

# The Rejected Luna's Reawakening Novel

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"Are you okay?" my mother asked when I arrived at our house. I didn't have the chance to check myself in the mirror, so I wiped away the remaining tears in the corners of my eyes.

"Yeah," I whispered and looked away. If I keep staring at her, she will know what happened. Knowing my mother, who upholds integrity and does not condone cheating, I'm sure she's going to hate Maximus once she finds out.

"Okay, let's continue," she said, but there was worry and suspicion in her voice.

My mother continued to teach me how to be a Luna.

She's everything a mother is supposed to be.

I could feel the warmth from her, even though her words said the opposite. "You're going to poison Maximus with the amount of salt you put there, Seraphina!"

"Mother, are you going to Maximus's birthday party together with father?" I asked.

She stopped midway and looked at me. Her hand caressed my cheek. "Of course, we will. That's your mate's proclamation to be an Alpha. And you, our daughter... will be the Luna."

Hearing that from my mother reassured me. "Thank you so much for your never-ending support."

"Always, my dear." We hugged each other.

That night, I couldn't sleep.

Freya and Maximus caught in that intimate act made me puke in my bathroom three times during the night. It made me almost go insane. I should get proper sleep, or else I'm going to look like a panda at my mate's proclamation night.

During the birthday party, I made an effort to dress attractively. It was a special occasion, one that we had been eagerly anticipating for months.

"Always put a smile on your face," my mother whispered behind me. I took a deep breath and listened to her, making my perfect Luna smile.

Maximus was finally going to declare me as his Luna, and I couldn't contain my excitement. I carefully chose a flowing crimson gown that accentuated my curves, and I adorned myself with delicate silver jewelry that shimmered under the moonlight.

As I entered the grand hall, adorned with elegant decorations and filled with joyous chatter, I couldn't help but feel a flutter of nervous anticipation.

I searched the room for Maximus, hoping to catch a glimpse of his familiar face among the crowd.

My heart skipped a beat when I finally spotted him standing near the center of the room, surrounded by a small group of our pack members – including his family, Alpha Leo and Luna Magdalena Bloodmoon.

But as I approached, my steps faltered, and my smile faded.

"Why is she still here?" I whispered to myself.

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Next to Maximus, radiant and confident, stood Freya, a she-wolf known for her stunning beauty and captivating charm. She carried herself with an air of authority, leaving me bewildered to see her by his side on this important night.

Confusion and hurt washed over me as I observed their interaction.

I saw her leaning her head on my mate's face. They shared a joyous laugh together afterward.

Freya seemed to act as if she were the Luna, gracefully guiding the conversations and capturing everyone's attention.

Maximus appeared to be enjoying her company, oblivious to the turmoil brewing within me.

My heart ached, and a knot formed in the pit of my stomach.

Why is Freya at my mate's table together with Maximus's parents?

A waiter guided me to sit at the table near them.

"Are you sure this is my table?" I angrily asked the waiter.

He nodded and left me hanging. I had to take a seat, or else I would draw more attention.

Looking at the guests inside the convention hall, I heard whispers and saw the looks they were throwing at me and Maximus. It wasn't good. Freya had taken my seat. I hate her so much. What the hell is really happening?!

"If looks could kill, you'd be murdering her," a dark baritone voice erupted in my ears beside me.

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Looking up, I saw a man with an imposing figure and a commanding presence. Standing at 6'2", he possessed a strong and athletic build, exemplifying his position as an Alpha.

One look, and I knew who he was—the future Alpha of the Night Guardians Pack, Asher Blackwood. My eyes widened in shock. Why was he here?

Inside my head, I calculated if I had sent an invitation to our pack's number one enemy, but I was already lost in myself because of what had been happening around me.

He gracefully touched his midnight black hair that fell in unruly waves, adding to his charismatic allure.

"My card says this is my table. Can I sit here, miss?" he asked, a small smile tugging on his lips.

"No," was all I answered. I couldn't help but stare at his striking eyes, a piercing shade of emerald green.

His face was chiseled, with a strong jawline and a dangerously captivating smile that I knew had effortlessly charmed countless women.

"This is my family's table, which means that the seats are already taken," I told him, pointing at the two chairs—one in front of me, and the other beside me.

"Hmm," he whispered and nodded. "Well, I think there's a problem with my letter because the card says number 13. This is my table."

Of course, there must have been something wrong from the very beginning because he shouldn't be here! He's not

supposed to be here!

"Let me see." I grabbed his card and opened it.

He was right! He was assigned to this table! Biting my lower lip, I nodded and let him take the seat. My parents still weren't here. I wondered what was taking them so long.

The program started, and I acted as if the man beside me was a ghost, focusing on my mate, Maximus.

I couldn't bear to confront him and Freya directly, not in the midst of such a celebratory event. So, I fought to compose myself, forcing a smile onto my face and mustering the strength to act as if nothing was wrong.

I mingled with the guests (except Asher, who seemed very bored in the evening), engaging in lighthearted conversations while stealing glances at Maximus and Freya, hoping to catch a clue about their sudden closeness.

His eyes met mine, filled with warmth and affection, but I couldn't help but notice a flicker of guilt within them.

"Fuck, I can't do this anymore!" I mumbled to myself and sipped the remaining wine in my glass. Freya was caressing Maximus's hair when he told a joke. The burning rage inside me wanted to explode.

I was waiting for my mate's explanation as to why Freya was still here, and why Luna Magdalena seemed to be intrigued and loved her presence.

The whole night, she hadn't acknowledged me as his son's mate!

"So it's true..." the man whispered beside me, looking at Freya

seductively. He caught my attention. We hadn't really had a proper conversation, so I tried to muster up one.

"What's true?" I replied lazily.

The tension in the room grew palpable as everyone was aware of who he was—the unexpected guest at Maximus's birthday party.

"That the future Luna of the Mad Pride Pack is absolutely perfect," he said, intently looking at Freya beside Maximus, his voice filled with admiration.

I raised an eyebrow at his comment, unable to resist making a sarcastic remark.

"Oh, I'm sure she's just flawless," I replied with a hint of amusement in my voice.

Asher chuckled, knowing well my penchant for dry humor.

We hadn't exchanged names, but I already knew his.

Who wouldn't? He is known as the charming future Alpha, infamous for being a manwhore who has bedded half of the female population in their pack.

"Maximus is blessed by the Moon Goddess. Look at that ass and long silver hair. He could pull it off once they do the deed — "

"Excuse me?!" I shouted at him, my eyes still widening upon hearing the words that came out of his mouth.

He thinks Freya is Maximus's mate! That's so disrespectful on my part.

"What's wrong with you, miss?" he asked, furrowing his eyebrows while looking at me.

"No, I should be the one asking you that. What is wrong with you?! Why are you here?! Aren't you the heir of the Night Guardians Pack? You know damn well that they are our pack's number one enemy. Why did you still come here?!"

"My parents couldn't attend due to unforeseen circumstances, so they sent me as their only son to represent them. And as for your last question, I came here to see if the rumors were right about the future Alpha's Luna."

"And what did you confirm, huh?!"

I didn't care about the poise and volume of my voice anymore. I had been practicing how to be a calm woman as the future Luna of the pack, but things went differently tonight than I had anticipated.

So, I couldn't care less!

I hate how this man irritates me so much. He was just sitting and spitting words, but it made me go feral.

"Well, she's definitely hot," Asher replied and grinned at me.

"Hmm, why are you so angry? Do you want to be her instead?"

"Fuck you!"

"Allow me to."

"What?!"

"After this event, of course."

I shook my head, not wanting to hear any more of his crude remarks. So I stood up from my seat. It drew attention from some other people. "Get out."

"What?" He looked surprised but amused at the same time with my behavior. I pointed at the exit door and glared at him. "I said get out of this room. Now."

"Who are you to do that to me?" he said, with a voice as dark as the night itself.

His broad shoulders squared, and his piercing eyes locked onto me with an intensity that sent shivers down my spine.

I took a step forward, my voice tinged with confidence. "It seems there must have been a mistake in the invitation I sent," I said, my words heavy with responsibility. "I apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused."

His eyes sparkled with more curiosity. "What are you saying?"

I took a deep breath, my heart pounding with anticipation. "Actually, you are mistaken. I am the future Luna of this pack –"

Before I could continue, a sudden sound interrupted us—a sharp crack followed by the hum of a microphone. The noise echoed through the clearing, capturing the attention of everyone present.

Confusion clouded Asher's face as we turned towards the source of the sound. There, standing on a raised platform, was Maximus—my mate.

His piercing eyes scanned the crowd, eventually landing on me.



"Dear pack members and all honored guests gathered here, thank you so much for celebrating my 21st birthday and the proclamation night of being the new Alpha of Mad Pride Pack," Maximus's voice boomed through the speakers, commanding attention.

"I have an important announcement to make, one that will change the course of our pack's history."

My heart sank. I don't know why. This was not how I had envisioned him announcing me as his mate.

He did not even give me a cue that he was announcing it now! I looked at my mate, hoping to find some reassurance in his eyes, but all I saw was confusion and guilt mirrored in his expression.

Maximus cleared his throat and continued, "After much deliberation, I have made the difficult decision to choose who I love rather than what's destined for me."

"Wooh!" Freya clapped and cheered for him.

"No, no... what's going on?" I whispered, confused and anxious about what was happening.

Maximus and Freya shared a look. I saw how he nodded at Freya before looking at me. "As you may have already known, Freya was the girl back in high school. She loved me eternally and supported me through ups and downs. And I loved her for that, too."

Gasps and whispers rippled through the crowd, the magnitude of Maximus's words sinking in. I could feel the weight of the moment pressing against me, threatening to shatter the dreams I had nurtured.

"She's all I want to spend the rest of my life with. I'm sorry for disappointing all of you. But I am ready and bold enough to choose my life, not the Moon Goddess who has sent me."

Maximus looked at me and clenched his jaw.

My heart was broken into pieces. "And so, I announce to everyone that I'm not choosing my destined mate."

Tears started to spring in my eyes while looking at Maximus on the stage... together with Freya by his side. Her arms clung to his, a proud smile plastered on her red lips, and eyes that screamed victory and confidence.

"I'm choosing my girlfriend, Freya Nightshade," Maximus announced to the pack.

Girlfriend.

The world seemed to stop. I heard my mate mind-linking me to get on the stage when I didn't move.

I didn't want to move, but his Alpha voice commanding me to go onstage left me with no choice.

Everyone saw the light of the Moon Goddess. She was waiting for my mate's proclamation of rejecting me.

"I, Maximus Bloodmoon, the Alpha of the Mad Pride Pack, reject you as my mate, Seraphina Moonshadow of the Mad Pride Pack."

My heart shattered, echoing the cries of Era within me. The pain of my wolf surged through my veins.

She gazed directly into my eyes, anguish hidden but palpable. Most wolves crumble under such agony. I wanted to fall to my knees and claw at my chest, but she didn't. With dignity,

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she inhaled deeply and shut her beautiful eyes.

"I, Seraphina Moonshadow of the Mad Pride Pack, accept your rejection."

As my tears fell, I realized that my heart's final beat echoed the sound of shattered dreams and the bitter symphony of my mate's choice.



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