

Mystery of Fate: Luna Della's Second Chance –

Chapter 3

Kylian's POV

Did this woman just reject me?

"Please, Alpha. Let me walk away." Her hands were balled up into fists, and her body trembled violently. She looked up at me with a look I had seen in the warriors I commanded. For the first time, I took a serious look at her. Though she was lesser in stature, I could feel her resolve as I studied her expression.

"What's wrong with you? You can't talk to me like that. And you have no right to renounce me as your mate."

I couldn't tell what was going on or why this woman was acting so out of line. The more I thought about it, the more confused I became.

Perhaps she had become fed up with how I neglected her. This could have been her way to get my attention since nothing else worked. But that didn't make much sense either, given that our marriage has no love. Before I met Flora, I chose Della, and I thought I loved her. But after I found Flora, I understood that a fated mate is hard for a werewolf to resist.

"I have no *right*? I'll have you know that I'll do whatever I so please," Della shot back. She gave me an icy look before turning to leave the ward. It had all happened so quickly that I had no time to even form a reply.

She had shown me her strength, a sense of confidence and power that I had never seen before in all my years with her. And when I reached out for her arm earlier, I found it strange that only a few shallow marks had

been left behind on her arm despite the severity of the crash. It had only happened just recently as well. How peculiar.

"How dare you reject my son?! You're *nothing!* Omega!" My mother shrieked, her voice piercing my mind and making my ears ache.

For the first time, I lost my patience for her. "Mother! Haven't you said enough?!" Following my patience was my respect for her, which I desperately held onto lest my family fell apart. I closed my eyes and softened my tone. "Margot, take Mother back with you. I want to talk to Flora in private."

After taking a few seconds to take stock of the situation, Margot replied, "Of course." And without hesitation, she picked up her bag and dragged my Mother out the door, making sure to close the door behind them.

Now, it was just Flora and I left in the room. She sat up from bed, making sure to keep her wrists under the sheets.

"Kylia, it really hurts. Don't listen to—"

"Why are you still lying?" I said, not caring to let her finish. I didn't know why, but I didn't want to hear it anymore.

"I'm just afraid, Kylia. Afraid that you don't care about me. I don't want to go to jail... I'm too young! If they make me stand trial, I'm done. Your fated mate will be locked away behind iron bars to rot in a silver cell and you will become weaker as well! You know I'll die if I harm you. I will die if I don't get to see you for just one day," she said as tears pooled in her eyes. She locked eyes with mine and meekly tugged at my sleeve.

"You have to trust me," she continued. "I was so ashamed. The guilt weight on me, hurt me so badly that I wanted to kill myself. But the only thing stopping me was our baby. I can't take our child with me. And I can't rob the pack from their heir. You want to see your child, don't

you? It's okay, darling. Even if you don't want a child with me, it's still ours. I can raise it on my own. That's how important it is to—"

"That's enough!" All her crying and rambling had given me a migraine. I always thought that I would live happily with Della, but it was all over a one-night. I had gotten drunk one fateful night three years ago and had ended up bringing Flora to bed. I woke up the next day to find out she was my fated mate and that night was too good to let go!

I know I've made a terrible mistake. I betrayed Della! I tried to resist it but I can't.

Ever since, I had kept my sins to myself. I distanced myself from Della, unable to face her or what I had done. It was my fault things had come to this.

Flora's lips trembled in fear, and she lowered her head with a flustered expression. Her reaction was so pitiful that I couldn't help but feel a bit guilty for her. I knew that I had to atone for my mistakes, she and the child in her womb would be my responsibility.

I sighed in defeat and began to apologize. "I'm sorry, Flora. I'm just too anxious, But don't worry and have a good rest. When the child is born, I'll take responsibility for him. He'll be my heir. Now, I have a few matters to attend to, so I'll be leaving for a bit. Rest well."

I wrenched my wrist away, her fingers wrapped around me desperately as if willing me not to leave. Then, I turned and left the hospital ward. Just outside the doorway in the empty corridor, I sighed and rubbed my temples.

I walked out of the hospital and nodded to Henry, who was waiting dutifully for me just past the front entrance. After climbing into the backseat of my car, I tried to mindlink Della only to find that she had severed our connection. I couldn't tell why, but I was becoming irritated.

"It's because you're in the wrong. You betrayed her," my wolf suddenly interrupted. "You shouldn't have been unfaithful to your Luna."

Though I thought I owed her an apology, I stubbornly muttered back, "But I didn't. It was...fate."

Not knowing how else to get in touch with her, I tried calling the director of the hospital and the packhouse as well, but to no avail. Someone had picked up in the director's stead, perhaps a nurse or a secretary, and informed me that Della had left. A housekeeper at the packhouse also claimed that they hadn't seen her around.

I cursed under my breath. She was my Luna, and she had no right to cut me off like this. What if an urgent matter befell the pack, which required her presence?

I slapped the armrest next to me as hard as I could without realizing something had been placed atop. The sharp corner of a box dug into my skin. Clawing at the puncture wound, I yelled, "Fuck! What the fuck is this doing here?"

"Della asked me to leave it here," Henry informed me calmly. He looked at me through the rearview mirror and gave me a small wink.

"You saw her? When?"

"This morning."

But that was before the accident. The information only served to confuse me further. I opened the gift box to see a pair of exquisite cufflinks inside.

After sneaking a peek at the contents, Henry whistled and gave me a coy look. "That's nice. You know, I remember her saying that today was your anniversary. Happy four years."

I looked up from the beautifully decorated gift box to give Henry a murderous glare. Knowing that he had succeeded in provoking me, he immediately smirked to himself and shifted his focus back to the road. It was as if he couldn't take his eyes off of the car right in front of us all of a sudden—as if his life depended on memorizing the license plate number.

"Oh, and one last thing," he said casually. "I won't say anything else after this, but, Alpha... Would you like to iron out the details for those alliance talks? We still have to finalize the schedule."

"No, we're returning to the packhouse," I closed my eyes, feeling a wave of fatigue wash over me now that I had a bit of time to myself. I pinched the bridge of my nose in exasperation and rubbed my forehead. "Do you know where Della would be if she didn't return to the packhouse?"

"How would I know?" Henry shrugged. Then, under his breath, he muttered, "You're her husband, not me."

Indeed, I was. Despite how long we had spent together, I felt like I didn't know anything about the girl.

Did she really want to leave me?

Della's POV

"Please, Alpha. Let me walk away." I could feel myself trembling as the words spilled past my lips.

Kylian stared at me with a puzzled expression. "What's wrong with you? You can't talk to me like that. And you have no right to renounce me as your mate."

His bushy brows were knit into a tight frown, and his firm jaw was set tight. I looked at how troubled he looked, his face speckled with

bewilderment and disbelief, and figured he never would have thought I'd reject him like this. After all, he was the Alpha, and I was just a slave. He had always taken for granted that I would stay.

Though rare, that tender expression he had shown me made me fall in love with him. But I couldn't ignore my wolf's warnings. Countless times, she had told me what I had always known to be true. He didn't love me now.

My efforts are a joke. I gave up.

I had taken every effort to deny this, and I loathed to admit it, but I knew it was true. Even when I obeyed every order, tempted him to pleasure himself using my body. Even when I played the obedient in-law in front of my mother and sister. Even when I played the subservient Luna in front of Kylian despite his neglect. I was the perfect puppet, though somewhere in the back of my mind, I knew it was all in vain. That look in his eyes confirmed my fears, and I would no longer keep up this act.

"I have no *right*?" I sneered, "I'll have you know that I'll do whatever I so please,"

Those would be my last words to him, and I spat them in his face. I loved him, but he would never share those feelings with me. My heart felt shattered—it was crippled beyond repair. I couldn't stand the way he stood there as his eyes bore into mine, not even for another second.

I turned and stormed out of the ward, leaving a very angry Natasha shrieking behind me.

Though the ward wasn't very far from the hospital's main entrance, it was one of the longest, torturous paths I had ever walked. I straightened my back and maintained my posture with all my strength, not wanting Kylian to see how vulnerable I was.

After three years of marriage, all I had left were these tiny shreds of dignity that I held onto for dear life. I took out my phone and dialed a number, my fingers trembling so hard that I had to correct it a few times.

The call connected right away.

"Della, where are you?" I choked on my own tears when I heard my brother's low voice. It was so calm and confident, an anchor I could hold onto even when the world was falling apart around me.

"Jackson, I want to go home..." I whimpered. As I spoke, I felt a pain of catch up to me, hitting my heart in full force. A hurricane of emotions whipped in my mind, and though I hadn't closed my eyes, my vision fell to darkness. I didn't even know if my brother heard what I had asked.

I don't know how long it took, but I heard the deafening roar of a helicopter and was pulled into a warm and familiar embrace.

"Then I'll take you home, silly girl." He couldn't help but tease me since he was my brother, but regardless, his voice made me feel so safe.