

# Rejecting My Contracted Luna Chapter 1 - CHAPTER 1

## You Belong To Him Tonight

Emma's POV

"You're late," My father growls and I look down at the cracked watch on my wrist.

"Five minutes," I moan. "I am five minutes late."

"If you would stop whoring around you wouldn't be late," He yells loudly and he raises his hand to slap me across the face. His hand hits me right on the bruise that already resides on my cheek and I can feel blood begin to drip down my cheek.

"Go get yourself cleaned up," He growls at me. "You have a job tonight."

I push past him and head up the stairs to my bedroom. "I can't," I grunt as I walk up the stairs. "I have a shift at the diner."

"You can do both," He says with a smirk spread across his face.

"Right," I mumble as panic begins to rise in my chest. I know what his jobs mean. I will wake up the next morning violated and covered in more bruises. I slam my bedroom door behind me and I slip out of my school clothes and into my work uniform. The diner's uniform consists of a short skirt and a short sleeved blouse.

Looking in my mirror I wince at my appearance. There is no way I will be able to cover all of the bruises. Slipping off the blouse, I slide on a white long sleeved t- shirt and then put the blouse over top. Hopefully Randy, the owner of the diner, will let it slide this time.

Pulling back my unruly head of curls into a messy bun I apply a little bit of foundation, hoping to be able to cover the bruise and cut on my cheek. Checking my reflection in the mirror, I shrug my shoulders knowing that this is going to be about as good as it gets. My stomach rumbles loudly reminding me that I have not eaten all day. Knowing that I will have to face my father if I try to eat downstairs I decide to add another meal to my tab at the diner. Hopefully Randy won't mind.

Running down the stairs I head straight for the front door when my father steps out in front of me and stops me in my tracks.

"I thought we could talk for a minute before you leave for work," I do not trust the smile that he has spread across his lips. But he is blocking my way out of the house and I don't really have much of a choice.

Grabbing my hand he forces me to follow him into the kitchen and that's when I notice another man sitting at our kitchen table. He looks like one of my father's typical friends. Rough around the edges with an evil look in his eyes. I try not to pay attention to the way that his eyes rake over my body as I stand awkwardly in the kitchen waiting for my father to start talking. My father grabs a glass out of the cupboard and pour a large glass of whiskey and pushes it towards me.

"Drink this," He says with a serious tone in his voice.

I laugh nervously as I look at the glass in front of me. "I don't think I should be drinking before I head to work."

My father pushes the glass even closer to me and growls in my direction. "Drink. It."

He says curtly and I realize that I do not have a choice. Slowly I raise the glass to my lips and take a little sip. My face screws up as the liquid hits my palate. The taste of whiskey is definitely not my favorite.

"Finish it," My father says angrily. Taking a deep breath, I pinch my nose and gulp down the liquid as fast as I possibly can. Once I take the last gulp I gag a little before I force the rest down. I slam the glass on the counter and look at my father who has a satisfied look on his face.

Suddenly the world around me begins to grow fuzzy. I blink my eyes several times in a row trying to clear my vision.

"What did you put in that?" My words are slurred as the world around me goes in and out of focus.

"This is Rick," My father says as he gestures to the man that is still sitting at the dining room table. "You belong to him tonight."

I turn to run out of the door but my feet get all jumbled up and I fall to the ground. My father and Rick both stand over me with huge grins spread across their faces, and then the world around me goes black.