

OH FOR MATES SAKE

Chapter 2 The Pain

I woke up early and got ready for the big day. I landed myself in the kitchen where I took over a section to whip up a batch of chocolate chip pancakes. I stacked them up high and then topped them up with whipped cream sprinkled with mini chocolate chips. It was a masterpiece if I do say so myself. I picked up the heavy plate and made my way into the dining room.

They smelled amazing. So amazing. I furrowed my eyebrows as I breathed in their scent. A strong chocolate pine scent was hitting me hard. It was intoxicating. Damn, I really outdid myself with these pancakes. They were driving me crazy. I sat the plate down on the table staring at the plate. No one else was in the room yet. It was early. I was trying to contemplate where the pine smell was coming from. It didn't make sense to come from the pancakes.

Suddenly, a frantic sound of footsteps was heard. And then the doors whipped open. Denny was looking around in a frenzy and then our eyes met.

MATE! My wolf Sheena cried out in excitement. She was bouncing around in my head and almost prancing in delight. Oh. My. Gods. I gasped and flung my hand up over my mouth. Denny was my mate. I watched his eyes flickering between green and black as he fought with his wolf. His shoulders were heaving up and down as his eyes remained fixated on me.

Now what? He plans to take Andrea as his luna. Not to mention his mate is me. What a disappointment that must be for him. I'm nobody. An orphan with no lineage. I'm practically considered the trash of the pack. And that was who he was mated with. It couldn't work. I already knew it. Even if we both wanted it the pack would NEVER accept me as their luna. They barely tolerated me as their delta. He really couldn't

claim me because he would lose half of his pack over it.

I shook my head slightly as I felt the evil water building up in my eyes. I couldn't stand here any longer. I needed some air. I felt so horrible that on his special day it was being ruined with him finding me as his mate.

"I'm sorry." I whimpered out and tore backwards and out the sliding door.

"Clover, wait!"

I hear him call out but didn't stop running. I felt the disgusting weak liquid trickle down my face as I ran through the brush. I kept running deeper into the forest letting the cool morning wind hit my face. How could fate have been so cruel to both of us? I hurt for him, and I hurt for me. I dreamed of finding my fated

mate. Someone who would be there to love me unconditionally. And this is how I was played? Damn this life. It hates me. Not only did my parents hate me by abandoning me in the middle of nowhere. But life hated me by kicking me in the face with this s**t.

When I reached the lake deep in the woods I stopped running. I made my way over towards a fallen log and sat down catching my breath. I smelled him before I heard his footsteps. I knew this part needed to happen and that's why I chose this remote location. We would need to reject one another and feel the pain. I heard the pain was immeasurable... well I guess I would find out soon.

He came over and sat beside me. His shoulder lightly brushed mine and a warm tingling sensation washed over me. Wow, the mate pull was really something. It felt like his scent was wrapping me in an embrace that I desperately wanted.

“Clover.”

I turned and looked at him giving him a weak smile.

“What a way to start off your special day. I’m so sorry.”

“Why are you apologizing?”

“Because it’s me!” I yelled out exasperated. “Out of everyone it ended up being me. I’m so sorry. What the hell is wrong with this fated mate crap?”

“What’s wrong with you?”

I snapped my head over at him and clenched my jaw.

“Everything Denny!”

“Clover, there is nothing wrong with you. You are amazing. And I don’t want to hurt you. If it wasn’t for

Andrea-”

I smiled and shook my head. He was being sweet but even without Andrea, it wouldn't have worked. “The pack would have never accepted me as their luna. You and I both know this. They would have been divided. We both know what must happen. It is for the best.”

He wrapped his arm around me pulling my body closer to his. And I let him. I needed to feel the sparks and comfort of the mate pull right now. We both did.

“There really isn't anything wrong with you. You were supposed to be a gift to me. Not a punishment, I am certain of it.”

I nodded my head into his chest, unable to speak. My wolf was howling in pain knowing what was about to happen.

“I, Clover Basket (this is the last name they gave me since I was found in a basket) delta of the Sulfur pack reject you alpha Dennis Hart as my mate.” I squeezed my fingers into his shirt as my chest was torn apart. A small whimper escaped from my mouth as he continued to hold me and rub my arm.

“I, Dennis Hart, alpha of the Sulfur pack accepts your rejection and also rejects you delta Clover Basket as my mate and future luna.”

We both just stayed there holding each other. The pain was like nothing I had ever experienced before. It felt like a piece of my heart was torn away at that moment. As if I had lost something incredibly precious that I could never get back. And it hurt. It was hard to breathe. I felt something wet hit my cheek and I realized he was crying too. Neither one of us wanted to hurt the other. But there was no other way. He had

Andrea and the pack. I was just some mistake they rescued in the woods. I should have been left out there to die. It would have been less cruel than this moment right here.

This was a private moment between the two of us. Where we both mutually agreed and rejected one another. There were no ill feelings. There was no hate. It was two people realizing that their lives together just didn't work. I knew how he felt about Andrea, and I wouldn't come between that. But above that, I knew how much he loved his pack. That was the one that tipped the scale. I knew I couldn't be a luna to his pack. And with this rejection went my chance at happiness. I would never have a fated mate. I had depended on having one and this was a bitter pill to swallow. Finding your fated mate was already hard. Finding a second chance mate was rare. The Alpha King was one of the few that was known to get a second chance mate. But that wasn't

the norm.

I felt his lips brush over my head as his body trembled slightly. "I'm sorry Clover."

"You should be sorry. You let my chocolate chip pancakes get cold." I sniffled trying to cheer him up. So, what if my soul was crushed and I would never have a real family? This was still his birthday dammit. And he was taking over as the alpha. I needed to put my brave face on. And later tonight I can drown my sorrows in the privacy of my lonely room.

"Clover, I-"

I pulled away from him and gave him a forced smile. I wanted him to think I was okay. I wasn't. But I wanted him to think it. "No one has to know. Nothing changes." It was weird how I still felt drawn to him. And I could see there was longing in his eyes too. I

guess the severed connection couldn't destroy completely what was supposed to be together.

"I'll always take care of you."

I smiled at him as a bit of me died on the inside.

Denny... no girl wants to hear something like that. It's like two people breaking up and saying we will always be friends.

"Denny, you don't have to take care of me. I can take care of myself. We shouldn't feel like we owe each other anything. Let's just keep things between us the same."

"Thank you, Clover."

I wiped my face and patted my cheeks before standing up. "Let's go see if those pancakes are still any good. And even if they aren't good, you better

choke them down. I got up extra early just to make them for you.” He smiled. A real smile. He stood up and patted me on the head. This was how it had to be. It was hard since it just happened, but it would get easier with time. And everything would go back to normal between us. I bumped into his side with my shoulder as we walked back through the woods.

“Should we say something about this?”

I shook my head. “No, I think it is best that no one knows. This way there are no weird feelings about everything. And if Andrea knew she would probably feel awkward with me being in the packhouse.” I watched that click with Denny immediately. The truth of it is that I don’t want anyone to look at me with those sympathetic eyes. They would all whisper behind my back and talk about the orphan trash that was rejected by the alpha. No, it was better it stayed between the two of us.

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