

His Rejected Mateless Luna Chapter 4

Long time

Terra

“How are you feeling today, Terra?” Dr. Collins asked kindly as I settled onto the exam table.

“Oh, you know. Queasy, sore, huge.” I grimaced, placing a protective hand over my enormous belly. At eight months pregnant with triplets, even simple tasks like getting dressed felt Herculean.

Dr. Collins chuckled. “The discomfort will be over soon. Just hang in there.”

I smiled gratefully. Over the past few months, Dr. Collins had become a true friend, guiding me through the hurdles of pregnancy with compassion. Our visits were the one bright spot in my otherwise dreary existence.

After confirming my three boys were healthy and growing well, Collins walked me out. I winced as I heaved my bloated body off the table.

“Take it easy,” Collins said, grasping my elbow to steady me. “No shame in asking for help.”

“I know. It’s just hard feeling so useless and dependent.”

His brown eyes radiated understanding. “I can only imagine how challenging this is for you, Terra. But you’re being incredibly brave. Your boys are so lucky to have you as their mom.”

His praise warmed me. “Well, I definitely couldn’t do this without you.”

It was true. I had no one else to turn to for support, financially or emotionally. My little café job barely covered rent and groceries. The medical bills were astronomical. But thanks to Collins generously fudging my paperwork, I qualified for assistance programs to cover everything insurance didn’t. He even gave me hand-me-down baby supplies from his sister. I was endlessly grateful.

The afternoon sun shone brightly as we exited the clinic, a rarity in perpetually drizzly Willow Creek. Collins glanced at his watch. “My next appointment got canceled. Want to grab some lunch?”

My first instinct was to decline. I hated anyone seeing me waddle around town these days, gigantic and ungainly. But Collins’s invitation was too kind to refuse.

“Sure, that would be great.”

We settled into a corner booth at the Sunbeam Café. The smells of coffee and baked goods were strangely unappetizing now. I ordered mint tea and plain toast, my current safest options.

“So, final countdown now. Three more weeks, give or take?” Collins asked.

“Yup. I’ll be glad when these munchkins are finally evicted.”

Collins laughed. “I bet. Hang in there, mama. You’re in the home stretch.”

I took a long swig of minty tea before asking hesitantly, “Do you really think I can do this? Raise three babies completely on my own?”

Collins’s expression turned serious. “It won’t be easy. New parenthood never is. But yes, Terra, I have no doubt you can do this.”

His certainty lifted my spirits like sunlight piercing clouds. I managed a teary smile. “Thank you. I’m just feeling the pressure, you know? Their dad...he’s not in the picture.”

Collins reached across the table and squeezed my hand. “Hey. Don’t let fears about the future steal joy from today. Just take things one step at a time, and keep leaning on your support system.” He gestured between us. “You’re not alone in this.”

I clung to his words as my due date rapidly approached, trying to quiet my racing mind. When the big day came two weeks early, panic nearly swallowed me.

My water broke at 5:17am on a rainy Tuesday morning. For a moment I lay in bed paralyzed after the warm gush between my legs. This was really happening.

I scrawled a hasty note for my boss before calling a taxi to rush me to the clinic. Each contraction felt like claws shredding me from the inside out. I tried desperately to remember the breathing techniques from birthing class but could only whimper in pain.

The cab lurched to a stop outside the clinic and I staggered in, wild-eyed. A nurse whisked me to the delivery ward amid strange looks from other bleary-eyed expectant mothers waiting calmly with their doting partners.

“My babies are coming!” I half-yelped, half sobbed.

To my vast relief, Collins was already there prepping. His calming energy instantly enveloped me. “You’re doing great, Terra. Just breathe.”

The next several hours passed in a blur of agony, tears and encouragement from Collins. When the piercing wails of a baby filled the room, joy crashed through me. My first little boy!

His squalling brothers soon followed. Three identical round faces, scrunched and fussy. The most beautiful sight I'd ever seen.

"They're perfect," I whispered, awed. "Absolutely perfect."

Later that evening I cradled all three boys awkwardly. Changing and feeding them was tricky with only two arms. But their little bodies against mine filled me with fierce love and purpose. Their father may be gone, but I would always be there for them.

A gentle knock came at the door. Collins entered holding a huge bouquet of pink roses and balloons.

"Special delivery for the new mama," he said, beaming at the triplets snuggled in my arms. "Congratulations, Terra. They're absolutely beautiful."

"Thank you." I smiled tiredly. "For everything."

Collins helped me get the boys settled in the bassinet and brought me dinner from the cafeteria.

"So, have you decided on names?" he asked.

"Mhmm. Meet Luke, Levi and Landon." I pointed to each boy in turn.

I recall the names Nathan and I had said we'll name our kids together since when we're kids, who knows I'll be naming our kids with it. Back when we dreamed of the family we would raise.

A fresh ache bloomed in my heart. I quickly blinked away the wetness gathering in my eyes. This was a joyous day. Don't think about him.

Over the next week, nurses gave me crash courses in infant care while I recovered. The fluffy-haired trio kept me busy around the clock with their constant needs. But I cherished every moment. Each gummy smile, each sleepy yawn, filled my heart to bursting.

On a sunny Tuesday afternoon, I finally got to take my boys home. I'd turned my cramped apartment into a makeshift nursery with cribs crammed every which way. It wasn't ideal, but we'd make it work.

That first night was chaos. Just as one baby fell asleep, another woke wailing. I ricocheted between cribs in a foggy haze, shushing and patting sore bottoms. No one slept a wink.

Somehow I survived the next day at work with my three clingy assistants in tow. Customers cooed over the matching caramel-haired boys fastened to my chest in carriers. Wrangling them alone was a circus, but I managed with caffeine and prayer.

Pure exhaustion became my constant state. Each midnight feeding, diaper blowout and bath time meltdown drained me further. My little wolf boys had boundless energy and loud lungs. Often I longed painfully for Nathan's help, or just a few hours of uninterrupted rest.

On particularly hard days, Dr. Collins became my lifeline. He visited regularly to check on the boys and often brought home-cooked meals or extra diapers. His warm hugs and listening ear kept me sane amid the chaos.

One evening he arrived to find me in tears from sheer overwhelm. The triplets squalled in a untidy chorus as I sat defeatedly on the couch, my shirt covered in sour milk and baby spit-up.

Wordlessly, Collins took two wailing babies and cradled them against his broad chest, gently bouncing and shushing until their cries subsided. Their brother soon joined them in blissful calm. The sudden quiet felt deafening. I hiccuped back a sob.

"There we go," Collins murmured soothingly to the boys. "Just needed a little extra love tonight, huh?"

Seeing my friend cradle my children with such tenderness shattered what little composure I had left. I buried my face in my hands, weeping.

Collins immediately sat beside me and wrapped an arm around my shoulders.

"Shh, it's alright. Just let it out."

"I can't do this anymore," I choked out. "I'm not enough for them. They deserve so much better."

"Hey. Look at me." Collins's voice remained gentle but firm. Sniffling, I raised my eyes to his.

"You are an amazing mother, Terra. The best any child could ask for. But no one can do this alone. Keeping up a superhuman façade of perfection only hurts you and the boys."

I nodded slowly, taking a shaky breath as his words sank in.

“Give yourself permission to ask for help when you need it—from me, from others. You don’t have to carry the whole burden yourself. Promise me?”

“I promise,” I whispered. And I meant it. My friend was right – maintaining the charade of complete independence was breaking my spirit.

From that night on, I let others into the circle of care around me and my boys. Local moms provided hand-me-downs and childcare swaps.

My boss gave me a more flexible schedule.

And Dr. Collins became part of our little family in a way I could never fully repay. We were still an unconventional bunch, but love lightened the load.

And I decided something a fresh as a healer omega. I build myself into a strong woman.

I want to be a doctor.

The years flew by in a blur of birthday candles, first steps, skinned knees, school plays and bedtime stories.

My time studying medicine as they called it in the humans.

I find everything easy as a healer. And I’ve been passing with flying colors.

And always ahead of my mates.

My rambunctious wolf boys kept me constantly on my toes with their boundless energy and insatiable curiosity.

But they filled my days with joy and purpose I’d never known was possible.

I promise to forget him and and focus wholly on raising our three incredible sons in security and love.

And become a successful doctor.

His Rejected Mateless Luna Chapter 5

Successful doctor

Terra

5 years later

“Landon, stop pestering your brother and come help set the table,” I called over my shoulder, struggling to drain a massive pot of pasta one-handed while also mixing up the sauce. The rich aroma of tomatoes and herbs filled our cozy kitchen.

“But Levi took my toy!” my youngest son protested.

“Did not!” came the immediate denial from his brother.

I shot them a sharp look as Landon tried wresting the action figure away from Levi’s grip. Luke sat nearby pretending to read a book while obviously watching the tussle gleefully. Ah, triplet dynamics. Never a dull moment.

“Boys, enough,” I said firmly. “Levi, let him have it back. Landon, come help me. Now, please.”

Grumbling, they did as told. Crisis averted, for the moment anyway. I hid a smile as Landon carefully arranged the forks and napkins around our small table. My rambunctious wolf cubs could be a chaotic handful, but their playful antics filled our home with joy.

At the sound of the front door opening, three sets of amber eyes lit up in unison.

“Uncle Collin’s here!” they shouted, tumbling over each other to greet him first. Collins laughed as he was suddenly swarmed by eager boys hugging his legs.

“Hey guys! Wow, you’ve all gotten so big!” He swung a grinning Landon up onto his shoulders. The twins jumped up and down jealously until he tucked them under each arm.

“And how’s my favorite doctor doing this fine evening?” Collins asked, leaning in to give me a quick one-armed hug while balancing three squirmy boys.

“Much better now that you’re here to wrangle these rascals while I finish dinner.”

He grinned. “Happy to help. I brought dessert, by the way.”

“You’re the best.” I quickly sliced the chocolate cake he offered and put it in the fridge for after dinner.

Soon we were all sitting down to steaming bowls of pasta and fresh garlic bread. Between mouthfuls, the boys excitedly told Collins about their week – Luke learning a new skateboard trick, Levi scoring the winning goal at his soccer game, Landon losing another tooth.

I sat back happily, enjoying seeing my sons interact with the man who had become part of our little family. After Nathan’s devastating rejection, I never imagined I could feel

whole again. But somehow, over years of shared hardship and joy while raising my boys, my friendship with Collins had grown into something deeper, warmer. An unspoken understanding bound us together.

...

After dinner, I ushered the rowdy triplets off to get ready for bed while Collins washed up. Story time was always my favorite part of the day. The boys would snuggle under the covers, eyes bright with eagerness as I brought tales of daring heroes and fantastical worlds to life. Their vivid imaginations and capacity for wonder reawakened my own.

Tonight I chose a story about a wolf pack with supernatural powers who protected their forest home from those who wished to destroy it. The boys listened, enraptured, until their eyelids finally drooped shut and dreams whisked them away. I tucked the quilts snugly around their sleeping forms and crept quietly out of their bedroom.

Collins was waiting on the couch with two steaming mugs of peppermint tea. I sank down beside him with a grateful sigh, leaning my head on his shoulder. His solid warmth against me was comforting.

“Those three have infinite energy,” Collins remarked with a chuckle. “I don’t know how you keep up with them.”

I laughed softly. “Coffee. Lots and lots of coffee.”

We sipped our tea in cozy silence. I would never grow tired of these peaceful evenings together, watching the dancing flames in the fireplace, the boys sound asleep down the hall. The life we had built, though imperfect, overflowed with love.

As a single mom juggling medical school and three infants, my dreams of becoming a doctor often felt impossibly out of reach. But Collins never let me give up. He tutored me through brutal all-nighters when the boys were finally asleep, quizzed me mercilessly until I knew course material backwards and forwards. And five years later, here I was – Dr. Terra, resident pediatrician at Willow Creek General Hospital.

My unique background gave me a natural rapport with young patients, putting them instantly at ease. Kids seemed to sense the supernatural wolf side I kept carefully hidden. I was in high demand, requested by families throughout the region. Between my work and Collins’s family practice, our little clinic thrived.

And strangely, certain paranormal cases also found their way to me. Just last week, an anxious werewolf father brought in his sickly pup, trusting I would keep their secret. It seemed my reputation for discretion was spreading.

“So, Hale and I grabbed lunch today,” Collins said, interrupting my thoughts. “He mentioned a couple more wolf packs in the area have asked about you.”

I nodded, unsurprised. Hale was a born werewolf who helped connect me with discreet suppliers for the special care and medications my fast-growing boys needed. He became our insider to the local supernatural community.

Collins studied me with concern. “Are you comfortable taking on more...unique clientele? I know you have enough on your plate.”

“I’m fine, really. Happy to help fellow wolves any way I can. Especially kids.” I thought of my own challenging early years when access to doctors who understood my needs was impossible. The isolation had been crushing. I was determined to provide better support for the next generation.

Collins smiled warmly. “You really are amazing, you know that? Those kids are blessed to have you.”

I squeezed his hand, touched by his faith in me. Together we had overcome so much. And the future, which once seemed impossibly bleak and lonely, now stretched out bright with promise.

Tomorrow I would figure out my next steps. But here, in this moment, I could feel hope flickering again inside me. No matter how hard things got, I wasn’t truly alone anymore. I had a precious piece of Nathan safely around me. And for now, that was enough to keep me going.

Somehow, everything would work out. It had to.