



The Waking

Ophelia's POV

BEEP.BEEP.BEEP.

What is that noise? Why wont it stop? Someone make it stop. Why is my body hurting so badly? It feels like Ive been run over by a truck ten different times. I cant even open my eyes no matter how hard I try. My eyelids just feel too heavy and painful to lift. I remember I now have my wolf. She finally showed up. I try to mind-link with her.

'Les, are you there? Are you okay?'

'Yes. Im here but barely.'

She sounds so weak that I have to strain to hear her.

'What happened? Where are we?' I ask her. I cant remember anything past getting to the school this morning.

'You dont remember finding our mate? And then our mate rejecting us and trying to kill us? Him and that shitty friend of his. I swear if I see them again, I will force you to shut up so I can rip their throats out myself,' she venomously spits at me.

I think hard for a minute, and everything plays out in front of me like a movie in slow motion. I remember Derrick rejecting me and then plotting my murder with his friends. I remember the beating and then finally the knife that he had plunged into my stomach. They led me there to die.

Suddenly, that annoying beep sound gets faster the more I remember what they did to me. I can hear a door opening and then footsteps coming into the room. I have no idea where I am at, so I have no idea who is in the room with me.

'Les, please tell me we arent at the Blood Moon pack house where those assholes could come and finish the job?' I ask desperately.

'No, Ophelia. We are somewhere much better with someone who will take care of us,' she says, and her voice is laced with love and admiration.

As the footsteps stop next to the bed I am in, my nose is assaulted with the smell of fall, like leaves falling and bonfires in the cold. Goddess, that smells amazing.

'Les, what is that delicious smell?'

'That my darling, is the smell of our new mate.'

'Im sorry, I must have heard you incorrectly. Did you say mate? We already got rejected by our mate. You were there, I think. Anyways, we were rejected and then almost killed by our mate. How do we have a new one?'

'I remember that idiot trying to kill us. But we are stronger. And the moon goddess must have thought we deserved a second chance mate. That is who you are smelling right now. His wolf has been talking to me while you have been unconscious.'

I feel my new mate grab my hand and instantly feel the lightening travel down my arm, sending sparks to areas that have no business being active right now. I cant believe the moon goddess blessed me with a new mate. I hope he is better than the last one I had. That didnt work out very well for us. My heart starts beating fast for an entirely different reason.

"My beautiful mate. Can you open your eyes for me? Let me see you, my love," the deepest voice I have ever heard asks. His voice sends goosebumps over my entire body.

I slowly try to open my eyes again while squeezing my mates hand. Slowly but surely, the room I am in comes into focus. I can see that I am in a king-sized four poster bed with some seriously comfortable satin like sheets. There is a huge flat screen TV on the wall in front of me playing an animal documentary on it. I see a dresser directly under the TV and a closet to the left of that with sliding mirrored doors. I keep looking around before remembering that my mate is sitting next to me, and I have yet to see what he looks like. I turn my eyes slowly towards him and take in his face. He has an angular jaw that has a few days worth of stubble growing on it, so lips that look so kissable, a straight nose with a small bump on it at the top where he most likely broke it and it never healed correctly. He has dark black hair thats longer on the top but shaved on the sides and back. Goddess, this man is beyond gorgeous.

My eyes finally meet his sea foam green ones and I instantly feel safe. I feel at home with this man. I try to speak something intelligent, but I think our wolves have a better idea.

"MATE," we both say simultaneously.

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