

Twice rejected - Chapter 3 CHAPTER 3 Never ending suffering

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Koko's POV

Once again, the moon goddess had to play a trick on me. Life raised my hopes, only to send it to the ground to fall and shatter into pieces. If only I hadn't hoped for anything.

It so happened that on that fateful day, when I turned sixteen alongside my sister and many of our peers, we all eagerly waited for our wolves. We were filled with anticipation of the lycanthropy ceremony. Everyone was in high hopes, including me.

In the Red Moon pack, we shifted at the age of sixteen and mostly found our mates by the time we were eighteen. So you can imagine how joyous I was at the upcoming ceremony.

But cruel as it may seem, on that night of the ceremony, I watched my sister and all our other peers shift to their wolves under the blood red full moon at midnight.

I waited for my wolf... I waited in shame.

My wolf never came. It was a gut-wrenching experience for me, I walked back home with my head bowed and cried all the way home. What have I done to be ill-fated?

As expected, Donna was at the door to welcome my sister and to shower me with her insults again. Luckily for her, the goddess gave her the right to keep insulting me.

"I always knew you were a curse! This just confirms it. If you were not an evil child, you would have shifted like the rest of your peers. This is your punishment for killing your father." She spat at me, before locking me in the basement.

I didn't care anymore... I felt abandoned, hurt and filled with bitterness but I had no choice. I have nowhere to go. I spent three days in the darkness without food or water, before she released me.

Six months later, I shifted into my wolf. I guessed I should be happy now, right? It should have been a thing of joy for me, but it only led to more shame and disgrace.

That was because as usual bad luck always clinged to me. I got my wolf but it wasn't a wolf, but more like a baby goat! My wolf was very small and my comparison is the perfect description for it.

It was weak and frail, with a pale brown colour, and it never spoke to me. I guess we are on the same page. We were cursed according to my mother.

Yet again, I know I would become an object of ridicule amongst the entire pack. Everyone and anyone who wanted to, bullied me at their will. And that was because it was now certain that my wolf was so small that if I ever picked a fight, I would be chewed up without a sweat.

"Weak and pathetic! Why are you still alive?" My mother spat at me one fateful day.

I was so bittered that I responded to her. "Are you really my mother? Why do you hate me so much? Why!"

"Did you just scream at me, you worthless weregoat! You are a goat! That's why you have a goat instead of a wolf..."

"Mother!"

"Don't you dare call me mother after you killed your father! You are a curse and a disgrace! I am sending you to the palace first thing in the morning!"

She started screaming at me, I was so ashamed that I ran away into the thick forest opposite our house.

On getting there, I started crying loudly. I knew I won't be heard by anybody so I cried to my heart's content. The tears that I had been holding in for a long time started falling heavily.

"Are you okay, young lady?" I heard a voice from behind. His scent was so unique and refreshing. It felt like drinking water from a spring.

"I... I am fine. I just got something in my eyes." I quickly lied lowering my head. I could sense he was a stranger because his scent was not like anyone living in my pack.

"Got something in your eyes and you are bawling at the top of your lungs?"

"I am fine. It stings... that's why I was bawling my eyes out so that the tears might have a healing effect." I lied again, through my teeth. I never knew I could lie like this though.

I heard a soft chuckle from him and my mind skipped a beat. That chuckling sound.. It was almost like that night I got lost. I wanted to raise my head, but I dare not.

"Raise your head let me see you." The voice commanded.

"I can't," I replied weakly.

"You can't?" He asked me back.

Before I could say anything, he was already in front of me. He raised my chin up gently and looked at my face. I wanted to close my eyes, but somehow I couldn't.

"Isn't this the face you are hiding? Are you afraid because you are different?" He asked.

I was surprised he wasn't cursing or feeling angered by my appearance.

Then I heard him say." You are different because you are unique. The Moon goddess would surely give you someone that would treasure you. Keep hoping."

Why does this sound familiar? It was too dark that night so I couldn't see the person's face clearly. Could he be the same boy?

As I was lost in my thoughts, I didn't know when he left. Where did he go? I couldn't even ask his name!

Though I was disappointed, I stuck to his word and hoped on the moon goddess sending me the one to cherish me.

With every passing day, I held on to hope - just as he had told me. I made it a habit to hold on to good things that could come, it was what kept me alive each day.

Even though I might be down on most times but trust me, I was a very optimistic person. I believed in fate and the Moon goddess even though she had failed me several times.

So I held onto yet another hope. I chose to believe in the word of that stranger. I believed everything will be fine once again. There was a glimmer of hope.

My mate.

I believed that I would find my mate once I was eighteen.

He would love me and he would be my friend. My mate would protect me and stand up for me when I was being picked on, he would shield me like male mates do, and he would never let anyone hurt me.

I believed my mate would take me away from my mother and sister and he would keep me safe with him, nurture and cherish me and I would never have to worry about anything else again.

That was my hope. The hope that kept me going till I would finally meet him. I believe he would love me regardless of everything.

I should have learnt that it was futile to hope. I should have learnt my lesson from the incident of my wolf, but still I held onto that tiny bit of hope. Futile to hope in the so-called Moon goddess that I trusted even after all the ill fate.

The moon goddess had always been so cruel to me, I was sure she hated me as well, I should have understood this and not expected anything from her.

But I didn't, I allowed myself to believe that I deserved a happy ending, for all that I had gone through.

I was wrong. Finding my mate was not my happy ending but the start of my real anguish. It was the start of the real pain and that was when I would know that the pains of all these years were nothing.

It was a new dawn of never ending suffering.

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