

Chapter 4

Daisy

Nothing could have prepared me for the pain of being rejected by my fated mate. Everything I want is within reach. Alpha Xavier looms over me with his cruel eyes, and I can barely breathe. His presence is larger than life, but although he is here, he is no longer mine.

He never was.

Why did the moon goddess make him my mate? He is an Alpha-a weakling like me could never make him happy. But maybe this is a test to see if I'm going to break from his rejection?

I might.

Tears burn in my eyes as I lift my chin to meet his ice-cold ones. They are green like emeralds, so beautiful I'm captivated on the spot, but there isn't even a hint of emotion inside of them.

"Are you sure about this?" I ask in a low voice.

"What is done is done," Alpha Xavier replies before leaning his broad shoulder against the doorframe. "Had I not been the Alpha of my pack, things might have gone differently, but I can't change who I am."

I swallow thickly and whimper, "What does that even mean?"

"It means I need a strong mate that can give me an heir worthy of taking over my pack when I'm gone-someone like your sister, Isabella. She is a powerful warrior wolf, unlike you, who can't even shape-shift..." He shrugs those massive shoulders of his. "If the rumors about you are true, that is..."

“Th-there are rumors about me?” I hiccup.

“Videos, too,” a cruel smile spreads over his lips when he sees my obvious confusion. “Don’t tell me you haven’t seen your sister’s videos on Wolf Tok? Some of them have millions of views”

“Videos?”

Alpha Xavier reaches into his pocket, picks up his phone, and clicks on a few buttons before handing it over to me.

First, I see my sister’s face. Her hand is over her mouth with the caption, “Want to see something truly pathetic?” before the screen changes into something that makes my heart sink: it’s a video of me trying to shape-shift under the full moon.

My whole pack-the Evergreen pack-is changing into wolves in the background while I’m down on all fours like a fool. My body contorts in awkward spasms, but nothing happens. I look pitiful, a broken wolf unable to fulfill her destiny. The laughter and comments below are brutal, mocking my feeble attempts.

The tears that were threatening to fall rush forth now, unchecked and unstoppable. Humiliation and pain twist into a jagged knot in my chest. The solid weight of the phone in my hands feels foreign, surreal even, as the video loops over and over, each replay a fresh stab of betrayal.

“Why are you showing me this?” I ask, choking on the words.

“To help you understand your place.” he says with a nonchalance that only deepens the wound. “You’re not suitable to be an Alpha’s mate.”

I toss his phone back to him, unable to watch a second longer. The screen shatters as it hits the floor, scattering shards of glass. He doesn’t flinch or recoil at the destruction; if anything, he seems mildly impressed.

“Maybe you do have some fight in you after all, he muses aloud, bending down to retrieve his shattered device.

A sudden fury rises within me. “I may not be strong in the way you want,” I say, my voice barely low but steady despite my grief. “But strength isn’t only physical strength is endurance, strength is perseverance.....”

He interrupts with a bitter laugh before forcing himself off the doorframe and walking away. “Endurance and perseverance won’t help you when we are under attack His voice is cold-like the rest of him.

I watch his retreating form, every muscle in my body stiff and tense. But then something shifts within me-a spark of defiance that hardens into determination.

“You will regret this?” I shout after him even though I have no idea if my words are the truth.

Alpha Xavier, however, turns around with an amused smirk. I hate how attractive it makes him look. “The day when pigs fly, and the moon turns to cheese, maybe, he retorts with a derisive chuckle. “Until then, I suggest you accept your role in your pack.”

“What if I become stronger than my sister?” I blurt out.

He snorts in response, “I doubt that will happen, but keep dreaming little Omega. There’s nothing wrong with having ambitions.”

I narrow my eyes. “Are you making fun of me or encouraging me?”

His grin turns wolfish. “You tell me.”

With that, he strides away, disappearing out of the private luxurious room.

I don’t follow him.

Instead, I stand there like a fool until the pain from earlier smashes into me like a car. The rejection from Alpha Xavier stings and burns. It feels like I'm being burned alive. A part of me wants to run after him and return the rejection so I won't feel any pain, but there is a bigger part of me that wants to hold on-not for romance but for pride.

I want Alpha Xavier to regret leaving me in the dust. I have no idea how to do that, but I think the first step is to pick myself up and not accept defeat without a fight.

Change starts here...after I've cried my heart out. Trust me, I want to be strong, but you don't get over a rejection in one day.

I'm exhausted.

Broken

Beaten by fate.

With shaky steps, I walk over to the bed, lie down with the duvet pulled over my head, and stare out through the window. Can I stay here forever and never face my sister? I'm humiliated, hurt, and most of all, I just want to sink through the earth and die...

Alpha Xavier will probably tell my sister about this and then my entire family will laugh at me, the idiot who couldn't even keep her own mate and prevent him from rejecting her.

I'm such a loser...

Are all Omegas as miserable as me?

I feel like shit, but even though everything seems gray, I whisper into the silence. "I am more than this-more than a failed werewolf. I'm weak, but I'm

still a person worthy of respect and love. Please, moon goddess, won't you help me find my true path in life?"

Nothing happens, but at least I'm able to fall asleep. I just wish I could sleep through my sister's wedding. The last thing I want is to watch her marry the Alpha who was supposed to be mine...