

Begging the Rejecting Luna Back Chapter 4 - Chapter 4

Chapter 4: Chapter 4

SYDNEY'S POV

As soon as I returned to the airport, I could already see Grace waving eagerly at me from the other side. Enthusiastic smiles and grins curled up my lips the closer I got to her. My short trip had come to an end, and might I say that those were the happiest three months of my life in a very long time.

I wheeled my suitcase faster behind me and rushed, also waving back at Grace and rushing to meet her where she was standing. I hadn't noticed for a second at first, but someone familiar walked quickly past me. I couldn't help stopping to turn; I could swear I knew that back. No one could tell me otherwise, it had to be Alexander. It was him.

My wolf, Aria, stirred within me, her voice sharp and urgent. 'Sydney, it's him. I can smell his scent. It's Alexander.'

I was right, I confirmed with myself when I actually stopped and turned back to look at the person. It was Alexander, I couldn't have missed it, walking with those fast strides of his as usual. He probably didn't see me? Or if he maybe didn't recognize me again? I'd been gone for just three months, but if that was enough time for him not to know who I was again, from just a glance, then it meant that I'd done a fantastic job with erasing that woman he used to know from my life. Sure. I wouldn't look like his ex-mate with the way I looked now.

My outfit was different from what I used to wear (that style he was familiar with), changed my hair, they weren't in those ugly buns and up-styles anymore. My hair was down in long luscious waves. My face shone elegantly bright with both good skin care; also had some makeup on. A right red body-con dress that hugged my curves in all the right places. In all, I was looking like a better and beautiful version of that self I left behind as "Luna of the Nightscar Pack". I chuckled, proudly and pushed my sunglasses down from my hair, down to my face, before swinging my head back to the direction I was heading at and pulling my suitcase behind me again. By this time Grace was already walking towards me, so I had to let go of the suitcase and wrap my hands happily around her.

"Jeez, girl. I missed you so freaking much!" She squeaked as she squeezed me.

"Me too!" I cooed, sighing when we disengaged and I brushed off some strands from my face. "I almost didn't want to return," I added.

"You must be joking," Grace jokingly frowned, "so you meant to not return today?"

"The plain truth," I shrugged with a giggle.

"Then I probably would've had to come drag you back here myself," Grace said, smiling. She leaned down to pull my suitcase for me. "Come on, let's go."

We both walked to Grace's car where it was parked. It was a different car from what she'd dropped me off with the last time; a black jeep.

"You got another car?" I asked on our way to it.

"Yeah," she answered gladly like she'd been waiting for me to pop the question. "Glorious isn't it?" She added.

"It sure is glorious," I commented. "Should probably get a new one too," I added.

"F*ck you mean probably? You're definitely getting a new one."

I glanced at her and laughed a little incredulously, "Gosh you're so dramatic."

"We should go tomorrow. It's almost the weekend anyway."

I merely nodded to her suggestion and waited for her to click on the car remote before settling into the car. Then she came in next after she'd put my suitcase at the back.

We'd driven quite some distance from the entrance of the airport when I finally broke the news to Grace, although the most casual way, "I saw you-know-who on my way here."

She spared me a glance from the steering, "Huh? Who?"

"Alpha Alexander."

"Really, when was that?" She didn't sound too surprised. Maybe it was because she was trying to swerve into the highway.

"We practically brushed past each other while I was busy waving at you?"

The tires finally settled perfectly on the road, now practically gliding. I could see the funny expression on her face.

"So he didn't recognize you?" She chuckled, "Man, why am I so happy to hear that?" Her voice rose again until she began laughing so heartily I had no choice but to join in.

"You needed to see how much I swelled when I noticed too. I must have been looking too good to be true."

After the long drive of talks and laughs, we finally drove up the winding road to our shared villa. Grace pulled up to the entrance, she turned to me.

"I'll just drop you off here, darling," she said.

"Going somewhere?" I asked her and she nodded.

"Yeah, just remembered I was invited to a Moonlit Revelry. Not the most enthusiastic about it, but I just have to attend it for a few minutes at least."

I raised an eyebrow. Moonlit Revelries were informal gatherings where pack members socialized, danced, and enjoyed each other's company under the moonlight. All packs held them, and they were especially popular among the young wolves.

"Oh," I nodded, unclicking the seatbelts.

"Then I'd be back to hear you tell me every single detail about your trip!" She piped at me when I got out of the car.

"You bet!" I smiled, shutting the door after me and pulling out my suitcase, before I watched her turn the car back in the direction we'd just come from.

With a sigh, I gazed up at the imposing structure of our home. It was a stunning residence halfway up a mountain overlooking the sea; a playground for the wealthy elite of the city. It was so good to be back home. I'd missed everything so much. Even the fresh and exotic smell in the air was the best touch of spice to everything.

I climbed the stairs to our house. The cool evening air brushed against my skin as I reached for the doorknob, pushing the front door open with a soft click before stepping inside.

But before I could fully immerse myself in the familiarity of everything I'd returned to, a shot of fear danced its way sharply through my veins. I felt it before I saw it; that cold, hard object pressed against my waist from behind.

I froze in fear, feeling the harsh thumping of my heartbeat everywhere in my body. I knew instantly what that thing at my side was, though I couldn't see it. It was more like a gut feeling.

"Don't make a sound," he whispered in a low and threatening voice, the man with the gun behind me.

Every fiber of my being screamed at me to run, to scream for help, but I knew that was a foolish move to make. His presence was engulfing behind me and his breath was hot against my neck.

Then the scent of fresh blood reached my nostrils, also mixing with the fear that had already taken hold. I realized then that the man behind me was injured. That metallic tang of blood was in the air.

My wolf, Aria, growled inside my mind, her voice sharp and urgent. 'Sydney, be careful! He's dangerous! Stay calm.'

I instinctively raised my hands in surrender as a silent plea for mercy. I knew that any sudden movements could provoke him further, so I stood there with my eyes closed, trying to steady my breathing.

I didn't dare look at his face. I felt his shadow loom over me. The dark presence of him sent more shivers down my spine.

"Open up," he snarled.

I was too scared to even understand what he meant, so I kept my eyes closed.

"I said open your eyes," he snapped in annoyance and I jolted, now opening my eyes to see his figure outlined in front of me against the dim light filtering through the window.

The first thing I saw was his chest and the trail of blood marred the fabric of his shirt. Then my eyes traveled upward to look at his face for the first time.

Surprisingly, the man was handsome, with chiseled features and dark, piercing eyes. He is not an Alpha, but there was an air of authority about him, a confidence that spoke of someone accustomed to being in control.

He thrust a wad of fabric into my hands, and as I unfurled it, I saw that it was a bandage. I didn't need to be told what he wanted me to do next. I gathered my resolve with trembling hands. He pulled off his jacket and then his shirt. Now I saw the wound on his torso. It was a gunshot wound, caused by Silver bullets, the skin around it was raw and inflamed.

It looked like he had already removed the bullet himself, but the bleeding had not stopped.

"S—Sit," I stammered. I never thought werewolves still settled things with brute force these days. Sure, fighting is in our blood, but that life has been so far removed from mine that even as an Alpha, the sight of that wound made my stomach turn.

He complied and sat down heavily on a nearby chair.

I took a deep breath, "Do... do I get the first aid kit?" I asked.

"Just do it," he grunted at the bandage with pain.

I sat by him and began to dress his wound. If only someone saw how terribly my hands were trembling as I worked. He grunted in discomfort and grimaced as I moved, but he did not protest, until I completely tied the bandages as tightly as I dared.

The loud chime of the doorbell split through the silence. I glanced at the man's face. He didn't do much but quickly moved to hide. I took this as a cue to answer the door, although I was sure he was probably still nearby and ready to blast my head off if I did anything stupid.

I opened the door cautiously. Alexander was standing there. He must have recognized me at the airport after all followed me here.

Alexander grabbed my hand.

"Come home with me!" he urged.

I shook off his hand.

"Didn't you receive the mate bond dissolution request?" I asked pointedly.