

# My Rejected Billionaire Luna Wife

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### Chapter One: The End of the Eclipse

"Amelia." It was Gabriel, again. His commanding voice reverberated in her mind. "Come to the packhouse hospital. NOW. It's time to feed Sophia your blood."

Ugh. Sophia.

Amelia looked to Logan in front of her. Logan didn't know that Gabriel was mindlinking her. Maybe she could just ignore Gabriel.

She's been in this pack for two years. As his mate, ironically, he never regarded her as the rightful Luna.

"To what do I owe the pleasure?" Amelia asked Logan. Amelia had always gotten along well with Logan. He was a good choice for the new Beta. Down to earth. Positive. Strong.

Logan offered a sheepish smile. Honestly, he wasn't thrilled about bringing the laundry here today. He knew it would upset Amelia. But it was the Alpha's orders and he couldn't go against them. "Well...Gabriel asked me to drop off his laundry. He's been crashing at Roland's place a lot lately."

Amelia's eyes narrowed. "Roland's? You mean Sophia's!"

Amelia appreciated that Logan was trying to be tactful by using the old Beta's name. It didn't change anything, though. It wasn't Roland's house anymore; only his sister, Sophia lived there now.

Logan sighed, his expression sympathetic. "Look, Amelia, I understand your concerns. But he has an obligation. It's the least he can do."

Amelia nodded and sighed. She knew all about Gabriel's 'obligation'. He'd made a promise to Roland, right before he died. They'd been caught in a fight with another pack, a dark pack. Roland, as his Beta, had sacrificed his life for Gabriel. It had come at a cost, though. A dying wish.

Promise me, Gabriel. Promise me that you'll look after my sister...

Gabriel had agreed and now it felt like Amelia was paying the price.

"AMELIA!" It was Gabriel again. She heard his impatience through the mindlink. "Answer me."

But still Amelia refused. She turned her attention back to Logan.

"I know he has an obligation. But Logan, he spends ALL his time taking care of Sophia. What about the rest of the pack? What about his duties as Alpha? His duties to me?"

Logan's voice softened. "You know Gabriel. Loyalty runs deep with him."

Loyalty?

It didn't run so deep when it came to her, his Luna.

Amelia had heard the rumors. Sophia's house wasn't the only house he was visiting. Her once beloved Alpha had become a man-whore, and she'd become the laughing stock of the entire Stormfang Pack because of it.

There was no point fighting, though. It had been like this for two years. Nothing was ever going to change. Besides, even if Amelia wanted to fight, Gabriel wasn't around.

She sighed and took the basket of laundry from Logan, just as Vivienne, Gabriel's mother, came storming in.

Great, Amelia sighed, rolling her eyes. Vivienne was brandishing a different laundry basket full of dirty clothes.

"Seriously, I don't know what's wrong with you, Amelia. Why does it take you so long to wash Gabriel's clothes?" Vivienne's voice dripped with disdain. "He's the Alpha, for Luna's sake!"

Amelia met Vivienne's gaze, her own eyes flashing with defiance. "I prioritize the needs of the pack, Vivienne. There are numerous responsibilities that demand my attention. Washing the clothes of your cheating Alpha son isn't high on my list of priorities."

The tension in the room escalated as the two women locked eyes. Logan politely excused himself. Vivienne's voice rose in anger. "You think you're fit to be the Luna? You? The rogue who stole the title from rightful contenders?"

"Rightful contenders?" Amelia scoffed. "Like who?"

"Sophia." Vivienne said it as though it were the most obvious thing in the world. "She's a true match for my Gabriel. Not a filthy rogue like you."

"AMELIA! I'm NOT asking. Reply immediately. Sophia is very sick. She needs to feed!" Gabriel's frustration was coming through loud and clear. Amelia knew she couldn't ignore the mindlink forever, but now she had Vivienne to deal with.

Vivienne had always hated Amelia, and she made no efforts to hide it. At first, Amelia had simply put up with her abuse because she had loved Gabriel. Amelia had given up everything to be his Luna. More than anyone in the pack knew. Amelia had assumed that, with time, Vivienne would learn to love her.

She'd been wrong. Dead wrong. Vivienne was a bitch through and through and you can't 'fix' bitch. Amelia's life was borderline unbearable because of her darling mother-in-law.

Amelia felt her blood boil at the venom in Vivienne's words. Enough of the constant comparisons and criticisms!

"The Moongoddess chose me – ME - for Gabriel. Not her. And I have stood by his side. I have supported him. Even when he doesn't support me."

Vivienne's face flushed with fury. "You impudent bitch! How dare you speak to me that way?"

Amelia stood her ground. Was this it? Was this her breaking point? She'd had enough. Her voice was steady but charged with emotion. "I have dedicated myself to our pack. To Gabriel. To everyone's well-being. I am your Luna and I won't have you speak to me like this. If you care so much about your son's laundry, then do it yourself!" And with that she had stormed out of the room.

Amelia slammed the bedroom door closed. She was breathing hard and heavy. Gabriel was yelling at her again through the mindlink. Vivienne was hollering something at her from downstairs.

Just calm down, she told herself. You know what you have to do. It's been two years. The time is up.

"AMELIA. She's going to slip into a coma. Come NOW."

She had felt bad for Sophia, once upon a time. It wasn't Sophia's fault she was weak and vulnerable. She'd been poisoned with Wolfsbane, even though it was banned by most packs. As a result, she couldn't feel her wolf anymore.

But Wolfsbane was a strange poison. There were many ways to draw it out, to lessen its affects, to reverse its damage. The Stormfang Pack didn't know about these ways, though. They only knew about one.

Blood.

From the Luna.

Sophia had to feed. On Amelia's blood. Always. Constantly. Forever.

Just to stay alive.

And Gabriel had an obligation, so he made sure that Sophia got her remedy.

Amelia had been feeding Sophia since the poisoning. But she couldn't do it anymore. She couldn't do any of this. It was too much. Too much abuse. Too much criticism. Too much neglect. No one deserved to live like this.

And her two years were up, so she didn't have to anymore. Amelia took a deep breath, trying to steady her racing heart. She reactivated the mindlink to Gabriel.

"Gabriel," her mental voice reached out. There was no time like the present. "I want out. I want to break our mate bond."

The mindlink hummed with the weight of her words. Anxiety gripped Amelia; she could hear her heart pounding in her chest.

Finally, his voice seeped into her consciousness. "What are you talking about? What nonsense is this?"

The words poured out of her. "I... I can't keep struggling for your love, Gabriel. It's been two years of hoping, of longing. I can't bear it any longer. You don't love me. You never have. Let me go. Please."

The air was silent for a moment, then Gabriel said, "This is not the time nor the place for this discussion, Amelia. Sophia is on the brink of a coma. Come to the pack hospital immediately."

Amelia felt anger rise in her stomach. Her hands shook. He wasn't even listening to her! He wasn't taking her seriously at all! It was just 'Sophia this and Sophia that'.

Enough! "No," Amelia said firmly. "If I'm not Luna, then saving Sophia is NOT my responsibility anymore."

The silence crackled with tension. Then Gabriel's voice broke through, loud and clear.

"YOU ARE Luna, for now. So cut your crap and come. We'll talk about this after you feed her."

Amelia lowered her head. She was a bundle of raw emotions. She hated Sophia, true, but she couldn't just let her die. She would leave – she'd already made that decision. But she'd help Sophia one last time first.

"Fine," Amelia relented. "I'll come. But Gabriel? You need to know - this is the last time."

"Whatever," Gabriel said. "It's not that easy, Amelia. Where are you going to go? You're a rogue! Or have you forgotten?"

But it is that easy, Amelia thought to herself.

A rogue? That's what Gabriel thought. That's what the whole Stormfang pack thought. Because that's what she'd told them when she'd entered their pack.

But it couldn't be further from the truth.

She was the furthest thing from a rogue.

And now it was time to go home.