

Rejected Luna by True Limena Chapter 1

Sweet Clara

[Rejected Luna](#) -Clara-

Luna Michelle startled me when I walked out of Mason's bedroom with the empty tray of metal in my hands. She was standing just in front of me.

"What are you doing, Clara?" She asked, narrowing her silver eyes with that expression of I know what you did, child!

"Nothing special, Luna! Just picking up the dirty dishes from the rooms. I am taking them to the kitchen now!" My face is getting hot and red from embarrassment.

My pale skin does not help. I cannot ever hide embarrassment from my face! At least my voice came right. I told myself, "*Calm down, Clara Black!*" Breathe!

"Interesting, I do not see a single dirty dish on that tray."

I cannot help myself; you are so silly, Clara! I wonder if I will change once my wolf wakes up. I hope she is wiser than me. But I will love her regardless of her personality. She is part of my soul already.

My wolf will wake up once I turn eighteen, just like everybody else in this world. Then I will talk to her, shift into a wolf and even find my mate, who is a precious gift granted by Moon Goddess.

I will become whole then... once I find my soulmate.

I decided to leave freshwater, a couple of pills, and some crackers on Mason's nightstand. It is for his hangover of tomorrow. He is at his farewell party now with the youngsters of the pack.

"Darling, you really do not need to do this... or any house chore. You know that." She took the tray from my hands, leaving it on a table in the corridor.

"Not an obligation, Luna." I blushed again. I am suddenly out of words. Gosh, my face burns more now!

My Luna sighed.

"Next week, my son will leave for Alpha's training and will be away for two years..." Her eyes are sad when thinking about the departure of her son, "one person less for you to take care here, darling."

Our Alpha did not want to through a party for Mason at the packhouse. Our Luna would be exhausted from all that work and chaos. So, the Young Alpha is outside somewhere else, drinking, dancing, and enjoying himself with his friends. All of them, offspring of the higher rank wolves of this pack. I was not invited. He does not mingle with any low-rank wolf, especially not omegas like me.

Since my mother was an omega, I am an omega, although my father was a Delta. A low-rank warrior of the pack who died during a rogue attack.

According to the rank system that rules the Kingdom of werewolves, high-rank wolves are Beta and Gamma and on top of the pyramid of power, the Alpha.

We all are born within a rank due to our wolves' aura. This system is known as the Trifecta.

Alphas are rare and precious to any pack. They are our center. We live in packs not only to survive but to develop. We need a center that gives us balance, structure, and order to overcome our animal side.

Beta wolves are strong but easily overpowered by any Alpha. Usually, betas would be second in command, and the gammas are third. Betas are reliable and calmer to balance and support their Alpha, while gammas are head warriors, powerful, and military strategists; some are bellicose like Alphas.

Wolves born into beta and gamma families have privileges close to what an Alpha has, besides respect.

Those are the ruling ranks of any pack. The support system and the base for our lives in the werewolf community.

Deltas are the smart guys. They are doctors, teachers, nurses, office employees. The educated ones, stronger than omegas but not a match for the other ranks. They are stuck in the middle.

Omegas are different. Our rank is at the end of the food chain in the werewolf world. We are empathic and very diverse. We come in all shapes, colors, and sizes. However, since we cannot stand up by ourselves, we do any manual work or service for all the other ranks in a pack.

We are just above humans, which is bad. Humans used to be prey for wolves and other creatures like witches, warlocks, werewolves, lycans, vampires, and even fairies.

There was even a war between the species for the supremacy of our world. However, the World Concilium happened, and all species agreed to live in peace.

I am the daughter of the late Head of omegas of the pack, and I live here under the protection of the Luna herself.

“My Luna, I enjoy helping, that is all.”

We have had this conversation many times, I do not see the point of talking here in the corridor, outside of Mason’s bedroom. He is not coming but still!

“I appreciate the effort, but I am training you to be independent, not the help. It is for your own benefit, darling. You can have a career or start a family... your wish.”

Luna Michelle wants me to study and become a doctor, a nurse, or a teacher instead of assuming more responsibilities at the packhouse.

“I am happy to take care of everyone here. It is not a big deal to wash dishes or do any house chores. I am not a kid anymore, Luna!”

I have time to decide what I want to do. Besides, volunteering at the pack’s hospital will help me resolve it. I know I am fortunate to have Luna Michelle’s support. I just need to finish high school to be who I want to be.

“Oh! When did my little girl grow up so much?” Luna Michelle almost squeezes me in a mama bear hug. I giggled loudly.

She is like a mother to me. After my mother’s death, she took care of me. I was around six when it happened.

“But I know what you were doing, again taking care of Mason! Darling, he will not see your worth if you keep making things so easy for him.” She placed a strand of my black hair behind my hair.

I think my hair is too long, maybe I should cut it. I sure get distracted easily!

“Luna, it is nothing. I just want to help a little.” My face gets redder, I know it should have the same color as my Luna’s hair. I know I am pouting now. “I do not have any other intention but help.”

There it goes my statement about being a big girl now. Do not judge me! I am only fifteen! Well, I will turn sixteen in two weeks, and I will be very mature by then. Yeah, for sure!

Indeed, I just wanted to help because I admire Mason.

The Young Alpha wakes up at five in the morning every day for training. He studies more after regular classes and has a schedule full of additional classes plus extra-curricular activities. It has always been this way since he was a pup.

There are great expectations from Mason as the son of the Alpha of the Blood Moon pack. His father is the most feared Alpha ever known, while his mother is a relative of the Alpha King.

Nevertheless, he has never disappointed his father... or anyone. Mason passed all the tests and has the highest score among all soon-to-be Alphas of the Kingdom. But nothing is free. He works very hard for all of his achievements and rewards.

Alpha James adds a lot of weight on Mason’s shoulders but never recognizes him as he should. I feel that is what Mason is looking for from him.

Suddenly, Luna Michelle looks right into my eyes with tenderness and a sweet smile to say something I did not see coming.

"I honestly hope you are his fated mate, darling. You would be so good for him, but I just do not know if he would be good for you." Her eyes went in the direction of where his mate's office is. I am not sure what she is thinking, but there is so much sadness in her eyes.

"He is so lost in his father's teachings to appreciate you... or anything else beyond training and alliances to be strong." She adds. There is so much kindness in her eyes.

"How can an omega be paired with an Alpha, Luna? I am an omega! I am nothing for him." However, my heart flutters with hope. But it suddenly drops when I remember that Mason has always wanted a she-wolf of a high rank as a mate. He has big dreams for himself and the pack.

I know Luna Michelle loves me like a daughter, but omegas mate only with omegas. There is no way I would be Mason's mate.

"Don't talk about yourself like that. I forbid you!" She narrowed her eyes at me again.

Mason has the most beautiful eye color. Aqua blue eyes make my heart run wild when he looks at me without really seeing me.

Higher-rank wolves like Betas or Gammas, not to say Alphas, were never mated to omegas. If the case, there would be a high risk of rejection. Our Moon Goddess would not want dead omegas of a broken heart, right?

The pain of rejection is real. It is well known.

There is a wing in the hospital for rejected wolves, and guess what... most of them omegas! Rejected omegas hardly survive it. Deltas reject omegas without any consideration if they are mated.

I hope I am paired with a kind omega, or delta willing to accept me as my father accepted my mother.

"Clara, you do not know much about werewolf's history, do you? King Klaus the First had an omega as a fated mate! I think her name was Adara."

"I have never heard of such a thing at school. I can show you my history book."

"It is true! There was a Luna Queen who was an omega just like you. Our King's great grandmother! I will ask that book from the Royal Pack!"

My jaw dropped to the floor, astonished by her revelation. I honestly did not know about that.

What are they teaching in schools these days? There is a lot of bullying towards omegas for being low-rank, and to think that one of us was Luna Queen is really a blown mind. We are considered weaklings and powerless!

"True to be told, everything is focused on the great achievements of Alphas, not much about other ranks. No females of any rank." I said.

And now that I think more about this, there is no record of any female contribution in our werewolf history. Not even from any Beta, Gamma, or Delta female, not just us Omegas. Once again, I got distracted by this thought and got upset.

My dear Luna sighs and rests her right arm on my shoulders with affection. She looks tired now. It is too late for her to be up. I hugged her waist with one arm supporting her weight as we keep walking towards her room slowly. She is not doing well today.

"I am sorry for being a weak Luna. I should have done something about how omegas are treated here. Things would be better for you if I were..." I see the sorrow in her pale face and something that looks like regret.

My Luna is exceptional and would be very strong if it were not for the Vampire attack years ago when she lost her unborn baby, and I lost my mother. Many werewolves lost their lives in that attack.

"You are doing something! Our tea-time is what I expect every Friday afternoon. I am so grateful for what you do for us omegas." Tea-time is our secret code for training!

No females can train in this pack. Somehow females being able to defend themselves is offensive for our males. That is one of the most absurd rules established by Alpha James, although it is a tradition in our Kingdom. So, our rebel Luna trains a group of omegas in secret with help from our Beta female, Gabriela.

We do not call it training; it is tea-time for ladies. Nowadays, lots of omegas in the packhouse can hide their scents. The perfect skill to hide from predators.

Stupid rules!

"Not enough..." she sighs while petting my head, softly. She knows I am bullied at school and gives me that sweet smile of her, anything that she teaches me for self-defense is useful.

"You take care of me. I cannot ask for more!" And I give her an electrifying big smile to cheer her up.

"Sweet talker, you have that in common with Mason. He is good with words. Be careful!" I smile, but I do not look at her.

Mason plainly ignores my existence, although we live under the same roof. It is a hard thing to do, but he accomplishes it successfully.

Fun fact, we used to be good friends when we were children, I am not sure what happened, but he stopped being my friend. Still hurts something; fortunately, I have my best friend, my sister, the butter of my bread... Angel.

Luna Michelle is tired.

Her mate should be here with her, she needs him, but he is so obsessed with power and is missing the most important thing in the life of a werewolf... his gift from Moon Goddess herself. His mate, his Luna.

On my way to my room, I looked at the Alpha's office. He is busy reading reports, analyzing strategies, and paying absolutely no interest in his surroundings.

I know Alpha James adores my Luna. He just does not express it conventionally... that is what she says. I want to believe her, I guess.

I better go to sleep now and wake up early to pick up the tray and any mess around Mason's room. I want to avoid the scolds from Rose if she finds anything out of place. She can be very loud about it.

Rose is the Head of Omegas of our Packhouse currently; I like to support her, too.

Our packhouse is the home for two hundred and fifty people with extra fifty rooms to fit guests comfortably.

It is a big, modern, white building with all commodities and luxuries that a mansion has. Among those, a big pool, a tennis field, saunas, a home theater, and others spaces to satisfy the needs of our werewolves. It is stylish, comfortable, and huge!

There are also houses of different styles and sizes in the whole territory in small communities for werewolf families. Mostly non-mated werewolves live in the packhouse if their application is successful.

We hold one of the biggest territories in the north of the werewolf kingdom, and I am proud to be a member of the Blood Moon Pack. We have schools, an orphanage, a fully equipped hospital, an Olympic pool for competitions, a stadium for sports competitions, and other public spaces showing how well the Alpha takes care of his wolves.

Our Blood Moon pack is one of the three top packs in the werewolf kingdom. We have had no attacks in so many years since our Alpha trains this pack like an army. Rogues or rebel vampires here and there are caught by patrols.

I understand and appreciate our Alpha's efforts, we have bloomed under his leadership, yet his perspective needs some adjustment. His mate needs more of his time, but what does a teenager like me know about this. So, I just keep it to myself.

Later, I found myself dreaming about running my hands into Mason's dark hair while looking into those aqua blue eyes adorned by thick, long eyelashes. His gaze haunts my dreams.

I am totally awake now. Mason will have the chance to meet Alpha's daughters in the Academy. Maybe one of them might be his fated mate. They are high-rank werewolves, future leaders, gorgeous smart models, and all training to be Lunas.

I sound bitter, but I am bitter about this. Since I am an omega, I do not even stand a chance to apply to this kind of elite school. Female omegas are not even allowed to train for Moon Goddess' sake!

However, now that I think more about it, the title they receive bothers me. Why are they not called young female Alpha? Too long for a title? Instead, they are called Alpha's daughters. I should investigate more about this. Because Alpha's sons are called Young Alphas. Why does it not apply to females?

I am always like this, overthinking things I have no answer for and then get distracted by other thoughts like my training next Friday. Angel will join for the first time, and she will love it for sure.

The Simmons, parents of Angel, were very close to my mother, childhood friends I was told. Unfortunately, they joined this pack after her death but recognized me immediately. I am told I look a lot like my mother. I wished they did meet my father; I would love to have stories of him as well.

I cannot sleep thinking about Mason relentlessly. The day for him to leave is so close. My heart hurts, but I know it is for the best. My puppy love will die when he leaves to meet his Luna, his destiny.

Mason wants to be the kind of Alpha who protects us all. Our pack will be highly respected, less likely attacked by anyone. I support him in silence for that reason, too.

Since the tray outside his room is still bothering me, I went out of my room to get it. Now that I think about it, I might even have a glass of milk...

But is milk with some cookies, and since I will be in the kitchen... perhaps a bucket of ice cream? If I clean, then nobody will notice!

Suddenly, I am surrounded by a delicious scent. My waist is caged on iron, muscular arms; I cannot turn around. This embrace is tight, but I do not need to do it... I know this scent. It is Mason!

What? How? Why? My heart starts racing in my chest between surprise and excitement.

"You smell so good, omega," he whispered in my ear and buried his nose on the crook of my neck, removing my hair to touch my skin. He inhales my scent hardly. This is so...!

"Mason, what are you doing?" His breath is weird, and in general, his body odor this close is different. "You are not being yourself!" There is something more besides alcohol, but I am not sure of what it is. "Let me go!" Werewolves do not get drunk easily. How is he in this state?

I try to get away from him, but he begins to rub himself on me, and his hands began to move over my body roughly. I like him but not like this, not like this!

What is going on?

"You are always around me, omega; I notice your sweet scent lingering around me all the time." His hold on my waist is hurting me now. At first, I was excited by his touch, as something warm blossomed inside my chest, but now I am getting scared.

"Stop this!" I yell as I try once more to get away from him with fear. "You are scaring me!" I cannot use my self-defense moves on him. He is Mason! Why is he acting so weird?

I remembered the metal tray on my hands, I took advantage as his hold lost a bit of pressure, and I hit his head with it as hard as I can.

Goal achieved! The surprise of the hit and the noise got him out of whatever he was drunk with.

His demeanor changed suddenly. Mason releases me and looks at me bewildered. He seems to be himself again, taking one step away from me, realizing it was really me.

"I am sorry Clara... I was at the party, having a good time... and then I began to feel weird..."

"You really scared me. You know?" I scolded him. I know I should not since his rank is higher than mine, but I am spoiled by my Luna, and I feel I should reprimand him for his behavior. Alcohol is not an excuse!

"But I am sorry I hit your head," I said as I notice a bruise forming on his forehead. Was it my doing?

"Oh no! I am so sorry Mason, there is no excuse! I should have not hit you!", I feel so bad he is hurt. My chest once again aches for him. I know he is a werewolf; he can take more than that and will heal fast, but I cannot help it. I feel awful. I want to cry.

He is so tall and looks so gorgeous at this moment, looking right into my eyes, the aqua blue of his eyes bewitched me.

Mason is very handsome, tall, muscular, with a strong masculine jaw and tempting lips.

He comes closer to me, grabs my right hand still, looking into my eyes, he leaned on me.

My heart skipped a beat as he gets closer, now seizing my face softly with both hands rubbing my cheeks with tenderness. He is so close that his breath is on my face. I think I am not breathing.

I cannot understand it; he is never like this. Mason ignores my presence all the time!

And then, without a word, approaching me slowly, he closes his eyes, and his lips land on mine in a sweet tender kiss. My first kiss!

Mason is kissing me now. The first kiss was sweet, but then more kisses rained on me. I closed my eyes as he kisses my lips and my cheeks, my nose. Am I dreaming? It does not matter, I kiss him back!

He holds me against him, and I just melt in his arms. He kisses me again more passionately this time, his tongue asks for entrance, and I grant his wish. How not to? This is also my wish, he is my dream, and this probably is a dream, too. There is no way this is happening in real life.

“Clara, my sweet omega...” he whispers when pulling away, and I am flustered, looking at him astonished. Can dreams come true?

Rejected Luna by True Limena Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Memories of youth

[Rejected Luna](#)

-Mason-

I have never drunk so much and so fast. The wine made by witches is amazing! One of their best creations for werewolves.

The inter-species alliance and agreements... thumbs up! We do not get drunk easily, but sure as hell, this thing helps. Best achievement ever, bitches!

I was having so much fun with my friends since it is a farewell party. Although, it is a bit sad for my group. I will leave the pack next week, but today... I party!

There are so many thirsty she-wolves on the dancefloor and around me, offering themselves to get laid. I am only eighteen, but I have had so much fun already with all the things offered to me. No effort needed, and no consequences either.

What can I say? I am attractive. A Young Alpha and the future leader of one of the strongest packs of werewolves in this Kingdom.

I know I sound cocky, but I am Mason Van Ryan.

Everything in this world is a competition, where the strongest is the best, and I am the best. I am the strongest!

I feel on top of the world right now. I got my wolf!

Jax is a terrific wolf; his fur is deep pure black. A pure breed wolf, dominant. We got along since the beginning and we both have the same goal, to become a legendary Alpha, take once and for all the number one position in the ranking. Nobody will ever mess with us.

I think I can potentially become King one day. The royal pack has not produced heirs. And at this moment, I am on the right path with the right credentials.

My mother is a relative of the King. And I got accepted to the Alpha's Academy with the highest score in the trials.

Maybe, my younger cousin Joshua Duncan could be a threat as we have similar backgrounds. Our mothers are twins, and his pack has the first position in the ranking. However, he is just a sixteen-year-old lazy pup who can hardly compare with me.

Regardless, I cannot let my guard down. No one is going to steal my future.

Carter, my Gamma, and future third in command put some fairy dust as a topping on my drink and then added some on his own. I think he said it will enhance my wolf strength. Whatever, I am in the mood for everything and anything right now!

Jax deserves to enjoy this as much as I do. He deserves to get wasted as I am. It is our reward.

The music plays, and my body moves at the rhythm of the beats. The lights waver, and I move in synchrony.

It is hard for wolves to get drunk, but this drink is definitely helping. I like beer, but wine has a sweeter after-taste than I enjoy. Nevertheless, I have had so many drinks that I am not sure anymore of anything!

However, five minutes later, I got a weird feeling. It seems like a tingling on my skin that I could not shake out. Jax got the kick of the drink too.

Jax went silent. Suddenly I feel very annoyed at everyone here. Those females are not interesting anymore. I want them to stop touching me.

Looking around, Carter was making out with some chick in a corner, while Liam, my beta, had another two dancing for him. They were almost naked. When did things get to this level? Well, I guess all these are part of the perks of being high-rank wolves. A lot of things come effortlessly to us.

I do not have a clear mind. The only thing that matters is my reputation. It cannot be tainted. There is a lot of wolves, even from other packs as well.

Damn! Jax is not helping. He is now howling excitedly.

The itch in my body is getting worse. I need to scratch this anxiety somehow, but I do not know what to do.

Home. I should go home!

Jax wags his tail. It is confusing... My instinct tells me to go back home. I will take a shower or something.

A female began to walk towards me, wagging her hips seductively, and I know what she wants. I know her. She is Sky. She is Carter's cousin.

She has been annoying me since we took each other's virginity two years ago. I do not want to mess up again with her, she is not a bad girl, but her dream to become my Luna is pathetic. I hate those who beg. Pathetic! It makes me despise them even more!

Sky is a gamma as her family. Her credentials are high, just not high enough to be my Luna.

We both know we are not mates, which makes me happy. I know what I want, and it is not her.

I do not even let her get close to me, leaving the group without caring if I was rude to them.

I think she tried to grab my arm because the next thing I remember, Jax is growled.

Even though I am not the Alpha of the pack yet, other wolves can feel my aura. It is powerful and difficult to control when I get mad, more so when Jax feels the same as I do.

She-wolves look at me with lust again, impressed by my aura. It is a promise of violence from my wolf. A scary predator, radiating pure power, making other creatures whimper in fear, and

females with desire.

Once more, I have this weird sensation. What the hell did I drink? I do not feel like myself right now.

Jax is restless and tries to surface, but I do not understand why.

Fortunately, I am strong enough to keep him under control despite not being completely sober.

The best I can do in this state is walk back home, disregarding everyone in this party. I will deal with my conduct later.

Image, image, image, Mason! Put your act together! I need to walk in a straight line.

Carter and Liam approached me, trying to convince me to stay. They said the party will be over once I leave. I hate their disrespect and release my aura for everyone to shut up and let me go without a fuss.

Alphas are genetically unique in everything, exceptional brutal killing machines. Even before getting our wolves, we are stronger, and our aura is sensed.

We also are typically competitive, aggressive, dominant, and territorial. It is part of our nature, that is why we train, to get better control over our natural instincts and beast to be more powerful.

However, Alphas do not rule alone. Any Alpha needs a counterpart, a Luna. An anchor... A strong Luna who secures our lineage with pups, heirs to inherit the pack leadership. Males.

There can be opponents who can challenge an Alpha for the position of leader and take over the pack. Some might even challenge you for your mate. There is no way for me to allow something like that to happen to me.

I am getting sick of the pathetic act Sky is giving me, looking for my attention, getting in my way. I pushed her away so many times.

I did not mean to hook up with her in the past. Sky was just there. She knows we made a mistake while drunk. And I do not want her to gossip about me. After that, I am careful, and I chose more discrete females for my urges.

My reputation as one of the most promising young alphas in the Kingdom is what matters to me. I have worked very hard for my accomplishments, but I need to release the stress somehow when training is not enough. A male is a male.

The fresh air calmed my skin while walking to the packhouse.

Jax seems more than eager to get back home. I need to look composed on my way. The pub is within walking distance, ten maybe fifteen minutes. It is late, but I know there are eyes on me.

I am never alone because I have Jax, but I can block him if needed. We are a great team. I just need space sometimes.

The only thing Jax and I do not have an agreement on is around our mate. We will be complete once we find her. However, my goal is to be Alpha by my twenties, and if I need to pick a chosen mate to achieve it, I will. Jax might not want to, but he also wants more power.

I want the daughter of an Alpha as Luna. Someone with Alpha blood, pure breed like me. A true-born Luna. I will not settle for anything less than that.

Once mated and marked, a Luna can be your death. You would just naturally follow her to her grave. That is why I need someone who takes care of herself. The Luna is the strength and the weakness for any Alpha, therefore, the pack.

Suddenly, Clara Black comes to my mind. My mother keeps throwing her precious pet at me... to get to know her, she said. That friendship with her would make me a better leader, better human, a better wolf. As if! My mother is not well after losing my baby sister.

Clara is the daughter of Silvia. She died protecting my mother during a vampire attack. I think my mother feels guilty about it. And Clara has milked that guilt way too long for me to like it.

Furthermore, she does not know her place as the rest of the omegas. Clara does not lower her gaze to anyone. She respects, but I do not feel her submit ever, not even to me. I find that very irritating.

I hardly remember Silvia or anything related to her death nor the day of the attack but I do remember my mother being pregnant and her pain after losing my sister. Another reason to be the strongest, so nobody would ever mess up with my pack or my family.

I also remember my father scouting our territory and beyond to hunt down those who killed our pack members and his baby. They died on his hands at our dungeons after days of torture.

My parents changed after such a loss. The interaction I remember between them changed a lot. Father is distant, and mother silent. No one complains about it. It is what it is.

The venom of the vampires almost killed my mother. Despite the potions and efforts from the doctors, her wolf is sick and cannot heal her as any other wolf. Clara takes advantage of it, convincing her that she would be a good chosen mate for me. Never!

My poor dear mother even told me that I would be blessed if my mate were Clara, a gift from Moon Goddess! A weak omega as a gift? What a joke! She is small, thin, with hardly any curves, and above all powerless. Omega!

I am not tempted by the omega. There are plenty of she-wolves prettier for entertainment and even from higher ranks.

For no reason, Jax displayed on my head her long black hair, an oval face, and those plump lips, her rosy cheeks... Her eyes are hazel, but on sunny days it seems like a pool of honey. I have noticed that there are sparks of gold when she is mad. Alright, she is not ugly. She is cute, not a sexy wolf I am used to. But I think her eyes as very pretty.

Wait, what am I doing thinking about her? She is not worth any of my thoughts.

My wolf is restless while we get closer to the packhouse, "Hurry up, human!"

I ended up rushing inside without my will. My legs just moved. "Damn, Jax. Calm down!"

A delicious scent lingering on the entrance of the packhouse gets to me, it is almost gone, but I follow it as in a trance upstairs. It is sweet honey and fresh oranges.

I know this smell... I know who the owner is, but I cannot resist this sudden urge. I saw her back facing me. She did not notice my presence.

I am acting like a predator right now; I have even hidden my scent before approaching her. She is my prey...

What?

The sense of smell is weak in omegas. Clara did not notice me.

"All omegas are weak," I thought to myself.

It is useless to hide my scent. But Jax got mad and growled at me for this thought.

"What? Jax, you think the same!" He seems confused as well but still fixed on his prey. Our prey.

Suddenly, my arms are no longer my arms. Jax took control of my body. I cannot fight him, but worst... I do not want to resist him either. I feel that this tingling on my skin needs her touch.

I hugged her waist, startling her while burrowing my nose on the crook of her neck, inhaling her scent deeper.

"It feels so good," Jax says in my head, and I cannot do anything else but agree with him.

"You smell so good, omega..." those words came out of my mouth as a whisper on her ear, smelling her scent. Her skin is so warm I almost feel sparks. "Amazing," my wolf told me, being stronger than me at this moment. I cannot complain... it f*****g is amazing.

The itching in my body recedes as I hold her closer to me, my body covering hers, I began rubbing on her, and it feels marvelous.

I smelled her fear. There was also a hint of something else before... excitement.

Clara tried to get away from my hold, for some unknown reason, I cannot stop myself... I cannot let her go.

Her fear gets stronger. My mind is not working well. My body craves for hers. What is going on? f**k! Jax!

"Mason, what are you doing?... You are not being yourself!... Let me go!" She hisses, trying to release herself weakly.

Clara is weak, I need to remember that, but somehow, I cannot fight Jax. He noticed her around, taking care of us discretely.

"You are always around me, omega; I notice your sweet scent lingering around me all the time, Those are words from Jax. He is aroused while holding Clara.

"Stop this, Jax!" I screamed at him while I feel like I am being pushed behind my own mind. He does not listen to me; I am losing against him, and I hate it.

I know Clara has feelings for me, and I avoid her like the plague all the time because of that. I thought that ignoring her will show her place, but now her rightful place is in my arms. I am enjoying this myself too much already!

Clara is almost sixteen and my mother's pet. Miss Good Two Shoes has always been annoying as hell, but for some reason, my body does not want to let her go tonight. Jax is responsible for this. I pushed to gain control again. I must release her; someone might see us.

At the thought of letting her go, my wolf gets crazy in my head. I got pushed again as my hands began to act on their own.

I am there, and it is me, but I am not the owner of what I am doing. Her fear is increasing. This is not right!

"Jax! Jax, listen to me! She is getting frightened!" I tried once more. We do not need trouble.

"Stop this! You are scaring me!" She yelled, and I gain some control over my body.

Finally, Jax is getting back to be himself.

I got enough control over him to lose a bit on my hold, and it was enough for her to smash my head with a metal tray she had on her hands.

Jax gave me control back.

Did she have that tray all along? I did not notice it before. Well, I was too focused on something else. Rooms are soundproof in the packhouse, so no one came out despite the noise.

It does not really hurt. The noise the metal did when impacting on my head and then on the floor helped me to snap out of my previous state. I feel more myself now. Although, I still feel weird in front of Clara.

I am as surprised as she is at this moment.

She turned to face me as I took a few steps away. I began to apologize and explain myself, but she interrupted me.

I have no idea what she just said. Her eyes took my breath away. How is it that they look so beautiful tonight? Was she pretty like this all the time?

There is a brief silence as lock gazes. Then, she noticed my forehead. It stings a little. It is not painful. I have had it so much worse when fighting rogues at the borders during patrols. This is nothing, but she sees it and looks at me with such emotion that moves something deep inside of me and Jax.

I know she is apologizing to me now but this feeling that took over my body against my will resurges stronger in a different way.

I took a step closer and leaned on her for a kiss. This time Jax and I are leaning on her. We want her lips... I have never felt like this before.

Clara looks so vulnerable, looking at me with those big eyes. I am melting in the pool of honey of her eyes. I take her hand in mine as I pull her impossibly closer to me.

Clara can reject this kiss. I move slow enough, so she can run away from me, but she does not. I grabbed her face and rubbed her cheeks softly. She is blushing, she is not leaving, and Jax is happy. His happiness is making my heart run wild.

Crushing my lips on hers gives me the most amazing feeling I have ever felt. The contact with her lips blows my mind. I hugged her closer to me, and I kiss her lips one more time. Then, her cheeks and her nose. It is small and cute; she is warm and soft.

As I kiss her, a fire ignites in my chest and expands on my body. This kiss is not soft because I need more of her. I need to taste her. I want to explore her mouth, and she allowed me in.

She is sweet as I expected and amazes me that her inexperienced kisses are pleasing me more than anyone else ever did.

Then, I feel something on my chest... her little hands made into fists are pushing me away from her. She needs to breathe.

Jax is more relaxed, and I am better but hot.

I did not notice while kissing her, but I have pressed her back against a wall with all my body, right next to my bedroom door.

To clear my head, I pulled away from her.

After this small make-out session, I feel more like myself, as if I have just drunken an antidote from her lips for whatever that freaking s**t I was given earlier. I think I was drugged. I am going to beat up Carter.

“Clara, my sweet omega...” I said, breathing heavily, still intoxicated by her lips and her scent. I took a breath of clean air to clear my head and my hormones.

I had to take some steps away – I need air without her scent- getting away from her will help me.

She is young, and she is Clara! The annoying Clara! The weak omega!

Under the current circumstances, and by what I can tell from her smell, I think I can take her to my bed now. Jax is quiet but feels offended by the idea. Yeah, probably it is a bad idea since my mother adores her.

“j***t!” Jax yelled to me.

The Luna would kill me, and Clara is still young too, probably a virgin or who knows. I do not want to get involved. It is better to leave it like this. I have enough crazy females chasing me for the title of Luna to add my mother’s pet, too.

“Mason...” she whispers, looking at me with shining eyes, her heart pounded like a drum.

It is better to break the bubble for her at once. This is one-time only that should never be mentioned because it will never happen again.

“This never happened, ok?” I winked an eye at her.

“Bad combination of drinks. Remember to avoid drinking too much when you grow up,” I said.

I know I look composed and calm on the outside. However, my wolf is a mess.

I can almost hear her heart while breaking after my words; her hazel honey eyes look at me in disbelief. I feel a sting on my chest and my wolf howls, but I dismissed it immediately. He is acting so weird.

Honestly, I do not want her to follow me anymore with cookies, milk, or any other thing she bakes, cooks, or whatever she does. She does those little things, those little details here and there around me, and it annoys

the hell out of me.

Jax is worn out. How is that possible?

“What is going on, pal?” I asked him. No response from him.

Clara has her personal agenda to be my Luna, and my mother supports her due to her guilt. Regardless, I am not going to settle with anything less but an Alpha’s daughter.

She blushed furiously, and I can see anger building inside of her now. Clara tightens her jaw and clenched her fists.

I like better this fire in her than the pain in her eyes, the golden sparks on her eyes, when she is mad, are there again.

"I do not understand what you are talking about." She picked up the tray from the floor, raising her chin stubbornly.

"I was just on my way to the kitchen." And she leaves me there with a strange feeling. I wanted to go after her and grab her, kiss her again senseless.

Stupid drug!

I looked at her figure while leaving.

Clara Black can be a lot of things, but one thing is for sure... she has some pride.

She will not let me see her hurt by my words. Good, she can move on and get away from me. About the freaking time! I have years running away from those puppy eyes and her tenderness.

Jax is not talking to me. He seems to be confused and hurt.

"What is going on?" I wondered myself, caressing my lower lip with my thumb.

Anyway, who cares about what a weak, low-rank omega like her feels? I am an Alpha. I will lead the Blood Moon pack to be the strongest pack of this Kingdom, and I will do that with a strong Luna by my side.

I am sure Moon Goddess has granted me an Alpha's daughter as a mate. My mate will be my equal... Never an omega.

Jax whispers something but fell asleep, which is weird. I think that drink messed us up badly. I will have to find out more about it.

Next week I will be attending an elite school for my training and once I find my fated mate or chosen mate, I will forget about those females I ever hooked up with, and that long list includes Clara Black now.