

## My Miracle Luna Chapter 4 - Tips

0 17 minutes read

{Ash's P.O.V.}

I sat in my office, rubbing my face profusely up and down my face. I couldn't believe it, Rylee was given a second chance, and on the night of Alpha Ceremony no less. The moon goddess had some sick and cruel way of punishing me. I saw what happened to her last night, but I didn't stop it. I had no reason to, I had rejected her. She was nothing to me, but I couldn't help but feel anger towards my mother and sister for hurting her that way. I wanted to stop them, but something held me back. Was it because she was no longer my mate? But, if that's the case, then why did I want to stop them anyway?

Hearing that Rylee was now mated to none other than Wyatt Valencia, Alpha of the Blue Lake pack made my blood boil. Why? Of all the f\*g wolves in the world, why did the moon goddess give Rylee to him?

"Rylee," I said her name softly to myself. "My beautiful..." Dammit! Why can't I get her out of my head? Why did I care? She was nothing, well, at least I thought she was nothing. For the last eight years, Rylee had been keeping a secret, and one of severe magnitude. She was an Alpha's daughter, and not just any Alpha. The Alpha of the Silver Lake Pack, the one my father destroyed. My father was the one who brought Rylee into our home. I remember like it was yesterday.

Rylee so small and fragile, she covered in soot and soil from the downfall of her pack. I remember when my father asked for her name, and she said it was Ryan Lee, but she liked to go by Rylee. I remember at the time, I thought she was cute, and like a walking-talking doll. I wanted to be her friend, but my father told me not to. That she was going to be the packhouse slave because she was a rogue. Even at the tender age of ten, we were taught that rogues were filthy and disgusting, so I kept my distance. But over the years, she grew to be more beautiful than anyone could have comprehended. That's why all the she-wolves despised her. Even mated male wolves would have their eye on her. Just waiting for her to turn 18, and all the females beat on her constantly.

She was never allowed to have medical attention, so she would be left to heal on her own. I felt pity for her, I really did, but as the future Alpha of this pack, I had to keep my distance, because that is what I taught. Rogues are dirty,

filthy, and disgusting. So why did the moon goddess mate me with her? Because she was an Alpha by blood. She wasn't just some rogue my father picked up after the battle, she was the living and breathing heir to the Silver Lake Pack, and I threw her away without a second thought.

Now, what was supposed to have been mine was now in the arms of another. The mere thought of Valencia touching Rylee makes Kano stir in anger. He still hasn't spoken to me since the morning we rejected her. Even though the bond is broken, we both still long for her. Even with all the hot and sexy she-wolves that are visiting our pack, I still have to imagine it's Rylee writhing underneath me in order for me to get any kind of sexual gratification.

I couldn't take it anymore, I needed to find a way to reverse the rejection, and take back what rightfully was mine in the first place. I loved Rylee, I knew from the day I turned 18 and figured out she was my mate that I loved her. But I let my fucked up judgment and twisted upbringing allow me to reject her on sight, and on her birthday of all days. I need to find my father and an Elder and speak to them about this. I quickly mind linked him,

Dad.

Ash, what is it, son?

I need you and Elder Scott to come to my office, please.

We will be right there.

I sat back and waited for them to come. There had to be a way out of this. I wanted Rylee back, and I didn't care what anyone said. I need to stop Valencia from claiming what was mine. A few minutes after being deep in thought, my father and Elder Scott came in.

"Son,"

"Alpha," they both bowed.

"Please, come in," I tell them. They both and sit in the chairs opposite my desk.

"What's going on, Ash?" My father asked.

"Dad, I found my mate,"

“That’s great, son!” he exclaimed. “Who is it? Is it one of the girls from the visiting packs?”

“No,”

“Then is it a member of our pack?”

“Kind of,”

“Ash, stop be cryptic and tell us,”

“It’s Rylee,” a dead silence took over the room. I looked at both of them, and they both stared at me blankly. “Dad, did you hear me?”

“I heard you, son,” he replied and paused for a moment. “Please tell me that this is some kind of sick joke,”

“It’s not,”

“Why on earth would the moon goddess pair our Alpha with a rogue?” Elder Scott asked.

“Son, tell me you rejected her?”

“I did,”

“Whew, okay then, crisis averted,” he said.

“No dad, crisis not averted,” I tell him sternly.

“I don’t understand,”

“Dad, do you know what Rylee’s full name is?”

“Ryan Lee,”

“Ehk! Wrong. Her full name is Ryan Lee Duquesne,”

“Alpha, did you say her surname is Duquesne?”

“I did. She used to her full title to accept my rejection. Imagine my surprise when she said that she’s an Alpha’s daughter,” the look on both of their faces were priceless.

“My goddess, Rylee is the daughter of Mitchell Duquesne,” Elder Scott said.

“That little b\*\*\*h!” my father shouted. “She’s been keeping her identity a secret this whole time!”

“What did you expect?” I ask in a condescending tone. “You orchestrated the slaughter of her entire pack when she was ten years old. Old enough to know what was happening, old enough to know her identity, and old enough to know to hide it,” I stood up from my chair and went to the couch. “Rylee hid her pedigree on purpose, because of you, mom, Emma, and every other asshole in this pack that’s f\*\*\*ing up her life, I lost out on the perfect mate!”

“Scott, can we fix this?” My dad suddenly asked. I knew telling him that Rylee was an Alpha by blood he would try and fix this.

“Well, that all depends on if she has found a second chance mate or not,”

“Our understanding is that she has. The Alpha of Blue Lake,” my father answered.

“Ah, Alpha Wyatt Valencia,” he said rubbing his chin. “Well, this may be a problem then,”

“Why!?” we both ask.

“Alpha Wyatt has been longing for a mate for as long as anyone can remember. He is 26 and has one of the largest packs in the central United States. If he claims Rylee, and she accepts his claim, it’s too late,”

“No! I want Rylee! I love her!” my outburst turned the atmosphere really cold and silent. I just admitted to loving the slave of the packhouse.

“Son, what did you just say?”

sh!t.

{Wyatt’s P.O.V.}

I was sitting in the clinic room next to Rylee as she got some much-needed sleep. Kendrick was keeping watch at the door making sure that no one other than Dr. Jacobs came to check on her. I didn’t trust anyone in this pack to treat her; especially, not after all the awful sh!t, they had put her through. A few times throughout the day, Emma, Eric’s daughter tried to peek through,

but Kendrick blocked her path. I wasn't sure if she was coming to harass Rylee more or to get a glimpse of me.

Kendrick had told me what Emma did to Rylee earlier in the morning. The fact that she had the nerve to hit Rylee again even though she was still recovering from the assault she and her mother inflicted the night before. Typical of a self-entitled b.rat.

"Mmmm..." I heard Rylee stir. I inched to the edge of my seat, to make sure she wasn't uncomfortable or in pain. She smacked her lips a few times, and moved her head around, before opening her eyes.

"Hey, dearest, did you sleep well?" I asked her. She gave me a small smile and nodded.

"How long have I been asleep?" she softly asked.

"About four hours,"

"Oh wow, that's it?" she asked staring up at the ceiling. "That was probably the best four hours of sleep I've ever had in my life," I just looked at her blankly as she tried to sit up. I got up and support her back with my arm. "Thank you,"

"You're welcome,"

"This bed is so comfortable," she said patting the side of the clinic bed.

"You think that bed is comfortable?"

"It's better than the shit I've been sleeping on for the last eight years," I furrowed my brows at her comment.

"Rylee, do you not have a bed?"

"I have a cot,"

"A what?"

"A cot," she wrinkled her nose. "Think of it as a small trampoline with no springs, and is supported by four plastic legs," I still had no idea what she was talking about. I took out my phone and Googled what a cot was. When I saw what it was, I scowled at the image.

“This thing?” I asked and showed her my phone, and she nodded. I was about to say something when the doctor came in.

“Good afternoon, how are you feeling?” he asked her.

“Better now that I’ve gotten some real sleep,”

“That’s good to hear. I’m going to do a quick physical exam; would you mind lifting your shirt?” She looked over at me and paused a moment. I stood up and turned around facing the wall. I could hear her lift her shirt, and I had to keep myself calm knowing that the doctor was staring at her bare skin. It’s his job, I keep telling myself, and Blade.

“Ah,” I hear Rylee’s voice, I wanted to turn around to see what caused her harm, but before I could, the doctor spoke,

“Well, your rib area still seems to be a bit tender to the touch, but your facial wounds seem to have cleared up nicely. Even though your immune system is weak, you have strong healing capabilities, especially now that you’ve gained your wolf,”

“You can turn back around, Wyatt,” Rylee said to me. I turn around and take my seat next to her bed again.

“Doctor, when can Rylee be released?” I asked him.

“Oh, so your name is Rylee,” he said with surprise. I had forgotten he doesn’t know who she is. “Well, I would like to keep you one more day, but if you’re feeling up for it, I can release you today; however, you would need to be on bed rest until your rib heals fully,”

“I can do that,” Rylee replied.

“Absolutely no housework, Miss Rylee, bed rest means bed rest. You can go outside for some sun because you still need the vitamin D, but nothing strenuous,”

“Don’t worry doctor, I will make sure she is comfortable,” I tell him.

“Very well then, Alpha, if you will come with me, we can start her release papers,”

"I will be right back, dearest," I tell her and kiss the back of her hand. As I'm walking out the door, I turn to Kendrick. "You watch her like a hawk. If even one hair on her precious head jacked up, you're going to run twenty miles in the morning for next calendar year,"

"Yes, Alpha," he salutes and goes into the room, while I go with Dr. Jacobs.

{Rylee's P.O.V.}

After Wyatt left with the doctor to get my release papers, Kendrick came in to keep me company.

"So, Luna..."

"Please, can you just call me Rylee? Luna is just too formal for me, right now," I tell him.

"Sure, if that's what you prefer, Rylee," he smiles. "Cool name by the way,"

"Thank you," I reply. "I like your name too," he gives me one of his dashing smiles. "I get the feeling you're the class clown type,"

"Damn, how'd you guess?"

"You're not going to deny it?"

"Why would I? Being the class clown makes me fun, and approachable,"

"Yeah, I guess it does," I just started to fidget with my fingers. For about a minute there was an awkward moment of silence.

"Damn, I got to pee," Kendrick said and got up and went into the bathroom. That was random, but then again, I don't think he had used the bathroom since he brought me back to the clinic this morning. As I waited for him to come out, I heard the most annoying voice enter the room.

"Looks like Sleeping Beauty is awake," Emma sneered. Seriously, what is up with this b\*\*\*h?

"You're not welcome here, Emma, get the fvck out," I tell her.

"I'm welcome wherever I see fit, Ry-Lee," she announced my name with disgust. "I don't care what anyone says, you're not deserving of a mate, let alone an Alpha mate as hot as Wyatt Valencia,"

"fvck off, Emma. I don't have the energy or patience to deal with your bullsh!t,"

"How dare you talk to me like that!?" she shouted and shoved me off the clinic bed. I landed on my wrist, and I could I swear I think I felt it break.

"What the fvck is your problem, Emma!?! What did I ever do to you!?" I shouted while holding my wrist.

"You didn't need to do anything, Rylee. I'm the Alpha's daughter, I don't need a reason to treat you like trash, because that's exactly what you are! You don't deserve Wyatt Valencia! You don't deserve a mate!"

"And you think you do?" Kendrick said coming out of the bathroom. "fvck, Wyatt is not going to be happy about this," he said looking down at me holding my wrist. He came over and quickly helped me to my feet, and back onto the bed. I watched as his eyes flashed black, and he looked up at Emma. "Listen, cake face, I don't care who the fvck you think you are, but you have been warned not once, not twice, but now three times to keep your spray tan infested hands off of the Luna,"

"She is not a Luna! She's a rogue! She's trash! She lower than the bacteria in this clinic!" Emma shouted.

"EMMA!" I heard Eric's voice in the doorway. Why the hell won't this family leave me alone?

"Dad,"

"What are you doing!?"

"I came to teach this b\*\*\*h a lesson," Emma replied with a smug and c0cky face.

"What gives you the right to do that!? Are you trying to make things difficult for your brother!?" Eric shouted. What did Ash have to do with any of this?"

"But Dad, you always said..."



“GET OUT EMMA!” Eric roared at her. She immediately scurried out of the room. Eric looked at me and Kendrick. “Beta Kendrick, may I speak with Rylee, alone please?”

“No,” Kendrick said.

“Excuse me?”

“The answer is no. I am under strict orders to watch Rylee. I’m already fvckingd because your banshee offspring may have broken her wrist in the thirty seconds I was taking a piss,” I snickered when he called Emma a banshee. “If you wish to speak with the Luna, you may do so in my presence, or wait for Alpha Wyatt to return,”

“Kendrick, it’s fine,” I tell him while placing my hand on this forearm.

“But Rylee…”

“It’s fine, please just wait outside the door,” I give him a reassuring nod. He hesitates for a moment. “I’ll make sure that Wyatt doesn’t punish you…too much,”

“Great, so I’m still going to be punished,” he mumbled and stepped outside the door. I looked at Eric who had a questionable expression on his face.

“Rylee, how you are?” he asked with absolutely no sincerity.

“Cut the crap, Eric, what do you want?” his eyes immediately flashed back because I only referred to him by his name.

“That’s Alpha Eric to you,” He gritted.

“Um, correct me if I’m wrong, but doesn’t that t!tle belong to your sorry excuse of a son?” He rotated his neck, cracking it a few times trying to control his anger. This was different. Normally, he would have smacked me by now.

“I just wanted to see how you were doing,” he said, again, with no sincerity.

“Whatever,” I replied and laid down in the bed cradling my wrist.

“Rylee, is it true that you are Ash’s mate?”

“Was,”

“What?”

“Was,” I repeat. “I was, Ash’s mate until he rejected me, and I accepted,”

“Rylee, Ash has come to realize what a mistake he made. He...”

“Oh, I get it,” I said cutting him off and sitting back up. “Ash told you, didn’t he? He told you that I’m an Alpha by blood,” I should have known that Eric had an ulterior motive for coming to see me, and scolding Emma. “You think that scolding Emma in front of me would get you on my good graces? Ha! Don’t hold your breath, Eric. You’re only here because you want me to reconsider Ash as my mate. Too bad because that will never happen,” I spat.

“You think you have a choice,” he growled.

“I do have a choice, especially now that I am of age. I don’t have to answer to you anymore! I know the law, and I know my rights. I am an adult, and as Beta Kendrick said this morning, as a non-member of this pack, neither you nor Ash has any legal hold on me,”

“Rylee, you better think long and hard about the decision you make,”

“Or what?! Are you going to kill me like you did my pack?! Go ahead and try! I’d love to see you even attempt to kill me! I’m an Alpha by blood, which means, you can’t kill me!” I spat back in his face.

“Rylee, you are really testing my patience!”

“What’s new? I test your patience all the time. The only reason why you haven’t hit me yet is that you want me to take Ash back, well, fuck that! And fuck you!” with those final words, he lost his temper and growled in my face. He lifted his hand to hit me, but Kendrick stopped him.

“Eric, I believe you have overstayed your welcome,”

“Get your hands off me, Beta!” Eric said shoving Kendrick away. He looks back at me, his eyes full of rage. “This isn’t over, Rylee,”

“Yeah, keep telling yourself that,” I sneer at him. He growls again and leaves. After a minute or two, Kendrick finally says something to me,

“Rylee, that mouth of yours can make a sailor blush,” I couldn’t help but chuckle a bit.

"It's a bad habit, I know. I just can't seem to turn on my filter when it comes to this pack, I hate all of them, especially Eric and his family,"

"I get it, they're pricks, and they just want you for your bl00dline,"

"I knew Ash wouldn't be able to keep it a secret for long. He's completely unable to do anything for himself. Always has to turn to daddy for support. His range of authority is just as short as his d!ck,"

"PFFT! HAHAHA!" Kendrick busted out laughing. I couldn't help but laugh with him.

"What's so funny?" I heard Wyatt ask as he came through the door.

"Dude, the Luna is witty, and it's awesome," Kendrick replied. Wyatt smiled, but as fast it formed, it faded when he saw I was holding my wrist.

"What happened to your wrist!?" he said coming to the bed and looking at it.

"I fell off the bed," I half lied.

"Rylee, you are my mate, I can tell when you are lying,"

"It's my fault, I went to take a quick piss, and Emma had come in,"

"I TOLD YOU TO WATCH HER LIKE A HAWK!!" Wyatt roared.

"Stop, Wyatt! Don't be mad at him. You can fault him for having a bladder the size of a peanut. When you got to go, you got to go,"

"Dammit, Rylee," I just smiled sweetly at him, and he immediately hung his head in defeat. I guess it appears I can get him to give in to me pretty quickly. That might come in handy someday. "Let me get the doctor to look at your wrist," he grumbled and left again. I looked over at Kendrick, who was glaring at me.

"What?"

"My bladder is not the size of a peanut. I hadn't peed in over 12 hours you know,"

"Would you have rather ran twenty miles every day for the next calendar year?"

“Touché,”

When the doctor came back, it turned out it was a small sprain in my wrist and nothing more. He wrapped it up for me and said it would take at least another 48 hours to heal. When I was finally released, Wyatt escorted me outside of the packhouse so I could see some sunlight. This was probably the first time I had actually been outside when it was still daylight, and it was bright and hot, but it felt nice.

The rays of the afternoon fall sun felt so good on my skin. We walked over to a small bench in the garden, and just sat there. I took in the sunlight just like the doctor ordered. Thirty minutes, the doctor said. That wasn't going to be an issue. This felt nice, very, very, nice.

As we were just sitting there taking in the sun, I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I sensed different flowers, animal life, and the refreshing scent of fresh rain. I opened my eyes and realized it was coming from Wyatt. Goddess, his scent was so invigorating, it just gave me life. Ash's scent wasn't as enticing, I mean, it was enticing enough for me to go find him, but that was about it. Once I realized it was his scent, that was it.

“Dearest, are you okay?” Wyatt asked.

“Hm?”

“You seem to be deep in thought, are you okay?”

“I'm fine,” I smiled. “This is the first time in many years I've felt the sunrays warming my skin. I love it,”

“Well, I'm sorry to ruin your zen moment, but it's been about thirty minutes, we should head back in so you can rest some more. We should also get you something to eat,” I nodded, and we headed back in. As we made it through the front door, a lot of people started to look at us, and not just pack members of Halfmoon, but even the other visiting Alphas, Betas, and their pack members. Some people smiled, some glared, and some just blankly stared.

We went to the staircase, but instead of going up, I went to my room.

“Rylee, where are you going?” Wyatt asked.

“My room,” I said pointing to the door.

“What?”

“My room, this is it,” I said and opened the door. He took one look inside, and then looked back at me in confusion.

“Dearest, this is a broom closet,”

“Actually, it used to be the shoe closet,” I said with a smart-a.ss tone. He didn’t take too kindly to that.

“You lived in this tiny thing for eight years?” he asked, and I just nodded.

“Rylee, gather your belonging and come to the fourth floor,”

“Why?”

“Because you will be staying with me in my guestroom until we leave in two days,”

“Wyatt, I’m not allowed on the fourth floor unless it’s to clean,”

“Well, those rules no longer apply to you. Now, please do as I say. The fourth floor, take a left, and it’s the last room on the right,” with that, he walked away and went upstairs. The feeling of having no other choice, I gathered what little clothing and personal items I had and went upstairs to the fourth floor. I took my time and eventually made it to the fourth floor. This is where all Alphas and Lunas stay, including Ash. It just so happens that Ash’s room is down the same hallway and is the last room on the left, right across from Wyatt’s guest room.

As I make my way down the hall, careful to not drop any of my personal effects, and I get to Wyatt’s guest room. I realize that my arms are full, and am about to kick the door with my foot when I hear a very unpleasant voice,

“Rylee, what are you doing here?”