

The Girl Without A Wolf: The Rejected Luna Chapter 4 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

The next day, Mother called her sister Karen to tell her about me, as well as my situation and she welcomed me to come and live with her.

I was packing my bag when my mother walked into my room.

“Hi, baby, are you done packing your bags? She asked, perching her b.utt on my bed.

“Almost, mother,” I replied.

“I hope you’re not forgetting anything,”

“No, mother. I’m not,” I finished stuffing my briefcase and zipped it up.

“Ready?” She beamed at me.

“Yes, Mother. Everything is set. I am ready to leave this pack. I can’t wait to leave and start a new life somewhere else,” I told her.

“Good. Your aunt, my sister, is already anticipating your arrival, so you should get going. But please, do let me know when you arrive at her pack. If you don’t, I’m gonna be worried,”

“Don’t worry, Mother. I will,”

After our short conversation. We both walked out of the room.

I saw my father sitting on the couch and slipping on his morning coffee. Ignoring him was hard but it was the only thing I could do.

“Where are you going? He asked, eyeing the bag I am holding. “Where do you think you are going, Jane?”

“I’m leaving,” I mumbled, feeling slightly irritated by his questions. What does he care?

“Did you ask for my permission before leaving this house? Answer me!”

“Father, you never wanted me In the first place, so I don’t think you are in the right position to be asking me where I am going. You hate seeing me, right? My face disgusts you, right? Then let me go. You’ll never have to see me again,”

My father went silent. He was staring at me, without uttering a single word. He stood up and headed to his bedroom.

“Father,” I called after him, and he halted in his tracks, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be rude. I’m just hurting a lot. And it’s not too late to fix things. If only you just tell me that you love me and you want me to stay, then I won’t go. I just wanna hear you say you love me, Father,” I said, tears rolling down my eyes.

I waited, hoping he’ll take pity on me just this one time. But he didn’t. He walked away, leaving me standing there. That broke my heart anew. Why was it so hard for him to say that he loved me?

“Let him be,” my mother said, patting my shoulder soothingly. “Let’s go. You don’t want to miss your ride, do you?”

“OK, mother,” I replied, wiping my tears as I followed her out.

She drove me to where I will take the bus to her sister’s place. Since I have no wolf, I have no choice but to go to her place by bus.

“I’m going to miss you so much, Mother,” I said, as we shared one last h.ug.

“I will miss you more, sweetie,” Mother replied, smiling at me as we disengaged from the h.ug, “I hope you’ll be fine. And I hope you will find someone who will love and accept you for who you are.”

“I hope so, too, Mother. But I’m getting tired of hoping and wishing. I don’t want to place my hope in people who will never cherish me,” I let out.

“You’ll be fine. And don’t lose hope. I’m certain you’ll meet that special someone someday,” She assured me.

My mother waited till the bus arrived. I hate to part ways with her, but I have no choice. I will never be happy as long as I live in this horrible pack.

As for my mate, I hate him so much right now and I wish to never meet him again.

I know I'm gonna return here someday. But I'll be stronger, and my bleeding heart will be healed by then. Time heals all wounds, right?

I said my goodbye to Mother as I got into the bus. I waved at her till she was no longer in sight.

It was a three-hour ride before I finally arrived at my aunt's pack. They were all waiting for my arrival.

"Welcome to my pack," Alpha Tommy said. He was aunt Karen's husband and the Alpha of this pack – Moon Stone Pack.

"Thank you, Alpha," I replied, loving the warm reception he gave me. It's been a while since anyone treated me that warmly.

"We are family. You can call me Uncle," He said.

"OK, Sir," I blurted out, but clamped my mouth with my hands.

"Call me uncle," he said again.

"OK, uncle, I let out.

"Welcome home, baby girl," My aunt hugged me, giving me a motherly warmth.

"Thank you, Aunt," I said, returning her warm hug.

I felt love. It was weird but for the first time in a long time, I felt at home. I felt familiar with this place, even though it was my first time coming here.

I was shown to my room by aunt Karen. She also introduced me to her three children: one boy and a girl. Scott was the oldest, and Amira, the last born of the family, is the same age as me. She is also in search of her mate. She's a kind girl. And I got to know she was also obsessed with finding her mate, and how sweet the moment would be.

I didn't wanna tell her how wrong she was though. Mates are the worst, and your life will be a living hell if you are mated with a monster like my bastard mate.

“Well, I don’t think mates are as cool as people make it seem, ” I finally told her one afternoon, while we were sitting by the pool.

“Jane, have you found your mate?” She asked.

“No. I have never met my mate and I don’t think he is anything special,” I spat out pure lies. I was still hurting and it was hard to tell her that I got rejected by my mate.

“What is wrong?” Why do I feel like you’re hiding something? Tell me, Jane, did you get rejected by your mate?”

What? Did I just give myself out?

“Yes, I already met my mate, but he rejected me as his mate. He even went as far as humiliating me in front of everyone. Everything happened in the pack celebration,” I told her.

“What?” She blurted out furiously, “Who the hell does he think he is? Did he tell you the reason why he rejected you?” She asked again.

“Because he thinks I am useless. I have no wolf,”

“Such a jerk! He doesn’t deserve you, I promise to help you get your revenge when I get to meet that asshole,” she promised.

“Thank you,” I smiled at her innocence.

Amira has been nothing but a great friend to me. I was loved and cherished by all the pack members in this pack. I felt love despite them knowing I had no wolf.

They never treated me badly, and I didn’t feel like an outcast here. This place is my home, and I loved it to bits and pieces.