

Luna Lola-The Moon Wolf by Park Kara Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Lola's POV

I was still staring at the door minutes after Juliana left. I was still in shock at the sudden change in my fate. I thought I was going to die and now I'm taking a bath and being offered food?

I really did not get what was going on but I decided to quickly take my bath. It's been a long time since I had that privilege of bathing in a bathroom and I did not want to lose my chance and subsequent privilege by making Juliana angry.

I took in the room and was amazed by it. It had a large bed, large to me at least, there was a closet that was barely closing with the amounts of clothes in it. There was a vanity table with lots of girly things that I don't know what their uses are on it. The room itself looked really pretty with floral patterns everywhere and a neatly made bed.

I made sure not to touch anything till I got to the bathroom, lest I get something dirty and the owner of the room gets mad at me. I don't want to get beaten or sent back to the dungeon.

I slowly made my way to the bathroom and almost cried at the sight of different products for hair and skin that took up a small part of the bathroom. I've never had such luxury, I only heard girls in my former pack talk about it.

I gently removed my clothes and placed it on the counter. I made the mistake of looking at myself in the mirror and fresh tears made their way down my cheeks. No one would really want this kind of body.

My eyes looked sunken and the bags under them looked so big. My face was full of dirt, my hair was matted to my head weirdly and it hurt

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me to look at my body. There were bruises all over my stomach and part of my thighs and legs where I could see, some were purple, some were brown and some black.

I turned my back and choked on my tears as I saw my back. There were gashes and scars and my back was covered in bruises

My collar bone was so prominent, my ribs were visible and I looked so skinny and malnourished. I don't blame Grayson nor our second chance mate. I wouldn't want this kind of body either.

I stopped scrutinizing my body in the mirror and went to stand under the shower head. It took me a while to figure it out. I almost froze to death with the cold water and barely avoided scalding myself with the hot water.

I finally got a hang of it and set it to the temperature I liked and stood under it for a while feeling my new wounds sting and dirt leave my hair and body

I did not use anything inside the bathroom in fear of getting punished when the owner saw that I touched them. I learnt my lessons the hard way in my old pack.

I ran my hands through my hair and feeling years of accumulated dirt slowly leave my hair. I felt free and new and cried again in the shower due to how I was feeling. I suddenly went from almost dying to taking an overdue shower and I don't know what to feel about that.

I felt Jasmine purring in my head and smiled a bit. We deserve this after all we've been through. After feeling a bit clean, I turned off the shower and gently used my dirty clothes to dry my body making sure I did not leave a speck of dust or stain behind in the bathroom.

I left the bathroom careful not to slip on the floor since my body was still a bit wet, my feet especially. I got into the room and saw that a

gown had been kept on the bed. I was confused because I did not touch anything before leaving for the bathroom.

I picked up the gown and admired it. This is the first time in 8 years I'd be holding anything as nice and beautiful as the gown in my hand. The gown was midnight black and seemed like it would reach my knee. It is a summer gown and has pink dots as beautiful designs on it. It felt soft to touch and I wasn't sure if someone like me should put on something that pretty.

I remembered that I kept Juliana waiting in the kitchen and quickly put on the gown. It reached my knee length but hung loosely off my body. I finally get to wear something nice and it doesn't even fit me properly, just my luck.

I used my dirty clothes to pat dry my hair and used my hands to detangle it a bit although it proved to be a problem. I finally gave up on it and left it down as it is. I folded the clothes I had on before and held it in my hands as I left the room.

I walked back the direction Juliana and I came from and the aroma of different foods wafted into my nose as I moved closer making my stomach grumble even louder. I know we haven't eaten in 3 days but you have to stop disgracing me like this, I thought in my head as I got closer to the kitchen.

I entered the kitchen and about 10 pairs of eyes landed on me making me uncomfortable. I found Juliana's eye and she smiled at me warmly making me feel at ease a bit. I was glad she wasn't mad I took my time and mentally let out a sigh of relief.

"She's the new girl, Juliana?", a beautiful redhead with popping green eyes asked, looking towards me.

I looked down at my hands and barefeet and held my breath awaiting the insults that would follow. Instead, I felt someone near me and

looked up to see the redhead standing close to me. She smelled like strawberries and her skin glowed.

"Hi, I'm Tracy. Juliana told me your name is Lola, and you'll be working with us now. I'll be your roommate and your new best friend, it's nice to meet you, c'hica", she said rapidly and with so much energy, I could not respond for a few moments.

"Nice to meet you too, Tracy", I said timidly and we pulled into a hug. I stiffened and did not know how to respond back, she noticed and pulled back apologizing to me.

"I'm so sorry, Lola. I'm just excited to have a new friend. People say I have a lot of energy and that I talk too much so they tend to avoid me. I feel like we're going to get along because you're not much of a talker and because I love the color of your hair and the blue of your eyes. Did you dye your hair or that's th

e natural color? If it's natural, then that'll be so cool, we'll be the unmatched duo with my red hair and your almost white hair. I'm rambling again, aren't I?", she fired off rapidly only stopping to catch her breath when she saw that I was in awe of how she's talking rapidly and the fact that other people in the kitchen were laughing at her.

I laughed lightly and she clapped her hands in excitement, slightly bouncing on her heels. I like her already.

I think I might have escaped the hard life in Moonlit pack after all. I guess I'm not dying anytime soon as long as I avoid my mate whose name I don't even know.

I got pulled back into reality when Tracy asked me if I had eaten. My stomach took on that moment to make itself known and everyone laughed at that. Fuck werewolf hearing. I was led to the counter by Tracy as Juliana dished food into plates for me.

I guess I'm free after all.