

Rejected - Chapter 5 - Rejecting the Beta

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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.

