

Elena: Chapter Nine

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The mood was somber. We sat in the Wolf Ridge pack house in the giant, opulent guest room we had been assigned to and practically twiddle our thumbs for a couple of hours. I wasn't exactly sure how Jocelyn was feeling, but I felt like I was dying inside.

I met up with Jocelyn at the Blue Crescent Pack house at the crack of dawn. I had hoped to catch a glimpse of Matthew before we left. He and Jocelyn stood at the front entrance of the pack house talking. She kept touching his arm and pouting her lip at him and just making me roll my eyes at how petulant she was acting.

Matt, for the most part, kept his arms crossed over his broad chest, his eyebrows down and a frown on his face while she talked. I didn't try to listen in to their conversation. I really didn't want to hear any of her whining about going to look for her mate.

I stood leaning against her car, waiting for her to get done talking to him, hoping that he would at least acknowledge me. After yesterday afternoon, I wasn't sure how he would act towards me. I knew he left frustrated but I hoped he still felt the same about me. I doubted that he would say or do anything because Jocelyn was there but I had a teensy bit of hope that he would at the very least smile at me.

They walked over to me with a small smile gracing his perfect lips. Jocelyn stood next to us as he looked down at me with a guarded expression.

"Don't do anything stupid."

Romantic, huh? To make up for it, his hand swept over my cheek in a small caress, then pushed some hair out of my face and behind my ear. My heart stuttered. I was quickly falling for him and there was nothing I could do about it.

I hoped, for Jocelyn's sake, that the distance would give both Matthew and I some perspective. I hoped that it would help me clear my mind of lust and the color of his gorgeous eyes and his beautiful smile. I needed to be able to think practically again.

Jocelyn then took the opportunity to pull him in for a long, drawn out kiss, their tongues tangling and a small moan leaving her mouth.

I turned away quickly, feeling my heart fracture. I climbed into the passenger seat of Jocelyn's powder blue Porsche and tried to control my breathing. Hot, angry tears pricked at the corners of my eyes. I knew he said that he felt nauseated by kissing her, but for posterity he kept up his boyfriend roll really well.

Mika howled in pain and it hurt me deep in my soul that I couldn't do anything to pacify her. I was feeling the exact same thing.

Neither of us spoke for the next couple of hours as we traveled from our pack lands to our neighbors and allies, Wolf Ridge Pack.

Everything was strained between Jocelyn and I since I came back from my dad's. My feelings were obviously different towards her now that I knew who my mate was. I now felt so much anger and distrust towards her because of the way she was handling the situation.

Jocelyn was no different. She felt the same for me, I was sure, because we would have never stayed quiet the entire ride to Wolf Ridge. We would have gossiped about silly things or she would have given me updates on her relationship. I would have told her some stupid, random facts about mindless things that didn't matter and talk about my younger brothers who were already taller than me, at thirteen. We would have listened to music and sang until our throats couldn't take it anymore.

The ride was unbearable. We sat in silence and the tension was thick the entire time.

I laid on the giant, king sized bed in our shared room and stared up at the ceiling. I was still thinking about their kiss and how much I hated that they did it in front of me. I knew Jocelyn just wanted to mark her territory, but it still bothered me. I received a text from Matt after we left, apologizing for the kiss. I didn't know what to say back, so I didn't answer. My main thoughts now are that we needed to figure something out before I went crazy with hate for Jocelyn.

I needed everything figured out before school started in a few weeks. I had received a full-ride scholarship to Milton, a University a couple hundred miles away from home. They had state of the art science labs and were well renowned for their Healing and Surgery programs.

It had been my dream to attend Milton since I was a pup. I had wanted to learn to mend my mother's broken heart back then. Now, I just wanted the knowledge to help in my pack.

I wanted to play an important role in our pack so that I wouldn't feel inferior to everyone else because of my size. I wanted to be someone wolves relied on whether I was a runt or not. You didn't have to be a socialite to mend broken bones or help birth pups. All you had to do was be knowledgeable and willing. I was both.

"What are we going to do?" Jocelyn laid next to me, sighing.

"I don't know. We need to go somewhere where males hang out."

"Honestly Lainey, I just don't want to end him."

"I know."

"You need to understand my side, Lainey. I know how we talked about our mates and everything but it just feels like my whole world is being torn to pieces." She sighed. "You're my best friend and I wouldn't do anything to hurt you but he's my boyfriend. Seeing the two of you would be horrible."

"Well, that's the point of coming out here, Joss. As soon as you end your mate, it won't even bother you. I swear, you won't give a crap about anyone else once you end him."

Joss stayed silent next to me, mulling over what I had just said.

"Is that how you feel, Lainey? You don't give a crap about me or my feelings?"

I rolled my eyes. "I didn't s-."

"Yes you did! You want him and do you know how badly that hurts?"

I squeezed my eyes shut and pinched the bridge of my nose. Maybe I should have just stayed home. I could have been working on figuring out my next steps with Matt and going to school instead of here listening to Jocelyn bitch about the same old sh*t over and over again.

"I'm not trying to hurt you, Joss. I can't help all of the feelings. I can't help that I want him. It's ingrained in us. I try not to think about him or look at him because I don't want to hurt you but it's hard. He's my mate. You need to understand that I can't change what has happened."

"Elena! Yes you can! You know damn well you have the power to reject him too! It's not a one way street. You can easily do it!"

I rubbed my eyes and sighed. There is no arguing with her. Whether I'm right or wrong, Jocelyn is right. Jocelyn is never going to relent until she ends her mate.

"I'm not rejecting Matt."

"Because a male is actually paying attention to you for once? That's sad and pathetic Elena." I could feel my anger surge through my body. Mika growled and snapped in my head, aching to get out. She wanted to tear into Jocelyn just as badly, if not more, than me.

Obviously I knew Periwinkle, Jocelyn's wolf, would kill us in a heartbeat, which is why I was keeping Mika under control, but I really wanted for Jocelyn to get a hold of herself.

I stood up and walked to my suitcase.

"No it's because I don't want to hurt him. Let's get dressed so we can go and do this already."

Jocelyn snorted. "And if I refuse?"

"Jocelyn..." I grit my teeth. I had to remind myself why I was even here to begin with.

So we can be with our mate in peace. Mika supplied.

"I'll call Matthew. You heard what he wanted. You search for your mate or he breaks up with you. So stop acting like a bitch and get dressed."

Jocelyn groaned and stood up. She pulled her mane of curls into a ponytail and began rring through her suitcases, dropping her attitude quickly. I wondered idly if I had always been blind to what a horrible person Jocelyn actually was.

Or was I the horrible one? I was trying to force her to end her mate so she'd leave mine alone. He belonged to her first. I hated being so insecure. I hated everything about this situation.

I didn't ask to be Matthew's mate. I didn't want a mate at least until after I had gone to school and travelled the world and did all of the things I've dreamed of doing. Now I couldn't dream of being without him and it was ruining the careful, independent life I had begun to construct for myself.