

SIX | R E J E C T E D

Alexi POV

“Son of a b***h,” I yelled out while weaving through trac.

I’d been at the mall all day trying to nd the perfect outt for Aaron and Alaia’s party tonight. Me being me, I decided to wait until the last minute, and now I was trying to rush back to the packhouse to get ready.

I hit a button on the dash and heard the phone begin to ring. After the third ring, Aaron picked up the phone.

“Lex, where the hell are you, bro? I’ve been calling you all day, and the party starts in an hour!”

“Yeah, sorry, man. I’ve been at the mall getting my s**t for tonight.”

“Lex, you won’t believe it, but I found her. She’s been right under my nose this whole time!” Aaron said.

I was calling him to tell him about the chick I almost banged in the food court, but he seemed so excited that I forget all about her. “What are you talking about, bro?”

“My mate! I found my mate, and she’s perfect. She’s smart and beautiful, and a total badass. She’ll make the perfect Luna for the pack one day.”

My mind started to wander as I thought about my mate. I absolutely did not want one. It’s not that I didn’t want to experience that kind of love, but it was more that I didn’t think I was worthy of it. I’d slept with almost every girl I’d come across, and I was proud of that fact. It wouldn’t have been fair if my mate was a good girl who’d been saving herself for me and only me. She deserved someone like Aaron—a perfect guy—which I was not.

When I turned eighteen last month, I thought I started to feel the mate pull for Alaia, and that totally freaked me out. Don’t get me wrong, she was the most beautiful girl I’d ever seen, and I would have loved nothing more than to bend her over a desk and bury myself deep inside her. But I couldn’t. I didn’t deserve her, and out of respect for her brother, I would never approach her.

She deserved someone special, like her.

I came back to my senses when I heard Aaron yell, “It’s Jordyn!”

“Well, s**t,” I said. “I guess congratulations are in order. Since you’ve been waiting eighteen years for a chick who’s been right there this whole time, I know you’ve marked her already.”

“Nah, Mom is forcing us to keep it in our pants until after the party. Then it’s on!” he said.

I smiled. “Well, congrats again, Aaron. I’m happy for you, man. Look, I’m about ten minutes from the packhouse. I’ll come to nd you once I get myself together, cool?”

“Yeah, man,” he said. “Just be quick about it.”

With that, we hung up.

The closer I get to the house, I felt as my wolf, Max, started to get more and more agitated.

“What the hell, Max? What’s up?”

He didn’t answer.

“Whatever,” I thought as I pulled up to the packhouse and jumped out.

I grabbed my stuff from the back seat and rushed inside. It was still pretty chaotic, but I saw that the Luna had it all under control. I knew for sure that when the clock struck 6:00, everything would be perfect.

I weaved my way around a few omegas holding ower arrangements before the sweetest smell hit me. It was like warm honey on a cold winter day. It smelled so sweet it was like I could almost taste it.

Max started to howl as I forced my feet to move forward to nd what this smell was.

As I got closer to the stairs, I saw Alaia looking sexy as hell in a tight teal dress. I was taken aback by how beautiful she was, and when we locked eyes, I heard myself say, “Mate.”

Well s**t.

Alaia POV

It couldn’t be. Alexi was my mate? Oh, Moon goddess, I love you!

Alexi seemed to be in the same trance state like me before I saw him shake his head to try to clear his thoughts. He dodged another omega, this one holding a massive tray of meatballs before he stepped up to me. “Would you come to my room with me real quick?” he asked before moving past me and up the stairs.

“Well, this was different,” I thought to myself.

Aaron and Jordyn were sucking face less than sixty seconds after discovering they were mates, and Alexi just walked past me as if nothing had happened.

I turned around and followed him up to his room. As soon as I walked in, I took a deep breath and inhaled his fantastic scent. Amethyst purred in appreciation.

While I was caught up in the smell, I saw Alexi with a worried look on his face.

Before I could ask him what was wrong, he opened his mouth and said, “I, Alexi Kostov, future Beta of the Opal Moon pack, reject you, Alaia Miller, as my mate and partner.”

It felt like all the air was sucked out of the room as I fell to the oor. With a small voice, I managed to ask, “But, why?”

Alexi looked like he wanted to bend over to help me up, but instead, he straightened up before saying, “I never wanted a mate. You know how I am. I can’t be tied down to one girl. I’m happy the way I am, and no woman is going to change that.”

It was like a knife to my already shattered and broken heart. With the last few bits of my dignity I could nd, I stood to my feet and looked Alexi straight in the eye. “I, Alaia Miller, daughter of Alpha Jonathan Miller of the Opal Moon Pack, accept your rejection.”

The look of pain that crossed his face when he heard those words almost made me want to take them back and run into his arms, but I wouldn’t.

As the force of the severed mate bond brought him to his knees, I took my rst wobbly step out of his door and headed straight for my room. I kept my head held high and refused to let even one tear fall.

I was the daughter of an alpha. I was strong, and I would get through this.

Amethyst was howling in pain in my head, and I realized that she, too, had lost her mate tonight.

I’m so sorry, Amethyst.

She was too upset to respond and just continued to howl and whine. I didn’t know what I could do for her, but I felt that we’d have to just get through this together. When I nally reached my room, I closed and locked the door before pressing my back to it and sliding to the oor.

Once my butt touched the oor, the ood gates opened, and all my emotions poured out. I’d never in my life felt a pain like this and didn’t know if I could genuinely survive it. They say that the pain of rejection is almost as bad as the pain of having your mate die. I could swear for sure that I wouldn’t ever wish the feeling on anyone. I didn’t even realize it when I fell over onto my side and curled up into the fetal position. I’m not sure how long it took, but I eventually heard a knock on my door, which I tried to ignore.

“Alaia, I know you’re in there, so open the door, please,” I heard Aaron say.

I heard him, but I couldn’t move. I couldn’t speak. All I could do was focus on my breathing. Inhale, exhale. Inhale, exhale.

Aaron, sensing that something was terribly wrong, pulled out the key I gave him for emergencies only, and unlocked the door.

Because my small frame was resting right in front of the door, he applied gentle pressure and slid me across the oor, giving himself just enough space to squeeze in.

Once his head came around the door, and he saw me, he bent down to get a closer look. “Alaia, what happened? Why are you lying on the oor?”

His voice was laced with worry, and it pained my already broken heart to see him this way. I just looked up into his eyes as more tears poured from my own.

Seeing this, Aaron scooped me up and carried me toward my bed.

“He rejected me,” I nally said, barely above a whisper.

I felt Aaron’s body tense and watched his eyes turn black. “Who rejected you?” he growled.

I couldn’t even bring myself to say his name; it was like glass being jammed down my throat. I shook my head furiously as more tears began to spill over.

Aaron knew not to push any further and simply sighed. He gently laid me in bed before he pulled the covers up over me. He then crawled behind me and pulled me close to his chest while I cried.

I didn’t know how long I cried, but when I opened my eyes, it was morning, and I had the worst headache ever. I looked down and saw that I was still in my dress from last night before it all came rushing back to me.

I’d been rejected.

My mate had rejected me.

I pulled my blanket back over my head and willed the world to just swallow me whole. So far, being an adult had absolutely sucked.