

## **Mystery of Fate: Luna Della's Second Chance –**

### **Chapter 2**

Kylian was too close.

I was enveloped in the intoxicating scent of his body, which crept up into my nose. I took a deep breath, I had no choice, feeling it warm my insides like a potent drink. I shook my head, feeling myself nearly drool from the feeling. My heart was beating so fast that I thought I would have passed out.

I had just walked away from a bad crash, after all. If there were any time to succumb to such a thing, it would be now.

Kylian lowered his head and approached me, wrapping his hand around the back of my neck. I could feel the heat from his palm melting me, his slender fingers stroking my skin so delicately.

"Della..." he whispered once more as he pressed into me, this thumb pushing against my neck.

I licked my lips uncontrollably, and stared at his lips in a trance, saying, "Yes, Alpha."

I was ready to finally accept him. We would finally kiss the way I had always dreamed we would.

"The victim of the crash has died, and someone must be held responsible for this matter. Pack law, demands it. Surely you know that." He spoke calmly, not bothering to drop his affectionate tone despite talking about the damned accident. As he patted my head as if rewarding a pet, he gave me one final look and let go.

I wanted to die.

"It was only you and Flora in the car at the time, which makes you the only person who can take the fall for her. She is Kylian's fated mate and the mother to the Alpha's heir, so this must be done," Margot chimed in. The witch gave me a knowing look and scoffed as if I hadn't known this already.

Before I could even attempt to protest, Flora shifted in bed and let out another false cry of pain. As she turned over to face Kylian, she comforted him, saying, "Don't worry about me, Kylian. Our puppy is fine, and so am I."

Once again, my husband had flown back to her bedside almost immediately, deep lines etched into his brow as he looked at her in concern. I clenched my fists, the only thing grounding me being the sensation of my nails digging deep into my palms. It didn't even hurt. Being betrayed by Kylian was so much worse.

"What's more, Della, as his Luna you should know just how important it is to give him a heir," Luna Natasha chided, narrowing her eyes as she looked at where my womb is. I put my hands over my belly, quick to hide myself from her judging gaze.

"I cannot allow a Luna of the Dark Moon Pack to neglect her duty to provide the pack with a child. And neither can Kylian."

I felt a pit drop in my stomach. My heart struggled between betrayal, sadness, fear, and rage.

It wasn't my fault that I couldn't give Kylian a child. He refused to touch me the way a lover would for three whole years. I was never given the chance, and it wasn't as if I could reproduce on my own. They couldn't pin this on me now. I wouldn't stand for it.

I knew I was powerless to say anything in defense of myself, and I waited for her to deliver the finishing blow.

“As Flora is the mother of Kylian’s heir, it is only natural that she is appointed as the new Dark Moon Luna. She could take the Luna position, which is occupied by you for so long. She has already atoned for that in the form of that gash on her wrist.”

I couldn’t help but rolled my eyes in my mind as she continued.

“She was so ashamed for her false that she tried to take her own life. If you choose not to comply with my orders and admit to the crime in court, you will effectively be killing the Dark Moon Luna and her child. You will be regarded as a criminal of the Dark Moon Pack, one who has committed high treason. If you do not wish to be branded as such, then stand trial in her stead. She will become a Luna, and though you will still be a criminal, the crimes you will be charged with will be much less severe.”

"Consider this one last favor from us, Della. We've been good to you over the past three years, haven't we?" Margot interjected again.

My head was abuzz with a million thoughts and my vision became blurry. I felt lightheaded as I opened my mouth, unable to form a coherent sentence no matter how hard I tried. I knew I wanted to push back, tell them how absurd this all was, but I didn’t know how.

What favor could Margot have possibly been referring to? I served everyone in this wretched family, toiling away like a slave. My days were filled with dishes and laundry and the absence of my husband’s touch. All the while, as if his neglect wasn’t enough, he impregnated another woman. Now, I was to accept her sentence while she got to walk free!

I gritted my teeth in despair, feeling one of the many wounds lining my arm begin to ache with a dull pain. It was still nothing compared to the sharp pain spreading in my chest.

Luna Natasha rolled her eyes as she turned to Kylian and said, "My dear son, what say you?"

I turned my eyes to him, hoping to hear at least some protest. He had been so gentle to me just moments ago, and I prayed that he would show such consideration once more. He was my last hope.

"Alpha, please don't do this..." I begged. Even if he wanted Flora, I was still his wife. That certainly must have counted for something.

Kylian had since fallen silent, mulling over his decision or perhaps what to say. After what seemed to be an eternity later, he fished out a checkbook and a pen from his suit pocket. He quickly filled it out and gave it to me unceremoniously.

"If take the blame for Flora, I'll give you a million," he said coldly, his voice calm and deep. If he had said anything else, I would have been whisked away by him once more. Instead, his voice sounded so grating as he abandoned me as well.

"What? No, I... Alpha, please..." I whimpered, shaking my head in a frenzy. I looked at him in disbelief and took a step back, prompting him to raise his voice.

He seemed to be impatient as he grabbed my hand. His eyes, once full of care and concern, were now cold. "What, do you want two million? Or would you rather keep your title as Luna? If you want it that bad, you have my word."

"I don't want the money, and I don't care for my title either!" I exclaimed, trying to wrench my hand from his grasp.

"Drop this stupid act already! If you didn't want the money or the title, why did you stay after I found Flora?!" he roared, making my body lock up in fear.

What a terrible question to have asked.

Why did I stay, Kylian? Because I fucking loved you.

"That's a good question," I murmured, nodding despondently as I shifted away from his gaze. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see him scowling at me, his expression tinged with emotions I couldn't quite identify.

Tears spilled out of the corners of my eyes, rolling down my cheeks shamefully. I couldn't help but laugh at how ridiculous this was. I took the check and shook Kylian's hand vigorously before turning to the hospital bed. Then, I slammed the small slip of paper onto Flora's face with all my strength. The strike was enough to have pushed her head deep into her pillow, her face now turned away from me. A bright red mark lit up her cheek.

Luna Natasha and Margot immediately rushed to her side, asking her if she was alright and pushing me away.

It took nearly a full second for Kylian to realize what I had just done. "What are you doing?!" he roared, grabbing my hand. He stared at me with wide eyes, ferocity and shock dancing in his gaze. He looked at me as if I was a stranger. "You're just an Omega. It's against pack law to be so violent to my mate."

"I don't care anymore. I'll do what I want," I shot back, my trembling voice betraying my act of defiance. Still, I had said my piece and looked up at him cynically. "Do you feel sorry for her or for your check?"

"Are you out of your mind?! We're in a hospital and Flora's injured. Don't you dare hurt her!" His expression was steely. Threatening.

I could barely look him in the eye, but regardless, I maintained my gaze as I screamed, "And what about me?! Am I not hurt too? Don't you see the wounds all over my fucking body?! Oh, Goddess, maybe you're blind after all! "

I felt lightheaded again, all the screaming turning my vision hazy. A paper bag would have helped me regain my bearings, but I knew no one would get one for me.

"She cut her wrist up real bad, huh?" I sneered under my breath, just barely audible to the rest of the room. I turned my gaze to Flora on the hospital bed.

She shrank back from me with an expression of pure terror.

"W-What are you trying to do?"

I rushed forward and ripped off the gauze wrapped around her hand, showing everyone the truth. There was only a shallow cut on her wrist that barely went past her skin. Not a single blood vessel had been nicked. Yet she screamed out in pain and threw her hands under the sheets. Knowing that she could play the victim no longer, she kept her eyes fixed on the blanket in front of her and fell silent.

"See?" I hissed, throwing the gauze to the ground. "Do you have anything else to say?"

Kylian looked away from Flora's wrist, a conflicted expression plastered on his face as if his world had been turned upside down.

"Della—"

I didn't let him finish. Stepping forward, I brought us closer than ever and stared into his eyes.

"That's enough, Kylian. I'm done with all the drama and the bullshit."

There was a hint of fear in the indomitable Alpha's voice, as he asked me, "What are you talking about?"

"I reject you, Alpha Kylian, as my chosen mate and my husband."