

Chapter 4 - Wild Jasmine Waits for No Full Moon

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“Cancel tomorrow’s meeting with the ceremony planner.”

My eyes fell on the elegant calendar sitting on the table. Tomorrow’s date was marked in my careful handwriting: “Final confirmation of ceremony flow and floral arrangements for Moonlight Woods.”

I didn’t know why Vincent suddenly wanted to cancel, but I had already decided not to hold the ceremony. Even if he hadn’t said anything, I would have found an excuse to postpone it. His request just saved me the trouble.

“Alright,” I said calmly. “I’ll make the calls.”

Vincent froze. He hadn’t expected me to agree so readily.

Every detail of this ceremony had been meticulously planned by me over several months. Even the chef scheduled for tomorrow was someone I had gone to great lengths to hire—a top-tier professional from Chicago’s finest werewolf-exclusive restaurant, specializing in Alpha-level events.

He thought I would question him, argue, or break down. But I simply accepted it.

Vincent studied me with a complicated expression, searching my face for any sign of emotion. He found none.

“There’s no need to cancel entirely,” he finally said, a note of hesitation in his voice. “Seraphina said she’ll never have the chance to experience a mating ceremony in her life. She wants to visit the Amalfi Coast with me—a sort of... honeymoon trip. It would make her feel like her life had fewer regrets.”

“We’re leaving tomorrow. As for the ceremony arrangements and floral design, we’ll deal with it when we come back. There’s still plenty of time.”

His tone was casual, as if he were discussing an ordinary business transaction. It was the same dismissive tone he’d used a month ago when he announced he was going to have Seraphina artificially inseminated with his heir. He framed it as a discussion, but it was clear he had already made up his mind. He was just informing me.

I lowered my gaze to hide the bitterness creeping into my eyes.

When we come back?

Vincent didn't know yet that I only had thirteen days left in Chicago.

There was no "later" for us anymore.

"Alright," I murmured softly, turning toward the bedroom.

If the ceremony wasn't going to happen, it didn't matter to me who he spent his time with. His little getaway with Seraphina was no longer my concern.

Vincent watched my retreating back, a strange unease rising in his chest. I was too calm—so calm that I didn't even ask a single question. The arguments he had prepared to placate or dominate me were now useless.

But then his phone rang, Seraphina's name flashing on the screen. He quickly pushed his doubts aside, stepping onto the balcony to take the call. His voice dropped into a soft, tender tone—a voice he had never used with me.

When I woke the next morning, Vincent was getting ready to leave.

He was fastening the strap on his watch as he spoke nonchalantly, "We'll probably be in Amalfi for about a week. She's always wanted to go there."

"As for the ceremony, just keep it simple. Make all the decisions yourself; you don't need to consult me."

He paused, as if remembering something, then added, "After the ceremony, we can go to Greece for our honeymoon. I remember you've always wanted to visit Santorini."

If he had said something like this before, I would have been ecstatic, planning the trip immediately. For five years, I had begged him to travel with me somewhere—anywhere—but he always dismissed it as a waste of time, claiming his pack duties were more important.

Now, I simply focused on eating the toast on my plate, not bothering to respond.

Without a ceremony, there would be no honeymoon.

Vincent looked at me, surprised by my lack of reaction. He opened his mouth as if to say something else, but the clock on the wall caught his eye. He was running late. He hurried to the door, leaving behind a quick "We'll talk when I get back."

As the door clicked shut, I set down my toast and reached for the calendar. With a pen, I crossed out the words "Final confirmation of ceremony menu and floral design," drawing a big, bold X over the date.

Twelve days left.

After finishing breakfast, I began packing my belongings. At the same time, I started clearing out everything unnecessary from the penthouse.

The silver photo frame that held less than five pictures of us. The state-of-the-art home theater system that had collected dust since the day I bought it. The matching cashmere robes I had custom-ordered but we never wore.

In five years, I had lovingly chosen every item in this apartment, piece by piece. I wanted to transform this cold, empty space into something warm and inviting—a true home.

But upon closer inspection, I realized there were many things Vincent had never touched.

He always said that even when he was with me, he was still Vincent Moretti, an independent Alpha. He didn't like using matching items because they made him feel tied down, like an ordinary mate instead of a pack leader.

I took a deep breath and continued clearing things out.

Once I left, these items would only be in his way. I might as well deal with them myself now.

And with them, I would also erase every last memory of us.