The one who had made her think like this was going to have their face rearranged when I found out who, because they were making it harder for me now. Helena didn't seem to want me close or to even touch her, and that was not normal. Wolves often marked each other moments after meeting. That was how strong the connection was, but Helena was guarded.

"I don't understand," she said.

"You're my mate," I said.

"But I can't be!"

"But you are."

"But I shouldn't be!" she said.

I smiled a little and leaned back on the couch.

"But you are," I repeated.

"Alpha Wylder..."

"Wylder," I corrected her.

"No, we stick to titles. No need to become closer or anything," she said.

"I think there is every need. Mates are very close, as close as they can get," I said and reached out, stroking a finger down her cheek.

She looked at my hand, confused, as if I shouldn't be doing that. Why shouldn't I? It only felt right to do.

"Close?" she just asked.

I chuckled. Had she never been taken care of properly? Had no one seen how truly beautiful she was? Perhaps not. Many wolves wouldn't have looked her way exactly because of her status. Lone wolves had almost a... bland scent. There wasn't much to it, but because she was my mate... Oh, Goddess! She smelled like fresh lemons to me, and I loved the smell of it. It drove me wild for her. I had scented her the moment I had rolled down the window, and on the letter I had been given, but it wasn't until I stepped out of the car I had really found the source. And there she was. The moment she had looked at me, my wolf had gone crazy, and we knew we only wanted one thing and that was Helena. I wasn't sure, though, if she had been around humans a lot. Wolves were more attractive. We were born that way, but maybe she had no interest in humans or she had simply not spent much time with them. I needed to know more. She was just such a mystery to me, and how the hell had her mother known my uncle? What made her mother think sending her daughter here might be smart? Clearly, she had believed she could find some help, but it seemed strange to me why my uncle would be the one to help.

"Yes, close," I said.

I reached out again, wanting to touch her some more. It felt so good touching her. Nothing had felt better, but she scooted back. I looked at her, annoyed.

"Fleeing?" I asked.

"I just think... we should keep a suitable distance."

"Why?"

"Well..."

"I have already told you that you're my mate, meaning distance does not exist. We will be very close, little mate. You clearly need a moment to absorb what I am telling you. So, I will give you a moment," I said and reached for my glass before getting comfortable.

Helena just sat there looking at me. It was rather amusing, actually, and I smiled a little as I sipped my drink. She seemed to go through a lot of things, though, as her expression constantly changed. What on earth was going on inside her? She began to look me up and down, like she almost didn't find me real. I liked it. I wanted her to take all of me in, and I wanted her to find me pleasing.

"You... don't want me gone?"

"No."

"You want us to be... mates?" she asked.

"Yes."

"As in..."

"Mates."

"So, I would be..."

"My Luna," I told her.

Helena suddenly began to smile, and it confused me. She looked amused, and yet I had said nothing funny.

"What?"

"It's not funny," she said.

"Why are you smiling, then? I didn't think what I said was funny."

"Well, it has to be a joke."

"Because?"

"You're an alpha!"

I sighed and downed my drink before I put the glass away.

"Haven't we already established that?" I asked her tiredly. "I know what I am."

"And I know what I am."

"And?"

"And it doesn't matter to you?" she yelled.

I shook my head.

"No."

She drew back, shocked, and it almost looked like I had hit her or something, because she moved back so fast and so hard that her whole body just moved.

"No?"

"No," I repeated.

"Why?"

"Why should it?"

"Because... well, a luna brings power with her, sometimes an entire pack!" she said.

"My pack is quite big. More members mean more people to be responsible for, and I like how it is now," I told her.

"But... power?"

"I have power," I told her. "I am powerful. I don't need a luna to make me powerful. To make me strong, I need a mate."

"Which a luna would make you!"

I shook my head. My mate had it all wrong. That was not how it worked. Often, lunas and alphas were paired because the inner power they were born with matched each other. The power dynamic would work. No one would be more powerful than the other and able to make the other bow and thereby abuse their powers. Sometimes, though, we weren't paired with lunas or alphas. Sometimes we met other wolves born with an inner power strong enough to challenge us and match us just right. It meant they could be our mates without us having to worry we might make them bow to us even by accident. Title or not, she fitted me perfectly.

"Which a mate would make me."

"Who is a luna," she nished.

I sighed and shook my head.

"You got that wrong."

"No."

"You do," I said.

"No."

"Helena!" I said, annoyed, tired of her speaking against me and not even listening.

"But it's true!"

I shook my head.

"No, we are paired for a reason."

"I was paired with another Alpha for a reason!" she said.

I looked at her, shocked, and she looked away, realizing what she had let slip.

"Who?"