

The Unwanted Luna's Secret

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Chapter 1

Freya POV

I was in a deep slumber when I felt a hand sliding under my nightgown and the weight pressing down on me.

Instinctively, I grabbed the hand—it felt hot on my body, and the familiar scent of cedarwood mixed with whiskey made me fully awake.

He is drunk again!

“Aidan,” I shoved him away and sat up, my face red with anger.

Ever since my stepsister Zoey had returned, he came to my room only when drunk.

“What the hell are you doing? And why do you always prefer to fuck me with my face down? Is it because you’re afraid to see that the person you’re sleeping with is me and not my sister?”

I thought of the text Zoey sent me this afternoon:

#Every time Aidan fucks you, he’s thinking about me!#

When I saw that message, I thought It wouldn’t affect me. I had always known that Zoey was his true mate, the one he truly loved.

But on reading her message, the armor I had carefully built around me shattered within a second.

I always loved Aidan. I craved him. I wanted him. But I didn’t need his love out of pity or wish to be Zoey’s replacement.

Aidan climbed off my bed and stared at me, his expression distant. The desire in his eyes had already faded.

And along with it, the light in my eyes also dimmed.

He instantly turned to leave, and a surge of anger and despair overwhelmed me. I got up and wrapped my arms around his waist.

“You’re not allowed to leave. Look at me—I’m your mate now! It’s been three years! Why can’t you accept me?”

Bringing up what happened three years ago, Aidan’s eyes darkened.

He grabbed my chin tightly as if trying to crush my bones.

“Three years ago, if it weren’t for your tricks, I never would’ve marked you! Only Zoey is meant to be my mate!”

“I didn’t use any tricks, Aidan!” I said, my voice laced with hurt. “You believe me or not! That night, I was drunk—I didn’t know anything!”

Aidan looked at me with contempt.

Of course, he had heard this explanation countless times before. He would never believe it.

I can’t help but chuckle bitterly. “You know what Aidan? No matter what you have marked me in the end!” I said, putting up a proud facade.

“Yeah, but I’ll never love a thief!”

“I don’t care about your love!” I screamed hysterically, deliberately keeping my voice louder to show myself strong.

“And my love for you had long ago drained dry in this lifeless marriage!”

Aidan’s contempt turned into rage. He shoved me onto the bed and tore off my silk nightdress.

“Aidan, let me go!” I struggled against the weight of his body.

“Why? Didn’t you want me to look at your face?” he said, his voice grating. “Then let me take a good look at your shamelessness!”

He carried me to the windowsill and pulled open the curtains. Moonlight gradually illuminated the room.

It bathed his tan skin, turning it to burnished gold, highlighting every curve of muscle, every scar that told a story. He stood by the window, one hand resting on the frame, his broad shoulders silhouetted against the night sky.

Then the cold light diving into his deep, emerald-green eyes, which looked like lakes.

“You’re staring,” he said, his voice rich and deep, carrying a note of amusement.

“Can you blame me?”

He cupped the back of my neck and pressed his lips to the spot where he had once marked me.

His hands found my waist, pulling me closer until there was no space left between us.

Shadows danced across the walls, the room a sanctuary of whispered promises and shared desire.

"Ahhh..."

Our argument dissolved into moans and entangled bodies.

An hour later, as usual, Aidan got onto his feet and turned to leave.

I sat in bed, wrapped myself in a blanket, and sighed as I thought about these three years of a loveless marriage.

He is right! What is stolen can never truly belong to me!

“Aidan, let’s break the mate bond,” I sputtered with determination.

He stopped in his tracks and turned around. “Break the mate bond?!” The mockery in his expression was laced with a hint of confusion.

“Yes, I’ll give up the position of Luna of the Nightblade Pack to Zoey. That is what you want. Isn’t it, Alpha Aidan?” I forced a smile.

“Yeah, finally you understood!”

He put on his robe and walked away, slamming the door behind him.

The tears didn’t fall from my eyes; they flowed straight into my heart. The salt stung the wounds already carved into it.

Despite my determination, I couldn’t help but think of three years ago when I woke up beside him for the first time. Seeing the shadow of his eyelashes, for one fleeting moment, I had felt he was entirely mine.