

Begging the Rejecting Luna Back Chapter 3 - Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

Alexander'S POV

I pulled into the driveway of the house, exhausted. Another long day of managing both the pack and the GT Group had left me drained, and all I wanted was to unwind and relax. I stepped out of the car and loosened the collar of my shirt, eager to get inside and finally relax. When I entered the house, I saw Sydney sitting there, staring at me with her usual blank look. I barely spared her a glance while heading straight for my study.

"I want to break the mating bond," Sydney said before I could even reach the sanctuary of my study.

Breaking the mating bond? After I returned home from a long day of exhausting work, I heard my Luna wants to break our mate bond? Ridiculous was the first word that came to my mind, and ridiculous it was indeed. The Shadowmoon Pack, Sydney's pack, had formed an alliance with the Nightscar Pack through our mating bond. As part of the agreement, Sydney's family's company merged with the GT Group, which I owned. This was a contract that benefited both parties in every sense of the word. Sydney was only a woman I'd married, who depended on her parents and me for survival.

Breaking the mating bond, huh? It was obviously her new way of crying for attention, like she was fond of doing. It used to be the pitiful demeanor she carried around her, which was enough to convince an outsider that she was being treated wrongly, even though that had never been the case. We'd been keeping up the mated couple facade for three years already.

Now she was pulling a new stunt, which I wasn't going to fall for.

The next morning, I entered the dining room to have breakfast before leaving, but all I was met with was an empty table. A frown creased my brow as I asked one of the omegas lingering around.

"Where is Luna Sydney? And where's my food?"

"I've not seen her this morning, Alpha," the omega replied. Later on, I got a report from the omegas who'd happened to see her leaving with her suitcase last night. Most of her things were also gone from her room.

Oh. This perhaps had to do with the "Breaking the mating bond "thing she brought up. Did she expect me to fall for it or talk to her about it?

I shrugged off the thought, grabbed my suitcase and jacket, and headed out. She had probably just gone to her parents' house. Where else could she go? They would surely knock some sense into her head about how to be a good Luna and send her back.

My eyes darted up from the files in front of me when Beta Johnson entered the office. Without a word, he placed a file on the table in front of me with a curt bow.

"I think you need to see this, Alpha," he said before stepping back.

I took off my glasses and pulled the file closer, flipping it open to find the emboldened words "Mate Bond Dissolution Request." I frowned, continuing to scan the papers. She had already signed them.

"Thank you, you may leave," I said to Beta Johnson, who bowed again before exiting the room.

Sydney had taken the first step in what seemed like a smart game to her, but to me, it was nonsense.

"When the campaign for a seat on the Alpha Council is in full swing?" I sneered.

The Alpha Council elections were a pivotal moment for our pack, a chance to secure influence and power that could shape our future for generations.

The Alpha Council wasn't just a title—it was a symbol of authority, a position that demanded respect and unity. A fractured mate bond, especially one as public as ours, could undermine everything.

The campaign was already a delicate balancing act—every move scrutinized, every decision weighed against its potential impact. And now this? A public severance of the mate bond would be a scandal, a weakness our rivals would exploit without hesitation.

Besides, did she think I had the time for all this?

The GT Group was not only my pride and joy, but also proof of my years of hard work and dedication. It was a large private equity firm based in Europe that specialized in investing in a variety of sectors like consumer goods, services, fashion, medical, and technology. With over 250 investment projects under our belt, we were a force to be reckoned with in the business world.

It was our third round of fundraising. We needed to secure a staggering \$5 billion from investors worldwide. This was a critical moment for my firm, and the next month was going to be a whirlwind of activities. With me having to crisscross the globe and meet with potential investors from New York to Tokyo, London to Hong Kong. The next six months for me were packed with meetings, presentations, and negotiations.

And here someone was, bringing some useless papers to my table.

I angrily gathered up the papers and marched over to the shredder in the corner of my office, feeding them into the shredder and watching the machine devour every single one of them, before settling back down in my seat to resume what was a hundred times more important.

It had been three long months of hectic fundraising for GT Group. I finally returned home to find that Sydney still wasn't there. My nose was hit with a gust of stuffiness when I pushed the door to her bedroom open, and the way everything was completely covered in dust, I could tell that it had been left unoccupied for a long time.

She'd not returned yet?

I angrily stormed out, picked up my phone and dialed her phone number.

"Sorry, the number you're trying to call is no longer in use," came the automated voice through the speaker.

I dialed again.

"Sorry, the number you're trying to—" I cut the call with a grit to my teeth.

"Find her immediately," I turned to Beta Johnson. Get in touch with her parents, whatever you need to do."

Beta Johnson bowed hurriedly and scurried off, while I retreated to my room, both tired and exhausted. She'd successfully added more fuel to my already foul mood. I went into the shower, turned on the tap, let a torrent of cold water rain over my head, and wished all that iciness could take away all the fatigue and frustration I felt.

Stepping out of the shower, I hastily wrapped a towel around my waist just as Beta Johnson's mindlink connected.

"So what really happened?" I demanded, water still dripping from my hair.

"Alpha Michael has no idea where Luna Sydney is. They haven't been in contact for months." The news sent a fresh wave of anger through me. Just because Sydney was their long-lost daughter didn't mean they could shove her into my life as a replacement for Bella. They'd never cared about her—until they needed a stand-in.

"Keep searching," I growled. "Her disappearance is probably part of some elaborate scheme to get my attention."

My fist slammed into the desk with a thunderous crack. Inside my mind, my wolf howled in furious protest - an Alpha's pride wounded. Damn Sydney. She'd actually managed to get under my skin, leaving me both furious and... unsettled.

I could only really take care of this after the next 3 months when I returned from my second trip. Before boarding the plane, I gave strict instructions to my Beta, "Find her before I return. If you fail, you'll lose your position."

Beta Johnson nodded at my words and hurried to assist with my suitcase. I paused, turned my head back because something on the table in the corners caught my hand. When I moved closer to see, it was the wedding ring. The ring that was initially meant for Bella but ended up on Sydney's finger.

The ring lost all significance to me since that day three years ago, which was supposed to be one of the happiest days of my life. My chosen mate was not Bella, the wolf I loved, but Sydney, her sister. I felt like such a fool back then, standing in front of the congregation like nothing was wrong. I just had to keep the show going on, and I made it very clear to Sydney that I wasn't going to be accepting her as my mate. She could keep the title for all she cared.

As soon as I'd stepped down from the altar and worn the last round of fake smiles at the guests and photographers at every corner, I got into my car and pulled the damned ring off my finger. In fact, I didn't remember where I'd kept it after that day. I probably flung it off in annoyance.

But Sydney had decided to wear hers. Now that I saw that ring lying there in its own full circle of dust, I couldn't help thinking, maybe Sydney was serious about the 'Breaking the mating bond 'after all.

For the sake of the Nightscar pack's reputation, I've had to maintain this facade of a bond. Everyone believes Sydney and I are chosen mates, that we're star-crossed lovers who fell for each other at first sight. That narrative has brought my company immense profits, and in return, I've never interfered with her role as Luna in managing the pack.

I arrived at the airport, immediately pulling on my sunglasses before stepping out of the car. I was quite popular, and a couple of people would often approach me, stare, or gawk because they recognized me from television or some other outlet.

"I'm sorry, are you so-and-so?" That kind of thing. The glasses were a minimal disguise, but they still did the job to an extent, with me having to add some bizarre mysteriousness to my outfit. While sometimes I'd nod with a smile and try to keep the interactions brief. I was particularly not in the mood today.

I headed towards the boarding gate, through the bustling airport crowd, at the same time checking my wristwatch, when a woman brushed past me. A familiar scent—citrus

and floral—drifted into my senses, stirring something deep and unsettling. It almost made me feel nostalgic in a strange kind of way.

I stopped slowly in my tracks. I tried to fight the urge, but I couldn't resist turning my head. Her figure was receding into the distance behind me, and I could not tell if she was someone I knew.

I didn't recall ever seeing that face before. But that scent... it haunted me.