

Begging the Rejecting Luna Back Chapter 2 - Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

SYDNEY'S POV

The soft wind of the night continued to whip my hair to and fro while I stood outside with my suitcase next to me. I was already out of that house, finally. Not quite far ahead into the streets, I noticed the headlights flashing brightly in my direction, and a faint smile quirked up my lips because I recognized who it was in an instant.

The flamboyant red sports car pulled over right in front of where I stood, and an even more flamboyant woman was in the driver's seat twiddling her fingers at me as she wound down the windows.

It was Grace.

Grace was not only my best friend, she was also my business partner and the daughter of the Alpha of the Nightbloom Pack, a small but fiercely independent pack on the borderlands. We've been inseparable since our college days. And because we both shared a passion for fashion, we both decided to turn our dreams into reality by co-founding Luxe Vogue, a fashion-forward online shopping website that quickly became a favorite among young trendsetters.

Grace had a keen eye for design, so she was in charge of designing stunning clothing collections, while I focused on designing jewelry at our equally jointly-owned studio, Atelier. Atelier was a high-end fashion studio catering to elite clientele. Our business acumen and creative vision catapulted us into the world of high-ranking millionaires.

I knew right when I saw that grin on her lips that she was going to tease me next. Playful banters for us were as natural as breathing. I stepped into the passenger's seat of Grace's car, sighing and immediately clicking my seatbelt in.

"Finally willing to leave that bastard and return to work?" Grace quipped with a mischievous grin.

"I really don't understand why you would waste three years of your life to take care of an asshole who doesn't love you at all."

I rolled my eyes, "Because I was blind, but now I can see. Heard of that song?"

Grace chuckled, starting the car. "Well, I'm glad your eyes are wide open now. We've got a whole lot to run, we can't have you distracted by some guy who doesn't appreciate you."

"You know, Sydney, I have to say this again, that whole 'married'...with that guy? I hated it on you!" She glanced briefly at the gate of Alexander's house. "Gosh, I've been dying to say that."

I chuckled, resting my elbow tiredly on the car door, "Oh please. From the onset, Grace had always hated my marriage to Alexander. She had tried, in her way, to convey her disapproval, both indirectly and directly. There were times when she would come open about it, and other times, it was more subtle, like the way she would hesitate before congratulating me on another anniversary or the way she would change the subject whenever I brought up something related to my marriage. I was glad we could finally freely talk and make jests about it.

"I mean, what was with all those frumpy dresses and sensible shoes? Eww!"

"Grace!" I laughed again.

"Your Ex-mate really had an influence on your wardrobe? I've never seen you in so much beige in my life. And the day I saw you wearing flats with a cocktail dress, trust me, I nearly died."

I burst out laughing again, shaking my head, "Oh, come on. You know I was just trying to fit into the whole 'perfect Luna' image. Never again."

"Thank goodness you're back out of that hole."

I still thought the things she'd said earlier were funny, so I playfully swatted at Grace.

"Hey, but I thought I looked pretty good in those dresses though!"

"Huhn?" Grace funnily raised her upper lip, "Maybe to a blind man."

This reminded me of a function I had attended with Alexander, wearing a dress I'd thought was elegant, which he later deemed too revealing and promiscuous for a Luna. Not only did his insults hurt, but what hurt even more was the public humiliation I faced when others witnessed it too. The incident had reached my parents' ears and led to further embarrassment. I think that's when my wardrobe began to change. I'd been trying to please everyone, especially Alexander and my parents. What a fool I'd been.

I sighed, "Goodness. I missed us."

Grace nodded. "Yeah, me too," she said, stepping on the gas pedal, and as she did, the engine roared to life before dashing out into the road and merging into the flow of traffic.

"So, where are we headed now?"

"To the airport, of course. I've got a sudden urge for a short trip."

"Wow, I thought you were going to come over to my place at least for the night or something," Grace remarked.

I shrugged. "Just want to get away for a bit."

Grace leaned back in her seat, resting a hand on the car door while the other stayed on the steering wheel. "Well, needed anyway."

"That reminds me," Grace said, "A company is interested in buying the website. And I kid you not, it's an insane offer. I'm tempted."

"I'm really not in the mood for work right now. We'll talk about that when I return," I said, glancing at Grace. Grace nodded understandingly. "Totally get it."

I really needed this trip, to get my mind out for a bit, to revel in my freedom from Alexander and the suffocating routine I had fallen into. I knew my parents were going to be mad; they always were when I tried to break loose from their demanding decisions. But I couldn't even care less for whatever was to come. The thought of finally leaving everything behind was just liberating.

Grace pulled into the airport. As the car came to a stop, I unclicked my seatbelt and reached for my handbag, eagerly taking out my phone. I dialed a number and held the phone to my ear.

"I'm here now, where are you?" I spoke first. "Alright, alright," I added as the receiver responded before ending the call.

Grace looked at me curiously. "Who was that?" she asked.

"You'll see," I grinned cryptically. Grace gave me a suspicious look, but didn't probe me any further.

While we waited in the car, a man in a sharp suit approached the car, carrying a briefcase. Immediately recognizing him, I told Grace, "Wait here," before getting out of the car to meet him.

"Good evening," He greeted me professionally and I returned the pleasantries with a nod.

He was Asher, my trusted lawyer from the Shadowmoon Pack, who had helped me draft the formal request to dissolve the mate bond with Alexander.

Asher opened his briefcase and took out an envelope containing the documents. While he did, I glanced back at the car and saw Grace watching curiously.

"Here," he handed me the papers. I glanced through them one after the other, feeling an overwhelming feeling of finality wash down on me.

"Do you need some more time to go through them?" Asher asked. I shook my head, determined. "No, where do I sign?"

He pointed to various areas on the pages, "Here, here," flipping through them, "over here and here," he directed. Then, he handed me a pen.

I signed each page and spot that required my signature. Finally handing the papers back to him along with the pen.

"I'll have Alpha Alexander receive a copy as well and will send yours too," he said as he placed the papers back in his briefcase.

"You can have them sent to my mail."

"Will do," he said. "Once the papers are signed, your mate bond dissolution request will be submitted to The Elders council. Provided there are no asset disputes, your mate bond will be officially severed within thirty business days"

I nodded, "Thanks," shaking his hand.

"It's my duty," he replied, smiling.

As I got back into the car and shut the door after me, I let out a heavy sigh. It felt kind of warmer in the car compared to outside.

Grace looked at me, immediately asking, "So, are you going to kill my curiosity now?"

I looked at her and replied, "That was Beta Asher. I signed the formal request to dissolve the mate bond with Alexander. Everything will be easier if I give up my share of the pack's wealth"

Grace's eyes widened, and she let out a dramatic scream, "Are you crazy? You're actually giving up on asking him for compensation? He's the Alpha of the Nightscar Pack, you could get a hundred million in assets!"

I chuckled bitterly, "It doesn't matter. I just want to dissolve this bond as soon as possible! I'm a successful businesswoman by myself; I don't need him to raise my value."

Grace shook her head, "But still, a hundred million..." she looked so pained, so much so I nearly chuckled.

I shrugged, "Let him keep his wealth to himself; we're bigger than that anyway. I just want to move on with my life."

"Aww, girl. I totally get it." Grace reached out and squeezed my hand, "I'm here for you, no matter what."

"And that's all that matters to me," I smiled and squeezed her hand in return. We must have looked like two typical best friends acting in some kind of soap opera for a minute.

Grace snapped us out of our little emotional moment. "Alright, let's get your things," she said, getting out of the car to help me pull my suitcase from the backseat and raising the handle tall.

"Tell all the eligible Alphas, the Queen is back!" I announced loudly into the wind.

"Woo-hoo! The Queen is back, everyone!" Grace hooted after me.