

# HIS REJECTED MATE'S REVENGE

## Chapter 6

Astrid's POV.

The night air was cold, almost magical, carrying that scent of pine and damp earth that always reminded me of freedom. But tonight wasn't just any night—it was the night.

The full moon hung above like a silver coin, huge and bright, lighting up the entire clearing where the pack had gathered. All around, wolves paced, eager for their turn. I could feel the anticipation in the air like electricity.

I stood in line beside Ariana, and of course, she looked perfect as always. Her orangey hair shimmered under the moonlight, and even though we were both in simple dresses, she somehow managed to make hers look like something out of a fashion magazine.

Her gown was silvery white with shiny stones.

I knew it must have cost a fortune even with how simple looking it was.

meanwhile, I was in a plain strapless white gown I had since last year that was now tight for me.

Mother didn't even bother to get me new clothes for my first shift.

I wasn't the least worried. It was going to get ruined after all, so why waste?

People kept looking at her—some of the younger wolves even whispering about how stunning she was going to look in her wolf form.

“Don't pass out, nerd,” Ariana whispered, her lips curling into that wicked smile.

“Wouldn't want to embarrass yourself in front of the entire pack.”

I clenched my fists at my side.

“Don't worry about me,” I muttered.

“Oh, I'm not,” she said sweetly, her eyes glinting with mischief.

“But everyone knows the strong bloodline usually shows in looks and power. So... good luck trying to compete.”

Of course, she would say that she is Ariana Stormont, the queen wolf of Argent Pack.

I bit back the urge to snap at her. Tonight wasn't about Ariana. It was about me—finally meeting the other side of myself, the wolf I'd been dreaming about for years.

“Alright, everyone!” Alpha regent Declan's voice boomed, pulling everyone's attention.

“Tonight, our young wolves meet their true forms. Remember, embrace the pain. Don't fight it. The moon will guide you.”

The clearing fell silent except for the sound of the wind rustling through the trees. My heart thumped so loudly I swore people could hear it. One by one, wolves started shifting—bones cracking, fur sprouting, bodies twisting. It was both terrifying and breathtaking to watch.

When my turn came, I stepped into the moonlight, my legs trembling. The energy hit me instantly—a surge so powerful it felt like lightning running through my veins. My knees buckled as fire spread through my bones.

“Oh God...” I groaned, falling to the ground. My body convulsed as every bone broke and reshaped. My scream turned into a growl halfway through, my nails elongating into claws. It was pain, yes, but beneath it... there was exhilaration. Freedom.

And then I felt her—my wolf.

When I finally opened my eyes, everything looked sharper, clearer. I could see every leaf, every twitch of an ear in the wolves around me. The scent of the earth was intoxicating, rich, and wild. I looked down and saw flaming red fur glowing under the moonlight. It's not orange. Not dull brown. Red. Bright, fiery, powerful.

exactly the colour of my hair.

Gasps rippled through the pack.

“Holy sh\*t,” someone whispered.

“Is that... Astrid?” another voice said in disbelief.

I rose to my full height, and that's when I noticed something—I was huge.

Very very huge.

Bigger than Ariana's wolf. Bigger than any wolf in our age group. At least five inches taller, maybe more. My paws sank deep into the dirt as I stood proud, my tail high. I didn't need a mirror to know how magnificent I looked.

This was the first time I saw people looking at me in awesome and admiration.

Not Ariana.

Me

I turned my head and spotted Ariana's wolf—an orangey shade, smaller than mine. Her glowing amber eyes burned with fury as she stared at me. Jealousy radiated from her like heat.

She would be jealous.

After running her mouth to me earlier on, my wolf was bigger than hers.

Astrid, my wolf's voice echoed in my mind, strong and clear. We are born for greatness.

I felt my heart swell with pride. Maybe, just maybe, this was my way out.

When the shift ended and I stood back on two legs, naked and trembling, a hand reached out to me.

"Damn, Astrid," Mason said, holding out a long gown to me.

"That was insane! Your wolf is... wow. I've never seen anything like that before. You were huge!"

I smiled weakly, slipping the gown over my head.

"Thanks, Mason." My voice was shaky, but inside, I was bursting with excitement. If my wolf was that big, it could only mean one thing—I was mated to an Alpha-blooded wolf. Maybe even an Alpha himself.

A mate who could take me far away from this pack. Away from Ariana. Away from my parents.

As I adjusted the gown, Ariana stormed toward me, her face red—not from the shift, but from rage. She didn't even bother putting on a proper smile for the crowd.

"You just had to do that, didn't you?" she hissed.

"Do what?" I asked innocently, though my heart raced.

"Show off. Make the entire night about you. Couldn't you just let me have one thing, Astrid? Just one?"

Huh?

Let her have one thing?

That is supposed to be my line.

I stared at her, shocked.

“Ariana, I didn’t do this on purpose—”

“Save it!” she snapped, her nails digging into her palm.

“You ruined everything. Everyone was supposed to be looking at me tonight. Me! Not... you.”

Before I could respond, she spun on her heel and stalked away, her wet hair whipping behind her.

I stood frozen, Mason still beside me, looking awkward.

“Uh... don’t let her get to you,” he said softly.

“Seriously, Astrid. Your wolf is amazing. Like, Alpha-level amazing.”

I smiled faintly.

“Yeah... I noticed.”

As I watched Ariana disappear into the crowd, I overheard my parents talking in hushed tones a few feet away.

“We know she is mated to an Alpha.” my father whispered.

“I know,” my mother replied.

“We need to keep her inside. If an Alpha notices her...”

The words faded as they walked away, but my blood ran cold. Keep me inside? Over my dead body.

For the first time in my life, I felt hope. My mate—whoever he was—was out there. And he was going to get me out of this hell.

But as the night continued, I caught Ariana’s glare from across the clearing, and I knew one thing for sure—this was only the beginning.