

My True Mate Chapter 3 - Chapter Three

It's the thrumming sound which I hear first.

The comfortable or darkness, I was cocooned in, is disappearing and I can hear the sound of the forest around me.

My whole body aches.

My cheek burns.

And there is a small warmth inside my chest, like a ball, buried deep inside. But I can barely feel it, the hollowness inside of me at the loss of my pack, numbing out every other sensation.

I open my eyes, blearily, feeling so tired.

The ceiling is wood.

I blink, wondering if I'm seeing things.

Turning my head to the side, I realize that I am in some sort of wooden cabin. I vaguely wonder if I should get up and explore my surroundings.

But what would be the point?

My smile is bitter as I turn my attention back to the ceiling.

"I should've just died in the forest," I mutter to myself, darkly.

The words are barely out of my mouth when I hear a throaty growl. My eyes dark in the direction of the door and I see a man standing there. He's tall with golden eyes and russet coloured hair.

"Are you Lucas?" I stare at him, unbothered. "Are you here to finally kill me? Or did Hunter ask you to torture me first?"

I spit out the last part, ignoring the slash of pain inside me.

I turn my attention back to the ceiling, "It doesn't matter. Do what you have to do."

I can feel my wolf pacing inside of me, almost anxious. I wonder what's wrong with it. Maybe it's realized that it's trapped inside my body and that it can't ever be free.

"What's your name?"

Something inside me stirs at that husky voice as Lucas approaches me.

"Does it matter?"

"Yes," He responds, sitting down at the edge of the bed, next to me.

"Why? You're just here to kill me."

I see his hand reach out, and I close my eyes. And then, I feel the strange sensation of my hair being tugged lightly. My eyes dart open and I see that Lucas has a lock of my hair wrapped around his finger and he's pulling at it, almost curiously.

"What are you doing?" I ask, irritably. "There are kinder ways to kill me than scalping me."

"I like your scent," he says, bluntly, in the manner of a man who is not accustomed to talking to women. "And I'm not going to kill you."

For a moment, my heart almost leaps out of its chest as a flicker of hope moves within me, "Hunter didn't send you?"

"He sent me," Lucas murmurs, far more interested in sniffing my hair than the conversation.

My eyes grow dull, "When? When did he send you?"

This time Lucas pauses, studying me, "Yesterday afternoon. He told me to stand by for his orders."

My whole body goes still and mumble, blankly, "He told you before the Luna? What?"

I can feel Lucas sniffing my neck now but I feel nothing aside from this emptiness, "He told me there was a shifter going through the change but that she might potentially be dangerous. You don't look dangerous. You look bitable."

“So, this was planned?” I look at him now, my eyes devastated. “Hunter and Valerie planned to do this to me?”

Lucas just shrugs, “Doesn’t matter what they planned to do to you. You’re not guilty of anything.”

His words are a shock to me and I tremble, “How do you know that? How could you possibly-?”

“I can feel your innocence,” he stares at me, pointing at his chest. “You are here. You’re here, inside of me.”

“What?”

I don’t understand anything and then he gently pulls me into a sitting position and puts his hand over my chest where my heart is, “Do you feel the warm energy inside of you?”

“Y-Yes,” I mumble, slowly.

“That’s me. I can’t kill you because you’re my true mate.”

If his words are not shocking enough, it occurs to me that the ruthless wolf, from the stories I had heard, who was quick to rip his enemies to shreds, is treating me as gently as one with a newborn.

“I don’t understand,” my hands begin to shake. “What do you mean I’m your true mate? That’s a legend.”

“My parents were true mates,” Lucas looks me in the eyes. “True mates still exist.”

“Impossible!” I bare my teeth at him. “I am the Pack’s historian-in-training! I would know-“

“No, you wouldn’t,” He gives me a dismissive look. “Mates with our kind of bond rarely reveal it. It’s easier to kill us off.”

I know that he’s right. Now that I think about it, true mates began to disappear from the history books that the pack maintained, centuries ago. The individuals with those bonds are powerful, stronger, faster. Their off springs are fierce and strong. Usually true mates would be the ones to lead the pack.

But nature has a way of balancing everything out. For all their power and gifts, true mates can't survive each other. If one dies, the other goes insane.

Whole packs have been wiped out by a grieving wolf who lost its true mate.

But I doubt anybody really remembers these things. The only reason I know is because my father once came across an abandoned half destroyed archives room on his travels when he was young. He never told the alpha at that time, or even Hunter. It was a secret. That is the only reason I know so much about topics that others in the pack know nothing about.

How I knew about the scent of wolfsbane.

"How are you so sure?" I look at Lucas. "How do-

"You abandoned yourself," He says, and his voice is angry now. "You wanted me to kill you and you abandoned yourself, leaving yourself open. The bond snapped in place. Neither of us really had a choice."

My chest grows tight with this growing suffocation inside of me.

He didn't want me.

But I saddled him with me.

My own mate doesn't want me.