

The Rejected Luna's Reawakening Novel

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I was reborn as a queen.

The Moon Goddess has been merciful to me.

I never dreamed of being a queen. In fact, the very idea seemed laughable to me when I was just a young pup, struggling to survive in the harsh wilderness.

But fate has a funny way of twisting our lives, and I found myself rising to become the leader of the most formidable pack in the world – The Darkpelt Warriors Pack.

Building this pack wasn't an easy task. It required more than just strength and power; it demanded unwavering determination, sacrifice, and an unyielding spirit. Blood, sweat, and tears became the foundation upon which our pack stood.

We faced countless battles, endured heart-wrenching losses, and overcame seemingly insurmountable odds.

The Darkpelt Warriors Pack earned its reputation as the strongest in the world, and word of our prowess spread far and wide. Other packs spoke of us in hushed whispers, their voices tinged with a mixture of awe and trepidation.

They named me Queen Era, a title that both intimidated and respected.

It wasn't just brute force that earned us this status. Our pack was a well-oiled machine, each member playing their part with unwavering loyalty.

We trained relentlessly, honing our skills and strategies to

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perfection.

Our unity was unbreakable, our bonds forged through the fires of adversity.

In the world of wolves, power and dominance were often associated with males, but I defied those conventions.

As Queen Era, I shattered the glass ceiling and proved that strength knows no gender. I stood tall among my pack, a beacon of inspiration for both females and males alike.

"Seraphina, are you sure that you're going to reject Alpha Faulkner's proposal? He's the hottest bachelor for you, and everyone has been eyeing him. But he's taken interest in you, to which you only reject?!" Isabella Wilder said, her head shaking and giving me a face palm.

I nodded at her. "I have no time for being the lover girl, Isabella. If you want him, you can take him."

"Are you crazy?! Of course not! I wouldn't take my best friend's possible lover!"

I grinned at her and stood up from my swivel chair.

I was printing the document that the Chancellor needed for the annual meeting to be held next month, but I had already been preparing it because that's how I managed in this pack.

"Besides, he's not my type!" Isabella giggled at the thought.

Isabella Wilder is a vibrant and charismatic woman, radiating an aura of cheerfulness and wit. This is why I chose her as my Beta in the Darkpelt Warriors Pack.

"What's your type, then? Maybe I can arrange a set of

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bachelors whom you might like... or maybe you can finally meet your mate. Who knows?"

She flipped her hair and sighed. With flowing auburn locks that tumbled in waves around her shoulders, she exuded a contagious energy. "I want... a daddy vibes kind of man."

I gave her a face palm. "What? Aren't you only... nineteen?!"

"So?" She shrugged and bit her lower lip, looking upwards as she imagined her dream mate.

Her eyes, a mesmerizing shade of hazel, were filled with mischief and an underlying sense of determination.

"I want my man to give me assurance, have money, a great physique and body, and someone who can respect me. Well, not in bed, of course. He can disrespect me in bed."

I laughed at that. She smiled and sat on the chair in front of me.

Isabella's features were defined by her mischievous smile and a slight hint of sarcasm. "Why? Aren't you like that with your mate, too?"

My smile faded. "I refuse to talk about my mate," was the only thing I said.

The only thing this pack knew was that I was an orphan. I had told them that I had a mate, but I refused to answer any questions about who he was.

They believed that I had rejected my mate, which was why I was alone, but the truth was, I was the rejected soon-to-be Luna.

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It had been a year since that tragic night.

I still have nightmares about it.

The pain still lingered deep within me, a constant reminder of the betrayal I had endured.

My wolf, Era, remained silent and withdrawn, her once vibrant spirit now dampened by the rejection.

I had built a fortress around my heart, vowing to never let anyone in again.

It was from the past that I badly wanted to bury.

I don't want to talk about it, but they have been very curious about my mysterious man, so they tried testing me by arranging dates with the hottest bachelor in the world of packs.

"Just say that you're so loyal about him! You're done when I find out who! Just make sure that he's the hottest of all the hottest Alphas or else, I'm going to rip your throat for hyping him up!" she exclaimed.

I just laughed it off. Definitely, he's not the hottest of all the hottest.

Nobody knows how much I wanted to kill my mate, how I'm secretly plotting a war against my previous pack ruled by my mate.

Later that afternoon, I saw another bouquet of ponies. With the neat and clean cursive writing of a man, I already knew who it came from.

"Alpha Faulkner," I said and inhaled a deep breath. He

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personally came here this time.

I've never met him in person, only the letters and chocolates and material things he's been sending me.

"Queen Era," he inhaled a deep breath, too, and his eyebrows palpitated in front of me.

"Wow..." he whispered, his gaze sweeping over me from head to foot. I was wearing my usual red phoenix dress with black Dr. Martens boots.

I wondered what made him so amazed.

"The rumors are definitely true. You are... so beautiful," Alpha Faulkner complimented, grabbing my hand slowly, calculating my reaction with his move.

I smiled at him and let him kiss my hand. "Thank you. I appreciate... the flowers?" I sighed and laughed.

"Sorry, this is just so not normal to me. I've been very busy in the pack, and I really don't know the proper etiquette for this matter - "

"No, no, it's okay. Damn the rules of werewolves and acting right as a she-wolf. It doesn't matter to me. I like you, and you may not like me today... but you will definitely like me tomorrow."

Okay, that was off.

I didn't like him for being cocky already. In a span of a second, I straightened my back and gave him a tight smile.

"Isabella?" I called my Beta. She immediately came beside me, her sarcastic smile directed at Alpha Faulkner.

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Isabella's presence provided a sense of security. She was more than just my Beta; she was my confidante, my shield against potential threats. Together, we formed an unbreakable bond.

Alpha Faulkner's confidence seemed to waver as he faced Isabella's piercing gaze. I could see a hint of unease in his eyes. Perhaps he didn't expect such a response from me.

"Alpha Faulkner," Isabella said, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "How fortunate we are to finally meet you in person. Your reputation truly precedes you."

I watched as the alpha's façade cracked, and a flicker of uncertainty passed through his eyes. It was clear that Isabella's sharp wit had caught him off guard.

He regained his composure quickly, though, and chuckled softly. "Isabella, isn't it? Your wit matches your beauty."

Isabella smirked, her gaze never leaving his. "Flattery won't get you far with us, Alpha Faulkner. We're not easily swayed by words alone."

The tension in the air was palpable as the two exchanged stares, a battle of wills unfolding before me. I remained silent, observing their interaction with a mix of curiosity and caution.

Alpha Faulkner finally broke the silence, his voice filled with determination. "Queen Era, I understand you have reservations, but I hope you'll give me a chance to prove myself worthy of your trust. You know where I am if you change your mind."

I raised an eyebrow, intrigued by his persistence. Perhaps

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there was more to him than met the eye.

But I wouldn't let my guard down so easily.

"Actions speak louder than words, Alpha Faulkner," I said, my tone neutral. "I'll be watching."

As I turned to leave, Isabella and I exchanged a knowing glance. This encounter had sparked my curiosity, but I remained wary.

The past had taught me to be cautious, to trust no one too easily.

"So, do you still like him?" I asked Isabella once she entered my office, closing the door behind her. The weight of her unspoken feelings hung heavy in the air, and I couldn't help but bring up the subject that had been lingering between us.

I heard her sigh, her voice tinged with resignation. "My emotional manipulation doesn't really work on you, huh?"

I nodded, a genuine smile playing on my lips. "Maybe in my past life, I have been into a roller coaster of emotions, all alone and lonely, that I could already control my emotions easily." My words held a double meaning, but she didn't catch on.

"Yeah, your present life is only about work and work and never-ending work in the pack. No fun. Urgh!" She groaned, exasperated by the monotony of our responsibilities.

I laughed, the sound ringing through the room. "Do you want fun, Isabella?" I leaned back in my chair, crossing my arms on the desk, and looked at her intently.

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"Why? Are you going to dance and blow fire in front of me? 'Cause that's definitely fun!" Isabella retorted with a playful smirk.

I shook my head, amusement dancing in my eyes. "No, but I'm going to create an explosion at the Chancellor's annual meeting."

Her grin widened. "Historical. I like it. Are we going to kill someone there?"

I chuckled at her eagerness. "Of course not. We're just going to scare someone off. And his reaction... would be the gift for our little efforts."

In the upcoming annual meeting, every leader of the pack would gather, including Alpha Maximus, accompanied by his Luna.

The thought of his presence sent a thrill through me, a mix of anticipation and trepidation. I couldn't wait to see his reaction when he discovered I was alive. I yearned to witness his response as he realized that I had clawed my way out of the grave, resurrected against all odds.

Isabella's eyes sparkled with curiosity and excitement. "Tell me more. How are we going to pull this off?"

I leaned forward, lowering my voice conspiratorially. "I've devised a plan, Isabella. One that will expose the shadows hidden within the pack's hierarchy. It's time to reveal the truth, to bring justice to those who have been oppressed. And in doing so, we'll set the stage for our ultimate revelation."

Her breath hitched, captivated by the gravity of our mission. "And what is that, Seraphina?"

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A fire burned in my eyes as I answered, determination ringing in my voice. "To claim our rightful place, Isabella. To confront the ones who thought they could bury us. We will rise from the ashes, stronger than ever before, and rewrite the destiny that was stolen from us."

For Alpha Maximus, this meeting would be a turning point.

The man who had believed he had extinguished my flame would witness my blazing presence once again.

The game had changed, and he was about to learn that the soul he thought he had destroyed had only been reborn, ready to challenge his dominion.



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