

Begging the Rejecting Luna Back Chapter 7 - Chapter 7

Chapter 7: Chapter 7

SYDNEY'S POV

I couldn't stop the laugh that burst out of me as I took in the fourth special order for the day.

Usually, Atelier receives a bunch of orders on a daily basis, and our pack members take care of these orders. But if the jewelry order were to be custom-made, the orders came directly to me.

Right there on my screen was an order for two pieces of jewelry from Alexander's Beta. It had been included in the preference space for it to 'stand out' from any of our jewelries, then he ended it with 'just name your price'.

Typical. Only Alexander would be so egotistic to make a request sound insulting. It was Alexander's gamma that placed the order, but I was sure the order was on behalf of Alexander. There was no way his gamma would be able to afford Atelier's custom-made designs for himself.

I swiveled in my chair, whistling, "Time to make some extra millions."

I turned back to my laptop's screen and reread the last phrase. My grin widened, "Oh. I am so going to name my price."

Briefly, I wondered who he'd be gifting, and only Bella came to mind. "Awww," I cooed, wiping the fake tears trying to escape my eyes. He wants to gift her two custom-made jewelries at once? So sweet.

There was no better way for my day to go than an order from Alexander. I was ready to make a fortune from him. After all, I didn't ask for alimony.

As I thought of how much I should charge Alexander, swiveling in the chair, I couldn't help but notice the clean, expensive paint on the walls, the latest inbuilt television, the plush chairs...

I stopped swirling on the chair and looked around. Everything looked so well kept. My heart warmed with gratitude. Even in my long absence, Grace didn't fail to keep this place running. She efficiently handled the two businesses all by herself when she could have easily abandoned Atelier and fully focused on the fashion sector that she handles so well.

Then I remembered her upcoming birthday and thought it would be the perfect time to also gift her a piece of specially made jewelry for her hard work and support, apart from her birthday gift.

Now having three specially made jewelries added to the pending orders I had, I decided to get to work.

First, I made a sketch for the first four pieces of jewelry, which was one of our client's daughters' graduation gift, Alexander's, and Grace's. The latter's jewelry stood out. Then I designed a 3D jewelry model for all of them. I took extra care and time in picking out the color and gemstones for Grace. I needed it to be perfect.

Hours later, I was done with the designs for the four pieces. For a brief second, I reclined in my chair, my lips curved in a smile as I appreciated my handiwork.

I got out of my head, printed out what I designed, and strode to the workshop. I got greetings from the workers there, and I returned their greetings with a smile.

I put on the appropriate uniform and got to work.

It was hours later when I pulled the helmet off my face and turned off the machine. I let out a deep breath and fanned my face.

I stretched as I made a brisk walk out the door. I picked up a small bottle of water and guzzled almost half of it. It was already dark outside, and I had already said my goodbyes to our pack members hours ago.

It was always like that. I always get carried away whenever I design these jewelries.

I walked back in. I picked up the pendant for Grace, squinted my eyes as I admired what I had designed. I smiled, a foreign yet familiar sense of accomplishment wafted through me. I sighed contentedly. I hadn't felt that in a long time.

I gave myself a pat on the back as I inspected the rest too. I stacked them safely in a jewelry box before packing up for the day.

I shrugged on my coat and picked up my bag. I turned off the lights in the control room, then headed for the door and used my phone's torch to illuminate the now dark workspace.

I let out a short scream, my feet came to an abrupt stop, and my bag landed on the floor with a thud from my hands as the door abruptly burst open and a shadow stepped in.

"Sydney!"

My shoulders drooped, and my legs almost gave as I breathed out in relief.

"Grace!" I called in an admonishing tone. I shone my torch on her face. She was grinning widely, the excitement wafting off her in many folds. "What's got you so hyped up?" I asked as she took more steps closer to me.

"Come with me," she took my hands and dragged me outside.

"You wouldn't believe this. I saw a super handsome guy at the bar," she rambled on as I locked the door. "And guess what? He's Italian." She literally jumped as she said it, her feet lifted off a few inches from the floor.

She linked our arms immediately after I finished locking the door, "I came back specifically to get you. Sister's got your back, right?!"

I laughed at her dramatics. All this rush of excitement just because she saw a handsome Italian guy? But I pulled her closer and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Come on."

"You don't have to worry about what to wear. I brought your outfits so we won't have to waste time going back home," she explained as we headed to her car.

"Woah," I smirked as I lifted the skirt she brought into the air. I didn't think I had ever seen a skirt so short and sexy.

"It's gonna look good on you, I'm sure."

She looked back from the front seat. Then she faced the front and started the car.

As she sped to the bar, I struggled into the miniskirt in the small space of the backseat and put on the simple cute tank top she brought with it. I sprayed the perfume I had in my bag—its scent was heavenly—until we were both coughing and giggling.

"Oh shit, Sydney. You wear so much perfume even your fated mate would bail from you for allergic rhinitis. Though we should thank you for single-handedly keeping the fragrance counters in business - they should name a loyalty card after you."

When we arrived at the bar, I put on the black heels I had worn to work and adjusted my outfit.

Inside the bar was bustling with so much energy, the neon lights slightly concealing the carefree occupants of the bar as they mindlessly and crazily swayed to the hip-hop jamming.

I unconsciously bobbed my head to the music as we stepped in. Grace was looking around, her brows furrowed.

"Aww," she pouted, "I can't find him."

"The hot guy?" I had to shout so she could hear me over the loud music.

She nodded, but she still looked around.

I touched her shoulder so she'd face me. "Don't worry, babe." Then I threw my hands in the air, "Italian dude or not," I whined my waist and winked at her, "let's dance the night away."

Instantly, her face lit up, and she threw her hands in the air too. We both danced our way to the dance floor but not before grabbing a drink each from the bar girl.

Grace downed hers in one go while I held mine above my head as I swayed to the music, hooting occasionally.

I gulped the rest of my drink and placed the cup on a nearby table. Soon, the DJ changed beats, and I felt myself go even crazier with the new beat.

I shook my head in the air, my hair whipping around my face. I could hear Grace's giggles as she whined her waist and occasionally jiggled her ass.

"Go girl!" I screamed and started my own dance moves too. I let go of all the stiffness I had gotten accustomed to in the previous years and swayed to the beat.

We both giggled as the spotlight was turned on us. Some people had stood aside to watch us with cries of encouragement while some joined us.

I tipped my head back, feeling the freedom. I couldn't believe I let go of all of these for the shit I called mating bond.

Grace was suddenly by my side, her face close to mine. I flinched when she screamed in my ear. "I'll be right back, I need to use the restroom."

I nodded and watched as she hurried down a hallway.

I turned to one of the guys on the dance floor as I danced. He had some cool moves.

I was so carried away, finally happy and free, that I didn't notice the smoldering set of eyes digging holes into my back. I didn't notice on time that the guy I was dancing with had stopped dancing and shifted away from me. His eyes were trained above my head.

"Come on!" I shouted when I noticed, "Why'd you stop?"

He didn't answer me. He just looked at something behind me. The people around him were also looking behind me.

Still moving my body, I followed their line of sight and turned back.

I let out a loud shocked gasp as strong fingers wrapped around my wrist and dragged me away from the spotlight.

"Let go!" I screamed and attempted to wrench my hands from the bastard, but their hold was too strong.

"Stop it."

It's the Alpha voice.

I froze. The voice was dangerously low and calm, contrasting deeply with his strong grip.

My head whipped up in anger, and my eyes clashed with Alexander's burning gaze.
"What are you doing here?"