

Bonds at War: The Untouched is Mine

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Chapter 1: The Letter

ARDEN

“No way,” I muttered, staring at the letter in my trembling hand. It had just arrived in the mail, and I had been waiting for it all week.

The gold imprint on the back of the envelope caught my eye—a symbol that confirmed its authenticity. It was a letter from the ‘Elite Order Academy,’ or simply ‘Elite’ for short.

By the time a werewolf turns 20, they can apply to Elite—a name that speaks for itself. Reserved for the most skilled young werewolves in the entire country, it represents the pinnacle of excellence.

For two transformative years, they are moulded into the leaders of their packs, equipped with skills that ensure a promising future. Ever since childhood, I had dreamed of becoming one of the ‘Elites.’ In fact, it seemed that every young werewolf aspired to gain acceptance. However, the stakes felt higher for me.

My parents had graduated from there. So had my two older brothers—one of whom was now in his final year. As the youngest in the family and the so-called ‘black sheep,’ I was met with skepticism at every turn. It was no surprise that my mother had urged me to apply to the local academy, believing that was all I was good for.

I could still replay our dinner conversation from last month in my mind.

“I want to apply to Elite,” I announced, gathering the courage to speak up.

The clinking of utensils halted momentarily, but not a single gaze turned my way.

“Good luck with that, I guess,” my mom, Lorelei, remarked, inspecting her nails with disinterest.

Lucian, my oldest brother, pursed his lips. “Do you really think you can do it?”

“Yes,” I replied, my voice steady despite my racing heart.

Kieran, my brother just a year older, let out a mocking chuckle. I shot him a glare, but it had little effect.

“Oh, sorry,” he said, though he didn’t sound apologetic in the least. “It’s just funny. We all came from Elite; that doesn’t mean you should too. It’s called ‘Elite’ for a reason.”

My dad, Dominic, nodded in silent agreement, his attention glued to his phone. “Just apply to the local academy. I’m sure they’ll accept you based on your last name alone.”

I shook my head, pushing the memory of that bitter conversation away. Then, with trembling hands, I opened the letter that had arrived—my future contained within its folds.

Everyone else had received their acceptance or rejection letters last week.

Except me.

My mom had claimed that I performed so poorly on the written exam that they didn’t even bother to send a letter. But here it was.

I closed my eyes for a moment, fear gripping my chest. When I finally opened one eye, my heart raced as I spotted the word—‘accepted.’ I nearly leapt with joy.

Instead, I stifled my excitement, covering my mouth with my hand to suppress a grin. Out in our expansive garden, I was alone, but my family was still inside the house. As much as I wanted to share this incredible news with them and prove them wrong, I needed to tell someone else first—the one person who had always supported me, even when my family turned their backs.

Jaxon Trevane, my mate and the future Alpha of the West.

We had known we were mates since we turned 18, and he had been my unwavering ally since that day. Despite the disapproval of his parents regarding our relationship, he consistently made me feel valued and accepted.

He never asked for much except for one thing.

My virginity

Since the moment we met, he’d been patiently waiting for me to be ready. And now, with this news of acceptance, I felt it was time to give him the reward he had longed for.

As I made my way up the grand staircase of their mansion, my heart raced wildly, the letter clutched tightly in my hand.

“He’s going to be thrilled,” I whispered to myself, a smile creeping onto my face.

When I reached his door, a wave of dread rolled through my stomach. I brushed it aside, placing my hand on the handle and twisting it open.

The smile vanished in an instant. There lay Jaxon—naked, and beneath him lay none other than my best friend for the past decade, Sienna Graves.

“Ah, Jaxon. Right there!”

I froze, my feet rooted in their spot. My throat went dry and I felt numb. I was sure that all of the color from my face had also drained.

“Fuck me better than how you fuck Arden,” she screamed, and I unconsciously clenched my fists, my acceptance letter getting crinkled in the process.

“That prude won’t even let me touch her,” Jaxon growled, devouring her neck. “She thinks her body is a prize just because she’s a virgin.”

“I’ve been treating her kindly for two whole years because of it.”

I felt my heart break. The one person whom I trusted and loved never loved me after all. I shook my head, the tears threatening to fall. However, I bit my lip, not allowing myself to show some weakness.

“And you will never get to touch me,” I spat.

That was when they finally noticed my presence. Their eyes widened, and Jaxon pulled himself out of Sienna, their genitals on full display, making me grimace.

“Arden,” Jaxon muttered. However, there wasn’t an ounce of regret on his face.

Sienna, on the other hand, turned to the side to suppress her smile.

“So, you’ve never loved me after all?”

Jaxon pursed his lips. Then, he sighed. “How can you expect me to love you when you can’t satisfy my needs? Aside from that, I’m going to Elite soon. We won’t see each other then.”

I softly nodded, feeling my knees grow weak. “So, you won’t even apologize,” I muttered.

“Fine,” I said, holding my chin up high.

“I reje—”

“I reject you, Arden Stone, as my mate,” Jaxon said, beating me to it. I felt undeniable pain go through my body, my heart feeling like it was getting ripped out of my chest.

I took deep breaths, trying to lessen the pain. Then, I saw his expression, a small smirk playing on his lips.

“Sorry, Arden,” he said, walking closer to me, still with the same unapologetic look. “You and I weren’t a match anyway.”