

Chapter 6 - Wild Jasmine Waits for No Full Moon

Chapter 6

Five days before the ceremony, I submitted my resignation to the university.

Years ago, I had turned down an Ivy League offer to stay and pursue research under my mentor's guidance. All for the sake of following Vincent back to Chicago, where I became a teaching assistant in the physics department.

When my colleagues saw my resignation, they were stunned.

"Dr. Hayes, you're leaving? But just the other day, you sent us the invites to your ceremony," an older professor remarked.

He then chuckled, adding, "Guess you're going to be a full-time Luna now? Vincent is a lucky man."

Holding a box of personal items, I smiled faintly.

"No. The mating ceremony has been canceled."

Their smiles froze in place.

When I returned home and opened the door to our apartment, I found Vincent sitting on the living room couch. A week had passed since I last saw him.

Next to him sat Seraphina Rossi.

Vincent noticed the box in my hands and asked instinctively, "What's all that stuff?"

"Just some old files from the office. They're not useful anymore, so I brought them home," I replied casually.

He nodded, his gaze sweeping over the apartment. "I've only been gone a week, but it feels like something's missing everywhere."

Carrying the box to the bedroom, I answered calmly, "I just cleaned out some things I didn't need anymore."

Vincent opened his mouth to ask more, but Seraphina cut him off. Her voice was soft, yet there was an undertone of challenge.

"Eleanor, Vincent's been wonderful this past week, traveling with me. Thank you for allowing him to accompany me to the Amalfi Coast. It was a dream come true."

Her tone was sweet and humble, but her eyes gleamed with triumph.

“I’d love to treat you both to dinner as a gesture of my gratitude. I’ll likely need your help in the days to come, and I hope you won’t find me too annoying for it.”

She smiled, but her words were barbed. The message was clear: Your Alpha spent what should’ve been your honeymoon with me. He chose me.

I stared at her, understanding her intentions. She wanted to see me break. I hadn’t reacted to the pregnancy photos. I hadn’t confronted Vincent. My silence unnerved her. She needed to confirm her victory—to see me crumble.

I refused to give her that.

When I remained quiet, Seraphina’s eyes reddened. Her voice wavered as if on the verge of tears.

“Vincent, did I upset Eleanor? She must be unhappy about the ceremony, and I shouldn’t have come...”

Vincent’s brows furrowed, and he shot me a displeased look.

“Sera’s just trying to thank us. What’s with the attitude?” His Alpha authority pressed down on me. “It’s just dinner. Go.”

Without a word, I was pulled into their plans.

Dinner was at a private suite atop Alinea, a restaurant reserved for the elite of the wolf packs. When the waiter came to take our order, I opened the menu, but Vincent spoke first.

“No spicy foods. No cilantro. And keep the seafood limited.”

I glanced up to see him pouring water for Seraphina, his gestures tender.

When the food arrived, Vincent took care to plate Seraphina’s dishes, reminding her to eat certain ones while they were still warm. Then he slid a large plate of king crab legs toward me.

“Sera can’t have seafood right now. These are for you.”

I stared at the crab but felt no appetite. Putting down my utensils, I said simply, “I’m allergic to shellfish.”

Vincent froze, confusion flickering in his eyes as if he was trying to recall something he couldn’t quite remember.

How absurd.

Five years together, and Vincent Moretti didn't know I was allergic to shellfish. Yet he remembered every detail of Seraphina's food preferences.

"I... I didn't know," he muttered, his voice tinged with guilt. He ordered additional dishes for me, but I didn't touch any of them. I sipped water in silence as they chatted about things I had no interest in.

After dinner, as we descended the steps of the restaurant, my phone buzzed. It was my mentor.

"Dr. Hayes, the project lead has asked me to confirm once more: Are you certain you can accept the highest confidentiality protocols? The first phase may last one to two years, during which you'll have no contact with the outside world."

Ahead of me, Vincent walked beside Seraphina, his arm around her waist as if she were something precious. She tilted her head to smile up at him, her face glowing.

My voice was steady.

"Yes, I'm certain."

My mentor sighed in relief. "Good. I was worried you wouldn't want to leave your Alpha."

I turned away, heading toward a different part of the parking lot.

"The ceremony is canceled. I'm ready to leave."

A voice behind me, tinged with suspicion, called out.

"Who's leaving?"