

Broken Hearted

JESSICA'S POV

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Nick and I have been married for three years, we are high school sweethearts and married when we were twenty when neither of us found our mates. These days, fated mates are rare and hard to come by...we both agreed I'd be a good Luna to the pack since I trained with him, I learned to be a luna from his mother and we have been inseparable since we were in diapers.

He's my best friend and my true love.

We made a promise to never leave, to never break the bond, to never reject one another when we found our real mates, which is likely to never happen.

We are attending a ball tonight, but my insides are twisted, as if the Moon Goddess herself wants to shield me from whatever is going to happen, I tried to talk Nick into staying at home, but as stubborn like all alpha's are, he refused and said that we would get a bad name if we didn't attend.

Sitting in the car while our driver takes us to a nearby pack, a strong and mighty one.

I know it's our duty to attend, but holding his hand in the back seat, something is terribly wrong.

We arrive and there are a line of cars outside, one by one driving by, guests getting out, wearing gowns and suits.

It's our turn and Nick opens the door, holding his hand out to me and I happily take it as we get out, photo's are taken and a red carpet is rolled out as if we were famous.

Nick looks handsome with his dark blonde hair gelled back, his chiseled jaw tense, the edges of his lips curled up into a small smile.

We arrive inside and we're led to the ballroom, servants with trays walking with snack food and drinks pace all over while the guests stand and chat.

I notice the alpha of The Deep Mountain pack greeting people, making rounds to greet and speak, there's a stage in the middle against the wall, a bar to the side and a dance floor in the middle where couples are dancing elegantly.

I smile at my surroundings and freeze when I look at Nick, staring at a beautiful dark haired girl.

"Nick." I tug at his hand, but it's like he's under a spell, frozen in time as the girl stares back at him.

"Nick." I tug harder, his shoulder shrugging back, "Huh?" he turns to me with a frown, his fingers letting go of my hand and I feel cold.

"I'm going to grab a drink." he smiles at me before walking off towards the bar, closer to the strange woman.

I was an omega and the room is filled with power, I could even feel hers because she is of higher rank.

I gulp as I watch him walk to the bar, his eyes locked on hers and she elegantly turns in her navy blue dress, walking towards him with dark lustful eyes.

I can't be...but it is...it's his mate..

I stand frozen and a shoulder bumps into me, making my head turn at the woman glaring and snarling, "Watch where you are going!" she scolds and I apologize before walking over to the bar, joining my mate's side while he absentmindedly stares at the woman next to him.

I clear my throat, but there's no response from him.

He doesn't even notice me..

"Nick." I smile, hoping my heart as he glances at me, fear aching through his perfect green orbs as he steps back and then looks at her again.

"Jess, this is Tiffany...my mate." he smiles awkwardly at me but when he looks at her, it's a genuine smile...

"Nick." I frown in concern and he takes my hand, giving it a tight squeeze, "Don't worry, I know what to do." he smiles, "Shall we talk outside?" the gloominess in his eyes makes me relax only for a minute until she holds out her hand, smiling gracefully with her full lips and pretty blue eyes.

My heart sinks when her hand hooks into his arm and they head to the balcony. alone...

I should go with...but it is a private matter.

'He's ours...' Zola, my wolf, whimpers.

I stand at the bar, staring carelessly at my mate walking off with his true mate and I inch closer, frowning as every nerve in my body is burning to follow them.

I glance around and there are so many people that they don't even notice until the Luna of the Deep Mountain pack steps closer, "Jessica, is it? From the West Pack?" I nod, trying not to be rude when I look at the balcony and not at her while she speaks to me.

"Oh honey, it's done." she shakes her head and I frown, catching my head at her in confusion.

"What do you mean?" My eyes stare into her honey ones.

"He found his mate, I'm sorry but it's fated and you are now the other woman." she sighs, glancing at the balcony doors.

I stare at her, my heart racing a million miles an hour and I excuse myself.

I step out of the house, moving around the arriving couples when I feel my heart squeeze, pain taking over and I know what it meant...Disgust fills me and I start to run, glancing over my shoulder no one notices and I shift, my beautiful pastel pink dress ripping to shreds as I run into the woods.

The pain had stopped, but I did not return home until after midnight, finding Nick sitting on the couch, watching tv.

"Jessica, where have you been?" he stands as I slam the door shut, standing naked in front of him.

I cross my arms over my chest, glaring at him. "Excuse me?" I catch my head at him, "Where have I been? What the hell have you been doing!" I growl, making his eyes widen in shame and his gaze locks to the door when he scratches his nape.

"That's what I thought, you couldn't even resist ten minutes before fucking her, could you?" I seethe, pure rage filling me.

"I didn't, I swear..." he promises, but I don't believe him.

Scowling, I strut past the couch to our room, "Can we talk?" he yells and I turn, "Did you reject her?" I frown and he falls silent, raking a hand through his hair.

"Then no, we can't." I turn and walk to our room.

He follows me, closing the door behind us, "Jess, I love you. I promise I will reject her, I just...I couldn't, it's much more difficult than you think." he frowns, explaining himself.

"And will you go and do it?" I grab clothes from the closet, "I will, just...I need time." he begs and I snort, "Can I come when you do it?" the silence says it all, he doesn't want me there...

"You're saying you'll do it, but you won't, because you are weak." I tut, shaking my head.

"I will, I just need to distance myself, to keep myself away and then I'll do it when I have the strength to." he explains, his eyes pleading for forgiveness.

I hum, ignoring him as I strut past him toward the bathroom and he reaches for me, grabbing my wrist and I snarl at him, making him let me go instantly, "Don't touch me after fucking someone else." I grit out, backing up into the bathroom and I slam the door shut, the heavy thud shaking the windows and I lock the door.

I take a hot shower, the water pouring down on me as my back slides down the tiled wall, tears streaming down my face as I weep.

I hear the door handle jiggle and I wipe the fog from the glass door, staring at the handle go up and down as he tries to enter.

I feel a tug at the mind link, but I shut him out.

He disgusts me, he promised, both of us promised one another that we would immediately reject our mates before the bond grew and he is letting it grow, making it ten times more difficult to reject them.

I can't believe I trusted him...I bare his mark in the crook of my neck, I hold our love dear in my heart and he just let it all go down the drain, letting it sink into the sewers with the rest of the s**t.

I am nothing more than s**t under his shoe and here I am, still loving him with every breath I take.

After sitting more than an hour under the steaming water, it turns cold and I sit for another half an hour before standing and I shut the water off, taking my time to get dressed and when I stride out in silk booty shorts and a thin strap silk top, I notice how Nick lays in bed, his thumbs circling one another as he stares at the ceiling.

He doesn't even notice me and I am sure he's thinking about her.

The one who stole his heart within a second, the one who is going to steal my life, my bed, my position and my mate.

We are real mates, we accepted one another, we marked each other, we might not be fated, but we are real or we were before her.

I climb into bed and his head turns to me, staring at the back of my head when my back is turned to him.

"Jess, can we talk?" his tone pleads with me, but I can't turn and look at him as tears stream down my flushed cheeks.

His hand rests on my shoulder and I shrug him off, "Stop touching me." my voice cracks and his arm drapes over my body as he pulls me back to his front, "I'm so sorry Jess, I never thought this would happen. I love you and I only love you peaches, remember peaches? Just you and me against the world, through tough times and sunshine. This is only the tough, we'll get through it." he whispers, his chin resting against my shoulder, his hot breath fanning the sensitive spot below my ear.

I want to believe him, but how can I when he couldn't held up his end of our promise?

"Please don't touch me." I beg in a whisper and he holds me tighter, shaking his head.

"You are my everything." he kisses my cheek and I turn to him, his eyes holding sorrow as he wipes my cheeks.

"You are my everything too, but how could you?" my eyes winch shut in despair.

"I'm sorry peaches." he cups my cheek and I lean into his touch, hating that I want him.

I want him to love me, I want him to choose me, I want him to reject her and come back to me, to love me and not resent me.

"Come here." he pulls me closer and I let him.

He rolls onto his back, taking my leg and pulls me onto him.

I sit on him, my legs on either side of him.

I could feel how hard he is beneath me and I can't help but wonder if he's erected for me or is it because he was thinking of her?

"I love you peaches, you are my one and only mate." he smiles up at me and my heart beats in my ears.

I lean down, kissing him deeply.