

Rejection to Rebirth: A Luna's Vengeance

Chapter 2

Verena

I stretch without opening my eyes, feeling the warmth of the sunshine through my bedroom window. Opening my eyes, a big smile crosses my face as I remember what day—

Hold on.

I sit up straight in bed and look around, a frown crossing my face. I take in the silk purple drapes, the stuffed animals laying strewn on the floor and the blue gown hanging behind my door...and my breath catches in my throat.

What is going on? Didn't Anabella just push a dagger into my heart? Was everything a dream?

Running to my floor length mirror, I pull my shirt back to look at my shoulder. There's no bite scar from Lucan and the pack sigil is missing from my wrist. The frown on my face deepens, but then I glance at the ball gown hanging from my door.

"No...No.." I trail off and grab my cell phone from my bedside table; my eyes widening when I see the date.

I'm five years in the past, the night my Mate Bond with Lucan snaps into place. The night before my hell started. I was smitten with Lucan, every girl was... I just didn't know my sister had been sleeping with him since she was eighteen.

Why am I back here? Am I doomed to relive this life over and over again until Anabella kills me? Is this a sick and twisted dream?

"Verena? Are you up, honey?"

My heart drops when I hear the sound of my mother's voice and I rush out of the bedroom. No, this must be a dream, a crazy, messed up dream! The Goddess can't possibly be so cruel after everything I've been through.

Yet there she is; as beautiful as the last time I saw her. Her dark hair is tied up in a messy bun, her fluffy nightgown wrapped around her body. She's busy fixing breakfast, and when she looks up and sees me, she smiles and I feel tears slipping down my cheeks.

I'm in her arms before I know it, sobbing against her as she holds me. I haven't seen her in nearly five years; to be more specific, my mother died the day Lucan said I'd be moving in with him...the night after our Mate Bond appeared.

To be even more specific, she was poisoned and I always knew it was Anabella, I just could never prove it. Our mother was pure of heart and would never have allowed Anabella to move in with us, so my sister took her out of the equation.

"And what is this?" she asks, chuckling as she holds me. "I'm all for hugs, but the pancakes are about to burn, baby."

"I'm sorry, I just..." I trail off and pull back so I can have a better look at her. "I just missed you, that's all."

She cups my cheek and kisses my forehead. "Well, why don't you set the table so long, hmm?"

"Okay, Mamma," I say, but as I move to grab the plate, the bile rises up in my throat. Anabella has just walked downstairs, dressed to impress; her hair done, her makeup perfect. She looks at both of us and smiles, but I can see through her now.

Old Verena loved her big sister dearly, but this Verena now? She's filled with five years of hatred with no outlet. It takes everything in me not to lunge over the counter and imbed a kitchen knife in her neck, so I just breathe and offer her a tight smile.

"Oh, pancakes. Don't you think we should eat healthier, Mamma?" she asks in that condescending tone. "This is hardly a filling breakfast."

"Why don't you just eat what Mamma makes, hmm?" I ask as I walk to the table. "Or you could, I don't know, move out and into your own place and do your own thing since you're twenty six years old?"

Silence all around as the venom is obvious in my voice. Anabella stands with her mouth open and her face reddens, while my mother looks equally shocked. Oops, I guess twenty year old Verena wasn't as honest and filled with hatred back then.

“That’s a cruel thing to say,” Anabella says as she walks toward the table. “May I remind you that I’m looking after Mamma—”

“You’re not even working,” I say with a shrug as I remember I had a full time job back then. “But let’s not get into that right over breakfast.”

The silence is deafening but I am relishing in it. Anabella is too gobsmacked to say anything else, which is odd since her tongue is usually razor sharp. My mother doesn’t respond, either. She just clears her throat and brings the pancakes and bacon to the breakfast table.

“So, are you both excited for tonight? Alpha Lucan will finally be coming from his pack house and joining the banquet!” My mother says, trying to break the tension between me and my sister.

I shrug. “It’s just another banquet,” I say, just as Anabella says. “Yes!”

“I’m going in to have my hair and make-up done this afternoon!” she says, ignoring my less than enthusiastic response. “This is the best night of the year and we must dress to impress.”

My mother nods. “I hope you both meet your mates tonight as well,” she says with that hopeful twinkle in her eyes. Oh, mother, if you only knew.

I tune out of their conversation and continue to eat. This feels all kinds of wrong; I am twenty years old, all my memories still intact and I am no longer bright eyed and full of hope. Not to mention that I did something completely different just now.

Something tells me that I am not in fact trapped in a dream, that somehow the Goddess put me back in the past to change something. My life, perhaps? Make better choices? I don’t know the real reason, but I’d rather be dead than play the part of a doormat again.

When I mentioned that I still have all my memories, this includes things about Lucan’s pack no one is aware of. No one here knows Lucan basically runs the Italian mafia on one side of New York and that he’s trapped in a bloody war with Niklaus King, the Greek Alpha who runs the other half.

I know things about Lucan he didn't think I knew. I've heard his plans and his schemes over the years. In fact, I know tomorrow night when we leave for the pack house, he's going to kill Niklaus' sister.

As I think this, an idea comes to me...something naive little Verena of five years ago would never have thought about. Either I can repeat my heartache, or I strike back and take my life into my own hands.

I think the answer is obvious.