

# Alpha Simon and His Rejected Luna

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Sometimes sorrow defines your life in more ways than you want. It could be the sorrow of losing someone dear to your heart, not being enough, surrounded by judgemental people, or worse, losing yourself.

And despite your desire for happiness, the only thing that accompanies you throughout your life and comes knocking on your door again is nothing, but sorrow.

-by Angelina Bhardawaj.

Athena closed the book she was reading in the graveyard as a small rogue tear rolled down her cheek.

"That's it for today, dad. I will come back again to read you another story," she whispered, as if afraid she would disturb her father's eternal sleep.

It was funny. If Athena could really do that, she would do it in a heartbeat, no?

It was the second week since Athena's father died. Martyred in the rogue attack on the pack two weeks ago, her dad, the Gama of the pack, was one of the warriors who lost their lives in the brutal fight.

The attack was so brutal and deadly that they barely saved their pack in time.

The pack members have been trying to let go of people who

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have left to carry on with their life, but it was a little too hard for people like Athena, who had nowhere to go and no one to turn to.

Athena's mother died giving birth to her, and now her father was gone, too. After having lost both of her guardians and no direct relative to take care of her, she was devastated.

Some people sympathized with her fate, but they were there with her just for that. To give sympathy and pity for her condition.

The most they could do was fund her tuition fee and save her from going to the council orphanage.

In this happy pack where she thought she was the safest, Athena felt alone. And to survive alone, she had to carry a facade. A facade of being strong and independent.

Seeing her cold and aloof, glaring at everyone most of the time, everyone started maintaining their distance from her. Except for two people. The alpha's son, Cole, her lover, and her bully, Jake.

Cole was her best friend since they were little.

Cole and she were a perfect match made in heaven, or that's what Athena thought. Having been crushing on her best friend since childhood, she knew he was the best guy for her. After her parents' death, he was her only love and hope in life.

Though she didn't want to ruin her friendship with him over brief fantasies, she knew something was there between

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Though she didn't want to ruin her friendship with him over brief fantasies, she knew something was there between

them. Even her wolf, Celine, agreed with her.

Cole had hinted to her he liked her, and she wanted to be the one by his side for the rest of her life, but the only thing stopping them was the mate bond.

They didn't know if they were each other's mates.

A mate bond was considered the most sacred bond in their country, unlike others where chosen mates were allowed.

Cole's eighteenth birthday has already passed, and since he didn't mention finding his mate, she was now more sure that she was his mate. Though he has said nothing about her being his mate, maybe, it was because he didn't want to burden her uselessly.

She has noticed how Cole gets jealous and possessive of her even after his birthday. That gaze he throws at her all the time can't be mistaken for a friendship gaze. Athena smiled at the mere imagination of being loved by Cole.

The wait was for only a year more till she'll find out Cole is her mate. Once her wolf howls in approval for Cole's wolf, she knows they will complete the mating ceremony on the same day, and Cole will give her the best he always promised her.

Smiling at the thoughts clouding her mind after attending to her father's grave and telling him everything about how she has been trying her best to live her life happily, Athena decided to stop by Cole's family farmhouse to relax.

Cole had given her the keys to this farmhouse because his

parents were never here, and he wanted her to use this place whenever she wanted to run away from people.

And that's what she wanted to do right now, to hide away from everyone's sympathetic gaze that she would have to bear with when they would see her returning from the graveyard.

Apart from Cole, the person she unknowingly was thankful to, was her biggest bully, Jake. Though he was the classic bully, irritating her now and then, she was glad that he didn't fake pity for her like everyone else.

At first, she thought it was okay for people to feel bad for her since her father and the Gama of the pack died, but when she heard some girls badmouthing her behind her back that she was mourning to gain attention, Athena knew they were just cunning foxes who befriend her because of Cole's support.

Taking a deep breath, Athena turned around the corner, her nose scrunching as she neared the farmhouse.

Was someone inside the farmhouse? It was obvious Cole's scent would be there since it was his, but why did it smell like Bianca?

"Aahhh, please. Faster. Yes, that's the spot. Come on. Give me all of you, alpha. Ohh, you are the strongest man," Bianca's shameful words rang in Athena's ears, and Athena paused in her steps, contemplating if she should go inside.

Turning around, she was about to leave when she heard a

voice she had never thought she would hear in her wildest dreams.

"Take this, bitch. Take it all inside. Let me fill you up with my seed. This is what naughty bitches like you deserve," Cole's words were like a smack to Athena's face, and she felt her body numbing with each step she took towards the house, every word they spoke, and the smell of the lust, sex, sweat, and their colorful events.

"Give it to me all, Alpha. Fill me up. I am ready for all the punishment. I am a little bitch. Your bitch," Bianca's words continued before Athena heard Bianca's scream, and the smell of her juices wafted through her nostrils, making her dizzy as she felt the ground below her slipping away.

She fell to her knees as their merciless act continued.

"I am not finished yet," Cole's voice was heavy with lust and power, and Athena didn't know what to do anymore as she saw the scene right in front of her.

She had tried calling Bianca. Bianca had been awfully good to her in her mourning time, thus she wanted to see if Bianca wanted to hang out, but the call didn't go through, and now Athena knew the reason.

On the couch where Cole used to speak of his unending love for her, Bianca and Cole were there in fiery passion. Cole was thrashing in and out of Bianca while her nails dug into his chest, her face scrunched in pure bliss as she moaned and groaned under him.

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Athena knew she needed to run away, but her body had frozen. It was like her body was forcing her to look at the scene in front of her.

If Bianca's and Cole's words earlier were a slap to her face, this felt like someone took her heart out of her chest and stabbed her with a knife continuously.

A wolf's sense of noise and smell is one of the strongest, but they were so lost in their make-out session that they didn't even notice a new person standing at the door. Heck, they didn't even care to lock the door in the first place.

They were so consumed by their lust and passion, that it looked like nothing mattered to them at the moment.

Jake, who had been following Athena to irritate and make fun of her and make sure she isn't bawling her eyes out again, looked at her sitting on the ground in a daze and was about to smack the back of her head to have a good laugh when the scene in front of her came into his view.

His original plan only included irritating her a little, but seeing the hot tears flowing down her cheeks, he felt a swirl of emotions that were a mixture of anger, sadness, pity, sympathy, frustration, and anguish took over him.

He agrees that he hasn't been the best person for her all her life, but at least he was true to his emotions and showed her exactly what he felt.

But this Cole, he was like a snake in hiding who bit her when

she least expected it.

Jake liked bullying her. It was his favorite pastime, but right now, he felt like hugging and consoling her.

The only reason he used to bully her all this time was that she saw no one else than Cole all her life, and it was nerve-wracking for him.

She was like Cole's little puppet, who would do whatever he tells her. She was the first friend he made during kindergarten and training sessions. They were pretty close in their childhood, but then Cole came along, and it felt like he never existed for her.

He felt rejected and this was the only way he could think of to attract her attention.

He wanted to be her friend, but she strictly made a boundary that only allowed the alpha's son inside it.

From the beginning itself, he knew she wasn't the girl to go for money and power, and thus, the fact that she was doing all this because of love irritated him even more. He never liked Cole to begin with.

Shaking his head to get the thoughts out of his head and control his anger, Jake took a deep breath.

Holding her hand in a tight grip, Jake pulled her out of the area with a scowl on his face. If it would've been any other time, Athena would've snapped at him for even touching her, let alone holding her hand like this, but right now, she didn't



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even bother to look at who was pulling her.

The image of Cole banging Bianca on that couch was spinning in her head like a never-ending movie roll. Until now, her body and mind didn't even want to believe what she saw.

It has to be a joke. No. It wasn't a joke. It was a dream. A very bad one at that.

There is no way her best friend would do that to her. Even if he wanted to have some moment with Bianca, he would've told her about it.

If Bianca was his mate, he would've made it clear rather than giving her such fake hopes. It was hard to decipher what was real and fake anymore. If this was the real Cole, then who was the guy who used to promise her eternal love and care? Athena thought, her pale face looking like it lost all its life.



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