

Chapter 8

8. A beginning I had not hoped for

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The ride felt incredibly slow and lengthy, and I wondered how far the Blood-sun pack actually was. The Blood-sun pack was the pack of the north, respected and feared for their numbers and strength. I had never been to any other pack apart from my home pack since the day I was born, and I never imagined I would. Even though there was a possibility of my mate belonging to another pack, I had always imagined I would be mated to a pack warrior if it had not been for William being my mate. I had hoped my pack warrior mate would choose to stay with me. Selsh, I know, but I was young and did not want to imagine a life away from my pack and my loved ones. Well... how life has changed.

In fact, I was living without my pack. The loved ones I had once feared to depart from were the first to depart from me.

I was slowly taking another step in the journey of my life. It was a new beginning, though not the beginning I had hoped for. I had to see it through.

I knew Kaden and his pack members would never accept me, but I hoped they would ignore me well enough to leave me in peace. In years, I would be forgotten, and if fate was on my side, I would be long dead and finally resting in peace.

Thousands of trees passed us by as Kaden drove to his pack, completely ignoring my presence. Or rather, he knew I was there but considered me a thorn in his flesh. He had a constant scowl on his face, and frequently I imagined he would abruptly stop the car and rip my head off.

I would be lying if I said I was not saddened by the situation I was in with my mate. The relationship was already soiled before it had even begun, and it was heartbreaking.

Despite all my wishes for freedom and sometimes death, I was still a damsel at heart. A part of me hoped for a Prince Charming or a knight in shining armor to rescue me from my pain.

Kaden would never love me. He would never accept me without seeing the faults of my father in my eyes. It deeply saddened me that I had lost my identity and had been branded by my father's mistakes.

I looked out the window, rubbing my hands together trying to calm my nerves. But it was of no use when there was a raging Alpha breathing down my neck, his eyes filled with a death threat.

"Stop that!" Kaden growled, and I immediately inched.

"W-what did I do wrong?" I asked, frightened. I didn't think rubbing my fingers together was annoying, and I had managed to be incredibly silent so far.

That thing you are doing with your feet, stop it this instant!" he snarled.

As if on impulse, my feet stopped tapping. I hadn't even realized I was doing it in the first place. "I am sorry," I hung my head low in shame. He already hated me, and my unknown habit had given him a reason to hate me even more.

He mumbled some words I couldn't hear but had gone back to ignoring me once again. Well, on the other hand, I made sure to keep my legs in check.

Several minutes had surely passed since the leg incident, and I had made sure it wouldn't repeat again. We were still on the road, but this time I was very uncomfortable and struggling to hold it. With each passing tree the car zoomed across, my bladder threatened to burst.

I was too frightened to ask Kaden to stop the car, but if I ended up urinating on his leather seats, it would cause a tantrum and I would be embarrassed. Either way, I would be on the receiving end of the Alpha's wrath.

After much debate in my head, I decided to just ask for permission to relieve myself. There was no need for the seats to suffer, as I would still be scolded anyway. My choice would save me the embarrassment of peeing on myself in front of my unaccepting, but still my mate.

While I gathered my courage, and my bladder threatened more, I stole a few glances at him. But his handsome face still seemed to be tattooed with a scowl. I took a deep breath before asking, "I have to go to the restroom, can I?"

His head snapped in my direction immediately, and he stared at me as if I had grown an extra head. He held my eyes in his scrutinizing gaze, as if trying to decipher what was really going on in my head. Did he really think I would try to escape? Here, in the middle of nowhere, with no money, and no way of transforming into my wolf without passing out? He may not know that part, but I wasn't going to escape when the odds of getting away without being caught were against me.

After much consideration, he finally stopped the car. "Get out!" he almost yelled, and I jumped out of the car in an inhuman speed. "If you think of running, I will hunt you down. And when I find you, the pains you may have had to endure in your worthless pack would be nothing compared to the one I will inflict upon you, mate or not," he sternly warned.

His words shook me more than I had expected. Tears streamed down my face, and my wolf howled in pain at the level of hatred our mate had for us. I didn't expect my wolf to be active by now, but I too felt the pain of disdain from my mate in my chest.

I rushed into the bushes but made sure I didn't go far, just enough for Kaden to see me in sight. When I was done, I felt the relief in my bladder, but the pain in my chest still lingered on.

I quickly fixed myself up and got back into the truck. Kaden stared at me for a few seconds before bringing the car back to life, and we continued on the journey.

I tried not to focus on the words of hate that had just been spewed out by my mate, but it was very difficult. He undoubtedly wished me pain, and I was almost certain that he would be glad to be the one inflicting that pain on me. At least Diana didn't have to go through what I was going through. I wouldn't even wish this kind of life on my worst enemy, not even William.

Diana would be in the bliss of bonding with her mate right now. They would probably be on some kind of honeymoon, or if they decided to take things slow, they would still be accepting of their bond. Diana was truly blessed by the moon goddess, while the reverse was the case in my life. My pack hated me, my mate hated me, and soon the Blood-sun pack would hate me too.

Despite my own broken heart, I empathize with Kaden. I understand his anger and his hatred towards me. Anyone in his shoes would likely feel the same, or even worse. I don't expect him to accept me, mate with me, and bed me just because he discovered that I am his mate.

I blame the moon goddess for her tricks and her lack of consideration towards her creations. I blame her for leading me to a life of sorrow, and I blame her for reopening Kaden's apparent closed wounds. The moon goddess needs to face consequences from the Supreme Deity.

It seemed that the journey was coming to an end as we drove past several houses belonging to pack members. Quite a number of them turned when the truck drove by. They were aware of my presence, and if they hadn't been informed of my identity by now, they were certainly curious and surprised to see a new female with their alpha.

I held my head low but still managed to take in the surroundings. The pack was indeed massive, about three times bigger than my former pack. The beauty of the pack was truly commendable, and it appeared to be flourishing. A sense of pride grew in my chest at my mate's accomplishments, despite dealing with the loss of his previous mate.

Kaden pulled up to a large building, and I guessed it to be the pack house. He stepped out of the car, and I immediately jumped out and trailed behind, trying to prevent any scolding.

I never knew I would be this submissive. The torture in RedSand had truly humbled me and almost extinguished all my feistiness.

"James! James!" Kaden's voice boomed through the lobby of the pack house. I stood rigidly in place, taking in the beauty of the pack house designs. There was no denying that the Blood-Sun pack was incredibly wealthy. Perhaps that was why they were so well respected. This pack house far greater compared to the one in RedSand pack. It was much bigger and could probably house up to fifty wolves if they each had their own rooms. It was absolutely stunning.

A young man in his twenties, quite attractive, came dashing into the halls. "Alpha, you're back," the man bowed.

"I am. You took too long to respond, James," Kaden sounded like a father scolding his child, but I knew he was angry, and James was about to bear the brunt of it. All thanks to me, because my presence infuriates him.

"I apologize. Serena was struggling with the boys' diapers," James explained. It was surprising how unfazed he was by Kaden's tone. Maybe he knew that Kaden was annoyed; after all, he was his Alpha.

Kaden snorted. "I see." His voice now appeared calmer, as if the ice was finally melting. Kaden must have been close to this Serena woman to calm down at the mention of her name. Or perhaps it was the boys James spoke about. Were they Kaden's sons? The late Luna died three years ago, so they couldn't be her children. That would mean Kaden had sought pleasure with other she-wolves. The thought sent a pang of pain to my heart. I was jealous. This was the bond affecting me.

Kaden owed me nothing. He hadn't expected another mate. I was just thrust into his life, and he had no choice but to accept it, or rather bear it, since he had decided not to reject me. Kaden was an Alpha, and he would want heirs to continue his legacy.

"This is her?" James asked. I snapped out of my thoughts and realized that both men had their gazes fixed on me. It made me nervous.

Kaden nodded in response.

"How is this even possible? I've never heard of something like this happening before," James said.

"I know. There have been a few occurrences over the centuries, but the possibilities were very slim," Kaden responded. Their gazes were still on me, and it felt like I was an object of discussion rather than a person.

"This should be good, right? Should I take her to your house? Settle her in your room?" James asked, and a frown formed on Kaden's face.

"No! This is not a good thing. Put her in one of the rooms here. I don't want a whore in my house, let alone my bed," he gritted, and my heart sank. Tears welled up in my eyes. James's eyes widened at his statement, and it looked like he wanted to say something, but he stopped himself. "Give her work to do tomorrow. I hate freeloaders," he added as he walked away, leaving me to lick my wounds. A rejection would have been better than having one's mate call the other a whore. There would never be a place for me here.