

Fated Rejection - Fated Claim

Chapter 3

ELLE

This was what the Goddess meant by staying strong. There had to be a purpose to this pairing, so I had to stay strong and have faith that it would work out how it was supposed to. Right? That was what I was trying to tell myself at least.

Faye was exceptionally quiet. She was certainly in shock because wolves longed to meet their mate even more than the humans did. Her being quiet did nothing for me but make me even more nervous and apprehensive. One would think that she would be jumping for joy and howling into the night sky with her delight. Those were things that she was not doing. At least we were on the same page regarding him.

Gabriel placed his hand on the small of my back and gently pushed, knowing I was not thrilled with this. He could read me like a book, so he would understand the war that was raging inside of me without me even uttering a single word to him. However, he also knew that it would be worse for me if I did not go.

So, my feet started moving forward despite wanting to run out the door and away from the Devil on stage.

The crowd parted as I walked forward. Our pack was completely silent because they understood how fucked up this situation was. There were the Omegas who feared for me right now, and there were the rest who hated me right now as if this was my fault. That was a laughable thought. I would never pick someone like Eric as a mate. They could have him, and I would not even put up a fight. I would willingly step aside.

Some of the visiting she-wolves made little sweet noises, thinking that this was such a romantic gesture that my mate wanted to present me as his future Luna. There was nothing sweet about this.

Stay strong. I had to stay strong. I refused to let him see how uncomfortable I was. He would never know that I was worried about my safety right now. He would never see my internal struggle in this moment. What he saw was an unaffected Omega.

His eyes watched my every movement as if sizing me up. There was the same glint in his eyes that he always had whenever contemplating the best way to make me miserable. Why would I expect anything different now?

I took a breath as I clasped his outstretched hand. The sparks that shot through my hand wormed their way throughout my body. Everyone talked about the sparks that fated mates felt, but there was no preparing for what it felt like to actually experience it. They were amazing initially, but I would not allow that to make me complacent. I knew the demon that he was. He would sooner take a knife and gut me before he would think a single decent thought about me.

Eric looked me over from head to toe with a small smile on his face. There was no way that he was happy with me being his mate. I was very confused because he was not acting like his normal self which worried me even more.

“Elle, I’ve known you pretty much my whole life, and I can say with absolute certainty one thing,” he said, still smiling. “Fate got it wrong because an Omega will never be my Luna. You’re worthy of scrubbing the toilets, sure, but why would you be worthy of leading this pack? I would rather die this very moment than accept you as my mate. I, Eric Blake, reject you as my mate and Luna,” he said with a cruel smirk on his face, throwing my hand down.

Unimaginable pain exploded in my chest. I bit into my cheek to keep myself from crying out from the sheer agonizing force of it. I was used to pain, but this felt like a hand being thrust into my chest, ripping my very soul in half. I supposed that it was. Our souls connected the moment the mate-bond snapped in place. His rejection ripped that bond apart.

His face contorted in pain because he was the fool who broke the bond. The mate-bond was a sacred gift, so rejecting it caused them the same pain as it caused the one being rejected. Eric could not handle it as well as I could though and grunted as his fists clutched hard enough that his veins popped out. He was trying to keep up a brave front for his guests, and I was enjoying him looking weak in front of them when a loud groan escaped his lips even though none passed mine.

“Accept the fucking rejection, Elle,” he snarled at me with his Alpha command. Cute but sincerely ineffective.

The pain would not go away until I accepted it. I did not want him as my mate, but this was the only way that I could finally fight back. He made a spectacle just to humiliate me. How the tables had turned.

Sweat beaded his forehead from the strain of the rejection. Energy crackled between us as I stood in front of him both unafraid and not submissive one bit unlike every other time when I had to play the part of the submissive Omega. That was not me in this moment. In this moment, I embraced the Luna that I was apparently born to be.

“Suffer,” I said. My voice was stronger than I felt inside. Faye was helping to shield me from some of the pain even though she was hurting just as much.

His hand wrapped around my throat, trying to scare me. It did not do accomplish that goal though. He would have to step up his game. I spent most of my life fighting against this pack. They felt that they could treat us however they wanted and never have any consequences for it because

they believed that they were untouchable. They were untouchable in the way that the Alpha Family gave them many leniencies when it came to keeping us in line.

His eyes darkened with his anger. Danger and ferocity swam deeply in them. Some would cower in fear, but I would never cower to him. No matter what he did. No matter what he said. He would never earn my submission. I had no problem submitting to someone who deserved it. He did not and never would.

The entire room was deadly silent as they watched the dramatic spectacle before them. I was certain that our pack did not have a single problem with what was going on, but he was acting like a bastard in front of all his guests. Nobody would take him seriously as Alpha if this was how he acted to not only to his pack member but especially to his fated mate. The mate that the Moon Goddess chose for him and was his soul's completion.

His hand dropped from around my neck right before a fist collided with my gut with his full strength. He had Alpha blood after all, so he was very strong, and I fell to the floor. I somehow still kept from crying out though which was impressive even to me. I did not drop my gaze from him at all. My expression did not change either which really bothered him more than anything else.

He wanted my pain and fear. He wanted me to fall at his feet and beg him for him to reconsider. It was a laughable notion because he made fucking sure that I would never grovel by the way he treated me for years.

He grabbed my hair and pulled my head back. Spots of crimson trickled from his nose, and I silently praised myself for making him bleed. This was not about him rejecting me. This was about the reason why he rejected me. I was but an Omega. It must suck for him to realize that an Omega was fucking him over. While the pain sucked, I was thoroughly enjoying his discomfort. I never claimed to be a mature she-wolf.

“Accept the fucking rejection,” he said, ripping my hair hard enough to pull me back to my feet. His fist cocked back for another blow, and I knew that he would beat me to death if absolutely necessary.

‘Accept the rejection, sweetheart. Please,’ Gabriel begged with me through a mindlink. He sounded pained because I knew it hurt him to see me treated like this just as I would feel the same way if he was in my place.

I glared at the asshole before me and sneered at him. “This isn’t for you at all. It’s because you’re hurting someone I care about. If it wasn’t for that, I’d keep this up all fucking night. I, Elle Croft, accept your rejection,” I spat.

He had the audacity to look triumphant. That was not for him or me. That was for Gabriel because I would do anything to protect him even if it was from seeing me be treated like filth. The bastard pushed me away from him, making me fall on my ass.

I stood up and walked off the stage with my head held high. I did not give a damn about what any of them thought. Their opinions never mattered to me in the first place.

My eyes remained trained on Gabriel who looked murderous. I had no doubt that he would destroy Eric if given the opportunity. I grabbed his hand and led him away. I also did not give a damn if anyone cared about us leaving because I would not remain there to be made a mockery of.

Gabriel put his arm around my waist and led me back home. That was what I had to stay strong for. I could not even fully digest what just happened because my heart still echoed with the pain of the bond snapping. Everyone prepared you for what it was like when it came to the mate-bond but sorely underprepared you for a rejection other than the fact that you had to accept it for the pain to go away.

Faye whined in my head because of her own heartbreak. A broken bond was a thousand times more painful for the wolf because the mate-bond was hardwired in their DNA. Mates meant everything to them. It was a unique completion that they needed. Wolf mates were inseparable. Now, Faye would never be whole.

I hated Eric with everything inside of me, but our wolves were the ones suffering the most. Neither of them would ever be whole again. My heart broke for his wolf.

Gabriel closed my bedroom door and pulled me into his arms. His embrace was exactly what I needed right about now. It was safe in his arms, and I never wanted to leave them.

Eric tried to humiliate me to prove a point that I got loud and clear. I was beneath them all. However, I dodged a bullet though because it would have been excruciating and miserable to be his Luna. I never could have done it because I would not have accepted the way that they treated us and would not have aided them in hurting my people.

“You made him cry tonight. It was only a few tears, but they were there,” Gabriel said.

“Good. His pain was my aim. His bloody nose was very rewarding too,” I said, laughing softly and pulling away to sit down on the bed on the bed.

It would not go unpunished, but I did not give a shit. He was the idiot who wanted to make a scene. It was not my fault if it got turned around on him. Perhaps he should have thought about it before he tried to pull a stunt like that. He was humiliated that the Goddess would give him a fated bond to an Omega. If only he knew the truth, but he would never know the truth.

“Can’t believe that I got paired with him. The Goddess told me to remain strong tonight, so there had to be a reason why this happened. I

just feel bad for our wolves, but I'm thankful that he didn't claim me. That would've been the disaster of Pompeii," I said seriously.

As much as I hated him, it still hurt that he did not feel I was good enough to be his mate. It was completely idiotic. Even I knew that. However, I could not help but still feel that way. It was ridiculous because I would never want to be touched by him. Even holding his hand tonight felt wrong. The sparks were nice, but the touch was tainted with how toxic he was. Hopefully the hurt was just the emotional rollercoaster of the night. Tomorrow was a new day after all.

"He's the one who fucked up, Em. He never deserved you in the first place. He'll regret it one day and will have nobody to blame but himself. Want me to stay with you tonight?" he asked.

I nodded because my throat had a lump in it. He pressed a kiss to my head and went to get changed. I took that opportunity to get ready for bed myself. I threw on some sleep shorts and a tank top before going down to the shower room and brushing my teeth. I threw my hair up in a ponytail. I had plenty of hair because it was thick, but I loved it and refused to thin it out.

He was already laying on the bed when I got back. He was wearing a pair of sleep pants and a fitted tee. It really showcased his muscles and strength, reminding me that he would always protect me. He never wanted me to know but that was why he got stronger.

The first attack that he saved me from was brutal when I was eleven. I was covered in bruises and blood by the time that he got to me. My clothes had been ripped off me, but thankfully he got to me just before the warrior took it further. Seeing me like that broke a part of him, and I hated that he suffered because of it.

He was my protector all these years. I would have died many times by now if it were not for him. We looked out for each other day in and day out.

Gabriel held his arm up, waiting for me. I let him pull into his chest. That was when the tears started. I had not cried during that entire thing. Now I did, and I hated that. I hated this pain my chest. I hated this loneliness and incompleteness that I felt. It was my hope that it would not always feel this way. I prayed that it would not because this was brutal and painful.

“You’ll get through this, sweetheart,” he said as he rubbed soothing circles on my back.

‘Thank you for always having my back,’ I linked him because I could not stop my tears.

“I’ll always have it,” he promised me, and I knew that he meant it.

It took a long time for my tears to finally dry up. I hated crying over what happened because it made me feel weak, and that was a feeling I hated more than anything else. I was not weak. I was not a victim either because I was a survivor. It was purely a physical pain from mate-bond rejection.

I fell asleep without even realizing it. My subconscious floated into a beautiful field that was adorned with flowers of every color. My body was bathed in incredible warmth from the sun overhead. It was so peaceful, and my heart felt whole. It was a nice change from it feeling ripped apart, so there was that at least. This was an amazing place even if I were to have died during the night.

“My child, it is time that we talked,” I heard from behind me.

I spun around and saw her just as she had been when I was a pup. The Moon Goddess had pure white ringlets that fell to her waist. Her porcelain skin was blemish free, and her eyes were a brilliant shade of silver. The beautiful lilac dress that she wore floated along the wind.

The most amazing feature on her was her breathtaking smile. It was pure and genuine. The sincerity in her gaze showed me that she was as happy to see me again as I was to see her.