

## 1: Selene

Selene.

Working as efficiently as I could, I finished washing the dishes and dried them. All the omegas were invited to the Alpha's party because he is taking over after the death of his father a few days ago.

I never liked going to parties in the first place, but as an omega, we are forced to work as waiters and waitresses or, as I am currently doing, the dishes. They have used them, and I have to wash before they require it again.

In the middle of my work, the bustle and hustle of other omegas taking drinks in trays kept my attention.

"The Alpha is so handsome. Gosh, how I wish I were his mate." One of the omegas gushed as she refilled cups with Lupine Brew, a werewolf wine.

"I know right. But we are omegas; he will probably reject us." One of them grumbled.

"Yeah. They don't mate with omegas. Same with his father when his true mate happened to be an omega. He rejected her." This was Tina, the main gossip girl we have in the omega house.

"Really? So the former Luna wasn't his true mate?"

I didn't get to hear the answer I so much want to know because this is news to me when a cup fell from my grip and shattered on the floor. A gasp escaped me at that.

Just for my luck, Scarlett was there with us, though she hasn't been in the kitchen the whole evening. She has just walked in when the cup shattered, and her attention snapped to me with a scowl.

She growled and pounced to where I was standing, an apology at the tip of my tongue, but she hated when someone apologizes, so I bite my tongue and let the stinging slap come.

My face turned the other way, the bite I have on my tongue causing it to split open, and the metallic taste of blood washed over my mouth. Tears leaked the sides of my eyes as I touched the raw place.

"I am going to make sure you are demoted again! Breaking a cup in the Alpha's home? Are you mad?" She screamed, her eyes flashing as her wolf pushed through.

Scarlett is the woman meant to supervise all the omegas in the pack. People say she was bitter because she is almost thirty and hasn't met her mate yet, but I refuse to believe that nonsense.

She would've been bitter with or without the mate. She is the daughter of an Elder in the pack, which makes her powerful and important. She likes throwing that around like right now.

But for some reason, she hates me more than she does the rest of them. The mere sight of me makes her recoil and scowl. She has beaten me so much when I told her I didn't have a wolf.

So disappointed but also happy that she is more powerful than I am. Had it been I have my wolf, she would think I will be more powerful, but I didn't have it. It makes me weaker.

"If I get the alpha now, he is going to tear you apart for that. He already hates omegas and breaking his property, he'd kill you. Useless space." Scarlett kept screaming, earning every omega's attention in the kitchen.

Some of them snickered, while the others threw sympathetic glances at me because they know just how much struggle it is to be in Scarlett's blacklist.

"Get that cleaned right now." She yanked my head down to the broken glass on the floor.

I picked everything up, even the smallest piece with my sharp eyes. Some pricked the skin of my palm, but I suck in a breath and go on. If I asked for anything to pack it up, she will beat me.

Once done, I threw everything away while the others scattered to finish their job. I continued washing the dishes before Scarlett walked back into the kitchen, her heels clacking.

She looks beautiful in her black dress just for this party. Her makeup is on point.

"Take a tray and fill it with howling whiskey, then be a waitress for the next hour." Scarlett dismissively said to me before leaving the kitchen.

In all the years I served as an omega in this pack, I never act like a waitress. I usually do the cleaning in the kitchen and sometimes fill cups but never go out into the main party.

Gulping, I fill the yellow whiskey into the bottles then went outside with it in my hands. I am not stable on the slippers I was wearing because this isn't my job.

Halfway in the middle of the room, three wolves have carried from my tray when an unexpected leg threw me on the floor, not before the remaining whiskey was poured on another male standing there before me.

Doom. That was my fate for this night which is why I couldn't stand up after I fell. I lie there biting back tears before Scarlett comes knowing it won't end well. At all. I will be punished.

I heard her heels before she came, then she was yanking me up by my ponytail again. My scalp was screaming in throbbing pain, tears filling my eyes but not falling down my cheeks.

When I rose, all the wolves inside the pack hall were staring at me with disdain or curiosity or nonchalance. I swallowed when she dragged me by my hair to the male I just sprayed whiskey on.

I gasped when I felt the power surging from him. There is no way I didn't know who that was. My pulse quickened when I got a whiff of the most tantalizing perfume at the same time.

Something like a mate's essence. But this male in front of me is the new Alpha of the Starfall Clan. So why does he smell like a mate and not an alpha? My eyes widened at the same time his did.

They were right, the omegas. He is drop-dead gorgeous with dark black hair, striking blue eyes, tall with broad shoulders.

"What is your name?" He asked, his voice hard and angry as he surveyed me from head to toe.

"Selene." I stuttered out, the pain in my scalp becoming unbearable, but she didn't let my hair go.

"I, Alpha Archer Brown of the Starfall Clan, do hereby reject you, Selene, as my mate." The words were unexpected, which is why I fell to my knees at the impact.

The declaration hung in the air, a sentence of reality that echoed through the pack hall, sealing my fate with awful rejection. My world crumbled, and my heart shattered, the words etching deep scars of sorrow and abandonment that would forever mark my soul.

I barely made out the collective gasp rippling through from the onlookers. Some sneered at me, the women especially while I crumbled on the floor.

The rejection was not just a refusal of love; it was the severing of a bond, a connection that ran deeper than mere words could convey. My chest hurt at the words.

Hannah, the daughter of the former Beta of the pack, walked closer to Alpha Archer and kissed him right there in front of me. He kissed her back with such urgency that made me turn to the side to vomit.

The burn in my chest started becoming unbearable when he leaned down to her neck and marked her. He marked her in front of me after rejecting me as his mate!

I let out a howl into the room, the sound piercing and aching but didn't stop him from digging his fangs deeper while she moaned.

I didn't know how I made it out of the pack hall, or maybe the wolves threw me out, but I found myself retching into the bush for a long minute then cried my eyes out for another longer minute.

Slowly, I stood up from outside the pack hall when I saw people coming out to stare at me and sneer or spit. I ran into the woods, twigs in the floor piercing my legs.

I lied about not having a wolf; I am not a werewolf and I feel like letting out my own other form since every wolf is attending this party.

I felt the change beginning. A tingling sensation rippled through my body, and an untamed energy surged within. My hands trembled as nails elongated and curved to sharp glistening claws.

I cursed myself for not tying my clothes around my legs in a fit of hurt; I'll have to get clothes somewhere before I come back.

As the transformation continued, a surge of raw, untamed energy coursed through my veins, marking the metamorphosis from human to lycan. My limbs elongated, muscles rippling beneath fur-covered skin as my senses heightened to a level beyond the scope of my human existence.

The growl that initially escaped my lips evolved into a symphony of primal sounds echoing through the surrounding woods. The moon, glowing ethereally above, cast an otherworldly glow upon my lycanthropic form, emphasizing the majestic contours of my newly acquired physique.

Standing amidst the trees, I felt a connection to a primordial past, as if the ancient spirits of the forest had awakened within me. My lycan self exuded an aura of power that transcended mere physicality, tapping into an ageless strength that resonated with the very essence of nature.

The transformation completed, and I stood as a testament to the merging of human and lycan, a hybrid of ancient lineage. Each step I took through the moonlit glade echoed with a primal grace, and the shadows played on my fur-covered form, dancing to the rhythm of the night.

As I embraced this newfound existence, I marveled at the strength pulsating through my veins, the instinctual wisdom that now guided my every move. The woods, once perceived through human eyes, now revealed their secrets in a language spoken only by the creatures of the night.

With a howl that echoed through the forest, I acknowledged the transformation not just of body but of spirit. In this lycan form, I stood as a guardian of the ancient realms, a creature bound to the moon and the wilderness, a living embodiment of the untamed forces that shaped the world in primordial times.

My human body slowly shifted to lycan form, a growl escaped my lips. I stood tall and majestic, ancient and powerful.