

Chapter 4 - The Alpha's Rejected Silent Mate

Johnathon POV

God, I've been at school for not even two minutes and everybody is sucking up to the big bad Alpha. Do they not realize how embarrassing that is? All I want is to be left alone. Not gushed over. Girls are flocking in from everywhere and it's all I can do not to get crushed by the crowd, or suffocated. God, I'm annoyed. This happens at every school and I'm so sick of it. I start to glower at everyone but no one seems to get the hint. I sigh. At this rate, I'm going to have to use my alpha tone on everyone if it doesn't stop.

One girl, in particular, approaches me and I look at her bored. Clearly, she's oblivious to my feelings and even the scowl I direct her way. She looks like all the other barbie doll cheerleaders, with long blonde hair and big blue eyes that she's batting at me so hard it's almost comical. "Hi, there," she says, touching my arm as I try not to flinch, knowing it would offend her, part of me not caring if it did. If it wasn't for my mother, I would be a hell of a lot ruder. I fight the urge to walk away.

"Hello," I said tightly, wanting nothing more than to shove past her. Clearly, she thinks I'm playing hard to get because she invades my personal space even more. I try not to gag at her heavy perfume. Does she bathe in it for heaven's sake? It was pungent.

"I'm Jessica" she breathed, tossing her head, and I fought the urge to laugh. Did she not realize her efforts were wasted on me? That I'm anything but impressed by her? I can see right through her.

"Johnathon", I growl and go to move when she grabs my arm. She actually grabs my arm as though we are friends. I can't believe her audacity. To dare put her hands on an Alpha! She has a death wish.

"Please remove your arm," I say gruffly and her eyes widen in disbelief as she drops it, a confused look in her eyes. Clearly, she wasn't expecting such a reaction. Good. It would take her down a peg or two.

"I have to get to class," I tell her snidely and watch as her mouth gapes open and she splutters at me, speechless, her whole body suddenly stilling.

"Are you gay?" she asks me suddenly and I stiffen, unable to believe she just asked me that in a hallway full of students. I have nothing against gay people

but didn't appreciate being loudly asked about my sexuality in a hallway full of curious students. That was going a step too far. In fact, daring to so much as question me was a step too far.

I pick her up and slam her head against the locker as she wiggles in my grasp. I could care less that she's a female or weaker than me. What she had done was disrespectful and she would know it. I smiled into her terrified eyes. Finally, she realized her mistake, a little too late.

"For the record" I growl as she claws at my hands which refuse to let go, "I'm not, I'm just not interested in you" I spit out and let her fall to the ground, her face now an interesting crimson red color as her hand goes to her throat, gasping wildly for air as her cheerleader lackies gather around her gossiping and glaring daggers at me for daring to injure one of their own.

I glare right back and they look away, their noses in the air, and hastily leave, the Jessica women surrounded by them all. I scoff. Pathetic girls. Too shallow and vain for their own good. The rest of the students are busy getting their stuff out of their lockers as the bell rings for the next class.

I go to walk away from everyone, when I'm stopped in my tracks, the most mesmerizing scent drifting towards me of apples and cinnamon, so strong that all my feet can do is walk towards it. So strong and yet so sweet. My mouth drools. It smells like the world's best apple pie, my favorite dessert. What is this scent and why was I drawn to it? The answer came to me and I still, my feet refusing to move. I'm completely horrified.

This smell could only be the smell of my mate and I felt my hands shaking. I feel sick in my stomach, a pain in my chest. I had been hoping that she wouldn't be here, that I would never really have to go through with a rejection. Why this school of all places? Why now I groan. My wolf was going crazy in my head, refusing to ever speak to me again if I went through with it, sending me threats and all sorts of insults my way as I ignored him. I close my eyes feeling forlorn, the scent slowly fading away. Did I try to follow it, or avoid it in the hopes of sparing my mates' feelings? I could wait until later, but part of me desperately wants to get it over and done with before the mate bond becomes even stronger than it already is. Either way, she would be hurt though. It can't be avoided. Perhaps it was best to get it over and done with, I thought to myself, and let her come to terms with it. I didn't believe that my mate would ever forgive me for this though, and I didn't blame her as my feet reluctantly walked towards the scent, drawing me to her, as I began to sniff and find the source of the smell and the person it belonged to. I'm sorry I think to myself,

but I just can't have a mate. I'll only fail them as my father failed my mother and to have someone special like that only makes you vulnerable. I refuse to let myself become that and have someone rely on me. I don't even know if I'm capable of loving another person, not now or in the future. It was time to sever the bond before I talked myself out of it.

###chapter 10

Johnathon POV

I follow the scent to a nearby classroom and, without warning, I open the door and let it slam open, my eyes scanning each and every face while the teacher glares at me. I glare right back and they blink but say nothing. Even teachers cannot mess with an Alpha. I smirk at them while my eyes scan the room for the person I'm looking for. It took me a minute and then I spotted her.

My eyes fell on a girl sitting there and looking away from me. She's the only one who is and I study her for a moment. Her hair is blonde and long, but it's her fragile appearance that tugs at my heart. She's so pale, so thin. Does she ever eat? I think to myself sardonically before catching myself. Why do I even care? She had dark circles under her eyes as though she never sleeps and her clothing is easily too big for her, hiding her thin frame, but not from me. I'm beginning to lose focus as I stare at her, the class speaking in hushed whispers that I ignore, debating how to get her to follow me out of the classroom. In the end, I decided on a blunt approach, desperate to get this over and done with and move on with my life.

"You" I finally say, pointing to her, and she stiffens, turning her face to look at me, blood draining out of her face or so it looks like. She's gone so pale that I wonder if she's about to faint or pass out. I hope not. That's the last thing I want to have to deal with. "Come with me", I order using my Alpha tone and she's forced to obey, the teacher scowling in the background from the interruption. I don't care. I want to take care of this now before it becomes a problem. I harden my heart, which starts to hurt. My wolf is hating me right now and I'm forced to put up a block in order to stop listening to his threats and complaints.

The girl follows me out hesitantly and we step into the corridor. I ran a hand through my shaggy hair and looked at her, feeling a slight pang of guilt for what I was about to do, but I was really not sure what else to do. She deserves a better mate than me, one who will genuinely be able to care for

and love her. I'm not that person. I don't even think I'm capable of loving another person, except for my mother, but she's the exception.

"What's your name," I ask and she bites her lip before looking at me hopelessly. It's adorable. I felt my breath hitch. Everything about her is beautiful, from her golden hair to the tips of her toes. My wolf growls at me in the background, hating my guts. I don't tell him that I already hate myself for doing this to an innocent girl. I keep the block up, even though it pains me that I'm hurting my wolf by doing this.

"It's Winter," she said very quietly and my heart skipped a beat. Winter is such a beautiful name and it seems to suit her really well. Unique, just like she was. I gave her a tight smile, feeling incredibly guilty for what I was doing.

"Listen Winter", I began to mutter "this is nothing against you", I added, rambling on a bit while she looked at me as though I'm a crazy person, "but I refuse to have a mate and, unfortunately, that happened to be you." I waited for some sort of reaction to come from her but there was none forthcoming. It's almost like she's off in her own little world.

I exhale but the girl merely shrugs as though it's no big deal. Does she not understand what I'm telling her? Does she not care? It stings a little. My wolf is completely miserable and refusing to speak to me. If it wasn't for the block, he would be taking over my body right now in an attempt to stop me.

"Can you reject me already so I can get back to class" she mutters "I still have homework to hand in."

Well, that sucked. I don't know why, but I guess I was hoping she would put up some sort of fight and refuse to be rejected. This was going to be painful, not just for me but for her as well.

I'm taken aback but can hardly complain if that's what I intended to do. I took a deep breath and stared into her gorgeous eyes "I, Johnathon of the Blue Moon Pack, reject you Winter of the. "

"Silver Crescent" she supplied

"Reject you Winter of the Silver Crescent pack." I finished grimly and waited as she took a deep breath before doing the same.

"I Winter of the Silver Crescent pack accept Johnathon of the Blue Moon's Pack's rejection," she said dully, and I blinked, surprised by her lack of reaction. Without another word, she leaves, not even glancing back at me, and I stare at the back of her with remorse. Had I hurt her feelings? It was impossible to tell. She seemed so detached somehow. As if she wasn't even there. She'd said it so listlessly as well as though she hadn't expected anything less from her mate, and I felt incredibly sad for the girl I hadn't even met properly before rejecting her so quickly.

I felt a slight sting as the mate bond was severed but nothing more, wondering if Winter even felt the pain. From all accounts, I was expecting it to be a lot more painful. That's how everyone I'd asked made it sound. I don't even know if she was in any pain from the reaction and considering that it was clear she didn't yet have her wolf, which meant she was younger than me. But she couldn't be too much younger. She had looked so defeated as well, something that was a shock to see in someone as young as her. I sigh. At least it hadn't been awkward and she hadn't even put up a fight. Maybe Winter had wanted the same thing. For all I know, she might not have wanted a mate as well and had been happy to accept my rejection. Maybe "I had even done her a favor by rejecting her first. That was a good thing, right? Then why do I feel so awful? Why can't I stop picturing her in my mind? I head to my next class fervently hoping that it's not one with Winter in it. That would be even more awkward. But then I remember she's younger than me and inwardly rejoice, knowing I won't have to look at her in any of my classes. I drop the block and my wolf steadfastly refuses to speak to me, sulking in the background. I shrug. He'll get over it eventually and realize I did the right thing. To love is to get hurt. He should remember that.