

Fated Rejection - Fated Claim

Chapter 2

ELLE

‘Stay strong,’ a melodic voice whispered right before I woke up to a knock on my door.

I groaned when I looked at the clock. It was already six in the morning, and I had to get up and get ready for the day. I did not get much in the way of sleep last night because I kept thinking back to the idea of things changing. I could not tell if I was happy about that or nervous. The other part of the troubling equation was whether the change was going to be good or bad. I was not certain how much more bad I could handle without finally cracking.

“Come in only if you have java,” I called out, sitting up and stretching my arms over my head.

Gabriel opened the door and held up the coffee cup to show me. I chuckled and waved him in. He knew me well enough to know I would need coffee this morning because of how stressed out I had been lately.

This party took over an entire month to plan. It required long discussions with Luna about what all she wanted and what she would not accept which equated to any single failure. She was a monster to work with, but I had not even been surprised about that.

A sigh escaped my lips as soon as the taste of coffee hit my throat. This would be my first cup but not last today. There was a lot to do today that would need to be checked and rechecked.

“Morning. Rough night?” he asked.

“A bit. Just eager to get today over and done with. It’s a recipe for disaster.”

It was absolutely a recipe for disaster and chaos. I hoped that the birthday boy found his mate today because perhaps she could help straighten him out. This pack requirements of secession required the Alpha heir to have found their mate before they could officially take over the leadership of the pack, but I could not imagine that Alpha would be considering that any time soon. I overheard him and Luna talking about how their son was nowhere near ready to be Alpha.

In truth, Eric was not fit to be Alpha yet. He was immature and prone to anger issues. He did not have the tact to deal with anyone disagreeing with a word that he said. I certainly could not imagine him responsible for negotiations and treaties. Alphas demanded control, but he did not know how to get it without force. His father was not much better but had a track record to back him up though. He was known to be cruel which kept a lot of people in line. He was not necessarily a loved Alpha by other packs but was tolerated.

“Perhaps it is, but I’ll get us some popcorn so that we can watch the fireworks as the pack crashes and burns,” he said, waggling his eyebrows at me.

I laughed harder at that than I had in a long time. He followed suit with his own deep laugh that brought a smile to my face. I did not know what I would do without him by my side. He was my ride or die.

He left so that I could get changed. I threw on a pair of skinny jeans and a silver button down shirt. I stood in front of the mirror and took a good look at myself.

Standing at 5’7, I was not exceptionally tall but thankfully not short either. My jet-black hair fell just over my shoulders with a natural wave to it. My eyes always stood out because they were a vibrant arctic blue against my ivory skin. My figure was not that alluring or anything, but I

did have a solid C-cup, trimmed waist, and muscles. Said muscles were not ridiculously large or anything, but Gabriel insisted that I needed to be able to protect myself, so he taught me.

We did not have time to waste, so we just grabbed muffins before we hurried out the door. Gabriel would be helping set up the stage and getting the kitchen squared away while I flitted around to ensure that everything was running smoothly and on schedule. Guests would start showing up around six tonight, but the actual party would not start until nine.

Birthdays boy was probably passed out from all the partying he did last night. Gabriel and I heard the music, shouting, and moaning while we were making sure the rooms were ready to go.

Eric would be out of our hair until tonight which worked because he always made it his mission to fuck with me. It was like he ordained himself as my personal tormentor. It was tiring, but there was not much I could do about it. How I would love the freedom to fight back. I would make him pay for every ounce of pain he ever caused me if I could. However, that was not a reality and never would be.

“Omega,” someone barked.

I sighed internally because that was all I could do. I was the only one in the room, so I took a breath before responding. I had a name, but most did not care. How dare I desire an identity at all. Sometimes I wondered if I should just change my name to Omega to make it easier on the idiots.

“Warrior Gerald,” I acknowledged, making sure to keep my eyes trained on the ground.

“Warrior Brian is down with a cold. Find a replacement,” he said.

Great. I should have known that it would be one thing or another. This was not the end of the world though. It just meant that I would have to

take a trip down to the training field. It was not my favorite place to go because warriors tended to get handsy whenever they wanted to.

“Thank you for letting me know. I’ll do that right now.” I bowed my head a little bit before I left.

My feet carried my unhappy ass out the packhouse doors, through Luna’s blooming flower garden, and over to the training field which only took a few minutes.

The training field was a massive clearing broken into sections. There was the very difficult obstacle course meant for endurance training, a building that housed the weight room, and a section near the obstacle course which was used for sparring.

Gabriel and I set up our own version at our place, but it was nothing compared to here. We both made sure to help our people learn to fight and protect themselves.

Everyone was in the middle of training, so I quickly made my way over to the warrior who led this training session. All I needed to do was get in and out.

“Look what the cat dragged in,” one guy said, snickering. Original. Real original.

“I wouldn’t mind sparring with the Omega. Bloodying her up a bit might make her a bit more attractive,” another responded.

I just ignored them and approached Warrior Justin. He was a bastard but at least he never put his hands on me. There was that at least. It was his only semi-redeeming quality, but even that only went so far.

“Warrior Justin, Warrior Brian was supposed to be a bouncer for the future Alpha’s party tonight but is sick. Do you have someone who can fill in? Luna insists that we need two warriors who’ll check the guests in and make sure they’re on the list,” I explained.

“Damn it. I’ll send Warrior Daniel in his place. What time does he need to report?” he asked.

“5:00 P.M. and needs to report directly to Luna.”

“K. Get the fuck out of here now.” He grunted before getting back to yelling at those on the training field.

I did not need to be told twice and quickly made my way back to the packhouse. It was already noon, so I got back to work.

The party was in full swing by the time that ten rolled around. There was a least a hundred guests who all seemed to be enjoying their time. There was a lot of dancing, drinks getting passed around from the bar, and even a bit of some softcore porn scenes happening throughout the packhouse. I could have gone my whole life without seeing some of that shit, so I just averted my eyes while complaining to Gabriel through the link.

Luna was even seen taking a couple of the guests upstairs. Alpha and Luna had an open relationship I supposed because they were constantly entertaining other people. I could not imagine being in a relationship like that. Mates were a precious gift. Such a precious gift that you should not spit on it like that.

The only issue we had so far was that we had to pull in another person to help mix alcohol because the two we had were not enough. The third made it run smoothly, and the drinks were in high demand.

I was glad that the party turned out so well thus far. Part of me had been terrified that today would be a disaster. So far that was not the case. Was it too much to hope that it would continue to run smoothly?

“We would like everyone, guests and staff alike, to come into the ballroom and gather around to officially wish our son a happy birthday,” Alpha said into the microphone.

Gabriel and I exchanged a confused look because they never included us. It had to be for show because they normally demanded us to stay away as if we had the plague.

He and I had been helping out in the kitchen all night to ensure that everything kept running smoothly. The two of us were a great team and worked perfectly together. Luckily, the preparations that I put in place had made it a success as of now.

‘Stay strong,’ a melodic voice whispered in my mind. I would recognize that voice anywhere, but I had not heard it since I was ten. I vaguely remembered hearing it during a dream this morning, but I could not be certain.

My gut twisted in anticipation as Gabriel led me into the room. What would I need to stay strong for? There were many possible scenarios and could be referencing any number of them. My mind conjured up some of the more ridiculous ones such as an enemy attack, being struck by lightning, and all the Omegas getting killed off as a party favor. Anything and everything were possible in this moment.

The large ballroom was fairly packed. Hundreds of guests, a majority of the pack, and all of the thirty workers who were helping out made the room seem much smaller than what it actually was.

All worries and concern were wiped from my mind as the most pleasant citrus scent hit my nose. I inhaled deeply and picked up the subtle note of vanilla as well. It invigorated me more than I ever had been before, wrapping around me and pulling me towards it, wanting me to follow along.

My heart thrummed in my chest in anticipation as every cell in my body felt awakened all at once. It felt like I had only lived a half-life until this moment, and now the rest merged, making me whole for the first time ever.

“He’s here,” I whispered to Gabriel.

My eyes scanned the crowd, hoping to catch a glimpse of my mate. This was the moment that most shifters waited for with eager anticipation. I had been eager for it since I was a pup. Not everyone was guaranteed to find their mate. It could be someone from the same pack or halfway across the world. I was very blessed to have been granted the ability to find mine.

“Where?” Gabriel asked.

My best friend smiled at me. He knew how much I longed for my mate, and how I knew it would make my life fulfilled for the first time ever. He longed for his too. I could not wait for him to his mate as well because he was a great guy who deserved all of the best things in life.

I shrugged because I was not certain. It would be awesome if we knew their names the moment that we picked up their delectable scent, but it was not quite that easy.

Gabriel nudged me and subtly nodded to the stage. My eyes hesitantly looked, and my fear was confirmed. No. My blood turned to ice. It could not be. There had to be a mistake. There was no way that Eric was my mate. The Alpha family hated me. He hated me. This had to be a fucking mistake. I spent so much of my time trying to avoid Eric entirely because he was one of my biggest tormentors, thriving in the pain that he could inflict upon me. What would he do when it came to me being his mate? This was not a good position to be in at all. It was downright dangerous.

That invigoration that I just felt turned into trepidation with the knowledge of truth. This would go very wrong. I knew that today would be a disaster. I just had anticipated it being the party not it being my mate.

Eric's eyes had also been scanning the crowd, looking for the owner to the scent of his mate. He landed on me, and shock was the first thing that registered on his face. The shock was wiped away as just as quickly as it appeared. It triggered warning bells in my mind.

Gabriel and I were joking last night about Alpha and Luna keeling over if I was mated to any of their guests. What would happen when it was their own son?

My heart hammered painfully in my chest, and I felt like I was going to pass out. I always imagined finding my mate to be my fairytale moment. This was anything but that. This was my worst nightmare instead. I would take every horror that I ever faced again over this. That was what showed me how horrible this was.

“Elle, come here please,” Eric said, holding his hand out to me.

Shana Allen

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