

## My Miracle Luna Chapter 2 - Tips

0 12 minutes read

{Ash's P.O.V.}

"That's right, s.uuck my c0ck," I tell my next victim. She giggles and m0ans as she s.uucks me off. This one knew what she was doing. Just then, there was a knock on my door, "Who is it?" I call out without even thinking.

"It's Rylee," my thoughts are clouded when I hear that name. Just then, I caught her scent from beyond the door. It was...wonderful. She smelled like, roses. I never thought the smell of roses could be this sweet. Her scent made my d!ck hard, and I was sure the Omega thought it was because of her mouth.

"Ugh! Go away b!tch!" the Omega shouted.

"Shut the fvck up and just s.uuck my d!ck!" I tell her and shove her head back down. Why couldn't they ever listen when I tell them to never speak. I compose myself and lay back letting the Omega do her thing. "Come in, Rylee," after a moment, the door opened, and her scent hit me like a ton of bricks. Her face, when she saw what was happening, was one of disgust and irritation. "What do you want?" I ask trying not to be turned on by her presence.

"You know why I'm here," she said with no emotion. I smirk, so she feels that I am her mate as well. Kano was stirring in my mind, telling me to claim her and mark her, but I wasn't going to. I was going to go through with my plan, and I was going to reject Rylee. As much as I wanted to do it first thing today at breakfast, I knew that if I pushed it off, I would change my mind.

"You, whatever your name is, get the fvck out," I tell the Omega. She lifted her head in shock.

"What?"

"You heard me, get out,"

"Ugh!" she grunted and got out slamming the door behind her. Rylee looked at the door and then back at me. Damn, she was so beautiful. No, I can't think like this. I need to reject her and fast.

“So, I guess you feel it too, huh?” I asked her while standing up, fully n.ude and fully e.rected, referring to the mate bond. She didn’t even flinch at the fact I was bu.tt-na.ked in front of her.

“Yes,”

“Well, I hate to burst your bubble, but if you came here thinking I was going to accept you as my mate, you’re dead wrong,” she just looked at me with gorgeous brown eyes. But something was off, there was no hurt in her eyes. There were no feelings, at all. This shouldn’t be bothering me, but it does. I shook the thought away. “I, Ashford Patterson, future Alpha of the Halfmoon Pack, hereby reject you, Ryan Lee, as my mate,” I say trying to hide the remorse in my voice. She looked up at me and smirked. Why was she smirking?

“Thank you,” she replied.

“What!?”

“Thank you,” she repeated. “You have no idea how happy it makes me that you’re rejecting me right now. You’re saving me the misery of being tied to you at the h!p because of the stupid mate bond, and the agony of having to be the Luna of this pack of misfits, mutts, and murderers,” she said with venom in her voice. Why was she not hurting? Why were her words hurting me?

“Rylee, what are you...”

“I, Ryan Lee Duquesne, daughter of the late Alpha Mitchell Jackson Duquesne of the Silver Lake Pack, hereby accept your rejection,” her acceptance hit me like a freight train. The pain of our bond-breaking knocked the wind of out of me, and I fell back onto the bed. But she wasn’t hurting, she was fine. She was the daughter of an Alpha, she’s an Alpha by bl00d.

I felt tears in my eyes, my heart was breaking, and hers wasn’t. Why was I the one who was hurting? Kano howled in sorrow in my head. He was whimpering. My wolf, my Alpha wolf was whimpering like a little puppy at the loss of his mate. Rylee shook her head and left my room. She was gone. That was it, my mate was gone. I wanted to hurt her, and break her, but she broke me instead.

I told you not to reject her! Kano ferociously growled.

You never said she was an Alpha!

That shouldn't matter! Her blood and her rank shouldn't matter! We were her mate! We were supposed to love her, cherish her, and protect her!

Before I could say anything to him, he cut me off. He put up his own block. I didn't even know our wolf counterpart could do that. I tried to reach him but couldn't. My own wolf was giving me the silent treatment.

{Rylee's P.O.V.}

After accepting his rejection, I felt liberated. I made my way back to the kitchen and got busy making breakfast. I was running about ten minutes behind, but that wasn't a big deal. As I was making breakfast, I could feel Kaleigh whimpering in the back of my mind.

Kaleigh, I'm sorry.

It's not your fault, he rejected us first.

But I accepted his rejection without a fight, and I know that it caused you pain.

Not as much as you think though. Honestly, it hurts, but something tells me it was meant to be.

Why would the moon goddess pair me with an asshole like him?

I don't know, but the mother has her ways and her reasons. Let's just see where this leads us.

You do know that after this weekend, we're on our own right? I can't, no, I won't live here anymore.

I know. I support you.

I smiled again at her response. Kaleigh was super chill, and laid back, like me. After I made breakfast and set it out on the island buffet style with eggs, ham, sausage, toast, and hash browns, I went to my room to work on the invitations for Ash's Alpha ceremony this coming Saturday. Luckily, the invitations were already made, I just had to write out all of the names of the packs being invited and send them out via werewolf inter-postal mail.

When I finished with those, I went back to the kitchen, and soon as I did, everyone turned around and stared at me. I saw Ash and his eyes were filled with hurt. Good, I thought to myself. He thought that I would be hurt by his rejection, but it ended up backfiring, and I was more than certain that my declaration as an Alpha's daughter was the biggest b\*\*\*h slap to the face.

"Rylee," Eric called out. I let out a big sigh and walked over to him.

"Yes?"

"Did you send out the invites?"

"I just finished, they should be received by all the packs within the next 24 hours," I replied as genuinely as I could.

"Good, since it's your birthday, and you haven't messed up anything yet, feel free to have one serving size of everything,"

"Thank you," I replied sincerely. At least I wasn't going to starve on my birthday. I went to the island and grabbed my plate. It was as a small child's plate, but it worked. I took one scoop of eggs, one sausage patty, one slice of ham, and once scoop of hash browns, and one bottled water. I went back to my room and ate my breakfast in peace. I already knew that this would be my only meal today, so I figured I would try and savor it the best I could.

I took small bits of everything and chewed at least fifteen to twenty times per bite to try and make it last. This somehow made it seem like I had more than I actually did. As I was eating, I couldn't help the tears that formed in my eyes. Here I was, eight hours into my eighteenth birthday, and I was already rejected by my mate. The thought of having a mate to love, cherish, and protect me was out the window now. I had no choice but to accept my fate, that after Saturday night, I would officially be a rogue.

Three days later

"Get out of my way!" Ash's sister Emma screamed shoving me to the ground. She was 22 years old and an unmated herself, so she was being even a bigger b\*\*\*h than normal. She actually didn't even live in the packhouse anymore, she lived on her own in one of the small houses within the territory. She was only here for the ceremony, and not even because she wanted to congratulate Ash, she was hoping to meet her mate. The rumor quickly spread that a few of the Alphas and Betas that were going to be in attendance

were also unmated. The unmated she-wolves in this pack were practically already planning their future weddings and Luna ceremonies. I just gagged at their ridiculous imaginations.

In addition to the unmated Alphas and Betas, those that were mated and were older were apparently bringing some of their unmated daughters with them to see if they would be the mates to Ash. Unbeknownst to them, Ash already had a mate, whom he rejected. Me. It was going to be pretty funny to see all of them leave completely empty-handed. Although, who knows, maybe the moon goddess will give him a second chance, and she will just as a big of a pain in the a.ss as Ash. Now that would be something I would pay to see.

I got up from the floor, and just walked away from her. I didn't want to hear her belly aching and high-pitched screams all night. I went back to the kitchen and finalized the food preparations for the ceremony. I was getting a fvcking migraine from the constant 'go away' high pitched screams from the other Omegas in the house, and the 'get to work' high pitched screams coming from Nicole. I secretly hoped that I would be able to sit in my room during the ceremony, but I already knew that wasn't going to happen. I was going to be forced to serve a crowd of close to 400.

Just one more night of this bullsh!t. I thought to myself. Yeah, just one more night.

{Unknown P.O.V.}

I was sitting the back of car with my Beta Kendrick at the driver seat. We were on our way to the Halfmoon Pack territory to be in attendance for the transfer of the Alpha t!tle to Eric's son, Ash. I was wondering when that little punk would finally become Alpha. I hated this pack with a passion, but we weren't necessarily rivals, yet. The way Eric ran his pack was ridiculous. He treated his pack members like sh!t, and his kids were just spoiled b.rats.

I couldn't wait to put them on our rival list. Once the transfer of the Alpha t!tle was complete, the treaty my dad had with Eric would end, and I would be able to break the neutral pact we had with them. I wanted nothing to do with a pack that slaughtered packs for power and money. The last pack he took over was apparently the Silver Lake Pack a little over eight years ago. I had just taken over as Alpha of my pack, and the news spread like wildfire.

My dad regretted having had entered into a neutral pact with them, but he did it because at the time, we were a weaker pack, and I wasn't old enough to

take over yet. Once I did though, I grew our pack to almost triple it's size. And I did it the right way. By making allies, taking in non-violent rogues who had nowhere else to turn, and training the men and women of our pack to be fighters, trackers, and hunters. I was now the Alpha of the largest pack in the central United States, and my name was known by all wolves.

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"fvck you, Kendrick," I muttered getting out of the car. Even though Kendrick was my Beta and my best friend, he sure could be an a.ssh0le at times. I sometimes wondered if I made a mistake making him my Beta.

{Rylee's P.OV.}

As I was running around getting the last minute preparations in order, people were bustling around the packhouse like chickens with their heads cut off. The Alphas and Betas of the other packs were starting to arrive, and all the unmated wolves were going insane. This was supposed to be a ceremony for Ash gaining his Alpha title from Eric, but no one really cared. They wanted it to be all about them. Even his own sister could care less that her brother was becoming the new Alpha.

Little by little, small crowds of guests and pack members were getting seated out in the backyard for the ceremony to begin. I was serving drinks to the tables and were getting more than enough dirty looks from pack members. I wasn't even doing anything other than working, but they felt the need to stare down at me. Whatever, just a few more hours, and I would be done with this sh!t.

"Hey, you're pretty hot for an Omega," someone I don't know said. I could sense that he was ranked, but not an Alpha. A Beta perhaps.

"Thank you?" I said without certainty.

"When do you get off of work, I'd like to tap that sweet a.ss," he said trying to contain his laughter.

“Sorry, but I’m underage, I doubt you want to be labeled as a pedophile,” I lie straight through my teeth. I pour his wine and walk away. I can hear him grumbling at the thought of hitting on a minor. For a ranked wolf, he was pretty stupid. My scent alone would show that I’m not underage. Men are stupid. I couldn’t wait to get out of here. Just a few more hours to go.

As the ceremony got underway, Eric, Ash, and an Elder were on the platform. Eric rescinded his title as Alpha and passed it on to Ash. The Elder then did the whole speech about Ash being the best Alpha that he could be, to be fair, just, and loving, and blah blah blah. The Elder cut Ash’s palm, drawing blood into the gold chalice. After Ash was officially announced Alpha, everyone was free to mingle and eat. That was my cue to leave and hide out in my room.

As I snuck away from the backyard and through the living room, I felt someone grab my arm and turn me to face them. Before I could even see who it was, I felt a sharp pain across my cheek. It was so sudden, and the force was so strong, I fell to the ground. After a minute of trying to get my brain to focus, I looked up and saw Emma.

“What the fvck?” was all I could say.

“You sneaky little b\*\*\*h! Are you trying to get me sick!?” she shrieked.

“What are you talking about?” I asked from the floor.

“There’s cheese in the enchiladas! You know damn well I am lactose intolerant!” Seriously? She was blaming me for their being cheese in the enchiladas.

“Are you fvcking kidding me right now? I didn’t make the menu Emma, your mom did!” I spat. “And you’re a fvcking idiot!”

“WHAT!?” she screamed.

“Enchiladas are made with cheese; it’s called for in the recipe. Look it up on Google,” I stood up to my feet. “The fact that you don’t know that makes you even dumber than you look,” her face was priceless. I already knew I would end up getting beaten, but pressing her buttons was kind of fun. “And no one told you to eat them, dumb fvck,” that last comment earned me another slap, and this time, it was from Nicole.

“How dare you talk to my daughter that way!?” she growled. It wasn’t even really a growl; it was more like a grunt or a burp.

“Mom, she said you’re the one who ordered the cheese enchiladas,” Emma said.

“I am,”

“Mom! I’m lactose intolerant!”

“Rylee! Why didn’t you remind me that Emma was lactose intolerant!?”

“It’s not my f\*g job to remind you what your child is allergic or intolerant to. If you can’t remember that, then you’re one sorry excuse of a mother,” Me and my big mouth got me slapped, not once, not twice, but three times. The third slap knocked me the ground again, and I felt a kick to my abdomen, which knocked the wind out of me.

“Don’t you ever!” kick. “Ever!” Punch to the face. “Ever!” Slap again. “Ever!” Kick to the c.hest. “Talk to me that way again!” Nicole shrieked in her high pitch mousey voice and kicked my face with the ball of her foot.

“fvck you,” I muttered. Yes, I didn’t know when to stay down. So, sue me. I saw her foot coming at my face again, when a massive roar shook the entire house and stopped her dead in her tracks. I had no idea what it was or who it was, but a part of me was just glad it happened. I could feel myself going in and out of consciousness when the faint scent of fresh rain flooded my senses. Then I heard a very soothing, yet very pissed off voice,

“GET THE fvck AWAY FROM MY MATE!!!”

Did he say, mate?