

## Chapter 0021

"This was what you chose, Alpha Kylian," Della coldly stated.

I hated the way she addressed me, saying my name as if she only knew me as the Dark Moon Alpha. A tinge of sadness spread through my chest as I thought back to all those times she called out to me, her tone soft and loving, but no longer.

"You chose her. You betrayed me. Isn't that right?"

My face darkened. I had looked everywhere for her without finding her and never would have expected her to appear in front of me alone. And of her own accord, for that matter. She had even heard the lie I told Oliver, who shifted his gaze unsteadily between the two of us.

Knowing better than to worsen the precarious situation, he gave me a quick pat on the shoulder and said, "I think you two need to talk this out, so I won't bother you. Hope everything's okay."

Oliver quickly straightened up, put his hands in his pockets, and left. All that was left was Della, and me. The atmosphere froze over tensely as I stared at the woman in front of me, feeling so lost as she stood there uncaringly.

I had never noticed how beautiful she was.

My mind drifted back to the fateful day we separated, to everything that I didn't have the time to say. I wanted to use this opportunity to properly apologize to her, but seeing her act so distant turned my heart bitter despite how much I wanted her.


Instead of trying to win her back, I fell back to old habits and asked her, "Have you ever worn a dress that short before? It didn't suits you well."

Lie. She was so beautiful in this dress that many he-wolves set their sights on her. I hate that.

"You never cared about what I wore," she sneered. "So it's only natural that you wouldn't remember now. I've always loved wearing shorter dresses, but I gave up on them once I became your damned Luna because you are possessive of me. But now, I'm free, and I can wear what I want."

"There's no reason to talk to me like that. There are many Alphas present, and it isn't safe for you to stay here since you're an Omega," I continued, disregarding her hostility. I did what I could to keep my voice as gentle as possible, but my tone became more commanding than I had intended.

"Henry is by the front gates. Get in the car and he'll drive you back to the packhouse. Wait for me there, and we can talk about this tonight."

It wasn't perfect, but I spared no effort trying to talk to Della as an equal, to make things up to her. I hoped she would see how hard I was trying to change, how determined I was to convince her to come back to me. 

Instead, Della laughed bitterly as if I had said something ridiculous.

"Is your memory that bad, Alpha Kylian? If I remember correctly, you already rejected me. We have nothing to do with each other anymore. That also means you don't have the right to order me around."

"Please, Della. Calm down," I pushed in an attempt to appease her. "I know I rejected you, but you can't just choose another man just to provoke me. This is a dangerous game you're playing, and you can't trust —"

"I'm sorry, Alpha, but who here would be less trustworthy than you?"

Della shot back immediately. Suddenly, I felt a force emanating from her body. Was this an Alpha's aura?

"You were the one who ignored me all these years. You don't love me. You know that. You chose Flora, and you make her pregnant."

I know she was only saying these things to anger me, but for reasons I couldn't explain, they had little effect. I took a step forward and said, "I-I've been trying to change."



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