

**Mystery of Fate: Luna Della's Second Chance –  
by Jane E.L. (aka Juliet Swanson) and Miss EA.**

**Chapter 1**

**Chapter 1**

Della's POV

I'm not my Alpha's fated mate. He met her a year after he chose me to be his mate and Luna, but I am still stuck in our marriage now three years after that.

Until today, I began to doubt my choice when my mother-in-law, the lauded Luna Natasha ordered,

"Della, you will take the blame for Flora. This is an order." She gazed upon me disdainfully. Her eyes swept over my body as she furrowed her brow.

"You are the one responsible for the car accident, not Flora. Do I make myself clear?"

I stood limply at the entrance to a hospital ward, bracing myself against the doorframe and practically hanging on for dear life. I had become so weak after the accident that even the strength of both my arms wasn't enough to keep me from swaying.

And yet, even with my health in such dire straits, I found Luna Natasha's voice so deadly.

"Luna..." I stammered, my voice barely above a hoarse whisper. "What are you talking about? I... I can't do this... Why me? I can't!"

Luna Natasha scowled at my meek protests. "Don't bother trying to ask why! Don't you know that? If his fated mate is imprisoned or executed, Kylian will become weak and I will never allow this to happen! Or you dare disobey me? The gall..."

"What? No! Of course not! I wouldn't dare to disobey your orders, and I have always respected you as my Luna. But... I wasn't responsible for this. I can't just take the fall."

"Who better to claim themselves to be the culprit than a lowly and useless Omega such as yourself? The whole lot of you are inept, your minds somehow even duller than your claws. You can't even drive a car, can you? So of course you would get into an accident," another voice suddenly interjected. It was Margot, Alpha Kylian's older sister.

I looked over at her as she walked to Luna Natasha's side, feeling utterly defeated. She never liked me either. Despite the torment of living under the scrutiny of these two, I hung around because I knew what truly mattered to me-

Kylian.

Kylian was my everything. He chose me to be his mate, and he claimed me. I would do anything for his sake, which included tolerating his family. But I drew the line at taking the fall for Flora. If I were to go to court for this, all these years of persistence and sacrifice would be over.

I lowered my head in silent defiance, refusing to accept that this was happening to me. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Flora, Kylian's fated mate, frail and dainty. There was an expectant look in her eye as we exchanged sideways glances, one that urged me to go along with Natasha's ridiculous demands.

Shifting uncomfortably in the bed and letting out a hollow cough, if you didn't know any better, it seemed as though the accident was even worse on her than it was on me. However, the only injury she sustained was a small cut on her wrist that had been wrapped in gauze. My mouth twitched in rage just looking at it.

The moment our eyes met, she immediately hid her smirk, and that cruel light in her eyes faded. Flora quickly knit her eyebrows and looked up at us in sorrow.

"I'm sorry Luna. This was all my fault. I just wanted to take Della out to buy you a Christmas present. If I wasn't the one driving, we never would've crashed!"

She stopped for a moment to catch her breath, robbed by false tears she had managed to muster up. Suddenly, she covered her face and whimpered, "I'm willing to face the pack law and stand trial. Whatever punishment the judge sentences me will be fair, even if it calls for my death. I would gladly die in the name of the Dark Moon Pack...! I've brought us great shame, and it reflects on you and Kylian... the rest of our pack members... Our dignity stands above all, and I would do anything to maintain Kylian's reputation. It would be an honor."

She had gone on such a lengthy monologue that I was nearly amused by her performance if not for the situation I was in. Flora would never change, it seemed.

She would say whatever it took in that songbird voice of hers, emptily singing the highest praises to win the hearts of those around her. It was evidently effective, seeing as Luna Natasha and Margot immediately walked over to her bedside to embrace her.

They held me in such disregard that it was appalling. I was Alpha Kylian's Luna, though that didn't matter to them.

Flora, in a burst of energy that I didn't know she had, threw herself into Luna Natasha's arms the way a child would nuzzle into their mother. She put her arms around Luna Natasha's neck and peeked just past her shoulder so that she could give me a triumphant look.

Though I couldn't see her smile, the way she narrowed her eyes so mockingly told me exactly the kind of expression she wore.

Then came the most terrifying thing anyone had uttered in that little hospital ward.

"Luna, I believe this would be an appropriate time to tell you. I would normally give everything for Kylian, my life included. But I couldn't bear to make him become weak and...let his puppy suffer the same fate!"

What puppy? My heart sank while she continued.

"Kylian's puppy rests in my womb, and if I were to die, he would never get to hold his darling baby. You know how important it would be for Kylian to have an heir from his fated mate. I must bear this child for him..."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

Flora was pregnant with my husband's child.

Though the sudden admission sent a whirlwind of shock and betrayal through my mind, I knew better than to doubt the woman. My husband, Alpha Kylian, didn't love me now. During the past three years since he found Flora, he didn't touch me the way a lover would.

He fully fell for Flora. He loved her for her dainty appearance and cute demeanor, for that innocent little facade she put up and her songbird voice. I always refuse to admit it so I can hold on to my miserable marriage.

Suddenly, Flora's timid sobbing came to an abrupt stop as she picked up on footsteps echoing down the hallway outside. The door to our ward opened soon after, revealing a burly figure who quickly strode into the room. The Alpha's aura engulfed the space in mere seconds.

Alpha Kylian was the kind of man who demanded attention simply by being himself. He was so incredibly muscular that his suit couldn't begin to hide the unbound strength that lay just underneath. I could practically see his abdomen underneath his shirt. To say he was handsome would have been a gross understatement. His expression was stoic yet intimidating, accentuated by high cheekbones and a strong jaw. And dark brown hair framed his face, falling in effortless locks that looked jet black in the dim lighting of the room.

I didn't need to look carefully to know who it was.

"Alpha," I called out to him softly, lowering my head in fealty and reverence. Though I wanted to call him by his first name, as Flora always did, I couldn't. He didn't allow me to.

I wondered if he was aware of the details of the car accident. If he was, then perhaps he had come to see me. The possibility alone set my chest ablaze, my heart pounding uncontrollably and distracting me from the terrible demands made of me moments before. I followed him closely, struggling to match his long strides as he walked toward Flora.

"Kylian..." Her voice was suddenly much weaker than it was before. She lowered her head and looked up at my husband with misty eyes, glittering like a doe's. "Oh, how it hurts, Kylian...! I was so scared. I nearly died in that crash, and the only thing going through my mind was that I'd never get to see you again. My darling... to be robbed of you would be a fate worse than death."

Only Flora, that damned canary, could cause such a crack in Kylian's stony expression. His aura immediately dampened as well and his temperament became softer at once.

He walked closer to her side on the bed and took her hand, saying, "Don't be afraid. I'm here now. Are you okay?"

I felt grateful in the most cynical way possible, thanking the Goddess that no one else was present in this ward. I would have died from sheer disgrace otherwise. Anyone with eyes and half a working brain would know that my husband wanted Flora, not me. He just needed me to take Luna's position, hide his secrets, and keep him decent to outsiders.

In fact, Kylian hadn't bothered to spare me a glance ever since walking through that door. I smelled of blood, my face gaunt and pale. The accident had done quite a number on me, and it was obvious enough, but that didn't matter to him.

In the past three years, I followed his every order as a dutiful wife should have. I was obedient. Upon a single request, I gladly served his mother, his sister, even his mistress. Naively thinking I could somehow win his love, I supported his every decision as an Alpha.

Now, I was finally beginning to understand that I was wrong.

"Alpha," I called out, finding the courage to attract his attention. "Luna Natasha and Margot have proposed that I should stand trial... That the punishment for this will somehow fall on my shoulders. Do you want that as well? Because Flora is... pregnant with your child?"

Somewhere deep in my heart, I wanted him to do away with this plan and tell me how ridiculous it was. But he did no such thing. Keeping his back to me, he took Flora's hand and said nothing in response. His silence spoke volumes, and I lowered my head in disappointment.

Kylian had chosen his fated mate over me, his Luna, as always.

The silence was drowning, the betrayal casting its long fingers around my throat and digging in. I could feel the tears welling in my eyes as I looked down, and in my blurred vision, I saw a pair of leather shoes appear just steps away.

I looked up at him, that perfect man, his blue eyes piercing through me. For the first time in our three years together, I felt warmth from him. It was a rare summer breeze wafting through what otherwise felt like a frigid winter since the day we married.

"I know it's not your fault," he said gently. I could feel a blush forming already. Heavens above, he hadn't talked to me like that for a long time. And now, he had taken my side, even said he believed me.

"I..." I trailed off, not knowing what to make of this sudden development. My voice cracked, my throat dry and rough. I didn't want him to hear my voice like this, so pitiful and damaged. But I still wanted to talk to him and make up for all those times I hadn't. It made me bitter how exceptionally rare it was that I was given such a chance over the past few years.

"Della..." He called out. The way my name rolled off of his tongue filled me with such ecstasy that I nearly moaned.

Maybe he wants to side with me this time.