

Chapter 21

AELIANA

I didn't sleep much last night.

Despite being worn out from walking all afternoon, I didn't feel comfortable enough to sleep. I kept missing the life I left behind, and by the time I finally got sleepy, it was sometime past midnight. My bedroom is frighteningly huge and plain. It's not bad, but it doesn't look lived in, it looks untouched and a little haunted.

Without any concept of time, I finally leave my room. Danielle was nice enough to bring me a detailed map of the house while I was showering and I must say, the house is larger on the inside than it appears on the outside.

"Luna," someone gasps as soon as I enter the kitchen. "Do you need something?" She asks, watching me cautiously. The chatter seems to fade into whispers when I enter. This is the private kitchen, the Alpha and Beta, and all his important subordinates' kitchens.

My stomach rumbles before I can speak, "Yes. What's for breakfast?"

The woman frowns, her gaze momentarily shifting to the older woman beside her who shrugs. "Breakfast meals finished a while ago, we're almost done preparing lunch. But if you'd like, I'll make something for you, Luna."

"That would be great. Something quick."

She nods, "Would you like anything special made?"

Before I can answer her, someone calls out to me, "Luna Aeliana."



My gaze whips over my shoulder and I see Danielle. She has this bright smile that can convince you that every worry of yours will fade, like life is worth living. That's how positive her vibe is. "Daniella, good morning—I mean afternoon," I hastily correct myself. I still can't believe I slept through breakfast and it's now afternoon.

"I thought you were out," she says.

"Oh, no. I was asleep."

Something flickers in her eyes, maybe judgment but she shakes it off and smiles brighter. "Is it safe to guess that you're not a morning person?"

I shrug, "Something like that."

Danielle nods, "What are you doing in the kitchen?"

"I'm hungry. I slept through breakfast."

"Gina," she calls, and the girl who greeted me earlier answers. "Make Luna Aeliana something. Is there anything special that you would like made?" Her gaze shifts to me.

"I like to think that was achieved when the gods woke me up." I jest, but the joke seems to go over her head.

Danielle gives me an awkward nod, "I'm off to visit a friend. I'll see you tonight." She waves, turning again.

Once Danielle is gone, I shift my attention back to the maid—Gina as I've learned she's called. "I think I'll wait for lunch, best case scenario is I pass out from hunger. Carry on.."

"Luna," Gina swallows. "What would you like?"



"Anything," I shrug.

"I don't know your tastes, to avoid making something you hate please tell me what you're in the mood for."

"Give her pie," someone says. An oddly familiar irritating voice. "Is that not today's meal? Why go through all that trouble for one person?"

"Oh, you," I say with an eyeroll, staring her up and done. She looks great, dressed like she's heading for a runway in winter but it's scorching hot today. I'm sweating through my high-school sports hoodie.

"Hello, Aeliana." She greets with, insult behind her smile. "Nice day we're having isn't it?"

"It was," I nod. "And it could still be if I leave now."

"Wait, you should eat." She says, snapping her fingers. At that, someone moves in the back, heading to the fridge with a bowl. "I heard you didn't have breakfast, you can't skip meals like that."

"Really?" I frown, her concern with my nutrition baffling me.

One of the maids hands her a fruit salad and she extends it to me. "Here you go, try some." She says, thrusting it towards me. "I'm sure you'll love it."

I take one cautious look at the contents and shake my head, "No."

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