

# Mystery of Fate: Luna Della's Second Chance

## Chapter 16

Chapter 0016

"I didn't think something like this would ever happen! For the exact same necklace to be gifted to her is an absurd coincidence!" Flora said in exasperation, her expression as innocent as always.

Taking my hand, she continued. "Margot, Della is just an Omega. A slave! How could any of us have known that she would seduce Prince Jackson?! I've told you from the very beginning that she didn't love Kylian, and look at what's happened now. She would do anything to harm him. I am his destiny, not her.

Indeed, Flora loved Kylian and she is his fated mate. She would help him stronger, give him an heir and ensure the future of the pack, continuing the legacy of his bloodline. She wouldn't lie to me over such matters, and I trusted that she wouldn't act against Kylian either.

I had since steadied my breath, but just the thought of all those rumors now spreading about me set my mind alight..

"But that was The Heart of spend that much money on Della, he must adore her. What are you going to do now that you've broken her necklace? What if the two come after us for compensation?"

Ye Ocean! If Prince Jackson is willing to

"It's okay," Flora reassured me eagerly. "Even if it's a rare necklace, Kylian wouldn't care. He'd protect me for the sake of his puppy. He wouldn't jeopardize his heir over something like this, would he?"

Though she had a point, I wasn't nearly as confident that this matter would blow over so smoothly. Seeing that I wasn't convinced, she continued, saying, "Don't worry, Margot. Prince Jackson is a smart man. A powerful werewolf. He wouldn't fight an Alpha over a woman. It would only serve to hurt him when he eventually inherits the throne. The crown prince wouldn't act so rashly." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Indeed, I was Kylian's older sister and Flora was his fated mate, meaning we were untouchable. I finally let my shoulders drop with a heavy exhale. My peace didn't last for

long, however, as my heart quickly filled with resentment once more as my mind drifted to all that had transpired.

Over the past three years, Della hadn't dared to resist my orders. Not once.

Though I was Kylian's sister, I rode above Della and enjoyed

everything that Luna can enjoy with the help of Flora. But now, our positions were entirely different. I suffered by Della's hand, and I would make sure to repay her in full for what she had done!

With my fangs bared, I growled, "She's just a worthless Omega. What does it matter if she has the Lycan Prince's favor? She won't receive his protection without a matebond! I'm going to kill her!"

As if on cue, Flora prodded at my shoulder and her voice became more animated than it had been all day. She motioned toward the window, her eyes fixed on whatever was inside.

"Margot! Who do you think that is?" she asked excitedly.

her gaze through the frosted glass, finding two somewhat figures in the lounge. There was a handsome man and...

jh I couldn't see the man's face clearly, I could at least tell that was hugging the man, placing her face on his chest. The two oked so intimate. Flora took out her phone and took a few photos.

So Della hasn't just seduced Prince Jackson, but she's climbing into another man's bed as well."

Joy filled my heart as I watched Flora take picture after picture, the catharsis of revenge looming just past the horizon. After checking to

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make sure Della's face was clear, Flora nodded to herself contentedly and sent them to someone.

"Who did you send it to?" I asked, unable to hide my curiosity.

"It's a secret. All you need to know is that Della is as good as dead

now.”

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## Chapter 17

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Kylian’s POV

“I’ve told you many times, Oliver. The answer is no.”

I put my phone on speaker and tossed it on the bed, letting out an exasperated sigh. As I lay where Della once did, gazing out the tiny window of her bedroom, I felt a deep sense of regret. I was still frozen in time, stuck in the memory of that day I rejected her.

I chose Flora over her, expecting my decision to upset her. Instead, she was so cold, casually accepting my choice as if it didn’t faze her in the slightest. Then, she disappeared, breaking my heart in the

process.

As I relived that memory over and over again, as I lay alone, letting the pain of my aching heart spread across my chest, I realized how stupid I was. I never should have let her go.

Realizing I had lost myself once again in my sorrows, I finally spoke up to answer Oliver.

“I’m not going to the Lycan King’s dinner. In fact, I don’t have it in me to be cordial with anyone at the moment. There wouldn’t be any point in attending. I’d be rude to the Lycan King and make a fool of myself.”

Oliver was a close friend of mine, an Alpha from one of the packs to the west of the mainland. He was a hopeless romantic, though he came off as frivolous and had a bit of an adulterous air about him. I knew that he was doing what he could to endure, to refrain from making fun of me when I was so vulnerable. Nevertheless, I could imagine his teasing smile from his tone.

“But your Luna and sweetheart are both here. Why don’t you come over?”

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Hearing that Della was also present, my breath slowed and my heart skipped a beat.

“What are you talking about? Who did you see?”

“Your sweetheart Flora’s here. I just saw her.”

I wondered if the buffoon had actually misunderstood me or if he found joy in teasing me like this.

“What about Della?” I pushed. “Did you see her there?”

“I did. I even kissed her hand. You should’ve seen the odd look she gave me. I suppose that means she didn’t recognize me at all. I have to say, the picture of her you showed me earlier was terrible. She looks stunning tonight!”

Hearing another man compliment my mate so openly was far from pleasant, but having more important matters to concern myself with, I wouldn’t dwell on Oliver’s tactless behavior. I frowned and continued

to question him.

“Did she go with Flora?”

“No, she was with a girl I don’t recognize. The two were accompanied by more guards than I could count. Is that to say you didn’t send

them?”

Damn it all. Of course I didn’t!

Despite sending men to search for her, I received virtually no information on where she could have been. And now, she had somehow made an appearance at the Lycan King’s dinner party, followed by warriors of unknown allegiance.

I wondered if she had found a new man so quickly, but I dispelled the thought. Even if that was the case, I would never accept it. She was mine since the day I chose her.

Well for the 17th the ledge replied before hanging on. Then I dialed my Bes

“Hey get the car ready. We will be sitting the vean King’s domain

But the dinner have already started he replied in a panic alimnt embarrassed to mention it We willative quite late Alpha And

“And what?” frowned, searching through my wardrobe for a nuit to wear I had time time to waste now that I knew Della was at the banquet I would come back to my Luna and claim her as my own in this very bed that I had laid on, I would pin her down and give her such pleasure that she would regret ever having left my side. And all the while her moans and pleas would fill the room

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## Chapter 18

Chapter 0018

“Margot and Flora took your invitation,” Henry finally admitted.

“What? In what world would they be permitted to do such a thing? That invitation was addressed to me, the Alpha!”

“My apologies, but Flora claimed that they were your orders.”

“And my Beta was such a fool that he didn’t even bother to verify with me first?!” I roared, crushing the glass of water in my hand. I threw the pieces at the window, watching the shards sca tter to the floor.

“All of the Alphas were invited, surely, so my Alpha aura will be proof enough. Prepare the car. We depart in five minutes.”

“Yes, sir.” Henry sighed and hung up.

After some time, my limousine pulled up to the front gates of the Lycan King’s manor. I immediately opened the door and hastily stepped out to be met with Oliver. He was flirting with a woman by the flower bed, who was dressed quite provocatively for the occasion, using her as a bit of entertainment while he waited for me. Leaning against the lowered railing of the garden, he wrapped one arm around her waist, and in his other hand was a glass of champagne.

“Oliver,” I called out to him. “Keep your hand where it is. If you start groping her chest, you’ll lose your da mned mind and our conversation will be as good as done before it ever started.”

Oliver spread his hands innocently and motioned for the girl to leave as he walked toward me. As he approached, he said, "Let me guess, you're looking for Flora or Margot."

"Where's Della?" I asked.

"Della? Are you crazy? Since when did you care so much about that

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Omega? Did she finally learn the secret to seducing you? She good in bed?" Oliver asked with a coy smirk. He could be so infuriating at

times.

N'No, I rejected her," I blurted out, which was enough to stop his mockery for a few precious seconds.

Suddenly, his eyes lit up as if he had realized something. It was

prpractically written all over his expression as he knowingly said, "No wwonder."

WWhat? I asked.

S She was just taken away, and by Prince Jackson of all people."

P/Prince Jackson?-Crown prince to the Lycan King?" I couldn't Susuppress my anxiety any longer, and my wolf could begin to feel my

enerves unraveling as well. I stepped forward and grabbed his shonmudders tightly, wrinkling his suit. "How did she meet the Lycan Kindros son? She's just a lowly Omega!"

Unsereeded by my sudden outburst, Oliver threw up his hands as if in SEarch The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

susret onder.

Calma dovon Kyliant i didn't do anything to your mate, okay? And I don't want to to be the one to bring it up again, but you rejected her, correct cacacn find you another Omega if you'd like."

I don't need whenloch en Ormega! My Luna has run off with another man, and i will find itenso no matter what!" roared, whipping my head in the direction of the t nanquet hall.

Suddenly my phone vibrates in my pocket, slowing me down. I took But my phone and found out that I had received a strange text message,

it was a photo-0-

My Luna Della is fucking with a man, intimately.

So soon she found another man? Does she want that man to fuck her?

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Anger builds up roaring in my chest, I start walking again. With long strides and a quickened pace, I walked down the path to the double doors leading inside. Bright light slipped out from the cracks in the doorway, accompanied by lively jazz and a scent that I had become very familiar with. It beckoned me to chase after it even faster.

I may have rejected Della as my mate, but she was still mine. I will take her back.

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## Chapter 19

Chapter 0019

The moment I walked in the door, her scent only became more potent as it enveloped me.

As I followed the scent, I scanned the ballroom and admired the decor. The stately chambers had been transformed into a paradise of flowers and iridescent bubbles floating high above. White and pink lace hung in beautiful arcs, fastened to the ceiling and supporting pillars. Everywhere I looked, flowers adorned tables and lined the walls. And, barely noticeable amidst the live music echoing throughout the hall, I could hear the sound of the machine sending bubbles drifting lazily in the air.

I looked at the celebration with a peculiar combination of confusion and awe, asking myself how a banquet held by the ruler of all

werewolves could look like this.

Though it was beautiful, I attributed this style to a princess who had just come of age, not the Lycan King.

Finding the king's taste rather strange, I couldn't help but frown, though I eventually pushed the thoughts aside. All I truly cared about was finding Della. I squeezed through the crowd, absentmindedly greeting those I passed by. I had encountered many she-wolves, but

not her.

Damn it all. Where was she?

My patience had grown unimaginably thin, exacerbated by my wolf's increasingly dire howls. Suddenly, heard the crisp sound of metal against the glass. The Lycan King led a woman onto the stage at one end of the banquet hall, where he tapped his champagne flute with a small spoon.

At once, the music stopped and the guests fell silent. I had no choice

but to stop my search, lest I disrespect him. Irritable and unsettled, I put my hands to my sides and bowed in the direction of the stage as everyone else did.

Then, the Lycan King spoke, assuming the regal Lycan tone to ensure everyone could hear him.

"In the name of the Moon Goddess, welcome everyone to this dinner," he proclaimed, his voice joyous and content. He had a reputation for being serious to a fault at times, though I wouldn't have known seeing

him now.

"Now," he continued, "I know you are wondering why you received this invitation on such short notice. Unfortunately, I did not have enough time to explain why I was holding such a grand banquet, and for that, I apologize. I would like to extend my sincere thanks for your attendance. And now, I will inform you of wonderful news. Allow me to introduce you..."

As he spoke, he motioned for the woman beside him to step forward into the spotlight. She wore a white mask that revealed only the lower half of her face and accentuated her bright red lips. Matching her mask and fair complexion was an evening gown as white as pure snow wrapped around her petite body, tracing every one of her curves. The lace around her collar was wrapped especially tightly and showed little skin altogether, yet it served to make the men in the crowd even more curious about what lay underneath. She was so alluring that I could feel my arousal growing as I laid eyes on her.



“Hey!” I hissed under my breath, warning my wolf, Duke. “You’re a noble wolf, not some lust-stricken beast. Do you understand? Don’t react like that to a woman we’ve just met.”

I couldn’t completely control him, and it didn’t help that he had such an influence over my instincts. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“Sorry!” Duke replied earnestly, doing what he could to suppress our

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desires. “But she smells incredible.”

“...to my youngest daughter. I would like to formally introduce her to you and announce as the Lycan King that she will be the heir to my throne,” the Lycan King continued. His tone was unbelievably calm considering what he had just told us

A marked three seconds of silence was all it took for the information.

to finally settle into the crowd. Then, the hall erupted in a flurry of discussion.

“So that’s the young daughter of the Lycan King! The legendary Lycan Princess!”

“That means she’ll be crowned the first Lycan Queen! She will be the crown princess! Oh, what I’d do to live her life!”

The Alphas around me were so taken aback by this sudden turn of events that they couldn’t help but talk amongst one another. Throughout the lands, rumors of the Lycan King’s young daughter persisted despite no one having ever seen her. Alongside the king’s intention to allow a woman to ascend the throne and lead the six major packs, there was sure to be great discourse between werewolves. A she-wolf leading us was unprecedented.

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## Chapter 20

Chapter 0020

The Lycan King turned to look at his daughter with a look of relief on his face.

Starting today, I will slowly include my daughter in the kingdom’s affairs. Alphas, I wish for you to actively cooperate with her as you would me. Inform your Betas of this as

well. With her privacy in mind, I hope you understand why I have chosen not to show her face to you for now. May we all strive for the prosperity of the Campbell Kingdom!

After he finished speaking, he nodded to the princess, held her hand, and raised his glass high. The audience toasted the princess as well, and the two walked off stage together.

I stared at her back, unable to take my eyes off of her. I couldn't have possibly ever met her, but she felt so familiar to me. It was almost as

if-

"Flora, don't you think that woman looks familiar somehow? It's something about her figure."

I suddenly heard Margot's voice from behind me and was

immediately reminded of how she stole my invitation. I turned to face her with a scowl, seeing her standing with Flora by a dessert table a few feet away. Their attention was so fixed on the Lycan King's daughter that they didn't even notice I was glaring at them.

Flora's face was full of an envy that I had never seen before, making her cheekbones twist and twitch cruelly. In her eyes was the shining of greed so bright that if she were in her wolf form, her drool would have soaked the carpet beneath her.

Seeing her so unabashedly jealous made me feel sick. The Flora I knew was pure, frail, and kind. She told me how she didn't care about

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anything besides me, that all the money and status in the world paled in comparison. She only lived to love as the Goddess had destined for

her.

I had never seen her with such a revolting expression on her face.

Her mouth slowly went ajar as she looked on, and she quietly murmured, "Don't you think she looks... a bit like Della?"

Della?

I turned around, wanting to take a closer look to confirm, but she was nearly out of view. She turned the corner behind the stage, one arm each h ooking Prince Jackson and the Lycan King's arms. The only thing I could see clearly was a small corner of her dress.

“That’s impossible,” Margot scoffed. “The princess has lived in their castle all this time, and Della was our slave before she left. And how could the king’s daughter be an omega?”

Margot spat out Della’s name so disdainfully and with such sarcasm, yet just the mention of her name was enough to make my heart throb. Regardless of how she felt about Della, Margot was right. It was impossible for Della to be the princess. We all knew she was nothing more than an Omega who slaved away in the packhouse, waiting for my return.

Suddenly, I noticed Oliver by my side. He must have been running to find me, as he was out of breath and his hand shook slightly as he

laced it on my shoulder.

“What’s going on? I ran all the way here. Did you find her?”

I shook my head and told him no in a low voice, prompting a puzzled

look from him.

“Seriously? You regret rejecting her that much? That means you still love her right? Was all of this some sort of misunderstanding?”

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Misunderstanding. I laughed to myself at the word. Did I truly regret it? I couldn’t have denied it, but my emotions stood separately from my duties. I fell silent for a moment and slowly replied, “An Alpha holds no regret over such things and there was-”

“There was no misunderstanding,” I suddenly heard a sarcastic voice behind us.

Oliver and I both turned our heads at the same time. When I finally saw her, I couldn’t look away.

Della wore a delicate white dress, shorter than I was used to seeing her in, which revealed her slender legs. I couldn’t help but notice how long they were, how they tempted me, as she walked forward with graceful steps.

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