

Rejected Luna by True Limena Chapter 2

-Josh-

(Two years after Mason left to study at the Alpha's Academy)

I am the only son of the Alpha and Luna of the Silver Rain pack. However, my mother confiscated my phone, forbidding me to play any of my favorite games or contact my friends. I am eighteen with an Alpha wolf, but my mother still grounded me!

Besides not being allowed to bring any good book with me for this trip, I was told to reflect on my actions when I did nothing wrong. I am so bored right now; my parents are so unfair. Life sucks!

As we traveled from our territory to Blood Moon, I enjoyed the scenery. The territories of werewolves are green, open areas with thick forests, close to lakes, lagoons, or rivers; some lucky packs even have access to the sea, like Silver Rain. Werewolves love nature.

Moon Goddess lives in all living things. We do not have churches or priests as humans do; it was forbidden by the first King. The legends said Moon Goddess ordered him to avoid such a thing.

Our faith is practiced according to our own conscience. Our lives are ruled by the King, and the Alpha of each pack.

By my window, I see the changes in the scenery. I was forced to come to visit our relatives of Blood Moon. More specifically, my mother wants me to visit my dear older cousin Mason, "the golden boy", for a pep talk. I wish I can roll my eyes at that; I just can frown. My mother, the Luna of Silver Rain, is scary.

Mason just finished his studies at the Alpha's Academy -with honors- and is freaking perfect on everything. I am told that I should be more like him. That I should follow his example due to my lineage... I hate the constant comparisons between us since pups.

We are very different; it is not only that I am blond while he has black hair; or that Mason has tan skin while mine is pale. I am not the muscular type, while Mason is built like a wardrobe since childhood.

I must clarify, I hate training.

I train, but I do not enjoy it, and I would never do more than needed. My body is not my best feature. I think my true appeal relies on my silver-grey eyes, the same color as my mother's.

My mother is a distant relative of the current King. That is enough to give me a headache because it raises expectations hard to meet. I receive invitations constantly to competitions and contests that I do not care about. Those are not even real challenges. At least, I do not feel that they are, so I do not participate.

Blood Moon and my pack, Silver Rain, had led the ranking of werewolves since... ever. The Council of Elders evaluates things like territory, strength, wealth, warriors, and population to establish the positions in the ranking. We beat any pack on those aspects, easily.

Mason and I are the future leaders of the biggest and strongest packs in our Kingdom. However, while Mason is known as the most promising Alpha, I am known as the Lazy Alpha from Silver Rain.

Mason is freaking competitive, while I would even avoid a spelling bee. He is vicious in combats, especially on a one-to-one, while I prefer to solve it by talking. Why should I get physical? I will win...

Alright, Alphas are aggressive, and competitions are a way to release such aggressiveness. Since I do not have that in me, I do not need to participate in any competition. Period. Mason can have it.

Fortunately, Alastair, my wolf, has a personality like mine. I think we are mature and calmer. I am definitely not like an average Young Alpha.

Even though I have not figured myself out yet, I know I am an old soul tired of everything.

However, I am my parents' son, and I am very much aware that I will receive the title of Alpha, one day. It still far from now, and if possible, I would want to push it a little more within the law.

Once we reach the rightful age to assume our roles, they will take over as second and third in command, respectively. Marcus and gamma Allen can do the work without me.

They are my good friends. They got my back, and it is in their best interest to do it well. I am not an i***t; I have analyzed this already.

The Silver Rain Pack is the strongest; we have the number one in the ranking since... ever. Although, I am not entirely sure why the ranking is so important for werewolves. Even my father brags a little about this title.

Damn!

I miss my territory. I was dragged here because of something so stupid. It is not even my fault!

There is so much pressure on me since birth, and my parents are too harsh on me!

What is the point of training, competing, winning? What for? Reputation? We already have number one; we are wealthy, and life is good. So what?

I do not get it. And my wolf is silent.

As we get closer to the border, my mom looks in my direction with a frown on her face. I am frowning, too.

Luna of my heart, you are very unfair with this Young Alpha! Your own son!

“Josh, you can make all the ugly faces you want. But I am doing this for your own good and our pack’s sake. Besides, you would want your mate to be proud of you when you meet her.”

I am called lazy, but it is because I prefer to keep expectations low. Fakes walk away as they think I am not important, and I like it that way.

I want to live an easy life and play dumb, but my parents do not leave my case!

Despite all my flaws, I am not a player. I am a lot of things, but not that. Although, “the incident” on my birthday did not help my image before my parents’ eyes or others back home.

Once again, I am innocent as not guilty, but I am not naïve neither stupid. There are plenty of lustful and greedy wolves ready to jump on me for money, power, or influence. Those are way too easy to read. I can see across fake smiles, poses, and pretty words.

I consider myself intelligent enough to notice pretenses even when some are better than others; unfortunately, this knowledge comes from painful experiences in our family.

There is so much backstabbing at the top of the ladder. Attempts to murder or seduction on my father, filtration of information, robberies, intervention in conflicts, among others.

Nevertheless, my parents have each other for anything. They are affectionate and have a great relationship. Despite hearing so much about my future fated mate, I just do not see myself like that with anyone.

My parents said my mate would change me forever, and I would regret my stupid actions. I am no saint, but not a player either! I have nothing to be ashamed of.

I have felt lust in the past, but I have never been in love with anyone, and I am sure nobody felt in love with me.

Anyways, about "the incident" that cause this trip, I am innocent.

Maybe they are right on one thing. That I should care a little for my reputation for the sake of my future mate. The incident will make me look bad.

Currently, I feel perfectly complete and happy with my life as it is. Do not get me wrong, I hope I find my mate someday; but I would love it if that were to happen in the long distant future.

Alastair -my wolf- wants to know his mate already. He says it will be the best feeling ever and nothing compares to be with that one who completes us. I am curious but in no hurry. I do not want the title of my father any time soon.

Since I am the legitimate heir of the pack, I just have to mark and mate with my soulmate, my Luna, at eighteen.

If there is no Luna, our law allows the Young Alpha to ascend and take the title at twenty-five. Sole Alphas are rare, but sometimes an old Alpha needs to retire.

However, the pack can resent the absence of a Luna. It is a mother figure for them and probably,

even more than that. An Alpha and Luna are gravitational centers of a pack, all working in a "perfect system", the trifacta.

My mate can take all the time she wants before showing up in my life. I would gladly wait for her, travel a little, and enjoy myself until then.

Unfortunately, I think I will not be allowed to do so. It will be a battle with my mother where my father will take her side... That is life in my household. I frowned again.

"We are getting close. Joshua Duncan, you better change that expression in your face; you do not want to see MY angry face," she emphasized the word "my".

I wish I can roll my eyes at her the way she does at my father, but I know better. The incident happened on my last birthday, and she is way too mad at me to reply without a backlash from her.

On my recent eighteenth birthday, I found two females in my room that morning. I was just getting out of the shower with a towel wrapped around my waist when I saw them laying on my bed... naked!

I was shocked! And just when they began to approach me with lust in their eyes, my mother walked in, followed by my father. My parents misunderstood the situation, as can be expected.

I did not even touch them. I am innocent as the day I was born, but the hell of the scolding I received! And this is my punishment! Meet my cousin, Mason, the perfect boy Van Ryan!

The females were sent to the detention center as they were already eighteen, and my father punished them with a heavy fine.

My mother would have ripped their hearts out or vanish them from the pack, but she decided to be more civil in the end. Just to preserve some of my image and reputation.

We could have arrived faster to Blood Moon if we came on our wolf's form, but we need to follow protocols of security. We must stop the convoy at the border, inform our presence with the patrol, and wait again for permission to pass deep in the territory. Then, again waiting in the entrance for formal greetings, where the pack's leaders will welcome us. We are high-rank wolves.

Once at Blood Moon, our guards covered our flanks before we could step out of our SUV. It is a security measure in case of a sudden attack.

Blood Moon wolves stood in their positions close to their Luna.

It is really annoying all this etiquette; they already knew we were coming today.

Such a waste of time!

Besides, the previous procedure for us to come here was a pain in the ass. We have six guards with special training with us. Garrick, a strong gamma warrior, is the team leader.

My father takes our safety seriously, especially my mother's. He could have sent a small army, but my mother refused and threatened to stay here for a month if he did so. It would have been a waste of resources and our werewolves' time.

We meet Luna Michelle in front of the packhouse which is a beautiful and modern building. Although, it is too white for my liking. As we approach her, I can remember my aunt from the times I used to come for a visit.

Luna Michelle looks thinner than in my memories and is leaning on a small girl. She is wearing a short floral stamped dress.

The Luna of Blood Moon has a big smile on her face when she sees my mother. Then I remembered... my aunt was attacked by vampires many years ago. My mother has been in contact with her at first, but the visits stopped... not sure why.

I have not seen my cousin and his family for years.

Both Lunas hugged each other with teary eyes. They are identical twins, although not so alike due to obvious health issues visible in their appearances.

My aunt looks fragile.

Besides, their personalities cannot be more different. Luna Michelle seems reserved and diplomatic, while my mother is very outspoken and straightforward without measuring the consequences.

Some could even feel offended by my mother's words, but she can get away with it all. My father would rip someone's throat if looking at her the wrong way. So dramatic about her all the time. She can do that by herself!

"You have grown so much, Josh! And soon you will be going to the Alpha's Academy!" Luna Michelle hugged me. Her eyes and voice are sincere.

She thinks it is a gift to go there, while for me, it is a punishment. Once again, my life sucks!

I did not get high grades to get my spot in the academy. Why the effort when I know I am already accepted? Any young alpha is already in.

Aunt Michelle smells like roses and sweet cream, while my mother smells like lemongrass with a soft note of vanilla. She keeps her long red hair in a bun, while my mom has short pink hair. Last month, it was blue. Changes are the only constant with her.

After our greetings as relatives, I paid more attention to the girl in a floral dress. She has long black shiny hair covering her shoulders in soft waves. Her scent is delicate, and despite the distance from each other, I can smell it.

She has a small nose, full lips, and rosy cheeks in perfect harmony on her soft oval face, but the most memorable thing about her whole appearance... her eyes. Big hazel eyes with long eyelashes. She was biting her thumb's nail and released it when she noticed my gaze.

Out of the air, someone smacked the back of my head, and I yelped.

"Ouch, mother!" Only my mother would have done that anywhere. So embarrassing and in front of the cute girl!

"Pay attention, Josh!" I rubbed my head; I cannot believe her! It was all a misunderstanding, and she is still mad at me. I replied again on our mind link that

I am innocent. She can tell! There was no other scent not on me! Yet, she does not listen. What am I not seeing in this whole incident?

"It is nice to see you, Clara. You have grown so much... and you look so much like Silvia." My mother approached the girl and hugged her, too.

The girl blushes and smiles.

"Nice to see you again, Luna Margaret. Thank you for your compliment... I love to hear I look like my mother." The cute girl has a pretty voice too.

"Now, follow Clara to leave your bags in your room." My mother orders me without consideration.

I can sense the eyes of the wolves of this pack on me. I am sure Mason will be reported every action... and interaction.

"Maggie, our omegas can carry the bags. Just leave them there. No need to impose that on your Alpha son." My aunt said.

"Misha darling, I cannot allow that. He is lazy enough back at home. He is strong, Alpha blood and all. He can carry a couple of small bags to the guest's room." She says to her sister smiling and then looks at me.

I see her mischievous smile. My mom would not allow my aunt to spoil me.

Is my cousin a spoiled brat? I laughed at this idea. My mother saw my smirk and misunderstood it.

"Yes, honey. You will carry my bags to my room, too. Now, follow Clara since she is your guide while I have some tea with my sister." My smile dropped.

My Luna looks at me, and I know I should follow her orders. My Alpha blood wants to rebel! I will do it at my own pace, mother. Slowly!

Luna Michelle smiles politely; I think I missed a part of their conversation while looking -maybe staring is a more accurate word- at the girl. I think my aunt noticed that because she cleared her throat before our introduction.

"Josh, this is Clara Black. Clara, this is my nephew, Joshua. Probably, you do not remember each other. It has been so long since we were all together like this! Please, Clara, lead the way for him to the guest's rooms."

Both Lunas walked into the packhouse while talking and laughing. They look close despite being away for so long. I am sure my mom will tell her what a bad player I am, while precious Mason never gives anyone a hard time. Damn!

I am so bitter being here! I will hate every minute of being here.

Clara looked at me with curiosity and approached me slowly. She is tiny compared to me.

"I think we are around the same age. It is just the height and well her baby face," Alastair told me, giving me a wolfie smile. He was silent before.

She offers me her hand to shake, and I extended mine to feel her soft hand. It tickled me, but she was unaffected.

Fresh oranges and honey... Her scent caught my senses from far, but at this distance, I feel drawn to her.

Clara blushed and giggled because it took me an extra second to release her hand. Her rosy cheeks match the pink flowers on her dress. She is so cute... Her eyes shine despite looking shy before me.

"Nice meeting you, Joshua," She says and smiles gently at me.

I do not remember her at all. I have some memories of my stupid cousin Mason, but hardly any of her... I would remember a beauty like her!

"Nice meeting you too, Clara, but you can call me Josh. Everyone does, so you can do it, too. You know, call me Josh. Just Josh." I am the one blushing now. Damn blond genetics, I get red immediately. What kind of player could I ever be with this face?

"Alright, just Josh."

There is something very special about this girl. I just cannot put my finger on what it is. Interesting!

Clara looks behind my back at my wolves, and I turned in that direction. She also introduced herself to them, welcoming them here. Our six wolves introduced themselves to her as well. Then two females approached our group out of nowhere. We did not sense them this close.

Garrick, the team leader, gets into a defensive position since he did not feel their presence but, neither did I, for what matters.

I am a young Alpha... I have a strong sense of smell and hearing due to my wolf, Alastair. What the hell?

The aura of Garrick can scare these omegas, including Clara. I do not want to scare her.

"Garrick, do not worry. We are in friendly territory." I told him. As I thought, the two omegas took a couple of steps back, away from us. Garrick composed himself, and the others followed his example.

Clara does not seem to be affected. She can surely stand for herself.

"She is strong, one of a kind." Alastair praised her, melting. What is it with him?

She is mind linking the other females as they approached us again. Their scent is still faint but increased at each step they took closer to us. That is weird... Are they hiding their scent?

Omegas cannot hide their scent... Maybe they are sick? More interesting facts here.

"We are omegas, and despite being silent, we are no match to fight you," Clara said to my wolves, standing right next to me. I like her presence close to me. Alastair feels it, too.

My wolf feels an attraction but cannot contact her wolf. He says it is because she is not eighteen yet.

"Our Lunas are sisters, so we are like family despite being from different packs. Dorothy and Karima work in the packhouse, and our Luna is very proud of their work."

I understand her intention; the omegas are Luna's precious pack members. Clara is somehow reminding my wolves to behave.

Werewolves tend to bully the weakest in a pack; it is normal. But my pack has rules and training to prevent something like that, Clara does not know. Yet, she does not risk it; she is cautious, and without any offense intended, we receive her words.

“We are like family...” repeats Alastair in my head.

I like her approach, tactful and kind. Pretty smart, Clara.

I mind linked my crew a remainder of my own; they are forbidden to scare or touch a hair from any omega or wolf in this pack.

Wolves can mindlike only with those in their same pack or direct family. We must be careful to prevent misunderstandings with Blood Moon.

“Dorothy and Karima will be your guides on our pack’s territory. They will show you your rooms, and provide you with information about meal schedules, training, or recreation locations, besides answering any questions about your surroundings in this pack. Please, feel free to contact any of them or me as needed.”

She can command, Clara has a different kind of aura. I understand she is an omega, but she is something more. “She is special,” Alastair is as intrigued as me.

This girl radiates warmth and kindness and something else. I feel comfortable around her and my wolves too.

My guards nodded their heads to Clara, and after I confirmed it for them, they followed her orders. I liked how she managed that situation.

"You rule here, don't you?" I asked her while walking upstairs towards the guest's rooms.

Clara is holding my mother's small bag. She offered, and it would have been rude to reject her help.

We came for a week, but my mother's luggage seems to be for a month. No wonder my father was anxious about her threat. Mates cannot stay away from each other for long periods. Yet my mother is strong and stubborn.

Clara chuckled and replied, "Not at all!"

I can see a shadow of sadness in her eyes.

"Our Luna is like a mother to me. If she needs some help, I am happy to assist, that is all."

I gave her a silly smile that she returns. I would like to know more about her. A lot more and confirm her age and when is her birthday. This is the first time I like someone this way.

During dinner, I am informed that my dear cousin is not coming home yet. He was on a vacation trip with his new girlfriend, Marissa Malone from Red Moon Pack. It is not clear that she is his mate. His mother would have said that proudly... I guess Marissa is a chosen mate.

"I am glad you prefer to wait for our mate," Alastair says to me.

A memory of Clara's soft pink cheeks comes up in my head.

"Do you have something to tell me?" I asked Alastair, getting ready in my room.

"I do not know, but she is special. I can feel it."

Clara is not eating with us now. My mother mindlinked me that when Alpha James joins dinner, the girl is not allowed at the table.

Luna Michelle looks sad but does not say anything about it. I do not understand this. I find it offensive. Clara is clearly part of the family; why is she not here?

"Every pack has its own rules. We must be respectful of their traditions." My mother mindlinked at me, understanding my annoyance.

She explained that here things are very traditional, which differs from our style back at home. Although I have never really noticed the omegas that work for us, none of them was ever so close to us like Clara is to Luna Michelle.

Alpha James is a typical alpha, territorial, competitive. He looks at me with a challenge in his eyes. I know I am a mix of my parents. However, I guess my appearance annoys him somehow.

I find his attitude... funny.

Luna Michelle touched Alpha James' hand occasionally, soothing him. Especially when I open my mouth to respond to his sarcastic remarks about finances in packs not being clear. I can be many things, but I enjoy numbers. He cannot play with my head on that or fool me.

My father told me both Alphas met their Lunas at a ball offered by the Royal pack, and that Alpha James was known as a player, a punk back in the days. I would not tell looking at him now, so serious, and uptight, so traditional.

However, I understand the reason for his annoyance. I am the son of someone he constantly competes with and whose mate is identical to his own mate, my mother. That probably messes with his brains somehow.

Besides, Alpha James had to win his mate. Luna Michelle made him sweat a bit, mostly following my mother's advice due to his bad reputation. Perhaps, he resents my mother for influencing his mate and making him wait.

Reputation might be important for my mate... But if she is my soulmate, she will be understanding, right?

"Would you be understanding?" Alastair makes the kind of question I have never thought about it. I prefer to not think about it. It is too early.

Unlike what happened between Alpha James and Luna Michelle; my mother jumped on my father and began the preparations for the mating ceremony immediately.

My father loves to tell me that story. However, they both decided to wait before having me since they wanted to have a strong relationship and the house ready for my arrival. Otherwise, Mason and I would be the same age.

By dessert, they began to talk about Mason's achievements at school. Since the high grades to get into the Alpha's academy, his new contacts in other packs in the south and east side, along with the number of combats he has won. Not even one lost, perfect score. I started to zone out of the conversation.

Probably, Alpha James feels that our families are in constant competition. I did not sign for it, and if I could, I would avoid participating as much as possible because it does not make sense to me.

I guess the title of the second pack in the rank rubs on Alpha James without us doing anything. It is not like we are doing something different every year.

Alpha James mentioned that if Mason mates with Marissa, it would strengthen the position of both territories, making their business deals solid for the future, with a potentially a merge of their packs. He is all about business, warriors, training... Clearly, Marissa is not a fated mate, but a chosen one for power.

"I am glad you are not into that kind of thing," Alastair tells me. "A chosen mate is a good thing when you are getting old without finding your mate, or if you are a widow because second chance mates are rare."

"His choice, I think. I cannot care less about it," I answered my wolf. Things can go wrong or not for him, like for our King.

Some memories are coming to me slowly. We used to visit our relatives in the past. And they came to our pack as well... until I was six, I guess.

I do not remember exactly. I think I meet Silvia and maybe even Clara once. But it is just a distant memory, a very vague one.

It was different then. Those were happy memories. All before the tragedy that happened to this pack.

I usually complain about the public demonstrations of affection between my parents; it is embarrassing, although natural in them. Here, the Alpha and Luna are not that affectionate.

This dinner with my relatives is not comfortable enough for me. Luna Michelle is nice, but it feels like she is hiding something. She is suspicious in my eyes. Regardless, my mother is happy to be with her sister.

We are relatives, but they all are strangers to me. I do not feel a connection with my aunt or uncle.

Now that I am grown up, well... almost, I can choose to keep a distant relationship with all of them or get to know them better. I do not know if it is worth even trying. Would my assumptions about them be right or wrong?

I need to find out more, and I guess Miss Clara Black will be my guide to assess it. I am already enjoying the start of this week. Alastair agreed with me, eager to get to know more about the sweet girl I have just met.