

CHAPTER 93

CHAPTER 93 Such a Naive Fool

Brandy entered the room where her mother was sitting. A quiet storm of resentment and confusion swirled within Brandy. Things were getting out of hand, and she needed to say something.

there annoying me, you can get out," Mandy said, breaking the silence.

"We need to talk about getting this slave bond removed from me. I did not sign up for this," Brandy stated.

Mandy regarded her daughter with a mix of condescension and annoyance.

"Brandy, must we revisit this tiresome topic again? You brought this predicament upon yourself; you chose to lie to get Matthew. You knew the consequences of your actions. You can figure out a way out of this situation."

Brandy's eyes glimmered with tears, but she refused to let them fall. "How can you talk to me like this? You didn't want Lily to be with Matthew, either. You told me to pursue him."

"Hmm, I did no such thing," Mandy said matter-of-factly.

"You did, and you're acting like you have no responsibility in this," Brandy exclaimed.

"Again, you didn't have to listen to me. You made the decision. I didn't force you," Mandy stated, causing Brandy to look at her in disbelief. "You should make up with your sister now that she is going to be Luna."

"What are you even talking about? Matthew was exiled from his pack. He has no pack to rule over," Brandy responded.

"Your father will help Matthew with that. You shouldn't worry about that. You need to sit there and do what you're good at: being pretty," Mandy stated.

"But it's not right, Mom. This is what Dad wants, not what I want," Brandy retorted.

Mandy's patience was wearing thin, her gaze sharpening with impatience. "Your father knows what's best for this family, Brandy. He has made difficult choices to protect us, choices you should be grateful for."

Brandy's voice wavered with frustration. "Grateful? Grateful for being manipulated and for being used as a pawn? I can't accept this, Mom. You shouldn't accept this. What do you think will happen if this doesn't go the way he plans? There is no happy ending for us if we go along with this." **Ww.noVeI@e)rM.c@**

Mandy's eyes darkened as she took a step closer to her daughter, her voice laced with anger. "You should be careful, Brandy. You sound a lot like Lily."

"Why would that be such a bad thing?" Brandy asked. "You made me believe that Lily was so beneath me, and she is one of the best of us. You were wrong, mother. I won't blindly follow your or his lead anymore."

Mandy's temper flared, and she reached out to slap Brandy across the cheek, her frustration boiling over. The sharp sound of the slap echoed through the room, leaving a heavy silence in its wake.

"You should watch what you say, you little brat. Your worth to us is limited at best, as you will not be Luna. So, be happy that you serve purpose, or you will be discarded," Mandy growled at her.

Brandy touched her stinging cheek. Her eyes were now clouded with tears, but she held her ground. "You can't silence me with violence, Mom. I'm starting to see the truth, and I won't be complicit in your schemes any longer."

Mandy's gaze bore into her daughter's with a mix of anger and disbelief. "You're naive, Brandy. You don't understand the complexities of our world. Your father's actions are for the greater good, and you should trust him. Now, shut your mouth and do what you're told. Or should I have Matthew teach you proper etiquette again?"

Lily's eyes fluttered open, her consciousness emerging from the depths of a chemical induced slumber. The room, shrouded in shadows and cool, brown tones, appeared foreign and disorienting. A shiver of dread went down her spine as she realized she was dressed in a white-laced nightgown.

Lily attempted to sit up, but weakness gripped her, and her heart pounded erratically. The world around her swayed as if it were disjointed, further increasing her disorientation. The dread intensified as realization clawed at her thoughts—she was in the middle of a sinister plot, and her memories from below were lost to her.

A mocking voice broke the silence, causing Lily to snap her gaze toward the room's corner. There stood Brandy, her sister, her lips curled in a sneer. "Well, look who's decided to finally wake up," Brandy said, her tone dripping with sarcasm. "It took you long enough."

Lily's heart pounded louder in her chest, the unease swelling within her. If she was with Brandy, then that meant her father was somewhere nearby too. Lily reached out to Dina within herself again.

"Dina, are you there? Please wake up. We're still in danger," Lily pleaded.

"I'm here," Dina responded. Her voice was barely a whisper. "I have not fully recovered yet. You are on your own for a little while longer."

"Brandy, what's happening? Why am I here, and where is this place?" Lily asked, and her voice trembled with a mixture of fear and frustration.

Brandy moved closer, her steps languid and deliberate. "Oh, it's just a family reunion of sorts. I thought to actually put some clothes on you. After all, your fashion sense was always terrible."

Lily's fear began to change into anger. "This is not the time for sarcasm, Brandy! This is serious. I woke up here with no memory of how I got here. We have to **Ww.noVeI@e)rM.c@**

leave; it's not safe."

Brandy let out a dark, unamused chuckle. "Always the drama queen, aren't you? **Ww.noVeI@e)rM.c@**

Not safe? Please, do tell, what lurks in your imagination now?"

With trembling hands, Lily pushed herself into a sitting position, determination replacing her fear. "The Hunters, Brandy. Our father is working with them. He offered me up to them to extract my blood for some malevolent purpose."

"The Hunters, you say? Then, if that is the case, why are you here now?" Brandy questioned.

"They made a deal, but I think they're going to go back on their word. We must find safety, and we must do it now." Lily replied.

"Lily, you could give storytellers a run for their money with such vivid tales,"

Brandy said as she turned her back to her to pour Lily a glass of water.

Frustration and fear fused within Lily. She had to make her sister understand the gravity of the situation. "Brandy, I'm not making this up! They're a real threat. We must find refuge away from them."

Brandy's expression wavered from mockery to a complex blend of doubt and curiosity. "You're not very convincing, Lily. Why should I believe you? You've always despised me."

Lily gazed into her sister's eyes, her voice infused with sincerity. "Are you serious? You hate me! I have done everything to have a connection with you and you didn't want it."

"Then, if you're so sore about it, you can just save yourself," Brandy snapped.

"I don't hate you, Brandy. I never hated you for one minute and maybe I should've with all the awful things you put me through, but you're my little sister. Even if you never accept our bond, I would always try to help or save you

Brandy if you truly needed my help," Lily stated. **Ww.noVeI@e)rM.c@**

Brandy's expression became more somber for a moment as she stared at Lily.

"You're such a naive fool, Lily. You really have no idea what is going on."

"What are you..."

Before Lily could respond, the room's door swung open, and a tall figure stepped in. The scent of a rogue filled Lily's nose, causing her to go on the defensive. She scooted backward in the bed to get as far away as possible. Then she realized who the person was. It was Matthew. When had he become rogue?

"What are we talking about, my girls?" Matthew asked. His voice was devoid of warmth, and he regarded both sisters with an overbearing stare.