

My Rejected Billionaire Luna Wife

Chapter 5: The Eclipse Pack

Amelia woke up in a lavish room, adorned with opulent furnishings that spoke of luxury. She knew exactly where she was, but she hadn't remembered it being this decadent. She let her eyes slowly adjust to the light, and then she made her way down the grand spiral staircase to the formal sitting room. She knew he would be waiting for her there; it's where they always had their important talks.

Sure enough, as soon as she walked into the room, she was greeted by the sight of her father, Alpha Magnus. He looked regal as ever, with broad shoulders and a tall stance. Magnus was not a wolf to mess with – he had little patience for stupidity and had been one hell of a fighter in his youth. These days, he focused on his professional front, being a businessman and all. But that didn't mean he still wasn't quick to anger – and anyone around him knew NOT to make Magnus mad.

Her brother, Asher, was also waiting for her. Magnus spoke first, his voice carrying a mix of sternness and affection. Even though he was strict and a force to be reckoned with, he doted on Amelia and she knew it. "The time deadline has come and gone, my dear. It's time for you to be at home with us and honor your commitment to this family. We gave you your time with your mate, as promised. But let me be the first to say how happy I am that our princess is finally back."

A smile spread across Magnus' face and he embraced Amelia in a tight hug. Amelia could feel how happy he was that she had returned.

"It hardly feels like I left," Amelia said, smiling at her father and brother. After being ignored for two long years with the Silvermoon pack, it was nice to feel loved again.

"I felt it," Asher said, winking at his little sister. "It was weird not having you around. Nice sometimes, I'll admit. Nice and QUIET," he said, clearly teasing her. Asher and Amelia had always been close; growing up, they'd been inseparable.

“Our business is still growing,” Magnus said, shifting the conversation back to business, like usual. “It’s growing faster than we could have ever imagined. Amelia, we need you here to help us. We will, of course, give you anything your heart desires. We can buy anything you want from the human world – cars, jewels, clothes, you name it.”

“Thanks,” Amelia responded. It was SO nice to be home. Sure, Gabriel had bought her some nice things over the two years she spent there, but she’d always felt that it came with strings attached. It wasn’t the same. Here, at Moonstone Manor, she could have literally anything she wanted, and her dad made her feel like she deserved it.

Magnus filled her in about the latest business transactions and all the information she needed to know. She was only half-listening though. She felt at peace. Content. She was a cherished princess at Moonstone Manor – she couldn’t believe she had put up with Gabriel’s bullshit for so long. Suddenly, the conversation was interrupted by a high squeaking sound.

“Ammmeeeeeeelia!” Olivia Whitewolf, Amelia’s best friend, came rushing through the door, squealing with delight to see that Amelia was finally back.

They embraced and Magnus, sensing that Amelia needed some time with her friend, said:

“My most precious daughter. We will have time to talk more over dinner. We have prepared a decadent feast in your honor. Please meet us in the formal dining room at half past eight.”

Amelia nodded at her father with tears of joy in her eyes. ‘In her honor’ – she had been Luna of the Moonstone Pack for crying out loud – LUNA – and she had never felt honored, not even once. And now here she was, home, with her dad delighted to see her, her best friend standing beside her, and a feast being prepared in her honor.

“Okay, so spill!” Olivia said once Magnus and Asher had left the room. “What was it like over there? You should have seen how shocked everyone was when you left, Mila. Seriously. The most sought-after she-wolf in the area? The stunning princess? Daughter of the most powerful Alpha around. You had wolves lined up around the block, Amelia. They ALL wanted to mate you. They would have fought over you. But then you left us for a smaller pack? And you hid your true identity, all so you could mate Gabriel?”

“I thought I loved him. No – I did. I did love him,” Amelia confided, her hands in Olivia’s.

“And now?” Olivia asked, sensing her friend’s pain.

“He rejected me. The mate bond is broken.”

“Oh, Mila,” Olivia said, pulling her in for a hug. But Amelia stopped her.

“No. I won’t allow you to feel sorry for me. I gave it two years. That was the agreement I had with my parents. It didn’t work out. Honestly, Livs, I’m really happy to be back.”

“Well, we’re ALL happy to have you back,” Olivia said, smiling sincerely.

Once again, Amelia was on the verge of tears. She hadn’t realized how much she had missed her friendship with Olivia. Or any friends, for that matter.

“I’m glad you’re happy I’m back,” Amelia said. “Because I need to do something, and I really don’t want to do it alone.”

“Anything!” Olivia responded.

“I need you to come with me, back to the Stormfang Pack. I left in such a hurry, and I don’t care about most of the crap I left there, but there is something I want back.”

“Then to the Stormfang Pack we go!” Olivia said, without even the slightest hesitation.

Two hours later they appeared in stormfang pack territory. Amelia’s wolf was injured, which made it take a little longer for them to get back.

It was getting a little dark.

They tried to approach the pack house without being seen, but Vivenne spotted them immediately. She quickly made her way outside to them, ready to launch her verbal assaults.

“My son has been looking for you,” Vivenne said, eyeing up both Amelia and the other she-wolf.

“But I suggest you change first. What ungodly clothes you have on. Those are clearly fake brands. Our Luna can’t be seen in such ugly rags.”

Amelia was about to tell Vivenne to go to hell, when she suddenly realized that Vivenne had called her 'Luna', which meant that Vivenne didn't know that the mate bond between Gabriel and herself had been broken.

Strange that Gabriel hasn't told her, Amelia thought.

"And who is this?" Vivenne asked, motioning towards Olivia. "Another rogue? I didn't realize the Stormfang Pack had become a haven for filthy rogues..."

"You bitch!" Olivia exclaimed. She lunged at Vivenne and was just about to smack her across the face when Amelia stopped her.

"Trust me, she's not worth it," Amelia whispered in her friend's ear. "I'll explain it all to you later."

"Such a disgrace," Vivenne murmured under her breath. "Bringing violent riff-raff like that into our pack house. Wait until Gabriel hears about this."

But Amelia didn't have to listen to Vivenne's harsh words anymore. Instead, she could finally do what she'd been dying to do for two long years.

"Step aside, bitch," Amelia said loudly, waving her hand in Vivenne's astonished face as she passed by her. And for the first time in a long time, Amelia felt her true power surging through her.

Because she was powerful. She was rich. She was Magnus Moonstone's daughter. And she didn't have to put up with wolves like Vivenne anymore.

"Let's get what we came here for and then get the fuck out of here," Amelia said, linking arms with Olivia.

"I couldn't have said it better myself," Olivia replied. And with that they both marched in the pack house.