

Chapter 2 -

My heartbeat escalated and sweat broke out over my skin.

He knocked again, snapping me into action.

I pulled the door open and watched with a frown as he hurriedly stepped inside the cabin and pushed the door closed behind him.

Dean glanced around. "All packed up?"

"Y-yes," I stuttered, feeling unnerved with his presence in the cabin.

"Good." He swallowed loudly as he turned to face me. "We need to talk."

"O-okay. Do you want to sit down?"

"No, I won't be staying long." He shifted from foot to foot, eyes darting around.

For some reason, he seemed extremely nervous, which made me nervous.

To think that a few years ago, I used to have a crush on him. My tormentor found out and told everybody, including him. He had joined in on them making fun of me whenever he got the chance.

"Did Olivia ever explain mates to you?" he asked.

I frowned at him.

"Come on, Cora. We already had the sex-talk in school. You must have had some questions for your mother."

"I don't want any part of whatever this is," I told him as I hurried towards the door.

"It isn't a game."

"Yeah, right. Someone is recording this right? You just can't let me leave without making a fool out of me one last time?" I jerked the door open. "Please leave."

Dean growled and stormed over to me. Pushing the door closed, he slammed me against it with a hand wrapped around my throat.

"I am trying to have a serious conversation with you," he hissed, eyes flashing.

I started trembling with fear.

He was seconds from shifting. I could feel his claws digging into my skin.

"S-she told me," I stuttered, remembering his question from earlier. "I k-know what a mate is."

"Good. Good." Dean stepped closer, pressing his body against mine. "I don't have to explain things to you then. I knew it from the moment I first laid my eyes on you that you were mine."

His eyes darted over my face.

"I believed that you might shift once you hit puberty. You're my mate, Cora. The Goddess fucking gave me a pathetic human for a mate."

Another growl fell from his lips as his hold on my throat tightened, cutting off my air.

"We could have been so good."

"D-Dean."

"I don't want a you as my mate. You're weak and so fucking pathetic. How will you take care of my pack?"

It was getting increasingly harder to breathe. I clawed at his hand, trying to pry his fingers away.

"How will you carry my children? They will be bastards just like you."

"P-Please."

"I Dean Rowan Sutton, reject you Cora Milton as my mate, and the future Luna of my pack," he said.

I felt nothing but the pain of his fingertips digging into the skin of my throat.

His eyes narrowed.

Black spots appeared in my line of vision, and just as I was about to pass out, he let me go.

I dropped to the floor, coughing.

Mom told me about the pain a female felt when she was rejected by her mate. She told me about the pain she felt when she lost Dad.

I was somewhat prepared for it.

But I felt nothing.

No pain.

Only fear.

"G-get out," I croaked. "Leave!"

He took a step towards me, making me crawl away from him.

"Pathetic," he growled.

And then he stormed out, slamming the door shut behind him.

I instantly hurried towards it and locked the door.

Fear still lingered hours after he had left. It was the first time in my life where I had been placed in such a position, and I never wanted it to happen again.

It made me feel weak and I was sick of feeling weak, or being called pathetic.

I took a long bath, trying to calm my racing heart. Once the water started cooling, I got out and dried myself with the towel I left out.

I avoided my reflection in the mirror and hurried out of the bathroom. Once I was dressed, I climbed into bed and stared up at the ceiling.

In three days I would be sleeping in a different bed in a different house in a completely different pack. I should be thankful that I at least had a home and that Alpha Rowan hadn't kicked me to the curb. He at least made contact with my uncle before he kicked me out of his pack.

My mind started racing with different scenarios of how my uncle would welcome me into his home. It could be disastrous.

But at the moment, a new beginning was just what I needed.

Uncle forgotten, my mind trailed to what had happened with Dean.

I felt like he expected a different reaction from me. Had he expected me to cry and kneel over in pain because he rejected me?

Too bad.

My reaction wasn't the same as a she-wolf because I didn't feel the mate-bonds like them. After all, I was only a pathetic human.

Letting out a sigh, I switched off the lamp and turned onto my side to face the wall.

There was no use dwelling on things I wouldn't be able to change.

Something was slowly pulling me from my sleep. Frowning, I turned onto my back and blinked up at the ceiling.

I had only just managed to fall asleep after tossing and turning for a few hours.

The room was brightly lit by the full moon high in the sky.

My frown deepened.

When I climbed into bed, I had forgotten to close the curtains, but that wasn't what woke me.

There was another loud creak.

I held my breath and listened carefully. No more sounds followed, but just as I slowly relaxed, someone entered my bedroom.

My lips parted byt my scream was cut off by a hand clamping down on my mouth.

"Can't let you leave without giving you a proper farewell bitch," he snarled.

The hand was replaced by something softer. I gagged at the smell that filled my nostrils.

A second later, my body went limp and then my surroundings started fading until darkness surrounded me.

The darkness slowly faded.

My ears were ringing but the longer I was awake, the more it faded, allowing sounds to penetrate my ears. The first thing I heard was the sound of thousands of crickets filling the air.

My fingers curled into rocky dirt beneath me. I could feel the cool breeze moving loose strands of hair around my face.

I didn't need to open my eyes to know where I was.

Whoever grabbed me from my bed, had dumped me in the middle of the forest.

I had no idea whether I was still on pack territory or not, but something was telling me that I wasn't anywhere close to the cabin.

Panic threatened to overwhelm me.

Dad had taught me that panic was always the main reason someone dies, because if you panic, you couldn't think clearly. He had told me a lot of things about survival, but I couldn't remember a thing at the moment.

My breathing sped up as my heartbeat escalated.

I slowly sat up and glanced around.

Thick bushes and tall trees surrounded me.

Nothing looked familiar.

Getting to my feet, I stood on shaky legs and slowly turned in a circle. My eyes darted around, searching for anything that might seem familiar.

It slowly sunk in.

I had been dragged from my bed and dumped in the forest in the middle of the night.