

HIS REJECTED MATE'S REVENGE

Chapter 5

Astrid's POV.

Three days.

That's all that's left before my eighteenth birthday. Our eighteenth birthday. The day that's supposed to change everything.

I sit cross-legged on my bed, staring at the calendar on my wall. The red circle around Saturday looks almost like it's glowing. My heart pounds every time I look at it. Not because of the cake or the stupid party Mom's probably planning for Ariana, but because of what it means for me.

The first shift.

Everyone says turning eighteen is magical for a wolf. That first shift... it's like being reborn. Stronger. Faster. Powerful. No more being the weak one. No more being invisible.

For the first time in my life, I might matter.

I press my hands together, whispering to the silence of my room.

"Please... let this change something."

I close my eyes and imagine it: fur as red as flames, eyes glowing like stars. Not because I care about being beautiful like Ariana, but because... maybe if I'm strong, Mom and Dad will stop looking at me like I'm a mistake. Maybe they'll see me.

I will find my mate and finally be rid of this family forever.

I won't look back.

The door creaks open without warning. Of course, she doesn't knock.

"What are you doing? Meditating?" Ariana steps in, wearing silk pyjamas that probably cost a fortune. Her hair is in perfect waves even though it's bedtime.

After the Edom incident, I had to reluctantly apologise to my parents, and sadly, Ariana.

As much as I loved to rip her hair out of her scalp, being so violent and aggressive wasn't my style.

I was so ridden with guilt, and the look of fear in my mother's eyes haunted me.

They were still my parents, and I still lived under their roof.

They tore up my application, which cost me several thousand dollars to save up, but it is what it is.

When I find my mate, I'm so out of here.

I glare at her.

"Ever heard of knocking?"

She smirks.

"Ever heard of getting a life?"

"Wow," I mutter, rolling my eyes.

"You came all the way in here just to say that? Must've been exhausting."

Ariana flops onto my bed like she owns it, scrolling through her phone.

"Relax, I'm just here to talk. My big day's coming up."

"Our big day," I repeat flatly.

"Right."

"You're not excited?" she asks, eyes still glued to her screen.

"I am," I say carefully.

"Just..." nervous, I guess."

This was the first time she was ever talking to me like a semi normal person.

"Nervous?" Ariana snorts.

"Why? It's going to be amazing. Everyone will finally see how powerful I am." She flips her hair and grins at her reflection in my mirror.

Scratch that... It's totally not normal.

“I’m going to be the prettiest, strongest wolf this pack has ever seen. Damian will lose his mind when he sees me shift. I’m definitely his mate, I can feel it.”

Of course, this is about Damian. Everything lately is about Damian.

Damian, Damian, Damian.

That was all Mom and Ari could ever talk about.

She barely knew the Alpha heir, but somehow they were 'perfect' together.

But that day, he looked at her, and I saw the glint in his eyes.

He was just like every other guy in this pack, attracted to her beauty without knowing the evil inside of her.

He was definitely her mate.

“Must be nice,” I mumble.

“What?”

“Having everyone already think you’re perfect before you’ve even shifted.”

Ariana looks at me then, her brows arching.

“Oh, Astrid. Don’t be like that. It’s not my fault you—” She stops, smirking.

“Never mind.”

“Finish it,” I snap.

Her smirk deepens.

“It’s not my fault you’re... average. Sorry, below average”

The words sting, but I swallow them down. I’ve had years of practice.

I knew I was below average. They made sure to remind me of that.

I was the other twin, the ugly one who loved nerdy stuff.

I was never my own person to them.

“Whatever,” I say, turning away.

“You’ve got what you want. Damian, attention, everything. So leave me alone.”

They would probably fit.

Two insanely attractive people with stuck-up personalities.

It's definitely a match made by the moon goddess.

She studies me for a moment, then laughs softly.

“You know what? I hope you do get a mate. Maybe then you’ll stop being so bitter. Maybe he would even change how you look. Just hope it's not one of the commoners.”

And with that, she struts out, leaving the faint smell of her expensive perfume behind.

I curl into myself, gripping the blanket tight, whispering the same prayer I’ve whispered a hundred times.

“Please... let this change everything.”

Ariana’s POV

Finally.

Finally, after eighteen years of waiting, it’s almost here. Our birthday. The night I’ve dreamed about since I was old enough to understand what being a wolf really means.

I stand in front of my full-length mirror, turning side to side as I hold up a silver dress against my body. Perfect. It's absolutely perfect. The way it catches the light? Damian won’t be able to look away.

It suited my hair so perfectly.

Speaking of Damian... I pull out my phone and scroll through our messages. He hasn’t texted yet today, but that’s fine. He’s probably busy with Alpha training. Still, I can’t help but imagine his face when he sees me on my birthday—powerful, radiant, everything a Luna should be.

He was definitely my mate, and I couldn't wait to be marked and ravished by him again.

I toss the dress onto my bed and start brushing my hair, humming softly.

I snuck out last night to see Damian, and the way he thrust into me was the best thing I have ever felt in my life.

I couldn't wait to be his forever.

“Ariana!” Mom calls from downstairs.

I grab the brush and head down, finding Mom in the kitchen with a glass of wine in her hand, and that usual sparkle in her eyes whenever she talks about him.

“We need to finalize the guest list,” she says.

“This party has to be perfect. The Argents will be there.”

I smile, leaning against the counter.

“I’ve already got the perfect dress.”

“Of course you do.” Mom beams at me like I hung the moon.

“You’re going to take his breath away.”

“I plan to,” I say, my voice light but full of confidence.

“What about Astrid?” she asks absently.

I shrug.

“What about her?”

“She’s... well, she’s Astrid. Make sure she doesn’t embarrass us.”

“Please.” I laugh. “She doesn’t even talk to anyone. She’ll probably hide in a corner with her sketchbook like always.”

Mom sighs but waves it off.

“As long as she doesn’t cause trouble.”

“She won’t.” I smile sweetly, even though I remember the wild look in her eyes when she attacked me the other time. For a second, the memory sends a shiver down my spine.

But no. Astrid is nothing compared to me. And when Damian sees me, when he claims me as his mate, everyone will finally understand.

I’ll be the Luna. The most powerful female in this pack.

And Astrid?

She'll still be the girl in the shadows, buried in goldmine records.

Later that night, I passed by her room and heard faint music playing. I peek in and see her hunched over her sketchbook like usual, lost in her little world.

Pathetic.

She looks up, catching me in the doorway.

“What?” she snaps.

She was always smart.

I was jealous of that.

Her senses were far sharper than mine, and she would have been the perfect daughter if she wasn't so ugly with a stupid pair of ugly ass glasses.

I smile sweetly.

“Just checking to see if you're still breathing.”

“Unfortunately for you, I am.”

Her tone is sharp, and for a moment, I see something fierce in her eyes—something that almost makes me pause. Almost.

“Goodnight, Astrid,” I say lightly, shutting the door.

She doesn't answer.

As I crawl into bed, I scroll through my phone one last time. Still no text from Damian, but that's okay. In three days, he'll see me shift, and then...

Then, everything I've ever wanted will be mine.