

## Switched Bride, True Luna Chapter 1

### Chapter 1

Emily

On Valentine's Day, I watched my fiancé, Michael, walk into a hotel with my sister, Chloe.

I didn't raise a fuss when Michael said he'd be working in the capital for the entirety of Valentine's Day. After all, he was the Alpha of his pack. I was no stranger to the pressure and demands that came with such a role.

Then, I stumbled upon the Valentine's Day package reservation on his phone. There was an embarrassingly large part of myself holding out hope that it was all leading up to a romantic surprise for me.

That hope is shattered now.

It was all too clear. Michael had lied about his business trip and was now spending Valentine's Day with someone else. The fact that his woman of choice was my half sister made it all so much worse.

The chilly February wind was my only company as my breaths came in short gasps. It took several moments to calm down, before I picked up my phone and called him.

"Hey, Emily. Everything okay?" Michael had the gall to sound smooth and calm.

I barely held back the tremor in my voice as I asked, "Just checking in. What are you doing right now?"

There was a long pause, followed by a performative sigh. "I'm working, Emily. You know that. I'm literally walking into a meeting right now."

"Right. A meeting. I'll let you go then." I bit my lip hard to keep from screaming as I hung up the phone. He was still lying, and I couldn't wait any longer. I had to confront him.

I marched into the hotel and made my way up to the room mentioned in the reservation.

I took a moment to calm myself before I banged on the door.

When there was no answer, I banged on the door again, this time harder and longer.

When the door swung open, Michael and I stood face to face.

“Emily,” he said in surprise, “What are you doing here?”

“I came to ask you that,” I answered. Michael stumbled over his words, but was interrupted by a figure coming out of the bathroom behind him. It was Chloe, wrapped in only a towel. Her bare legs were shiny with fresh coat of lotion, and she brushed out her long blonde hair while it was still wet.

“What are you doing here, Michael?” I asked. I felt like TNT that was ready to burst.

“I can explain,” Michael nearly stammered.

“Please do,” came a booming voice from behind me. I almost jumped out of my skin. I glanced over my shoulder to see a well built man dressed in a freshly pressed suit. His cologne was fresh and masculine, and I got a sense that it was as expensive as his suit, along with his gold and quartz watch.

The stranger was several inches taller than Michael with his dark hair styled perfectly. His face looked as though it was chiseled out of stone with a cold indifference resting in his dark eyes.

He was incredibly handsome.

“Who are you?” Michael asked. Chloe came up to the door, clutching the towel against her chest, her blue eyes wide as dinner plates.

“All you need to know,” said the stranger to Michael, “is that you’re sleeping with my girlfriend.” Chloe laughed, the sound echoing down the hall.

“I’m sorry, I am more attracted to men with a strong Alpha presence,” she said. She lifted one hand and placed it on Michael’s shoulder.

I looked between Michael and the stranger. She couldn’t be serious. The stranger was ultimately far more attractive than Michael, although his presence was mysterious and cold.

“That’s weird considering how weak his Alpha energy is,” the stranger said. Michael grit his teeth.

“I hope you have a better excuse,” I said to him. Michael turned his eyes to me.

“I’m not heartless, Emily. I do love you, but I can’t be with someone whose wolf is dormant. No one would want to mark you.” My fists balled at my sides.

It was true, my wolf was dormant. I lacked one of the things that made a werewolf a werewolf, and that was a wolf. I can’t shift, I don’t have heightened senses, and I will not be able to sense my Fated Mate.

A lot of werewolves said this made me less than a wolf. That was why, when Michael and I entered a relationship, I shared this important detail with him. At the time, he had said it didn't matter to him.

Now, he was using it against me.

It took every ounce of self control in me to resist punching him. I'd have said something, but the stranger beat me to it.

"You shouldn't speak for others." His large, warm hand landed on the back of my neck and pulled me to him. Our lips smashed together.

His heat spread through me from his lips. He quickly deepened our kiss, our tongues intertwining.

At first, I didn't know how to respond to the stranger's sudden advances. But I got swept up in the passion of this wonderful, heated kiss, and was soon kissing him in return, my hands pressing on his chest.

When our kiss broke, I took a step back, but it was nearly a stumble. My head was swimming.

Michael and Chloe were both staring at us with their mouths open. Michael's furrowed brow told me he was angry, but he quickly grit his teeth and looked away.

No doubt he knew he had no right to stop me. He was cheating on me, and anything he had to say to me would only make him look stupid.

Without sparing Michael or Chloe another glance, the man wrapped an arm around my shoulders and turned us away. "Let's go."

I was in a daze as we entered the elevator, the man's arm still casually around me. I glanced up at him, trying to make sense of everything.

"How can you be so calm when you've been so horribly wronged?" I asked him. His dark eyes met mine.

"Why care about someone who betrays you? I don't bother getting emotional. I seek revenge and move on."

I chuckled softly at his nonchalance, imagining Michael's shocked face after the stranger had kissed. "Their expressions were priceless."

The man glanced down at me, eyes gleaming with some unspoken idea. "Do you want to make them even angrier?"

My heart skipped a beat as I realized what he meant.

His suggestion was clear. A one-night stand. A single evening of passion, fueled by a desire for retribution.

Even if I ignored how handsome this stranger was, an undeniable energy thrummed between our bodies, pulling me towards him.

Still, I hesitated. Thoughts of Michael flickered through my mind. Everything we had together. Everything I'd lost within a single day.

Then I looked up, finding the man's metallic gaze locked on mine. It was like a spark had been lit somewhere deep in my belly and its flame was rapidly spreading throughout my entire being.

Before I could make up my mind, the elevator reached the top floor.

Then I realized that the man didn't press the button to go down.

"Top floor?"

"My room."

When we stepped inside the suite, I couldn't help but gasp. It was nothing like I had expected. Everything about it was... perfect.

The penthouse opened into a grand room with an enormous TV, a large leather sofa, and a grand piano over by the back wall. The entire back of the room was a massive window, beyond it a balcony fit with a hot tub. From the marble floor to the crystal chandelier, the place screamed elegance and money.

None of it made sense. Earlier, Chloe made it seem like this man wasn't an Alpha. Yet, everything about him screamed dominance.

Why was he doing all this? And, most importantly, who was this man?

Before I could think further, I felt his arms wrap around my waist from behind. All of his attention was on me, and each question in my mind disappeared. The answers hardly mattered at that moment.

He pressed the hard planes of his body against me, hands lightly gripping my hips in appreciation. Leaning in, his breath was hot against my neck as his lips ghosted my sensitive skin.

"May I?" he asked softly, voice laced with quiet intensity.

It didn't take me long to make up my mind. Instead of answering, I kissed him.