

## Chapter 5: It hurts twice as much

With hurried steps, Luciana ascends the basement stairs and practically runs down the corridor. She stops in front of the genuine's den, her heart pounding heavily in her chest.

"If Amélia is really his destined one, how will Miguel react?" Luciana questions mentally, keeping her thoughts closed so Miguel can't hear them. She hesitates before knocking on the door.

"Come in!" Miguel's deep voice resonates from behind the door, taking Luciana by surprise. She locked her thoughts so he wouldn't hear, but she forgot that the senses of a genuine alpha are far superior to hers.

Luciana turns the doorknob and enters Miguel's den. It's not common for Miguel to let anyone into his den. Only a few members of the pack were allowed in periodically for cleaning, but only when he spent days away from home.

Miguel often walked around naked; he never cared about his nudity, never bothered to undress before shifting, and didn't mind being naked when he returned to his human form in the forest or on the property. He always took pride in his physique, but now, he was dressed inside his own den. Why?

Luciana looks at Miguel's neck.

"There's no doubt, Amélia is his mate," Luciana thinks, observing the letter A on Miguel's neck. "What are you planning, goddess of the moon?" Luciana questions, and even though it's the first time she's seen a werewolf destined to a human, she's not surprised; Selene, the goddess of the moon, has always been full of surprises.

1. A genuine was defeated by a rejected alpha.
2. The daughter of the Supreme Alpha was destined to a vampire, among other unusual things the goddess did.

"Genuine Alpha," Luciana acknowledges with a nod. "I didn't know you'd returned."

"I got back last night," Miguel says irritably. "What do you want?"

"I was with the human," Luciana begins. "And..." She hesitates; Miguel isn't very tolerant, and his instincts tell her that he's in a bad mood. "I saw the mate mark on her neck. I came to find out how to proceed from now on, now that she's our genuine lu..."

"She's not my Genuine Lunam," Miguel growls angrily. "She's just a human who was wagered by her father and became my slave, that's all, a slave!" Miguel exclaims, trying to convince himself that the human is nothing more than a slave.

"But..."

"I want her to go clean, put her to work, Luciana, or she won't be the only one to be punished," Miguel says in a biting tone.

"Yes, sir," Luciana concedes; it was expected that Miguel would react this way. He doesn't like humans. "Oh, I didn't tell her that she's been staked and that we're not human."

"Why?" Miguel asks, growing more irritated. "I ordered you to fetch her and tell her!"

"I told her you hired her to work."

"Why did you disobey my order, Lunae Luciana?" Miguel's face hardens, his voice lled with threats. At this moment, Luciana regrets fulfilling the request of that drunken human who claimed to be her father.

"I... I'm sorry, Genuine. The girl's father asked me to spare her the truth as much as I could, and I felt sorry for her when I saw the hope in her eyes, thinking she would be hired and could give her father a better life. She even told me that she would save money to pay for her father's treatment to help him quit drinking and gambling, even though he was so bad to her, she still wanted to take care of him. It touched me."

Luciana wishes explaining, and a heavy silence hangs in the den.

"Leave and take this," Miguel says finally, his voice controlled, pointing to the cleaning cart that Amélia left in his den. He understands that females are sentimental, and Luciana is in her natural years of life.

Miguel collapses on the bed. It's only been an hour since he discovered who his destined one is, and he's already affected. He dressed because, even though he didn't want to, he was embarrassed to have been caught by that human while having sex with another female.

The moment their eyes met, even if Amélia didn't understand it herself, she felt betrayed, stabbed, hurt. He had betrayed her, and it hurt him twice as much as it hurt her. Because of the moon goddess's punishment, the mark on his neck was even more painful because of the betrayal he committed at the moment he found her. Even though it wasn't intentional, he made his destined one suffer and paid the price for it.

He could feel all of Amélia's sadness; he felt the pain in the tears she shed as she ran out of his den, and that pain is only now subsiding because Amélia is asleep.

"Argh!" Miguel growls in frustration. Having to go through such suffering because of a human? Outrageous!

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"Amélia, wake up," Luciana shakes Amélia's shoulders.

"Ma'am, you're back," Amélia says with a hoarse voice from sleep. Finally, the pain in her chest has disappeared. She now feels only tired.

Amélia looks at her employer's face, noticing that her expression is sad.

"Are you okay, ma'am? Did that man mistreat you too?" Amélia asks.

"No, no. Miguel is not like that," Luciana quickly says. This is true; Miguel doesn't mistreat his own. He respects his people and takes care of each one. He may be rough, but he does it to maintain his position. Despite being a good genuine, if he shows any weakness, some alpha might think they can challenge him.

Answering your earlier question, the man you saw is Miguel, the boss."

"I already expected that," Amélia says, suddenly feeling small, the world so big and cruel to her, and she's so small and alone.

"I know you're shaken, but you need to finish your tasks. Miguel is in a bad mood, and it's not..."

"I've understood," Amélia interrupts Luciana and gets up from the bed. "I'll do the tasks; I won't let them regret hiring me," Amélia says and tries to smile, but immense sadness overwhelms her. She gets up, and Luciana shows her the next areas to clean.

After cleaning the empty guest rooms in the corridor, Amélia goes to the secondary kitchen and has lunch. Dragging the cleaning cart, she heads to the main hall.

Amélia is so lost in her thoughts, wandering between Miguel's image and her father's face, that she doesn't notice the presence of another person in the hall.

"You imbecile!" Lovetta screams as she feels the cart wheel run over her foot. It didn't hurt, but she is so full of hatred for Amélia, who interrupted her moment with the genuine alpha, that she only needed a slight mistake to seek revenge on the genuine's slave.

Uncontrollably, Lovetta grabs Amélia's hair, and Amélia screams in pain as her scalp burns from having several strands torn out. Lovetta slams Amelia's head into the corner of the cart, splitting the human's forehead as she screams in pain and desperation, feeling the blood trickle from the deep cut.

"Stop, I'm sorry, please stop!" Amelia pleads, but Lovetta only laughs. Amelia clutches the blonde's hands in her hair and tries to break free, but it's in vain. Her strength is nothing compared to the woman gripping her hair.

"You filthy human!" Lovetta growls and forcefully punches Amelia in the nose. Amelia falls to the ground and hits her head on the porcelain floor. The cut on her forehead opens wider, her nose is now broken and bleeding, and she has never felt so much pain in her life. Amelia faints.

Not satisfied, Lovetta begins to kick Amelia's belly.

"Stop!" Luciana shouts as she enters the room.

"She hurt me first, this filthy slave!" Lovetta says with disgust as she looks at the unconscious female human on the floor. "I should..." she falls silent upon hearing a growl behind her, her entire body trembling.

It was him.