Rejected Luna / Chapter 14: Not that kind of jerk

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-Mason-

"There is no way to change the date of the ceremony. I have told you already the invitation letters were sent!" Marissa told Gabriela.

I am just sitting there watching the interchange of screams between the two she-wolves.

Gabriela was outraged and looked at me after hearing the answer from her future Luna. She wants me to intervene, do something. Maybe, I should.

"Your mother is in a deep coma, and you plan to carry on with a mating ceremony of a thousand guests?"

I should feel disrespected, but I feel nothing. I cannot even use the aggressiveness of Jax as fuel.

I probably should say no or yes, whatever, at least. However, I just do not have the willpower to open my mouth.

Gabriela Johnson is our Beta Female. The mate of our second in command. She is taking over all the duties of our Luna with support from the Gamma Female and some omegas. Gabriela used to help my mother and does the job until Marissa can ocially become my Luna.

"What I say goes! I am the future Luna of this pack. The linage of a new generation will begin with me," Marissa is acting so bitchy today.

Gabriela frowns.

"The beginning of a linage that will start someday. After all, you are not pregnant, right?" Gabriela slapped Marissa with those words out of anger.

Interesting. My future Luna was yelled at. I should get annoyed at it, right?

Still, nothing. I feel nothing.

Marissa looks at me, pouting her lips. That horrible gesture on her beautiful face makes her look like a pup. That s**t usually annoys the crap out of me. Nonetheless, again... nothing.

"I am so frustrated with you both! Our pack was attached just a week ago, and our Luna is not waking up! She is still hooked up to machines to keep breathing! Mason, Alpha James is a mess. How is it that you are not considering that? A thousand guests? Really?" Gabriela is so upset.

"Mason must take over sooner than later to help his father. We will have our mating ceremony as planned with his statement as the new Alpha of Blood Moon. The merge can be done a few months later."

Gabriela frowned again.

"And I have already explained, it was an honest mistake! The test was positive. I believed it!" I woke up from my slumber with that remark.

It was a false positive... an honest mistake. Yeah, it was...

"Marissa is right... Although, you are right too. This is not easy to manage. Yet, we have to pull ourselves together." I am the one in charge now.

Our pack is locked down with our borders closed; my mother is connected to a machine to breathe, and my father is a zombie.

Gabriela understands it necessary for me to step in. She just disagrees with the way Marissa does things.

The third and second in command are helping me to manage the pack. However, our werewolves are on edge due to the current instability. Only an Alpha can be their anchor.

"Can we at least reduce the number of guests? Our safety protocols dictate to close off our borders for three months to run investigations and heal! How come we will allow a thousand guests in less than two weeks!" Gabriela huffed.

"Marissa, your team is driving us insane... "

"We are going to merge packs! Everyone should get used to them. My werewolves are working on this event instead of yours..."

Gabriela got red up to the rim of her ears. She is pissed.

"It is not even a big group! Twenty is not that many!"

The beta female was outraged.

"Of course, it is! It should be none! Dear Goddess, please help my soul!" Gabriela wants to curse.

She screams something like that whenever she is close to cursing. Gabriela hates swearing, but she might do it... to her new Luna. Do I get piss at that?

No...

Well, just checking.

"Please, understand! Those guests are Alphas and Lunas. Some will even bring their own guards! It will be a big mess, and it is a huge threat to the security of our pack!"

Marissa is set on four paws and does not back down on her intention. She sent the invitations, this mating ceremony is happening her way.

"Mason, we have not even informed Luna Margaret! How are we having a big mating ceremony, a succession ceremony, and a party above it? Marissa, you are..."

"What! I am what? I dare you to tell me ... I am not changing plans. It was my dream to have a big ceremony! Mason! You promised me!" So much yelling and whining.

"I have to go training. Then I will visit my mother. Do not wait up for me." I left my oce for those two alone.

Maybe, I should sleep at the hospital today.

Marissa and I had s*x yesterday, but it is not the same. It is not what it used to be for us. There was so much missing in that interaction.

There was a pleasure for sure. Marissa knows my body as I know hers. Still, something was left out, and it is hard to say what it was. Regardless, we will be ocially mated soon. I assume things will be better after we mark each other.

Jax used to complain at the thought. He does not talk to me anymore.

At the packhouse, the omegas I have barely ever noticed looked at me with what I guess would be a pity, some with anger. This disrespect should trigger my wolf, but the asshole did not answer back.

Jax does not even get angry anymore. And I am not feeling anything at all. By now, I am even missing the headaches Jax used to give me.

Liam and Carter were already waiting for me at the gym. Unlike other days, Liam seemed to be better, even healthier.

"Ready?" I asked him.

Liam accepted the challenge and threw the rst punch. There is not much strength like it used to be, but it was enough to turn my face.

I shook it off and got back at it. I connected one punch as well.

I want to feel the pain, and so does Liam. We kept going.

After our match, we both ended up on the oor, panting and bleeding. Neither of us is healing as we used to.

Carter approached us.

"What a pair of morons!"

"You know nothing, Carter!" Liam yelled and tried to stand up but fell on his own face.

I would laugh, but my face aches. It was a good match. I welcomed the pain.

I am just not sure which one of us won. We wanted the physical pain. No... Liam and I wanted to feel something else rather than this emptiness inside.

I know Liam used to be more aggressive after rejecting his mate, but I am not. I cannot explain this... it is cold and hollow inside.

I can work and function as I have always done and even keep on with my routine. Yet, this lack of emotion is dragging me down slowly, freezing inside out.

"You both did a despicable thing to your mates... Although Mason, you did it worst," Carter said, irritating us.

Liam lowered his face. He did not say the name of his mate nor if she was omega or delta. I would have never acknowledged that he rejected his mate if it were not for Carter, who brings it up constantly.

"She was not my mate! I have already said it several times and prove it in court."

"You can say whatever you want, but we all saw what happened there, Mason."

"Indulge me because it seems like we remember different things. Clara walked away from this pack alive and well... She just pretended to fall to create doubt in everyone. It took her very little time to stand up and leave."

I need to hold on to that for my own sanity. Clara was not my mate, and she left. She is somewhere

"She might be responsible for the intrusion of rogues, and the situation my mother is in, the disappearance of Rose... My mother, your Luna, was not supposed to be in the forest. What was she doing there with Rose and the other omegas?" Jax did not growl at me. He

moved but stayed silent. At least I know he is there. Thank Goddess!

away.

"Blaming Clara will not x anything. This s**t is killing you. It is killing both of you, assholes!"

Come on, Jax! We should punch him, break one of his legs at least, for fun. You can choose which one! This gamma is yelling at us!

"Mason, Clara is not only an omega... ergo weak... But she was raised by your mother. When has she never left the pack to make rogues as friends? Her father was killed by rouges! How would she even approach one? Do you not see? How can it be her fault? How did organize an attack with rogues? Is she some rouge queen or s**t like that to mind-link them?"

I wish I can hit him. Probably, my eyes say it because he took a few steps away from me.

"I am overstepping my boundaries as gamma, I know... but some should tell you what we all think in the pack... you f****d up big time."

I am already on the oor, kicking me like this would help? Besides...

"I know what I am doing. Things are harsh now, but once I mate ocially with Marissa,

I am going to make our pack great again!" This was the best decision ever for everyone. Not just for me.

"It was a great pack already! You should have just accepted the omega or at least, not publicly hurt her that way... Mason, she did not even claim to be your mate during the trial, or after." He looked at me disappointed, the same look in my father's eyes during the trial after hearing that Marissa was pregnant. False alarm or not, I did not know he was going

to give me that look ever.

everything will be alright.

"Mason, she just wanted to clear her name from the accusations. But if she was not your mate, how do you explain what we felt when she rejected you? How is it that we all felt that sudden loss at the same time? Explain that. Or how about the moment she left the territory when we all felt a connection breaking? The same feeling that we all had when Luna Michelle got hurt. Do not try to fool me because your nose bled after hearing her rejection. You could not even move from your seat... Your mate rejected you. You f****d up so big and so bad that your mate rejected you... just accept it."

I remember the feeling... the anxiety of my wolf, his screams calling lanthe.

He told me something was wrong with Clara from the start. Her scent was not in the room, and then he said he could not reach lanthe at all. I shut him up just before the worst pain I have ever had in my life struck me.

It was like a st pierce my chest to grab and squeeze my heart and then my guts to rip them out of my body in one single motion. That would have knocked me down if it were not for my training holding on during battles. I wonder if I would have felt the same if I rejected her instead, I wonder if Clara felt the same pain... I guess I will never know. She left.

"It is just some witch trap. I do not understand myself, but it does not matter. It is over. She is gone now." The conversation about me is over.

"Carter, you do not understand. You have not been in this spot...omegas are seen like... and we were told that... well, we grow up believing something... s**t, it is complicated!" Liam took the words out of my mouth. "Besides, which uncle's friend or s**t you always mention. Just say the name for us to look out if it is real... if a rejection can be taken back?" Is there hope in Liam's last question?

"Well, it did not happen to my uncle's friend. I made up that part of the story..." Carter blushed a deep red to the rim of his ears.

"What are you talking about?" I questioned him, interrupting him. Is this a joke? "You are not mated... Did you reject someone?"

"No, no! My grandma, she is not gamma... she is omega."

We did not know that. Does my father know about this? Liam is speechless but somehow relieved.

"She is originally from Blue Ribbon Pack, a small pack near the highlands. It borders with the territory of the Lycans and... anyway. She is an omega, and she told me those stories. That is why I know... My father was not even considered to be third in command by your grandfather because of my grandmother's rank. Even though my father is stronger and smarter than my uncle... They suffered some hard times those years. They had to move to her pack so they could live peacefully."

Then mine is not the rst case of a high-rank wolf with an omega. However, they had to leave this pack. How is that other pack, though?

I felt Jax stir inside of me. Boy, come back! Talk to me! I hate his f*****g silence... It makes me feel alone.

"Thank you for sharing that with us." Liam looked at the oor and his hands.

The young beta seems ashamed.

"Your stories helped me understand. I acted out of impulse, completely biased on my beliefs. It was so hard for me to accept it... I do want to tell my parents."

Carter smiled at Liam; and patted his shoulders, encouraging him.

"Hey, my grandpa said that he hesitated too, and grandma thought he was an i***t. Nevertheless, they mated and marked each other for their own happily ever after."

"My grandmother will be disappointed and mad at me, but I decided to take my rejection back. If it is possible and if he takes me back..." Liam blushed, and it was noticeable that his healing speed up.

Liam used to look so pale. But now, his Beta aura radiated again. Carter just nodded his head to him.

"Be prepared for a lot of begging!" Carter smiled even wider.

Liam smiled back, still ushed at the thought.

"By some miracle, she is alive, so you can... wait... did you say he? I heard he, Mason did you heard him?" Yes, he did say... oh!

I was speechless.

"Don't mess up again…" Jax told me!

Pal! You are talking to me! I smiled, grateful for this brief interaction with my wolf.

"Yes, I said HE. My mate is a male omega... I am gay." Liam's gaze had a hint of fear and embarrassment. He inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly, waiting for our reaction.

"I did not see that coming... I am not sure what is the right thing to say..." Carter said.

For some reason, I nd it amusing. I mean, Carter always has something to say about everything. And most of the time, it is contrary to whatever Liam and I say. He is "Mr. Otherwise".

"I guess... nothing... this is awkward... I should not have said anything. I am just going to quit my position. I am sure one of my cousins can be the new Beta of the pack."

"If Liam leaves, I will leave too. There is no way I will be third in command without him." There is determination in my gamma.

I was not even talking, for goddess sake!

"Come on!" They are getting on my nerves, "Shut up!" I do not even have the strength for this.

Carter looked at me with big eyes while Liam did not raise his head.

Some might see me as a jerk, but I am not that kind of a jerk. At least not to my friends.

We have trained together since we were six. We have bleed and sweat and shift together. Not even my father was there, but my two friends and my mother. These are great werewolves, trained to be leaders of this pack. The strongest among the strong, and above all, they are my friends.

"You are the best of best in the Beta family. Why would I want you to quit? You both will be instated in the role once I ascend as Alpha of the pack. You both will! That is happening soon." I grabbed their heads and messed their hair roughly, just like when we were pups. "You two are my bitches!" I am stronger than them, silent wolf or not. My genetic is Alpha.

We laughed, and I felt more relaxed than before. I felt Jax breathe.

My wolf will speak to me eventually; he just needs time. We need time to heal from all of this.

"Only Liam is the best of the best?"

"Carter, I am not complimenting you, b***h! Besides, you already know it."

"I am the only male in my gamma family, at least of your same age, Mason. I was chosen to be third in command because of that."

Indeed, there are only a couple of male pups of the Williams family nowadays, and the rest are all females... Like Sky. However, even since a pup, Carter's aura has shown to be stronger than most gammas at the same age. Even his father is stronger than our current third in command, I did not know why he was not considered for the role... until today.

I did not choose them to be my beta and gamma, respectively. My father decided when we were pups. However, Liam and Carter are strong wolves, and I would choose them, too.

Carter had some balls when talking to me, and he can take some punches from me, like Liam.

"Stop whining, damn! You are great, too. Okay?" We laughed together; Carter was joking but seems like he needed some assurance.

Stupid wolves, geez!

The three of us went to the hospital. Liam went to check on his mate, Fernando. I went to visit my mother. Carter waited for us. He said they just went to be there for moral support.

I think Carter wanted to check if it was possible to take back a rejection, as he told us. I did not want to admit it, but I wanted to know too.

Jax stirred again when I entertain the idea of rejections being taken back. How would it work? No, we... Clara was not our mate. It is just the aftermath of the f*****g spell she put on me.

Damn, the f*****g silence of Jax was getting to me.

The hospital room had two guards outside; my father was nervously walking in the corridor. He had deep purple bags under his eyes; it was like he aged ten years in just a week of waiting for her.

"She is getting better; she can breathe for herself now... They are removing the machines and tubes. But her brain is still swollen. We just need to wait... She can wake up any time after that."

I smiled at my father, yet he did not smile back. He looks so lost, so desperate.

This is the consequence of a weak mate. It is bad not only for you but for the poor soul who tries to be your partner. The mate of an Alpha must be strong.

When the nurses left, we were able to walk into the room.

It was a large, white, and cream private suite in the hospital of the pack.

Father rushed to her side and smiled while holding the hand of my mother. Her red hair was spread on her white pillow, and despite being pale, anyone would have believed that she was just sleeping.

In less than ve minutes, seven ower arrangements arrived, roses of all colors to light up this white and cream hospital suite.

She smells like roses and sweet cream, but her scent is mixed with medicine and healing potions. The smell of the owers entices hers.

"Misha, I bought your favorite owers. Remember? When I met you, I send you roses every day while I court you until you accepted to be mine. Please, love... wake up. I need to see your eyes." It was hard to see him so broken.

"I promise to be a better mate... I cannot stand another day without listening to your voice, Misha. Please, come back to me."

The bad Alpha was crying, kissing the hand of my mother. I did not know what to do with myself. It seemed to be a very intimate moment between them. I could not bear to be here anymore; I left the room. I walked away from my parents.

I could not even feel pain or sadness. The place where my heart was supposed to be was void and would swallow whatever deep emotion could be trying to bloom.

Outside, Carter approached me and patted my shoulder.

"You are f****d, my friend. Just embrace the pain so you can nally move on."

"You know nothing, Carter. Clara was not... "

"Accept what happened. Face it. It was real, Clara was your mate, and you pushed her away. It is over... At least you have Marissa. She can mark you and heal your wolf."

I could not contradict him. He stiffed, looking at me, but turned his gaze somewhere else. Then he gave his handkerchief... Damn Carter, who has a handkerchief in these times? And why?