

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 2

2. Rejection

*****Natalia*****

Tucking away my emotions, I stand on my feet and hand my mate the document claiming I am infertile.

“Just read it,” I whisper, feigning hurt.

He furrows his brows in concern and stares back at me with big blue eyes.

“What is this, Nat?”

I want to vomit in his face for calling me that but I swallow the bile instead.

“It’s a fertility test. Lila checked my ovarian function and reserve a few days ago,” I whisper, refusing to meet his eye.

He studies the pages, his face growing grimmer by the second.

“Y-you’re infertile?” he asks, flipping through the pages once more for confirmation.

Before I can respond, a loud growl ripples through his chest and I back away immediately, nearly tripping over my feet as I do. His breath is ragged and his eyes turn green with fury.

“You’re infertile?!”

This is exactly the reaction I wanted from him but it frightens me no less that his wolf is coming out.

I knew Jack, his wolf, would never hurt me. But then again, I had thought the same of my husband and yet he slept with my sister.

“Y-yes,” I stutter, my body growing stiff with fear as I stare at his wolf’s green eyes.

Jack was well known for having a temper almost beyond control and our mate bond was the only thing that calmed him down. As he towers over me with a menacing growl ripping through his chest, however, I wonder if it would be enough to keep me safe now.

His eyes go to my belly and I instinctively place a hand on it to protect my baby.

A terrible thought enters my mind. *Could he sense the life growing within me?*

I back away slowly and yelp when I bump into a wall directly behind me, my heart beating a mile a minute.

“J-jack,” I squeak, closing my eyes tightly, too afraid to look at him.

“I-I’m so sorry,” I whimper, now realizing this was a bad idea.

“You’re sorry?” He laughs, the sound of his fist creating a hole in the wall next to my face making me burst into tears. “You’re f*****g sorry? Sorry doesn’t put a pup in your belly, Nat!” He snarls. “What the hell am I supposed to do now, huh?” He asks, gripping my chin between his fingers with such force, I know I’ll have a bruise in the morning. “I need an heir. That was your only task as my Luna. Your only use to me!”

My heart shatters into a million pieces.

*Was that all I ever was to him? A breeding w***e? What about all our late night strolls under the moonlight? Our stolen kisses in the hallway?*

Our nights of passion so hot, I thought I would burn beneath him? Was none of it real?

I open my mouth to answer but a slap to the face stuns me into silence and I crash onto the floor. Cradling my stomach, I pray to whatever goddess exists that my baby is okay.

Jack had never hit me before. Ever. Neither had Christian and as I stare at the man I once called my husband, I feel a bitterness grow within me.

I feign hurt as I look up at him, cupping my burning cheek but inside I'm fuming with anger. I would remember this... and I would never forgive him for it.

His blue eyes return and Christian storms over to the closet, grabbing a suitcase and throwing my clothes inside.

"We're done, Natalia," he growls as he packs my things. "I want you out of here within the next hour. I don't care where you go or what you do. Just get out of my house!"

Relief fills my heart. I was being set free and soon my baby and I would be on the other side of the country where we would be living out our lives away from him.

His eyes fog over as he stuffs my clothes into the bag and tosses it to me.

He must be mind linking the elders.

"The elders will be here soon to complete the rejection ceremony," he says as he walks towards the door. "And so will the lawyer to deliver the divorce papers. I want you out after we sign the papers, understand?"

“Yes sir,” I reply with a whimper, still pretending to be hurt by cupping my cheek.

He storms out of the room, slamming the door shut as he leaves.

“We’re okay,” I whisper to myself, wrapping my arms around my stomach. “W-we’re going to be free.”

I caress my flat tummy, wishing I could feel my little pup growing within me. It was comforting knowing I would not be doing this alone but it was also terrifying. It was just us now.

“It’s just me and you now, frijolito (little bean),” I whisper, forcing back my tears as I caress my belly. “But it’s okay. We don’t need anyone else.”

I collect myself off the floor and find my phone. The cars all belonged to Christian so I arrange for a taxi to pick me up in an hour.

As I wait for Christian to call me to complete the divorce and rejection, I helplessly fidget with my Luna and wedding rings, reminiscing the joy I once felt being a part of this pack.

I was so frightened the day Christian showed me his wolf for the very first time. We had only been dating for a few weeks but the sparks between us were undeniable. He was a bit possessive but I took it as a compliment that I was worth protecting. The day he brought me to the pack house, I almost dumped him. I thought I was being initiated into a cult the way everyone referred to him as Alpha.

It took a bit of convincing but I agreed to continue seeing him. I couldn’t explain it, but I had fallen hard for him. On the night of a full moon, Christian took me on a moonlit picnic in the woods. Things took an unexpected turn when my boyfriend suddenly shifted into an oversized

black wolf and I ran out screaming. I didn't speak to him for a week, terrified that he or his werewolf friends would eat me.

He came looking for me at my apartment, telling me he needed me, that he couldn't breathe without me and I couldn't deny it. I was attracted to him in more ways than I could explain. He was patient back then, allowing me to adjust to the strange world he came from and teaching me the ways of pack life. I thought it was beautiful the way they all lived for each other... like a large family protecting their own.

But when he asked to turn me, I refused. I loved that he was a werewolf but if he wanted me by his side, he would have to accept me the way his Moon Goddess had decided me to be, a human. Our relationship almost ended again but when an ex boyfriend of mine made it clear he still had feelings for me, Christian realized he wanted me more and gave in to my request. I was marked that very night, leaving no doubt who I belonged to.

I had spent months training under Christian's mother to learn my duties as Luna, mastering the art of de-escalation at pack and Alpha meetings, studying pack laws and even completing warrior training to defend myself. My Luna ceremony was absolutely perfect. My handsome Alpha asked me to lead this pack with him before all its members and I accepted the responsibility. He proposed that day and I had never been happier in my life. Everything seemed to be falling into place.

Who would have known how messed up my life would become? That one day I would sit alone in my bedroom, waiting for my husband to divorce me while I secretly carry his child?

I hear the door click again, Jordan poking his head in.

"The Alpha requests your presence, Luna," he says curtly, closing the door without so much as a second glance.

I wipe whatever tears had trickled down my face, removing my rings from my fingers and clutching them in my hands. The hallway seems longer than normal but I walk briskly to the office where I find Christian, the elders, the lawyer, Jordan, Derek and Vanessa waiting for me.

Vanessa avoids my eyes, shifting on her feet uncomfortably and I decide not to spare her another look, focusing my attention on the man who broke my heart. I hold my head up high as I reach the center of the room and greet the Elders.

The lawyer steps forward, presenting the documents he'd prepared for me.

“Mr. Hart has asked that all your assets be divided evenly. Pack assets of course will remain his, but personal property, bank accounts and ...”

Before he can continue with any more of his nonsense, I take the papers from his hand and grab a pen, signing every line required of me.

“He can keep everything,” I mutter, trying my best to keep my voice from trembling. “I only want my bank accounts intact. I worked hard for my money and I deserve to keep it.”

As a Luna, I had earned a monthly stipend for helping run the pack. I worked, therefore I had every right to take every penny I earned from this pack.

Christian nods to the lawyer and he writes a note on a piece of paper which he hands to me.

“The money will be transferred by the end of the week to this account,” he says, tucking the divorce papers into his briefcase. “Excuse me.”

With the lawyer gone, Elder Robin pulls out the pack tablet and a black dagger.

“Luna Natalia, your Alpha has requested that you be stripped of your title and leave this pack immediately. Do you have any objections?”

A few tears spill onto my cheeks as I turn to Christian and the boys. Derek can't seem to look at me and Jordan stares blankly at his hands. I had never felt so alone in my life before this moment.

“N-no,” I murmur, wiping my tears and forcing a tiny smile on my face.

“No, I don't.”

Elder Robin gives me a look of pity as he places the pack tablet in front of me.

The pack tablet is a large black piece of obsidian with wolf carvings engraved on the face of the stone and a small hole in the center. The tablet was used to initiate new members and give titles to existing members. It was the very stone that welcomed me as their Luna and brought this pack together... and today, it would tear me out of it.

“You will first hand over your title back to the Silver Crest pack,” he says, motioning for me to raise my hand in the air. “Do you, Natalia Vasquez, admit that you have failed to uphold your duty as Luna of the Silver Crest Pack?”

My veins boil with anger. I had never failed the pack before. Ever. If anything, I had gone above and beyond the call of duty to serve this pack and it was unfair to be considered a failure.

But my feelings don't matter. I need this rejection before it's too late.

“Yes,” I nearly spit through gritted teeth.

“Do you accept that you have failed to uphold your duties to your Alpha as his Luna and Wife?” He continues.

I glare at Christian. He knew who the real failure was. But I swallow my pride and bite my tongue. I needed my freedom more than my title.

“Yes,” I whisper, afraid I might scream if I spoke any louder.

“Then by the power vested in me, I hereby relieve you of your title and duties to this pack.”

Elder Robin takes the blade and makes a tiny incision on my palm which he then places on the tablet. A small gust of air breezes past me, obliterating whatever connection I felt for this pack.

“Gamma Jordan,” Elder Robin calls out. “A gamma bond once formed is unbreakable. You may choose to follow your ward wherever she goes or stay here with your Alpha.”

“I choose my Alpha, sir,” Jordan replies, no hesitation in his voice.

He avoids my eyes and I ignore the small apology he mumbles my way. Now relieved of my duties and no longer in the protective care of my gamma, I turn my attention to Christian. He wasn't even looking at me, too busy eye f*****g my sister who was shamelessly giggling at him.

It was just another slap in the face to see them flirting with each other as I was stripped of my title.

Elder Robin gives me yet another look of pity and coughs to get Christian's attention. “Alpha, whenever you are ready, you may begin the rejection.”

Christian looks thoroughly disgusted as he turns back to look at me. My chest begins to tighten and for a split second, I consider getting on my

knees and begging him to love me again, to let me stay by his side forever. Even after everything he had done to me, a small twisted part of me still wanted to feel his arms around me as he promised to love me always.

But I knew it was a lie. Christian had never loved me and he never would. Our time was up.

“I, Christian Hart, Alpha of the Silver Crest Pack reject you, Natalia Vasquez, as my mate and Luna,” he says nonchalantly, as if he weren’t tearing me apart.

Pain surges across my being, burning into my chest and spreading throughout my body like a thousand tiny knives stabbing me at once. I scream as I collapse onto the floor, struggling to get air in my lungs. From the corner of my eye, I notice Jordan flinch with uneasiness. There are tears in his eyes.

“Alpha,” Elder Robin instructs. “Your wolf must reject her too.”

Christian’s eyes flicker between green and blue until the green settles and Jack steps forward. For a brief moment, I see fear flash in Jack’s eyes, but it disappears almost as quickly as I had seen it. The Alpha kneels beside me, sparks tingling across my arms as Jack lifts me up to inspect the mark on my neck. Through my tears, I glare at the wolf that had promised me the world and hold back my sob.

“Do it,” I hiss, resisting the urge to rub my belly and comfort my baby.

He stares into my eyes, the features of his face turning to stone.

“I, Jack, Alpha of the Silver Crest Pack, reject you, Natalia Vasquez as my mate and Luna,” he growls, tilting my neck and sinking his canines into my flesh.

I scream in agony as the tingly feeling of his touch slowly morphs into a burning sensation. Jack swipes his tongue against the wound, kissing it gently in a final goodbye.

“Good bye, Tiny,” he sighs into my hair, my eyes filling with tears as he called me by my pet name one last time.

He lets me collapse onto the floor and walks away from me as I writhe in agony. My neck is hot to the touch, Jack and Christian’s rejection burning away our mark. It becomes harder to breathe and I open my mouth wide to desperately suck in air, my cries growing quiet.

“Natalia,” Elder Robins kneels beside me. “You have to accept his rejection to complete the ceremony.”

I pant furiously as the pain ripples through me, clenching and unclenching my hands to handle the pain. I nod at the Elder and after struggling to breathe, manage to mutter my response.

“I-I, Natalia Vasquez, accept your Rejection,” I groan, the pain intensifying on my mark.

Christian suddenly doubles over and groans in pain, Vanessa rushing to his side to rub his back and comfort him.

I hate her even more for comforting him and not me.

After a few minutes of torture, the pain subsides, although the burning on my mark continues to linger.

“Your body will continue to reject the Alpha’s mark over the next three days,” Elder Robin explains. “And then it will disappear.”

I nod as I collect myself off the floor, dusting myself off and wiping my tears. I had officially claimed my freedom and was no longer married or tied to this pack.

Pleased my trick had worked, I turn on my heel to leave when Christian's voice stops me in my tracks

"I would like to claim Vanessa Vasquez as my chosen mate and Luna," he announces to the Elders. "Make it official, Elder," he commands.