

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 1

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 1

For as long as I can remember, I've lived in a small kitchen utility room.

An adopted orphan can't have a bed. When I was young, I slept under a low table. Melissa gave me her old mattress as she grew older, which was the only comfortable thing I had.

Melissa was a year younger than me, and she was Alpha Michael and Luna Ellen's daughter.

My mother was Alpha's sister and Luna's best friend, and she died giving birth to me. As of my father, I've never heard anything about him from Luna and Alpha. Not sure if he is dead.

The Alpha took me in because of my alpha bloodline but they still blamed me for my mom's death. Their hatred has caused me endless torture and bullying.

When I was four, I had to help in the kitchen. When I was tall enough to reach the bed, I had to help with the beddings. They'd beat me to half dead for the smallest mistakes I made, and cold leftovers would be too much to ask for sometimes.

I was never allowed to eat at the table, nor to say anything other than "sorry" and "yes" or they beat me.

Luna once said that all I had to do was nod my head and pretend to be mute.

My miserable life took a turn when Melissa turned five.

She pleaded my case, and they gave me a chance to eat at the table like a pack member.

From then on, my life wasn't a that terrible.

Melissa introduces her friends to me. She also gave me comfortable clothes to wear.

She never see me as a slave. To Melissa's friends, I was her elder sister.

Thanks to her, I had a glimmer of hope in this awful life.

I pushed away those thoughts, continuing to work.

I had to clean the house for the rest of the day. If Ellen were to found hair strand on the carpet tomorrow, she would strangle me.

I soaked the rag in water, then knelt on the ground to wipe the floor.

Summer evenings were always muggy. I tried to wipe the sweat off my brow, only to have dirty water from the rag splash on my face.

It did cool me off a lot, though. Thank god for that.

I tried to move slowly and be quiet so that I wouldn't bump into anything that would disturb people resting in the room.

However, as I reached the floor of Alpha's study, Ellen's screams pierced my eardrums through the wooden door.

Honestly, I instinctively dreaded that her shrill screaming because it always accompanies beating for me.

"If you want someone to marry, marry out that mute!"

Mute? Was she talking about me?

I shivered at the thought. For the first time, I was bold enough to eavesdrop on their discussion...

Ellen continued angrily, "Melissa is my baby, she's only 18 this year! There's no way I'm letting her marry that notorious Alpha who know nothing other than slaughtering!"

I pressed my ear up to the door to hear better.

Alpha Michael was also in the room. Even with a door between us, I could smell the strong smell of cigarettes.

I heard him say, "But a marriage alliance is the only way right now. The Silver Mountain Pack up north is constantly starting fights, and the only one who can match them now is Alpha Enzo. Now that he proposed, we can't refuse it, no matter what."

Enzo Weiss. I knew that name. Or, more accurately, everyone knew who he was.

He was the Cold Moon Pack's new Alpha. 22 years old, very fearless.

I heard rumours that he was tough-build, muscular, and extremely violent. He enjoys slaughtering so much that the smell of fresh blood has grown on to him.

I couldn't help but picture muscular man beating me a hundred times harder than Ellen did. It's terrifying

Ellen continued to object, "No. I won't let Melissa suffer through this!"

Melissa was in the room too, and she choked back her sobs. "Mom, is there no other way?"

"I told you, we can let that mute, Andrea, take your place and marry instead."

"But she's just a slave," Michael said.

"Even so, she's our daughter on paper," Ellen stressed.

"Mom..."

I was relieved to hear Melissa speaking again. Melissa was my best friend. She would defend for me, right?

"Then, have Andrea go instead of me. I am not marrying that monster. He's not good enough for me. Andrea is just a maid in our family, so it's appropriate for her to marry him. I don't know if Alpha Enzo will like her though, since she's not as pretty as me."

I covered my mouth as my vision darkened around me.

I hurriedly finished the work I had remaining, needing somewhere to vent. I needed to run, get out of this house that only saw me as a slave and an object to be traded!

It was already night, but my wolf, Andy, could made sure I was unhindered to in the dark.

I went to the back of the house and dashed through the woods.

Leaves brushed my sides, thorns cut my feet and calves, but I was numb to the pain.

I ran to the stream at the pack border before I finally stopped and took deep breaths.

After a short break, I looked up and looked around in trance. I realized that I knew nothing about what the future held for me.

I had a terrible headache, and I didn't know where to go.

At some point, an unusual smell punched through the air, I couldn't tell what kind of smell it was.

It is like some nice wine, cold and dense.

The scent soothed my mind and relieved the headache I had.

I had the urge to follow the scent, Andy as well. We were both entranced by the smell.

So, I did. It was almost like instinct.

I only stopped when I came to a barbed-wire fence. I was startled to realize that I had almost entered another pack's private territory. I needed prepare breakfast for Alpha and his family before they got up, so I hurried back. I crawled back hoping that everything happened today is just a dream. There would be no marriage or taking Melissa's place to get married. I hoped that I could stay here with my best friend, Melissa.

I woke up bright and early. After I washed up, I planned to make breakfast. I put the bread in the toaster and turned to fry the bacon when Melissa walked into the kitchen. I smiled at her.

Melissa was still in her white lace nightgown. She leaned against the doorframe and stared at me without a word. I could see a faint hint of sadness in her eyes, and it looked like pity.

"Andrea..."

I tilted my head to look at her.

She tried to say something but stopped several times, and I could tell she was having difficulties telling me something. She is hesitant.

I tried to forget everything I heard last night, convincing myself that I had misheard and Melissa was still my best friend.

Melissa had a bright, wonderful smile and the heart of an angel. She couldn't be so cruel.

I plated the fried bacon, wiped my hands, and turned back to take Melissa's hands.

Melissa raised her brows and pulled out a small blue velvet box from her pocket. She opened the box and reveals a sparkling rose diamond necklace. It seemed precious.

"This is for you, Andrea. I saw it yesterday while shopping, and I thought it would suit you."

Melissa took the necklace out of the box and reached out to help me put it on.

I waved my hand, trying to gesture that this was too valuable for me to accept.

Melissa shook her head. "You're my best friend, right? Don't refuse it."

With her big, turquoise eyes on me, I could only nod.

Melissa relaxed after she helped me put on the necklace, and that uncomfortable vibe surrounding her also disappeared. She seemed to have returned to her carefree little princess image as she skipped back to her room.

I touched the carved rose on the diamond necklace and frowned.

Melissa had never given me anything as expensive as this before.

Perhaps that's what I worth. Perhaps Melissa thinks I should be thanking her that she thinks a slave would worth a diamond neckless.

Unlike Alpha and Luna who just throw me to the monster, she gave me something to trade my life with.