

Chapter 3 You'll Be The Best Luna Ever

Freya's POV

Kingsley was silent for what seemed like an eternity before taking the phone.

His voice was cold and husky, like that of someone who had just woken up from a deep slumber. "What do you want?" he asked in a natural tone as if it wasn't him who asked Sarah to make the call.

For a moment, I thought I had guessed wrong.

I took a deep breath before speaking.

"In a few days, I'll write a list of where you keep your clothes and send it to you. I hope you won't bother me with these boring things in the future."

"Boring?" Kingsley sneered, his voice filled with suppressed anger. "Isn't that your favorite thing to do, Freya? Caring even what underwear I wear all day, isn't that what your life is all about?"

I had to admit that it was totally an awful conversation.

There was silence on the phone, and nobody said anything for a while.

Then I spoke up again after a while. "I've lost interest in that kind of thing. I don't care anymore. You reject me, and then we can both be happy."

The topic of rejecting came up again, and Kingsley's anger resurfaced, and I even could hear the snarl of the wolf inside him through the phone. "Have you had enough?" he asked in a tone that was anything but calm.

"Don't you regret it!" Kingsley spat out these words before slamming down the phone. He even seemed to feel slighted by the conversation.

Hanging up the phone, I furrowed my brow and tugged at the corners of my mouth, trying to hide my sadness. I could tell that in Kingsley's eyes, my efforts to please him before were all for naught, mere farce, and hollow gestures.

How could he respect a woman whose sole concerns were the basic necessities of life - sustenance, clothing, and shelter - and nothing more?

It was a bitter pill to swallow, but I knew that I would have to find a way to break free from this suffocating mold and reclaim my sense of self-worth.

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The stampede at the mall had resulted in the deaths of eleven people, with nine more missing and over sixty others injured to varying degrees. This was a rare mega-stampede that hadn't occurred in the past twenty years.

The accident had been going on for more than twenty-four hours, and rescue operations were still ongoing.

The whole country was watching and praying for the survivors, while Tracy's fans online were lashing out at anyone who questioned Tracy.

This was due to a video that had been posted of the incident, showing Tracy being carried on a rescue stretcher surrounded by people covered in blood who had not yet been helped.

The contrast was stark, and some people began to question whether celebrities were given preferential treatment.

The intensity of this topic made it even to the headlines of the hot search.

Novia curled her lip and scoffed at me, "Always exaggerating, isn't she? But this time, it's just bad news."

I stared at the screen and muttered to myself, "Why does this account feel so familiar?"

Novia hesitated for a moment before responding, "Lots of people use that avatar, so it's not surprising that it seems familiar." Then she switched the subject, "What are your plans for today?"

I looked up and replied, "I have an audition at Sky Games, and then I'll pick up my car later."

"I'm filming on location today, not heading that way," Novia said as she checked the time. "It's almost time for me to leave. I'll contact you after work."

After Novia left, I straightened up before heading out to my audition.

Sky Games, a game company owned by Sky Media, had been on the rise in recent years. They were planning to release a handheld game called The Legend this summer. To promote the game, they plan to shoot a promotional video. The shooting for most of the characters was already completed, except for one character, Luna of the Alpha King, that required excellent action skills.

The director was searching for a stunt double with both coolness and charm, without being too fragile or demonic. Despite trying out several people, none of them quite hit the mark. So, he casually posted a tweet: "Luna is hard to find."

There were a lot of comments below the tweet, and the top five were all recommended the famous stunt double, Starry, so the director searched for my work and then connected with me after discovering my work.

Soon after, I arrived in the lobby and approached the receptionist. "Excuse me, I'm here for the stand-in audition. Could you please direct me to the location?"

Sky Games was located next door to Sky Media, which was owned by Kingsley's friend, Mark Portwell. Tracy was also an actress at Sky Media.

The receptionist glanced up and paused for a second.

"It's on the seventh floor," she replied in surprise.

"Thank you," I replied, making my way toward the elevator.

While I was waiting for the elevator, I heard the receptionist say to someone on her phone, "I just saw Starry... No, not at all. In fact, she's quite stunning. Tracy is no match for her."

I smiled and walked into the elevator.

Soon, I found the venue for the stand-in audition.

The stage was set for the audition of the stand-in for the lead actress who would play the role of a fierce werewolf warrior in an upcoming action-packed promotional video for The Legend.

"Are you ready for the audition?" Derek Scott asked, staring at me on the stage.

"Yes," I said. And I knew he was the decider.

I took a deep breath, and as I stepped onto the stage, I felt a surge of energy within me. I had prepared extensively for this role, and I knew that the success of the audition depended on my ability to capture the raw power and savage grace of a werewolf in battle.

The first scene began with a loud growl as I transformed into my werewolf form. My eyes glowed yellow, and my fur bristled with fury as I faced off against a group of hunters. With a fierce snarl, I lunged at my opponents, my teeth bared as I ripped through their defenses with ease.

In the second scene, I had to take on my Alpha in a brutal one-on-one battle since some things happened that made we had misunderstood each other. I moved with the speed and agility of a wild animal, dodging and weaving as my opponent lunged at me with razor-sharp claws. With a ferocious roar, I pounced on my Alpha, my powerful jaws clamping down on his neck, but at the very last moment, I stopped and just looked at my Alpha with deep sadness in my red eyes.

Tears pulled down my cheeks. "I love you, but I don't like you anymore," I said and then I closed my eyes and killed him.

When I saw the tears in Derek's eyes, I knew that I was successful.

As I walked off stage, I knew that I had given it my all. I felt proud of my performance and grateful for the opportunity to showcase my talent. With a deep sense of satisfaction, I knew that I had captured the true spirit of the Luna in battle, and I couldn't wait to see where this role would take me.

Everyone was in awe of my performance.

"You had truly embodied the primal nature of the werewolf, bringing a sense of realism and intensity to the fight scenes that left the entire casting crew breathless," Derek said with amazement.

"I can't wait to see your performance in The Legend, my Luna," Derek reached out to shake hands with me.

"What?" I said in surprise. It was an audition for the stand-in of the fight scenes, wasn't it?

"Yes, and I'm asking for you to act the role of the Luna!" Derek said, and I could see clearly the joy and excitement in his eyes.

"But I..." I murmured, having no idea what to say.

"Don't worry. I trust you. You'll be the best Luna ever," Derek said firmly.

After I signed the contract, I left, still sinking in happiness, but I never expected that I could see Kingsley here after I walked out of the elevator.