

Fated Rejection - Fated Claim

- Chapter 1 by Shana Allen

Chapter 1

ELLE

A shifter's eighteenth birthday was a monumental occasion for most because it marked the beginning of being able to sense one's mate. Many dreamed of the day that they met the one that was destined and fated to them. The only one who could truly complete them – their soulmate which was handpicked by the Moon Goddess.

I always longed for my mate because love was a concept that I had not really grown up with except a select few people.

I was orphaned at the age of five with no memories from before then of who I was or where I came from. Alpha Andrew said that he found me right outside of the pack's border when I was a pup and brought me back to the Blue Crest pack to be raised by the Omegas of the pack.

Blue Crest Omegas were slaves to the pack and were treated as such. Have you ever been treated like you were less than simply because of factors that were outside of your control? It sucked, but that was unfortunately our reality – one that we could never escape from no matter how hard we tried to do just that.

I turned eighteen last week but did not feel any different. A little more hopeful for the future perhaps, but that was about it.

Eric Blake, Alpha Andrew and Luna Ashley's son and sole Alpha heir, would have his eighteenth birthday party tomorrow. It was a big to-do, so a few allied packs would be attending and bringing many of their unmated she-wolves and important families in hopes that one of them would be Eric's mate.

He was a decently handsome guy with his broad shoulders, ripped muscles, and chocolate eyes that could pull you into them whenever you saw them. She-wolves fawned over him left and right. However, the allure was only skin-deep. He was an arrogant asshole who believed he was a gift from above to all womankind.

Eric took every opportunity to make his importance known and certainly took after his father when it came to believing that he was above all else. Both were absolute monsters and made horrible Alpha types in my opinion because Alphas were meant to protect their pack and lead it. Those two only cared about their title and authority.

“Elle,” Luna Ashley called out as I passed by the kitchen on my way out the door.

“Yes, Luna?” I asked as I approached the kitchen and lowered my eyes.

Omegas were to submit themselves when in the presence of leadership. It was just their way to remind us that we would never be their equals. Trust us that we knew it even without the reminder. However, none of us really desired to deal with that reminder being beaten into us, so we abided by their ridiculous rules.

“How are the preparations coming for the party?” she asked in her high-pitched nasally voice.

“The food will be fully prepped tomorrow. We’ve already taken care of the things that could be made early. The ballroom has been decorated and prepared. The stage will be set up tomorrow morning because Mr. Belford had an emergency to take care of. I’m going to doublecheck the guest rooms and ensure that they have been prepared properly tonight,” I explained.

I did not have to look at her to know that she would be looking down her long nose at me, trying to find any flaw that she could in my duties. She would find none though because I did not make mistakes in my work. I

was a perfectionist and damn proud of it. That was what made me excellent with my job. Said job was to take care of everything in the packhouse. I essentially made sure that it ran smoothly. Did I ask for this job? Nope, and I never would have because it sucked. It put me in vicinity of the Alpha family each and every day which I hated because they always felt the need to reaffirm the hierarchy in this pack. I was on the lowest rung.

“And what about bouncers for the guestlist?” she asked, crossing her arms over her chest as if she found the flaw.

“Warrior Gerald and Warrior Brian have been assigned the duty and have been briefed on your established protocol.”

She dismissed me with a grunt and a wave of her hand. I wasted no time and got out of the packhouse before I ran into anyone else. It had already been a long day, and I just needed a breather. I already got slapped by Alpha for making too much noise while vacuuming the hallway and yelled at by a group of warriors. It was just an average day in fucking this pack.

Blue Crest was a medium-sized pack situated in Northern Texas with about three hundred members. It was not the most breathtaking territory or anything, but we did have decent woods that had a good selection of game. Wolves loved to hunt, but we were not allowed to hunt. It was a crock of shit if you asked me.

I thought about leaving many times, but I could not leave the Omegas alone to deal with all of this by themselves. It did not always feel like I made a significant difference, but I would do anything for them.

An arm slung over my shoulders, surprising me. It was not easy to sneak up on me, but it did happen from time to time. Survival in this pack required excellent instincts.

“What’s got you in your head, Em?” Gabriel asked, flashing me his signature smile. Only he called me Em since my name was Elle Mae.

He was quite the looker with his tousled blonde hair that always looked like he styled it but did not, chiseled jaw, sharp features, and piercing green eyes that could either be so filled with emotion that you knew exactly what was going on in his mind or completely cold and detached when someone crossed him.

Gabriel’s muscular build and strength would be more suited for him being a warrior, but he was born into his role. He did not mind though because he hated being near our current warriors. They were allowed to treat us however they wanted, and they took that liberty to heart. There was not a single Omega who had not been treated worse than trash.

“Nothing,” I said, hoping he would drop it, but he did not.

Gabriel leveled me with a look that told me not to bullshit him. We had been best friends for ten years now. He knew me better than anyone else did and was the closest thing to family I ever had.

“Not here,” I said.

He steered me towards the Omega quarters. We had our own type of packhouse which was situated far away from the actual one.

There were about fifty of us in Blue Crest, so it was not ridiculously large like the packhouse was, but it had plenty enough room for us. There were individual bedrooms, two communal shower rooms which we split between male and female, a communal kitchen, and dining room. It was not much, but we made it our home. We had a shared community and understanding. We looked out for one another because nobody else looked out for us.

I led him to my room which was directly across from his. We both were orphans, so we bonded over that shared pain. The difference was that he remembered his family, and I did not. I remembered absolutely nothing

from before being found. It was like that part of my life never happened, and it really bothered me.

What could have happened to me that would cause that? How did I get to the border on my own? Where did I come from? I once asked these questions growing up but stopped the first time I got backhanded by Alpha and told that it was not my place to question anything.

Gabriel was my strength to get through each day, and I was his. The two of us were more dominant than the rest of the Omegas because we took it upon ourselves to shield them as much as possible from the horrors here.

“What’s going on?” he asked, flopping down on my bed, and getting comfortable.

“You remember how I had a special visitor when I was ten?” I asked.

I met Moon Goddess when I was a pup. It was not an overactive imagination or anything either because it was legitimately her. She came and explained that there was something special about me but could not say what it was just yet. I would find out when it was the proper time. She told me that I would face much adversity in life but to never lose hope that it would change because it would. The adversity would make me stronger, and I would need that strength in the future. My destiny would be painful but would be worth it in the end.

I had no idea why in the world she thought I was special because I was not, but it was not like I would contradict her. She was our deity after all.

He nodded his head and raised one of his blonde brows, waiting to see where I was going with this.

Gabriel did not think that I was insane when I told him about it because he could sense a change in me after that visit. I asked him what he meant, but he could not tell me other than he knew that I was telling the

truth. He was the only person I ever trusted with that information because it could be dangerous in the wrong hands.

“All day long, I felt like something is going to be changing soon. I just can’t shake the feeling,” I said, flopping down next to him.

I sighed and ran a hand through my hair. There was a deeply ingrained need in me to know things, so I positively hated not knowing something and being out of the loop.

“Maybe you’ll find your mate,” he mused. “Future Alpha Douche’s party is tomorrow night. Perhaps your mate will be in attendance.”

I snorted and laughed. Could you imagine that? That would be every ingredient needed to create an earth-shattering and monumental recipe for disaster. It would be very amusing though. We were considered to be the lowest part of the totem pole in this pack. They believed that we were even lower than the dirt packed underneath the pole.

“That would go over so well. I can already see it. Alpha and Luna would both keel over from heart attacks if one of their guests was mated to a lowly Omega,” I said, wiping away a fake tear.

Of course, we never believed their lies that we were less than everyone else. We just had to play the part that they so ungraciously bestowed upon us. We hated every single second of their power play. It was unfortunately their pack where their word was law. Mostly, Alphas were allowed to do whatever they wanted with their pack no matter how ridiculous or despicable it might be.

“Don’t worry. Those two would have to go through me to get to you,” he said, pulling me into his side protectively.

I relaxed into his embrace and smiled at my best friend who had been my protector all of these years, saving me from what he could, and picking up the pieces any time that he could not. He was the only person I trusted implicitly without a second thought.

One of the first times that someone attacked me, he fought back against the warrior and severely injured him. Gabriel was only twelve at the time, but they whipped him in front of the pack just to prove a point. We were beneath them. He never stepped away from me though even when I begged him to keep his distance so that he would not get hurt because of me.

He would make a great mate for somebody one day, and I prayed that he found her. He was loyal to a fault and would destroy anyone that tried to hurt what was his. He deserved happiness more than anyone else I knew.

“You’re too good for me, Gabe,” I said.

“I think you got that backwards, sweetheart,” he said, dropping a kiss to the top of my head.

The two of us were very close, but had never been a couple or even explored that. We were best friends and happy as such, content within that reality.

Had we found out that we were mates then it would have obviously changed, but we were not mates. That did not mean anything though because we were exactly what the other needed. An ear to listen. A shoulder to cry on. A heart that understood. Not everyone could understand what the two of us went through day in and day out, but we did. That was all that truly mattered.

“What are you up to tonight?” I asked, looking up at him with the most innocent expression I could muster.

“Aiding you in whatever last-minute thing you needed before the nightmare of tomorrow starts,” he said with a crooked grin.

“This is why we’re besties. I need to check on the guest rooms to make sure they were done correctly. It’s the last thing on my checklist. We could check them after supper,” I told him, jumping up from the bed and pulling him up too.

The smell of Maci's signature steak fajitas wafted down the hallway, luring us to her. Maci was a beautiful bombshell Latina girl who made the best damn fajitas you would ever eat. They were downright orgasmic to the tastebuds. We all rotated cooking so that we did not push it off on just a few people while also giving us variety in the meals.

My favorite type of food to cook was Italian food because there was so much possibility there. I never cooked the same types of dishes either. I liked to vary it and often aimed it for someone special.

Last time I cooked was homemade chicken alfredo which was Denny's favorite. He was an adorable eight-year-old with matching dimples and a missing front tooth. His family joined our pack a month ago. They certainly had not expected that our pack was the way it was when it came to us, however they had no other choice. It was either Blue Crest or going rogue. Going rogue was not an option at all because they would never subject their son to such a fate. We all tried to make it better for the three of them however we could. They appreciated the community we all had with one another.

We got our food and took a seat, digging into one of our favorite dishes of hers. Gabriel and I both let out matching groans as the taste hit us. We both loved Maci's cooking the most out of everyone else's.

Denny's family came and joined us as well. He proceeded to tell us all about a frog that he found. He wanted to keep it as a pet but saw that it had a family. He ended up leaving the frog but promised he would visit it.

Pups were the best. Many adults often thought that pups did not know a damn thing about life. Denny just proved that he did. His words were proof that he understood an important concept. Just because he wanted something did not mean that it was best for him to have it. He showed compassion for an animal because he did not want to split up the family. Pups understood more than adults gave them credit for.

“I’m very proud of you for not separating them. You can always go back, but that means that they can stay together now. You did the right thing, kiddo,” I said sincerely. A cute blush blossomed across his cheeks with my words, and his chest puffed out a bit.

“Thanks Miss Elle. I’ll take you to visit them one day if you like,” he offered enthusiastically.

I nodded my head and told him how much I would appreciate that. He acted like I gave him the best gift with my acceptance.

We finished supper and headed out to check the guest rooms. A total of twenty-three were prepped, and all of them were done correctly. Gabriel chuckled at my sigh of relief after we looked into each one of them.

Nothing could go wrong tomorrow, or it would be my head on the chopping block. I was partial to my head being firmly attached to my shoulders. The Alpha family always looked for any opportunity to see me fail, which I never understood. If they did not like my work then they could send me somewhere else to perform my duties. Nope. They liked me front and center. Oh, how I wished that I could tell them to fuck right off.

I laid in bed, trying to fall asleep for a couple of hours before I gave up. There was this restless energy inside of me, and I could not figure out why. I did not have the answer, but the restlessness was there, nonetheless.

‘Yes you do,’ my wolf Faye said.

‘And what would that be?’ I asked her.

I hated when she went all cryptic. I gave up long ago trying to figure it all out with her. Once she awoke at thirteen, it was like she was privy to things that I was not. I learned to just go with the flow, but it did not quell the annoyance that flared to life whenever she chose to be cryptic.

‘You damn well know that I won’t tell you and ruin all the surprises in life. You’ll know soon because things are definitely changing. Sleep well my beautiful human,’ Faye said with a sweet smile in her voice.

Faye was the best wolf a girl could ever have. She and Gabriel were my saving graces all these years. I loved her more than I loved anything else in this world because she was with me through every single thing – every pain, every nightmare, every wound, and every happiness.

I heeded her advice and closed my eyes again. The last thought in my mind was that things were changing.

Shana Allen

Thank you for checking out this story. Please let me know what you think by leaving a comment/like/dropping a gem. I hope you enjoy.

| 59