

Rejected - Chapter 4 - Alpha Carter

Chapter 4 - Alpha Carter

Alpha Carter POV

I stand in front of the mirror fixing my tie. Goddess how I hate these events. I am a twenty-six-year-old Alpha and have been coming to these galas since I was eighteen. Eight years of trying to find my mate. Searching the various Packs in our region. Our allies, who are plentiful and still have found nobody.

Either she has died or is not of age yet. I do not want a young she-wolf for a mate. She will not be able to handle my appetites. She will not be confident enough to be a Luna. Regardless of if the Moon Goddess has selected her as my chosen. It cannot go well for either of us. I can only hope that tonight goes as I expect it will ... without finding my fated mate. And then I will go about selecting a chosen mate.

My wolf, Max, growls at that thought. He has always held out hope to find our fated mate. He wants his mate. He already loves his mate without knowing who she is. I wish I had his confidence in finding our mate and loving whoever she may be.

My Beta Stan watches me fiddle with my tie. He chuckles as he sees me struggling. "Well, you could help me out, asshole," I say as he starts to walk towards me. "All you had to do was ask, Alpha," he smirks as he reaches out and immediately fixes my tie. Stan was all about fashion and looking perfect. He was always making sure our Gamma, me, and him were looking perfect when we went to public meetings or events.

"Are you excited, Alpha?" he taunts knowing full well I was not. I growl at him, and he simply laughs out loud not intimidated by my anger. "Tonight, is the night, I can feel it," he says as he looks at me. "What do you mean?" I ask him cautiously. "We are both going to find our mates," he replies confidently.

"You know I have no desire, at this age, to find my mate," I reply to him. Stan is three years younger than me and still has a strong belief he will find his mate. And he believes in what the mate bond means. Mind you that has not stopped him from fooling around with other she-wolves.

"Once you meet her, you will have no choice but to accept her," he says to me. I look at him, "I do not have to accept her. I can reject her," I reply to him. I see a wave of anger cross his face before he manages to get control of his wolf. "Do not even joke about that, Alpha. The Moon Goddess will not look highly on you even joking about rejecting her gift," he says as if suddenly superstitious.

"I will always do what is best for our Pack," I remind him as I turn back to the mirror. He sighs and I turn away from the mirror satisfied with what I see. "It is time to go," he

says as he turns away from me. I know he is disappointed in my response, and I feel a little guilty taking away his excitement for the evening.

I frown, before adding, “I will keep an open mind,” I say to his back as he quickly turns to me with a smile. “Promise?” he demands, and I smirk, “Yes, I promise,” I say shaking my head. He really was a romantic at heart.

We walk down the stairs of the Pack house and I feel my wolf, Max, start to yip in my mind. I have no idea what his problem is, but I do not sense any threat. I walk through following my Beta as we walk out into the evening. It is dusk and I can hear the excited chatter from the event hall.

We decide to walk over, making our way through the mass of people who are waiting to enter the building. As with all events, Alphas and Betas are permitted to go to the front of the line. I see Stan sniffing the air excitedly and I cannot help but join him. His excitement is contagious. I hear my wolf growl “We are going the wrong way,” Max says but I continue to ignore him. The party is this way. The wolves are all this way.

We walk through the main doors, and I feel Beta Stan stiffen beside me. “She is here,” he murmurs leaving me at the entrance as he goes off to search for his mate. I cannot help but smile, happy for him to find his mate. I knew she would be the most blessed woman on the planet.

I nod to the Alpha and Luna of the Red Woods Pack. I never cared for them, but they were in the ally of Packs. Their daughter is standing there beside them and her eyes light up at seeing my arrival. Our Pack – Crescent Moon Pack – was the strongest among the Packs in our allyship. It is no secret that to be part of our Pack would be a step up in your ranking. Particularly if you were to be taken as my Luna.

I cannot remember her name, but she holds her hand out expecting me to take it. I shake it briefly and suddenly she is wrapping her arm through mine, “Let me take you around, Alpha Carter,” she says as she tugs me through the throng of people.

I cringe at her scent. Thank the Moon Goddess she is not my mate. The strong perfume she is wearing is mixing poorly with her scent of musk. It smells like a musky mildew to me, and I cannot breathe through my nose as the scent is burning my nostrils. She tugs me around almost as if I am on display with her. I gently remove her hand, “I think I will go get a drink from the bar,” I say to her as I turn away.

She grabs my arm, “I can come with you,” she says breathlessly. “No, that is fine. Do you not have greeting duties with your parents?” I say to her rudely. I cannot keep up pretenses and she does nothing for me. Her smile turns to a frown, “Yes, of course. I will find you later tonight,” she says happily as she turns away from me.

“Not if I see you first,” I mutter under my breath as I turn and head towards the bar.

Chapter 5 - Rejecting the Beta

Alpha Carter POV

I scan the crowd, holding my whiskey. I am looking for my Beta. We have been here for over an hour now and I have not scented my mate yet. I knew this would be a waste of time and I am getting fidgety ready to leave.

As I look around, I look towards the dance floor and see Stan dancing with a she-wolf who looks to be close to his age. She is beautiful and he only has eyes for her. I do not want to interrupt his night, so I toss back the contents of my glass, placing the empty cup on the tray of an Omega who walks by me.

Looking around I see the Alpha's daughter waving and making her way towards me. I quickly look away and make my way out of the hall. I hear her call my name but ignore her acting as if I do not hear her. Making small talk is not my forte and even if I could she would not be someone I would want to talk to.

I walk past the Alpha and Luna as they continue to welcome new arrivals. I smell the air and still find nothing that hints at my mate, so I angrily walk off heading back towards the Pack house.

Before I get there, I feel like I am missing something. Something is agitating my wolf, so I decide that maybe I will go for a run before heading to bed. It helps relax both of us to get a run in before bed, so I move to the cover of the trees, slipping off my tuxedo and leaving it before shifting into my black wolf.

My wolf is massive, befitting of a strong Alpha. As we stretch in wolf form, I turn over control to Max and let him run within the tree line as I get lost in my thoughts.

Beta Carl POV

I look around the event hall, scenting my mate. I am frustrated to know she is here. I look around the room trying to find her. I nod to the Alpha, as I turn and leave the welcoming line. It would be normal to stay; however, I need to follow the scent to the woman who is supposed to be my fated mate.

I suddenly see a woman walking towards me with a dazed look in her eyes. She is acceptable looking for a mate I think critically. A little older than I prefer. Even though I am thirty years old, I prefer younger she-wolves. She comes to stand in front of me. Her scent of coffee and rain entices me.

I touch her hands and feel tingles shoot through my hands. I want to touch her longer, but I remember I have plans for later this evening. Regardless of if I have found my mate, I have an Omega to abuse this evening and I would not settle for anything less.

Conflicted, I take my mate to the dance floor and pull her closely to my body. The sparks bounce between our bodies. I am overwhelmed with the feelings. How can I walk away from this when it is more than I could have hoped for. Shaking my head, I realize I am being caught up in the Moon Goddess's web.

"What is your name?" I demand as I lean into her ear so she can hear me over the noise surrounding us. "Beta Carrie Matthews," she replies looking at me breathlessly. "Beta Carl Newton," I reply satisfied that the Moon Goddess gave me a she-wolf that would be considered my equal. I could not tell if she was a strong wolf. She felt dainty in my arms. I felt a need to protect her, but I also feel a strong desire to take Elizabeth this evening. I had been waiting for so long.

"Do I see you with your mate, Beta?" I hear my Alpha say through our personal mind-link. I shut him out not wanting to reply. I knew finding my mate, would change the opinion of my Alpha in taking Elizabeth. It was always what was best for the Pack with him. Except when it came to the abuse, he doled out on Elizabeth. That was against what he believed, but something always tortured him when it came to her. He had a strong need to curtail any strengths within her.

Elizabeth had to be strong. To have endured all that she had, was incredible. She had a weak wolf. She had never shifted. But she continued to survive the torture. Shaking my head, I had to focus on the woman in front of me. She was my future. Elizabeth was a distraction.

I leaned down and nestled my face into the neck of my fated mate. She smelled divine. I had to focus on her. Could I simply accept my fate and walk away from Elizabeth? Was that possibility within me?

She leans back from me as I see another wolf coming towards us from the corner of my eye. He looks determined as I glance towards him. He has a determination about him that I cannot ignore. The woman in my arms sighs as she recognizes the man coming towards us.

"I am sorry," she starts to say as I look at her confused with her words. The man arrives, "Carrie, it is time," he says trying to take her arm from me. "Time for what?" I demand pushing him away from her. He was an Alpha rank; I could tell that from his aura. He was taller than me and had more muscle. His wolf would be bigger than mine. The suit he wore looked custom made. I had no idea who he was, but I knew he came from a rich Pack.

"It is time for her to reject you. I am her chosen mate," he replies as he manages to take Carrie from my frozen hands. I look at her and see tears in her eyes. I can see the conflict there, but then she shocks me. "I, Beta Carrie Matthews, reject you, Beta Carl Newton as my fated mate," she says as I fall to my knees in front of her grabbing my chest.

