

Begging the Rejecting Luna Back Chapter 1 - Chapter 1

SYDNEY'S POV

I received a pornographic video.

"Do you like this?"

The man speaking in the video is my mate and husband, Alexander Torres, the Alpha of the Nightscar Pack, whom I haven't seen for several months. He is naked, his shirt and pants scattered on the ground, thrusting forcefully on a woman whose face I can't see, her plump and round breasts bouncing vigorously. I can clearly hear the slapping sounds in the video, mixed with lustful moans and grunts.

"Yes, yes, fuck me hard, Alpha," the woman screams ecstatically in response.

"You naughty she-wolf!" Alexander growls, his voice low and predatory. He stands up and flips her over, slapping her buttocks as he speaks. "Stick your ass up!"

The woman giggles, turns around, sways her buttocks, and kneels on the bed.

I feel like someone has poured a bucket of ice water on my head. It's bad enough that my mate is having an affair, but what's worse is that the other woman is my own sister, Bella.

I let the video play, watching and listening to the two of them having sex, my disgust being provoked time and time again. Every time I hear their moans, my heart feels like it's being stabbed.

My wolf, Aria, growls inside my mind, her voice sharp and furious. "How dare he betray you like this? He's your mate!"

I suppress Aria's rage, forcing myself to stay calm.

The cheating continues. After a few more slaps, he grabs her buttocks, thrusts his cock deep into her, and starts pounding vigorously.

After a few more thrusts, Alexander and Bella moan together as they climax. They collapse on the bed, kissing.

"Do you treat my sister like this in bed too?" Bella's coquettish voice rings out, her tone dripping with mockery.

"Don't mention her," Alexander's ruthless voice echoes through the video, his Alpha authority making his words cut deeper. "I haven't even kissed her, she can't compare to you at all."

"I knew you only loved me!" Bella smiles satisfied, hooking Alexander's neck, leans in to kiss him, and says, "I want to do it again!"

Seeing them rolling together again, I feel a wave of nausea and can't watch anymore. I angrily press the pause button, swallowing hard.

I am very clear, this video must have been sent by Bella. She wants to tell me that she still holds Alexander in her grip, and I am powerless against it. Apart from a mating bond and title, Alexander and I don't resemble a mated pair at all. Bella indeed knows how to twist the knife further.

Three years ago, My father, Michael, the Alpha of the Shadowmoon Pack, had made a disastrous investment that left our pack's company bankrupt. The funding chain was broken, and he owed a massive debt to the pack. To salvage the situation, he had no choice but to arrange a marriage alliance with the Nightscar Pack. Alexander's wealth and influence were the only lifeline left for our pack.

On that fateful day I never imagined was going to begin the worst turning point of my life, all was made ready to celebrate the union of Bella and Alexander. It was only mere minutes to the mating ceremony when Bella disappeared (or at least found out she was gone). Bella was nowhere to be found.

My parents, who were desperate to salvage the embarrassment and save face in front of the pack or whatever it was they were trying to protect that day, turned to me. They told me to put on my sister's ceremonial dress, to take Bella's place at the altar.

There was no room for argument, neither was I given the choice to say no. I was to be the figurehead, the stand-in mate who'd fulfill the ceremony in Bella's absence. There were no words of blessing and no well-wishes for a happy future. Instead, all I received were instructions to "be a good Luna."

This was how it all started.

I was left numb, standing there in the borrowed ceremonial dress to exchange vows with a man I barely knew. It felt as though my dreams and aspirations were suddenly overshadowed by the harsh reality of my circumstances. Like my life had been snatched away from me in an instant, and I barely recalled what happiness felt like after that day. I was constrained in every sense of the word.

Did I say this was how it all started?

No, I think it actually dated way back to when I was three and had unfortunately gone missing. For eighteen long years, I lived away from my pack and family. Growing older. As I grew older, from being a pup, to a young wolf, I kept searching for my roots again. And when my long-awaited dream of reuniting with my pack became reality, it was nothing like I'd expected.

There was no joyous reunion, no tears of happiness.

Instead, I was met with something close to indifference.

As if I were a stranger who had wandered into their lives. My parents seemed to have moved on from me after all those years I was gone. All the love they had was for Bella; barely any left for me.

I guess there was nothing left, in fact, because if there was, I would at least be pitied enough to have been told that Bella had returned from abroad and had somehow found her way into my mate's arms.

Almost immediately, my phone buzzed with an incoming video call from Bella. I didn't want to answer it at first, but ended up swiping green. Bella's face popped up on the screen, sitting in the same room from the video with a towel wrapped around her body.

"Hi, hope you're having a happy day over there," Bella chirped with a smug smile.

She moved the phone's camera around to show more of the room, and in the background, I caught a faint glimpse of Alexander walking into the bathroom.

"Guess who's going to die a pathetic old virgin? Not me!" She laughed callously.

I silently clenched my teeth. I was reeling with annoyance from the insult.

"He doesn't deserve you," she added. "He deserves better. And I'm what's perfect for him, darling."

There was no way I was going to listen to any more of that. I angrily ended the call and flung the phone to the bed, then burying my head in my hands.

I'd had enough. I wasn't going to sit still and let myself be dragged to the ground like a piece of rag any longer.

By the time Alexander would return to the house, it was already well into the night. I sat on the cold tiles of the living room, hanging my chin on my palm and nearly dozing off when I heard the sound of the front door clicking. That familiar musky scent of his filled the air, but beneath it, I could swear I caught the faint trace of Bella's perfume.

My eyes blinked open, and I raised my head, locking a blank gaze with his face. There was that brick-hard look on his face which he always had when I was around. To think of how he was grinning from ear-to-ear earlier with Bella.

After our mating ceremony, everything I'd been told by my parents to do, I did. Both taking care of his pack, his daily life, and several other things that couldn't be counted, all for three years. It started happening frequently, that it became a ritual, like a dance of

habit ingrained in my daily routine. Alexander also accepted it without question. But not for one day did Alexander spare me as much as a second glance.

My wolf, Aria, growled low in my mind, her voice sharp with resentment.?

"Three years, Sydney. Three years of giving everything, and for what? A title? You are Luna in name only, and even that title feels like a chain."

"I know, Aria, I'm tired—tired of living up to everyone else's expectations. I just want to be free."

Alexander shut the door behind him and began walking into his room. Treating me as usual like I was invisible, and for the first time, I spoke.

"I want to break the mating bond."

He turned to face me, an incredulous look on his face.

"What are you talking about?"

"I don't want this title of Luna anymore," I answered without mincing words.

That day three years ago, when I stood in that white dress, and him in his tuxedo, a congregation of pack members behind us and the pack elder in front of us, I saw that calm look of restrained anger in his eyes when he saw that it was not Bella behind the veil, but me.

I remember my chest tightening behind the ceremonial necklace I was wearing. The way his stare burned. How stupid and helpless I felt in that dress. How my parents smiled like they'd not just pushed me out there against my will and the pack cheered with probably no idea of what was going on.

"You may now seal the bond," the pack elder announced.

Alexander leaned closer towards me, but not for a mark, he merely brushed his face past my cheek and spoke into my ear, "The only thing you can get is the title of Luna."

And that title is what I was giving back to him. I didn't want it anymore. I wished I'd never let myself take it in the first place. I'd let go of too much of myself and endured more than I needed to. It was the height of it already.

"I want to break the mating bond, Alexander," I repeated myself in case he didn't hear me the first time—even though I knew he'd heard me clearly.

He stared at me with a frown before answering coldly, "It's not up to you! I'm the Alpha, and I don't have time for this nonsense. Don't waste my time with such boring topics, or try to attract my attention!"

How typical of him to believe that I was trying to get his attention. I hadn't attracted that so-called attention of his for over three years, and it's when I mention "breaking the bond" that he remembers it.

The last thing I was going to do was argue or bicker with him.

"I will have Beta Johnson send the mating bond dissolution papers to the The Elders council," was all I said, as calmly as I could muster.

He didn't even say another word after that and just went through the door he'd been standing in front of, slamming it harshly behind him. My eyes lingered on the knob of the door a bit absentmindedly before I pulled the wedding ring off my finger and placed it on the table. Don't even ask why I had it on in the first place.

I grabbed my suitcase, which I'd already had my things packed in, and headed out of the house. The wind outside felt different afterward, like a heavy burden was being lifted off my shoulders for the first time in a very long while. The feeling of the night breeze blowing through the strands of my hair was immaculate.

Grabbing my phone from my purse and swiping my fingers quickly across the screen, I put the phone to my ear, hearing it ring.

"I am done with Alexander, come pick me up."