

Chapter 10 - The Destiny of a Heart-broken Luna

-Tamia-

After waiting for hours in a room unattended, we were carried to what looked like a throne room and forced to kneel. To my surprise, I saw alphas' daughters and sisters from our region in chains, kneeling. We were made to kneel with our heads bowed.

"The Alpha will examine you all. Those fit for his harem will be chosen. Those fit to serve will be chosen. Those yet to be placed will be reserved. Do not aggravate the Alpha by smiling or looking into his eyes. It might mean instant death for you. Being a beautiful, alluring woman means nothing to him. So do not think your beauty will entice him. If you aren't a virgin, quickly state it, so we do not put you in the harem," a hefty dark man said.

He had long hair and a beard too. He packed it in a ponytail. His eyes were midnight blue, and He looked handsome. From the authority he exuded, if he wasn't the Alpha, then I was guessing he was the Beta, and it seemed Avery had the hots for the man. Too bad there was nothing attractive about the things he was saying.

"Am I clear?" The man said, and we all bowed our heads in response.

No one knew what to call him, and I had learned silence was the best way to deal with such situations.

"Very well then," he said.

We remained on our knees for a while until a sudden pressure overwhelmed us.

It was dark, and it pressed down on us. I did not need to guess who had entered. I fought the urge to look up and see him, but it took a lot of time and effort.

"Are these the trophies?" I heard a deep, commanding and alluring voice ask. There was a gentleness and sternness to his tone that words could not describe.

"These are the daughters, untouched. Those are sisters, and those three are Lunas." I heard the man describing us to his Alpha.

“I see,” He said, and he was silent. I heard footsteps.

“Service, “I heard the Alpha say.

I heard him walk through his trophies. He said the same thing over and over again. He said “reserve” but never said harem. I wondered when he would say harem, but he did not say the word.

Soon I felt him close to me, and my heart began to pound in my chest. I saw his feet in front of me. He wore a slipper, and his feet were gigantic, easily twelve inches. I felt his warm hand on my chin, and he lifted my face.

Against my better judgment, I stared into his eyes. I looked right at him, going against everything the other man had said, and I knew I had a defiant look on my face because I felt I shouldn't be on my knees.

His eyes were dark, his hair was long and black, and he let it fall. His beard was clean, and his lips were something else. He had a masculine handsomeness only dreamt of in fantasy books. He was tall. The man was brawny. Sculpted to perfection. It took a lot not to wander with my eyes. His bronze-like skin spoke of power, only the type a warrior would have spending time in the sun. The north was cold, so I guess he got his tan from his trips.

I swallowed and stared at him, and he looked right into my eyes.

I held his gaze, never looking away, defiant as always, daring him to do his worse, daring him to draft me, daring him to speak his words.

It was as if we were both in a trance, but he held my chin up, and I watched the words escape his lips.

“Mine,” he said and did not bother to check Avery or Linda. He turned around and walked away. I saw a perfect view of his arse, and I wanted to drool.

I didn't wonder about his words until he had walked out of the room. ‘Mine’ did not fit the categories the other guy had explained to us, so I wondered what it meant.

The ladies were ushered out, but Avery,

Linda and me were left on our knees. The Gamma that saw us initially walked in to join the other guy. Seeing how the Gamma respected the guy, I realised he was the Beta.

“Alpha personally wants the green eyes for himself,” the Beta told him, and he smiled.

“The defiant one?” He asked the Beta, and the Beta looked at me and wondered.

“What did she do?” He asked.

“Got on Kappa Willson’s nerves on their way here. Very feisty woman. I also heard she surrendered herself willingly. Her husband wouldn’t give her up. She gave herself up as a gift offering,” the Gamma said, and the Beta smiled.

“I want the one in the middle. You can have the last one.” the Beta said, and I knew the one in the middle was Avery while the last one was Linda.

“I had my eyes on her since she got here.” The Gamma said, glad that the Beta left Linda for him, and I felt like a commodity.

These men did not value women at all. Little wonder there was no Luna in the north.

Women could only lead where they were respected.

The dark Alpha had chosen wrong because I did not plan to make anything easy for him.

I had nothing to lose at this point. Fate had taken everything from me. I was making my destiny henceforth.

We were asked to stand up, and some women with their heads bowed came to take us away.

We were led to a large bath that looked like an indoor pool. The water was steaming, and there were rose petals in it. We were stripped down and asked to get into the water while the women washed our bodies and hair.

“I can get used to this type of treatment, Tamia. If this is what being a captive in the north is like, sign me up,” Avery said, enjoying the treatment.

“Are you excited?” She asked me, and I shook my head.

“These men conquered our packs and took us from our husbands; I doubt they will be kind, Avery. We have to be careful.” I warned her, and she nodded.

“Whatever it is, I am sure it is better than where I came from. You do not know what it feels like to be beaten and abused every time, ” she said with tears welling up in her eyes.

“Sometimes Max will force me to shift and beat Mia with silver so the scars won’t show on my body,” She said, and I gasped.

“I could not tell you half of what I was going through with Max because I did not want you to panic. I was happy and jealous when I realised your life would not be the same. So if I have to be the Beta’s whore, I will take it. Any life is better than where I am coming from,” she said.

“Why did he do that?” I asked her, and she bowed her head.

“Michelle blamed her miscarriages on me. She lied against me severely. Saying I tried to kill her, poison her, beat her, name it, and he always took her side against me. Soon I stopped defending myself.” She said, and

Linda sighed.

“Same here. That bitch Rebecca was no good, either. She always lied against me, and Kyle being the douchebag he is, did everything to please her. I didn’t start cheating by choice, Tamia; Kyle often asked his men to help him where I was concerned. He would watch and then go to her. He had some sick fantasies in his head. I hope he rots in hell. I hope he gets what he deserves. I hope the dark Alpha invades Brent again and, this time, takes his bitch from him. I will laugh at him. I have just one goal now,

Tamia, which is getting even with Kyle. I will get my revenge one way or the other. The bastard never loved me. He only married me for my lands and money. Now he has it all. The bastard,” she said, and I was shocked.

“Why didn’t you tell me any of these?” I asked them, and they chuckled.

“Are you kidding me? There was no way we could tell you. Leo talks to our mates; what if you tell or fight him over it, and he calls Max or Kyle? Besides,

it was obvious you might suffer the same injustice as we did, so we let you have your own experience. Whether you like it or not, Leo did show you a lot of love against his wolf's wishes, and now the Dark Alpha wants you," she teased, changing the topic, and I did not know how to feel.

"He declared ownership of you, Tamia. Not service, harem or reserve. He declared ownership. He said, Mine." Avery said, and I smiled at her.

Somehow she felt it was a good thing, but based on all I have learned about the man; I doubt that will be good.

They dressed us up in sexy silk, sheer gowns and took us to a small room that was brightly lit.

It had a small dining table that could only seat eight people. I called the dining small because as we walked through the hall, I saw a massive dining table. I did not stop to count the chairs, but I guessed they could seat twenty-two people.

There was a variety of food on the table, and we were asked to eat. We were also given a time frame. One hour was all we had to stuff our faces with food. We did not eat much because we weren't hungry. Once we were done, they separated us. They sent us to separate wings of the castle. Because we had no silver on, we were able to link ourselves.

The moment I entered the room allocated to me, I exhaled.

I remember all that happened and where I was coming from. I was nervous. I did not know what life would be like in the north, but I wished Leo was alright.

I hoped he moved on from me and forgot about me because if the Dark Alpha grants me freedom, I would not be returning to him.

I sat on the couch in the room, waiting for what was to happen.

I heard the doorknob turn, and I wasn't surprised to see the Dark Alpha, Sylvester Volkov, walk in.

The pressure of his presence was intense, but I held firm.

He wasn't decked up like in the throne room. He had a loosely fitted cotton shirt that he did not button all the way up, and he wore shorts. He was easy on the eyes, but I wasn't fooled by his looks.

I stood up and looked at him. He sat down on the single chair in the room and examined the sexy outfit they had put on me.

"Bold," he said, and I did not say a word, but I chose to maintain a tough exterior.

"Do you know what happens to people that look into my eyes without permission?" he asked.

"Educate me," I replied, and he laughed.

"How old are you?" He asked me.

"I am twenty-four years young," I replied, and he smiled.

"Matured, bold and beautiful." He said and stood, then walked to me.

"No woman has ever caught my attention before. Tell me, green eyes, why did you give yourself up?" He asked me, walking close to

"It is better than allowing your men to destroy everything and everyone I care about," I said, and he smiled.

"Luna material. Leonardo Albert chose well, but he is too weak for you," He said gently, and I did not respond.

"Relax, I do not use your type for entertainment," he said, and I sighed.

"Of course, the Lord of wolves does not get involved with used goods," I said, and he moved so swiftly I did not see it.

His hands went for my neck, and he wrapped and squeezed gently, staring into my eyes. I held his gaze, but my heart was racing. I fought myself to be calm. My wolf was panicking, thinking we had overstepped.

"Never call yourself that, green eyes; you are Mine," He said and gently let me go. He leaned close to my neck and breathed in my scent. Then walked out of the room. I fell to the ground. My heart was pounding in my chest, and my hands and legs were shaking. What had just happened?

