

Rejected Luna by True Limena Chapter 3

– Josh–

I am forced to interact with others in this pack, I do not have my phone. In all honesty, I am missing Marcus and Allen, my future beta and gamma, more than I thought I ever could. I have learned my lesson, you do not value what you have until you lose it. I appreciate them more now than ever. They are my closest friends back at home.

I have rejected the company of Carter and Liam, during this visit. High-rank wolves here are not impressive at all. Why would I want them around? They talk behind my back. I have the hearing of an Alpha among other skills; I can tell, and they do not even try to hide their smirks and comments.

Cocky disrespectful wolves. They want to train like crazy! Twice a day and double shifts! Impossible!

As a Young Alpha, I am strong without even trying, and my alpha aura could force them to submit if I want to, or I can choose to beat them up. There is no real challenge on that, so I prefer to overlook their behaviors and stick to Clara like glue.

I enjoy hanging out with Clara Black. Angel Simmons, her best friend joined to play video games, once or twice this week. Although this last one is shy and very quiet. I appreciate it when she leaves us alone. I like more and more to have Clara all for myself.

Angel avoids eye contact with me like everybody usually does even without knowing who I am, unlike Clara. She is comfortable with me. Betas and gammas can stand Alpha's auras, specially Betas.

Despite my efforts controlling it, I slip sometimes. I am still learning to manage my wolf, Alastair. Strong emotions weaken my control, and he can get out; so far, he has never taken over completely.

I am aware that I need to keep my emotions checked and my wolf under control.

After two days of being here, Alastair and I argued. On the third day, I allowed him to greet Clara for just a couple of minutes. It does not matter how controlled the wolf is, still a beast. Then, we began to have dreams about her, dreams too explicit. Even Alastair is worried, but what do we know? Only time can tell.

During this visit, Clara showed me around. She introduced me to other omegas who work at the packhouse. By now, I remember most of the names.

There are so many omegas for the twenty-four-hour service here. Spoiled high-rank wolves, it is unnecessary! However, I am not aware of all the work my own packhouse needs. I will have to find out to complain.

Clara is volunteering at the pack's hospital and took me there as part of my tour. It is embarrassing that I have never step foot at the one back at home. I keep making promises to myself about getting to know more about my own pack.

As days passed by, Clara messes up with my head. She is involved in the packhouse and the community. She feels the need to contribute, and that amazes and embarrasses me at the same time.

I got back some memories from our childhood. Clara is the daughter of the late Silvia Black, Head Omega of this packhouse before Rose Watters.

Silvia is a distant memory besides Clara from my days coming here as a pup; I think I remember her mother in a yellow dress. Then I remembered one time Mason got mad at Clara and me for playing without him. He was at some class, maybe training.

Mason yelled at us and growled that she was his best friend, not mine. He was eighth while Clara and I were around six. All just pups. Clara cried and stayed in after that, avoiding me. I was young and forgot about the incident. Over time and with the distance, she just slipped from my memories. When Mason visited my pack, Clara neither Silvia never came.

I wonder if Mason is like that towards her, or maybe I should ask what her feelings are about "Mr. Perfect". I might be a little jealous of that potential relationship. I rather think it is a friendship, should I ask more? He is probably still close to her, he would be an i***t if not.

"Drop it. We have no right." Alastair made me drop the subject. I did not mention it to her.

I just want to keep seeing those smiles she gives me. Mason is something I will deal with later. Besides, he got engaged with another shewolf already.

Since Mason is not coming yet. My mother and Luna Michelle agreed for us to stay more days, under the excuse of waiting for him. He was at Red Moon pack with his future Luna, Marissa Malone. I would not complain.

My time with Clara was the best of this visit. She is clever and questions things I assumed about our rank system and the trifecta of power, Alpha-Beta-Gamma, among other things. Fortunately, she trusts me enough to speak her mind.

The pull Alastair and I feel towards Clara from the start only grows over time. I wanted to be a bachelor for a while, but I must admit that I like her. The more I get to know her, understand her, I like her more and more. She is something else.

Alastair hopes that Clara is our mate because "She would be a great Luna". I just like her for being Clara. Sweet, kind, smart, funny, and so cute, with the most tempting lips. There is more than I can say but she is not eighteen yet, and I do not know if she is my mate.

I need to cool down! Whatever is meant to be will be.

After every lunch, our Lunas send us away to buy dessert from a known bakery close to the packhouse. They could have easily asked the chef in the house to prepare it or the omegas in twenty-four-seven service to get them, but they want us out. We comply happily. Clara loves chocolate pudding and the sisters love to gossip. I guess there is a lot of catch-up between them.

One day, I finally got the courage to tell her the reason behind my visit here, my punishment. Also, any future misunderstanding will be cleared out if she happens to be my mate.

Clara laughed hard about the whole incident with the two she-wolves on my last birthday, especially when I told her about the face my mother made. Lucky me, she agrees that I am innocent.

She even made me look at it from a different perspective. If it was her in my place to face two males alone in her bedroom after her shower. It would have been so scary for her. Since I am male, is it just a funny anecdote?

She zoned out and then asked me why females are not allowed to train. Well, she zones out a lot when talking to me, which is cute. I would love to peck her checks or her lips when she does that... to make her come back to reality with me.

I explained to her that males have the role of protectors, and it feels wrong to expose females to violence, but she made me question why I assumed it like that. To be honest, I never really gave a deep thought about it.

Then, she asked me why females could not be warriors like there are Luna Warriors. I never questioned that before.

My mother can fight. She trained in the Royal pack and later in the Academy since she wanted to be a Luna warrior. But it is because she is part of the King's family. It is a privilege due to her lineage and rank. The life of omegas and other female wolves is quite different.

My pack is more advanced than hers and many others, females can train if they want to. It is mandatory for males, though... for protection. Despite all the security measures we have in place.

Females in Silver Rain can take some basic short training and I am not sure what it involves, I guess it would be better to check this back at home.

And so on... Clara comes with more questions, more challenges against those things I never questioned before.

I think Clara is right about training females. It is not about us males, but the females getting chances for themselves. During any attack, the weakest of our packs must hide. Despite our efforts, if the enemy infiltrates, they can get attacked, r***d, taken, killed... The kind of tragedy that happened to Blood Moon years ago.

There are some intrusions or attempts at the borders by rogues or rebel vampires who despise our systems or want our supplies without minding taking lives, but it is manageable. However, my pack has never had an attack like Blood Moon Pack had years ago. I think I understand better my relatives now.

Rogues are wolves without a pack. You might think it is a blessing to be free from our oppressive rank system, but it is bad. Wolves without a leader allow their animal side to take over. As time passes, they turn into madness, driven solely by their own instincts, whichever they are. Vampire rebels are the equivalent of rogues to coven vampires. We kill them both. They are dangerous for the weak of any pack.

Children and the elderly cannot defend themselves despite any training or effort. They are weak and must be protected, but why just for being females, they do not even get a chance to fight?

Without proper training, no one stands a chance. Omegas are considered weak and just a little above defenseless humans, easy prey. Then why not provide them with the tools to fight for themselves? Make them stronger and faster?

Clara asked me, what if rogues, vampire rebels, or any other creature attacks them, and there are no males around. Or what if the males in their own pack or families are abusive? Why would females not even have the chance to protect themselves or die fighting at least?

I saw cases at the Pack hospital that she took me to, and I wonder if this happens at my pack too. Some wolves do not control their wolves and can harm their beloved ones.

Clara opened a door in front of my eyes regarding the struggles of her rank as omega and female.

This visit made me see things from another perspective. Clara's perspective and I started to notice differences in how we do things back home that I never paid attention to before.

Every day here, Clara makes me question myself. I do not have answers for her, I need to think more to answer, and even most of the time, she is not satisfied.

Damn! I like her more and more! I enjoy intellectual challenges. Somehow those are meaningful competitions in my head. Clara is the best contender I could ever find.

One day, I told her I did not understand why my mother is so still so mad at me about "the incident".

"I am not a player, I swear". I said raising my hands in surrender.

"I believe you. You seem to be a good guy, and very approachable. Despite your rank, you saw me as a friend from day one." I am not sure I like the word "friend" coming out of her lips, but I take it... for now.

"Yeah... we do not know, yet". Alastair said to me.

"I did not encourage them, never even flirt with them. I was not going to accept any of them; I swear. Why is my mom still mad at me?"

"I think your mother wants you to realize your privilege. Everything will go your way, effortlessly, but she wants you to understand that you still will face the consequences... one way or another." Clara knows how to pull my attention without even trying, but that thought... "You did not get angry at them or took any position, right? Your mother and father made justice for you, but what did you do about it?". Her eyes meet mine. I guess she has a point on this matter. I thought it was funny.

I told her days ago, and she laughed, but she actually gave a thought about it. Somehow this makes me happy, she thought about me.

"You can be a great alpha, Josh, at least if you want to." Something inside of my heart moves at her compliment.

"I am considered a weird Alpha". I think and feel different. I do not see the point of competition, the constant power struggle, the show-off of strength and muscles. Alliances... Adding all those fakes around trying to gain favors. It is just madness and pointless.

"I am not like other Alphas, Clara. I am not perfect like Mason, who is amazing at everything with a smile." I know I can smash anyone, but I just do not want to. I am a weirdo.

“Josh, your cousin works very hard to achieve his goals. He does sacrifice a lot for this pack, ever since a pup. But he is not perfect. Never think that.”

“Do not lie to me. I know he is Mr. Perfect”. I cannot shut my mouth.

I am compared with him all the time. Even my mother compares me with him. So, I do not even try anymore. What for?

My bitterness took the best of me in front of her. I guess I am still a pup.

Alastair is listening. Why does he not stop me from messing things up? I can blame it on her. It is easy to talk and open to her.

“Not her fault”. He said. I rolled my eyes internally at him. I know that, I am just upset for ruining things.

“I am not lying. Just like anybody else, Mason works hard and promotes his image a lot. While you decided to take the reputation of lazy.” She nailed it with me, but she sees through Mason pretenses too.

Mason does take care of his perfect image...

I remain silent for her to talk. She has revealed so much in just a few words.

The silence lasts for a while and creeps between us. It was uncomfortable until Clara placed her hand on top of mine while blushing. Clara is trying to comfort me. She just does not understand the cause... I hated the way Mason's name came out of her lips. However, the contact soothed me somehow. Her hand is soft and warm.

"You do not have to be like him, just be you. He is just like any other werewolf... It is just that nothing comes out without effort." I do not know what to say or what to do. Probably, I am blushing.

I never thought about Mason working hard... he just pretends it is easy. I see that now... I lowered my head, and when I raise it only to her eyes on me.

"Besides, I do not think you are a weird Alpha. Not being like the others is a good thing. You not caring about your image is refreshing, I wish I can do that." She smiles at me.

"So, I am my own kind of Alpha. Is that what you mean?" I grin at her.

She looks into my eyes, and I wish I can kiss her. I feel very attracted to her right now, but I do not want to compromise her reputation here. We are at this bakery having dessert at a table, and a lot of eyes are on us.

Clara realized where we are and avoided the intensity of my stares looking somewhere else. Still, she mustered the courage to speak her mind.

"You can be your own version of an Alpha, not just for your pack but for yourself. I think the responsibilities come as part of the deal of the privileges you enjoy. You are very smart and can do so much for others, you know?"

"Like what?" I wonder what she is thinking that I can do differently.

My chest tightens at her honest words. Because she is honest, I can sense this is what she really thinks. No pretenses, no lies, no self-interest to gain my favor.

"You have the power to change things. Make things different. Not to compete with others for power or rankings, but to help those who do not have any power. Protect and empower others, maybe?" Suddenly, she recoiled, doubting if it is alright to talk to me like this.

I guess in someone else's eyes, it is a young omega advising a young Alpha on how to be a better Alpha. All I see is a beautiful girl with a beautiful heart talking to a spoiled pup, me.

Her mother died in a vampire attack, and her father during a patrol. She lost them both protecting their pack.

She is someone who has lost so much for this pack. They are in debt with her. Despite this, she is mistreated, bullied. I can hear the murmurs when we walk around pack grounds. Yet, she is kind and grateful; she supports this community.

I am amazed, she makes me...

"I am sorry if I overstepped my boundaries. What do I know? I am just an omega, and a very young one, too!" She removed her hand from mine since I did not respond to her sooner.

"Clara, please always tell me what you think. No boundaries, okay?" Missing her touch, I grabbed her tiny hand between my two hands. Her rosy cheeks are so inviting. I need to look somewhere else, so I decided to release her hand. I felt the cold of her absence now. She nodded at me while blushing furiously. If I could only kiss her cheek!

"Sure!" She says and fills her mouth with chocolate pudding.

I wish I can tell her how much I appreciate her words; I just did not notice so much before meeting her.

Clara took another bite of the sugary dessert in her mouth. She is shining, leaving those ideas in my head and my heart while eating.

"I hope she is our mate". Alastair says once again in my head, and I agreed with him.

I would love to kiss her now, taste her lips, and... I know that we will have a hard time sleeping tonight. Again!

She shied away and looked so unreachable suddenly. I want her to look at me and only me. Never had I felt something as intense before for anybody else, and it has been just ten days together.

I wonder if our kind Moon Goddess could grant me this gift. Clara.

Now, I can understand the idea of chosen mates. Because of her. Why risk losing someone like her? But we are young, and Clara would not settle for anything less than a fated mate. I get to understand that from our conversations, but I can explore the ground. Might I have a chance with her? Can I win it from Moon Goddess?

There is so much to do before I meet her again while hoping to be the one for her. I still have to go to the Alpha's Academy and work with my pack.

I think my parents were right after all. A mate, at least one like Clara, can change everything for a young Alpha like me.