

My Rejected Billionaire Luna Wife

Chapter 6: Split Decisions

Olivia seethed with indignation. What the hell? That she-wolf had tried to humiliate them! Olivia was not used to being treated like this! She was used to a life of privilege and luxury! She was a member of the Eclipse Pack – the Eclipse Pack for crying out loud! The richest, most powerful, most respected pack around. Who did this ugly old she-wolf think she was, talking to Amelia like that?

Olivia had never encountered such blatant disrespect. The audacity of that bitch! How dare she speak to Amelia like that!

Amelia was keenly aware of Olivia's mounting anger. As life-long friends, they knew each other well. She approached Olivia with a calm determination. The last thing Amelia wanted right now was a fight. It wasn't worth it. She placed a gentle hand on Olivia's shoulder, trying to temper her friend's fiery resolve. She led her friend through the corridors of the house.

"Liv, I understand your frustration," Amelia began. "It can be hard to hear things like that when you're not used to it. But we're not here to engage in petty fights. Vivienne's words don't mean anything to me. Not anymore."

Olivia's temper flared, her eyes flashing with a dangerous glint. "But Amelia, how can you let her talk to you like that? She's just a stupid she-wolf from a small, unimportant pack. You're a princess! You're the daughter of the most powerful Alpha around! You deserve respect!"

Amelia's gaze softened as she met Olivia's fiery stare. "But Vivienne doesn't know that," Amelia explained. "Remember? She just thinks I'm some stupid rogue. Some lone she-wolf that just stumbled upon this pack two years ago. She doesn't know who I am, Liv."

"Still..." Olivia said, "What gives her the right to talk to anyone like that?" "She's a bitch," Amelia shrugged. "We're very privileged. We were raised in a respectable way, with manners and civility. Not all wolves are, Liv. Some wolves are more depraved. They're less civilized. They don't act like we do." Olivia nodded. That made

perfect sense. Vivienne was rude because it was the way of her pack. "Now can we just get what I came for and get the hell out of here?" Amelia asked.

Amelia led Olivia to her bedroom. The familiar surroundings elicited a mix of nostalgia and pain. She approached a small chest tucked away in the corner. With a steady hand, she unlocked the chest, revealing a box adorned with intricate engravings. As she opened it, a breathtaking ring shimmered within.

"It's a moonstone," Amelia explained. Olivia was speechless; it was the most beautiful ring she'd ever seen. "My father gave it to me on my 18th birthday, when I first felt my wolf awakening. It holds a special place in my heart."

"It's stunning, Amelia," Olivia remarked. "I can see why you came back for it."

A myriad of emotions flickered across Amelia's face. "To be honest, Liv, this is the only thing I really care about in this place anymore," she confessed.

"Really? But what about the shoes?" Olivia teased, pointing at the closet. "They're some nice pumps in there. I think I see some Jimmy Choos."

Amelia smiled. "I don't care about any of this crap, Liv. Sure, some it's nice, but it's all just stuff. I never wanted any of it. All I ever wanted was his respect. His love. Not these meaningless gifts."

Olivia walked over to a dress and flipped over the price tag. "Hm," she said. "Honestly, these dresses aren't even that nice."

"By 'nice' you mean expensive?" Amelia smirked. "Seriously, Mila. You can have anything you want now. You can buy a hundred dresses with triple the price tag. You're right. Let's get out here."

Amelia nodded. It was time to go. For two years, she had put up with Garbiel and Vivienne's constant abuse. They had been horrible to her. They'd never respected her. They'd never accepted her as Luna. Her life had been a living hell! She knew now that she'd made the right decision – it was time to leave the Moonstone Pack once and for all.

Amelia and Olivia descended the stairs and came face to face with Vivienne, again. Amelia rolled her eyes and sighed. She'd been hoping they could escape without a final confrontation.

But Vivienne stepped directly in front of Amelia, blocking her path.

"And where do you think you're going, dear Luna?" Vivienne asked, her voice dripping with venom. "Get out of my way, Vivienne," Amelia said, raising her chin. "You're going to leave with that filthy rogue?" Vivienne laughed. "Really? Oh, just wait until Gabriel hears about this! He'll punish you, you know. He might even put you in the banishment quarters over this. He can't have his Luna running around with trash like that!" Vivienne pointed at Olivia.

Amelia's eyes blazed with defiance as she met Vivienne's gaze head-on. "I am no longer Luna," she declared, her voice firm and resolute. "Gabriel rejected me, and our mate bond is broken. Your opinion doesn't matter to me anymore. I don't give a shit about what you think!"

Vivienne's features contorted with scorn as Amelia's words sunk in. "That's fabulous news," she sneered. "Although my son should have rejected you years ago. You never deserved to be Luna. You are nothing but a worthless rogue."

Olivia couldn't just stand by any longer. She couldn't just let this woman keep on saying these awful things! Her temper flared. She felt her wolf rising, willing and ready to fight for her friend. She was overcome with fury and let out a howl.

Vivienne whipped her head around at the sound. She saw the fury in Olivia's eyes. Her claws came out. The air crackled with tension; the room became charged with primal energy.

"Shut. Your. Mouth! Or I'll make you, you bitch," Olivia hollered, raising her arm, ready to attack. The two she-wolves circled one another. Amelia knew it was only a matter of seconds before they'd rip each other apart. She called to Olivia to stop, but Olivia was overcome with rage.

Just then, Gabriel burst through the door. He had felt Amelia's presence and had come running. He immediately jumped between the two wolves, acting as a barrier.

"Enough!" he yelled at his mother.

"She said you rejected her, Gabriel," Vivienne spat, her tone venomous. "If that's the case, kick her out of the pack! Exile her." Vivienne's eyes flashed

hate at Amelia. "She was a worthless rogue when she came here. Get RID OF HER!"

Olivia tried to lunge at Vivienne, but Gabriel stopped her. "You lowly old bitch! How dare you call her a worthless rogue?" Olivia snapped, her voice thick with raw fury.

"Olivia, stand down," Amelia instructed her friend. "It's time to go." Gabriel turned his gaze towards Amelia, concern etched upon his face.

"Go?" he asked, his voice wavering. "Where will you go?"

Olivia shot Amelia a meaningful look, silently urging her to reveal her decision. Amelia took in a big breath, and then released it slowly. It was time to tell Garbiel the truth.

She met Garbiel's gaze and said with a steady, resolute voice: "I'm going back to where I belong, Garbiel."

"But you're a rogue, Amelia. I don't understand," he said, shaking his head. What was happening? What was she talking about? She didn't 'belong' anywhere – that's WHY she was rogue.

Amelia gave Olivia a quick glance. Her friend smiled and nodded, giving Amelia the courage she needed.

"I'm going home, Gabriel," Amelia said, her chin held high.