

His Bitter Luna

Home

1766 Words

Samantha “Samantha,” My mother breathes out. “My goddess, what happened?” I pull back to look her in the eyes. “I missed you so much,” I blubber. “Samantha,” My father puts his hand on my back, and I fall into his arms. “Daddy,” I cry. “Sam?” I hear Marcus’s voice, and I sob louder. It has been a year since I have heard any of their voices and three since I have touched them. “Honey, let’s go inside,” My father insists. I let go of him to look at my brother. He seems to have grown in the last three years. His mate, Charlene, stands beside him with a little boy in front of her and a girl on her hip. “Is that Finley?” I point to the little boy. “It is,” Charlene responds with a smile. I step towards my nephew, who leans into his mother. “I finally get to meet you,” I cry. I sniffle and look at the little girl. She seems little more than a year old. “This is Arabella,” Charlene seems to know what I am asking. “They are beautiful,” I cry. “Sam,” Marcus puts his arm around me. “Let’s go inside and find out what is going on.” I lean into my big brother. It’s so nice seeing him again. “I missed you, Marc,” I mutter. He squeezes me and kisses the top of my head, “I missed you too, little sis.” As we walk through the pack house, more tears fall as my lifetime of good memories flow back to me. I never thought I would see it again. We enter my father’s office, which still smells of leather and cigars. I run over and flop on the old leather couches my grandfather bought long before I was born. “Samantha,” Mom taps my butt. I sit up and lean into the cushions. Mom hands

me a bottle of water and some tissues while everyone sits around the couch. I notice Marcus goes behind the desk. "Wait, Marcus, are you alpha now?" I look between him and Dad. Marcus gives me a slight smile, "Yes." "I missed you becoming alpha?" I nearly shout and start sobbing. "He wouldn't let me see any of you. That son of a b***h," I scream. "Samantha," Mom pats my thigh. "Please calm down, sweetie." I lean against her, and she embraces me. I sob into her chest while she strokes my back. "I'm sorry, Mom." I wipe my tears from my cheeks and blow my nose. "I am so sorry." "Honey, talk to us," Mom touches my cheek. I open the water bottle and take a long swig. "Dmitry," I choke up saying his name. Despite hating him, the rejection still hurts. "Dmitry rejected me and banished me from Shadow Woods." "What?" Mom gasps. "He rejected you?" Dad growls. "It's okay," I sigh. "I hate that asshole," I grumble angrily. "I hate him so much." "What happened?" Mom pleads. "We never heard from you." "Dmitry always said you were busy or unavailable," Dad counters. "He told me that you all were in the past," I say sadly. "I needed to forget you and only serve him," I say with a bitter taste in my mouth. "I swear the goddess hates me." "Why would you say that?" Mom says. "She cursed me with Dmitry Volkov," I say with anger. "I don't understand what I did wrong." "You did nothing wrong, Sam," Marcus says from the desk. "The Goddess pairs us with whom she feels we belong to," he says. "She felt I belonged with an abusive monster," I stand and yell. "All he did was starve, beat, and ra- " I pause. "He r***d me the first night we met." My mother gasps while my father growls with an intensity I never heard before, "I knew it," Dad yells. "I knew that sick son of a b***h hurt you. I will kill him!" "Calm down, John," Mom grabs his arm. "I will not calm down, Natalie," Dad pulls away from

her. "Dmitry Volkov hurt our daughter." Tears well up in my mother's eyes, "I know," she mutters. "Can King Beau do anything about it?" Marcus asks. I let out a dry laugh, "Beau is king now?" "Yeah," Marcus says with a chuckle. "Does he have a mate?" I wonder. "Yes, she is lovely," Mom adds. "Who is it?" I ask. "Her name is Stephanie. She is from a small pack up north or something," Marcus shrugs. "Can we get back to the problem at hand?" Dad demands. "Dmitry r***d and beat you?" I nod as my mood drops again. "I was also starved because they felt I was too fat." "I thought you looked too thin," Mom snorts. "You were never fat." "He needed an heir and-" I trail off. "He rejected you because you couldn't get pregnant?" Mom asks. I nod, "Yeah. But-" I hesitate to say anything else. "But I am pregnant now." Mom's eyes get big, "Samantha!" "Does Dmitry know?" Dad asks. I shake my head, "No, he rejected and banished me before I could tell him." I sigh. "Screw him. This is my baby," I wrap my arms around my belly. "Samantha, this is a problem," Dad pinches the bridge of his nose. "No, it's not, John," Mom argues. "Dmitry rejected and banished her. So, he rejected the pup." "It's still his child, Natalie," Dad grumbles. "I am not giving up my pup, Dad," I protest. "I suffered so much." "I know, sweetheart. But unfortunately, Dmitry Volkov still has a right to his child," Dad states. I sit back and cover my face with my hand. "Honey, you need rest," Mom touches my hand. "Why don't you go up to your room?" I look at her from between my fingers, "Really?" "We haven't changed anything," Mom smiles, and I start crying. "Mom," I fall into her arms again. "Oh, my sweet girl," she strokes my back. "Are you hungry?" I look at her and nod vigorously, "Gods, you have no idea." "I'll have the kitchen send up some food," She smiles and strokes my hair. We rise from the couch, and I lean on my mother.

“We’ll call King Beau and discuss the matter,” Dad tells me. “I would like to go to that pack of his and destroy it.” “Don’t,” I say. “The pack doesn’t deserve it. They are good people.” I frown as the pack members were the only good in that hellhole. Dad smiles and touches my shoulder, “Sounds like you were a good Luna.” I manage a small smile as Mom helps me out of the office. On the way out, we run into Shawn and Gavin. “Sam,” Shawn grins at me. “I heard you were back.” He looks me up and down. “You look different.” “Three years of hell will do that,” I mutter. Shawn frowns, “What?” “It’s a long story,” I sigh. “Oh, well, I’m glad you are back. Lydia sure misses the hell out of you,” he says. My heart leaps at hearing my best friend’s name, “Oh gods, Lydia,” I say as fresh tears fall. Shawn looks at my mother, “I’m sorry.” “It’s okay, hun,” Mom pats his arm. I smile at Gavin. “It’s good to see you, Sam,” Gavin smiles. “I can’t wait for you to meet my mate.” “You can all catch up later,” Mom says. “Samantha needs her rest.” “Bye, Sam,” Shawn waves as we walk away. “I take it they are Beta and Gamma?” “Of course,” Mom mutters. I shake my head, “I missed so much.” “It’s okay, sweetie,” She assures me. “You are here now. You are always welcome here. This is your home forever or until you meet your second chance mate.” “f**k that,” I blurt out. “I never want another mate for as long as I live.” “Samantha Arlene Wheeler,” Mom admonishes me. “A second chance mate isn’t something to take lightly.” “I don’t want another mate, Mom,” I growl. “One was enough. I don’t care if I am alone. I just-” “I throw my hands up and rush towards the stares. “Samantha,” Mom trots behind me. “Sweetie.” “No, Mom,” I cross my arms. “If I find someone on my own, then so be it. But no way will I let the so-called Goddess try to pair me with anyone. Screw mates.” Mom stays quiet as we go up to the alpha floor.

I walk into my old room and fall to my knees. The smell of my old vanilla candles hit me with a million memories. The tears start fresh as I stand and look around. I am having a hard time taking it all in. The reality hasn't hit me yet that I am home. I fall onto my bed. It still has the same linens from the day I left. I find my old teddy bear that my grandmother had given me and bury my face in it. The scents take me back to happier times. I roll onto my back and touch my belly. "We are home, little one. And we are never leaving."