

Mystery of Fate: Luna Della's Second Chance

Read Chapter 5

Chapter 5

Chapter 0005

Jackson let out a sigh of relief seeing me smile. 'Alright. Welcome home, Princess Della Campbell.' Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

And with that, he left as well. Now that I had some time alone, I threw myself back into bed and checked my phone. The screen showed 20 missed calls and two texts.

All from Kylian.

I opened the texts that Kylian left me, the first one reading, "Where are you?"

Next one reads, "I've had enough of these games. Return to the packhouse as soon as you read this. I'm ordering you as Alpha."

I could practically hear him say it, accustomed to his cold tone. My heart went soft for a few moments, and I admit that I missed him. Though he wouldn't openly show it, he must have cared about me greatly to go out of his way to message me. I felt a bit of joy spark in my heart, small remnants of a love I had already cast aside. Those sparks urged me to rush to his side once more and do as he asked.

But I already made up my mind and had returned home. I could no longer stay with a man who didn't love me, not after everything I had done for him and all those years I patiently waited. I would be a fool to crawl back to him.

Not to mention Kylian didn't even realize why I had left him in the first place. Even now, he thought this was some sort of game to win his attention and care. Or perhaps he thought this was my way of

exacting petty revenge on him. It could have also been a trick to persuade me to return so that I could take the fall for the accident in Flora's stead.

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I turned off my phone and put it down, only for it to begin buzzing on

the table.

It lit up with Kylian's name and a pink heart emoji beside it that I

hadn't even had the time to remove yet. The caller ID was definitely mocking me, poking fun at the girl I once was, head over heels in love. How dazzling those fantasies once were. I hesitated to pick up for a moment, my finger hovering just above the answer button.

Eventually, I gave in.

"Where are you?" Kylian asked, his voice as steely and detached as ever. If he was concerned, I certainly couldn't hear it.

"I don't think that has anything to do with you anymore, Kylian" I replied, trying to match his indifference. That was the first time I had called him by his name in three years. White noise filled the silence for a while. It was almost as if he didn't know how to deal with me

now that I was so cold to him.

"That's no way to talk to your Alpha, he sighed, though his tone made it clear that he was making concessions for me. "Come back home. I've prepared your favorite foods for you."

As if on cue, there was a soft knock on my door. A handful of maids. peeked in, and upon seeing that I was taking a call, they silently

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pushed in a few trolleys lined with silver trays. Each one contained luxurious foods, the aroma nearly making me forget about my woes. altogether. The maids set the food on a table on the other side of the room and left as quietly as they had entered.

There was steak and roast turkey, even an ornate bowl of foie gras topped with caviar. And lining the table were all kinds of meat dishes, many of which I didn't even know the name of. I was nearly on the verge of tears because of Kylian, but my hunger quickly got the best of me and my sorrow was dispelled.

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As I surveilled the table, I realized that my brother had called for a marked lack of greens. He was committed to plumping me up the moment I came home, and I couldn't help but giggle at his antics.

“What are you laughing at? And why aren’t you answering me?” Kylian asked impatiently, the receiver unable to make his tone as

intimidating as it would have been in person.

Without answering, I picked up a fork and delicately put a piece of foie gras into my mouth, only answering once I had finished chewing. “So, Kylian, what’s my favorite food?

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Chapter 6

Chapter 6

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would never leave me, that he couldn’t bear to live without me. That he was done with Flora. I wanted him to pull me into his arms and kiss me and bring me to bed and beg me to sleep with him as his one. true love.

But that was a fantasy, and I would snuff it out.

“I’m serious. Please, Kylian. Let’s end this already. Accept it.”

“You’re out of your mind,” he replied in a stern voice, the fluster making way for anger. “I am the Dark Moon Alpha, and you are. nothing more than an Omega. You have no right to put an end to our relationship. That privilege is mine and mine alone.”

“Fine. Then do it. Reject me,” I prodded calmly.

I could hear him on the other end breathing heavily. He sounded angry, and though I could somewhat imagine it, I wanted to see his expression. After all, he had always treated me with such

indifference. Though it wasn’t love, it was still something, and I found that it was satiating to see him so angry at me.

I took a deep breath and continued to push him, making sure my voice conveyed just how determined I was as I said, "Please, Alpha Kylian."

"You dare challenge me? I am the leader of the most powerful pack in the entire Kingdom, yet you dare say that I wouldn't leave an Omega like you?"

"Well, I don't know. You still haven't done it yet," I replied. "What are you so afraid of?"

"Then I, Alpha Kylian of the Dark Moon Pack, appointed leader of one of the Campbell Kingdom's lands, reject you as my chosen mate and

Luna," he declared without hesitation.

"I accept your rejection," I said curtly

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Betraying his steely resolve, his voice suddenly trembled and he sounded confused. It was as if he had become a different person, a Kylian from some strange new world.

"Wait, let me tell you what happened with Flora. She-

I quickly cut him off, not wanting to hear him like this any longer.

"Now that we've severed our matebond, we have nothing to do with one another. You don't have to explain anything to me," My head throbbed and my heart hurt now that we had finally ended things, and Flora was the last person I wanted to hear about.

"Hope never see you again," I hung up.

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Chapter 7

Chapter 0007

Kylian's POV [search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Well, I don't know. You still haven't done it yet. What are you so

afraid of?”

I could hear the edge in Della’s voice through the phone. She sounded so def up with me that I couldn’t deny it no matter what excuses I made, and my heart pounded in my chest as the reality set in. If I couldn’t reasonably do away with this feeling, then I could still ignore

I told myself that it was only normal that she acted like this after all that had happened, especially after she blurted out that she wanted to end things last time.

There was a bond established between us when I claimed her, the pain of leaving each other was terrible for us – both for alpha and omega.

Yet it didn’t seem as though Della was fueled by this torment, either. Her voice and attitude were completely foreign to me. During what little time we were apart, it was like I hadn’t known her my whole life.

I broke my promise, and I knew that it was my fault. Persuading Della to serve Flora’s sentence for her must have been the final straw for her. If she truly held onto such grievances with me, then she could have just talked to me about them and we could work through our problems.

However, she disappeared from the pack. Daring me to end our relationship during an informal call would be her undoing. She would pay for this disgraceful behavior, and I would show her that she wouldn’t get away with it.

“Then 1, Alpha Kylian of the Dark Moon Pack, appointed leader of one of the Campbell Kingdom’s lands, reject you as my chosen mate and Luna,” I blurted out. I just wanted to get back at her. Understanding the gravity of my defloration, I braced my wolf for the pain of our falling out.

“I accept your rejection,” Della replied. It was done. My wolf could feel it as well, its howls of pain ripping through my chest.

I took a breath to suppress the uncomfortable sensation. And, bound by some higher morality, I tried to right my wrongs. “Wait, let me tell you what happened with Flora. She...”

“Now that we’ve severed our matebond, we have nothing to do with

one another. You don't have to explain anything to me." she interrupted casually.

"Hope never see you again," And with that, the call ended.

I asked myself how things had gone so differently from what I had planned. Not once did she show any regret for what had happened. Even after I formally renounced our bond, she didn't beg me to take it

back.

She gave up on me, and I should have breathed a sigh of relief that I could have a happy life with Flora from now on. But why do I feel sad?

It was then that I realized that I didn't know this woman at all. And now, I had lost the chance to ever do so. I sighed and put down my

I phone, noticing Henry standing silently by my desk when I finally took my head out of my hands.

"What is it?" I asked.

"The Lycan King is holding a banquet at the castle tonight, and he has extended an invitation to all of the land's Alphas. I left the letter on your table earlier, but you have yet to say anything about it. Are you

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going?"

I frowned at him warily. Perhaps it was because I had been so

preoccupied with official business all morning, but I didn't see any invitation. I called over one of the maids and asked if they had seen it.

"My apologies, Alpha. the Luna-I mean, Miss Della... is usually charged with tidying your study. But since she is absent, I was temporarily assigned to her cleaning duties. I cannot read, however, so I may have thrown it away," the maid stammered, her voice trembling with fear. "This was an enormous mistake on my part, but I will fix it! I'll dig through the trash right away to retrieve it!!"

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The maid gave a quick bow and fled down the corridor. Irate and exhausted, I mindlinked the head housekeeper. "How dare you send an illiterate maid to tidy up my study!!"

"My sincerest apologies, Alpha. Miss Della is gone, and I've had many duties to fulfill today. I may have neglected to delegate roles properly," the housekeeper apologized anxiously. Before he dropped our connection, I could hear him beginning to scold someone. "Be careful, you clumsy Omega slave! Don't touch any of the Alpha's belongings that he's left on his nightstand!"

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Chapter 8

Chapter 0008

"You've sent someone to tidy up-my bedroom? I don't want any Omega's filthy paws on my bed!" I ordered.

"Of course, Alpha. Unfortunately, Miss Della was responsible for the upkeep of your bedrooms well. We've had no choice but to pass her duties to a slave in training. As you can probably imagine, they aren't very skilled."

Did Della always do so much housework? She was supposed to be my Luna, not another slave. Although I kept ignoring her, no one

should have made Luna do all this work.

"Get them out of my chambers!" I roared, standing up to walk toward my bedroom. The moment I walked in, I was greeted by a scent that was all too familiar. My mind shifted to Della again.

Her scent was so special, a floral fragrance that reminded me of lilies that lingered in my bedroom even though she was gone. It was all that left of her, it seemed. As soon as I entered, two maids

wed and hurried past me.

They had left, I slammed the door and leaned against it, limply g my hands over my face. I covered my eyes, and in the darkness, Della's scent enveloped me. It forced me to think of her and made me imagine those nights before I met Flora. The first time Della had ever slept with a man, and I was determined to make it special for her. I pressed into

her and buried my face in her neck, that alluring scent dancing in my nostrils and taking over my mind.

Her skin was so soft and her body so delicate under mine. Under my touch, she moaned contentedly. Over the course of the night, she would be overcome with embarrassment at times, though that never stopped our unbounded love.

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Even then, she wanted me and reveled in our time together. "Please, Kylian. Take me," she whispered in my ear.

And so I did. I made her mine.

We had been so intimate with each other in that same bed I looked at now. Walking up to it in frustration, I realized that since I met Flora, I rarely returned to this room to fall asleep beside her. I betrayed her. We never spent time whispering sweet nothings to one another under the sheets. There were no small chats or comfortable banter

expected of a couple.

There were times when Della would visit my study, calling me to bed countless times in hopes that I would one day relent and rest early. She had even offered to come to the study and accompany me as I worked, perhaps try her hand at sorting out some of the documents. I always refused and slept in Flora's Bedroom because of the bond.

I realized that I never thought about how Della managed to fall asleep every night when I wasn't around. I wondered if she sat waiting for me until her eyelids fell heavy with fatigue, surrendering to slumber knowing that I wouldn't come. I wondered what was going through her mind when I had renounced our bond.

I walked to the side of the bed where Della usually lay and lifted the sheets. It smelled of her so strongly, the fragrance flowing from the pillow she had slept on for the last time just recently. Unable to hold back, I picked it up and put it to my nose to take in her scent again.

I couldn't say why I had suddenly become so nostalgic. I didn't know why I suddenly cherished her scent now, but I understood that no matter the reason, I regretted letting her slip away.

But it was too late to have such thoughts. I rejected her. It was over.

A knock on the bedroom door snapped me out of my wallowing, and Henry's voice quickly followed. "Alpha, the maid found the invitation.

Would you still like to attend?"

I looked around our room one last time, feeling distraught and powerless standing in the place Della I should have shared. “No. Please convey my deepest apologies to the Lycan King.”

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Chapter 9

Chapter 0009

Della's POV

“Della! You're finally back!”

Fae's excited squeals weren't particularly pleasant as her high-pitched voice grated against my eardrums, but I was still overjoyed to see her again. She was the daughter of my father's Beta and a beloved childhood friend. Over the years I had left, she hadn't managed to get any taller, her childlike stature matching her high voice and infinite energy.

Over a quick video call, she beamed at me with green eyes that shimmered like emeralds under the sun, and her striking red hair was styled in a short bob cut. Her style hadn't changed either, since she was still sporting her signature outfit everyone knew her for, a leather short skirt and matching top that I always thought looked odd. I never said anything, though, since I knew she loved it.

We were practically joined at the hip during our days in werewolf school. Back then, I had insisted on leaving the castle to go to the Dark Moon's lands, which made her justifiably angry. After arguing with me endlessly and realizing that I wouldn't be swayed, she didn't talk to me for quite some time. I had come to learn that she was right.

“Hey, Fae. I see you're finally done with the silent treatment.”

“Of course! Why would I be mad at you now that you’re back? Hey, to celebrate your breakup with that mutt Kylian, I’m gonna throw a pool party! It’s gonna be f ucking crazy, you hear me?! I’ve got a ton of he- wolves to invite, too. How do you like ’em? Are you into hunks? Or cutesy ones or pl ayboys or... Look, just tell me what your type is and I’ll get a few for you. Maybe you’ll like all of them! Just think of the fun we’d be able to have then!”

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‘Oh, Goddess above! Stop it, Fae!’ I exclaimed bashfully, looking away from the screen. “We’re already holding a banquet at the castle tonight.”

“So? What’s better than an afterparty at the pool? Hey, hey, what about Ben? Y’know, the Alpha from the northern tribes. Ooh, or what about Alex? I heard his abs are insane!” She continued to ramble, falling deeper and deeper into her fantasies as she continued to list off all the Alphas who would be in attendance. If she went on for much longer, she’d start drooling as she thought of other men to introduce me to.

“Fae, listen to me. I don’t want to meet anyone else,” I said seriously. I’m sick of love. It’s all fairytales and fantasies. It’s not real.”

“What? What did that f ucking b astard do to you to make you think love is dead? I’ll w hoop him so good, he’ll be my bi tch by the end of it! Fae cursed, her adorable voice putting a strain on my speakers. She was so mad that she was shaking her phone, turning the video feed blurry. “I’ll make him pay!”

“C’mon, Fae. Don’t get so worked up. What would you even do to him anyways?” Unfortunately for me, I didn’t have much chance to talk the girl she was a woman on a mission, and she hung up mid-

three years had turned me into a different person, it seemed ough time would never change Fae. She was filled with more termination and willpower than I could ever hope to have. A chaotic Torce to be reckoned with, I prayed for any who faced her wrath and thanked the Goddess that she was on my side.

It would have been cathartic to see what she would do to Kylian, but I had nothing to do with him anymore. I didn’t even care to know what he so desperately wanted to explain about Flora.

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What could it be? He betrayed me and chose her, that’s all.

I walked over to the three large racks that the maids had rolled in earlier and picked out a dress for the festivities this evening. They were all a similar style, which only confirmed that they came from the same designer and that Jackson had chosen all of them. Most were adorned with diamonds and other gemstones in intricate, gilded patterns. Each of the dresses also featured layered skirts made of lace, another trademark of this designer I loved.

I almost cried as I ran my hand over the smooth fabric of the various dress. There was one that stood out to me in particular, a gown design that I couldn't take my eyes off of years ago. During my time at the Dark Moon Pack, my days were filled with cleaning dishes and an endless list of chores to do around the packhouse.

A dress like this would have caused much more trouble than it was ever worth, what with Margot and Luna Natasha's constant mockery of me. I could only imagine what they would have said if I wore something so pretty around them. And so, I dressed modestly to keep them silent and make my days just the slightest bit more manageable.

I didn't have to concern myself with them any longer now that I was back home, so I picked out the most gorgeous dress of them all. I took it off the rack to admire it, and just as I finished putting it on, I heard the door gently open.

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Chapter 10

Chapter 0010

"Princess Della, I bring a gift from Young Master Jackson, a sapphire necklace that he specially prepared for you. They call this gem 'The Heart of the Ocean'," The maid said.

graciously picked up the necklace from the velvet tray that the maid held out to me. As soon as it was in my hands, I heard my phone vibrate on the table beside me. It was from Jackson, and it read, "A gift for Her Royal Highness. Only you are worthy of such fine jewelry."

I grinned as I stared at the text and the necklace in my hand before asking the maid to help me put it on. Turning away from her and looking in the mirror by the racks, I studied my reflection in awe.

The sapphire was massive and cut perfectly, a shade of blue that reminded me of waves dappled by the bright light of day. Rumors had it that this gemstone was highly sought after, but a mysterious buyer had claimed it at an auction before many were aware of its beauty. I wondered if that man happened to be my brother.

"It's beautiful, Your Highness. I can't take my eyes off of you," the maid said in a trance.

"Is it me or the gem you can't stop staring at?"

"Please, Your Highness. It's you, the Lycan Princess! You are the most beautiful girl in all of the kingdom."

I stared at myself in the mirror, watching my long brown hair fall effortlessly past my shoulders and the curls kissing my skin. My bright blue eyes hadn't changed, but I still felt different from when I had first left my family. The three years I had spent as a wife had shaped me in ways I couldn't quite describe, but its effects were

evident to me.

The maid sat me down in front of a vanity table to help me put on my makeup. Then, she arranged my hair in a neat bun and led me to a car that would drive me to the banquet hall. As soon as I was seated inside, I could hear my phone going off in the small clutch purse I had brought along.

I took it out to find that Fae had texted me.

"I heard the bastard was invited to the banquet. Don't go getting all sappy and crawling back to him. You're over him, got it?"

"Oh, please. He hates events like this. There's no way he'd come.

"But this is an invitation from the Lycan King! You think he'd have the balls to skip out on it?"

Just as I was about to reply, I felt the car come to a halt. My driver, an older man by the name of Carson, turned to look at me. "We're here, Your Highness.

Uncle Carson had been in my Father's service for longer than I could remember, and I could never forget his trademark smile. It was the generous kind that put everyone at ease, and this warmth extended to my relationship with him as well. He had watched me grow up, which

how I had taken to calling him Uncle Carson from a young age.

I nodded at him and returned his smile with one of my own before stepping out of the car. A guard standing at the front gates of the hall held it open for me and gestured toward a maid, who led me inside. As we made our way to the lounge where the event would start, five soldiers followed closely behind. They walked in a tense cadence, their eyes scanning the surroundings to identify any possible threats.

Between me and my guards were two maids who meticulously smoothed out my dress every few steps and did whatever else was necessary to ensure it was perfect once I stepped inside.

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We were almost there, and all that would be left was to meet Father and Jackson in the lounge, who would formally introduce me to the guests and announce the start of the banquet. But after a few more steps down a winding corridor, we encountered a tall man in a suit. His blond hair was styled well and framed his face.

As we approached, he raised his hand and waved at me. I nodded politely in return, but I couldn't help but feel a little confused, not knowing who he was.

I couldn't remember ever meeting him before, and no one should have been aware yet that the banquet was being held in my honor. And yet, he gazed upon me with a familiarity and admiration that said

otherwise.

He walked toward me, stopping two paces away to bend over and extend his right hand. Not wanting to embarrass him, I completed the gesture by placing my hand on his. He kissed the back of my hand, and I could feel his lips through my lace glove.

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