



# The Rejected Alpha

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**Category:** Mystery, Werewolf

**Description:** Maverick Taylor and I were together for twenty years—ten dating, ten married. He was a cast-out Alpha's son, poisoned with wolfsbane, and left for dead. I saved him, healed him, and helped rebuild his pack. Everyone said I chose the right mate. But they didn't know he loved another.

For years, I endured his coldness and her cruelty. When he told me she was carrying his heir, I still refused to break our bond—until he raised his claws at me in front of our pup. I finally let go.

But on the day we were meant to sever our bond, Maverick was ambushed. The wolfsbane damaged his mind... and now he only remembers the time when he truly loved me.

**Total Pages (Source):** 12

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:19 am*

After ten years of marriage, my Alpha fell in love with an Omega and impregnated her with an heir. Heartbroken, I proposed rejecting him, but he had an accident and lost his memory, returning to the year he loved me the most.

The room was packed with luggage; once the mate bond was broken, I planned to leave the pack.

After getting Asher Taylor to sleep, I sat alone in the living room, waiting for Maverick Taylor.

However, when the agreed-upon time arrived, he did not return.

“Luna, Alpha Maverick was attacked by several Rogues in the forest and is currently unconscious,” Beta Cooper Whiting informed me. “What? Where is he?”

Shocked, I dashed out the door with Beta Cooper. Maverick had not been attacked since the pack stabilised.

I couldn’t care less about breaking the mate bond and dashed into the forest with Beta Cooper.

The pack of werewolves had already gathered around Maverick.

Stella was holding him and crying uncontrollably. Her bulging stomach was clearly visible.

“Why hasn’t Alpha Maverick woken up yet?” she cried.

I found the healer and anxiously enquired about the treatment outcome.

“Alpha Maverick was injected with a large amount of wolfsbane. Although the antidote has been administered, the dose was too high, so he has not regained consciousness yet,” the doctor told me.

“You quack! The antidote was administered long ago, and Maverick is still not awake. There must be something wrong with the medicine!” Stella looked up and yelled at the healer, her face filled with panic.

Maverick had promised to hold a mating ceremony with her in two months, and today’s sudden attack confirmed that we had not broken our mate bond. If he did not wake up, Asher, who had Alpha blood, would inherit the pack directly.

I ignored Stella’s frantic questions and went to ask the Betas about the unexpected attack.

“Were all the Rogues who ambushed the Alpha captured? How did they get into the pack?” I requested an answer.

“Five wolves were captured. They climbed up from the unguarded cliff on the northern side.”

The cliff on the northern side was steep, and one wrong step could send you falling into the abyss. “Why did they attack the Alpha?” I asked.

Beta Cooper leaned in and whispered, “Alpha Maverick wiped out a small neighbouring pack last month. These are wolves from the Storm pack.”

In recent years, Maverick has aggressively expanded his territory with ruthless tactics, seizing many resources from my original pack, which has made me

increasingly disillusioned.

Stella burst out, “Maverick, you’re finally awake!” just as I was about to turn and leave.

He lay in Stella’s arms, confused as he looked around at the people. He struggled to sit up and asked, “Who are you?” When he turned to face me, his eyes lit up instantly. “Violet Brown!”

Maverick was then transported back to the hospital for further examination.

“The excessive dosage of wolfsbane has damaged Alpha Maverick’s brain and nerves, causing temporary amnesia. His memory has regressed to 15 years ago,” said one of the healers.

“What? Can his memory come back?” Stella enquired, her face irritated.

“It can. There’s still a small amount of wolfsbane in the Alpha’s system; once it’s fully metabolised, his memory will return.” Stella let out a sigh of relief. Anything was acceptable as long as it did not disrupt their mating ceremony.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:19 am*

Beta Cooper gave her a disapproving look and continued to question the healer.  
“How long will it take for his memories to return?”

“It’s uncertain-could be as soon as tomorrow, or it might take five to six months for the wolfsbane to be fully metabolised.”

Stella lost her temper again when she heard that their mating ceremony was only two months away. Her pregnancy was obvious, and if the ceremony didn’t take place before the pup’s birth, she wouldn’t be the Luna, even if she gave birth to an Alpha pup.

“You have to cure him before the wedding!” Otherwise, you’ll lose your job!” Stella screamed.

Stella was about to become Maverick’s new Luna, so offending her meant instant exile.

There is a way! We can use past experiences to stimulate the Alpha’s brain and aid in his memory recovery.”

Maverick’s memory was trapped 15 years in the past; if they could help him recall those events, his memory could be restored.

Stella went silent.

15 years ago, I was Maverick’s only supporter.

Meanwhile, I was in the ward watching Maverick and Asher play with toys designed for wolf pups.

Maverick had learnt from Beta Cooper that I already had a puppy, so he asked me to bring Asher over.

“Violet! Look! Our dog is so smart!” He exclaimed.

Maverick supported the structure they had constructed; two pairs of similar-looking eyes stared at me brightly, full of anticipation.

It had been five years since I’d witnessed such an intimate moment between father and son.

Maverick had been isolated in the pack since childhood due to his unique status; he had no playmates or toys, and now that he was in his twenties, he was even more excited to play than Asher.

There was a knock at the door, and the healer, sweating nervously, invited me to come discuss the treatment plan.

“If you help Maverick recover his memory, I’ll let your puppy be the next Beta,” Stella boasted.

Her lofty demeanour made it appear as if she were bestowing a favour by determining my pup’s future; she even had the audacity to suggest that Asher, with Alpha blood, could serve as her pup’s Beta.

These two wolves were a perfect match.

I recall three years ago, when Maverick first mentioned breaking our mate bond, he

used the same patronising tone and said, “Asher is my pup too. Even if I break our mate bond, I’ll make him the pack’s Beta.

Our pup, Asher, should have been the Alpha’s heir, but Maverick forgot who had stayed by his side when he was exiled, who had taken him in, and who had helped him build this pack.

Beta Cooper’s expression darkened behind Stella; just one sentence from her had taken away his own pup’s chance to inherit the Beta position.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:19 am*

For the past three years, I had refused to break the mate bond because of Asher's Alpha bloodline; however, Maverick informed me last month that Stella was pregnant, and if her child had Alpha blood, he would immediately change the heir.

That was when I decided to end the mate bond and leave the pack with Asher; I couldn't let Stella's pup become Asher's Alpha!

Of course, now that the opportunity had presented itself, I had to take advantage of it.

I suppressed the thoughts that surged through my mind and spoke directly to Stella. "200 million dollars."

I scheduled a meeting with Maverick the morning after I received Stella's \$50 million deposit.

Maverick and I walked through the forest, where a small wooden cabin stood in the centre.

We had once met and fallen in love in that cabin, created a new pack together, and kept the cabin a secret.

"Violet, I heard from the Beta that we did indeed build a pack and that you became my Luna, correct?" Maverick's ears were flushed red, his eyes flitting nervously as he dared not look at me.

After I confirmed it, his entire being radiated joy. "That's fantastic! "I truly made you my Luna," he said, smiling.



His beaming smile in the sunlight appeared to overlap with the one he'd had 20 years ago, when I agreed to let him court me—it left me dazed for a moment.

I instinctively extended my hand, but Stella's voice suddenly echoed in my ears: "If you want 200 million dollars, fine. I will transfer a deposit right now."

Stella wired me \$50 million without hesitation just yesterday in the hospital.

My eyelid twitched hard; as the Luna, I was in charge of the pack's internal affairs, but the funds I had at my disposal were only \$50 million.

Despite this, Maverick spoilt Stella so much that she could easily spend \$50 million.

I promised Stella, "I'll give you back a Maverick with his memories restored before the mating ceremony."

I pulled back the hand I had extended to him, ignored his hurt expression, and dashed into the cabin.

Maverick dashed after me, standing inside the cabin and looking at me warily. "Back then, when I was covered in wounds and thought I'd die here, you suddenly appeared. "I thought the Moon Goddess had come to save me," he recalled.

When we first met, he was curled up at the cabin's door, knife wounds deep to the bone. Later, I realised you were the best gift the Moon Goddess ever gave me. I swore I'd make you the happiest Luna," Maverick promised.

I had dragged him into the cabin, brought him medicine and food every day, and listened to him talk about his past sorrows and future hopes. Our youth's passion bloomed every day, like roses.

This was until three years ago.

“Violet, have I done it?” Maverick enquired, blushing as he looked at me with boyish shyness and hopeful anticipation.

I looked at him with a cold face. “Maverick, in two months, you’re going to have a mating ceremony with another young and pretty she-wolf.”

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:19 am*

“No way!” You must be mistaken—I’ve loved you for so long, how could I be with another she-wolf?” he exclaimed in disbelief.

When I saw his agitated expression, tears started streaming down my cheeks, and I realised I’d made a fool of myself yet again.

Maverick frantically wiped my tears and held my hand, repeatedly expressing his feelings, which caused my tears to flow even more uncontrollably.

The Maverick in front of me was still the same one who had sworn under the full moon to make me his Luna.

His pack had grown stronger, and I had transformed into Luna, but he no longer loved me.

The next day, I arrived at the cabin without Maverick.

Every vase in the cabin was full of fresh roses, which used to be my favourite flower.

Maverick had been exiled from the pack for years and had nothing to his name, but every morning he would pick fresh roses to greet me at the cabin.

When Maverick saw me arrive, he exclaimed, “Violet, look what I brought you.”

I walked into the cabin and found Stella standing behind me, her eyes red-rimmed, staring at Maverick with grief, tears streaming down her cheeks, and her tailored clothes highlighting her protruding belly.

He slammed the door in Stella's face, then sat across from me, breathing heavily.

"Why did you bring her here?" He demanded.

"She has something she wants to say to you," I told her.

"I've got nothing to say to her!"

Maverick glared at me, panting, clearly enraged.

I remained silent and did not respond.

When Maverick returned yesterday, he asked his Beta about what had happened in the last decade, and when he learnt about Stella, he immediately denied any intention of having a mating ceremony with her.

He even found the moonstone brooch I had given him and began wearing it whenever he went out.

Stella found out and approached me this morning, asking to accompany me to the cabin.

Of course, I agreed—after all, Stella was my boss now.

Stella sat on the grass outside the cabin, sunlight filtering through the forest and casting a glow on her face that almost appeared to glow.

I had to admit she was truly beautiful, especially the way she silently cried in the sunlight, which reminded me of myself 20 years ago.

"Violet! Look! I picked all of these roses this morning. Do you like them?" Maverick

enquired excitedly.

“Sorry, but I don’t like roses anymore.”

I stopped liking roses after I found out about Maverick’s cheating.

His father, the pack’s Alpha, had seduced Maverick’s mother, had her bear his child, and then told her he’d already had a Luna. After returning them to the pack, he completely ignored them.

Maverick and his mother were left to face bullying within the pack.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:19 am*

He used to say that he despised his father the most, and he vowed to start his own pack, become an Alpha, and remain devoted to his Luna indefinitely.

Ironically, he had become what he had once despised.

His expression darkened with sadness, but he quickly recovered and resumed talking to me about the past.

Stella sat just outside the window, perfectly centred; she only needed to turn her head slightly to see him.

Maverick kept his body turned away from her, but whenever he became emotional, his gaze would involuntarily drift towards Stella outside the window, his eyes full of unmistakable admiration; after all, he was still in his twenties and hadn't learnt how to hide his emotions.

Every day after that, Maverick brought me various gifts to the cabin, including precious gemstones and rare weapons—each of which had once been a promise he made to me in that cabin.

I was the youngest daughter of the Alpha of the Silver Wolf pack, and I had used the pack's resources to assist him in recruiting talent and building his pack.

As a result, he promised to give me every gift I could ever want.

Stella followed us every day, clearly enraged, but always looking at Maverick with tearful, pitiful eyes. When I refused to break our mate bond, he immediately turned to

compete for the Silver Wolf pack's resources. When I questioned him, all I got in return was his condescending mockery and disgusted gaze as I sobbed in front of him. Maverick's glances at her grew longer and longer, and the struggle and pity in his eyes became increasingly obvious.

Stella and I both saw through his internal struggle, and while she didn't say anything, the smile on her face said everything.

"Violet, how do you compete with me?" She mocked.

The gifts became increasingly expensive as Maverick used them to remind himself that he loved me.

He promised himself he wouldn't become a scumbag like his father, but he couldn't deny his attraction to a younger, prettier she-wolf.

I calmly accepted Maverick's gifts, even pretending to "accidentally" bring up some of the promises he had previously made.

In just two weeks, the gifts I received exceeded the compensation Stella provided.

Maverick's guilt towards me gradually faded with each day's gifts, while his sympathy for Stella grew. He even began teasing Stella in front of me.

Stella, who is also in her twenties, could provide him with the youthful passion of a peer.

"Go from the south side—the guards won't check your luggage," I explained as I handed the pass and luggage to Beta Micheal, my Alpha father's Beta.

"The Alpha has asked when you'll be back," Beta Micheal explained.

“Next month. Tell my father to get it converted into supplies as soon as possible. It needs to be fast!” I urged.

After watching Beta Micheal leave, I returned from the forest with all of the gifts Maverick had given me recently, each of which could be exchanged for significant funds and supplies.

While Maverick was still suffering from amnesia, I planned to reclaim all of the Silver Wolf pack’s resources that he had taken. When I returned to the cabin, I noticed Stella clinging to Maverick and playing around. Maverick pushed her away and looked at me nervously.

I avoided his gaze and sat by the window, gazing out at the scenery.

“Violet, let us go home together tonight.” “I even got a gift for Asher,” Maverick explained.



## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:19 am*

When he mentioned our puppy, Maverick smiled cautiously.

Stella looked at us from the side, her gaze fixed.

“I still have packing duties to complete. You can give him the present yourself,” I said languidly.

Maverick’s expression darkened as he stared at me, unable to look away. “Violet, I’ve been trying to win you back for half a month. “Even the ice should be melting by now,” he sneered.

Maverick’s sudden cold tone reminded me of the man he was before the amnesia.

I shrugged indifferently: “It’s not like I asked you to.”

Maverick kicked over a stool and stormed out the cabin.

Outside the cabin window, I saw Stella wrap her arms around Maverick, refusing to let him go; Maverick lowered his head and gave her a rough, aggressive kiss.

Even though I had decided to give up, that scene pierced my heart like a blade, and tears streamed uncontrollably down my face as I staggered away from the cabin.

The two wolves, engrossed in their passionate kiss, didn’t notice I had left.

For 20 years, I had poured my heart and soul into helping Maverick realise his dream of starting his own pack.

As the Princess of the Silver Wolf pack, I gave up a comfortable life to fight alongside him in the forest.

When he was exiled and had given up on himself, I helped him gather resources and recruit supporters for his cause.

Later, we formed a pack, claimed our own territory, and expanded it.

Maverick came home less and less frequently, until one day he asked me to break our mate bond.

In 20 years, we had gone from being deeply in love to bitterly resenting each other, and we even wished the other would die.

One day, I said, “Maverick, let’s break the mate bond.”

Over the next few days, Maverick deliberately ignored me, preferring to laugh and joke with Stella.

It finally convinced me to bring up the breaking of our mate bond again.

Maverick’s smile froze, and he looked at me in disbelief. “What did you just say?”

“I said, let’s break the mate bond and go back to what you were doing before you lost your memory.”

Even though he claimed to love me 15 years ago, he continued to flirt with other she-wolves, making all of my years of love seem like a joke.

I now had enough money, and the Silver Wolf pack had returned to its former glory.

The desire to break the mate bond grew stronger each day.

Even though I initially agreed to help Maverick recover his memory, it was because I missed the version of him who had loved me 15 years ago; seeing him fall for another she-wolf right in front of me erased any remaining attachment I had.

“Impossible! What right do you have to end the mate bond with me?” Maverick snarled and went into a violent rage, destroying everything in the room while Stella screamed in terror.

He looked exactly the same as he did when he forced me to end it.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:19 am*

I let out a cold laugh and walked away from the wreckage; it appeared that it was time to bring out the big guns.

The moonflowers glowed softly under the full moon, and it was once our favourite date spot.

After 15 years, this place, our sacred haven, remained as beautiful and dreamlike as if we were suspended on the moon.

Maverick walked through the flowers with Stella by his side; her belly had grown and was now a burden on her body.

After an hour, her steps slowed significantly, and she continued to hold her belly with her hand.

“No more waiting.” “Go in now,” I ordered. “Be careful not to hurt the pregnant one.”

I directed a few rogues from the forest; for the right price, they were willing to help me recreate history—that attack all those years ago was the tipping point that cemented our status.

“Alpha Maverick! You dare to take our territory? Today, you will pay for it!”

Several tall Rogues transformed into wolves as they charged forward.

Maverick shielded Stella behind him, transforming into a wolf and struggling to fight.

Is that your Luna behind you? Boys, get the she-wolf first!”

Maverick’s eyes became dazed as he heard the familiar lines, as if he was trying to remember something.

In the early days of our pack, we were constantly attacked by rival wolf packs, and Maverick had grown accustomed to pain as a child, having been bullied and ostracised.

He became dizzy as a result of blood loss and exhaustion after being overwhelmed and outnumbered.

He just needed to wait a little longer, and someone would come to save him. But who?

A blurry figure appeared in Maverick’s mind—who was it?

“Do not hurt him!” I shouted.

I dashed towards him, just as one of the Rogues raised a claw behind him, ready to deliver a fatal blow.

Maverick stared blankly at me as he ran unwaveringly towards him.

Stella shoved Maverick from behind just as I was about to shield him from the blow, and she took advantage of the opportunity to flee.

The wolf’s claw landed on his head, and blood began to flow.

In that moment, he recognised the wolf from his memories—the one who had always protected him and pulled him out of hellfire.

“It’s you, Violet,” he muttered.

The Rogues were stunned and circled the unconscious Maverick on the ground, speaking in trembling voices.

“I only hit him because you told us to attack; how could I have known she’d push him into it?” “It’s fine,” I said, waving my hand coldly and distributing the money.

Maverick’s head was still bleeding, but thanks to an Alpha’s powerful healing ability, the wound had begun to close, and he awoke quickly.

While touching his head wound, Maverick grabbed my hand and said, “I remember now-you were the one who shielded me from the fatal blow during that attack.”

I froze at his words: “You’ve regained your memory?” “I asked.

“No, not everything-just this attack.”

He lowered his head and gently stroked my hand. “Let’s take Asher to explore Bright Forest tomorrow,” he said.

Bright Forest had no large, dangerous animals and was known as a safe place for families to explore.

When I got back home, I asked Asher for his opinion.

Asher had always longed for his father’s attention, and when he learnt Maverick was taking him on an outing, he couldn’t contain his excitement.

“That’s wonderful, Mom! I want to go!” He exclaimed, and his hopeful expression made it impossible for me to say no.”

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:19 am*

Thus, I took him to Bright Forest.

When Maverick saw the pup running towards him, he smiled gently and stepped forward, catching Asher as he leaped into his arms.

“Let’s go, we’ll be exploring Bright Forest today! Can you do it, Asher?” Maverick asked.

“Of course, Dad.”

Maverick’s painful childhood had been caused by his cheating Alpha father, whom he yearned for but also despised. “When I have a pup someday, I’ll be there to watch him grow. I’ll take him on adventures, train him, and show him how to lead the pack. “I’ll make sure he’s the happiest puppy alive,” Maverick had promised.

Maverick was now fulfilling every wish he had for a father.

“Dad, eat some fruits!”” Asher said, pointing to a sweet fruit that grew abundantly in the forest. He wanted to share it with Maverick. Maverick frowned slightly, then picked the fruit and handed it all to Asher.

Maverick used to love sweet fruits when he was 20, but after I became pregnant, he stopped liking them altogether.

“Asher, go explore on your own for a while.” “I need to talk to your father,” I said.

“Okay, Mom,” Asher said as he bounced away cheerfully.

I narrowed my eyes and asked Maverick, “When did you regain your memory?”

He appeared flustered. “What are you talking about?”

“Quit pretending. Your preferences, speech quirks, and little habits are all things you’ve developed in recent years,” I pointed out.

Maverick sighed as he realised he couldn’t fool me. “Violet...” Isn’t our current situation satisfactory? “Asher also needs his father.”

“Don’t be joking. If your memory has returned, then break the mate bond immediately,” I said coldly.

“No way!” I’ll never break it with you!” he yelled in rage. This was the Maverick I remembered.

I turned my head and realised Asher, who had been playing nearby, had vanished.

I called out, “Asher?” Asher is missing!”

Maverick and I sprinted ahead, following Asher’s scent.

Then I saw a scene that made my blood boil: Stella was crouched beside him, coaxing him to eat a handful of wolfsbane.

“Stop!” I shouted.

Maverick moved faster than I did, grabbing the wolfsbane from her grasp. “Stella, do you have a death wish? Maverick snarled, and before Stella could explain, he shoved all of the wolfsbane into her mouth and forced her to swallow it. “Violet, take the pup and head back,” Maverick ordered.



I took the terrified Asher in my arms and turned to leave.

As I walked away, I noticed blood dripping from beneath Stella.

When the final asset was returned to the Silver Wolf pack, I decided to seek assistance from a witch.

Maverick had once again refused to break the mate bond.

Stella had miscarried after being force-fed a large amount of wolfsbane by Maverick during a forest trip a few days ago. She had just been discharged from the hospital today, and she came to the Alpha's office in complete despair, crying to Maverick. "Maverick, our pup is gone!" She wailed.

He sneered, "A bastard like that?" Good riddance.

"How could you be so cruel?" You killed your own puppy with your hands!"

"Are you calling me cruel? "If you hadn't attempted to harm Asher, your puppy would still be alive," he said coldly.

Stella rushed at Maverick, clawing and striking, only to be kicked aside by him.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:19 am*

“Maverick! I have been with you for eight years!” She exclaimed, “You said you loved me, not Violet! You promised that I would become Luna and that you would provide the best life for me and our puppy! “You said all that...”

Stella lay on the floor, wailing, accusing Maverick of his crimes.

I turned and walked out of the office, feeling helpless and numb; the man I had loved for 20 years had turned out to be even more vicious than I had imagined.

I needed to break the mate bond as soon as possible!

“Please make me a potion that will break a mate bond. “Set any price you want,” I told the witch.

A thick stack of cash lay on the table; it was my deposit for the witch’s potion.

Even as the most well-known witch in the area, she had rarely encountered a client as generous as this.

“The potion will take three days to brew,” she told me.

“Not a problem. I’ll come get it in three days.

I only had to wait another three days.

Whispers and scrutinising stares followed me everywhere in the pack, and whenever I tried to join the others and ask questions, they scattered like scared birds.

I couldn't take it anymore and went to find the Beta.

"What is going on?" I asked.

"Well... Stella has been spreading word throughout the pack, saying that the Alpha has already broken the mate bond with you, and...

Beta Cooper trailed off, glancing at me nervously, as if afraid to continue.

"Go on. What else did she say?" I persisted.

"She said you fed her wolfsbane... and caused the death of the Alpha's heir."

Did I cause her harm? Maverick was the one who killed their puppy, but Stella blamed me.

She intended to use public opinion to force me to leave.

It was too bad she chose the wrong target; right now, it was Maverick who wouldn't let me leave.

That night, Maverick learnt about the rumours circulating in the pack via the Beta.

He flew into a rage and ordered the two wolves who had insulted me the most to be expelled from the pack.

"My Luna will only ever be Violet, and Asher is the only heir to this pack. Anyone who spreads false rumours again can get out of my pack right now!" he growled.

Stella watched the scene unfold from a corner, her expression darkening by the second.

They'd been together for eight years. She was on the verge of becoming Luna, only to be reduced to nothing at the last moment.

How could she accept this? So, what was so great about me?

Three days flew by in the blink of an eye.

I stared blankly at the newly acquired potion for breaking the mate bond in my hand.

20 years of marital pain and struggle flashed through my mind like a movie, like a never-ending nightmare.

I wondered if Maverick truly loved me in those good years, or if he just thought I was the best Luna candidate among the available options.

After all, I had loved him with all of my heart, including using the Silver Wolf pack's resources to help him.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:19 am*

Maybe he didn't change; perhaps I just didn't see his true colours from the beginning.

My heart ached from the throbbing pain.

I slowly picked up the potion and was about to open it when the Beta knocked on my door.

"Luna Violet, the Alpha invites you to the ceremonial square," he told you.

I looked at him, puzzled. "What does he want to do?"

"All the pack members are already there. Please come with me, Luna Violet."

Finally, I agreed. After all, I was still the Luna of the pack. It is best to speak clearly in front of everyone.

Roses were spread throughout the square. Maverick stood in the centre, dressed in a white suit and holding a bouquet of moonflowers, smiling at me.

Pack members gathered in small groups, their looks at me fraught with disapproval.

I looked at the all-too-familiar scene in front of me: Maverick had decorated the square exactly as he had when we held our mating ceremony.

Back then, he was full of youthful energy, and his gaze was fixed on me. He became my mate with the genuine blessings of the entire pack.

But everything had changed.

Maverick approached me, and the crowd parted in the middle to make room for him.

“Violet, no matter how many times we start over, I will always love you,” he told her.

He paused in front of me, holding the bouquet out. Under the moonlight, his eyes shone with hope, and his expression was tense.

Ten years ago, I took the flowers and kissed him passionately. But now...

“Maverick, I want to break the mate bond with you,” I told him.

His optimistic expression faded gradually. Maverick’s face twisted with rage, and he threw the bouquet on the ground. “Impossible! You will never leave me!” he exclaimed.

Following that, the farce ended.

Maverick stormed out of the square, leaving the other wolves to gossip.

“The Alpha has already separated from Stella. Why does the Luna still want to break the mate bond?”

“Yeah, the Alpha went to all that trouble to make up for it, and she still rejected him.”

“The Luna really doesn’t know what’s good for her.”

I could hear all of the other wolves’ criticism of me—just because I rejected Maverick, I was the irrational one.

I picked up the potion once more.

That night, Maverick came to get me. After being publicly rejected, he resumed his usual overbearing and domineering behaviour.

“This is my home too. What’s wrong with me living here with my Luna and my pup?” he was insisting.

Maverick refused to let me shut the door on him. His gaze was filled with determination.

“Maverick, give me two days to calm down and reconsider our relationship, okay?” I coaxed him gently. “If you don’t agree, the mate bond can’t be broken anyway. What difference does a few more days make?”

I had no choice but to give in slightly and coax him to leave.

After he left, I took Asher and our luggage and went directly to the Silver Wolf pack. With the potion in hand, why should I be concerned that Maverick will refuse to break the bond?

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:19 am*

After several years, I rejoined the Silver Wolf pack alongside Asher. My Alpha father and brothers greeted us at the gate.

“Violet’s back! From now on, when your Alpha brother handles pack affairs, take Asher with you,” my dad told me.

The pack in front of me had returned to its former prosperity, with all of the gifts Maverick had given me converted into funds to rebuild the pack.

My return revitalised the Silver Wolf pack, and my father promised to assist Asher in establishing his own pack once he reached adulthood.

Given all of this, why should I cling to the position of bearing Maverick’s heir?

On the day I returned to the Silver Wolf pack, I drank the potion that broke the mate bond. The pain began in my heart and spread outward—unilaterally breaking the mate bond made it even worse.

Despite the pain, I felt a sense of liberation.

Shortly after, I took over the Silver Wolf pack’s affairs.

After ten years as a Luna, I was well-versed in internal affairs, but I needed to learn more about external cooperation and expansion.

To learn, I read documents until the early morning and awoke early for meetings with my subordinates.



Physical exhaustion couldn't keep the satisfaction I felt inside. I felt like I had reclaimed control of my destiny and discovered myself.

I also had to guide Asher. I had to teach him how to be a qualified Alpha.

I saw Maverick again two months after rejoining the Silver Wolf pack. Without a pass, he couldn't enter the Silver Wolf pack's territory at will; this time, he used the excuse of collaboration to join several other packs' Alphas. "Violet, can we talk?" he asked.

Maverick stopped me outside the conference room; he appeared broken, a far cry from the aggressive arrogance he used to coerce me into accepting him.

I agreed. "Fine. What do you want to talk about?"

"Why can't I feel our mate bond anymore? What did you do?" he was wondering.

After two months, seeing Maverick again evoked no emotion in me. I just wanted to dismiss him quickly and get back to work on the cooperation documents.

"I took a potion to break it. You can choose a new Luna now," I told you.

He stood stiffly, as if someone had drained all of his strength.

His eyes welled up with tears as he said, "But I love you."

Maverick stopped bothering me after I told him about the broken mate bond.

However, the Silver Wolf pack was close by, so I heard about him from time to time.

Forest resources were limited, and the Silver Wolf pack continued to expand after my

return, inevitably encroaching on Maverick's pack's resources.

In comparison to the rising status of the Silver Wolf pack, Maverick's pack began to decline.

Stella, in an attempt to get back at me, spread rumours about Maverick's affair throughout the pack, and the story eventually spread.

Maverick's reputation plummeted after he cheated during his marriage and betrayed Luna, who had always supported him. Many packs blacklisted Maverick and refused to work with him.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:19 am*

Meanwhile, Maverick marked Stella because she was the only she-wolf by his side. However, he never held a mating ceremony and did not recognise Stella's status.

Nobody served as his pack's Luna.

Maverick blamed my departure solely on Stella. He despised Stella bitterly, forcing her to perform the most difficult and lowest-ranking tasks in the pack and forbidding her from leaving.

Without Luna's leadership, the pack's internal affairs devolved into chaos, and fights frequently broke out as a result of unfair resource distribution.

In the end, everyone directed their resentment at Stella.

When I heard about it, I couldn't help but feel a mixture of emotions.

I saw Stella again ten years later.

The Silver Wolf pack had helped Asher and me establish a new pack. Asher, now Alpha, had fully taken over the pack's management, and I was finally free to travel.

Stella was picking fruit on the road when I came across her. Her cheeks were pale and gaunt, and her bones were clearly visible. Her clothes were filthy and dishevelled, in stark contrast to the polished and graceful she-wolf she had once been.

When she saw me, she turned and ran, not wanting me to see her in such a bad state. I grabbed the fruit basket she had left behind and ran after her.

“How are you going to explain your fruit basket if you don’t take it back?” I asked.

I handed her the basket. Inside were not only the fruits she had picked, but also some money.

“Maybe you should go to the hospital and get checked,” I suggested.

Stella was frighteningly thin and clearly needed medical attention. She touched the money in the basket, her face dazed.

It reminded me of the last time she gave me money.

Who would have thought ten years ago that two romantic rivals could stand together and talk calmly like this?

She choked up while speaking. “Take it back. This money will be confiscated the moment I return to the pack.”

Stella’s face produced large teardrops, which fell to the ground.

Honestly, I had never hated her; after all, we were both victims. And Maverick, the true abuser, was still doing well.

“Violet, I’m sorry. I don’t even know if I’ll live to see you again. I want to apologise for how ignorant and cruel I once was.”

“You’re not the one who needs to apologise to me. You were just another victim too.”

Did Maverick truly believe that blaming everything on another she-wolf made him innocent?

I shook my head in resignation before turning to leave.

I didn't notice the sudden flash of cold fierceness in Stella's lifted gaze.

The following morning, my Beta sent me a message. I received the most satisfying news I had heard in ten years. "Alpha Maverick was poisoned to death by Stella!"