

Five Mates? The Alpha Brothers' Golden-Eyed Luna

Author: **Catty Wheels**

Chapter 1

PRECIOUS

I looked at everyone gathered in the hall decorated with flowers and colorful lights, happiness radiating within me as the joy of being a happy pack put a smile on my face.

“Precious, come over here. What are you thinking about?” Emily, my Alpha's daughter and closest friend in the pack, called out to me, her voice cheerful that I immediately knew that she was up to something.

I turned to look at her, and her face immediately changed to a crimson red, filling up her beautiful face. I arched my brow and smiled. “News? From the tone of your voice, I already detect it to be good.”

Emily's smile widened, revealing a set of white teeth, and I walked towards where she sat amongst her family. When I tried to sit down, she stood up in an instant and grabbed my hand before dragging me away from everyone else.

“What's wrong with you? Why the excitement...?” I didn't get to finish before she clasped a hand on my mouth, deliberately stopping me from speaking more.

“Guess who I saw today?” she said, twirling around, and her red curly hair bounced in the night sky. I snapped my finger at her, trying to bring her back to the world I was in because I knew she was in her imaginary world.

“You know I'm not good at guessing, so you can spill the beans now,” I declared, my curiosity piqued at whatever she had to say. I was excited for her; she hadn't been this excited for a long while, and it was a good thing that she had a reason to be now.

Emily rolled her eyes and flicked her hair. “I will tell you. I met the Alpha of the Blood Canine Pack. No, not the big Alpha but one of the sons. Ehm, yes, it's Duke.”

I gulped. I wondered what she was so excited about because if situations were reversed and I was the person who met with him, I would be shivering in terror by now. Who didn't know about the Blood Canine Pack? They had the most fearsome and ruthless Alphas. The main Alpha birthed his five demons who kept tormenting their pack members.

“And you are excited?” I could only ask, my mouth left open in an O-shaped form. She could see the horrified look on my face because she burst out laughing the next minute.

“Why wouldn't I be? He's the cutest guy I have ever met, and the good thing is that he noticed me. He kept flirting with me, and I felt so special. And the other good thing is that he even knows who I am,” Emily said in one breath, her chest heaving up and down like she had just done a marathon race.

Even I knew how handsome the quintuplets were, and she wasn't the only one who had fantasized about them. I had too, and I believe most maidens do too. But being an omega and the daughter of a Beta, I knew I stood no chance. Emily was more beautiful than I was, and she was, in fact, an Alpha. Of course, if she said he noticed her, I wouldn't doubt her. No man can resist her beauty; it has been proven true countless times. So many influential families had come to seek her hand in marriage, but she had rejected them all. Well, you could not blame her when most of her suitors are well above 27 years old, whereas, we are yet to clock 18.

My eyes rounded up in happiness. “I'm so happy for you. It's good that one of us got him rather than any other.”

“Yes, I know. But then, he hasn't declared interest in being my boyfriend. Until then, I will be very happy,” Emily said pitifully, her once happy eyes now dull. What she said made sense; it was only a flirt which doesn't mean it would lead to marriage.

“Let's just hope that the moon goddess would be kind enough to mate you two together.” I soothed her, my hands holding onto her slender shoulders as I tried to assure her through my eyes.

“I hope you get mated to one of his brothers as well,” Emily said kindly before she enveloped me into a hug.

A loud sound of explosion pierced through the night sky, and Emily and I separated in a rush, looking at one another in fear. Soon enough, loud screams erupted and terror seized me, and I dragged Emily back to where everyone was.

When we got there, we shrieked in horror at the sight before us. There were about a hundred werewolves—who I perceived instantly to be rogues—killing our pack members with either knife, spade, or gun. Those who were strong enough were doing combat, and my tummy churned at the view before me.

Emily screamed, and she shifted to her amazing Alpha form. I knew there was nothing she could do because she was still a female Alpha and she was defenseless. They were guarded and she was not. I used that moment to search for my parents, who are my only family. Looking from fallen werewolves who were mostly dead and those fighting for survival, I spotted Mom huddled under a table with three other women, including Luna Roseline.

I ran to them, and I yelled my mother's name. When she heard my call, she got up from her hidden position and beckoned me to come to her. I knelt by her side and wrapped my arms around her. Sobs shook us over, tearing the strong walls which we had managed to build.

“Run away from here, dear,” Mom pleaded, her tears gushing down from her eyes that it dropped on my skin which was bare. “Run and hide so that they can never catch you.”

I shook my head and looked into her frightened eyes. “No, Mom, I won't do that. I won't live the life of a coward who fled when her family and pack members were being slaughtered!”

She tried to persuade me, but seeing that my mind was already made up, she gave a light nod as she let the hot tears fall freely down her face.

“Where's Dad?” I questioned, fear gripping me that he must already have been killed. I knew it was impossible for us to leave alive and that death was the only path, but I still needed to tell him my last goodbye.

“He's fighting with the Alpha,” Mom muttered, her voice losing the lively vibe it normally had.

As I turned away from them, the voice of Luna Roseline called out to me. “Where's Emily, Precious?”

“She left me to fight,” I answered, knowing she would not like it, but neither she nor I had a choice in this. It was her decision to go, not mine; besides, she still has the Alpha blood in her, which means that no one can change her mind when it's already made up.

“Please run after her; she's my only child and I don't want to lose her,” Luna Roseline pleaded, her voice hoarse which I knew was due to excess weeping. Knowing that there was nothing I could do and that agreeing with her was for the best, I gave her a nod before leaving them alone.

As I walked through the dead bodies, I saw the most horrifying image in my life. Standing like a proud soldier laughing loudly was a big rogue holding the head of a man in his hands, and a loud scream erupted from my mouth when I recognized the owner of the head. My Alpha King, my godfather and the father of my best friend, is no more. Everyone turned towards me, but surprisingly, no one advanced towards me. In my still shocked state, I saw my father beheaded, and I fell to the ground. By now, all the other rogues were out, and from the corner of my eyes, I could see some heading where my mom and the other women were hiding.

Five minutes later, I still sat on the ground as tears fell down my face in torrents. I felt very useless; if I had gotten my wolf yet, I would have fought back. Rather, I was nothing but a weak human. In my presence, my parents and pack members were killed, and I couldn't do anything. I felt so cursed because what was I doing alive when everyone I loved was killed and I was spared?

Still locked up in my thoughts, I didn't know when someone came to stand before me. Standing up in an instant, I jerked away and looked frightened at him. He was one of the rogues, and trust me, he's the ugliest thing I have ever set my eyes on. It was no wonder that his heart was ugly if he could live with such an ugly face.

“Are you here to finally kill me because I don't understand why you choose to keep me alive after killing my whole family.” I choked on my words, tears falling like non-stop rain down my face.

He laughed. “Nah, I'm not going to kill you. In fact, I have a special offer for you.”

“I'm not interested in any offer of yours. Kill me and finish your work or let me go so that I can finish mine.” I spat angrily at him, my hatred-filled gaze boring into his, equally the ones I was receiving.

He marched towards me and grabbed my jaw and squeezed it in his hands. I winced in pain as the long nails he wore penetrated into my skin, leaving me wounded. “You do not have a choice here, and I want you to know that. You are now my slave and my offer is that I will let you be auctioned for sale.”

I stared back at him in shock, and my heart broke a lot more than it had since today. If someone had told me that my life would one day change its fate, I wouldn't have believed them. Now, not only did I witness the cold murder of my parents and pack members, I was now a slave for an auctioned price.

Two weeks later,

I sat in front of the vanity room that I shared with the other slave girls. A lot had changed since that day when I lost everyone I had. I was now a bruised and broken girl whose body had endured several beatings. There was no shoulder to cry on, so I bore my pain alone.

Today was another day to be auctioned, and I was already tired of hoping to be bought by a good man. In my perspective, any man who buys a slave is evil. And I didn't know whether whoever would buy me was worse than these people that enslaved me.

A knock sounded on the door, and before I could say a word, it was thrown open.

“Get ready to appear in the auctioning room and remember to look your best. Hopefully, there will be someone who will be willing to purchase you today,” the messenger said, his tone bringing an unsettling feeling to the pit of my stomach, his voice cold as it resounded harshly in the quiet room.

“I will be there soon,” was my reply. After he was gone, I finished up my light makeup, which I was forced to put on, before leaving the room.

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