

HIS REJECTED MATE'S REVENGE

Chapter 3

Damian's POV.

Being an Alpha isn't just about strength—it's about control. Control of your pack. Control of your instincts. Control of the beast inside you that wants to rip apart anyone who challenges you.

That's what Alpha training is all about. And honestly? Most days, it feels like a test I can never fail. Because one mistake, one slip, and it isn't just me who suffers. It's everyone.

So yeah, my life is strict schedules, gruelling combat drills, endless lectures on diplomacy, and leadership. No parties. No freedom. No fun.

Ever since my father passed away from a heart attack, my uncle had taken the seat of Alpha until I was the right age to take over my place.

All I did was go to Edom for the Alpha training, with many other Alpha heirs from different packs.

In a year's time, I will assume my position as Alpha of Argent pack, like my father and his father.

But days like today? They remind me why it's worth it.

"Damian, the Stormont are here," my uncle calls from the foyer, his deep voice echoing through the mansion.

The Stormonts. A wealthy family in the pack, responsible for the gold mines.

I know the name, but I've never paid much attention to them or their kids—mainly because I don't have time for drama that doesn't involve keeping rogue wolf smugglers off our borders or reading in Edom.

Still, I smooth a hand over my black button-down shirt and make my way downstairs. As Alpha heir, appearances matter.

The first thing I notice when I reach the foyer is my mother, all grace and poise, greeting the guests. The second thing I notice?

Her.

The girl standing next to her mother isn't just pretty—she's devastating.

Long, glossy red hair cascading down her back, a figure that curves in all the right places, and a face that looks like it was carved by the gods. She's smiling at something my father says, and damn if that smile doesn't hit me like a punch to the gut.

I have never seen such beauty in this pack.

Who the hell is she?

I stride forward, masking the sudden rush of heat under my skin.

“Welcome,” I say smoothly, my eyes locking on hers.

“I'm Damian.”

Her eyes—golden-brown and bright—lift to meet mine, and for a second, she just stares. Like she wasn't expecting me. Then, her lips curve in a perfect smile.

“Ariana,” she says, her voice soft and sweet like honey dripping from a spoon.

“It's nice to meet you.”

Ariana. The name tastes good on my tongue.

“And this is our other daughter, Astrid.” her mother adds, gesturing to the girl standing a step behind Ariana.

I glance at her briefly—plain clothes, oversized glasses, clutching a sketchbook like it's her lifeline. They looked alike, twins definitely, but not at all—and then my gaze slides right back to Ariana. Because honestly, the other one barely registers.

“Pleasure,” I murmur automatically, though I don't even look long enough to see Astrid's reaction.

Ariana, though? She holds my attention like gravity.

We move into the sitting room, and as my parents chat with the Stormonts about business and alliances, I find myself watching Ariana. The way she crosses her legs, the delicate tilt of her head when she laughs, the soft pink gloss on her lips.

Every guy in this pack would kill for a chance with a girl like this.

She definitely knew she was pretty and a head turner.

And right now, she's sitting on my couch, in my house, smiling at me like she knows exactly what she's doing.

I wanted to ask if she was seeing anyone, but I changed my question the second I opened my mouth.

“So,” I say, leaning back in my chair, letting my gaze settle on her.

“Do you come here often?”

Dumb question, of course not.

I would have seen her if she had come to my house.

Her smile widens.

“Not really. First time, actually.”

“Then I'll make sure it's not your last.”

Her cheeks flush the faintest shade of pink, and damn if it doesn't make me want to pull her closer, see if her lips taste as sweet as they look.

Astrid shifts uncomfortably in her seat, and for a split second, I remember she exists. She hasn't said a word this entire time. She just sits there like she wants to disappear into the wallpaper. I almost feel bad—almost—but then Ariana laughs at something I said, and I forget all about her again.

“So, Damian,” Ariana says after a while, her voice lilting like music.

“Alpha training school... that sounds intense.”

“It is,” I admit with a smirk.

“Only the strongest make it through. You've gotta be smart, fast, and ruthless when you need to be.”

Her eyes sparkle like I just told her the world's best secret.

“Sounds like something you're perfect for.”

“I try.” I let the smirk deepen, holding her gaze just long enough to see her bite her lip. Oh yeah—she’s interested.

“Must be hard,” she says, twirling a strand of hair around her finger.

“All that training... no time for fun?”

I lean forward slightly, lowering my voice so it’s just for her.

“Who says I don’t make time for the things I want?”

Her breath hitches—barely, but I notice. She wants me. And I want her.

“Ariana,” her mother says suddenly, breaking the tension.

“Why don’t you and Astrid go the garden? It’s beautiful this time of year. The maid will show you around.”

Ariana pouts slightly but then nods.

“Sure, Mom.”

She stands, and so does her sister, clutching that sketchbook like a lifeline.

For the first time, Astrid glances at me, and I catch something in her eyes—something sharp, something... different. But then it’s gone, and she follows Ariana out without a word.

I noticed the tension between the twins and how the one named Astrid avoided her sister.

The room feels colder without Ariana in it.

My uncle clears his throat.

“Damian, a word in private.”

I drag my eyes from the doorway Ariana just walked through.

“Yeah, sure.”

We step into his office, and he closes the door behind us.

“You were staring,” he says bluntly.

I smirk.

“She’s... interesting.”

“She’s a Stormont.” he reminds me.

“Good family. Strong bloodline. But remember—you’re not just any wolf, Damian. You’re the future, Alpha. You can’t afford distractions.”

“Who says she’s a distraction?” I counter.

“An alliance through marriage would be very good. I heard they owned the gold mines in the pack.”

His eyes narrow, studying me like he can see every thought in my head. Finally, he sighs.

“Just don’t do anything reckless.”

I grin, already thinking of a hundred ways to make Ariana mine.

“When have I ever?”

When the Stormonts leave, Ariana gives me one last smile over her shoulder. It’s small, teasing, and promising.

And right then, I decided something.

Ariana isn’t just going to be a pretty face I met once.

She’s going to be mine.