

Chapter 1 - Denying the Alpha

Thump! Thump! Thump!

There is a loud resounding thump for each of the 16 stairs I hit on the way down; it feels like forever before I finally hit the bottom. I land hard flat on my back, my left leg is distorted at a weird angle, and I know it's likely that my hip has been dislocated from the fall.

The fall? Why am I calling it that? From when I was mercilessly thrown down the flight of stairs.

“You will be MY MATE.” he roars.

Like hell I would be, I promise myself. I don't care how much he yells, screams, demands, or even begs at this point; I wouldn't demean myself like that for the worthless abuser. I don't know why the moon goddess would pair me with this nut job, but I wasn't having it. I wasn't having him. No way, no how.

I can't believe there was ever a time when I looked at this man and believed he had any good in him. I want to stand and look him dead in the eyes when I tell him as much, but it's a little more than I can manage right now, considering the dislocation and all.

I think I may have even broken a rib or two, I can barely suck in air, and I hope someone finds me soon and gets me the help that I need. I was a wolf, and I would heal fast, so I needed to have my hip set before that happened; otherwise, it could be really bad.

“I, Faith Ashley huntress daughter of beta Mitchell Alaric huntress of crescent moon reject you, Declan John Smith future Alpha of the crescent moon as my fated mate!” I grit out through clenched teeth, I'm trying to hide the pain from my voice, but it is futile. Still, I feel a rush of pride mixed with the excruciating pain from the rejection. I didn't cave into the mate bond, no matter how much I wanted to. It's unfair that it should hurt this much given all that I've already been through these past few days; I hope Declan is hurting just as much as I am right now; thankfully, it's not long before I am finally blackout.

Three weeks earlier.

It's finally my 18 birthday, and I couldn't be more excited. I just might meet my fated mate today. I can barely contain my enthusiasm. I hope my mate likes me.

I am 5'6, so on the average size for a she wolf. I don't mean to toot my own horn, but I have a really good body that I train A LOT, so 'toot toot,' I have curvy hips, toned legs, more than a handful of boob, and a toned tummy that's yummy. I might sound a little vain, I know, but I am pleased with what the moon goddess gave me. She makes all her children incredibly beautiful, and there's nothing wrong with knowing it.

My eyes are brown, but like a dark adorable brown that sucks you in, or so I have been told. My hair is probably my best feature. It is long and slightly curly, but luckily there is no frizz. My lips are a little plain and a touch too thin, but overall, I know I'm very pretty, but that doesn't mean I'll be his type. All I can do is hope that I am. I wonder what he will look like? What he'll be like? I wonder if he's even from this pack. My parents often talk about the thrill of having a mate, and I couldn't wait to experience all of that for myself.

I don't wear too much make-up as I'm not too fond of the way it feels oily on my skin, so I stick to a light BB cream, eyeliner, and a touch of mascara. My lips, although thin, are a nice shade of pink, so I decided to forgo the lipstick. It's a warm day, so a summer dress and boots are perfect.

I breeze into the kitchen, and I smile at my parents as I catch their eye across the room. I can't help but beam at them. They, of course, are already smiling at me. They know how excited I have been about my birthday. It's all I have been talking about for months now.

What I'm genuinely excited about the most is that tonight, at midnight, when the moon is highest in the sky, I will shift into my wolf for the very first time. I can't wait to see what she looks like. I know she will be gorgeous. How do I know that? All wolves were beautiful, whether they were werewolves or not. I genuinely believed that.

No one around here took much notice of them, but there were ordinary wolves that lived amongst us. Sometimes I would bring them food and even run with them in my human form. It was almost like they could sense what I was. Maybe they did. They were incredibly intuitive, after all. Some of them even got as big as the omegas did. Omegas are often considered weak because of their position in the pack, and their wolves were usually relatively small for our kind.

Alpha's, Betas, Gammas, and warriors were all vital pack members. They provided for us, kept us safe, they made us strong, but the omega's kept us running. They prepared all the food, washed all the clothes, and ran the schools, not to mention all the other jobs they did around the reserve that no one else wanted to do or thought they were above. They weren't mistreated by any means, but it broke my heart the way most people overlooked them. We wouldn't function without them, and even if nobody else did, I saw all they did for us.

I almost skipped over to my parents.

“Happy birthday, baby.” my dad hugged me.

“Happy birthday, Faith, my darling.” mom plants a quick kiss on my cheek. I love my parents. I can't see my sister Samantha anywhere, and it doesn't matter, I will see her later.

“I'll be right back.” I tell them, and I make my way over to the buffet table.

I haven't been able to get enough to eat this past week. That's pretty common leading up to the first shift. It's our bodies way of preparing for what's to come.

I quickly load two pieces of French toast, a small pile of bacon, two sausages, three hash browns, and three large scoops of scrambled eggs onto my plate. I douse the bacon and French toast in maple syrup just the way I like it. Happy with my meal, I go to join my parents, I'm almost back at the table when I drop my plate, sending my food scattering everywhere, I can see every eye in the room instantly snap to me, but I don't care. My legs are already moving before I even realize what's happening.

I have never smelt something so alluring in my entire life, it smells like vanilla and brown sugar, and my mouth waters a little. I used those two ingredients all the time when baking, and I couldn't get enough of the scent.

I can't believe it, my mate's a part of my pack. This pack is enormous; it has almost a thousand members since we took over the Blue Moon pack last year; I wonder if I know him already. I'm so excited. It's all I can do, not sprint towards the smell. However, I don't think that would leave the best first impression. I don't want to seem desperate.

My heart is beating so hard it feels like a drum. I follow the scent up four flights of stairs before I stop outside of a door.

Wait, I know this door. It can't be, can it? Is Declan my mate? I had been drawn to him for years, and I had always found him incredibly charming, funny, and friendly.

He and my family had spent a considerable amount of time together while I was growing up. His father was the Alpha, and Declan was naturally next in line to be the leader. I honestly don't know what I did to get so lucky. He was physical perfection. He was a looming 6'8". He had these perfect sea blue eyes that had always had me lost for words whenever I stared directly into them. I had lost hours of my life picturing myself running my fingers through his shaggy black hair or being held flush against that hard body of his. He was one of the biggest wolves I had ever seen. Even his muscles had muscles.

Was he really mine?

I wish I had taken a moment, but in my eagerness, I rushed to open the door.

He was naked on the bed with a woman on top of him. He was guiding her up and down while he grunted her name. She was a moaning mess. I didn't need to hear any of it to recognize who it was he was with. The woman had long dirty blonde hair. It was a total mess right now, but usually, it was sleek and beautiful. On her right shoulder, there was a beautiful intricate butterfly tattoo.

It was Samantha.

My stomach was churning so much I could puke.

Declan was a whole six months older than me. He would have known this entire time that I was his mate. We have shared countless meals together, we trained with one another every morning, and we had hung out with our friends many times over, and yet not once did he ever say anything about us being mates. Here he was in bed with my sister. It couldn't be any more obvious. He didn't want me.

I can't believe that my sister and my mate could do this to me. I slap my hand over my mouth in a lame attempt to stop it, but it's not before I let out a strangled sob.

Declan just grins at me. He doesn't even stop what he's doing. He knew I was here already. Of course, he did. He would have been able to smell me long before I even got to the door.

Samantha just stared at me with her apple green eyes. I can't believe she had the audacity to look surprised right now; maybe she was, perhaps she didn't think I would catch them in the act. I really can't believe she would do this to me.

I ran from the room as fast as my legs would carry me. People are staring, unaware of what's just happened, but I don't care. Let them stare.

I make it down the two flights of stairs to my room and slam the door shut behind me. I slid down the door and brought my knees up to my chest. I drop my head down, and I just let my emotions take over. My whole-body trembles with the force of the sobs wracking my body. I just kept thinking the same thing, how could they? I have never felt so alone.

Samantha and I loved each other, at least, I thought we had. Our relationship had always been a little strained because we were such different people, but we were still sisters.

Samantha was two years older than I was. She had a lot of friends and was often out partying. She was always happiest when she was out with her friends and just having a good time, a social butterfly.

I had my friends, and I loved to spend time with them splashing in the river banks or the occasional shopping trip, but what I loved most was curling up in my bed with a good book. Often when I found a book, I liked, I just wouldn't put it down until I was finished with it, even if that meant I stayed up all night. I also loved to bake, cooking, I wasn't a fan of, but I did really love to bake. I made cakes mostly. I was obsessive when it came to decorating. I always had to get it just right.

I was a real homebody. I didn't know she had such little regard for me.