## **CHAPTER ONE— HARSH REJECTION**

Beware of this tricky thing called happiness, for it is the gateway to sadness.

The world before Celeste's eyes had turned upside down.

Her life...

Her choices...

Everything had tilted to the left and Celeste was not grateful to the moon goddess for that.

She got her wish, but the odds weren't at all in her favor.

Her mate; Zillon Macre wasn't as angelic as he seemed.

He was a beast, a man with no conscience, a man without a heart.

He treated her as if she was a toilet, but even so, her heart still beated for him.

Whenever he was around, her lungs felt as light as a puff of cloud and his scent; it's uniqueness as well as it's sweetness calmed her diligently. The matebond was quite prominent between them, but for the two days that Celeste knew him as her mate, all he kept mentioning was her sister.

He didn't see her as his mate, he made that very clear the night he marked her.

That night when the orange colour in his eyes had dispersed to obsidian, he had shoved her away from him as if she was a contagious virus. He had regarded her with a glare and the words he had uttered later could've killed her on spot.

'Pitiful...you're my mate? It's a struggle to even look at you, how in heaven's name would I live with you? That mark on your neck, forget about it, my wolf marked you, not me...my mark belongs to Celia.'

Celeste's heart had almost collapsed. It had been hard for her to breathe, more so when he had spat repulsively on the ground then continued to hurt her with his harsh words.

'The only reason I won't reject you is because omegas die in the process and as future alpha protecting my pack is my main priority, not killing them. Move in in two days, I can't have the pack members thinking that I'm in anyway a bad mate.'

And then he had left Celeste on the pack grounds with a shattered heart. Her eyes had followed him until he was out of view and her wolf kept howling in her head.

It was painful; to be mated to someone who didn't want you, but even after he shunned her with those words, she believed that the matebond would help him realize that the moon goddess did not make mistakes. If they were mated, then they must've been mated for a reason.

With a sad sigh, Celeste shoved her last piece of clothing in her suitcase. It was time to face him now, the two days which she had been so anxious through had passed and now it was time to move into Zillon's house.

She wanted to go, dwelling close to her crush was a dream come through, but there was this doubt within her.

What if he still proceeded to treat her bad?

To harshly remind her that she wasn't who he really wanted?

That would break her; physically and mentally.

It would make her feel insufficient and unwanted.

It would make her feel even more lonely than she had been.

All her life, Celeste walked alone, her parents didn't pay her much attention because they gave it all to Celia and at school, she had no friends.

Previously she had prayed for a mate, one she could freely talk to and one who'd...just always be there.

Zillon was number one on her list, but it seems he wasn't capable of being the mate she always wanted.

Zipping her suitcase closed, she hauled it to the rectangular board hinged onto thick concrete. She twisted the knob situated on it and with a frustrated breath, she pulled the door open, not hesitating to step through.

Her steps took her down the creaky, wooden stairs and as soon as she stepped down the last one, she was bombarded by her parents.

"Celeste, are you sure you want to move in so soon?"

Celeste looked over at her mom with nonchalant eyes. She sounded worried didn't she?

Well the factuality of it all was that she was only worried about Celia.

"Yes mom, he told me to move in, remember?"

"Yes but...b-" she cleared her throat and looked over at her mate; Williams. "Honey, tell her."

Williams; Celeste's father as well as the pack's beta sighed. "Why is it that I'm the one who always explains?"

"Because honey, you're very good at speaking your mind, especially when it comes to things that normal people might find it hard to say."

"So I'm not normal?"

"Not in the slightest bit, so tell her."

With another sigh, the beta looked over at his daughter. "Look Celeste, we think this; you moving in with your mate won't work. We believe it will only proceed to pull you and your sister apart. Zillon is your sister's boyfriend and furthermore, your mate. It will be impossible to share."

Celeste squinted her eyes as she blankly stared at him. "Why would we have to share?" She shrugged. "He's my mate, according to the pack's tradition, it's mandatory that he chooses me."

"But will he choose you?"

That question stabbed Celeste right in the heart and the feigned strength that had resided around her, quickly faded.

Would he choose her?

They were mates, but he didn't necessarily have to choose her. It's rare but sometimes mates rejected each other.

The procedure was painful, so much so that omegas like celeste cannot live through it, but Celeste wouldn't get rejected, would she?

She wouldn't die all because she was unwanted by not just her mate but everyone, right?

Nothing of that sorts will happen to her...right?

Right. Because Celeste wouldn't let it. She'd give him her all and in the end, he wouldn't have a choice but to choose her.

Nodding confidently to herself, she walked between her parents, hauling the suitcase behind her. "I'm not sure, I guess I'll just have to move in to find out."

"Celest..."

Celeste fanned her mother off and continued on her way, meeting the last resident in the house by the doorway, her big sister. She smiled faintly, the crook of her lips obviously fake. "I guess I'll see you soon."

"You will be seeing me soon," Celia replied. "When my Zillon kicks you out."

With a lack of energy, of battle strength..."Ye, well I guess you're right Celia." Celeste replied.

"He should just reject you, at least then I'd get rid of my repetition."

A repetition? Celeste's heartbeat quickened, her eyes darting over to the dull, white walls. "Is that what I was? It's funny how I'm just finding out." She chuckled, fingers clenching tight around the handle of her suitcase. "You should've told me sooner."

"I should've, I don't know what stopped me from making it known how unwanted you are. You're just an extra to mom and dad, and someone easily replaceable by their own mate. But go now, you'll find out on your journey, how insignificant you can be."

Celeste's eyes almost watered as she made her way outside. She knew her sister was right, no matter how much she tried to deny it, she really was insignificant.

Nobody wanted her... But it was okay...as long as she wanted herself.

A/N// Meet Zillon in the next chapter.