

Tossed Between Her De ant Mates

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Chapter 0001

Genevieve:

Everybody said I would never be a mate, and then I was dumped with mates who I had to tame.

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"You look stunning," Monique, our pack's seer and my caretaker, said, adjusting my veil as I gazed at my reflection in the mirror.

Who said a girl without a wolf can't mate?

I wasn't woless, but I never received my wolf or underwent the transition because my wolf was very ill and we had to put her behind a wall inside me with the help of Monique. My whole life I had waited for this day. For someone to come and carry me in his arms as he reminds me I am his mate and I am special. Something I have not heard ever since I don't even remember. My mother passed away when I was only a baby and after that, my father's reaction for me seemed to fade as well. He made it seem like he loved and cared for me, but I believe it was just to keep a good reputation among the other alphas and the council members.

"Remember, even though you're marrying an Alpha, you still need to heed my advice as I'm the only one who can guide you well and foresee your future," she added, making eye contact with me through the mirror.

My fair skin contrasted sharply with her perfectly tanned complexion. However, there was no competition as she was only my father's seer.

Monique, in her forties, had been serving the Alpha King of the Realm Sanova, my father.

"I'm nervous," I admitted, avoiding her gaze.

It was my wedding day, and tonight was my mating ceremony.

I turned 18 just a month ago and had saved myself for my chosen alpha mate.

"Why are you nervous? You've known Alpha Ron since you were kids. He proposed to you and asked to be chosen by you. Besides, you're a Luna, the alpha king's daughter, the only alpha King of Sanova, the only one observing me nervously playing with my fingers as she reminded me of my status.

I was perceived as the beloved daughter of the Alpha King, the only child of the alpha king who could have anything she desired.

But that was far from the truth. Having a weak wolf that the seer had to suppress with her magic made me an easy target.

I wasn't very well-liked by our pack members or the members of other packs. They viewed me as a spoiled brat. Therefore, everyone secretly hoped for my downfall behind their smiling faces.

I wasn't a spoiled brat, just an abused daughter, whose father and caretaker believed extreme punishments were the only way for her to grow. Yet, after leaving bruises on me, they would later act as if nothing had happened.

"I don't know. But I keep feeling like something bad is going to happen," I complained, aware of the warnings Alpha Ron had received about marrying a girl without a wolf. The pack members and other alphas had made fun of Ron for marrying a woless creature. They even warned him from ever making a baby with me as they thought the babies will have a crippled wolf just like mine.

"Huh? You're wearing the pendant you wolf won't come out and cause any destruction, so you shouldn't be feeling any anxiety," Monique attributed my agitation to my wolf.

"I'll check on the preparations, and then you can walk down the aisle with your father," she brushed her hair back and left the room.

I wasn't content. The pendant I always wore around my neck ensured my sick wolf remained asleep. So, what was causing this agitation?

That's when I decided to visit the bedroom prepared for us. Perhaps seeing it would lift my spirits.

Alpha Ron would be staying in our mansion since we were the wealthiest. The room was adorned with love and luxury for us. I left my room to go see the bedroom where we would mate tonight. Even the thought of it gave me butterflies in my stomach.

However, as I approached the room, the agitation within me intensified. It was the largest room in the mansion with a spacious balcony.

All the decorations were white, handpicked by the seer Monique.

I had lived in this mansion with my father and our seer, our grandfather, our father's gamma brother, his wife, and their daughter, Kit, our second cousin.

Kit was also my bridesmaid and Ron and my best friend.

As soon as I entered the bedroom, a wave of anxiety hit me even harder.

The red roses and petals didn't hold my attention for long when I noticed something on the bed.

"Blood?" I frowned, observing the messy white bedsheets. The sight of blood sent shivers down my spine.

"What is this—," I gasped, but then my focus shifted to the bathroom.

Someone was in the shower. I hurried over, and as I raised my hand to knock, I heard voices from inside.

"Ahh! Fuck! Have some mercy on my pussy, you just took my virginity."

The enthusiastic and satisfied feminine voice sent chills down my spine.

Shocked by the revelation, I knocked forcefully on the door, and the sudden silence made me step back.

Who in their right mind thought it was appropriate to engage in sexual activity on the Alpha and Luna's wedding bed?

The door swung open, revealing another surprise. His brown eyes met mine directly. His black hair was disheveled and wet, indicating the passionate encounter he just had.

"Ron?" I questioned myself, wondering if my eyes were playing tricks on me or if he was truly there.

He was drenched and only had a shirt on. However, he had managed to fasten his pants.

"What's happening here? What is that blood on the sheets?" I trembled as I gestured towards the blood, where supposedly someone lost their virginity.

"Oh, I accidentally nicked myself while adjusting the headboard," he stuttered, scratching his neck as he avoided my gaze.

"Huh?" I frowned, not believing his lie that he didn't even try hard to come up with.

"Who's in there with you?" I couldn't ignore the situation unfolding before me.

Ron betrayed me and brought someone into our bed. The pure white sheet meant for me was now stained with someone else's blood.

"No one's with me. I was just showering, getting ready for our wedding," his scowl and raised voice felt like a slap in the face.

"I heard someone in there," I insisted, reaching for the door, but he blocked my path, one hand on the door frame and the other on the wall, ensuring I couldn't pass.

"Maybe you're losing it. Why are you here? Go back to your room and get ready. I'll put on my suit and meet you at the altar," he ordered bitterly, looking frustrated.

Tears clouded my vision as I grew frustrated with his blatant lies.

"Why are you stopping me from leaving?" the person inside grew impatient, unafraid of being discovered.

My eyes widened as I pointed behind the door, which he refused to move to reveal her.

"Who is she? Who did you sleep with in our bed?" I shouted in a trembling voice, attempting to open the door, but he grabbed my wrist and released the door to intimidate me.

I had never seen him so aggressive. His eyes were cold and menacing.

"What did I tell you? Why create such a scene? Just go back and wait for me," he hissed in my face as he pushed me, causing me to trip and fall to the floor.

Such humiliation.

"I didn't mean to push you—," he grunted as he watched me cry, my heart broken.

"I'm telling you, there's no one with me," he yelled again, not even bothering to apologize for mistreating me.

This wasn't supposed to happen. How could he change so suddenly?

If he had to cheat on me on my wedding day, why did he even ask me to marry him?

That's when my aunt walked in and saw him screaming at me.

"What's going on here?" Mrs. Browning rushed over, grabbed my arm, and pulled me to my feet.

"He has a girl in there. He took her virginity in my bed," I cried out, pointing my finger at Alpha Ron. I could see it irked him as he tried to glare me down. But I refused to be fooled by his lies and deceit.

"How dare you play with—," Mrs. Browning ran up to him to peer inside, but her tone changed once she looked in. Even Ron didn't stop her.

"Mom!"

A helpless cry came from inside as I was caught listening to my body.

"Is it Kit?" I rubbed my eyes, recognizing her voice. This was my best friend, my cousin Kit.

He slept with my cousin?

"That's Kit!" I raised my voice and tried to reach the bathroom, but Mrs. Browning quickly grabbed Kit, wrapped in a blanket as she began to secure her to the exit.

She was all wet and red in the cheeks, probably from doing it under the shower with my ancestor.

"Ron! Let me talk to her," I yelled as he spread his arms so Mrs. Browning could safely escort her daughter out.

"Let me ask her why," I screamed, unable to approach her.

They acted as if I would forget if I didn't catch her. But clearly, they cared more about her reputation than my feelings, so her mother quickly led her out. Ron made sure I couldn't confront her either.

Before completely disappearing from my sight, Kit turned slightly towards me, and I saw a smirk of triumph on her lips.

That's when I realized that my best friend and cousin was never truly family, and my ancestor was never in love with me.