

Forsaken by the Moon Goddess

Chapter 2: Sloane

Benedict

“What’s up with you and the girl?” Ellis, my future Beta, asks walking up beside me. I’d felt him close by, ready to jump in if needed. Not that I would need him. He probably has the cushiest Beta position in the country, being my Beta. No one goes against me.

“The girl has a name. It’s Sloane. Use it,” I growl.

“Okaaaaay. What’s up with you and Sloane?” he asks.

“Nothing. But let it be known that if I catch an upperclassmen harassing a freshmen, specifically Slade Hartwell, they will become persona non grata with me.”

He looks at me, like he can’t believe I’m serious. But the look I give him would make a lesser man flinch and cower away.

“Okay, you’re the Alpha.”

“That’s right, I am.”

“So, you’re protecting her AND her brother now? And you’re still going to tell me that there is nothing between you two?” he asks.

“Have you ever seen me hanging out with her?” I ask, dodging the question. He’s a good enough Beta to see it.

“You don’t have to hang out with her, Ben. It’s obvious you’re drawn to her. Forgive me if I don’t see the attraction.”

I turn and look at my Beta. “Really? You don’t see the attraction? You think you could take her?”

“In a fight?” he asks, frowning.

“Yeah,” I say, already knowing the answer. Sloane is well known for her extreme fighting skills. She’s fucking impressive.

He grits his teeth. “No.”

“And that doesn’t intrigue you? How many Alphas have you seen her take out?” I ask.

“She’s strong, I’ll give you that. I’ve never seen her go up against you, though.”

“I’ve never given her a reason to go against me,” I say, turning to go to class.

“Afraid you might not be able to defeat her?” he asks, grinning.

In truth, I’m not sure I’d be able to keep my wolf from kissing her. Marrok has been drawn to Sloane and her wolf since the first time we saw her nearly eight years ago. He never tires of watching her and he’s insistent about us watching out FOR her.

I love my wolf, and I trust him implicitly. He’s never let me down and, as usual, he was right about Sloane. She’s incredible. I know the story of her past, everyone does. People used to tease her about it until she started knocking other wolves out with one punch. Then she got the reputation as a troublemaker. But the reality is, she doesn’t put up with anyone’s shit. No one’s. She doesn’t care who she knocks on their ass. She doesn’t care about your rank, your family, or how strong you’re supposed to be. If you go after her, or someone she cares about, she’ll take you down without a second thought or a moment’s hesitation.

“Maybe one day I’ll get to find out,” I say, heading to my next class.

Since we’re both seniors, I have several classes with Sloane. She has always ignored me in class. I don’t take it personally. She ignores anyone who isn’t Scarlet or Slade.

Scarlet is another wolf I’ve spent a lot of hours watching. Her dedication to Sloane tells me even more about the woman I’m so intrigued by. Scarlet is well liked by many people in school. She’s very outgoing and popular. But she’s never once turned her back on Sloane and surprisingly, Sloane hasn’t turned away from her. I find the dynamic of their friendship fascinating.

“Hey, Alpha,” a she-wolf says, drawing my attention away from Sloane but not before I see her roll her eyes.

I fight the grin as I turn the woman speaking to me.

“Hey, Christa.”

“So, I was wondering, I mean if you don't have any plans this weekend, would you like to come to my pack Saturday night?”

She's biting her lip in a way that's probably supposed to be sexy, or maybe demure. I can see her friends behind her watching the exchange. I get a lot of invitations to visit she-wolves in their packs, especially as it gets closer to my eighteenth birthday.

‘No,’ Marrok growls in my head.

I ignore my wolf. He only seems to have eyes for Sloane these days.

“Is there a special occasion I'm not aware of, Christa?”

She smiles. “It's my birthday.”

“Ahh. I see.” And I do. She's hoping I'm her mate. But I know, even without Marrok growling that he'd never accept her as his mate, that she's not for me. Christa is more interested in the title of Luna than actually being one. My family is well established in the werewolf world. When I take my Luna as a mate, she will need to be the kind of woman who is ready and willing to work hard for the rest of her life. There are parties, political soirees, important events hosted by my pack with very important members of the werewolf community invited. Any Luna of mine will have her work cut out for her. She won't be able to sit like an ornament on my arm. She will have a full-time job running the pack and managing outside requests and demands on both us and our pack on a daily basis.

My eyes flicker back to Sloane. She's already a woman who works hard every single day.

I shake my head. My parents might disown me if they could hear those thoughts. Sloane is thought to be a troublemaker, her parents are known murderers. She's not someone who would make a good Luna.

Marrok begins growling in my head, not caring if our parents approve of her. And I have to admit, I'm not sure I care if they'd approve of her either. There's just something about Sloane that I'm not willing to walk away from.

"I need to check my schedule, Christa. But, if I can make it, I'll be there," I tell her, knowing that I have no intention of going.

"That's great! I hope to see you there, Alpha."

I take the seat beside Sloane. She always sits in the back of the room, probably not wanting anyone behind her that she can't see.

I lean over, keeping my face forward. "How's the hand?" I whisper as the teacher calls the class to order.

"It's fine," she says, crossing her arms over her body defensively.

"So, what are you doing this weekend?" The words come out of my mouth before I can stop them.

She slowly turns and looks at me. "There are any number of girls in this room who would swoon for you to ask them that question. I'm not one of them, so why don't you just run along and find someone who *is* interested, because I'm not."

"It was a simple question, Sloane. I wasn't asking you to mate with me. I was just asking if you had plans for the weekend," I say, trying hard not to get defensive at her response to me. I'm not used to women, any woman, blatantly rejecting my advances.

She gives me the fakest smile I've ever seen, then bats her eyes in a ridiculous parody of the girls around the school. "I plan to work on my sparring so I can take down even more Alpha assholes. How about you, Alpha Benedict?" she says in a voice that is about two octaves higher than her normal voice.

"I was just trying to be nice, Sloane," I say, feeling defensive. I'm unused to being blown off and disrespected like this.

She turns and faces me, all falsity gone. "Stop toying with me, Benedict. Otherwise, I might lose what very little respect I have for you," she snarls, then turns back to the front of the classroom.

I sit back, not at all sure how to respond to someone who is not only unwilling to accept my friendly advances but is also so obviously unwilling to even entertain a conversation with me.

And more than that, I have no intention of letting Sloane Hartwell lose what little respect she has for me just because my pride is wounded. For some reason, her respect means everything to me.