

Chapter Two

Isn't it scary knowing that any given moment could be the last time you see someone?

Throwback ...

Hope

My name is Hope Black, I'm Luna of the Golden Moon Pack, mate to Alpha Zayn Black, leader of the Black Circle, and a few years ago I died.

I was known for being the highest ranking Alpha in the werewolf community, I was also Luna to a very powerful alpha, and mother to one of the most well known Stark wolves, who was also the Moon Goddess's only son. I had all this glory yet, darkness had become my best friend.

If you ask me what's something important I've achieved in the past few years, I'd say... I survived.

I don't know how especially when I feel like I'm dead. Like I'm here in body but my mind was in oblivion. One thing was for sure, my soul was dead, but I am still breathing. I am still fighting and searching.

I had only died in spirit.

I existed for the sole purpose of one day ending him. I never lost hope. My mate was out there somewhere, and we would find him. Of course, I was well aware that the rivalry between us and the vampires had not even commenced yet.

I hurt for years with nobody to run to, and nobody who truly understood what it was like being without Zayn. Everyone else had their mate, and for that I was grateful. No matter how much pain I had been enduring, no matter how damaged I had become, I would never want anyone to hurt this way.

For years I have been desperately trying to keep it all together, trying not to break down, trying to find happiness, trying to focus, while trying to be a good mother, but I was dead on the inside. The fact of the matter was, I have been dead for a long time now.

Both my parents and Zayn's parents tried to be there for me as much as possible. When I told them I felt like I was dead, I don't think they understood how serious I was.

My mother told me that sometimes you have to die inside to be reborn and rise again. That was easier said than done. Yet, I died a thousand deaths every single day, and I rose a thousand more each and every single day.

During the day the pain was slightly less, I numbed myself by keeping busy. Having Zayn's pictures all over the pack house and his scent lingering around the halls, didn't help my sanity much. Soon after he went missing my mind started really playing tricks on me, and I started seeing him.

I would see him walking through the pack house door, his eyes would light up whenever he saw me. I saw him in the nursery with the twins. And other times I saw him beside me on our bed. I didn't tell anyone at first until I finally broke down in front of Emily. She said it was only my imagination.

It was at night when the sky turned dark and the pack house went quiet ...that's when I was left alone with my thoughts and my memories. That's when the pain was too much.

Some nights I deliberately went walking the streets in the city just to search the crowds for his face.

What if the vampires did something to mess with his memory? I often thought to myself. But, I dismissed those thoughts because I knew Zayn could never forget me no matter what they did to him. A certain werewolf turned witch, proved that to me years ago.

What haunted me the most was the look on his face the last time I saw him. If I had only known that would be the last time I saw him, I would have never left his side.

He was worried about me being caught up in the battle with the humans and rogues. So, he made me stay inside the security room where he thought I would be safe. That was the worst day of my life. The humans and rogues were a diversion to get the vampires in our territory and in to our pack house.

The day after Zayn's disappearance everyone was distraught by what had happened. Not only did the pack lose their Alpha, but we also had to deal with the fact that at any given minute we could be attacked by the vampires. Pack members all tried their best to stay strong for me and the rest of the Alpha family.

I was heartbroken and in utter disbelief. Heartbroken for my mate, my husband and father of my children, and in disbelief over the return of vampires. No... I was distraught that vampires actually still existed.

Where were they hiding all this time?

The same night Zayn disappeared, his father called for an emergency summit with all our allies. Ali, Axel and Drago were already with us, but they waited until the next day for the rest of the allies to arrive.

Kyle attended the summit, which I wasn't comfortable with, and I knew I wasn't one that wanted to ask him to leave. Matt went off on his brother for leaving him and Zayn during the battle. Kyle said, he heard voices calling for his help. So, he left the battle and went up to the pack house to make sure everything was okay. Matt didn't believe him, but he stayed quiet in respect of what we were all going through.

Nobody would ask Kyle to leave the summit unless I said so. But, I couldn't do that. He was hurting too, I could feel it.

The summit went on for a few days. Everyone was still bawled that vampires still existed, but we needed to make sure they would not be able to come in our territory again.

Meanwhile, Matt had put together a search party of his nest warriors and scouts and immediately began the search for his brother. They left for days and days only to return without any good news about their mission to locate the vampire cult.

I knew it wouldn't be easy. The disgusting vampire that I had an encounter with had sentient power and nearly psychic level of intuition.

After Kyle assured me he would protect Zayn during the battle I went up to the pack house. All the women and children of the pack were gathered together in the Hall just like they always did during every battle. My mother had Faith and Ace with Mandy and Maddox. I looked around the hall for Aiden but he wasn't there. He was close, I could feel him. When he didn't answer my mind link, I assumed he was at the house. So I went up to find him, only he wasn't there.

I began to panic. My heart beat picked up a pace. Aiden always came looking for me whenever he sensed trouble. He would have come looking for me the second I walked into the pack house knowing there was a battle.

I was in the elevator coming down when suddenly, I felt exhausted. I felt drained, like my energy was literally being drained, all I wanted to do was lay down. So, I leaned against the elevator wall which was really a huge mirror. My face looked very pale, I started to feel like I was going to collapse. I tried to hold myself up against the mirror.

This was not normal. I needed help now.

"Jenna" I whispered, as I closed my eyes.

My wolf started howling like crazy. I nearly screamed when I opened my eyes, as a tall figure was standing right in front of me.

"Hello" He said with a European accent.

I stood dumbfounded as I took in his red eyes and unusual timeless demeanor.

"And what is your name?" He asked in a soft, sly voice.

I glanced at the mirror and gasped when he didn't cast a reaction.

How? My voice stammered

"Did I startle you?" He asked, tilting his head sideways "My apologies" He reached out and took my hand in his.

His hand was unnaturally freezing cold.

"Undead" Jenna sneered

He leaned closer and was about to bring my hand up to his lips when I snapped out of it, and quickly snatched my hand away. I tried to get around him, but he moved in the same direction, and blocked me from getting away.

"What business does a vampire have here?" I snapped

"Such an aggressive tone for such a beautiful werewolf"

As soon as he said those words I felt weak again, I couldn't stand on my own two feet.

He was doing this.

He watched me crumble to the floor. I had no energy left in me.

"What are you doing to me?" I groaned

"Come with me, and your pack will remain safe. Do not resist, and I'll stop" He spoke in a softly.

Right then, as if by magic, I saw Zayn's face ash before my eyes, I heard Ace and Faith giggling.

"Zayn" I cried as I put my hand on my stomach and screamed as loud as I could for my son.

"There's no use fighting it, Luuuna" He stretched out my name.

I pushed myself up with everything in me and stood up straight again.

The vampire looked astonished that I was strong enough to resist whatever power or blackmagic he was using to drain me of my energy and almost completely shut down my powers.

"Astonishing." He looked at me with wide eyes "Every other werewolf in your pack couldn't stand up against us"

"She is not like every other werewolf!" Aiden's voice roared from behind the vampire.

I cracked a small smile at how my boy's voice sounded so much older than he was and how he had come once again to save me.

The vampire turned around and was ready to grab Aiden when my boy uttered one word, "Pain" and the vampire wrapped his hands around his own head in pain. I ran to my son and wrapped him in my arms.

"I'm impressed" I heard the vampire murmur.

I stood up slowly and turned to face the blood sucker. Instantly my skin crawled when I saw the way he was looking at my boy, as if he was fascinated by him. I didn't give him time to calculate his next move as my motherly instincts took over me, and I shoved the vampire back "Take your eyes off my son"

I felt re about to burst through me, I lifted my hand quickly, ready to conjure a red ball and burn the blood sucker to hell when suddenly he transferred into what looked like a ball of black dust. He flew fast past us, and disappeared.

"Mom, I don't want to scare you" Aiden said. He looked frightened. My heart shattered into a thousand pieces.

This boy...

"It's okay" I gave him a quick hug, "let's go see everyone else"

He stopped me from walking, and looked straight into my eyes.

"What is it?"

"They have dad", Aiden answered in a quavering voice.

End of throwback

It's been years since the attack on us and a lifetime since Zayn disappeared. For years I have been desperately trying to keep it all together, trying not to break down, trying to find happiness, trying to focus, trying to be a good mother. But, I was dead on the inside. I have been dead for a long time now.

My mother told me that sometimes you have to die inside to be reborn and rise again. That was easier said than done. Yet, I died a thousand deaths a day, and I rose a thousand more each and every day.

After Zayn's disappearance something inside me changed forever. I knew I wouldn't be the same ever again. Sometimes I felt like I was losing my mind. When asked how I was doing, words couldn't explain what was going on in my mind. So, I stayed quiet most of the time. As the days went by without him, and his scent slowly disappeared, I became more and more damaged.

But, I wasn't the only one. Jenna's physical functions were slow and most of the time she was in deep sleep. I missed her. Thank Goddess after having my twin boys, she was back to normal.

For the sake of not going completely mad I kept myself busy.

I spent my days dealing with Black Circle issues, with the pack, and with my kids. But most of all I kept myself busy in the undying search for Zayn. He is out there somewhere and I would not stop until he was found and brought back home.

My days seemed to go by quick and the nights seemed to go on forever. In the presence of my children, my parents and everyone else I remained strong and content. But, when I was alone... I was intensely and utterly miserable.

What made matters worse for me and for the whole pack was when our Beta decided to take his mate and leave the pack a few days after Zayn disappeared. His absence broke my heart even more. I needed the old Kyle to tell me everything would be okay.

His mate was still pregnant when they left. Which only made it harder for everyone in the pack to accept their absence especially his parents.

Carrie gave birth to two beautiful pups, A boy and a girl. The boy was the spitting image of his uncle Matt and the girl had a lot of Kyle in her.

I never gave up on Kyle, but when he named his daughter after me I was surprised. The boy was named Channing, which means young wolf, and he was a bundle of laughter just like his dad. The pack members were overjoyed with our new addition to the family. They were something else! I knew those pups would be special. I still remember seeing them when Kyle was in the hospital those many years ago.

Carrie and Kyle's pups were the same age as my twin boys. My boys that Zayn has yet to meet, Hadi and Noah. Hadi, is an Arabic name which I chose to honor Ali, for his continuous support and loyalty to Zayn throughout the years. Noah has been a favorite of ours since I made Zayn watch the movie "The Notebook"

Kyle and Carrie kept coming back to visit. Incidentally, our kids grew close. Even though the children got along the grownups didn't.

Matt carried a lot of resentment in his heart for his brother that he just couldn't let go of. When we tried talking to him about forgiveness he wouldn't say much other than he didn't trust Kyle.

Aiden, also had animosity towards his once favorite uncle, he couldn't stand to see him. He wouldn't admit it to anyone, but I knew he felt betrayed. As the years passed and Aiden grew older he stood up to Kyle on more than one occasion, so naturally Kyle never came back. His mate kept on visiting us every few days, then every other week and now it feels like we don't see them at all.

Mandy was in agony after her twin sister stopped coming by. Luckily she had an amazing mate.

Matt was just one of those guys that did anything to brighten his mate's day. When Zayn disappeared he stepped up and soon enough he was a great father figure to my children, which helped them cope with Zayn's absence. They all loved Matt to death. Ali and Axel also spent a lot of time at our pack. Drago has been helping Matt with the search. I was humbled by all the love and support we received from him and other allies from overseas. Drago barely ever went home. He said he swore to stay until Alpha Zayn returned. My ve children all patiently waited for their father's return except for Faith.

My only daughter was the one that worried me most. She had a hard time living without her dad. I spent a lot of time with her trying my best to comfort her and assure her that her father was one of the strongest Alpha's that ever lived and he was more than capable of fighting those blood sucking vampires and come home.

I wasn't making stories up. I knew with all my heart that Zayn would be back.

I had pictures of him saved on my old phone that I kept by my night stand. Every night I would look through those pictures for hours before I finally fell asleep. Some times I couldn't sleep for two or three days straight.

Another thing that worried me was Aiden's lack of faith. He stopped trusting the Moon Goddess and almost severed all ties with her. She told him that one day all would make sense.

I also told the kids stories about their beloved father everyday. They loved hearing our story the most.

I personally loved telling them how Zayn first found me when I was by the pool. I was so young and innocent, and he was re.

I wasn't mentally or physically prepared for a life without Zayn. His disappearance taught me a new kind of pain, the kind that does not go away. The kind of pain that pushed me never to give up. I have never stopped searching. If Zayn was in the abyss, I would find him and bring him home.

I had complete faith this was not how my story would end. This was not how our story would end. This was not how My Mate would end.

Everyone has a story, and I am not an exception. Zayn and I had our fair share of hardships, but we also had so much love. Our story was truly a love story that the world needs to read.

My name is Hope Black, and I am alive, so that one day I can tell my story to the world. However, this story isn't mine to tell...

It's Aiden's story.