

4 - Leaving Everything Behind

The pain lessened, only barely.

I was able to start to think and feel things other than the agonizing pain that rippled through me.

My first thought sent waves of terror through me, was the baby okay? There was no way they survived that. Agony replaced the burning hurt. I couldn't lose them too, they were my last link to Nolan to the life I still so desperately wanted.

I blinked my eyes open and saw that I was back in my room, my childhood room in my parent's house. A fresh wave of tears sprung to my eyes, I was back here instead of the room that I shared with Nolan in the packhouse. I had hoped it was all a bad dream, but this felt real.

"Honey?" My mom came in with some water and helped me sit up.

My throat was dry and I drank the entire glass without stopping.

"How long?" I asked, talking hurt.

"Almost two days."

My first thought was that I missed his birthday and I hated that I was still thinking about him first, but I always did, even before he noticed me.

"He wants to talk to you when you're ready." I nodded, every part of me still yearned for him and his embrace.

He must have changed his mind, and it was the only thing that got me out of bed and in a shower. I pulled a comb through my hair but nothing would x the bags under my red-rimmed puffy eyes.

Good, he should see me like this.

I walked to his door determined, or his dad's door that he was using today. I knocked and opened it without waiting for a reply.

Nolan was sitting behind the desk and looked surprised to see me. I was happy that he looked worse for wear, but not half as bad as I did.

"Willia," He breathed motioning me to sit down, I couldn't read his expression. His face was taunt and his eyes were hard, not like the soft dark brown eyes that I saw when he looked at me.

I remained standing behind the empty chair my chin jutted forward. I didn't speak, this was on him.

"I regret how that happened, I panicked, it shouldn't have been done like that. I should have talked to you after the party," He rubbed his hand over his face and my heart thrummed.

"I panicked, but now that we are more contained," He looked at me, "I need you to nish it."

I tilted my head, I didn't understand.

"Willia, I need you to accept my rejection so we can move on. Both of us"

The air whooshed out of me and I fought to stay standing my grip on the chair.

"You can still stay in this pack, your things are being packed up now for you and will be sent to your parents to make it easier."

My ears were ringing and I couldn't hear anything but what sounded like my blood rushing through me.

"Willia?" He sounded far away.

"I Willheminia Balfour accept your rejection to be your mate and your future Luna of The Blue Ridge Pack." The last shred of me cracked. Somehow I made myself walk away from him without begging, without asking the questions that were coursing through me.

What about the baby? Why? Why?

I didn't notice anyone that I walked past as I ran to the clinic. Running was uncharacteristic of a Luna but I wasn't going to be a Luna anymore so fuck it.

I ignored the nurse at the front desk and launched into Dr. Lilian's office.

"Is the baby okay? I need to know." I demanded. Her eyes softened when she saw me in this state, she must have known.

The baby was me, I wasn't, but that was something.

Thankfully, no one was home. I crawled into the bed in the home that I lived in until Nolan claimed me as his mate. Now, a few months before I was to become his Luna I was back here heartbroken and confused.

It might have been hours or days later that my mom got through to me.

"Sweetie, I know it's difficult. Your father and I can't even imagine the pain, but we need to talk." I sat up and she placed a tray of food in front of me, soup, and thick slices of homemade bread.

The only reason I ate or drank anything was for the baby, I had no appetite myself and would have willingly wasted to nothingness if it wasn't for them.

"We want to know what you want to do, we will support you no matter what you choose." My dad walked into the room and put his hand on my mother's shoulder who came to sit on the bed next to me.

"What do you mean?" My throat was dry and my voice hoarse but I didn't remember why.

"Do you want to stay here, or maybe go to the city for a bit, the human city. Or we could find a pack for you to transfer temporarily, of course, your aunt would only love your company."

I placed a hand over my stomach, "I can't-" My voice broke. As much as I would love to run to my aunt's house I used to visit some summers, move to the city, or attend college, and pretend none of this happened, I had a very real reminder that it did.

I chewed on my lip.

Part of me wanted to stay here. That was a lie, a huge part of me wanted to stay. I wanted to swell up in front of him, in front of them all. I wanted Nolan to have time to realize his mistake and take me back.

I wanted to stay here to show him what he was missing and to make it very obvious to everyone in this damn pack that I was carrying the Alpha's baby. There was no way that they would let him get away with this after they saw the proof that was growing inside me.

"I'll stay," I said nodding with a newfound determination. I would fight for this baby to have a father, I would fight for them, even if it was the thing that made Nolan panic.

My parents looked at each other and then back at me.

"Sweetie," My mom put her hand on my knee. "We love how strong you are, but that might not be the best idea." She looked nervous.

"What is it?" I asked and my mom closed her eyes, my dad rubbed his mustache, something that he always did when he was nervous.

"Willia," Her head hung and my insides buzzed, this couldn't be good.

"Just tell me," My grip on the spoon was lethal.

"It seems well, we heard, but of course, rumors do get started."

"Nolan wants to take another Luna," My dad cut in.

My world tilted and spun and I rushed past them to the bathroom where I emptied the little soup and bread I managed to force down.

I yearned for that darkness that I fell into the night he rejected me. I still felt numb, but the numbness was becoming sharper around the edges and I didn't want to feel any of it.

My mom wiped my face with a cold washcloth and helped me back into bed. The look on her and my dad's faces broke me.

The next day, Luna Natalia showed up. I was surprised but curious to see what she had to say about her son. An apology that we raised such a raging prick wouldn't go unappreciated.

I changed and put my long hair into a messy bun, I was too drained to even deal with the tangles.

I came down to sit next to her on the couch as my mom poured us tea and then left the room. I reached for my cup just for something to do with my hands.

"Willia" She frowned, looking at me with pity.

I hated it.

"I didn't expect that, no one did. I came to say that me and Hugo are so very sorry that it happened like that. We were looking forward to you becoming the Luna, and we enjoyed having you around." I hated how she was talking about me in the past tense as if this was already so final as if they had completely accepted it.

I didn't know if I believed her words, but it was nice to hear that she enjoyed my company. I nodded, looking down at the brown liquid in my cup.

"We are happy that he chose to do the right thing though," My eyes shot to her brown ones, the same ones as her son's, what did she mean?

"I know that you don't see it like that, and it's to be expected." She sighed and took a sip of her tea, "But the future of this pack is important, the Alpha line even more so. Although we hate how this happened we are happy that he is choosing a family for his child." She looked at me.

I was completely lost. Did Nolan tell them about my baby, our baby? The way she was phrasing this made no sense.

A small icker of hope ignited within me. Did Nolan want to put the baby first? He chose the baby even if he didn't choose me. That would have to be enough. It would be enough if it meant I could still be with him.

"So that leaves me with a baby shower and a new Luna ceremony to prepare." She shook her head as if that wasn't her dream.

"You know?" I asked, putting a hand to my stomach, pressing down on a smile. She was already planning a baby shower for us.

"Nolan and Camilla just shared with us the news." She gave me that pitied frown again.

"What?" My eyes shot to hers.

Cold dread slid through me quelling out that icker of hope once and for all.

"You knew right?" She covered her mouth, "Camilla is about three weeks pregnant, almost a month now."

I didn't think there was anything else that could be said that would shock me. But here we were.

"So, we hate how this happened, we really do, but we are so proud of our son for doing the right thing. For making this hard decision that has hurt him more than you know to put his child before anyone else, even himself." I barely heard her.

"Get out," I found my voice, my eyes hardening.

The shock that plastered her face made me feel nothing but a slight twinge of satisfaction.

"Willia I know you're upset but-"

"I won't repeat myself," I stood up and walked out of the room.

I don't think I had anything left in me to cry. I sat on the steps and curled up thinking of how someone that claimed to once love me could do this to me.

What he put me through I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy, if I had one.

Well, I might wish this on Camilla, but that was only wishing on her what she had done to me. But what could I have done to Nolan to deserve this?

I always knew I wasn't enough for him, but he claimed me and then I foolishly started believing that I was worth it.

No matter what I did, how I dressed, or if I swelled up like a whale in front of his parent's eyes. Nothing I could do would make him take me back.

He made his choice, and he was already going down this road with her.

So, I told my parents my plans and they agreed to come with me. I had to stop my dad from going to beat up Nolan when he found out I was pregnant and my mom's tears sent me into another breakdown. I hated that I was doing this to them, I hated that he was doing this.

What should have been an exciting time, their first grandchild was ruined by his rejection. I knew they didn't want to leave the pack, but I also knew they would do anything for me.

So we left.

I wrote a letter to Lola and had it left in her mailbox, and then my parents and I packed up the house, bringing a few things with us. They wanted to return eventually but I knew I never could.

He rejected me in public.

He chose another Luna.

He was cheating on me, more than that one time,

He got her pregnant.

And I still loved him.

I hated myself even more for that.

The worse part? I didn't get to choose the rejection, I didn't get to walk away from his indelity. I was practically thrown out and humiliated.

It wasn't just him, it was the others that were so complacent with this. His future Beta and Gamma who I considered my friends didn't stop him, his parents didn't stop him.

No one did.

It wasn't just his rejection that stung, it was the fact that no one asked him what the actual fuck did he think he was doing?

Fury replaced my sadness as I took one last look at the place where I grew up, the only home I knew and one until a week ago I was destined to lead.