

## His Rejected Mateless Luna Chapter 41

Nathan

He was stunned at my sudden outburst but waved it away and turned his full attention to me. "Where was he found and where is he now"

"He was found in the house of Collins, held captive by him and he is now with his mother in her house of course" I replied, shoving my hand into my pocket and resting my back on the wall nearest to me.

"What?..."

"The next time you are going to spit at those words, I am going to assume you are dead and incompetent for your Job and I am going to leave with my criminals and my evidence" This time, I make sure to put more emphasis on the two last words.

"Oh.... I.... How? I mean I will need you to elaborate further while I record your statement." He addressed me but his eyes flickered from me to Collins, still expecting him to speak up and defend himself.

"Good" I commented and moved even closer to the counter, knowing neither Collins nor Spencer would be stupid enough to attempt running away now in the premises of the cops. "You see, Collins here happens to have a healthy relationship with the boy's mother but at times, he begins to demand even more. Terra being the mother couldn't give more than she could offer so she attempted to draw a boundary between them. This boundary worked just fine for some time until the father of this kid came into the picture and the mother for obvious reasons, had her attention more fixed on the father of her kids than some random dude she met at work." I explained as the two officers listened, Collins not daring to interrupt.

"And Collins seeing this, became really devastated and filled with jealousy and he began to look for ways to get the father out of the picture again. This led him to think, that kidnapping the child would set them apart and he would get what he wanted. He did that but unfortunately for him, the plan backfired and we caught him red-handed, holding the child he had taken part in searching for, Captive. Isn't that shocking?"

Apparently, both officers didn't share the same amusement stance as me and they both continued to have their gazes moving between us and speaking quietly to each other. Finally the other spoke up.

"And who is this?" He pointed at Spencer.

"Oh this one, He was a part of Collins's plan. He aided with everything but at some point decided to opt out of the whole thing and blow their cover. He did that thinking he would

be saved but here we are. As the saying goes, the friend of a thief is also a thief" I smiled throughout my speech.

"And do you have any evidence to back up your claims?"

"Oh yes!" I exclaimed. "I do have evidence" I fished out my phone from my pocket and handed it over to him. "You can transfer everything to your system and hand me over my phone, as I am using it"

I believe he could navigate his way through the phone without my help and he did and handed me back my phone. I waited for the voice recorder to perform its job of convincing them and it did.

"Who would have thought" the familiar officer commented after they had listened to the voice record for the second time in a row.

"Yeah right, a friend can be the hidden enemy" I mumbled in reply.

"I am no enemy of Terra" Collins uttered for the first time since he stepped into the station and I was saved from the stress of having to reply to him.

"Shut the fuck up!" the officer yelled. "You are under arrest and have no right to talk until you are permitted to.

In the blink of an eye, both men were reduced to nothing, handcuffed, and thrown in a cell.

Only then did I feel fulfilled..

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Terra

DEREK'S POV

I had my eyes focused solely on the road as I drove through the highway but my mind was somewhere entirely different. I couldn't wait to reach the old warlord's place so we could spend some time together after a few days of being apart. Both myself and Nathan had been super busy with this whole kidnapping thing and had left the warlord on his own for the past couple of days, except for the nanny hired by Nathan to take care of some of his basic needs seeing as he was still not very strong even though he protested, claiming he could do his stuffs by himself.

I only decelerated the car as I approached the driveway of their apartment and when I finally parked the car inside the parking spot, I killed the engine and waltzed out of the car, shutting the door behind me.

Walking to the door, I knocked twice before a faint voice muttered "Come in". I did with no

open window hesitation and my eyes first landed on the old warlord sitting in front of the that overlooked the back of the apartment which was just an open grass field with a stagnant lake at the far end. Different species of birds were moving around, enjoying the work of nature.

"Someone finally came to visit me" He stretched without even looking toward the door, his eyes still focused on the field ahead of him.

"At least you have another person to keep you company" I pointed toward the maiden walking aimlessly in the kitchen. The attention I gave her for a short while caused her to stumble upon whatever was on the floor and nearly landed face first of the floor but managed to narrowly escape the unepic fall as her hands ungratefully landed on the kitchen Island to hold her in place. Amusement covered my eyes at the sight but I shook my head nonetheless and turned my questionable gaze toward the former Alpha.

"That is Quinn." He replied to my question before I could even speak it out and I nodded at his response and toasted myself on the couch opposite of him.

The tiredness finally gets to me after so many hours of being up and busy. I closed my eyes to cherish the feeling of finally having to rest my bones and the next time I opened them, I was greeted by the sight of Quinn standing in front of me with her hands still covered in cooking gloves.

"Anything?" She asked and I arched my brows at the sudden questions. "I mean do you need anything? Water? Wine? Refreshment? Food? You uhm....can't get food at the moment as I am still putting it together and it is not yet done but I can get you drinks and...."

"Water"

"What?"

"Just get me a glass of water"

"Alright, on it" She saluted and turned back toward the kitchen which caused a smile to spread across my lips. Where on earth did Nathan get this one?

"She is a good child you know" The old Alpha's voice forced my attention away from her and back to his seated form.

"What?" I asked, not because I didn't hear what he said but because I couldn't comprehend the meaning behind it.

“She is a good child” He repeated, this time even wiggling his brows at me. Failing to understand what he meant, I hesitantly nodded at his statement and went back to just staring into space.

“She has been an exemplary company for the past few days and has done nothing short of the job she was assigned to do.”

“Oh wow, that is nice to hear” I nodded at that, not sure why he was informing me about it anyway.

“And she can cook nice meals. I know how you have a very soft spot for food in your heart. You might be able to find her spot for her too” He didn’t fail to continue speaking.

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Part of me softened seeing that vulnerability. The rest hardened into stone.

“Terra, please—” he began.

I held up one hand, barely containing fury roiling beneath my calm exterior. “Don’t. You lost the right to make claims over me long ago.”

Nathan’s broad shoulders slumped. Twilight deepened the circles under his eyes nearly to bruises. For an instant remorse pierced me. Then visions of shattering betrayal swallowed tender feelings once more.

“I understand this revelation must be...disorienting,” Nathan said carefully. “Just know I never fully comprehended our bond’s depth until we were apart.” He dared one step closer. “Don’t endure your burdens alone anymore because of my stupidity.”

I backed up swiftly. “You tore us apart by choosing politics over love, then abandoned me pregnant and struggling! Now you waltz back in declaring mystical fate bonds?” My laugh held knives. “Thanks but hard pass.”

I whirled to storm off before emotions spilled over. Nathan’s next words froze me in my tracks.

“The boys are mine, aren’t they?” His wrecked tone reflected dawning devastation. “Our sons don’t even know their own father...”

I shut my eyes against stinging tears. There was the deepest betrayal, barely scabbed over even now. Three young lives forever missing paternal guidance thanks to Nathan’s ambitions. Anger drained leaving only bone-deep sadness behind.

“Please don’t rob them of that bond too,” Nathan whispered.

I turned slowly, taking in his anguished expression. “The past can’t be undone. They know only me as their devoted parent. I won’t have them hurt more in the name of your conscience.”

Nathan looked gutted. I hardened my tone against sympathy. “Now if there’s nothing else, I really must get home.”

I strode off without waiting for reply, emotions churning violently. How dare Nathan reenter my life with fantastical talk of mystical bonds after rejecting me so coldly years ago? I banished our last intimacy from my mind ruthlessly. Ancient history.

Yet doubts needled despite my fury. Nathan had seemed genuinely devastated realizing the boys’ paternity. And much as I hated admitting it, my feelings for him never completely faded.

By the next morning no easy answers had presented themselves. Restless energy hummed under my skin as I prepared for work.

Only one clear path lay before me—burying myself in patients until the chaos quieted.

I plaited my hair loosely to keep wayward curls from my eyes, frowning at the dark shadows marring my features. Hiding emotional turmoil would prove impossible clearly written across my face.

Hopefully work’s steady rhythms would smooth worry lines away.

Collins greeted me in the chaotic clinic waiting room with his usual megawatt smile. “Morning boss! Ready to kick Monday’s butt?”

I attempted an answering grin that likely appeared more pained grimace. “Ready as I’ll ever be. Mondays wait for no one right?”

Collins’ smile slipped assessing me closer. “Whoa, you look super stressed. Everything okay?” His green eyes softened with concern. “Kiddos run you ragged this weekend again?”

I forced a nonchalant laugh. “You know those wild boys. Never stop moving!” Before Collins could question me further I snatched a waiting file. “Well, duty calls! See you at lunch?”

I escaped his probing gaze with relief, ignoring his suspicious glance. My chaotic emotions remained too raw to share, even with a trusted friend. This inner storm required weathering alone.

Work's familiar rhythms soothed away outside anxieties over the next hours. In exam rooms problems presented clear solutions, unlike the churning mess awaiting me beyond these walls.

During a rare lull I sank onto a supply closet floor amidst neatly organized shelves of gauzes and bandages. Just a stolen moment of stillness to gather strength for the next crisis..

Nathan's tormented eyes haunted me behind shut lids. However terribly things ended between us, he had seemed sincere realizing the boys' true paternity. And I couldn't deny still feeling that inexplicable, involuntary pull between us. Much as I despised the admission. Maybe Collins could provide an impartial sounding board to test theories upon. But even imagining his reaction to such surreal revelations made me cringe inwardly. He thought me an abandoned single mom, not a wayward mate denying her supernatural soul bond. This situation defied all logic and reason.

The shrill ring of my pager had me on my feet swiftly. No more wallowing in chaotic emotions. Duty called, clear and grounding. My tangled personal affairs must wait.

I moved through the remainder of that endless day in a fog, cataloguing symptoms and suggested remedies without fully engaging. My thoughts ran an endless loop rehashing Nathan's imploring words.

That constant mental refrain followed me out of the clinic doors that evening, dogging my steps towards home and a hot bath's refuge.

But when I glimpsed a familiar broad-shouldered silhouette waiting at my building's entrance, weariness descended bone-deep. This confrontation must happen sooner or later, I supposed. Might as well be now.

Nathan straightened from where he slouched against cold brick as I approached reluctantly.

Behind his forced casual stance, nerves and banked hope warred across handsome features. My traitorous heart gave an extra thump seeing him again, though fury quickly drowned tender feelings.

I crossed my arms defensively. "Let me guess. You suddenly recalled some other mystical bonds we share that give you rights over me again?"

Nathan flinched. "No, nothing like that. Just hoping we could...talk things through rationally." He ran one hand through already disheveled sable hair. "I'll leave the supernatural factors aside for now and just speak from the heart if you'll allow it."

My skeptical reply lodged painfully in my throat seeing naked vulnerability swirling in those forest green depths now. Nathan slowly sank to perch on the bottom concrete step gazing up entreatingly, all Alpha authority stripped away.

“You know me, Terra. At my core, beneath the politics and ambition. You saw the man I strove to become, for you.” His voice dropped huskily. “I would show him to you again, if you permit it.”

Unbidden, visions of our laughing, carefree early days played across my mind. Back when the world brimmed bright with promise...before everything fell spectacularly apart.

Abruptly the full weight of dreams destroyed crashed down, buckling my knees. I barely registered Nathan springing up, hands bracing my elbows gently as grief threatened to swallow me whole.

“It’s alright, just breathe,” Nathan soothed. “I’ve got you.”

Primitive instinct urged me to collapse against Nathan’s steadying strength. Stubborn pride had me pulling swiftly away instead, dashing angry tears aside.

“I don’t need your belated chivalry,” I spat shakily. “This rosy revisionist history won’t sway me either. Too much damage was done.”

I spun on one heel stalking off before my traitorous heart overruled logic. Nathan’s soft words trailed after me on the biting wind.

“I won’t surrender the past’s sweet moments so easily, Nathan. You’ll have to wrest them from me.”

I slammed my apartment door like barricading against emotional storms without. But silent rooms within revealed no safe harbour from clashing memories assaulting relentlessly.

Upping my neatly ordered existence was the cruellest revenge, I decided to sink onto the sofa head in hands. Casting supposedly mystical bonds now between us only complicates matters more.

And yet...those powerful inexplicable energies continued subtly drawing us closer despite bitter resistance on both sides.

What came next remained terrifyingly unclear. But seismic shifts had been set in motion now beyond halting.

Wherever this chaotic journey led, I suspected blissful ignorance was forfeit forevermore.

