

Two Years Gone

Ella, We Aren't Mates

I was genuinely happy. There were only two weeks of school left before I left for alpha training at Camp Young in Minnesota. I spent most of my time with my friends and with Mariah.

I hoped that we would be mates, but we wouldn't find out until after I got back. Her eighteenth birthday wasn't for another two months.

It was a normal day. Everything was fine until the little omega from the kitchen walked into the cafeteria. I caught her scent immediately. She smelled like apple cider, and it was intoxicating.

I tried and mostly succeeded in ignoring her, but when Mariah came up and wrapped her arms around me, I was distracted.

I knew what that meant. That little nobody was my mate. But I wasn't about to have her as my luna. I needed to take care of it, and fast.

I left Mariah and my friends in the cafeteria and went looking for her. She was sitting outside, and I had to stop myself when I got close.

The mate pull was palpable, and I could feel my wolf pacing, whining for his mate. She smelled so damn good. Her scent washed over all my senses. All I could do was stand there.

"You." It was all I could muster. When she looked up at me with her deep hazel eyes, my wolf just about lost it.

"Ella, we aren't mates," I said, speaking as much to my wolf as to her. My wolf began howling in my head, fighting to take control.

When I tried to reject her at school, we were interrupted by Mariah's gang. Ella was a loser, but I didn't have the heart to reject and humiliate her in front of a crowd. I would have to do it later.

Thankfully, I found her at the pack house after school. She was working in the kitchen with Sophie.

"I need a moment with Ella," I said, not really asking. Sophie nodded, and Ella followed me to one of the empty pack offices down the hall from the kitchen.

I entered the office and took a deep breath. I didn't know what was going to happen when I rejected her. But it had to be done before the mate pull got out of hand.

I turned around and leaned against the desk, staring at her for a minute before standing up straight. *Here goes...*

"I, Zane Davis, reject you, Ella Matthews, as my mate."

I could see the pain tear through her. She groaned, falling to the floor as tears streamed down her cheeks.

I felt so bad, I almost wanted to take it back right there and then. My wolf howled inside my head, begging me to do just that.

I watched Ella take a deep breath before standing up, tears still falling. "I, Ella Matthews, accept your rejection."

I gripped the desk tightly, slightly bending over and letting out a low growl. My wolf howled in pain, the rejection ripping through both of us. I hadn't expected how much it would hurt.

She walked out of the room, leaving me there alone. Once I knew she was out of earshot, I finally released the breath I had been holding in and fell to my knees.

It was the worst pain I had ever felt. But it was over now. I could look forward to choosing Mariah and making her my luna when I got home from training.

I straightened myself and made my way out of the office to the training grounds to let off some steam, glad it was over.