

His Rejected Moon Blessed Mate

Chapter 1: Seven Days, Six Rejections

Elizabeth's POV

"Really, Kona?" I growled tiredly at my wolf.

We were involved in yet another tedious argument about Alexander Wolfgang, our fated mate.

Kona insisted that Alex be our mate. The issue was that he had already rejected us six times, not just once or twice.

"Yes, really!" Kona gave a joyful little chirp and waved her tail. "Kevin will help this time!" She exuded excitement.

I rolled my eyes and let out a halting sigh.

Kona refused to let go of our destined mate, and I was finding it more and more difficult to persuade him to accept me. Every time her plan failed, she used her time-bending ability to make me return to my seventeenth birthday so that I could try again.

I had already spent the last six days trapped in the same time frame, attempting to figure out how to make that naive, arrogant, and cocky wolf accept me.

Alex was gorgeous. He was captain of the baseball and football teams, graduated at the top of his class, and would soon become the Alpha of the Silver Moonvally Pack.

On the other hand, I felt like a nobody because no one knew my rank.

I took another dejected breath and ran my hand through my long, thick, curly black hair.

I had permanent purple rings under my silver eyes, and it was obvious to all that I was exhausted.

It wasn't that I was not good-looking or that I had done something wrong. I was a strong, muscular she-wolf with all the right attributes. Some even went so far as to call me beautiful, yet my name held no unique significance, leading others to view me as unimportant.

My mind wandered to my early years. My grandmother's death had brought me to the packhouse, where I ultimately became the current Alpha's problem.

Among the most renowned and powerful leaders in history was Alpha Jackson Wolfgang. He commanded one of the biggest and strongest packs, with an estimated 3500 members. He was not only a fair alpha but also a landowner of towns. I should not have been complaining.

The fundamental issue was that I was not particularly shy or discreet, and he did not know how to handle me.

He thought about having a lovely family adopt me, but eventually he decided against it. I was a big magnet for trouble, so he took it upon himself to raise me and keep me out of trouble—or at least try to.

She-wolves like me were difficult to manage, and Alpha Jackson faced numerous challenges in managing me. He held me accountable for my mistakes.

Not only was it ineffective, but it further solidified my status as an outsider, thereby infuriating the packhouse members and intensifying their hatred and disdain for me.

Usually, Alpha Jackson's hands remained entangled in his hair, and I assumed I was the cause of the silver strands in his hair.

He was extremely enraged when I erred the last time and decided to starve me to force me to learn my lesson. It didn't help that someone had smuggled food into my room.

I was feisty, outspoken, and strong-willed—exactly the opposite of what they had anticipated.

Because I was not the shy girl who would bow to the Alpha, which went against everything I stood for, I felt a little bit like an outsider.

Alpha Jackson could not just throw me out of the pack because I was too young. But before he got a chance, I vowed to leave the pack and go my own way.

Okay, so the majority of the fault lay with me. It was not something I could control. Who would have thought that at five years old, I could defy an Alpha command? That was more than any of the wolves could do.

I had been the target of Alpha Jackson's repeated attempts to use his Alpha commands, but they were never successful.

But he never mentioned it, and I never asked him why his commands did not work on me. I suspected that Alpha Jackson knew the reason.

I sighed with exhaustion.

Before Kona began shifting me back and forth on my seventeenth birthday, I believed that I was unbreakable. Kona's time-bending power constantly sapped my energy, leaving me exhausted all the time.

Adding to the problem was the chronic, unresolved chest pain I was experiencing, along with the permanent dark circles under my eyes from lack of sleep.

All of these issues resulted from enduring the same horrible heartbreak repeatedly, which gave me the resolve to accept his rejection and move on.

I would rather not have had a so-called fated mate than have someone who would not want or love me.

Was there truly any reason to try again? Was that not enough to endure through six trials?

Had my lifetime not been filled with enough punishment?

I wished Alex could feel the pain that ran through my chest every time he chanted, "I, Alexander Pierce Wolfgang, future Alpha of the Silver Moonvally, reject you, Elizabeth Wintermoon, as my fated mate and future Luna."

The first time he spat those words at me, I should have accepted them. To my dismay, Kona consistently outsmarted me when I attempted to accept his rejection; she would simply shut my mouth and walk away.

I had shed tears at six different places in the last week.

People teased me at school, at the packhouse, and throughout the town. I was gradually losing my mind due to all the rumors and whispers.

I did not want my worst enemies to go through this kind of suffering. It was unbearably painful!

Or maybe not.

From now on, Alexander would be my adversary; perhaps it was time for him to face his consequences!

"Now, who is this, Kevin?" I inquired, feeling a wave of annoyance wash over me. Without a doubt, my wolf had lost her marbles; the only thing left to determine was their color, so I could send a search party to find them and return them to their rightful owner. Perhaps she would then acknowledge that the Moon Goddess had mismatched the two of us, and Alex was a hopeless case.

"My sweet, stubborn girl, he is Alexander's wolf," Kona mewed.

"You seem so self-assured," I laughed. "How did you manage to connect with him?"

"It is a wolf thing," she said.

I gave her a sidelong glance.

"All right, but I have one small condition," I said.

I was about to pack up and go rogue—not that it would have helped. Kona would likely have transported me back to that era, compelling me to make one final attempt.

"Well...yes," she hesitantly replied. "Anything..."

"If he does not accept me this time," I said earnestly. "We are heading out. Alright?"

Kona vanished from my mind, leaving me clueless about her thoughts and actions.

Was she talking to Kevin? And why was he unaffected by Kona's time-bending ability?

"I agree," she said abruptly. "And I promise that nothing will go wrong. We promise!"

"We?" I raised a weary eyebrow in surprise.

That was way too easy. What was the catch?

"Yes, we!" She snapped.

"Pinky swear?" I said, raising an impish eyebrow at her.

"You do know that I do not have a pinky to give you," Kona sighed, clearly agitated.

"However, I will give you my word, Kevin, and my word..."

"Very well," I gave in.

Chapter 2: Hide and Seek

Elizabeth's POV

My heart raced upon entering Gray Wolf High, a school exclusively for supernatural creatures where werewolves outnumbered other creatures. I still could not believe that I had allowed Kona to talk me into that.

I kept my head down as I made my way to my locker to get my first-period books. I knew exactly what was going to happen and when.

The only drawback was that every change I made would result in a slightly different outcome.

I thus had to proceed with extreme caution not to alter anything.

All I needed to do was ensure I arrived at class and avoided passing Alex or letting him get a whiff of my scent.

Moreover, I had to ensure I missed English Fifth Period.

Luckily, Alex and I did not take most of our classes together, so I believed avoiding him was not too difficult. He typically resided in the northern buildings located on the senior side of campus. We had solely studied English together, but coincidentally, I had an assignment due that day.

Kona and Kevin had come up with a plan for me to ask Amy to turn in my work so I could avoid Alex and skip class.

Amy was one of the two close friends I had at that terrible school.

Amy stood five feet, five inches tall—a diminutive stature for a werewolf female—with auburn hair and porcelain white skin. Her intense blue eyes had the power to make you want to cry when she got angry. There was no denying that her beauty was intimidating. Many people liked her, but her loyalty to me never wavered.

Amy was a born Beta, so she exuded a fierce warrior aura and took no crap; not even Alexander, with his loyal mutts, was brave enough to stand up to her. Despite her shyness, she observed rather than spoke.

I had seen how her piercing blue eyes could hypnotize people and make the mutts submit to her; she was not a bad person, and she did not exploit her beauty, but it did help her occasionally when I found myself in a difficult situation—I was a trouble magnet, after all.

"Happy birthday, Lizzy!" Amy and Jeremy startled me with their yells.

"Shh! Not everyone needs to know!" I shrieked.

"Liz, you are seventeen today—come on!" Jeremy yapped.

"Yes, I am aware of this; I don't require any further reminders," I interrupted him.

"But..." Jeremy tried it once more.

"But nothing! I am not interested in having one."

I took out the book I needed for the first period, opened my old bag, and closed my locker harder than I should have. It was not like our grandmother had left us with nothing. We had everything we needed. The only issue was that Alpha Jackson was responsible for all financial matters, leaving me without any control until I reached adulthood.

He therefore made sure that I had all that I needed—nothing more. Only the essentials were in my possession, and I had to request items only when they were truly necessary. I did not luxuriate in elegant clothes or well-groomed hair or nails.

At first, it was much easier because Xavier would ask Alpha Jackson. Now that I was on my own, things did not always go as planned.

"At the very least, are we celebrating it?" Jeremy tried to defuse my unexpected outburst. I had hoped he would ask.

"I was thinking, as it is my birthday, I have two requests," I said, hoping they would be receptive.

"And what would that be?" Amy asked.

"For starters, could you please turn in my English paper?"

Amy twisted her head to the side to study me more closely, her expression darkening. She seemed to be searching for something she had never seen before.

Deep down, I hoped that she would just do as I asked and not ask any questions.

Amy gave a nod and waited for my second request.

"The other thing is that I got the night off," which was extremely uncommon. Usually, Alpha Jackson kept me occupied with various activities to avoid trouble, but on our seventeenth birthday, when we became wolves, he had no choice but to give me the night off. "Would you two be interested in going to the carnival this evening?"

My request had taken them by surprise.

"Lizzy, do you have a fever?" Amy's voice was filled with concern as she pressed her fingers against my forehead to measure my temperature.

Playfully, I brushed her hand aside.

"Nope," I said, giving her a small smile in return.

"But you never want to go." Jeremy chirped in confusion.

It was true that I was not particularly fond of carnivals. I wasn't sure why, but I couldn't think of anything else to do for my birthday.

That evening marked the end of the autumn carnival. It usually ended magically with fireworks, so hopefully it would be a wonderful way to end those awful seven days. Besides, the scenery would be even more breathtaking due to the full moon.

"Change of scenery is as beneficial as a holiday," I said. "Alpha gave me some money so I could do something."

I was certain that Alpha Jackson would not celebrate my birthday. He never did, and I was grateful for that. It was in his and the pack's best interest that I spent the night outside the packhouse before causing trouble.

Werewolves usually celebrated our first transformation into wolves with a grand ceremony because it was a decisive moment in our lives. You ran with the pack for the first time after introducing your wolf.

There was no use in forcing the pack to run with an outsider like me.

I was not welcome.

I could have outrun everyone there in terms of speed, strength, and intelligence, and even starvation and punishment would not have altered or destroyed me.

When Alpha inquired about my plans for the evening, I replied that all I wanted was a quiet night with my friends and that I would like to go out. Like Alpha, I knew it was not a wise idea to spend the night inside the packhouse.

I kept my destination a secret from him, but I harbored a nagging suspicion that he might have guessed. The soon-to-be Alpha's constant rejections had prevented me from attending the carnival, despite my initial plan.

"I am up to it," Jeremy said, all excited.

"Yes, me too," Amy replied.

"Good. I want to have a fantastic time tonight."

"Is there any way we could attend your shift?" Jeremy asked.

"We shall see," I answered. "Perhaps I do not even have a wolf."

If Alex did not accept us, Kona would not shift. That implied that if Kona's plan failed, I wouldn't have a shifting wolf, rendering my role as a wolf insignificant.

Why be a wolf if you didn't have one?

There were instances when we were truly born lacking that specific element. We all aspired to possess the complete package—our wolf—and occasionally, we found ourselves endowed with a special talent.

"Yeah, right. You probably already conspired with your wolf to annoy certain people." Jeremy winked at me.

The bell rang, signaling the beginning of our first period.

As was customary after all those years of friendship, Jeremy had wrapped his arm around me. We were very comfortable with each other.

He was 6'2 and dwarfed my petite 5'8 frame. His blonde hair cascaded in various directions, while his eyes displayed a gentle shade of forest green, accented by a hint of gold around the irises. He was gorgeous, even in his barely out-of-bed appearance.

I sighed inwardly.

There was a time when I thought Jeremy was my mate. Life would have been so much easier if it had been.

Did I mention that I had a brother?

Well, I did.

I sighed, feeling my heart tighten painfully just thinking about Xavier.

Xavier was six feet three, with broad shoulders and those tiny, sharp green eyes that never seemed to miss anything. His hair was a bright red color that would flash when he became enraged. But when it came to me, Xavier was an old softy with a big heart.

Up until two years ago, he was my hero.

I sighed at the thought and suddenly became irritated; he passed me by without even turning to look at me. What an ass-wipe; he could not even take a moment to wish his sister a happy birthday.

I ignored the hurt feelings and continued down the hall, knowing that Xavier would be too scared to look at me and that he was not allowed to talk to me.

My brother and Jeremy were best friends before Xavier's first shift two years ago. For whatever reason, he decided we weren't worthy enough for him, which led to him pushing us aside and treating us with disrespect.

Jeremy chose to accept the change in Xavier. I didn't; I was devastated.

Xavier became enraged as I grew closer to Jeremy. He had some pretty serious fits as a result of it, but eventually he stopped having tantrums, and Jeremy and I remained friends.

Despite my best efforts, he continued to ignore me and avoid me.

I was so frustrated and furious that it ignited a fire within me to make him feel as alone and miserable as I was! I seized every opportunity to inflict the highest amount of pain on him.

Xavier was clueless, and his expression was priceless—the effort was well worth it.

Three months later, Alexander caught me and complained about my immature behavior to Alpha Jackson. Alpha Jackson sentenced me to two weeks of double chores and three days without dinner.

A small smile appeared on my lips as I reflected on all the foolish things I had done to him. I had messed around with his alarm clocks, making him repeatedly late for training.

I had stirred up chaos with the women he was dating. In addition to that, I also took his favorite pair of underwear and displayed it for all pack members to see.

I even went so far as to apply itching powder to his clothing and dye all of his underwear a vibrant pink that glowed in the dark.

Not to mention my involvement in his exam situation—Xavier had to repeat some subjects because I had switched his name on the exam paper with someone else's; PE and Wolf 101 subjects were excellent choices.

Who would have imagined that a student could fail a Wolf subject?

My reckless behavior cost me my brother, whom I had already lost to the bloody future alpha.

Now he needed to be my mate too!

What the f*ck! I couldn't even stand to think about him.

Following the incident, Xavier never looked my way again and essentially disowned me.

Who needed a brother who was so uninterested in the only family he had?

I groaned inwardly from the pressure on my heart; some days I missed Xavier so much, even after he joined the mutt gang.

Jeremy and I entered the math class and made sure to sit at the far back of the classroom.

Mr. Silvergrey had a way of covering us in saliva when he stammered and spoke.

I once gave him a handkerchief out of kindness. The entire class erupted into laughter as he changed into different colors of red.

We decided right away that the far back would be the best place to sit. The last thing I wanted was to be covered in his spit.

The first period flew by, and we found ourselves heading to science not too long after. We met Amy halfway down the hallway, and she looked troubled.

"What is wrong, Amy?" I cautiously asked. She barely ever got upset.

A cold shiver ran down my spine—something had already started to change.

She responded, "Ms. Clearwater requested a switch between the second and fifth periods."

Initially, it was incomprehensible to me, but ultimately, it struck me with a profound impact.

No! No! No!

"You must be joking. Please tell me you are not serious." I started feeling very nervous.

"I mean it," she answered. "It's English now, and science later," she stated, her eyes revealing an unidentified emotion.

"Moon Goddess, please have my so-called mate in class already," I silently prayed. Turning around, I ran back toward my locker with Jeremy right behind me.

Chapter 3: Orange and Dark Chocolate

Elizabeth's POV

I arrived at my locker just in time. I got my papers out of my locker, slamming the door shut. My veins were pounding with adrenaline.

Jeremy managed to catch up.

"What's gotten into you?" He inquired, perplexed by my actions. But before I could reply, I noticed that there was a delicious aroma coming from down the hallway—a blend of orange and dark chocolate.

"Sh*t!" I growled under my breath.

I grabbed Jeremy by the arm and dragged him into an empty classroom, signaling for him to shut up.

I stood motionless against the wall, staring out the window into the hallway, and Jeremy's eyes widened a second later as he saw Alexander walk by.

I could see how Alexander detected my scent as he remained motionless with his nose in the air.

"*Sht, sht, sh*t!*" I cursed under my breath. "Please, please, do not enter this room! I beg of you. Please, Moon Goddess, find him a diversion," I begged. "I really cannot take one more rejection right now."

Alexander moved toward the door, and I held my breath. My heart was pounding uncontrollably inside my chest.

"Oh, Goddess, please!"

"Alexander, my love, where have you been?" A high-pitched voice sounded down the hall. She fluttered her eyelashes at him, tossing her shoulder-length blond hair over her shoulders. "I have been searching everywhere for you; we will be late for class."

I realized it was Stacy—a cheerleader, one of many with whom my mate had slept.

However, as she got closer and pulled Alex away, a wave of jealousy swept through me—she had captured Alex's interest the longest.

I let out a relieved breath.

"Alexander and you, huh?" Jeremy asked, startling me.

"It is hopeless," I said in response as tears started to well up in my eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asked, taking me in his arms.

"It's a long story. If everything goes as planned, I will tell you all about it tomorrow."

Jeremy held me even tighter as I started to cry. All the suppressed feelings came to the surface.

"Let's just say," I said, stepping away from Jeremy and wiping my tears. "At this moment, I should not be in the same room as him."

Jeremy gave a nod.

"Please give Amy my English paper; she will make sure Ms. Clearwater accepts it without saying a word."

Jeremy nodded gently, his eyes full of concern.

"Where are you heading?" he inquired.

"I'm heading to the library," I replied, pulling open the door. "I beg you not to tell anyone. I'll see you at lunch."

When I arrived at the library, Miss Annabel was working at the front desk. She was the librarian. Despite being a fairy and not a werewolf, she had mated with a werewolf warrior and resided on the pack grounds.

I took a seat at my usual table at the far end of the library and launched my computer's search engine. I needed to do some research on wolf reincarnation.

When a wolf reincarnated after a millennium, it recorded itself in a register; only the human aspect changed when the wolf received a new body. I was hoping to gain some insight into the past of both my wolf and Alex's.

I launched the Enchanted Web browser, which was similar to Google and Yahoo!

I conducted my initial research on family trees. I had never really given family tree research much thought, so I was curious to see where it would take me. Upon typing Wintermoon into the search bar, not much information surfaced. There were no other entries in the family tree, and the limited information suggested that the lineage had perished approximately 1500 years ago.

It seemed strange, I thought.

Next, I tried using my so-called mate's surname, Wolfgang. That gave me his entire family tree, including Alexander, the last pup. It included information about his weight, size, rank, and exact birthdate, as well as place and time of birth. It left me confused.

"Kona?"

"Yes, dear girl."

"Why are there no details about my lineage available?"

She brushed off my question and moved to the back of my thoughts. Her lack of response struck me as strange.

I gave it another go with our wolves' names. It displayed a list of all the wolves' names in history, along with their ranks and the individuals they had mated with. I had no trouble finding Kevin's.

Name: Kevin

Rank: Alpha Class One.

Color: Midnight black with an instinctive crescent silver moon on the left shoulder.

I had to admit that I found reading his family history to be quite fascinating.

Build: Three times bigger than the average Alpha werewolf

Qualities include strength, leadership, stubbornness, fairness, bravery, willpower, self-confidence, power, an overpowering aura, difficulty to handle, a ruthless temper, and stamina.

Supernatural powers: speed, strength, telepathy

Weakness: Unknown

Mate: Unknown

The fact that he had neither a fate nor any chosen mate attached to his name caught my attention. I attempted to obtain information from another pack member, as I suspected that the search engine's data might have been incomplete.

I decided to try Alpha Jackson's wolf, Jax, as he was well-known to everyone. I was well aware that he had mated with Luna Mila, whose wolf's name was Elorose. Jax revealed his lineage, just as I had anticipated.

Name: Jax

Rank: Alpha class two

Color: Gray

Build: Alpha werewolf

Qualities include strength, leadership, confidence, fairness, bravery, willpower, self-confidence, power, fair temper, and stamina.

Supernatural powers: speed, strength, and love

Weakness: His true mate

Mate: Elorose (True Mate), Eleanor (Second Chance), Kate (Chosen)

Jax's numerous relationships surprised me, but it made sense that he did not want to be alone.

I selected Elorose's name, and her genealogy appeared once more.

Name: Elorose

Rank: Luna

Color: Brown

Build: Normal

Qualities include leadership, fairness, self-confidence, a fair temper, and stamina.

Supernatural powers: unconditional love

Mate: Jax (True Mate), Tom (Chosen)

I scratched my head. It piqued my interest. It was Kona's turn next.

It felt as though someone had summoned Kona. I figured she would be curious to know what I was looking for. Sitting silently, she observed me.

Nothing appeared when I entered her name in the search bar, and I had a feeling that she knew the answer.

"Kona, why do you not appear in the search results?" I inquired, taken aback by what I discovered.

I sensed she was having difficulty answering the question. I gave her a moment while I continued looking up the names I recognized.

"Kona, are you going to answer me?"

Her sadness emanated from within me.

"What is going on?"

"It's difficult to explain," she answered.

"Well, just give it a shot. I need to understand." I became irritated with her and began to tap my foot impatiently on the floor.

Why was she avoiding the topic?

"A rogue attack claimed the life of my first human at a young age. All I could do was witness the brutal killing of my first human." She let out a breath and went on. "She had just turned twelve."

I could sense the anguish she felt at losing her human component radiating from her.

"My second, after her mate rejected her," she stammered out as she took another deep breath. "Ended her life."

I shot her a glare.

"How did she accomplish that without your interference, as you are currently doing?" I asked.

Kona had a sad look on her face as she started telling her story.

"At the time, I was naive and unprepared for the challenges that lay ahead," Kona said. "Mary-Anne was young, beautiful, and about your age. Like you, she met her mate on her birthday. She had very little self-worth and was a low-class omega. The Alpha in question belonged to the Silver Claw Pack and was a merciless beast."

"Is he not a Lycan?" I asked.

"He was the Creeper Alpha. The constant rogue attacks on the packs had forced him to attend the meeting," she clarified. "He met her at a gathering by chance. He humiliated her in front of the other Alphas by rejecting her right away due to her rank. Before I could shut her up and lock her mouth, she accepted the rejection and walked away. I was unable to mend the bond. She blocked me out and ended her life."

"Whatever became of Creeper Alpha?"

"Kevin attempted to persuade Kurt Blackheart to reconsider," Kona said. "He warned him that he would go insane and would regret rejecting Mary-Anne."

Kona sighed.

"The selfish man didn't listen," Kona went on. "He believed he was powerful enough to survive on his own without a mate. Although he never kept a chosen mate, he did conceive a son. He had impregnated a random she-wolf before he went insane."

"I do not understand," I remarked, finding that bit of information difficult to comprehend. I had no idea that accepting or rejecting a mate would drive you truly crazy. I had always believed it to be a myth.

Kona pinned my gaze.

"As long as one mate refuses to accept the rejection, we can still mend the bond," she said. "If you agree to it. If the connection between our two souls is severed, all will be lost, and experiencing that loss is beyond words. It eventually weakens us to the point where our human side gradually spirals into madness. When that happens, our wolf instincts take over, and the human soul vanishes. We seize complete control of the human body, force a last shift, and begin our search for our fated mate."

Kona fell silent.

"What are you not telling me?" I asked, knitting my eyebrows together.

"Chaos happens when they can't find their mate," she answered.

"What kind of chaos?"

"Search for the Great War of 1620."

That was precisely what I did. After reading the article, I regarded Kona with suspicion.

"That was Kevin, killing and torturing innocent wolves in search of me," Kona clarified.

"Okay," I replied. "However, why did Kevin not search for you after you passed away the first time?"

"A werewolf who has not yet met his mate will experience a glimpse of what occurred and be in excruciating pain for a brief moment," Kona explained. "Despite Kevin's human's knowledge of her death, he never chose a mate. He, too, impregnated a random she-wolf to have an heir to his pack."

"It appears that Kevin has a tendency to be full of sh*t," I commented.

"Yes," Kona replied. "You have to realize that the Moon Goddess made us in pairs; one soul split into two wolves at the time of creation. We are stronger with our true and fated half. Even if the Moon Goddess blesses us with a second chance mate, it doesn't mean we will accept the bond."

She paused briefly, seemingly considering telling me more, then said, "Kevin and I are a special breed of mates. I trace my lineage directly back to the Moon Goddess."

That might have explained Kona's special abilities.

"If two people reject each other, and they are still alive, can the mate bond be repaired?"

"No," she replied.

I was concerned. If Alex didn't accept me as his mate soon, Kona might use her time-twisting ability to kill me.

Chapter 4: Letters and Secrets

Elizabeth's POV

It was nearly five p.m. by the time I was ready, and Jeremy and Amy were downstairs, waiting for me.

An Omega stopped me in the hallway as I was leaving.

"Evening, Elizabeth," said a girl my age. "Alpha Jackson would like to meet you before you leave."

I hesitated, apprehensive that Alexander might be in his office. After a day of playing hide-and-seek, I was determined to remain undetected at that moment. I had made sure not to leave any trace of my scent inside the packhouse earlier and managed to slip in through my bedroom window.

However, Alex wasn't in the Alpha's office when I arrived, and when I knocked on the door, they let me in.

Alpha Jackson was sitting behind his desk.

"Alpha, do you want to see me?" I inquired.

With a smile that never quite made it to his eyes and a tinge of melancholy in his brown eyes, Alpha gazed at me through his glasses.

"We need to talk, Elizabeth," he said. His tone conveyed that it was a serious issue, but I got the impression that he was not sure how to bring up the topic.

"Concerning?"

With a sigh, Alpha Jackson combed through his silver hair with his fingers.

"You had better take a seat," he said, pointing to the pricey black leather chair across his table.

I sat down as he requested.

Alpha Jackson's hesitancy made me anxious. It was really out of character for him.

"Alpha, what is it? Is it Xavier?"

"No. It's not like that, child, I assure you." I studied him, trying to see if he was telling the truth.

"Then, what am I here for?" My voice sounded a little harsh.

He went to a side desk drawer and took out an envelope. He then passed it around the table and gave it to me.

"What is this?" I asked.

The old, fragile envelope was starting to turn yellow.

"The envelope carries answers to your questions," he said, folding his arms across his chest. "Open the envelope, and I will provide you with the answers."

I followed his instructions.

Three old photos and a letter fell from the envelope onto my lap. I lifted the photos to look at them.

The image showed a woman with the purest white hair I had ever seen. Her pale porcelain skin and cold blue eyes contrasted beautifully. The man standing beside her was the complete opposite of her. He had jet-black curls of hair and silver eyes. He was significantly larger than the woman by his side.

I looked at the child in her arms; her eyes were the same silver color as the man's.

When I turned the photo over, I saw a date and a note that read, "Elizabeth, 1 year."

The second and third images had the same note, even though their year dates differed.

"Is this my family?" My voice trailed off as tears gathered behind my eyes and threatened to spill out.

"Yes," he said. "They are."

"Why now?" I snarled at him. I was annoyed that he had been aware of my parents' identities all along.

"Read the letter," he instructed.

"Why should I?"

"It will explain everything," he responded.

I gazed down at the folded letter in my lap.

"Open it," Kona urged. "You must discover the truth."

With a sigh, I unfolded the delicate pages in my fingers.

My sweet, sweet Elizabeth,

By the time you read this letter, you have already met your wolf, Kona, and have reached the legal werewolf age of seventeen.

I know you have been researching at the library. There isn't much information available about your history.

I promise that you will have access to all the information in your personal library someday soon.

It's amazing to see you become a fierce, self-reliant, and beautiful woman inside and out. We're proud of you.

It broke our hearts to leave you at such a young age, but we had no other choice. For as long as possible, your father and I have done everything possible to keep you safe and hidden from the world.

Because of your vibrant personality and strong will, it was challenging to simply match you with someone who could love and train you without you or anyone else noticing. We tried our hardest to find you a godfather who will love you unconditionally, challenge you, correct your mistakes, and teach you right from wrong. As a result, we have entrusted your life to our best friend, Alpha Jackson Wolfgang, the Beta of our Royal Court. He received a similar letter on the day you arrived.

Although he will not spoil you, I expect him to be strict with you. He will ensure that you have everything you need to learn how to improvise and work efficiently.

Xavier is your personal guardian. Do not be upset with him for lying to you; he has just learned that he will be Queen Luna's right hand.

Alpha Jackson has brought him through rigorous training so he can be by your side again. I promise he still loves you just as much as the day he became your brother. He does not know he will serve you, and you will not inform him until the right time.

I understand your difficulties with your mate, but you must refuse to accept his rejection. I implore you—everything will reveal itself gradually. Keep trying. Have faith. Without him, you cannot fulfill your destiny. He will love you, and he will be your king.

Remember that your love for him will outweigh the pain he is causing you now, no matter how much you despise him for hurting you.

Forgive him when the time is right and move on. Together, you two will be stronger than you will be apart. Remain focused in spite of everything that he is doing to you.

You and Kona are one; your destiny is to be together. She will lead you to prosperity. Have faith in her abilities; she is skilled in her field. She is totally devoted to you.

My beloved child, I have one more thing to tell you, even though I know it's challenging to absorb everything in one evening. The Moon Goddess has bestowed upon you the ability to control moonlight. When the time comes, you will discover aspects of yourself and acquire abilities you never knew you possessed. Life will test your skills, bravery, resilience, and strengths. We have faith in you! We know you will do the right thing.

Please do not attempt to locate us. Do not waste time and energy on things that will kill you. It is not your responsibility to locate us. Our family will reunite someday.

I want to reassure you that I love you.

Until we meet again.

Your mother, Queen Luna Rosaline Wintermoon

PS: Always wear the crescent moon family pendant that comes in the envelope.

Tears trickled down my cheeks and onto the fragile yellow paper. Opening the second letter addressed to Alpha Jackson left me speechless. The letter was brief but to the point. It appeared that my father had a limited vocabulary.

To my Beta and noble friend Jackson Wolfgang,

I apologize for the short notice, but timing is crucial.

I am sending my darling daughter and her little guardian to you. Take excellent care of them.

You know what needs to be done.

Yours faithfully,

King Alpha Daniel Wintermoon.

Alpha Jackson sat at the edge of the table and observed me intently as I finished reading.

"Alpha?" My voice cracked.

He gave a head shake as though he understood what I had not said.

"Everything was meticulously planned," he declared. "Your mother can communicate directly with the Moon Goddess because she is directly descended from her. You ought to be capable of doing the same. Your mother was describing visions of the future. She could see into the future, I assure you. She was aware of the consequences of everything you did, including the times I had to discipline you for being such a pain. She had faith in me to take care of you without turning you into a spoiled brat."

He gave me a small smile and shook his head, seemingly considering whether he had been too strict with me.

"On the day of your birth, your father asked me to be your godfather. Ironically, I was in the waiting area with him at the time."

"Why did they have to hide me? Why not take me with them?"

"At first they did try to do so, but your personality gave you away. Not even your father, the king, could make you obey him." His eyes gleamed with amusement as he laughed. "Your uncontrollable burst of strength made you riskier around them."

Alpha Jackson stood up, filled a glass with whiskey, and took a large gulp of the amber beverage.

"They knew controlling you would be difficult and did not want to. They tried to prevent you from facing the danger by leading it away."

"Who is looking for me and why?" I had never for a moment believed I was in danger.

"The Moon Goddess formed you from her essences, making you her direct descendant and essentially her daughter." He continued, even though I was unable to fully comprehend his words.

"It was your father who gave you the necessities of life. Your mother carried you to birth, but the Goddess blessed you with moonlight. You are among the most formidable and dangerous beings on the planet right now, created by the Goddess. Many beings desire you for their benefit."

"Alpha, I am just a girl."

Alpha Jackson gulped down the remaining whiskey and set the glass down.

"Yes, you are, but soon you will find your full potential. There is a prophecy that the most formidable wolf will be born beneath the blood moon and will possess the moonlight's power, resulting in harmony between all werewolf species and mythological creatures. Here we are, in the midst of war. Recently, there has been a surge in rogue attacks, which are becoming increasingly extreme. We had to begin preparing you for the upcoming events."

I shifted my head to the side.

Would it be okay to tell Alpha Jackson his son was my mate?

"Are you aware of who my mate is?" I asked, testing the waters.

"Not at all," he replied. "Why did you ask?"

"If I tell you, you must swear not to intervene or discuss this."

"I give you my word," he said, nodding his head.

"It's Alexander, your beloved son." My voice contained a hint of venom.

Alpha Jackson's eyes widened. What I had just told him had shocked him.

"I assume you are unhappy with him for a specific reason. What did he do?" he asked with caution.

"He has rejected me six times," I replied.

"He did what!?" Alpha Jackson let out a furious roar.

Never before had I seen Alpha Jackson so enraged. His eyes had turned black, giving away that his wolf was in charge.

"Kona used her time-twisting ability," I said. "She had been imprisoning me in the same time frame for the past few days in an attempt to win Alex over."

"I sincerely apologize, Elizabeth. I had no idea. I would have warned him of the repercussions of his actions if I had known what he was planning."

"I know, but you promised that you would not interfere," I reminded him as I headed to the door. "I have to handle this on my own."

"You are a strong woman, Elizabeth," he called after me.

I was growing weary of constantly being strong.

Chapter 5: The Carnival

Elizabeth's POV

We were finally on our way to the carnival. I had done a quick fix on my makeup, hiding the red streaks my waterfall tears had left on my cheeks. I was glad that I had taken the time to speak to Alpha Jackson; everything made more sense now.

We had exchanged a few other things between us, which I needed to clear up, and I left his office in a much lighter mood. The information still hurt like crazy—that I had been left by my parents—but I could understand the reasons behind it.

Alpha Jackson confirmed that my warrior training would now be pushed to two sessions a day and that some of my housework chores would be lessened so that I could focus more on my training. That was if I could behave. I laughed at his statement; he knew me all too well—I would get into trouble somehow. It was just a question of when, where, and with whom.

Our pack required that we start training at the age of three. It did sound ridiculous to start that young, but warrior training didn't only involve fighting, shifting, and sparring.

Our training had different aspects and levels. The training ranged from hiding and camouflage to assisting a fellow wolf in need and, of course, included hard-core fighting. Pups needed to know where to go if we were under attack. We learned what to do and how to maintain composure during these situations. This made us the number-one pack of the strongest warriors in the land.

Our training introduced us to natural earth healing and the use of plants to help our warriors or the members of the pack if they became hurt. So the younger we started to train, the better we were. The stronger the pack.

Oh, and yes, training had its perks, especially when it came to me. I mean, camouflage and pulling pranks did have their perks. I smiled at the idea that was brewing in my head. Tracy would be my next victim, and it would be so worth it. She should have kept her filthy claws off my mate.

We arrived at the clearing where the carnival was taking place. The clearing served as the carnival's center, offering ample space for all the rides it housed. It was tradition to have our annual autumn carnival, and everyone came. The packhouse echoed with music, and the air buzzed with the pack's excitement.

I used to just bypass it and use the excuse that I had too many chores to do. To "bypass" my responsibilities, I created a diversion that ultimately got me into trouble. I still didn't remember why I disliked carnivals.

One of those idiotic pranks of mine ended up with me almost burning down the school and stinking it out for three days.

Oops, my mistake.

Okay, okay, it was not the official plan or on purpose, but my science experiment, which was obviously not supervised by a teacher or senior, had gone wrong. After that incident, I received disapproving looks from everyone...

You see, I tried to create a stink bomb to pull a prank on the jocks. The reason for my actions was that I had finally had enough of Alex and his so-called mutt gang, who thought they could rule the school and do as they pleased.

Yes, they were considered "the" popular group; not that I wanted to be branded as one, but I believed we should show respect for those who were not popular. After all, we were a pack, and we should have at least respected one another and their boundaries.

The last straw that broke the camel's back was when the group decided to humiliate a poor, self-conscious she-wolf. Alex and the gang were up to no good. I overheard them discussing that they were going to pull the humiliation card on Candice Clearwater.

Candice was a soft-spoken, 17-year-old introverted she-wolf. She didn't interact a lot with anyone; she was more of a loner than me. She kept to herself; she was a bookworm by trade, and she did pretty well with medicine. She was lovely, with big golden eyes and freckles on her nose.

James, Alex's future Delta, had some problems with her. It seemed that he was mated to her, and he didn't want a weak, pathetic excuse for a mate. He claimed that his perfect mate had to be the ultimate sex goddess that walked the earth; she needed to have this perfect body, a shining attitude, and be a cheerleader. Maybe I should have introduced him to Stacy. She seemed more his type...

James needed her to reject him first, which gave him the power over her to accept or reject her.

We understood the consequences of rejections, but what gave him the upper hand in that situation was that if she rejected him and he chose not to accept her, he could continue living his life, sleeping with any she-wolf he wanted, without worrying about losing his sanity.

When he was done with his playboy days, he would locate her and then maybe settle down. In the meantime, she would be forced to always be on the sidelines and might lose her mind in the process.

James' wolf could also not interfere with his human part in sleeping around due to his mate's rejection.

They had planned to do this at halftime of the game in front of the whole pack. In the meantime, James had seduced Candice and played his part as the perfect mate—the wanting and needing mate. What he had planned and how he would proceed with it were mysteries to me. I missed those details.

I planned to have the stink bomb created in the science lab and then release it in the boys' locker room just before halftime of their match... We used to have a "friendly" game before the opening of the carnival... (No werewolf football game was ever friendly. Thank the goddess for her super healing abilities.)

Everything went as planned until I accidentally mixed too much of the substance, causing the toxic vapors to ignite when they came into contact with the open flame. Toxic love, I tell you!

Yeah, I didn't see that one coming.

I didn't realize that the toxic vapor was flammable and would react to open flames.

The rest was history. The class went up in flames, which I blazed through, at least. But to my stupidity, I opened the windows and door to escape the smell, leaving the stink bomb smell running down the corridors, ending up on the football field, and having everyone run for their lives from the horrific scent.

The plan sort of worked... The only issue was that, except for me being punished for my stupidity and the damage to the lab, I smelled like rotten eggs for three days.

I quivered and pushed the gross thought out of my mind. I had almost got expelled from school because of it...

I was seriously not doing that again...

Candice got a tip; an anonymous short note was left in her locker explaining what had been going on, and she requested to transfer to a different pack until her mate would grow some balls and mature. I had never seen Candice so livid and upset in her life.

Who could have thought that this shy girl could get even?

Candice, of all the she-wolves, announced the news, with the Alpha's permission, at a pack meeting, revealing what the group of boys had been planning.

The group of boys was in big trouble!

James' father, Delta Calvin Greenland, was furious at his son. All I know is that Delta, Calvin, and his wolf had a long, very long, deep talk with James. He was grounded and had to apologize to Candice and her family. He was almost disowned by his father and stripped of his rank. It served him right!

The conversation between the three of us was mostly light in the clearing. The two didn't ask why Alpha Jackson had called me to his office, and I was not ready to share my misery.

"What are we going to ride first?" Jeremy had his index finger on his chin, as if he were thinking very hard. I couldn't help laughing at the gesture.

"You tell me, you two are the experts in this area." It was true. I was the expert at creating other obvious things.

Don't misunderstand me; my two friends were just as into my mischief as I was. They usually helped me set it up. I just took full blame for it. The few times they were caught, I told Alpha that they tried to talk me out of it.

Yes, I know I lied and covered up for them, but where would the fun be in that if all three of us were stuck in detention or punished with housework?

I had to say that only once did all three of us get sentenced to two weeks of strenuous labor. Alpha Jackson caught us red-handed. It was one of the dumbest pranks that I ever pulled, and we all got caught.

See, we had this beautiful fountain in the middle of the packhouse. Everyone loved sitting there.

The fountain area had a big, twenty-meter-radius bowl with areas where you could sit. In the center, there were four howling wolves facing north, east, west, and south, with a statue of the Moon Goddess placed in the center between her children and creations.

Each wolf symbolized the four different wolf species: North, the Spirit Wolf, which was only a legend and a myth; East, the Lycans; West, the werewolves; and South, the Creepers.

Anyhow, we thought it would be fun to make that place extra enjoyable and colorful. We poured some liquid soap and thick blue, red, green, and yellow food coloring into the water for each wolf. The scenes were spectacular, the bubbles were colorful, and the cleaning up was not much of a chore.

It took us a week to scrub the fountain clean. Our hands were red, raw, and full of blisters from all the scrubbing.

Who could have thought that food coloring could stain marble statues?

Lesson learned: do not, I repeat, do not use food coloring near white marble.

Did it keep us from misbehaving? Not as much.

We paid our entrance fee and took off for the food court. I was starving. The rides had to wait just a little bit longer.

I got myself a hotdog and sat at the table with my friends, shoving half the hot dog down my throat.

"Slow down," Jeremy warned.

"Why?" I spoke with my mouth full.

"Your food is not going to grow paws and run away," Amy teased.

"I'm hungry; it's my birthday; I'll do as I want." I gave them a cheeky response.

Both chuckled. "So, what's the plan?" I looked at both of them, taking another bite.

"Well, no crazy rides for you at the moment," Jeremy said, eyeing the half-eaten hotdog in my hand.

"Why not?" I pouted.

"The biggest rule at any carnival is don't eat before the rides. You will get sick," Amy warned.

"O. So, where are we going first, then?" I was getting excited.

"We need to have your stomach settled first. Why don't we go to the House of Mirrors first?" Amy suggested, and I was keen on seeing it.

"Sounds like a plan?" I nodded.

I was thrilled to step into a structure covered in mirrors for the very first time. I was surprised at how it could manipulate our looks. I had read about them, and I knew they were those mirrors that distorted your reflection. At times, you might seem tall and slender. In other mirrors, you appeared short and fat. There were all sorts of variations.

I remembered reading about how it worked; it was all to do with reflected light and our brain's ability to perceive it. Our brains thought that all light came directly from a source without reflection. It then interpreted the light through our eyes and allowed us to see. Normal flat mirrors didn't have a problem with distortion because they reflected light in a straight line.

Bowl-shaped and curved mirrors altered the way light was reflected. Our brain couldn't perceive the image as it normally did, which led to a significant alteration in its shape. Even if you looked straight ahead, the light that was being reflected into your eyes was either slightly below or slightly above your eyeline. That was why moving back and forth would further change the image; the brain was trying to make sense of the change in light reflection it was getting.

I found it, at the very least, fascinating. His intoxicating smell of oranges and dark chocolate hit me, and it was all great fun until then. For a moment, I pondered what scent I would emit to him when the realization of my entrapment struck me.

I looked up, desperately trying to find the direction the smell was coming from. His 6'4" frame covered the entrance of the building, with his goons behind him and his raven curly hair moving in the draft that followed him inside. I got down low, almost crawling, and watched as he made it inside. His muscles flexed under his white t-shirt. Man, he was crafted like a Greek god, with a strong jawline, high cheekbones, and a straight nose. Did I mention his eyes? No wonder women fell for him left, right, and center; he had these deep pools of ocean-sapphire orbs. Absolute perfection.

I caught myself staring and gave myself a mental smack.

"Kona?" I called to my wolf, desperation evident in my voice.
