

## Chapter 0029

(Lily POV)

Adrenaline rushes are amazing things.

In medical school, they teach us that adrenaline rushes can sometimes allow petite human females to lift large vehicles to save their babies, human males to jump extreme distances when trying to escape from a building fire, and werewolf children to shift far earlier than their 14th birthday if necessary to save someone they love.

Of course, the main problem with an adrenaline rush is that it is short-lived. And when the adrenaline begins to fade, reality takes over again.

I have never been someone who can hold on to her anger for very long, and so the longer that James and I yell at each other, the more that I can feel reality and my insecurities starting to work themselves back in. In fact, my "offer" to get on my knees for James was actually motivated by the severe pain in my body and the fact that I was not sure how much longer I could stand.

Rose is in the background trying to encourage me, but her encouragement only breaks my heart. It is largely unheard of for a wolf to support a rejection except in extreme situations; wolf instincts and the mate bond usually drive a wolf to want to accept a Goddess-selected mate no matter

what.

I suppose this is an extreme situation.

As I try to gather myself, Sheila steps closer to James and puts her hand on his shoulder. It looks like she is trying to comfort him, but he does not seem to even register that she is there. Not one to give up easily, she then crouches down and whispers something in his ear. He responds by absent-mindedly swatting at her as though she is a fly. Sheila steps back with an offended look on her face, and then she looks at me and glares.

Bad move, Sheila, I think to myself. Your glare triggers many unpleasant memories. In fact, those memories are so unpleasant that they trigger another small rush of adrenaline. I guess I should thank you later. Not.

I have to finish this, and finish this soon.

Taking a deep breath, I decide to beg James just like he has requested. Unfortunately for him, that begging will be on my terms not his.

"Dearest James, I beg you to accept my rejection," I begin.

"Please free me from having to experience the betrayal pains that you have promised I would feel every night because of your man-whore cheating ways.

Please free me from having to be mated to someone who claims to love my deceased sister and yet affiliates himself with a she-wolf who has more to do with what happened to

her than me.

Please free me from having to be mated to someone who has spent six years trying to punish me for an incident that he has never even bothered to ask me about. That NO ONE has ever bothered to ask me about.

Please free me from having to be mated to someone who is blinded to the truth, and who is so arrogant and bull-headed that he would rather accept a chosen mate than admit that maybe just maybe he made a mistake. And maybe not just one, but many.”


I pause, and then look over at my father, who is watching me with horror on his face.

“Please, James, free me so that I can find a male who is smart enough to love and appreciate me without falsely believing that I will be a burden to him, his family, and his community.

Please, James, I beg you to accept my rejection.”

At first, James says nothing. Then he hits me with the only tool he has left in his toolbox. Thankfully, he has used it before, so I am prepared.

“You do not deserve a rejection, you Little Brat. I am not done with you yet! You deserve every single one of the betrayal pains I plan to give you while I am having sex with each of the she-wolves in this pack who are better than you, which by my count is all of them!”

 +20 BONUS

Tears threaten to fall from my eyes, but I fight them back. Neither James nor this pack deserve to see how much they have broken me.

"James, you are forgetting something. Betrayal pains work both ways. For years, you have accused me of being a whore. Have you thought about what will happen if you are right about me and you fail to accept the rejection? What do I care if I experience betrayal pains? I do not have a pack that I have to worry about or take care of anymore. But you? How effective of an alpha will you be when you are doubled over in pain on the battlefield while I am out there proving you right with my whorish ways?!?!"

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