

You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 15

Miles pov.

We returned to the pack after spending the whole day in the Silver Shadow pack. That night, Castor's mate bade her family goodbye before coming with us to travel back to our pack. She hugged her family and walked towards Castor, who was patiently waiting for her outside the car. I waited beside him.

He was quick to take her in his arms and inhale her scent by placing his face in the crook of her neck as soon as she reached him. The scent of his mate would be like a drug to him. I have gathered a lot of information about it. I knew he most probably would be taking it in to calm his inner wolf.

How pathetic...

Rolling my eyes, I walked over to the front seat. Nolan would drive and the love birds could have the whole back seat to themselves. I was the least bit interested in being stuck beside them while they were all lovey-dovey during the conveyance.

"Congratulations to both of you," Nolan said as soon as he got in the driver's seat. Castor and his mate were fastening his seat belt as they smiled at him in gratitude.

How could they be so cool and calm the whole time? I simply couldn't understand. All that I could feel was an unexplainable discomfort, ever since I was announced as the alpha. I blame the stress of being the alpha for making me feel like this. I was never satisfied with anything. I wanted everything to be perfect. However, despite the efforts, nothing was like I wanted it to be.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Amara," She answered. Her dark, curly hair was now tied up in a bun. Her deep green eyes sparkled as she glanced at Castor, who smiled at her. I saw how he had his hand on her thigh. It only made me snigger. What had the mate bond done to our Castor? He looked like a lovesick puppy who couldn't keep his hands off his mate.

"Sweet. I'm Nolan the beta. And this is our alpha, Miles. Castor, your mate is the gamma. Which means you would be our gamma female." He explained.

“Cool. So....none of you have found your mates yet?” she asked.

“Yeah. Castor is the lucky one to meet his mate first among us,” Nolan told her as he started the engine. He glanced at me and frowned. It was as if he was gesturing to me to speak to her. Yeah. I was the alpha. I will have to say something.

“Welcome to Dark Howl pack Amara,” I uttered.

“Thank you alpha.” She cheerfully replied.

“Miles. Looks like Castor will be a little bit too busy from now on.” Nolan teased, making me chuckle.

“Very funny guys,” Castor replied, though he was beaming. Well, he had a good reason to be so happy. He had found an excellent mate.

“Looks like the high alpha would send both of you on another trip to look for your mates,” Castor replied.

“Hmm... I’m not in a hurry,” Nolan answered.

“Why?”

He sighed. “I kind of..... I don’t know.” I noticed how his mood suddenly turned completely sour.

“You miss Cassy. Don’t you?” Castor stated.

My heart plummeted when I heard her name. Suddenly, I started to feel cold. Colder than it already was. My hands went completely numb. It was a good thing that I was not behind the wheel. I kept staring out of the window, pretending to be interested in the scenery, the trees and the starry sky and the crescent that lit the sky up. However, I was anxious beyond my imagination.

That name was the most dreaded thing for me now.

“Yes,” Nolan replied after a long pause.

“She was the best sister anyone could have asked for. She had always said that she wanted to meet her sister-in-law. You know... my mate. Unfortunately, I couldn’t find her before she.....” he trailed off.

I looked at him. Apparently, he was trying to hide his emotions.

“Who is Cassy?” Amara whispered to Castor, but all of us heard her. How could her little whisper be unheard by our enhanced hearing and while we are in a blocked car? I saw Nolan gulp.

“Maybe we should stop. Can’t we talk about something else?” I asked. This topic was disturbing, not only to Nolan but to me too. I kept looking at the couple in the back seat from the rearview mirror. Castor mouthed to Amara that he would tell her later and relaxed in his seat.

“Yeah. We should. Hey Miles, we should announce the arrival of the gamma female right.” Castor voiced, changing the topic.

“Yes. I’m sure father would want to hold a ceremony for that. Be prepared to flaunt your marks.” I smirked and Nolan stifled his laughter. Well, that lightened the mood.

I could see Amara go beet red from the rearview mirror and Castor grinned at her. He put his arm around her and pulled her closer and placed a lingering kiss on her on the forehead. She apparently melted into his arms. Was the bond that significant? Well, if it is between two werewolves it should be.

I kept watching them. Castor gazed deeply into her eyes while she stared back at him. They seemed to be pulled into a daze. I gulped. Having your mate beside you sure seemed to be sweet. Averting my gaze from them, I focused on the road ahead.

Oh well. Whatever. I hope I meet my second chance mate soon. Perhaps I should travel around to do a thorough search.

When we arrived at our pack, our parents delightfully welcomed the newest member to our werewolf pack. Our gamma female. Nolan and I chose to go back to our quarters. It was a good thing that he wanted to excuse himself. Then, I wouldn’t be alone.

“Hey. Going home?” I asked when I realised that he was walking away from the packhouse. Ever since he was announced as the pack beta, he had his quarter in the packhouse. However, since he still has not found his mate, he sometimes spends his time at his parents’ place.

“Yeah. I need to see mom and dad. They aren’t really okay....you know, after Cassy.” He sighed.

Cassy. Again. When would I stop hearing about her?

“Oh.” I paused my lips.

“They are simply putting up a happy face in front of everyone. They miss her so much... I mean we all do.” He kept staring at the dirt as he drew lines on it with his foot.

Damn! Her death has hurt them really badly! And I was thinking all this time they had healed now. However, in reality, they were simply hiding their pain.

“I am so sorry,” I muttered, not knowing how else I should respond to that.

He offered a sad smile and patted my arm before turning around to leave. I stared at his retreating back as he walked away until he disappeared into the darkness of the night. As soon as he was out of sight, I let out a huge gush of air that I didn’t know I was holding in.

Damn my cursed fate! Why did I have to be mated with her? I wish I had never met her!

I quickly went back to the packhouse. Instead of going to my quarters to rest, I went straight to the library where several old books were kept. My sleep and exhaustion were completely forgotten. I felt a surge of energy which I suppose was pumped purely by the adrenaline rush I felt.

But I needed to find more information about mates and second chance mates. I entered the empty library and went straight to the section where books of our kind were kept. Werewolf history, werewolf origins, our weaknesses. Books about everything are kept in this library. This place was where I got extra information that most ordinary werewolves don’t have. The information that isn’t taught to us in schools or during training sessions. This was the place I got the information on how to suppress my wolf to overcome the mate bond.

I skilfully ran my fingers over dust-covered books. A smirk curved my lips as my eyes landed on the book I was looking for. Werewolf mates and the mate bond.

I spent over an hour reading and studying the old and yellowed pages of the heavy book, only in the hope of finding anything about second chances. It was hard and tiring to scrutinize through the small letters of the book, but I was adamant to find anything that could enrich me about it.

Just as I was about to give up, a sentence that was written in tiny letters caught my attention.

The mate bond is a sacred bond that should be cherished. Werewolves mate for life. If one of them dies, they may or may not be blessed with a second chance mate. However, this is extremely rare.

I felt as though the world stopped revolving. Extremely rare? Oh good gracious!

I read and reread the sentences again and again. But it only told me one thing. Normally, werewolves are given just one mate. And in case of death, perhaps we might find a second chance mate. I guess that was the case for my warrior. His case was an extremely rare one. The book didn't say anything in cases of rejection.

Does this mean I may never find a mate? Oh, f*****g hell!!!

But my human mate did die..... so maybe I might find a second chance mate. I slumped on the seat and groaned out loudly. I knew I was in the library but at that hour, no one was in there. So I didn't give a damn. I felt like tearing the yellow pages and throwing the stupid book away. What else was I supposed to do?

I just realised that my love life was messed up, all because of an unwanted bond. I hate my life. I hate the mate bond. And mostly I simply hate that human, for existing, even though she is no longer alive