

His Bitter Luna

Mine

1554 Words

Samantha “Push, Samantha,” Dr. Elsa Crewe says. “I can’t,” I shout as the pain of pushing is becoming too much for me. “You can do this, baby,” My mother says. She is right beside me, holding my hand, while Lydia is on my other side. “Mom,” I whine. “I can’t.” “You can do anything, Samantha,” Mom encourages me. “Just one more push, and he will be here,” Dr. Crewe says. It’s been six months since I was banished from Shadow Woods. Six months of freedom and getting my life back together. I have been working at a diner on the highway just outside the territory. I live in a tiny two-bedroom cabin that will be just right for the baby and me. Mom has said she can babysit while I work. My boss, Deb, has also offered to babysit when I work, so it’s all working out for me. I still have nightmares of my three years of hell. But that is the only negative. “Push,” Dr. Crewe shouts. “Oh, my gods,” I scream as I bear down. Mom and Lydia are holding my legs as I push. “I can’t,” I cry. “You can’t wait to meet this little boy,” Mom strokes my forehead. I push and scream until, finally, my son comes into the world. Dr. Crewe sets him on the towel on my stomach. He screams as I look him over. “Oh, Samantha,” Mom coos. “He’s beautiful.” I hold him tight. He is mine. “Hi,” I manage to say to the screaming infant. “Let me take a look at this guy,” Dr. Crewe says and gently picks him up. A low growl falls out of me as she walks away. My mother and Lydia both laugh. “I felt the same way when the doctors took either one of my pups to clean them up,” Lydia

pats my arm. "He's mine," I snarl. Mom strokes my arm, "Yes, sweetheart." The doctor returned minutes later with my son in a blue bundle. She gently places him in my arms, and every ounce of love I feel for him pours out of me. I stare into his deep blue eyes. "Hello, Kade," I say as I take in his scent. "Kade," Mom repeats. "Kade Elliot Wheeler," I announce. "You named him after my dad," Mom smiles. "Grampy was the best," I say, remembering my grandfather. "We'll give you two a few minutes before I let in the rest of the family," Mom says, kissing my forehead. She touches Kade's cheek and smiles before exiting the room with Lydia. I spend a few minutes just staring at my son. "You are so beautiful," I say to him. "I'm sorry that you don't have a dad. Well, you have a dad, but he is awful and will never meet you. You do have a grandfather who will adore you. An uncle who said he would be like a dad to you. And lots of cousins to grow up with. It won't be easy, my son, but we will make it," I say to him. Kade makes a faint coo before closing his eyes. "Sleep," I kiss his forehead. Minutes later, my mother came in with my father and other family members. "Hi, sweetie." Dad greets me with a bouquet of pink and blue tulips, which he sets on the bed. "Want to meet your new grandson?" I say to him. Dad takes Kade into his arms and looks at him with a huge smile. "Oh, Sam," He grins. "Look at this little one, Nat," he says to Mom. Mom leans over my father and touches the baby. "He is quite the handsome guy." Charlene looked at me and set a blue teddy bear on my lap. "You did good, Sam. I can't wait till he can play with his cousins." "I can't wait for that either," I remark. Kade is passed around my family, each one imprinting their love on him. I pray he will never have to meet Dmitry. The last thing he needs is that kind of hatred and negativity in his life. Everyone stays for an hour before a

nurse shoos them out. I am left alone with Kade in a little crib beside my bed. I place a hand on him as I fall asleep.

“Welcome to the world,” I whisper. Dmitry It has been a rough six months. My pack was kicked out of the kingdom, and it has been hell trying to rebuild what we lost in revenue. Some packs have continued doing business with us, but most severed their alliances when they heard why we were sanctioned. I tried to appeal, but King Beau insisted that abusing my mate was a serious offense. I don’t believe I abused her. She was my mate. I was allowed to do with her as I pleased. I slapped her when she didn’t do as she was supposed to. It had been vital for her to give me an heir. That is what a mate’s duty is to their Alpha. ‘Dmitry,’ Mama mind links me. ‘Cassandra is in labor,’ She states. ‘So? I have work to do,’ I snort. ‘Tell me when the child has arrived.’ ‘Okay,’ She mutters and cuts the link. I get back to work, and it seems like hours before I finally hear something. I rise from the desk and stumble out of the office. I rush to the hospital to meet my son. My family and Cassandra’s family are gathered in the waiting room. “It’s about time you got here,” Darnell mutters. I narrowed my eyes at him. “I had work to do.” “Are you ready to meet your pup?” Mama asks in a strange tone. “Where is he?” I demand. Mama leads me down a hall to the nursery, and I see a lone crib in the room with an infant wrapped in a pink blanket. “Where is my son?” I growl. Mama points out, “That is your daughter, Dmitry.” Rage fills me, “What do you mean, daughter?” I yell. “Cassandra had a girl,” She responds. “NO!” I roar. I stomp down the hall to Cassandra’s room. She is lying in a bed talking to her mother, Alison. “Where is my son?!” I bellow. Cassandra jumps and looks at me, “I am so sorry-” She starts to say, but I slap her hard across the face. “How dare you fail me, you w***e,” I

scream. "Dmitry," Alison grabs me, but I shove her away, and she falls to the ground. I grab Cassandra's throat, "You were supposed to give me an heir." She sobs, "She can't be the heir- " I slap her again. "No female will be alpha of my pack!" I scream and storm out of the room. I stop and look at the tiny pup. My parents walk up to me. "Calm down, son," Papa touches my back. "A daughter is not the end of the world." "How would you feel?" I look at him. "I would be angry, too," He nods. "What now?" I growl. "You try again," He shrugs. I let out another growl as I glare at the creature, "Kill her," I order the nurse and stomp down the hall and out of the hospital. I get outside and let loose an angry howl. Fedor makes a noise in my head. He has been mostly quiet since I rejected Samantha. 'What?' I snarl at him. 'We have a son,' He confesses. 'Excuse me?' I mutter. 'Did you not see that welp?' 'I did. But that is not what I am talking about,' Fedor explains. 'We have a son.' The wheels turn in my head as I figure out what he is talking about. Then it hits me: 'Samantha?' 'She was pregnant the day you rejected her,' He confides. 'Why didn't you tell me?' I demand. 'I was angry that you rejected my mate,' Fedor snarls. 'But you wanted her gone too,' I groan. 'No wolf truly wants their mate gone,' he says. 'But if you want our son, pay her a visit.' "Yes," I pound my fist in my hand. "I will get my son," I say and make my way into the packhouse. Jared is waiting for me when I get to the office. "I need a car and some warriors ready in five minutes. I am going on a trip." Jared narrows his eyes at me, "Where?" "Crimson Crest. I am getting my son and bringing him home."