

Alpha Lucian's Fiery Luna

Chapter 4 - CHAPTER 4 Rejection

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"You can't be my mate!" Clark roared, his voice echoing with fury, his eyes burning with disgust and denial. He couldn't accept the idea that he would be laughed at by the pack and his father would think he's a disgrace.

Athena froze. It was like a bucket of ice-cold water had been poured over her. She couldn't believe what she had just heard, even though she'd prepared herself for this moment countless times. She had repeatedly whispered those words to herself, but nothing could have braced her for the pain of hearing them from the man fated to her by the moon goddess.

"I knew this would happen. Even if my mate turned out to be just a low-ranking pack member... I knew rejection was inevitable. No one will ever accept me," she told herself, biting the inside of her cheek, trying to still the tremble in her hands.

From the beginning, she had always known.

She was a nobody. A curse. A walking omen. Even as the daughter of the beta, no one saw her worth.

To them, she was nothing more than dust. Filthy, unlucky, and destined to bring death.

But hearing it from her own mate... watching as the sacred bond bestowed by the moon goddess was so easily tossed aside... it crushed her in a way she didn't think was possible.

Her heart ached.

No, it was being ripped open. Torn apart.

"He doesn't want us..." a voice hissed from deep within her. A part of her wolf. But Athena didn't respond. She couldn't. The pain was so loud that she didn't realize her wolf was already talking to her.

She didn't want to listen. She didn't want to feel. But the truth hung heavy in the air, cold and absolute.

You only find your mate once... but it never guarantees they will love you back.

Her hand flew to her chest as if trying to hold her heart in place. It felt like something sharp was stabbing her repeatedly, cutting through her ribs and lungs, stealing the breath from her body.

Tears welled in her eyes.

Even the brutal whippings from Alpha Johannes, each cruel lash across her back paled in comparison to the agony that now spread across her soul.

Then, as if the moment couldn't get any worse, a familiar laugh pierced through the silence.

"She's your mate?" Althea's voice dripped with mockery. Her nose wrinkled in disgust as if the very scent of her sister was nauseating. With her hands on her hips and one eyebrow arched, she looked genuinely amused at the scene before her.

Clark stiffened in shock. "Althea?! What are you doing here—"

"That filthy thing is your mate?" she repeated, her eyes gleaming with cruel delight.

Clark's jaw clenched. He couldn't meet her gaze. He didn't want her to know, didn't want anyone to know that Athena, the cursed one, was his mate.

Since childhood, he had dreamed of Althea being the one destined for him. Not just because she was beautiful and intelligent or the beta's daughter, but because she fit the mold of what he thought a Luna should be.

Perfect. Powerful. Deserving.

So when he discovered that his mate was none other than Athena, Althea's younger sister, the girl everyone called a curse, his world shattered.

Disgust twisted in his chest. Rage burned through his veins.

He took a step toward Athena, eyes blazing. Without hesitation, he grabbed a fistful of her hair and yanked her head up roughly as though she were nothing more than an object.

"You're a disgrace!" he screamed, his aura flaring with unrestrained anger. "You'll never be Luna of the Ravenclaw Pack!"

Athena gasped in pain, but before she could respond, two sharp fists struck her face in rapid succession. The impact sent her flying like a ragdoll, crashing against the cold tiles of the kitchen floor. The sickening slap of skin meeting skin echoed through the room, violent and bone-chilling.

But not for Althea.

She stood there, unmoved. Unbothered. Enjoying the scene as if it were some twisted performance just for her.

"C-Clark..." Athena whimpered, barely able to get the words out. Her voice cracked thin and fragile like a broken glass about to shatter completely.

Her tears streamed down, not only from the pain of the blows but from the deeper wound left by his rejection.

But Clark wasn't done.

"Don't you dare say my name, you cursed wretch!" he snarled. With one final punch, he sent her collapsing back to the floor.

Her body crumpled like a broken doll, unmoving on the cold, unforgiving ground.

In the corner, Althea smirked, a victorious gleam in her eyes. The sight of her sister's bloodied face brought a twisted sense of satisfaction. Her lips curled in a smile, not of pity or concern, but of triumph.

"Pathetic," she whispered under her breath.

"You're better off as a servant than a Luna," Althea whispered coldly, her voice sharp despite its softness. Her eyes were fixed on Athena, who could barely see through the redness of her swollen eyes and tear-streaked face.

Athena's tears fell silently, one after another, soaking her already bruised cheeks.

She didn't understand. Why her? Why had the Moon Goddess chosen her? Was destiny truly a blessing or a cruel curse wrapped in divine intention?

Powerless and broken, she collapsed onto the cold kitchen floor. Her fingers clutched at the smooth, icy tiles as though they were the only anchor keeping her from completely shattering.

Then—

"What the hell is going on here?!"

Alpha Johannes's booming voice thundered through the kitchen like a sudden storm. Each heavy footstep seemed to shake the ground beneath them, his fury radiating like heat in every direction.

His gaze swept across the room, from Althea's smug composure to Clark's nervous figure and, finally, to Athena.

She remained on her knees, trembling, blood trailing down her cheek like a crimson thread of shame.

"J-Just a misunderstanding, Dad," Clark replied, his voice hoarse and shaky. He refused to meet his father's eyes.

"Alpha..." Althea began, her tone dripping with false sorrow. "Athena... She's Clark's mate."

Silence hung thick in the air for a brief moment, then shattered like glass.

"What?!" Alpha Johannes roared. His eyes blazed, and his fists clenched at his sides as he turned to Clark. "You dare disgrace this family... disgrace the Ravenclaw Pack... by being mated to her?!"

Clark took a sharp breath. "No, Dad! I never meant for this to happen—"

Without warning, he turned to Athena and roughly grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanking her up from the floor.

"Get up, you worthless cursed," he hissed, dragging her out of the kitchen like she was no more than a bag of trash.

Chaos erupted in the living area. Pack warriors and omegas froze in their tracks, some instinctively stepping forward but just as quickly backing away. They all knew who Clark was, the future Alpha. And Athena? She was... nothing.

As she was dragged away, Athena held onto Clark's wrist, not out of affection, but simply to keep herself from collapsing. Her legs trembled, her body heavy with pain and humiliation. Each step felt like being pulled deeper into a nightmare with no end.

Outside the packhouse, curious members began to gather. Whispers surged through the mind-link network like wildfire.

By the time Clark and Athena reached the front of the packhouse, the entire pack seemed to be watching. Clark shoved her to the ground, and she landed hard, her knees scraping against the rough earth.

Behind Clark, Althea stood with barely concealed joy glowing in her eyes. Alpha Johannes loomed nearby, his jaw clenched tight, his expression bitterly disgusted.

Athena could barely see. One of her eyes was nearly swollen shut, and blood had begun to dry at the corner of her lips. But still, she forced herself to look up.

Even if the world hated her, she would face it.

"Athena!" a voice called out.

It was Alton, her brother. He pushed through the crowd, panic in his eyes.

He didn't get far.

"Let me go, Dad!" Alton shouted as his father held him back. "Can't you see what he's done to her? She's my sister—"

"Silence!" Sebastian bellowed, voice like ice. His face was unreadable, his grip like iron on Alton's arm.

Clark stepped in front of Athena. His eyes were a storm of confusion and fury but not even a flicker of regret could be found in them.

"I, Clark Jones, future Alpha of the Ravenclaw Pack..." he declared loudly, his voice carrying through the stunned silence, "...reject you, Athena Higgins."

For a heartbeat, the world seemed to stop.

Then—

"ARGHHHHHHH!!!"

Athena screamed. A raw, agonizing cry that pierced the silence like a blade.

It wasn't just pain.

It was destruction.

The shattering of her soul.

Rejection tore through her like venom in her veins. Her bond with Clark was severed with brutal finality. Her chest burned. She gasped for air. Her heart stuttered, then froze.

And as the world spun out of focus, darkness wrapped around her.

Her body went limp.'

And Athena... was gone. Or that's what she thought?