

Leaving

CHLOE POV

I let the tears fall as I pack what I can fit in my one tiny suitcase. The dull memory of my pain is still pulsing within my mind, but my tears have nothing to do with Logan or even Luna Kandace.

I am honesty sad to leave the pack I was destined to lead. I truly believe I would have done a great job repairing some of the relationships Luna Kandace has destroyed. I could have made our people closer, but Luna Kandace, along with her weak-willed son, ruined that future.

I slam shut the suitcase and sit on it to be able to close the latches as a knock sounds on my door.

"Come in," I grunt out between wiping my face and working with the latch.

I don't look up as my door opens. I don't really want to. I know the goodbyes are coming from my closest friends and loved ones, but I am dreading them. I have had enough pain to last me a lifetime after my rejection, and I know these goodbyes will hurt.

"Honey...stop, let me help you," Mrs. Marsh says as her hands join mine, working the latch.

I look up the find my medium-size room filled with people. All the omegas and a few friends from school have come to see me off.

"I'm sorry," Shannon whispers as she gently tugs me off my suitcase.

Her and Melanie wrap their arms around me as soon as I am standing.

"It's his loss," one of the males says, and I attempt to smile.

I try to pull on my happy face just one more time, so they all know I haven't been broken, but my lips waver.

"Oh sweetheart, it's okay to show sadness. You are so strong all the time; it's okay to break down every once in a while," Lydia says from just over Melanie's shoulder, and I sniffle before breaking down again, completely for all of them to see.

"I can't believe I am supposed to be your new Luna, and because of them, I don't get to be," I sob, sounding like a five-year-old pup.

"You will always be my Luna. No matter who that dumbass chooses to mate," Chance says, and I see Trevor nod.

I wipe my eyes, but my crying doesn't halt. Shannon and Melanie pull away to look at me, and Chris offers me a handkerchief.

"Thanks," I mumble, and he gives me a sad smile.

"I'm so happy the truth about your mother is finally out there," Melanie says, and the rest of the group nods.

Momma Marsh puts her arm over my shoulders and kisses the side of my head.

"Your momma was the bravest and sweetest woman I have ever met, honey. And I am 100% certain you made her beyond proud tonight," Momma Marsh says, and the group mumbles out their agreements.

"Thanks, Momma Marsh...I just think I want to get out of here. When I shift at midnight, I want to be far away from here. I want to be able to talk to my wolf and get to know her without worry," I whisper, and the group nods.

They take turns giving me silent but meaningful hugs and squeezes before one by one, leaving me to finish packing.

When my door finally closes, I sigh. I grab my mom's picture and tuck it into my back pocket. I look at myself in the mirror and think about how different I look than I did this morning. I look tired and sad, not happy and hopeful. And I no longer give myself a ten out of ten. Thank you, Logan.

I grab a couple of hair ties and put them around my wrist. My hair is already up, but I will need the extras when I get to Outcast. I do a once over one more time before opening my door and freezing midstep.

"Hi," Logan says quickly, looking desperately between my eyes.

"Bye," I reply, trying to move around him.

"Please wait...The rejection had nothing to do with you, okay. You are gorgeous. My childhood fucking crush, to be perfectly honest...It's just your human body is groomed for being an Omega. Even though mom betrayed my trust, she had that part right. I value my mom's counsel. She has always been closer to me than my dad...I. Look, I get it. The truth hurts. Knowing my mom ran," Logan says, and I hold up my hand to stop him.

He goes quiet, and I look him in the eyes.

"Your mother's body trained as a warrior before she got her wolf...tell me why she didn't stand with my mom...You see, Logan, sometimes it's about character, not training. I was born to be your Luna and mate. The wolf that I will receive tonight...alone, instead of in your company, is one with the wolf you will receive. You will have to explain to him why you rejected his mate's human body, and I hope you have a better excuse than that because all throughout history, Omegas have made great Lunas," I declare, and his eyes widen.

"Maybe if you had read up on your history instead of focusing on your muscles, war, and girls, we wouldn't be having this conversation," I whisper before walking past him as if he doesn't exist.

"Chloe, I'm sorry," Logan calls as I round the corner heading for the back exit to the packhouse.

I almost stop and go back to him, but we have nothing left to say to each other. I am on my way to Outcast to live permanently, and he will be taking bi-annual hunting trips to Outcast to find my replacement. That is the future he has chosen for us, and it was a decision based solely on his mother's counsel. Great.

LOGAN POV (DAY BEFORE BIRTHDAY)

Her perfume is in the bathroom again, and I love it. I wish I already had my heightened sense of smell. That way, I could follow her scent more closely, and my mother wouldn't ever know.

"Damn Chloe. Why do you have to be everywhere," I whisper before drying my hands and heading towards the gym?

I skip breakfast since I already heard mom and dad going at it like screech owls. I really wish he would just realize she acts out to get his attention. It would make living under the same roof as them so much easier.

I constantly have to play soundboard for my mother because her mate sucks. He never shows any interest in her or me, for that matter, and it gets to her. She says after they had me, he barely even kissed her. Which I can be witness to that because he never shows either of us affection. He is nice to our people, and for all purposes, a great Alpha, but as a mate and father...the man is lacking.

"Hey, man. Why the gloom and doom. You turn eighteen tomorrow," Gavin, my Beta, says as I enter the gym, probably looking annoyed.

"Ah man, you know. The old man and my mom are just going at it. The usual," I answer honestly, and he rolls his eyes.

"Focus on something else...like the fact you might be locked down to just one pussy tomorrow," Gavin says, and I force my eyes not to roll.

I'm the one who made this fake image for myself two years ago, trying to be cool. It's not his fault I am starting to regret it.

I honestly didn't plan my whole image out when I decided to start acting this way. I didn't think about the repercussions like fake friends and superficial girls sticking to me like gorilla duct tape.

I had just thought it would be nice to be the cool guy. To get a shit ton of attention at school since I get zero from my dad. So when I went to Alpha training, I tested my new image...it worked, and I came back still in character.

Girls loved it, and guys envied me. Win-win, or so I thought.

"Yeah. I'm kinda tired of the communal pools, though, if you know what I mean," I say, and he nods.

"I get that, man. These girls just aren't cutting it. I can't wait to turn eighteen. Hopefully, my girl isn't someone you've been with," Gavin says, and I snort.

Little does he know I haven't slept with any of the girls I've "dated." I say that I do, and the school believes me. The girls like the popularity and go along with the lie, and I stay clean.

"Anyways, are we gonna talk, or am I gonna kick your ass," I ask, giving him my most cocky grin?

"I'm not the one avoiding the mat," Gavin says, starting to bounce back and forth on the balls of his feet.

I immediately lunge, and he dodges, anticipating my attack just in time.

For the next thirty minutes, Gavin and I exhaust our muscles pinning and wrestling each other over and over again. When he finally submits for the tenth time and declares defeat, my body hits the mat instantly.

"Shit, you've gotten better," I manage to say, and he laughs.

"Still can't win, though," he replies, and I shrug before propping myself up.

"You aren't supposed to. I'm the Alpha, remember," I reply as my eyes land on my mother leaning against the gym's padded wall.

She gestures for me to follow her, and I nod.

"Looks like I'm done for the day, bro. See ya later," I say, standing to my feet and grabbing a room temperature water bottle we keep on the shelf.

Time to play listening ear.