

The Silver Hope

Chapter 4 Questions

(Alexander POV)

I have found my mate and not just any mate, my fated mate!

I walked out of the red farmhouse with white shutters fighting the urge not to turn and go back inside to be with my mate. My wolf, Echo, was already howling his longingness for our mate. Truth be told, I have waited and searched all over the world for my mate for years. I can't believe she was just right here in Washington State growing up. With human parents nonetheless!

Hope was hidden here. While Jim was in his office, I tried to think who she looked like. She seemed so familiar like I saw her everyday. Then it hit me. I have to give my mother a call. She will give me some answers.

Odd though, she isn't 18 yet. Is that possible? Not 18 but can be fated mates? Or has the Goddess felt my yearning for my mate all these years as I searched? I don't mind. My long search is over. No more nights with any pretty thing in a skirt. No more emptiness. No more being jealous of other wolves who have found their mates. No more reminiscing of the past and the self-doubt. I have found the one who completes me and she is mine as I am hers.

Has she ever shifted? I guess not because she feels right at home with her human parents. I could feel the love and respect she has for them. I know if anyone were to get in between her and her parents, she would choose her parents.

I look at the red farmhouse hoping to get a glimpse of her before I leave. She must already be getting ready for our dinner tonight. I sigh in frustration. I still have to wait a while longer to be with her. One thing is for sure, once she enters the restaurant, she is never leaving my side ever again. That is a promise.

As I thought about her, more questions started popping into my mind about my mate when my Beta, Oliver, said, * The apples are in the trunk. What happened Alex? What took you so long? I was about to come inside and get you. I thought maybe you were in trouble."

"Let's go. We are having dinner with them later. Call Lemuria and get reservations. It's my Mate's birthday."

Oliver, clearly shocked, " You found your mate in there?" He pointed at the red farm house with white shutters.

“Yes, but she has no idea she’s a wolf.”

(Hope POV)

I run up the stairs to my bedroom to get ready to have dinner at Lemuria.

LEMURIA! I have never had a 5 course meal ever! This man, Alexander, wants to celebrate my birthday at Lemuria. How could I be so lucky!

I only have an hour to get ready. I look at myself in the mirror. I pull my hair back to see what I should do with it. But first, I have to figure out what to wear.

I open my closet and rummage through my clothes. I sighed. A closet full of clothes, but nothing to wear. I thought only spoiled little rich kids said that so they could get more clothes, but now I know better.

My mom knocks on my door. “Hope, honey, I got you this. I know you don’t like wearing body fit clothing, but I just had to get this for you. The color matches your hair!” She puts a paper bag of a local boutique shop on my bed. I open it and lift up a sparkling black bodycon dress with a matching shawl. My mother always has perfect timing.

“Mom, thank you. It’s beautiful.”

“Oops! Almost forgot! Shoes too,” my mother said as she put a box of shoes on my bed. “Strappy heels. I may look conservative but, I want to see my daughter be the sexy woman she is. Plus, I want to take pictures. You only turn 18 once after all. Now, go take a shower.” My mother blew me a kiss and went out of my room.

I can’t believe it! My mom got me a dress to wear for my birthday. I laid the dress on my bed. I need to take a shower first before I try it on.

I take a quick shower lathering up with my favorite chocolate and strawberries body wash. Good thing I washed my hair this morning. I don’t have time to dry my long hair. Right now, I just want to look and feel my best in

front of Alexander. I giggled. I definitely have a crush. “He’s our mate,” I hear the voice again. Whatever. Right now, I just want to see him again.

I towel dry and put on a clean pair of bikini underwear. Tricky things with bodycon dresses...underwear makes it bulge. I try putting on pasties. I got the idea from my bestfriend Nina when we were dressing up for prom. When you can’t wear a bra, use pasties. I looked at my breasts in the mirror. They are perky enough that I don’t need to use a bra. I slip on the bodycon dress and it fitted me like a glove. I looked at myself in the mirror. Not bad. (2

Now what do with my hair. I pull it up with my hands and decide to just leave it down. I brush the ends of my hair inward to help the curls. Perfect.

I'm not a make-up type of girl. I have good skin and rarely suffered from breakouts. Nina always envied my skin. She thought I made regular trips to the dermatologist to keep my skin clear.

When I need to look done-up, I just use a pink lipgloss and some blush if I feel I look pale. I face the mirror and put some on then I fix my eyebrows a little with an eyebrow brush. I look at my reflection in the mirror and I felt satisfied with my appearance.

I look at my bedside clock. Done with 10 minutes to spare. I pick up my locket and put it on completing my look. I take one last look at myself in the mirror. I can't believe I'm looking at the same Hope that is usually in jeans and shorts. I smile. Well, it is my 18th birthday after all.

I'm all set to meet Alexander Ulrich again. My mate.