

The Rejected Mate

Read chapter 3 : leaving

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* 3 years ago *

I went to my room after what happened. It's been one week since the rejection that only Courtney knows about. She was so angry at first that she even tried to barge into Damien's room but I luckily talked her out of it.

She would have had to face punishment for disrespecting an Alpha and it wasn't pretty to say the least.

Pain has been so constant in my life. I've learned to bare it but what I wasn't prepared for was the pain I felt after two days following the rejection.

I felt like all of the pain in the world was forced upon my being and it literally felt like my heart would tear into two. I couldn't even breath and the next thing I know darkness consumed my vision and I blacked out.

It was later that day when I was found by Courtney. I was lying on my bedroom floor in a heap with purple and black bruises covering my stomach, thighs and my hands.

I couldn't understand what caused it so I asked Courtney. When she was about to reply, I could see the look of pity and hesitancy on her face. I could feel the agonizing pain as she told me.

"I'm sorry for being the one to inform you and that you're going through this, but this kind of pain takes place to let you know when your other half is having sexual intercourse with someone other than you. Hence the reason why there are bruises littering your body." Courtney said and it didn't take a genius to figure out what my mate, Damien was doing and with who, Emily.

My whole world shattered and my wolf was constantly whimpering. Later on she blocked me and retreated into the back of my mind and has not made her presence known since.

I have been ignoring Emily since Damien arrived and I would flee the moment I'd see her try to approach me. I guess that she later caught on to the fact that I was trying to avoid her but she didn't know why.

I felt bad though but seeing him and her together was too much for me to handle.

I stumbled upon Damien one day after the whole blacking out scene and he knew from my facial expression that I knew that he had sex with Emily and he didn't even try to deny nor explain it.

I have been staying more in my room. Going out only when I'm hungry and at midnight while everyone in the pack is asleep. Courtney comes and checks upon me constantly but she knows that I need time to taken in things.

Courtney had been the one to come and tell me about what had been going on within the pack house. Apparently, Damien had taken up the Alpha position and there was no ceremony done, as he didn't want one.

She had come into my room one morning saying that there was an important pack meeting and how all of the members of the pack were expected to attend it.

I sigh knowing there is no way I can stay in my room and if I did, it would mean that I'm blatantly disrespecting the Alpha.

Courtney and I arrive at the pack grounds where the meeting was meant to take place, and I'm not surprised to find most of the pack members including the Elders, warriors, teens and even toddlers present there. Everyone has been talking to each other and trying to figure out why there was an important meeting called up in the first place.

It's only when Damien climbs up on to the stage along with Beta Sean, who is Courtney's Dad, that all the murmuring and chattering turns into dead silence. It's really fascinating to see the effect Damien has over the pack.

He clears his throat and starts to say "As you all know I've called up this gathering to inform you all about something important that will affect the packs future greatly." He pauses for a moment as all the pack has been silently waiting with baited breath for him to make the announcement and he continues on saying "I want to introduce you all to my mate and your future Luna, Emily Christy." The pack members all break out in excited chatter, as this is good news and she would be the new Luna. Midnight Moon Pack has not had a Luna for almost a decade. Their last Luna, Damien's mother, was killed by rogues.

Ever since her death, it's just been Damien's dad, Alpha Calvin Blackwood, whose been leading the pack along with the help of Courtney's dad, Beta Sean.

My eyes, which had been fixed on the ground all along, snap up to meet his and my, face crumbles seeing him already looking at me with a cold look in his eyes.

I thought my wolf would at least whimper and try to come out of her shell hearing this but no. I don't feel any connection to her at this point, and all I feel is pitch black emptiness.

It doesn't come across as a surprise that he choose someone like her. Emily had a light tan complexion with blonde hair and greyish blue doe like eyes and do not forget those long legs and lean body. She was an angel compared to me. I am someone with a pale complexion with boring hazel brown eyes, brown hair and oh not to forget a curvy figure.

Emily climbs on to the stage from the front of the crowd and places her hand in his and turns to flash a smile at the excited and happy pack members.

"Silence." Damien says and everyone instantly stops chattering.

"We have both decided to get married with in the time period of the next two weeks." That one sentence was all it took for me to break and I knew it was the last straw. I shoot Damien, who is already looking at me, a look with a mixture of hurt, betrayal and anger.

I back away from the crowd from my earlier position. All the while my eyes are pinned to his which are looking back at me with emptiness. I shift into my wolf who releases a sad howl but no one notices as they all are so consumed with excitement. I run toward the pack house and reach there within record time.

I shift into human form and go to my room and start packing all my necessities and some money I've saved by working in a cafe, into my duffel bag. When I'm almost finished packing, I sense a presence behind me.

I turn around and find Courtney standing in the doorway with tears streaming down her face. "So you're just leaving like that." Her voice cracks in the end and when I try to open my mouth and say something she stops me by hugging me tightly.

We embrace each other for a few minutes not saying anything, and when we pull apart, we both look like a train wreck with mascara and tears running down our faces.

"Where are you planning to go?" She asks me after a moment of silence. I sigh knowing there is no way I can lie "I don't know, I was thinking maybe I could live among the humans." I reply and look at her anxiously to hear her reply.

"Well it's at least better than going into the no man's land." she replies and I agree.

It is dangerous out there and you have to always watch your back. There are harmful creatures and vicious rogues out there lurking in the darkness.

"I will miss you, you know. Not to mention Alex and your parents definitely will miss you too." She says and again tears fill my eyes I can't remember the last time I talked to them. I've been so caught up with the rejection and pain that I completely avoided my family that loves me immensely.

"Tell them I love them and that I'm sorry." I say and she nods her head solemnly.

"I have to go now, before anyone returns and sees me." I say and tears fill her eyes. I give her a weak smile and climb upon my windowsill

I jump and I shift into my dark chocolate brown wolf with light brown highlight in mid jump with the straps of my duffel bag clamped between my jaw, and I run into the forest.

Hoping for a New Start.

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chapter 4 : the rogue alpha

* 3 years ago * It is safe to say that I am miles away from my pack grounds. I had crossed the border about two hours ago. Our pack is the strongest pack in America, yet it does not surprise me that no one noticed when one of the pack members was leaving through the border. They must have been so indulged with the announcement Damien made. I have been running for two hours in my human form. It is tiring me out. Growing up I did not indulge myself in any sports or pack training, so I am a bit out of shape. I decided to stop and rest for an hour or so before shifting into my brown colored wolf and continuing with my journey. I noticed a stream a little farther from where I stopped and I could literally see it from where I stood. It is beautiful to say the least, and the way the water glistens in the sunlight makes it appear like it is made of diamonds. I moved towards the edge of the stream and bent my head down so that I could quench my thirst. I continue lapping at the water with my tongue and continue drinking the water. From my crouched position, I was so pre-occupied with quenching my thirst that I failed to hear a twig snapping not too far away. A Rogue!. It was too late to react. The Rogue leaped and clamped its jaw onto my hind leg. I started trashing around in its hold and I grab the opportunity and I head-butt the rogue and eventually escape from its hold before the Rogue has time to recover from my head-butt. I claw at its back with my claws and there are three claw marks visible on its back that I know would leave a scar as the cuts were deep into the rogue's flesh. The rogue howls in pain but recovers quickly and its red empty and dead eyes are set on me, his prey. It jumps and tackles me down on to the ground with so much force that my wolf whimpers with pain and the rogue takes this opportunity to clamp its jaws on my neck in order to finish me. One moment I saw its sharp yellow teeth almost about to bite into my neck and the next thing I know, the weight of the rogue is gone from above me. A big black wolf had tackled the rogue down from above me and had clamped its jaws on to the rogue's neck and is flinging the rogue from side to side. The rogue lets out a huge whimper, but the wolf effortlessly separates its head from rest of its body. I turn my head from the gruesome scene before me and I try to escape discretely from the scene fearing that even though the black wolf had saved me from the rogue, there is no guarantee that I am not going to be its next target. The moment I turn to run, I am tackled down by the big black wolf

and I lay on my back facing it, not wanting to move, and come off as a threat. It is only now that I am noticing that this wolf is bigger than average wolf and stands tall. It has hazel brown eyes similar to mine and here is no mistaking the black fur, which usually only Alpha's have. I turn my head to the side and whimper showing the wolf that I submit under its power and mean no harm to it. The wolf cocks its head to the side and analyses me for a second contemplating whether I am telling the truth or not. It eventually steps back from above me and gives me space to stand up. "Shift" I hear a voice say in my mind. My eyes widen hearing the voice. There is no way anyone from the pack can mind link me, I am far away from the pack house so there is no way they can. Realization dawns upon me and I look towards the wolf and see it giving me a wolfish grin, if you even call it that. I do not protest knowing that the wolf means no harm, so I turn around and go behind a tree to shift and change into some leggings and T-shirt I have taken with me. I eventually walk towards the spot where I had last saw the black wolf and instead of the wolf, there is a guy standing there with just a pair of basketball shorts hanging dangerously low on his hips. To say that this man right before me is an average looking man would be an understatement. My eyes take in his dirty blonde hair and hazel brown eyes, just like his wolfs. He has a chiseled face with a sharp jaw line and high cheekbones that I would kill for and an obvious six pack and toned legs. Of course, he had to look like a model. He is a good looking male. If I had not found my mate and even though he rejected me and easily found a replacement, I would date him. I push the thoughts to the back of my mind. I hear a chuckle and I instantly realize that I have been caught checking him out and I blush. "I don't mind you drooling over me. I'm Matthew, Matthew McDaniel. You can call me Matt for short." He says with an amused smile on his face. He smiles a lot for someone who just ripped a wolf's head apart from its body. This just proves the phrase "you can't judge a book by its cover". Wait. Why does his name sound familiar, I think to myself. "Yes, because my pack used to be the strongest until the rogue attack that took place three years ago." He says with a dark look on his face and I realize that I might have said it out loud. I notice the strong emotion flitting through his hazel eyes. The hatred reflected in his eyes is not directed at me, but he smiles at me afterwards remembering the situation at hand. I remember him now, Matthew McDaniel, Alpha of River Stone Pack. Their pack was apparently attacked three years ago by a pack of rogues while their Luna went into labor. I remember hearing how they attacked and killed her along with the unborn child and killing them both effectively along with the rest of the pack. Because of the pain due to losing his mate, he couldn't do anything to save his pack. Losing a mate you're destined to be with, most probably wouldn't kill him but some do go down a dark path while others commit suicide. I'm surprised that he is still alive. This just proves how strong of a person he is. I do not ask or mention anything about his former pack knowing that it was a touchy subject for him especially losing his other half. I am glad though that he is not one of those Alpha Mates who goes on a killing spree after the demise of their soulmates. He appears to be as normal of a werewolf that there is, even with him being an Alpha. If you did not know about his pack beforehand and meet him you would think that he lived a normal and happy life and not someone who lost their mate and unborn child. "Um, I didn't mean to. I'm sorry and I'm Serenity." I reply. I am a bit embarrassed after getting caught checking him out. Wow I did not stutter while talking to this stranger, now that is a first, I think. "You know you space out a lot for a

wolf." He laughs and says. I scrunch my nose up and ask, "What's that supposed to mean mister?" My sassy side is apparently coming out. He holds his hands up in a mock surrender motion and says "Hey, don't take offense but I mean that you space out a lot for someone who should have heightened sense and all, y'know?" "Oh" is all I reply. "So, what is a pretty girl like you doing living a rogue life anyways? I can tell that you are new to it." He asks, and I instantly blush as this is the first time anyone other than Courtney and my family called me "pretty". I think for a moment deciding whether I should tell some stranger my life story, I eventually decide against it and reply "Stuff happened and I ran away" He cocks and eyebrow at that, but he does not pry and ask anything related to that. "So where are you headed too anyways?" He asks, and I narrow my eyes at him. Honestly, I am surprised that I am not stuttering while talking to someone else, a Rogue and that too an Alpha at that. There is a part of me telling me that I could trust him after all he just saved my life; I owe him at least that. "I don't know" I reply honestly, and he frowns at that and mutters something under his breath that I could not hear even with my werewolf hearing. "You can join me if you want to" he says, and I contemplate it for a moment and reply "Okay". He looks surprised at my reply but quickly recovers, grins, and says, "You won't regret it, trust me" and starts walking towards the North not waiting for me. "I hope not." I say under my breath and follow behind him.

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chapter 5 : nightmares

* 3 years ago *

I have been following Matthew for over an hour and I am getting annoyed not knowing where he was taking me. Why do I have this feeling that this was not going to be something bad, even though I should feel the opposite. Maybe this was meant to be and Matthew's sudden appearance was to serve a purpose in my life, I thought. It feels weird calling him Matt, I would rather call him by his full name.

I heave out a tired sigh and stop following him. "Where are you taking me?" I ask him.

He notices that I have stopped following him and have been standing still for over a minute. He turns around and smiles sheepishly at me.

How oblivious to his surroundings was he? I think and scoff at the irony. I was pretty sure he said something pretty similar to me before.

"We are going to where I live." He replies, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world, and I shoot him a blank face. "Where do you live genius?" I ask him sarcastically and he replies glancing around at our surroundings. "Among humans but you can find some lone wolves here and there." I nod my head.

Thank god, I would only have to face some lone wolves and not a pack or even worse rogues. I shudder thinking about my almost death experience on meeting one.

"Come on, it's only like ten minutes away." He says and starts walking towards wherever we he is taking me, and I follow him wordlessly. We walk for about a few more minutes before Matthew stops walking and I almost run into his back. Thank goodness for werewolf senses.

I step towards the side and gape at the building in front of me. It is more like a condo. It was beautiful from the outside and I am sure it would be even more beautiful on the inside.

He led me inside and I was not disappointed at all. It was very luxurious but had a homey feeling to it. It had wood finishing and was modern looking. The furnishings added to the beauty and every detail was carefully selected and quality crafted. There were four bedrooms, each with a bi-level balcony overlooking the forest. There was a kitchen with modern supplies and utensils, a living room with plush carpeting and a comfy looking couch and let's not forget a home theater and swimming pool. Is this heaven?

When Matt showed me my room, I was delighted to find that it was furnished in my favorite color, royal blue. The walls were a deep blue and had the wallpaper of waves depicting the ocean. It had a soft white rug on the floor which was so soft I could sleep there in that moment.

The pillows on the bed were of a mixture of light turquoise blue, baby blue, dark blue and white with a zig-zag pattern. Do not get me started about the bed. It was soft and comfy.

I turned towards Matt, all the while beaming at him, and say "Thank you and I love it." He smiles and nods his head in reply.

*After 2 months *

*(Dream) *

"You use-less bitch!" He spits out while holding me down like I was a rag doll. Punches are delivered and his pointy claws have left scars all over my body.

Now that he was done with me for the day, he picks me up and flings me across the room like I was nothing but a used-up doll. I try to sit up knowing full well that I have broken two of my ribs and they rub together making me scream out in pain. Tears stream down my face mixed with my blood, I give up.

I look up at him through hazy and tear-filled eyes, which match his dark hazel brown that are filled with hatred and malice. It feels like I am looking at death himself. There is

a sadistic gleam in his eyes, knowing full well that he is the cause of my pain. He loves seeing people in pain, especially me, his own blood.

He steps towards where I am crumpled up on the floor and with a final kick to my ribs, he pushes the door open and leaves me alone. I drag myself towards my window and try to sit up on the small sitting area near the window.

Finally when I climb up, I look out the window. One by one the stars wink out at my grief, which is too much to bear and the darkness surrounds and wraps me in it like a cocoon. I no longer care.

It has been a few minutes since I have been sitting there by myself. While looking out into the dark wilderness that is spread before me outside the window, I did not hear anyone entering the room but suddenly I feel someone grab my wrist and hold them tight.

*(Dream ends) *

I wake up with a start and I hear someone screaming and I realize it is me who is screaming. Matthew is holding me down by pinning my hands down onto the bed and stopping my struggle effectively. I relax knowing that it is not him and that I am safe.

I open my eyes and meet his concerned eyes; I sit up and hug him and he lets me. His hands rub up and down my back in a soothing manner and in between whispering things like "it's okay" and "I'm here".

I calm down after a little bit and pull back from his hold. My eyes cast downwards towards where my blanket lay around me and it is soaked by my sweat and I cringe.

After a long silence, he opens his mouth and asks, "Do you want to talk about it?" I shake my head sideways indicating no. He understands that it is not something I want to talk about, so he does not push me to answer.

"It's getting late, you should try to sleep." He says. Panic arises in me knowing that I could not sleep alone anymore. The nightmares that I had pushed to the back of my mind have resurfaced.

"Can you sleep with me?" I ask him and instantly flush red realizing the double meaning it may have conveyed.

He chuckles lightly seeing this and replies. "Okay." I scoot over to make space for him.

This time I fall asleep peacefully.

* After 6 months*

I feel guilty not informing Courtney about my whereabouts and I remind myself to call her later.

It has been almost eight months since I have been staying with Matthew and to even say that life had not been easy would be an understatement. It was blissful. Matt and I had gotten to know more about each other. I knew I liked him and he liked me, so we had decided to try dating each other. It was almost like falling for someone all over again. Cue word "almost. I am sure that with time that it would happen.

I had not even thought about Damien and Emily once this past two months. I guess it had something to do with Matthew and his crazy antics. I spend most of my time with him.

He had been like my support system. An anchor keeping me from sinking deeper into the depths of the terrorizing currents of the ocean that has been my life.

I have nightmares occasionally where I wake up and find Matthew holding my hands down, to stop me from clawing and hurting myself. He only lets go after making sure that I will not harm myself and afterwards, he lies down next to me. He never asked me what the nightmares were about, and I respect him for that, but he knows that it is not connected to Damien but something else. Something more sinister.

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