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The anger rolled off my grandmother in waves and she stood up and began pacing. She was ranting in Spanish, clearly fuming and my grandfather's eyes had narrowed into slits. I could feel the anger rolling off both of them in waves.

"Please, you do not need to worry, I am alright. I accepted his rejection, and I just want to move on." I pleaded.

"You should have seen it," my dad butts in, "That punk told her she was weak and unworthy, and then when she accepted his rejection he collapsed onto the floor and groaned uncontrollably at the pain while Raine stood strong never letting her emotions escape for his enjoyment. I was really proud. Clearly you both know and like this Matthew, but anyone who rejects someone based solely on rank does not deserve Raine."

He was basically bragging about me letting the gamma suffer while I held in my pain but I allowed it. It was technically the truth. My grandparents absorbed what my father had said and my grandma finally came and sat down.

"You do, you deserve better. Matthew is a good man, but I can also see how his ego would cause him to do this. You do deserve better. I just wish you didn't have to leave."

"So do I grandma," I started.

"Abuela, my love. Call me Abuela. And abuelo." she said softly.

"Abuela," I said, trying not to sound quite so uncultured while I said it, "I wish I didn't have to leave either. To be honest I don't know where on earth we can go now."

"Well I do, I just wish it wasn't so far away. Although, if you are going to be there, maybe it is time for us to think about going as well." 1

I furrowed my brows feeling confused. "Where" my dad said before I could.

"Our real home, our original pack. In Spain." Abuelo told us proudly.

"Spain? I mean that makes sense, considering," I said as I gestured vaguely. "But, if that is true how did you end up here?"

"We were asked to come here, a long time ago. When your mother was just a baby. We relocated because this pack, which was being run by a friend of ours, was struggling. They needed leadership. So we came, and I served as his Beta while he was the Alpha. I helped him patch up the pack, make it stronger, and then when Nora was a teenager we both stepped down, allowed his son and his son's beta to take over. Nora didn't want the beta title so we became elders and she just a normal pack member. That was the alpha before the current one, his father, who took over from

us. We have been here since, never wanting to leave since Nora disappeared in case she came back," Abuelo said. 1

"Wow.." I was blown away. I had no idea he was a Beta before. He was such a strong and commanding wolf.

"Our bloodline runs strong in Spain, we have many cousins and friends. My brother is the one who took over the Beta line in Spain when I came here. And that bloodline is still unbroken, it is still Molinas. Your cousin is the current Beta there, and that is where you must go. That is where you belong." he continued.

"Well Raine, what do you think?"

I looked at my father who looked hopeful for the first time since I met my mate. I had seen his desperation once the events in the Alpha's office took place. He hadn't counted on that. He didn't have a plan B. But here one finally was. One he loved by the look on his face.

I looked back to my grandparents.

"I will miss you. A lot. But I cannot thank you enough." I allowed the tears to come this time, let out the emotions of the day and Abuela came and held me while I cried. We spent the next half an hour talking, laughing, plotting. And when the timer said 7 minutes she told us we needed to go now to make it to the border. I held them close and they promised that they would visit as soon as possible once we were settled in Spain. They would call ahead and let our family know we were coming as well.

My father and I were walking toward the border quietly, the day seemed to be weighing on us. It was now dark, we had left home just that morning but it felt like we had been gone a lifetime. Now we had much further to go.

I rubbed over the old cell phone my grandparents had given me. It had only a few numbers and a credit card sticking out of the case for us to get plane tickets to Spain.

I looked back as we approached the border and saw the glow of the mansion in the distance. My wolf howled out in my mind, grieving us leaving the place that should have been our home. She was right. But now we had to find a new home.

The warriors at the borders stopped us before we crossed.

"Excuse me, but the Gamma has requested that you stay. He would like to speak with you."

"Is this a command or a request?" I asked.

"Request," the other warrior said. 1

"Then I politely decline. Tell your Gamma he can lay in the bed he made. Thank you gentlemen."


With that, and both of the warriors looking at me shocked, I stepped over the border and away from the man who seemed to have changed his mind, no doubt now aware I came from Beta blood and was not a weak and unworthy rogue. Well too bad. I wasn't his any longer.

+15 BONUS

We continued to walk away and I heard a deep and angry howl rip through the woods from back in the pack lands. Clearly my mate wasn't happy, but that wasn't my concern anymore. I looked to my dad who just nodded and picked up the pace to our care before we sped away to the airport. 1

Along the way my mind kept drifting to my mom. I wondered if she wondered where I was by now. If she was looking. If she cared or if her wolf told her it was better. I wondered if she would ever assume we came here. I supposed she might if her wolf hasn't taken over her reasoning. I hadn't realized how easy it had truly been for me to leave my mom. I assume it is because for a long time now she hasn't felt like my mom, not like the one I had growing up. She was just a shell of that woman who loved me. In the most heartbreaking of ways, that woman was almost completely gone. And I would have to mourn her as if she was gone for good, I knew that.

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