

## My True Mate Chapter 5 - Chapter Five

I freeze.

“So, they think I’m dead?”

Lucas takes his sweet time answering, “I’ve not reached out to that Alpha pup to tell him anything. Like I said, my hands were filled with you.”

I stare at him, not knowing what to say. There are so many questions in my head that I don’t even know how to put them into words.

Finally, I ask, “Are you doing something to me? I can’t feel – I feel oddly calm.”

He picks up the dishes and walks over to the sink, “You were too upset and you began to block me out.”

“Wait, what?” I turn to look at him, feeling a hint of uneasiness. “Are you controlling me?”

The thought almost makes me nauseous and he finally turns around to face me, “No. As your mate, I can help calm you down when your emotions are too high.”

I look down at my hands which are shaking and then curl them into fists, “What is going to happen now? What about my family? Hunter has cut me off. I can’t feel the Alpha bond. I-“

The panic is setting in and this time the wave of calm that sweeps through me doesn’t help. When Lucas realizes that, he immediately approaches me, saying roughly, “Breathe.”

My stomach is in knots as I gaze at him, “I don’t even know you. I-“

“I can’t harm you,” His gaze is steady. “You know that much right? I can never harm you.”

Shakily, I nod my head.

“Good,” He lets go of me and for a moment, I find myself leaning into his touch. It relaxes me. His proximity has a calming effect on me.

Thankfully, he doesn't seem to notice.

He sits across from me, "You're not going to die. Our mate bond is keeping you alive. As far as the Alpha pup is concerned, even if he shuns you, you can survive without his bond. You have a true mate. I'm sure you've noticed that you're not writhing in pain right now."

It takes me a second to realize that I'm not experiencing any of the agony that I had heard about once an Alpha bond was broken. I feel a hollowness inside of me where the bond used to be but nothing else.

"You're going to be fine."

I look up at Lucas, "So, now what then? Can I see my family? Can I return to the pack?"

Lucas just leans back in his chair, "Not yet. I want you to rest for now. Then we'll talk. You just need to know you're safe."

When he forces me to go to the bed that smells like him, I feel confused and shaken. I forced him into this bond but he says he doesn't despise me. What does that mean for me?

But my whole body hurts and nestled in the coverings of the bed, surrounded by Lucas's scent, I fall into a deep sleep.

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The next few days are hazy for me.

I sleep for hours on end, only being woken up and fed. A week passes before I actually begin to function normally. I wake up to an empty treehouse and realize that I stink.

After finding a shower and cleaning myself, I explore the treehouse. It's quite well-maintained, surprisingly. Dressed in one of Lucas's shirts, I roam around the place till I see a coffee machine. I make a cup for myself and go over to the small balcony that has no railing. Sitting at the edge of the thick floor, I dangle my legs, drinking the hot coffee.

Its morning and everything looks so beautiful and perfect, unlike the throbbing agony inside.

Nothing makes sense to me.

Not Valerie's betrayal.

Not Hunter's betrayal.

A tear slips down my cheek as I feel the pain swell up after days of emptiness and I choke back a sob, setting my cup down.

I want to scream and cry but before I can so much as do anything, I hear a thud behind me and a low snarl before I'm pushed onto my back, a furious russet furred wolf baring its teeth at me.

I freeze in sudden fear and my wolf whimpers in submission.

And then then the angry wolf transforms into an angry looking man who looks ready to bite my head off, "What the hell do you think you're doing?!"

Lucas's roar makes me flinch as he pins me to the wooden floor, "I – I was just having coffee. I'm sorry."

His eyes flicker and when he lets me go, tears rush to my eyes and I curl into a ball, scared and frightened.

I want my parents.

I want my fiercely protective Dad.

I'm so scared.

"I-" Lucas sounds uncertain. "I didn't mean to make you cry. Stop crying."

I just whimper, my mind shutting down in fear and then he's holding me in his arms, tightly, his chest thrumming with a soothing rumble, "I thought you were going to jump. That's why-"

"Get off me!" I try to get out of his hold. "Stop trying to get in my head! I don't want that!"

Lucas loosens his grip and I scramble back, my chest heaving as I try to draw in air.

My finger is pointed at him, my eyes glistening with tears even as I feel a surge of anger within me, “Don’t ever pull that shit again! I don’t want you in my head! Let me feel what I’m feeling!”

Lucas frowns, “Sarah, I already told you-“

“I don’t care!” I snarl now, half sobbing. “I’ve already had everything else taken away from me! Let me at least have the privacy of my head!”

I’m about to say something more when I freeze as the wind changes direction and Lucas’s scent wafts towards me.

Everything goes still inside of me.

He smells like Hunter.

I can’t forget that familiar scent.

“Who were with just now?” I stammer, a thread of fear wrapping itself around my neck.