

Samarah

Ice slid through my veins at the sound of her voice. As if I were not in a cotton sweater, as if my leggings were not thick, as if I were not a werewolf who didn't have an aversion to coldness. After all, our body temperatures are much higher than a mere human. I shuddered as I opened the door.

I put a hand to my mouth to keep any noise from escaping as I watched my mate thrusting himself into Aleah Gray, in my bed, in my sheets. It took seconds to realize why I had been having so many random pains in my stomach for the last month, you cannot be unfaithful without causing your mate pain.

A tear escaped as I recalled the many nights he would take care of me, showing the utmost care at my misery. He knew the whole time what was happening to me. Despite my IQ, I was clearly a fucking idiot. Knowledge was what drove me, I quite enjoyed being the smartest person in the room, yet I couldn't see this?

“Oh, yes Riley! Keep it right there, oh god!” Aleah screamed my mate's name.

They still hadn't noticed me standing there, and hearing his name come from her mouth as it had mine so many times before, broke whatever cord was keeping me silent. I threw the door open the rest of the way, rolled up the sleeves on my purple sweater, and pushed up my glasses.

"I, Samarah Lynxmoon of the Moonriver Pack, reject you, Riley Oaken of the Hammerstorm Pack, as my mate." Despite the pain that ripped through me from breaking the bond, my words were strong and sure.

"Samarah! Ahh!" He gripped his stomach from the pain of the mate bond breaking. Riley scrambled up looking at me. "She means nothing, I'm so sorry, it will never happen again!" He tried to come to me and ended up tripping over the sheets that he had been entangled in with her.

I backed away, turned around and ran out of the apartment utterly humiliated and betrayed. The year that we had been together flashed through my eyes as I kept running in the rainy night. The kisses, his scent, everything that was him and me, us. It felt like a perfect love story from the beginning, I was only 19 and I thought that I had it made. I got away from the family that didn't appreciate me, I was going to a prestigious college in a mere month, and I had my mate.

I was able to pursue my passions, science, business, technology, it was all in my grasp and I finally had someone in my corner besides my younger

brother, Davis. He was going to be 17 this year, our parents had always doted on him, they only wanted boys. But Davis adored me, and I truly thought that Riley had as well.

I scoffed at my willfulness to be with Riley, he was worse than gum on my shoe. I thought he was the most amazing were I had ever met, I was so in love with him. Finding your mate was supposed to be epic, beautiful, the fact that he acted as a friend in high school made it even better, and yet it was ripped apart right in front of me. I was such a fool.

I never thought I was anything special, I was always put in the nerd category, during my years in high school the other kids only wanted to hang out when I was willing to do their homework. Riley was my friend when no one was around. That was before we turned 18 and confirmed that we were mates. At least I thought he was my friend. Looking back, it was clear that he wasn't a real friend then, and he clearly wasn't a true mate! Truly what could he gain by pretending with me?

I thought that I was easy to get along with, I wasn't the prettiest by any means with my light brown hair that I always kept up, it made me feel taller than my 5 foot and 3 inches. Sure I could try heels, but I could barely walk in the damn things! Remembering my high school years had me remembering that Riley and Aleah were high school sweethearts. He

was the quarterback for our football team, and she was the head cheerleader.

I was sure that after we confirmed that we were mates, he would drop her. And it seemed that he had, these pains in my stomach started only a month ago. He made it eleven months into our relationship before turning to her! My blood boiled as I realized how much of a fool I had been. He probably never even cut off contact from her! I was sure that I could never recover from this betrayal. It was too much, even my wolf felt weak.

In my emotional state I was in no condition to pay attention to my surroundings, so the car that hit me completely caught me off guard as I flew over the hood and rolled into the pavement. I immediately caught the scent of my blood as it pooled around me.

Is this how Samarah Lynxmoon, daughter of the Moonriver alpha will die? The thought made me laugh in disbelief, though the sound came out kind of garbled. Was I really hurt that bad? I couldn't feel anything, I felt like I was flying through the clouds.

“Oh god, Samarah! Samarah!” I could hear Riley screaming my name, I was certain I was mad at him for some reason, but why? I just couldn't seem to remember.

Nope, I didn't want to think. I decided that not thinking was making me feel lighter, free. I felt a pulling sensation as my vision became darker. Who knew that not thinking could feel so damn good? I was always reading a book, looking up random facts, and learning about everything I could. I thought I enjoyed that. But this? Blissful.

My eyes rolled in the back of my head as I welcomed the encompassing darkness.