

Chapter 11

Catherine's POV

I froze in my seat, and images of my second rejection crossed my mind.

I met Alpha Ethan in a restaurant, like Latinos in Switzerland.

He was the next-in-line Alpha of the Red Moon Pack and was one hell of a handsome wolf.

When he walked into the small Italian restaurant, power radiated from him. He was with a group of wolves, mainly she-wolves and warriors.

I immediately knew he was my second chance mate, and excitement bubbled up inside me that the goddess had blessed me with a second chance at happiness.

For a moment, I sat back and just admired the beautiful man, and I secretly allowed his scent of grasslands to envelope me.

His scent was so intoxicating that my body reacted in ways I never thought possible, and my mind wandered off, imagining how my hands would roam over his perfectly sculptured body.

He lifted his nose to the air, took a whiff of the air, and a sense of excitement crossed his eyes before they shifted black.

His wolf must be on the surface, and in a matter of minutes, if not seconds, he would be able to sniff me out.

His gaze slowly moved over the small restaurant area in search of me.

A smile played at the corner of my lips as I secretly watched him take a step away from the group.

His eyebrows scrunched together, looking a bit frustrated and confused, yet when he found me sitting at the back of the restaurant, hiding behind a menu, he shifted his head to the side and gave me a curious look.

A small smile reached his lips, and my heart leaped out of my chest.

Man, his smile would light up any girl's day.

Ethan excused himself from the group and slowly moved toward my table. He didn't move his gaze from me, and it made me think that he was scared that I would disappear if he blinked.

When the 6'2 tall, handsome man stopped at my table, I openly gawked.

"Like what you see, mate?" he asked, giving me a cocky smile.

He looked happy to have found me, and my heart raced a hundred miles per hour.

I slowly nodded my head, taking the beautiful wolf in.

Oh, goddess, he was even more good-looking than Brian.

Ethan pulled his hand through his ash-blond hair, and his muscles flexed under his white t-shirt. My gaze landed on his rock-hard abs, hiding under his shirt.

I unconsciously licked my lips and suddenly had this burning desire to reach out and touch them.

"My name is Ethan Smith," he suddenly said, introducing himself, and my gaze landed on his cold blue eyes.

I shivered, feeling cold.

Was this wolf cold-hearted and cruel?

Would the goddess mate me with someone like that?

I shook the thoughts off and forced my attention back to him.

"I am the next in line, Alpha Wolf from the Red Moon pack," he said, shifting his head to the side. "Who are you?"

I kept quiet as I admired the handsome wolf in front of me, my imagination running wild.

Ethan had gone quiet and was patiently waiting for me to say something.

"H-h-hi," I stuttered nervously. "M-m-my name is Catherine Jones from the Silver Moonstone Pack," I said, and Ethan narrowed his cold eyes. "I-I-I am the daughter of Alpha Duncan Jones."

"What is a pretty girl like you doing so far away from her pack?" he asked.

He took a seat in front of me, pinning his cold eyes on me.

I was trying to find the words to explain my dilemma when his eyes widened in shock.

"Are you...?" He couldn't form the words. He must have seen my wheelchair.

"Yes," I answered, "I had an accident, and..."

Ethan jumped to his feet, sending the chair flying to the side. Anger radiated off him, and he expanded his aura.

Wolves around us whimpered and lowered their gazes.

"I can't be mated to a disabled mate!" He growled dangerously and scrunched his hands into fists.

"W-w-why?" I stuttered nervously, "There is not..."

"What will my pack think of me having a misfit as a mate?" He growled, cutting me off. "You will only be a liability to me and my pack!"

"I am capable..."

He violently shook his head.

"I will not risk my pack or my life on a broken, disabled thing like you! You don't even deserve to have a wolf! You would have been better off dead!"

My eyes widened, my body shook out of shock, and my heart scrunched painfully and shattered into a million pieces, hearing his poisonous words.

Is this how he sees me? A useless and worthless wolf?

Before I could stop and explain to Ethan my situation, he uttered the words of rejection, and we both gasped for air.

Was he seriously doing this?

I shook my head, bewildered and unable to say anything. Tears were burning behind my eyes, ready to spill over and tell him how much he was hurting me!

Ethan lifted his head through the pain. He had a murderous look on his face, and his eyes turned red.

"Accept it!" He growled through the excruciating pain. "Or else I will make your life a living hell until the day you die. I never wanted an ugly, disabled, useless mate like you! You will never be Luna!"

I swallowed hard against the dry lump that had formed in my throat. I never expected that someone would just turn their back and throw their mate away.

Kia suddenly whimpered at the back of my mind, and I knew she had given up on the newfound bond.

I lifted my gaze and found his. His cold blue eyes seemed to be in some sort of conflict.

Was he fighting his wolf?

"Now!" He ordered, as the pain forced him onto his knees, "Before my wolf..."

"I accept," I answered clearly, and I watched as the bond was cut in half and Ethan turned around, rushing out of the restaurant, leaving me hurt, cold, and alone.

Will I ever be accepted?
