

## **Reading Hunted by My Alpha King**

### **Chapter 3**

One day later.

Tick tock, tick tock...

The endless pain didn't numb my senses, with the sound of the clock pointer, the only thing I could feel was...

Hellish pain.

It's hard to move my body, even breathing could cause intense pain.

Marcus's indifferent eyes and merciless words kept flashing in my mind, which were the point that indeed hurt me.

The first second I opened my eyes, it was a white wall that showing in my eyes.

With a slow blink, a face exactly like me appeared above my line of sight.

This must be an illusion after my death.

Just thought that a mirror appeared in front of me, accompanied by a complacent voice, "Oh Bess, look at you, so ugly."

It's Cora's voice.

Cora held the mirror and looked at me with a condescending expression, full of disdain.

And I, looking at that ugly face in the mirror, frowned involuntarily.

Turns out it's me mistakenly took her face as my own.

Wait!

Something was wrong!

Cora's face didn't have any scars, she was as beautiful as ever.

"Your face...is your face recovered?" My instinct told me things were not going simple.

Even if Marcus found a quick cure for her, it was impossible to recover exactly the same as before in such a short period of time!

Maybe that's my conspiracy theory, but some terrifying ideas do emerge in my mind.

Cora put down the mirror and looked at me with a sarcasm smile, "My face has never get injured. I have always been so beautiful. You're even dumber than I thought you'd be."

Lying on the bed, my fingers twitching, "You made up these lies to deceive Marcus just for ruining my face!"

"Stupid sister, you finally figured it out." She said, sitting leisurely on the chair.

"So you hate me. Why!" Anger took over my thoughts, I just wanted to stand up and slap her.

"Since childhood, I have spoiled you, took care of you, and protected you. The last thing I would have expected was to be set up by you!"

Even if Cora never cared about the kindness I gave her before, at least she won't bite me in turn. But it turned out that I was wrong.

My mate, my husband was seduced by her, the people of the Blood Moon Pack regarded me as a vicious bitch, and my face was branded with the mark of a slave...

If Cora hadn't told the truth herself, I would never believe that she would do such a cruel thing.

At this moment, Cora was holding the token, wolf bone, and fiddled with it.

No wonder Marcus believed in her. After all, everyone knew that I and her were sisters. Could sisters hurt each other? No one would believe she set me up.

Furthermore, Cora had Marcus's child.

While my eyes were attracted by the floating curtains, my thoughts gradually drifted past.

Before I married Marcus, we were inseparable. We shared all the secrets and emotions. Like the closest sisters in the world.

Like we could give everything to each other.

But look now...

How stupid I am!

"Bess, Your fault is that you always doing great, always takes all the praise. Whether in the Cooper family or the Blood Moon Pack, everyone praises you. They respect you, admire you, and obey you. But what about me? I have nothing and you have everything!"

Listening to her, I just felt suffocated.

"It's not because you should enjoy all of this, but because you stole mine! You deliberately suppressed me in everything, you are too bad. You disgust me!"

With a bitter smile, I gradually closed my eyes.

Cora hated me so much.

As a child of the Cooper family, the most powerful witch family, everyone told me to try hard to not shame the family, so I tried my best to practice witchcraft, tried to

establish good relationships with everyone, and tried to maintain my family status.

But I didn't expect that all of what I did became a kind of targeting and suppression in her eyes.

"Since you hate me so much, there is nothing to say between us."

Betrayed without warning by my own sister, if I could, I would use my witchcraft to teach her a hard lesson about what is family.

So regretful about what I've done for her!

She was not an innocent and kind little sister, but an evil!

Cora stood up and sneered at me. She approached me and said in my ear, "Bess, you have no right to be angry. Because you are just a dispensable slave of the Blood Moon."

She was referring to the slave mark on my face.

I retorted with august voice, "A slave mark does not mean I am a slave. I am still the mate of Marcus and the Luna of the Blood Moon Pack. Watch your words and attitude!"

"Save it. I am afraid of you at all." Cora said, "I don't want to come to see you either. Every time I see you I feel sick, not to mention that you are so ugly now."

"Then go. Get out." I tried to maintain a calm tone.

"Don't worry." Cora looked down at me and patted my face.

Her movements aggravated my pain.

"What do you want?" Through the look in her eyes, it's certain that she has other tactics.

She sneered, "It's time for you to give up the title of Luna."

What?

To be honest, for the one second, I was shocked.

Something deadly showing in her eyes, she came to my side, crushing a flower near my bed with a wry smile, "You know what, killing you is too easy. Maybe tomorrow your skin will be torn off from your scalp to toe, every inch of your body will be cut and stitched again and again. Or I can just trap you with the hungry beast in a cage, watching you fight to die. Obey me or resist me, choose."

The moment she finished, it rained outside. What a perfect match that the gloomy weather and her vicious expression...

Windows were hit by rain desperately, making this room even more deadly silence.

And the moment of two eyes met, I made up my mind, "What if I say no."

