

# His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 1

I'm running as fast as I can.

I'm running for my life, through the rain and the cold. Oh, I'm so, so cold. But it doesn't matter right now. All I can do is keeping running, the farthest I can, the fastest I can.

Tears run down my cheeks along with the rain.

"Come back here! You w\*\*\*e!"

I can hear his voice behind me, and fear makes me run even faster. He is chasing after me, shouting like crazy, calling me terrible names in the night. How can he do this? How could he do this to me? What did I ever do to deserve such a thing? He is my own brother!

I take a turn right in a narrow street, looking for a place to hide, unsure where to go. Can I really escape him? The pouring rain is my only ally, as I know it will cover my scent. I keep running, barefooted on the asphalt, running for my life as I try to escape my only family member...

\*\*\*2 weeks ago\*\*\*

"Nora !"

I tremble in fear. The voice calling my name from next door freezes my hands immediately. He walks in, his eyes filled with anger. I can guess what is coming next. I gasp and bite my lip. The small kitchen seems way too narrow at this instant, as I instinctively step back as he's approaching closer.

He raises his hand, and before I can say a word, slaps me.

"Don't run away when I'm calling you!"

I can feel the burn on my cheek, and do my best to keep my eyes down. If I look him in the eyes, he will get even madder. He unleashes at me, his voice echoing with anger in the room.

"Why is the food not ready, huh? Everyone is waiting because of you! Do you feel you can make everyone wait? Are you happy to make us wait? You useless trash! The Alpha is even mad at me because of you!"

The slaps keep coming before I even get a chance to talk back. He doesn't care for my explanation. Why is it so unfair? It's not my fault! Rory and Bill came late with the groceries they were supposed to bring hours ago! I could only start late, and I did try to get it done as fast as possible, I really did, but it was just an impossible task. Why do I get a beating?

My brother won't care; he won't listen to me. He is just a mad, angry beast. I can only try to cover my face with my arms as the blows keep coming.

"Brother, please, stop!" I beg as my tears run down

"Who are you calling your brother? I have no useless trash sister like you!"

But I am his sister! We have the same father, the same mother, how can he say that? His words are as painful as his hits. Alec used to care for me. He used to love me, his little sister, and played with me. But that was a long time ago, in our childhood. Everything changed for the worst when our mom died. He was twelve, and I was eight.

He found my mom and me late at night, a stormy night, in a bloodbath. I remember the horror on his face — the shock in his eyes, and how he ran away from the scene. His attitude changed completely after that, and so did the pack.

He finally stops hitting me, out of breath, still red from anger. It hurts so much. I keep my arms up around myself, in case he decides to go at it again. But he steps back.

"Hurry up! I'll kill you if you don't hurry up! You cursed girl!"

He leaves the room, and I slowly lower my arms, still shaking. I try not to cry as I can feel tears filling my eyes. I get up and ignore the pain to go back to the cooking. I hurry up. I know his threats are real. I can't talk back, only concentrate on my task.

I touch the painful areas hesitatingly. It hurts so bad... New bruises will add to the ones I already have. Sometimes it hurts for days, and the pain won't let me sleep. Can I ever escape this? Sometimes I'm afraid he will kill me.

I finally finish cooking and bring the plates to the dining hall. Many pairs of eyes follow my every move. Some pack members smirk after me, some pretend I don't exist. I prefer the latter. I keep my eyes down and put one plate

on the table after another, hoping no one is in the mood to mess with me today.

I'm almost done serving when I can suddenly feel something on my thigh. A big hand is gripping me! I get away from the disgusting touch with a shiver, and realize the hand is Marcus'. He is more than twice my age and a real p\*\*\*\*t. I can't hold a squeak from disgust and step back hurriedly. At the end of the table, the Alpha, Vince, hits the table with his fist as soon as he hears me, making me jump.

"Nora! Shut up and get out of there! Who wants to see your face when we are about to eat! Get out!"

I run away to leave this room filled with looks of hate and disgust. Some members of the pack even smirk or whistle when I walk by them. I raise my hand to touch my scar by reflex and quickly cover it with my hair as I exit the room.

I can only breathe again when I finally reach the empty kitchen. Quietly and quickly, I find some leftovers from yesterday in the fridge and fill a small plate to take with me downstairs. I don't want to be there when everyone comes out of the dining room.

The basement of the main house is a large, dusty room, filled with overused furniture, broken things and old stuff no one wants. And me.

I retreat to a yellowish rundown old couch and sit up to eat my cold lasagna. This place is where I'm the safest. No one comes here, and I doubt a lot of people even know I actually live here. Yes, this is my room. It has been for the past nine years... I tried to sort it a little so I could feel a bit comfy, but I can never get used to it. It's dusty no matter how many times I clean it, and there is just one small window. No heating either. The winter nights are almost unbearable, even when I gather all the old clothing and sheets I can to cover myself.

Facing me, a large broken mirror shows my shattered reflection.

The scolding from the Alpha comes back to me. I had forgotten about my scar. I must have put my hair behind my ear without thinking while cooking... I don't like it either. She runs from my eyebrow to my jaw in an irregular, vivid red line. I brush my hair with my fingers, trying to hide this hideous scar with my dark curls.

I find the girl in the mirror so pitiable... She's scrawny, petite and pale. I look like a sickly kid when I'm already seventeen. I envy the other girls from the pack. Girls like Jessica or Amber, with their feminine looks, curvy bodies, and confident attitude. They are the same age as me, but it's like we are from different worlds. All I can do is try to live as quietly as possible, avoid my brother's wrath and the pack members mean looks. They all hate me.

Suddenly, I wake up, still on the couch. Oh, Moon Goddess, did I fall asleep here? My brother is going to kill me! I get up as quickly as I can and run to the stairs, but as I exit the basement, I can already hear him.

"Nora! You useless freak! Where are you hiding! Wait 'till I get you!"

I freeze next to the basement stairs. What time is it? I try to think of something to explain my absence, but nothing comes to mind. Alec is yelling again, from outside I think. He must be looking for me thinking I went to the forest. Our pack is located in the outskirts of the city, making it easy for us to take a run whenever we want to. For those who can shapeshift....

I take a few steps in the kitchen, hesitating. Should I try to go to the dining room and start cleaning up like nothing? I could try going upstairs to hide in one of the rooms...

Suddenly, a wave of pain hits me from my scalp. My hair is violently grabbed from behind, and I lose balance as I'm forcefully pulled.

"Found her!" Says a feminine voice. "Alec, I got your b\*\*\*h sister!"

It's Amber, not letting me go no matter how I try to escape her. My brother storms in, and hits me hard, so hard I hit the floor.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" I beg, sobbing already "Alec, I'm sorry I just..."

"Won't you shut the hell up! Where were you hiding, you b\*\*\*h! You thought the chores would get done by itself? Or were you hoping someone would do it for you, huh?"

"Why the hell is the Alpha keeping this girl, again? She's so useless and dumb!" Says Amber

"I'm sorry, I'll do it right away! Sorry!" I sob

I get up to reach the sink and run the water to start washing dishes, trying to keep my tears in. My brother and Amber keep talking, but at least he has stopped hitting me. He won't get too violent with me whenever someone else is in the room, especially a girl.

"If you run away or hide from your chores again I will k!!! you!" He swears as he exits the room, followed by Amber who can't resist smirking at me.

I'm so sick of it.

When will this stop? This is my hell, day after day. I've tried running away, I did. But my brother is way faster than me, and I can't outrun any wolf when I can't shapeshift myself. I got the worst beating ever when they caught me. I really thought they would k!!! me at that time. But they didn't.

I wish they just let me go, but where would I go next? I don't have any other relatives and no friends. I'm penniless too. Where would I go...?

Don't cry, Nora. Stop.

It's useless.

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