

Begging the Rejecting Luna Back Chapter 6 - Chapter 6

Chapter 6: Chapter 6

Alexander's POV

I groaned as I turned in bed. My head throbbed dully, and I held it as I slowly rose from the bed. I looked at my surroundings and wondered why I was at home. I should be at the house or GT Group headquarters.

I dropped my head in my hands and tried to remember. It didn't even take a second before the memories rushed back.

Beta Johnson had been able to locate where Sydney was, and I had left every duty I was handling to speak some sense into her. I remember that I had ordered her to follow me then...

I frowned. Everything had gone black.

"That she-wolf! How dare she hit me?" I gritted as I got off the bed. I glimpsed some medication on the drawers as I staggered out of my room.

What was wrong with her? Why was she taking this so far? I thought.

The sound of wood banging against walls reverberated through the house as I threw every door open.

"Where the hell is she?!"

The omegas of my household just stood there speechless. Some of them flinched each time the door banged.

I had asked where she was about a dozen times, and they had all answered me a dozen times that they didn't know where she was. They repeated what they told me that morning. The last time they saw her was with a suitcase when she waltzed out of my house. I remember that day too. I had been slightly surprised. I wondered what gave her the guts and had thought she was going to get over whatever was happening with her and come whimpering back.

My stomach growled as I continued to slam the doors closed. I even checked the garage. It honestly felt like I was running mad. My growling stomach, coupled with my throbbing head and my frustration, grew.

I stormed back to my room and took a calming shower that did nothing to calm me but only washed off the dirt on my skin.

When I finished getting dressed, I used a painkiller from the medicines on my drawers to stop my head from aching.

I picked up my car keys, shrugged into my suit jacket, and left the house.

As I drove to the house, my grip on the steering wheel was strong, and I pressed hard down on the pedal. I was past the speed limit, but it was the only thing I could do not to drive back to that villa she was in and strangle her.

She wanted my attention. Now she fully had it.

"Where is she?" I bellowed to Beta Johnson the moment he closed the door behind him.

"I don't know, Alpha," his voice quivered as he spoke. "I left her at the villa and rushed you to a nearby clinic before I took you home. I left the medications they prescribed on your drawers."

He cleared his throat before he continued. "But she did tell me not to call her Luna Torres but Miss Turner. She said that a new Luna will soon inherit the title."

I just stared at him as he spoke, my rage building with each word he dropped, ready to explode.

He took a step forward, a file dangling in his hands. "She also said she'd re-send the mate bond dissolution request. Here it is," he placed the file in front of me. "I received it just before you came in. She wants you to sign it as soon as possible so you don't waste each other's time."

And that was it. That damned word. In blind rage, I gripped the sheets of paper and flung them across the room.

"If I hear 'the mate bond dissolution request' one more time, you're out!" I told him sternly. If she wants me to sign the papers, she had better bring them herself.

My hands clenched and unclenched as I struggled to hold in my anger. What exactly was she playing at? Had she gone crazy? Wasn't it enough that I let her stay in my house and fed her? I wondered on what grounds she'd say she was filing for a damned the mate bond dissolution request

"I do not want to hear that shit again, ever! Am I understood?"

"Yes, Alpha!" His stance straightened, and I suspected that he almost saluted.

Just then, the door creaked open, and Bella stepped in. The instant I set my eyes on her, my anger evaporated to an extent, but I could still feel it. I could still feel the itch to shred those papers into pieces, the urge to punch something or... someone.

Bella is the woman I love. Three years ago, she was supposed to be my chosen mate. But Bella had to leave for treatment abroad because of a rare genetic condition unique to werewolves. At the time, I had no choice but to marry her sister instead.

Now Bella's back, but she's still so fragile, so vulnerable. She needs me. She needs my care, my protection. She tells me she still loves me. I can't give her what she wants. Not after everything that's happened. But I'll do whatever I can to make it up to her.

It was either Bella didn't notice the tension in the room or she decided to ignore it as she sashayed her hips toward me and perched on my lap, her elegant arms shooting out to wrap around my neck.

She placed a quick kiss on my lips. She pulled back, pouting when I didn't return the gesture. "You've been working all month. We haven't seen each other for a long time," her pout deepened, her brows furrowed feebly, and her eyes slightly glistened.

In my peripheral vision, I could see Beta Johnson picking up the papers and shuffling them together. Then he silently left the room.

For a moment, I thought of asking him to hand over the papers so I could shred them like I did the previous ones, but then Bella's presence stopped me.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I focused on the feeling of her soft cheeks pressed on my thighs, her fingers intermittently fiddling with my collar and grazing the skin at the back of my neck. I breathed in and out, trying to relax.

My arms circled her waist, and I pulled her closer. I should forget about Sydney's stunts and desperation for attention and focus on the woman in my arms right now, the one I actually wanted and would readily give my attention anytime.

I opened my eyes, and her lips were jutted out as she looked at me. My heart momentarily skipped a beat, and my lips stretched into a reflexive smile.

"I'm sorry, honey. You know it's pack business."

She rolled her eyes, "You should always find time for me."

"I'll work on that," I shifted my head closer to hers, and my lips grazed hers in a brief kiss. "So what shall I gift my precious so she'd forgive me?"

I could see the twitch on the corners of her lips as she struggled to keep her pout in place. Her pupils rolled up as she thought of what she wanted. "I want jewelry," her eyes were on me now, "one designed by Atelier Studios."

"Atelier?" I raised a brow.

Her head bobbed up and down, "Atelier designs the best jewelry. All the Lunas in the upper packs own one. I want one too."

My arms further tightened around her waist. "Done. I will make sure it's specially made for you."

Her face broke into a smile, and my heart swelled. "Thank you!" She squealed and pulled me in for a hug.

I made a mental note, as I hugged her back, to get one for Sydney too. It would shut her up and make her feel she had the attention she desperately begged for.

Bella suddenly pulled back, her eyes peering into mine. "This Sunday is my dad's birthday, you remember, right?"

I did not remember. My head was too occupied to accommodate the date of someone's birthday. I nodded, "Yep! I do remember."

She smiled. The last thing I wanted right now was for her to get mad. "It's actually why I'm here. He's throwing a party, and I want you there. I'm sure Dad does too," she looked away and ransacked her tiny bag that was sitting primly on my table. Her hand emerged with a white card. She slapped it on my desk, "That's his invitation card. You're coming," she turned to me, "right?"

I hesitated. There was a lot to do. My last business trip had gotten me more investors, which equaled more money, and more money equally meant more work. I couldn't afford to slack or spend time attending events that didn't aid the growth of the Nightscar Pack or GT Group.

I opened my mouth to explain to her why I wouldn't be present, but I stopped. If I could make time to attend this party, I could accomplish two things: get to speak with Sydney's father and please Bella.

Even if it were for a few minutes, I'd be able to speak with him and let him know how urgent he needed to knock some sense into Sydney's head and remind her that our unfortunate alliance was a win-win, so she had to stop yapping about the mate bond dissolution request

I decided. Perfect, it will be a few hours away from work, but it would be worth it.

I smiled at Bella, "I'd make time and attend."

"I can't wait!" She chirped.