

## Chapter 2

"What pack are you from?" I asked intrigued.

"Dark Moon," he simply replied.

"What are you guys doing here?"

His eyebrows scrunched up. "You don't know?" He asked with a puzzled expression.

I shook my head.

"My pack, the Dark Moon Pack, was given permission to relocate over here since we've been getting hunter problems."

"Wait. So my pack gave you permission?" I asked to be assured.

He nodded his head proving that I was right.

I jumped off the counter and steadied myself.

"Well I better get going," I said beginning to walk out the bathroom door.

"Wait!" I stopped and turned to look at him. "What's your name?"

"Jenna," I smiled at his friendliness. "What about you?"

"My name is Ryder."

"Well Ryder I hope to see you around," and with one last smile on my face I leave. Once I got out the restroom, I sprinted towards my 2nd period since I missed 1st.

As I walked to my class which was Algebra, I bumped into a wall. I fell back, landing on my butt twice today.

I smelled the most mouthwatering scent ever. It smelled like mint and woods.

I glanced up to see that I had not bumped into a wall but a man. He looked at me.

He had dark brown hair that all I wanted to do was play with and eyes that were so dark that appeared to be black.

"Mate!" My wolf, Crystal, barked out with joy.

"Mate," I whispered.

His eyes held love, which made me happy, but soon turned into disgust and hatred.

"Look I need a strong, beautiful mate for alpha female, not a weak, pathetic excuse of a mate."

His words hurt me deeply but not as deeply as what he said next.

"What's your name?"

"J-Jenna Summers," I stuttered out scared of what he was going to say.

"I, Luke McCarter, reject you , Jenna Summers, as a mate."

I felt dizzy and like I couldn't breath.

My heart was shattered into a million pieces. I felt like it had been ripped out of my chest and stomped all over, then left their to rot.

I thought I had seen regret flash through his eyes but I knew I was just hallucinating. He was right. I am worthless and pathetic. I don't even deserve to live. I had made up my mind. When I get home I will kill myself.

Why after school? Because I want them to see how miserable I am before my last breath on this putrid planet.

My mate, or should I say ex-mate, walked away leaving me with all the bruises on my body. I felt numb. I continued walking to my 2nd period but you could easily tell I looked empty.

When I entered the class, the teacher started to yell at me for being late.

"Are you even listening?!" Ms. Hollins, my teacher, yelled furious.

"No," I stated bluntly and in a dead tone.

I walked to my seat and sat down in the far back. I saw people glance back at me. Some with concern faces and others with disgust. I don't need their concern.

'Damn right,' my wolf, Crystal, said with a hint of anger.

After class I headed to my 3rd period which was History. I heard grunts when I passed by the janitor's closet though. I glanced around and no one was in the hallway. Me being the nosy person I am, leaned my ear against the door.

"Alpha!" Carolyn moaned.

Alpha?! What the hell?

I heard a grunt afterwards. "You like that don't you." I froze. Even though he had spoken to me only once I felt like I had known his voice forever. My mate.

I could start to feel the tears bubbling behind my eyes.

I couldn't move so I was forced to listen to my mate and my worst tormentor having sex.

"Luke!" She screamed in her fucking high pitched voice.

I knew they were done when I heard them putting on their clothes. My legs felt like jelly and I felt even emptier than what I was already.

I stepped back from the door and dropped my books. I heard them stop shuffling. Tears poured out my eyes making my bruises and cuts burn due to the saltiness.

I stormed out of there as fast as I could.

Fuck this I'm out of here. I stripped off my shirt and shifted once I was out of

the school's view. My wolf was pure white with no other color in view. I was larger than other female wolves but still smaller than a male. I wasn't allowed to train so no one had ever seen my wolf. Many say that if I'm ugly then my wolf is too.

'You're not ugly,' Crystal murmured.

'Yes I am,' I thought to her. I dashed into the woods and headed to the pack house. I ran up to my room and shifted back. I put on my clothes again. I looked through my closet until I found what I was looking for. Rope.

I tied the rope into a circle. I stared at it for a while. I was about to wrap it around my neck when Crystal started shouting.

'Run away!'

'Never come back!'

'Show them that you are better than them!'

I paused. She was right. I will prove them wrong. I will run away and never come back.

'You're right,' I thought.

'Of course I am,' she bragged. I rolled my eyes. I placed down the rope. I walked over to my backpack and spilled all the contents out. I won't need those. I packed up my clothes which weren't alot. I looked through my drawers and pulled out a family photo. It was when the family had went to the park for the day.

I also took out a copy. I placed the original in my bag and grabbed a sharpie for the copy one. I marked an 'x' over my parents' faces and then mine. Only Jared was left.

I closed my eyes remembering that day.

\*\*\* FLASHBACK \*\*\*

"Come on Jared," I grabbed his bigger hand in my little one and started to pull him.

"Hold up," he whined.

"Stop whining," I scolded him. I was wearing a yellow sun dress and brown sandals. My hair was in 2 braids. I was only 7.

Jared was wearing navy shorts and a yellow polo shirt. His hair was messy since we had been playing alot. For a 9 year old he sure was good looking though.

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