

## The Challenge Two Alphas, One Girl Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Alpha Maze Mason

### Maze's POV

As I walked into the pack house I was met with cheers and applause. Everyone rushed to meet me. I had been away from home for too long, two years, to be exact. My travels had greatly enriched the pack in terms of allies and trade. My father pulled me into a bear hug. Beta Fang shook my hand.

"Welcome back, Alpha, it's an honour," he said solemnly.

I smiled. The pack had prepared a huge feast in my honour. The pack house where I would live had five floors, each more luxurious than the next. The top floor was for me. The beta and gamma took the fourth and third floors respectively. The second floor was for pack meetings. The first or ground floor was common ground for any pack member with a huge living area, a colossal dining area, a massive kitchen, a gaming room, an olympic sized swimming pool and gym.

The smell of the feast wafted throughout the pack house but an even more potent smell distracted me. My inner wolf stirred. The scent of wildflowers was driving me crazy. What was that? It was the most intoxicating thing I had ever encountered and it was getting fainter and fainter as if the source was moving away from me. My wolf recognised what it meant. My mate was not here amongst the pack. She was moving in the opposite direction.

"Who's missing?" I asked the Beta.

"No one," said Fang, looking confused.

"That's impossible," I said sternly, using my alpha voice which made everyone fall silent.

"Well," spluttered Fang. "The only person missing is um..."

"You threw Friday out, remember," said someone who greatly resembled Fang.

"Excuse me, Alpha, I'm Fallon," Fallon said with a little bow.

"And I'm Fargo," said Fargo, coming into view out of nowhere. I realised Fallon and Fargo were identical twins, the younger brothers of Fang.

"Who's Friday?" I asked, already having an idea of the answer.

"Our little sister," chorused the twins.

“Why’d you throw her out?” I said, my voice deadly.

“Alpha, please, let’s talk about this privately,” said Fang in a low voice.

I rolled my eyes but obliged him. He wanted to go to the second floor conference room but I stalked off, heading out of the pack house, following the flowery scent.

I could talk to Fang and trail the beautiful aroma. Fang hurried after me.

“Alpha,” he said, as we neared the woods, “my sister is wolf-less.”

That stopped me in my tracks. Wolf-less. My heart plummeted. My mate could not be wolf-less. I was an alpha. How could I be fated to someone wolf-less? I had to investigate this.

I slowly started walking again. The source of the scent was no longer drifting away. It was stationary, somewhere.

“Are you sure?” I asked.

“Yeah, Friday is twenty years old. She should have phased two years ago but didn’t,” Fang explained.

“My parents gave her six months to see what would happen. Then they asked her to leave our house. She lives in this woods now in a cottage,” Fang said matter-of-factly.

I was of two minds. If she really was my mate, my heart broke for her but at the same time, my pride was devastated. I could not accept such a mate. I was from a long line of extremely powerful alphas all mated to very impressive she-wolves.

We found the cottage and the scent intensified. She was definitely inside. My beta started banging on the door.

“Friday!” Yelled Fang. Nothing. I was getting impatient with my beta and he could tell.

“Friday! Come on, the alpha wants to meet you!” He bellowed.

I heard soft footsteps, the sound of the door unlatching and creaking open.

A petite girl hesitantly stepped out of the cottage. I was immediately struck by her beauty. My inner wolf howled in excitement. Her dark hair cascaded around her and was one of the main contributors to that delicious scent. Her skin was golden and smooth, her doe eyes wide and fearful. A black cat appeared behind her ankle, hissed at me and stalked off. I ignored it.

“I’m Maze Mason, the Alpha of Marigold,” I said frankly.

"I'm Friday Fenestra," she said with a little bow.

"The Beta's sister," I added.

She shrugged.

"Your brother tells me you're wolf-less?" I said, cutting right to the chase.

She nodded, keeping her eyes down. My heart plummeted.

"You've never phased ever?" I confirmed.

"No, never," She said.

"How old are you?" I asked

"Twenty years old, Alpha," she said softly.

"What happened on your eighteenth birthday?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said. "Alpha," she added, gulping.

I wondered if she even felt our mate-bond being wolf-less.

"Leave us," I commanded Fang. He looked shocked at my dismissal but sauntered away.

"What do you think of me?" I questioned.

She seemed confused.

### **Friday's POV**

I opened my door hesitantly and to reveal my brother standing next to a gorgeous man who was undoubtedly the alpha. His eyes were a stormy grey, cold but beautiful. He had chiseled features, broad shoulders and rippling muscles. He towered over me. His hair was dark brown and his skin was olive.

He proceeded to dismiss my brother after our introductions and then he asked me a strange question.

"What do you think of me?" He asked.

I paused, searching for the right words. "You're the alpha. You're wonderful. Tall. Strong. Handsome," I said, whispering the last word.

He smiled slightly but quickly frowned again.

“Do I smell unusual?” He asked.

I sniffed. I did not have a werewolf’s sense of smell because I was wolf-less. I had to get a little closer. I almost fell over and Alpha Maze caught me in his strong arms. I gasped. A weird current shot through me when he touched me. His scent hit me. He smelled like an orchard to me. It was a lovely smell.

“You smell wonderful,” I said, staring up into his eyes, even though I usually was not allowed to look other pack members in the eyes, especially not important ones and this was the Alpha.

He sighed sadly. I felt sad too but I was not sure why.

Maze said, “Friday, my inner wolf led me to you tonight because you are my mate.”

My heart soared. His mate! The alpha’s mate! The luna! I was over the moon. I had always dreamt of meeting my mate. I was wolf-less but connecting with my mate would make me a part of things again. I would belong somewhere. I could have never dreamt I would be fated to the alpha. I wanted that kind of love, the love between mates more than anything else in this world.

### **Maze’s POV**

When she heard the word mate, her whole expression changed. She looked ecstatic. My inner wolf was howling in delight. Happiness lit up her beautiful face and made me want to take her in my arms and back to the pack house, to my room and never let her leave. I wrestled with these thoughts. I knew what I had to do. I took a deep breath.

“I, Alpha Maze Mason, of the Marigold Wolf Pack, reject you, Friday Fenestra, a wolf-less she-wolf, as my mate,” I said, each word a weight on my tongue and my mind.

I felt a sharp pain inside my own chest. Friday looked crestfallen. I walked away from her quickly.

Without turning back, I said, “Tomorrow tonight will be the Peace Treaty Celebration. Alpha Thaddeus of Berryndale will be in attendance. You are not to come anywhere near the pack house. In fact, don’t come to the pack house, ever and don’t tell anyone what we’ve discussed here. It will be as though you were never my mate.”

I kept walking. She did not accept the rejection verbally so the mate-bond was not severed. I could feel it. She was wolf-less though so my words should be enough. My inner wolf was furious and mournful at the same time but it had to be done.

### **Friday’s POV**

My heart shattered. It was a crushing blow. I had not dared to feel anything close to happiness in two years and Maze made me elated and devastated all in the same five minute conversation. I actually fell to my knees but he was already walking away. I did not have the heart or the guts to call after him. He did not use his Alpha voice when he commanded me to stay away from the pack house but I was wolf-less anyway so maybe he felt it would be a waste of a command.

I stayed on tiny porch of the cottage, leaning against the wall. I hugged my knees to my chest. I tried to take deep breaths. How could fate be so cruel? I really did not ask for much. I tried to push his beautiful eyes and his handsome face from my mind. I was stupid to even for a second think I could be worthy of an alpha. My stupidity was costing me now. I should have known right away he had just come to officially reject me.

I managed to get off the floor and shut the door. I crawled into bed. Saturday kneaded my back with his paws. I remembered how he had hissed at Alpha Maze. My cat had more sense than me. I cried myself to sleep.