

## His Mate and His Mistress 2 Rise of a Luna

Chapter 2- "The Moon Goddess"

\*Adelina's pnt. Of view\*

"Selene?" I questioned, my body too sore and drained to move.

"Yes, of course." She said, then she walked around me, and stood facing me.

"How are you dear?" She questioned, her hands closed formally in front of her.

I took a second to really stare at her, like my eyes were just trained on hers, while she looked down at me with that motherly concerned look.

"Are you serious?" Was all my brain could muster up.

"Yes." She replied bluntly.

"Oh... Wow." I sighed, this wasn't happening right now.

I mean, I know she sees me strapped to a chair, my body bruised in various places, and I haven't eaten since I've been captured, so how can she possibly ask me how am I?

"I mean of course I see in your physical state you're not all there, but I meant mentally and emotionally. I know that this whole ordeal has been an entire obstacle for you." Explained Selene.

"Well, mentally, I think I'm still sane, but emotionally, I don't even know where I'm at." Was my honest reply.

"So why don't you do something about it?" Asked Selene.

"Like what exactly? Escape? Yeah, been there, done that." I grunted.

This was irritating.

I felt absolutely helpless.

"So I'm guessing you already knew that this was going to happen huh." I stated.

"Well yes, it is part of your destiny." Confirmed Selene then she questioned "what is the first thing James taught you when it came to survival and defense?"

"Um that we need to get to know our surroundings." I answered.

"And how did he suggest you do that?" Asked Selene.

"By immobilizing our strongest sense. Sight." I replied positive, and suddenly very optimistic.

"Good, then that's what you will do. Close your eyes, and get to know your surroundings, and once you're comfortable with your surroundings, channel your mind further, until you can fully map out this place in your mind." Guided Selene, as her voice became quite distant.

"Thank you Se-"

"Who are you talking to?" Questioned a voice outside of my cell.

"The moon Goddess." I replied proudly.

"Ha! Yeah right. Just admit it you're going insane." Chuckled Clarissa, as she opened the door, and made her way to my cell.

"Why don't you believe me?" I asked, an eyebrow raised.

"Because the moon goddess doesn't exist. That's like you saying "I believe in fairies"." Mocked Clarissa.

"And that's like you saying you don't believe in werewolves, which makes sense, since you don't even believe in yourself." I retorted, my turn to smirk.

She made her way towards me, and I instantly braced myself, but then she held herself back and said "no, it's not my day today. Its Wilma's turn to torture you, but I'll just keep count of these moments, and the next time I get to hurt you, yo-"

"You won't be able to do any more damage than what you've already done, so save your breath will you? And I need to go back to my peaceful silence, so if you will, get out." I demanded, my eyes holding her gaze.

We stared each other down, neither of us blinking, then just like that, Clarissa scoffed, and left my cell.

The minute she was feet away I heard Selene say "And you wonder why I don't appear to some people."

"What do you mean appear?" I asked.

"Well sweetie I'm not really here. Don't forget your wolves conjured me, and what you see as my physical form is what you imagined me to look like, talk like, and be like." Explained Selene.

"Oh... I was wondering why you've yet to help me get out of my restraints." I voiced my sarcastic thoughts.

"Well that's because the restraints are not for me to get rid of. They're yours. I mean you're a werewolf, a few measly ropes in fancy knots can't hold you back. You're holding yourself back as well." Commented Selene, as she started pacing in the most graceful manner.

"How am I holding myself back? Did you not see the first day I spent here? I had ropes painfully digging into my skin, I was bleeding, just in the effort to get out of the ropes." I protested.

"Yes, but were you really trying to get out? Or was that just fear kicking in, and it instantly became fight or flight? See this is what I'm trying to tell you. You can't get out of your restraints until you will yourself to. Not driven by emotion, but by will. Same as No one can actually move past their conflicting emotional restraints because they're not willing themselves to let it go, to look forward to a bright future, to free themselves from the clutches of a painful past." Declared Selene passionately.

I sighed, why did older personalities have to be so wise? And why did they always speak in puzzles?

"Selene, as poetic as that was, it still doesn't tell me what I'm supposed to do. Can you at least tell me what to do? Or heck give

me a clue, a parable, anything for heaven's sake." I whined, tired.

"Adelina was I here to tell you how to fend off your father? Was I here to tell you how to take care of yourself when no one else looked out for you? Was I here to motivate you to come out swinging and fighting every day? Was I the one who told you to fight?" Questioned Selene, sounding sort of frustrated.

"Well, no." I answered honestly.

"Exactly, all of those came from you, from deep within your heart. So why would I give you the easy way out of this dilemma? When this is a test that you alone must pass. Do you think that I really made a mistake by writing Luna in your fate?" Asked Selene in such a spirited manner.

"Well I-"

"Do you think I've ever made a mistake? Especially when it came to choosing my leaders?" Questioned Selene.

"Well, you did choose my pervert of a father, and my drunk of a mother to be leaders." I commented.

"No, I chose them to be the bearers of a leader. Adelina, life is not easy, nor is it fair. Most people seem to think leaders must be elites and the wealthy. But a true leader knows that a good life is not handed to you on a silver platter. To be a leader you must learn to fight, survive, and defend. You must also be able to relate to one and to all, and you must always be humble. I chose you to be a Luna, because I saw your heart, and your intentions. You're strong, and you will get out of this. You just have to channel your inner queen, and your instincts." Declared Selene, and just like

that, I no longer felt her presence.

I sighed.

Why did she always do this? Always prepping me and telling me that I'm meant to be a leader, yet she can't even give me a clue of how to get out of here.

All she said was to channel my inner queen and instincts...but how am I supposed to do that?

Then it felt as though a lightbulb clicked.

Of course!

Channel my inner instincts, my inner senses.

I took a deep breath and I closed my eyes, my other senses instantly growing stronger.

I could hear the chatter of a cockroach's feet, and I could hear the soft howl of the wind coming from the small hole right outside of my cell.

I suddenly felt something drip on my knee, and I instantly lost focus.

I opened my eyes and noticed a few specks of blood.

Wait a second, am I bleeding?

I couldn't see any wounds on my upper body, so I swiped my chin and nose on my right shoulder, and there I noticed more

blood, my nose was bleeding.

Huh, maybe I channeled my inner instincts little too hard, or too much.

"No, it's just me." Came Aden's voice in my head, startling me.

"Aden?! Seriously? First you disappear, then you come back and bring me a nosebleed as a gift?"

"Calm down, will you? You're in a special type of cell that blocks you from using the pack link. Since I was gone in effort to contact Trey, I was blocked out. I've been trying to get back into your mind for days." Revealed Aden.

"Say whaaa?" I questioned.

Chapter 3- "What about Edwin"

\*Adelina's pnt. Of view\*

"Say what now?" I asked Aden again.

"I know, these females really thought this thing out." Admitted Aden.

"Did they really? You know I had a talk with Selene, I think I know how to get out of here, but it's going to take a while. Did you manage to contact Trey?" I asked anxiously.

"Yeah, I did, and Cilia told Demitrey as well, they're planning on finding you, but it's sort of hard, James is heartbroken because he was betrayed by Kat, and since he's the best tracker, Demitrey

doesn't want to pressure him too much, but they are trying their best. You know, if we could figure out where you are, I could go back and tell Trey, and we could move on from there." Suggested Aden

"Yeah, I know. And I think I know exactly how to do it too. Just be ready to head out and contact Trey." I told Aden, and with an "okay." She refrained to the back of my mind.

I was going to convince Wilma to tell me where we were, no matter what it took.

I didn't know how long it took before Wilma came to my cell.

Of course, with no shared pleasantries, she made her way into my cell with a chair, where she sat facing me.

We stared at each other for a few minutes before I decided to speak up and ask, "Where am I?"

"What? Do you think I'm stupid or something? For me to tell you, then next thing I know we're getting ambushed by your pack."

"Oh come on humor me, there's no way I can mind link anyone, especially when you're constantly watching me. So just tell me, where am I?" I tried to keep my voice calm, though my heart was beating anxiously.

She thought about it for a minute before she rolled her eyes, sighed, and said "You're in Canada."

I couldn't help it when my eyes sort of widened.



"Yeah, we made sure you were far enough so that we could take care of everything and get rid of you." Smirked Wilma, as if she just won a trophy.

"Whatever." I sighed and rolled my eyes.

"Plus, you don't deserve to be rescued. You don't deserve to have anybody care for you." She added, disgusted.

"And why not?" I asked, my tone uninterested.

"Because you're a murderer, and you're bad luck. Those who care for you only get hurt, or worse." She replied.

"Now that's a lie. The only person who died, and I killed would be Serena, but that's because she was a scheming rat, and a traitor to her own pack." I defended myself.

"What about Edwin?" Wilma questioned quietly.

And I felt as though I was hit by a bus.

A breath of air escaped me in a whoosh, and I shook my head, my eyes wide.

Memories flooded before my eyes, and my mind immediately begin to reminisce on that fateful day, where the hatred of my sisters against me took birth.

I swallowed a gulp of saliva, then shook my head again, my headache rekindling.

"No, don't you dare blame his death on me!" I declared.

"Oh yeah? Why not? You're the reason that he's dead." Accused Wilma.

"Right, and exactly where am I at fault? Was it before you and Wanda ambushed and restrained me for our father to have his way with me? Or after Edwin had to run in and spare me just in time? Oh, wait no, maybe it was when he got into a duel with our father, while I was tied to the bed, unable to help him, or better yet, maybe it's when my father took out his dagger, and dug it into his neck. I had to watch him bleed to death Wilma, his body toppled over mine. Even in his last seconds, he tried to protect me, so don't you dare put me at fault when this all started because you and Wanda ambushed me!"

"BECAUSE IT WASN'T FAIR!" Yelled Wilma as she stood abruptly, her chair flying against the wall.

"It wasn't fair that since the day Wanda and I came of age, he raped us, he had his way with us and there was nothing we could do about." She heaved.

Then, she took a long breath, and in the blink of an eye, she pulled out a pocket knife, and a lighter.

"But you..." she added, placing the flame on the silver tip of the blade, "you always found a way to escape him. He could never even get a mark on you, tell me, how did you do it?" She questioned, sounding so sincere and curious.

"Because I fought." I answered confidently, my eyes connecting with hers.

She started into my eyes then suddenly burst into laughter.

She threw her head back in laughter, then doubled over as she laughed some more.

I couldn't see what was so amusing, in fact the only thing my eyes were trained on, was the red-hot tip of the blade.

Then, unexpectedly, her wrist holding the blade flew, and she plunged it right into my shoulder.

I screamed in pain and agony as the burning point of the knife cut deep within my flesh, blood oozed out and ran down my arm.

The pain eventually started to subside, and I readied myself to sigh in relief, when Wilma held the blade, and twisted it, the teeth of the knife cutting away at my tissues, the agonizing pain once again roaring back to life.

I couldn't help it when the screams tore through my throat, my eyes closed and crying.

"Why aren't you fighting now huh? Where's the fighter that escaped our father?!" Yelled Wilma in a sadistic manner, as she pressed the knife even further into my body.

The action caused to me gasp, and look up, my nose burned, my lungs screeching, while my shoulder bled, and pain took over.

I felt it when my arm went numb.

My throat heated from my screams, the only thing I could now

muster were whimpers.

When I least expected it, she pulled out the knife, then in the most inhuman way, she licked a side that was covered in my blood, then she sighed and said "ahh, the sweet taste of revenge."

Then just like that, she headed out of my cell, then a few steps down, she said "later fighter." Followed by a mocking laugh.

And just like that she was gone.

My breath was ragged, my eyes puffy, my arm numb, and my hope shattered.

"Oh God, Adelina hold on, I'm going to try to heal you okay?" Came Aden's urgent voice.

"No, don't. Don't waste your energy. Go to Trey, tell him that I'm in Canada." I told her weakly.

"Are you sure? Adelina I can heal you." Protested Aden.

"No Aden, just go. I'll be fine, they won't kill me so soon. I just need to rest and allow my body to recuperate naturally." I explained.

"But Adelina-"

"Aden please," I said, my voice faltering in my mind, "just go. I need to be alone."

"Okay." Replied Aden, then it felt as though a part of me just vanished.

The minute I knew I was alone, I broke down.

I sobbed hard, my throat once again heating up due to my cries, my lungs burning, unable to support the stress of my emotions, my temples drummed as my head pounded at the resonance of every weep.

Was this my reward for fighting? Was this my award after all my life spent a fighter? Was this my demise?

The girl who fought to survive all her life, managed to escape her father's wrath, destined to become a Luna, dead at the hands of those she once called family. Was this the fate that truly awaited me?

I started to feel my entire body falling asleep, starting with my feet.

The cold slowly crawled up my legs, to my waist and chest, meeting up with the numbing cold of my stabbed shoulder, then gently clawed up my neck, around my head, until my eyes closed, the last two tears flowing down my cheeks, as my body shut out the world around me, and a last whimper escaped my lips, and just like that I was gone.

Chapter 4- "The calm Place"- Part 1

\*Adelina's pnt. Of view\*

I woke up to the sound of chirping birds, a warm breeze, and a bright sun.

I found myself sitting in a pavilion, staring out onto a large grassy field, covered by a carpet of assorted flowers.

The grassy field was surrounded by tall trees that furthered into a thick forest and facing me, the grassy field met with a lake.

Butterflies and bees danced about, squirrels chattering, and birds flew from tree to tree, singing various melodious tunes.

Where am I? I questioned in my mind, last time I checked I was bleeding to death.

Oh wait!

I was bleeding... to death.

No.

Possible.

Freaking.

Way!

Was I dead?

"So where is the fighter?" Questioned Selene, startling me, as she sat a few feet from me, sipping on her tea.

"Wha-" was all I could muster.

"Where is the fighter in you Adelina? Why did you stop fighting?" Asked Selene calmly. A little too calmly in fact.

"I- wha- I- I-"

"Breathe." Ordered Selene, and I found myself pulling in a breath of fresh air, then exhaling slowly.

It was rather calming, and the scent was much more welcoming, compared to the stuffy smell of the cell where I was being kept.

"Now, tell me, where is the fighter?" She asked again.

"She's taking a break." I finally mustered up.

"What is this place anyway?" I questioned looking around.

"This is a place you made up, the calm place." Answered Selene.

I raised a questioning eyebrow, and she smiled as she added "yeah you could call it your safe haven, it's where your mind and soul recoil to when they need rest, and to be at peace. I'm guessing your sister's visit took more than just a physical toll, it arose a dark memory that is now ravaging your heart and mind." Stated Selene, her eyes looking over at the horizon.

My eyes followed hers, and I didn't notice it until now, but there on the horizon a dark cloud was brewing. Loud thunder could be heard, and lightning struck out on the ground beneath it.

"Tell me about Edwin." Said Selene, her eyes observing me.

"You're the moon goddess, I'm sure you already know the story." I replied curtly, trying to avoid the topic.

"I do, but you need to let it out. You need to let it go, or else, it'll still be there, on the horizon of your mind, taunting and haunting you. So, tell me, what happened?"

"I don't need to let go of anything." I stubbornly replied.

"Yes, you do." Declared Selene

"Oh yeah, and why is that?" I questioned.

"You tell me." Replied Selene.

"There is nothing to tell." I retorted.

"Why Adelina? Why do you refuse to let it go?" Questioned Selene.

"No." I whispered, refusing to let the truth out.

"Why do you torture yourself with the memory?" Persisted Selene.

"No!" I held my head, the memory of that dreadful day coming back to life, the brewing storm on the horizon growing stronger and darker.

"Why don't you let it go?!"

"BECAUSE I BLAME MYSELF FOR HIS DEATH!" I jumped up and announced.

I staggered back shaking my head, "I blame myself. I shouldn't have trusted my sisters. I should've known they were up to



something. My father was ruthless. The sound of my clothes tearing and shredding still haunts me today. I screamed and I screamed. He slapped me, choked me, then gagged me, and at some point, I lost hope. Just as he was about to remove my panties, Edwin came bursting through the door. He ripped my father off me, and they got into a duel. My father called him foolish, and he even told Edwin if he stopped defending me, he would share me. But Edwin ignored and fought. When my father pulled out the knife, I remembered I tried to scream a warning, but being gagged my warning was in vain. I remember how the rope seared through my skin as I tried to free myself. I struggled but the ropes wouldn't let up. It all happened in slow motion. Edwin maneuvered and tackled my father. He lifted my Father off the ground but before he could slam him, my Father dug the entire knife into his neck. Edwin's arms instantly released my father, and he back away until he hit the bed. Edwin turned to look at me. He opened his mouth to say something, but instead blood splattered out. His lips moved but no words were heard. My eyes were drowning in tears. His blood red hand touched my cheek, then he coughed up another round of blood, then, just like that he froze. That day, my father looked over at us, with no remorse of any kind, then he opened the door and left. Minutes later Wilma and Wanda came running onto the tragic scene. They both froze for minutes, trying to study the scene. Then, I remember this like it was yesterday, Wilma's cold eyes turned to mine, then she said, "you will pay for this." But I don't think Edwin's death was the only thing she was referring to. I was ambushed, and left vulnerable for my father to take full advantage of me, yet I still made it out untouched by him..." I sighed, and closed my eyes, and then I felt the tears slide down my cheeks.

"You left untouched, yet the scars still remain." Analyzed Selene and I broke down.

I cried for that dreadful day. I cried for Edwin. For a life cut short, just to save mine. I cried for that girl out there, who would be waiting for her mate, but Edwin would never show. I also cried for myself.

What would've happened if Edwin didn't show up?

Who would I be today had things played out differently?

I felt a warm touch on my back as more tears and sobs left me, "there, there, let it all out, give the good cry you were never allowed to give. Free yourself from that memory, and let it go." Her words were soothing, and I found it easier to catch my breath.

"And look." Pointed Selene and I looked over at the horizon.

There, the dark cloud dissolved, replaced by a calming blue sky, and a sunny horizon.

I took a deep breath and felt as if a huge weight was lifted off my shoulders.

"It wasn't your fault Adelina. I know the details of that day, and there was nothing you could possibly do, to help him." Confirmed Selene.

Then, I heard the padding of paws on the grass approaching us, I looked over, and a white wolf came, and sat next to me.

She looked up at me, as I looked down at her. She felt oddly familiar.

"That's Aden." Replied Selene.

I never truly saw my wolf except for the reflection of water.

She was beautiful.

Then Aden stood on all fours, approached my right shoulder, and licked it.

The wound from Wilma's attack slowly started to mend, until a thin scar was all that was left.

I looked down to say thank you, when I felt as though a bucket of ice-cold water fell on me, then, in the blink of an eye, I was teared away from my safe haven, and back to the stuffy old cell, where my eyes opened to reveal Wanda.

Chapter 5- "Lina"

\*Adelina's pnt. Of view\*

"So, you're finally awake, for a second there I actually started to believe that Wilma killed you." Said Wanda calmly.

"How long was I out?" I questioned, my voice groggy, my throat feeling as dry as a desert.

"2 days." Replied Wanda, keeping her calm demeanor.

"Huh." Was all I could muster up.

"I see that your wound healed." Wanda observed.

"Yeah, and I'm guessing you're here to give me a new tattoo as well." I replied sarcastically, I really wanted her to leave.

Wanda smiled so sweetly, and she shook her head and said "No, come on Lina, you know that I was never the violent one." Her eyes pierced my own, and my world stopped.

Lina, I haven't heard that nickname since...

No.

I stopped breathing.

She wouldn't go there, she just wouldn't.

"What are you doing here?" My tone changed to a curt note, my heart and mind guarded, preparing for the bullet that Wanda was going to shoot my way.

"I'm here to avenge Jessica's death."

And there it was.

Shots fired.

Memories pierced my mind like bullets, while my heart constricted at the events of that day.

"What? You didn't think I forgot about that did you? Huh Lina? Do you really think I would let you get away with it?" Wanda demanded, her voice still and calm, her smile never fading.

"There is nothing to get away with, I didn't do anyth-"

"Don't you dare lie!" Boomed Wanda, as she moved lightning speed, wrapping her hand around my neck, her claws lengthening, slowly piercing into my skin.

The pain grew gradually, as her claws sunk deeper. I could feel my blood running down my skin. My eyes blurred, as my throat burned.

She added pressure with every word she spoke "you're the one who was outside when they attacked! You're the one she saved! You're the reason she's dead today!"

"And you're the reason I was outside." I struggled to whisper.

"LIES!" Declared Wanda, her grip becoming extremely deadly.

I started seeing stars, I felt myself going limp.

But then, I felt a surge, I wasn't going to be die this way.

I willed myself to be free, and I felt myself breaking the ropes, and in reality, I was.

In the blink of an eye, my hand and claws sunk deep into Wanda's chest and I ripped her heart out.

She stood frozen, her claws slowly retracting. She staggered back, gasping, as though she couldn't fully comprehend what just took place.

My heart was beating erratically, while in my hand, Wanda's heart laid frozen.

Wanda's eyes looked over at me accusingly, but then her eyes softened, and she said "I did make you go out there, you were supposed to die, but instead, I lost a role model, I lost my best friend. But anyway, " she gasped, then coughed, her body suddenly collapsed to the ground.