

Revelations

The freeze wasn't just being stuck, it was a coldness that owed through me. Gwyn, my wolf, howled inside me, ending in a growl. I sneered as I watched them, totally oblivious to my existence. How did they not see me? How did he not smell me there? It pissed me off.

It wasn't like the hot anger I was used to. I didn't want to kill them. I wanted them to hurt, though. I wanted them to suffer.

That decision released me from my frozen state. I walked over and turned off Wendy's stereo, then turned back to the bed. They were scrambling to cover themselves. I tilted my head at them.

It didn't matter that they were naked before. Why would they want to cover up now? Just because of me? They didn't care about me when they decided to sleep together. They had no reason to care now.

"Heather! You weren't supposed to be back until tomorrow!" Wendy exclaimed.

"Yes, this has to be someone else's fault somehow, doesn't it? Not yours, never yours. And why wouldn't it be my fault? I was the one with the audacity to have something you didn't." I scoffed and walked out of the room.

I didn't want to hear whatever excuses they'd come up with. What? It wasn't what it looked like? I didn't understand? He was lonely? That didn't explain him telling her he loved her.

Without realizing where I was going, I ended up on the back porch. My parents stopped as they approached the house. They stared at me in shock. Their eyes darted to the house behind me as worried expressions crossed their faces.

They knew...?

Of course they knew! They gave Wendy whatever she wanted. If she told them she wanted my mate, they wouldn't stand in her way while she took him from me. My stomach twisted.

"How long?" I asked quietly.

"How long? How long until supper? Well, the rolls should have risen by now. Probably about fifteen or twenty minutes for them to bake, once I get the oven preheated. We weren't expecting you home until tomorrow afternoon, sweetheart." Mom said hurriedly with a nervous chuckle.

She was hoping she could pretend she didn't know. Maybe she hoped I was angry about something else. It just confirmed even more that they knew what was going on in the house.

I heard the glass door slide open behind me. My dad closed his eyes and sighed. Mom's face fell. They realized the jig was up.

"Heather." Michael said from behind me. "I need to talk to you."

He said that six months ago. The night he took my virginity. He was going to reject me. It seemed like he changed his mind, though. Of course, he had someone he could use in any way he wanted without question. Someone who was willing to do anything out of love.

"Answer... my... question." I seethed at my parents.

"Heather, you need to talk to your mate." Dad told me.

Turning, I looked at Michael. There must have been something in my eye because he stepped in front of Wendy. My mate was protecting my sister from me!

It occurred to me at that moment, that none of them cared about me. If my parents cared, they would've told Michael and Wendy to stop, they would've told me what was going on. If Michael cared, he would've at least controlled his urges and rejected me that night, or even earlier. If my sister cared, she wouldn't have taken my mate.

"How long?" I asked Michael.

"A couple of months after we met. Heather, I wanted to tell you before, but things got away from me." He said.

"That means you kept this from me for four months before you tried to reject me. I'm assuming that's what you were intending to do the night in the clearing.... You always say, 'my mate', not 'you'. You never lied, you just said the truth in such a way that I wouldn't know you weren't talking about me." I sneered.

It stung when I thought about all the times he did say 'you'. Like when he said he didn't want to get me pregnant. Then he started talking about his mate. I always thought it was me.

"I didn't know how I really felt and you were working so hard with my mom. I couldn't keep lying to myself. I feel the mate bond with you, but I don't love you." Michael admitted.

"Why? What makes you love my sister? What makes her better than me?" I pressed.

He sighed. "Come on, Heather. Look at yourself, then look at Ridley and Barbie. I tried to accept the mate bond and love you, but whatever made you look like.... that... would be passed on to our pups."

"Seriously? It's about my looks? You didn't have a problem with how I looked when you were f*****g me!" I shouted.

"Keep your voice down. I don't want the pack gossiping about this." Michael hissed.

"You don't think they're going to gossip when they find out you rejected me for my sister? I can't believe I overlooked how shallow you were. She has the same genes as me, Michael. Even though she looks like that, she could make a pup who looks like me."

The look on his face told me he didn't believe it. I know I look different from my family, but I was born in the pack hospital. I was with my mother from the time I was born until we were released. My skin and hair darkened more than theirs, but I was their daughter as much as Wendy was!

"I, Michael Whitman, reject you, Heather Nicholas, as my mate." He said with no emotion in his voice.

I felt the sting of our bond starting to sever. If I accepted the rejection, the pain would get worse, then it would go away as our broken bond healed. His pain would end before mine because he had ranked blood.

It wasn't fair. I didn't deserve more pain. I didn't do anything wrong.

He needed to suffer. He needed to feel more pain. Michael needed to pay for what he did to me. Because of the lies he told me. For what he took from me. For not letting me go before he broke me.

"Accept the rejection." Michael commanded.

This wasn't something he could order me to do. Not even the Alpha could make someone accept a rejection. The goddess wouldn't force us to be obedient to that order.

The Gamma female was usually the person who led the support team for rejected wolves. I remembered what Michael's mother taught me. Part of what she taught me was what happened with a rejection.

Everyone knew the person who did the rejecting wouldn't get a second chance. They also got more intense pain as the person who initiated the rejection. The 'rejectee' wouldn't have pain as bad as the 'rejector', but their bloodline dictated how long the pain would last. Omegas had pain for the longest amount of time, Alphas had the shortest.

What everyone didn't know, was that the rejection couldn't be completed until the other person accepted the rejection. The healing wouldn't begin and they couldn't mark anyone else, because they weren't whole. Any bites would simply heal instead of scar.

I turned quickly and ran, jumping over the porch railing and busting through the gate. They were yelling. Telling me to come back. I knew Michael was trying to order me to come back, but Gwyn didn't want to listen. I blocked anyone from linking me.

Running to the packhouse may have seemed like a stupid idea. What was I going to do? Tell the Alpha on him? They were friends.

There was no way Alpha Larson didn't know Michael was planning to reject me. He probably even knew Michael was sleeping with me and Wendy.

The thought of that disgusted me. He was sleeping with both of us. It was gross to think of. I couldn't believe something like that happened to me. That stuff happens in books or movies, not real life... right?

When I reached the Alpha's office, I walked in. The door was open, so he must not have been too busy. The carpet was soft on my bare feet. I hadn't even noticed they were still bare.

"Heather. I've been expecting you. Michael linked me. Have a seat." Alpha Larson said.

"No," I replied. "I just want an answer, then I'll go."

His mouth turned down into a frown. He didn't like someone telling him 'no', but he obviously didn't hear it often enough growing up. He was as entitled as Michael and everyone else in the ranks of this pack.

"What's your question?" He asked.

"Why didn't you tell me? You're my Alpha. I know he's your friend, but you have a duty to your pack above your friendships. I was spending all that time training with his mom.... I should have seen it, I was a child, though. I was a girl who just found her mate and didn't think there was anything that could go wrong. You should've told me."

Alpha Larson obviously wasn't expecting that. I don't know what he was expecting, but it wasn't that. He sighed and stood up, going around his desk and leaning against the front of it.

"Heather, you just aren't Gamma female material. Do you think all these questions are going to help? It's not going to change what happened and what needs to happen. Accept his rejection. You're only hurting yourself. We'll find someone better suited to you. There are a lot of older, widowed males who would love a sweet... soft girl like you. Maybe a warrior, even. You'd make an excellent warrior's wife." Alpha Larson said.

"Introspection isn't your strong suit, is it, Alpha? My question had nothing to do with why I was rejected and what I'm suited for. My question is why you didn't tell me."

He scowled. "At first, because I thought he was strong enough. Later, because I figured he already broke the seal, why not have a little fun. He'd let you go when he was done with you. That was why he didn't keep trying to tell you, either. Wendy was always a better fit. She's his chosen mate. Just like Ridley's mine and Barbie's is Davis'. The goddess got it wrong three times in a row. We deserved better than what she gave us."

There was a malicious sparkle in his eye. He was hoping to hurt me. To make me cry. That wasn't going to happen. I was even angrier now. There was something inside of me that wanted vengeance far more than I normally did. This Alpha certainly deserved something, but it wasn't what he thought it was.

"Deserved? He didn't deserve me.... He deserves her? Yes, that makes sense. Thank you, Alpha." I replied and turned back to the door.

"You're going to accept his rejection, then?"

"No. I'm going to take a page from your book. I'm going to focus on what I do and don't deserve over the happiness of others. I don't deserve what he did to me. If he'd rejected me as soon as he found me, I would've accepted it." I answered as I headed out of his office.

"Heather. I want you to go cool off and think about your future in this pack. You don't want this to sour our relationship. Being in a pack with ranked members you've pissed off isn't a good idea." Alpha Larson warned.

"Noted."

I walked down the hall, to the stairs. He was right, it would be a bad idea to stay in this pack. Before I could make it to the front door, I was stopped by Davis, the Beta. He stood in my path.

"Excuse me," I said.

"He's never going to love you. No matter how much you hang on to this, it's not going to change his mind. Just accept his rejection you fat mutt." He growled quietly as he stepped aside.

Walking past him, I opened the door. I paused and looked over the pack lands that sprawled below the hill the packhouse stood on. This had been my home for my whole life. I didn't feel anything for it anymore, though.

"I don't want him to love me, Beta." I muttered before I started running for the tree line.

As I ran, I felt Gwyn pushing to get out. I ran as fast as I could, all the way to the border of the pack lands. Then, I stopped.

'Are we really going to do this?' Gwyn asked.

'Yes. I wasted a year of my life on him. I gave myself to him. I fooled myself into believing he was just passionate and couldn't control himself when he was with me. It was just so he could feel good in between the times he was making love to Wendy.'

'It's pretty much the only way we can ensure they don't decide to lock you up and try to force you to accept the rejection.'

'I think the best part of all this is that the pain will be constant, never going away, he'll be unable to enjoy anything. Not food, not sex, not sleep. No one taught him to be humble. I will.'

'You're vicious, Heather.'

'They made me this way. One year. That's how long he'll have to suffer. Then, I never want to think of him again.'

"I, Heather Nicholas, reject my bond to the Salmon Moon Pack and its Alpha. I accept the title of rogue." I said as I stepped over the boundary of my old pack lands.

Stripping off my clothes, I shifted into my large white wolf. Gwyn took over while I worked on controlling the pain of our rejection. It wouldn't affect her as long as I was focusing on it.

It could hurt me all it wanted. It was the price of my revenge. The pain I felt every day would bring me nothing but pleasure. Especially knowing Michael was feeling it even more intensely.