

Chapter 9

Lily

The shock I got from seeing Dimitri in my room was nothing compared to the shock of me telling him off. Never in a million years would I have dreamed that I'd be standing in a bedroom alone, in nothing but a towel, giving a big verbal middle finger to the most dangerous Alpha. The idea would have been laughable but here I was, running my big mouth. Maybe you could chalk it up to a weeks' worth of stress but I think I preferred a lifetime. It was as if something in me had snapped and all the years of being treated like shit had finally bubbled up and boiled over at the worst possible time. This was not the bear to poke.

Aya had been yelling at me this entire time telling me shut up.

"You're the one who came in here throwing the word mate around. If you really can't understand why that hurt me, then you're a bigger asshole than I thought."

His eyes went flat as he froze at my words.

"What did you say?" He growled.

"Now you've done it." Said Aya.

"You think I'm an asshole?" Dimitri asked. "You have no idea, Lily."

"I have a good idea actually."

"Based on what? Rumors? Let me tell you the truth- those stories you've heard aren't anything compared to what really happened. No, what really happened was much worse. Tell me, have you heard the one where I killed the Alpha and Luna before burning the pack to the ground?"

My stomach churned. I had heard that story.

"Answer me!" Dimitri shouted.

"Y-yes. I heard that." I whispered.

"Do you want to know why I did it?" He continued before I could answer. "That Alpha had beaten his Luna to the point that she couldn't bear children. She had rejected him years before, and he accepted it. Instead of letting her go, he kept her in a room chained with silver, raping her and abusing her. His pack had abandoned him, the whole place was filled with rogues. Rogues who were killing and raping women and children. I killed the 'Alpha' and burnt the pack to the ground, killing all those disgusting creatures with it. As for her... the Luna... she wasn't even here anymore, not really. I brought her here, where she could get better. But she didn't. She wouldn't eat, wouldn't talk, she didn't even sleep. She would never be the same again, and she wasn't even really living. So, I ended her life hoping she might find some semblance of peace."

I was stunned into silence. What was I supposed to say to all that? Obviously, he'd had good reasons for what he did. Even killing that Luna, I couldn't blame him. If it were me, I would have done the same thing. Dimitri was looking at me and for the first time, I saw a hint of emotion in his eyes. Regret.

"I'm sorry." I said.

"I don't need your apologies, Lily."

Alright then. Awkward silence fell between us. I was the one to break it.

"The full moon is soon." I said.

Dimitri raised one eyebrow. "I'm aware."

"It'll be my first shift."

"So?"

So? Was he serious?

"So... can you... are you... will you be there with me?"

"Yes."

His quick agreement was another shock.

"Okay." I became very aware that I was still in nothing but a towel. Heat crept up my neck and into my cheeks. "Uhm, can I get dressed now? Alone?"

He rolled his eyes but turned for the door. Exhaling a breath of air, I turned for my closet.

"Lily."

My hand paused on the door. "Yes?" I answered without looking back.

"Make sure your friends know not to cross a line. I might not have so much self-control next time." With that he opened the door and was gone. I stared at the spot he had vacated for a moment, silently asking the Moon Goddess what she had gotten me into.

The next morning, I decided I would have breakfast downstairs for the first time. Getting up and down those treacherous steps was only going to get easier the more I did it. So, once I was dressed, I made my way down and followed my nose and the smell of food through the house. Dimitri must have an eye for art; expensive looking paintings lined the walls all the way to the dining room. I stopped to admire a few on my way, they were beautiful.

"Hey, can I help you get somewhere?"

For once, I didn't scream. It seemed people just liked to sneak up on others around here. I turned to see a young girl standing beside me. She had a

hesitant smile on her face, and kind hazel eyes. Freckles dotted across her cheeks and nose, and her long chestnut hair fell down in waves. I returned her smile.

"I'm just on my way to breakfast." I said.

"Oh, me too. I can walk you there if you want?"

"Sure."

She fell into step beside me.

"I'm Lily by the way."

"Nice to meet you, Lily. I'm Hazel."

"Oh, like your eyes."

She giggled. "Exactly actually. I'm the only one in my whole family who doesn't have blue eyes. Apparently, that so was special, my parents had to name me after them."

"It's a really pretty name." I said.

"Thanks. I like your name too."

Hazel pushed open a swinging double door at the end of the hall, and my jaw dropped. The dining room was huge! Long picnic like tables were set in five rows that stretched back to the end of the room. To the right, a huge buffet style breakfast was set up with enough food to feed a small pack. My mouth instantly started watering at the sight of eggs, bacon, hashbrowns, pancakes, French toast, fruit salads, sausages, and everything in between that could be considered breakfast. Grabbing Hazels arm, I dragged her over to the food and started filling a plate.

"Are you really going to eat all of that?" Hazel asked as she eyed my growing plate of food.

"I'm certainly going to try."

I grabbed an orange juice and Hazel led me to the far end of one of the tables. I picked up my fork and dove in to the pancakes, moaning loudly at the taste.

"You'd think you'd never eaten before." Laughed Hazel.

"I've never eaten anything this good, that's for sure." I replied.

She smiled, and we ate in silence for a while. I felt like I should try to carry a conversation with her, but that would have been difficult considering my mouth was full of food.

"Hey Lily?" Hazel asked after a while.

"Yeah?"

"Uhm... why is everyone staring at you?"

I swallowed a piece of bacon and looked around. I'd been totally focused on my food, that I honestly hadn't noticed the amount of people in here. And sure enough, almost everyone was staring at me, looking away quickly when they caught my eye. Whispers floated around the room that I hadn't been listening to before.

"I guess probably because I'm the new Luna." I told Hazel.

"Oh. Well, that would do it."

I raised my eyebrows. That was less climactic than others reactions when they found out who I was.

Hazel looked up through her lashes at me. "I kind of figured that out to be honest. You're living in the pack house, and I've never seen you before. Also, word got around that we finally had a Luna. I just didn't know your name."

"So... everyone knows?"

She shrugged. "Mostly everyone, yeah. News like that is hard to keep quiet."

Looking around at the sea of faces again, I saw a lot of people were looking at me skeptically. For the first time, I felt self-conscious about who I was, who I was meant to be. Would I even make a good Luna for this pack? Could I be everything they needed me to be? This was Blood Moon. And I had been a slave my whole life. Would I be able to step up and into the role of Luna of such a pack?

I felt a hand cover mine across the table. Meeting Hazels eyes she said, "Hey, stop worrying. I can tell you're going to be a great Luna."

"How do you know?" I whispered.

"I just do. You came from Snow Moon, didn't you?"

I blinked at her. "Yeah. How did you know that?"

"Like I said, news travels fast around here."

Wonderful. How fast would the word travel that I had been a slave?

"Well, if it isn't little whore Hazel!"

Hazel shrank in her seat slightly, bowing her head. Three girls were walking between the tables towards us. Two of them looked to be twins, one with bright red dyed hair, and the other had shorter blond hair with red streaks. The girl in front was platinum blond that was obviously fake if her eyebrows were any indication. She was tall, but that could have been because the four-inch stiletto's she was wearing. Her boobs were practically spilling out of her top, a white mid-drift paired with the shortest skirt I'd ever seen. The girls behind her were dressed similarly. They stopped behind Hazel and Blondie glanced at me.

"Making new friends Hazel? Or just trying to climb the social ladder again?" She sneered. Her voice was really annoying.

Hazel lowered her eyes but didn't say anything.

"Hello?" Blondie bent over and waved her hand in front of Hazels face.

"Are you deaf as well as dumb? I asked you a question whore."

Hazel looked close to tears, and I'd heard just about enough. This girl was reminding me more and more of Evelyn.

"She obviously doesn't want to talk to you." I snapped.

All three girls looked at me. Blondie straightened up, flipping her hair over her shoulder.

"I don't believe I asked your opinion. Luna."