

10-Hi Alpha King, I Am Your Purchased Luna Queen.

Carena:

"Alright, so you should begin with fixing up his sheets," the maid kept rambling on while I felt frozen in place. I couldn't even sense my heartbeat at that moment. It wasn't that I was upset because he was disabled, but rather due to the lack of transparency.

"Wait a moment!" I shut my eyes and took a deep breath, trying to calm my nerves and grasp the reality.

"Yes?" The maid rolled her eyes, crossing her arms over her chest.

"What's going on? I mean—I need to go home. I'm not feeling well," I stammered, feeling like a fool. But at that moment, I couldn't even respond like a decent person. All I could think about was my family deceiving me, just like the other half of my family had.

"You're supposed to start working today. He has another maid, but she isn't coming today, so you have to stay," she pouted, though in reality, she was trying to appear cute. She seemed annoyed that it was taking so much time to get to work.

"Then I need a break," I couldn't stay put. I had this urge to confront my father.

"You need permission—" Before she could finish, I had turned around and dashed away. My temples were throbbing hard, but I kept going.

I passed by the lady's study without even pausing for a moment. I didn't know if she was aware that information had been kept from me or not. But I knew one person who knew and didn't tell me.

"Dad!"

"I need answers, right now!" I yelled, striding into the house and halting in the living room.

My father was in the kitchen when I demanded that he come and look me in the eye and tell me why he hid such significant information from me.

"You're back already? They said you would need to start working from now," my father emerged from the kitchen with a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice and a lunchbox.

"I need to know why," I was breathing heavily, my heart pounding in my chest.

"What?" my dad questioned, "but I'm glad you're here. I was just packing lunch for you," however, his change of tone momentarily distracted me from my worries.

"I know I've been tough on you for some time, but it was because I thought you chose them over me. But today, the

way you helped me get out of this debt—I remembered why you used to be my favorite child," the moment he smiled and placed his hand on my head, my world shook.

My lips sealed, and I couldn't utter a single word. I had come to the house angry, prepared to confront my father, but now that he was so kind to me, I couldn't bring myself to complain. 1

"Oh my goddess! I am so stupid. I keep yammering, don't I? You came here to ask me something, didn't you? What is it, my daughter?" His sweet tone and the love in his eyes made me close my mouth and swallow hard.

"I wanted to, umm—umm—when did he, umm, lose his ability to walk or speak?" That was all I could come up with, and I didn't even raise my voice.

"Oh! It happened last year. He was in a war with the rogues at the border when they attacked him with so much wolfbane and silver that he had a stroke. It was odd, trust me. Everyone was wondering if an alpha king could have a stroke, what would become of us if we were attacked," my father spoke normally, not even looking fazed that I found out. I didn't make him feel guilty either.

"Oh! So—" Before I could question further, my father interrupted.

"I wanted to tell you, but I thought it would be better if you met him yourself. You see, I'm not someone who sees

someone's disability as their flaw. It would have been low of me to mention it with his name. It shouldn't matter to us. So what if he cannot move or do anything anymore, you are still going to be his Luna Queen. Think about that asshole who could move, look what he did," my father scoffed at the reminder of Jack.

I didn't know what to do. I just stood before my father and nodded as if I understood. I didn't. I was upset just a few minutes ago. But now, I feel so loved. The way my father kept petting my head and smiling at me was such a moment for me. It had been so long since anybody had treated me with this much love.

"I understand. You are right. We shouldn't judge someone for it," despite being aware of the fact that I got tricked into marrying someone who wouldn't be able to love me, I still managed to look positive. Just because I was getting attention from my father.

"I will return now and start working," I was beyond happy that my father was speaking to me. I thought he would hate me forever.

"Take this with you," my dad handed me lunch and smiled at me.

"Thank you, Dad," grabbing the lunch and the juice glass, I happily marched back to the mansion, but to my surprise, the maid had already informed lady Mary Jane, and she was now waiting for me in the foyer.

"That was quite impulsive of you," Lady Jane hissed, her arms folded over her chest. Alpha king Sawyer was sitting behind her in his wheelchair, wearing a mask on his face and black glasses.

"I'm so sorry. I haven't eaten anything the whole day and started feeling this weird pain all of a sudden," I uttered, avoiding her gaze.

"Then I hope you will realize you are not supposed to waste our time and do your job from now on. You will get food and eventually, even this big mansion to live in," I'm sure even she knew it wasn't going to be that easy.

"I understand," I quickly nodded my head.

"Take him to his room and give him medicine," she hissed, sounding exhausted.

I bobbed my head once more, then sprinted behind the wheelchair, holding the push handles and pushing it in the direction of his bedroom.

As I walked towards his bedroom at the end of the hallway, I felt awkward and guilty for acting out before.

"Ahem!" I cleared my throat, "I didn't leave because of—" I pouted, wondering how to proceed with the conversation.

"It's just that everyone hides everything from me," I uttered, sliding his wheelchair into the bedroom. His bedroom was spacious, with a king-sized bed in the middle and a dressing

table on one side of the wall, with a bathroom on the other side. The entire layout of the bedroom was dark, with black and gray curtains and furniture.

"Let me help you sit on the bed," I said, standing in front of him with my lunchbox in my hand, wondering how to get it done.

Janine arrived in the meantime with a tray of food and medicines for him.

"He is the alpha king, he is 26, and well, you know his condition. You will be taking care of his chores and him except for—" as she took a brief pause, a frown creased my forehead.

"There is another caretaker for him, and she helps him shower and change clothes. So you will not be responsible for doing all that, including even being present in the room when she is getting him changed and all," Janine shocked me with the details.

"Now let's help you set him up in the bed," she muttered, almost like she was angry about something.

We reached him and stood on his side. I held his left arm and tossed it over my shoulder, instantly hit with his intoxicating bodily scent. It was almost like he was not even human.

I didn't express it, but his hair, his body, and his aura were very attractive. I hadn't seen his face yet, so that was a bit

weird. 1

As we made him sit up in bed with difficulty, I also realized that he must have been taller than 6 feet 5 inches. His muscles were also very strong, not making it appear like he had been in a wheelchair for a year. Janine left while I stood with the tray and stared at him, sitting indoors with glasses and a mask.


"Okay! I need to take these off so that I can feed you, okay?" I said, remembering what the maid told me about his condition in detail. He could hear and see but he could not make a noise. I bent down and steadily took off his glasses, and what I saw was beyond the beauty of this world.

His gray eyes were so deep and sexy that I suddenly pulled away and cleared my throat to knock myself back to reality. The weirdest part was that he was staring right at me.

Trying to ease up a little, I smiled and acted like I didn't notice him bluntly staring me in the eye, and bent down again to take off his mask. Once I did that, my heart flipped inside my chest at the sight of the most handsome man I have ever seen.

His lips were naturally red just like his cheeks, his cheekbones were high, and his jawline could cut the throat of my ex with ease.

"Hi! I am Carena Garcia! Your soon-to-be mate and wife," I mumbled. And when I didn't expect any response, I was

 +5 BONUS

stunned to watch him blink his eyes, and that's when I acknowledged how I could communicate with him.

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