

Chapter 9

Faith's Pov

This is a voice that has haunted my nightmares for years. A voice that belonged to the woman who had taken me from my real parents, the one who had been so cruel. It was her.

My adoptive mother.

She stood in the doorway, a mean smile twisting her lips. Her eyes went over my simple clothes, then back to my tired, dirty face.

"Well, well, well... Look what the cat dragged in," She said it with venom in her voice, then stepped aside to make way for me.

I don't know why everything is just going wrong because this is not what I expected, and it's denitely not what I need right now.

"Or should I say, look what nally ran away." She laughed, a harsh, dry sound. "Still trying to be a rebel, are we? What happened to your fancy wedding dress, future Luna?"

Of course, she knows everything.

I didn't think Alice was interested in keeping a relationship with them because, as far as I'm concerned, she has done everything possible to avoid my father.

I didn't answer. I just stared at her, my heart sinking. This was not the safe place I had imagined.

Her smile grew wider when she noticed the discomfort on my face.

"I'm right, aren't I?" She started cycling me and looking at me from up to down. "You ran away from your own wedding. I'm not surprised though, because you always were a loser. Too stupid and worthless."

I was reliving my past yet again. The taunts and self hate.

She paused, thinking. A icker of something, like a cruel idea, crossed her face. "Hmm. This changes things. If you're gone, there's no Luna. And if there's no Luna... then Alice could truly step in."

Of course, she was happy about this because she kidnapped me and made me live one hell of a life in order to guarantee that her daughter lives like a princess.

I was going through a lot of emotions because the woman in front of me is the reason why I don't have parents, the reason why I don't belong anywhere.

"Where's my father?" I don't want to talk to her or ght her, but I genuinely need to know where my father is and what she's doing here.

"What I want to know is if your mate and your parents know that you're here because the last time I had a conversation with your parents, they told me to stay away from you, but you willingly came here, so I think they should know." She said with a Triumphant smile.

I know her enough to know that it's not a statement rather a threat that she will tell people where I am, but what she doesn't know is that I'm no longer the girl that she abused.

I will carry the scars of what she did to me, probably for the rest of my life, but that doesn't mean that I will go through the exact same thing.

"I'm pretty sure you won't, and I won't ask you not to," I said, because my escape wasn't just my freedom, it was Alice's chance to take my place. And if Alice became Luna to Astor, my adoptive mother would get power and status through her. That's why she wouldn't report me.

"Well, since you're here, and clearly not going back." My adoptive mother said, her voice sharp.

"You might as well make yourself useful. The house needs cleaning. The oors are dusty, and I haven't gotten around to the windows." She tried to grab my arm, pulling me inside. "Get to it, Faith. You always were good at cleaning."

Before I could move, a stronger hand pushed her away.

"Get your hands off her, Eleanor!"

My head snapped up. It was him. My adoptive father. He stood behind me, his eyes burning with anger as he faced Eleanor.

"Faith, are you alright?" He asked, his voice soft with worry, completely different from the anger he had just shown. He pulled me gently behind him, shielding me.

"She's ne, Marcus," Eleanor scoffed. "Just a runaway bride who's forgotten her place. I was just telling her to help out."

"Help out?" My adoptive father's voice was low and dangerous. "You have no right to tell her anything. You have no right to even be here." He pointed a rm nger towards the door. "You are divorced, Eleanor. This is my house. You left. Now get out."

Eleanor's face twisted in a snarl. "You'll regret treating me like this, Marcus. Especially for somebody who doesn't deserve it like this girl."

My dad looked completely unfazed by what she said, which is very different from the reality that I knew when I grew up here.

With a nal, hateful glare at both of us, she turned and stormed out, slamming the blue door behind her.

My adoptive father sighed, running a hand through his hair. He turned to me, his face lled with worry. "Faith, my girl. What happened? Why are you here? "

I just didn't want to talk, and I was glad to have him and just see him. I gave him a big hug and just appreciated the feeling of having somebody who cares about you and loves you unconditionally.

"Daddy," I cried out in happiness and the chance to actually cry out everything that I was feeling.

It took more than 2 minutes for me to actually calm down, and he took us to the sitting room and sat side by side.

"Honey, this is a very good surprise, but today was supposed to be your succession day." He said, and I wish I could tell him the truth because he's the one person that I know who is completely on my corner, but this is my dad.

He always thinks highly of people, and he always encourages me to be happy, and I don't want to break his heart with the truth.

"I just... we had a big ght. A really big ght. I couldn't... And I couldn't stay there any longer. I just needed to get away, far away." I took a deep breath.

He looked at me for a long moment, then slowly nodded. The worry didn't completely leave his eyes, but some of the tension in his shoulders eased.

He pulled me into a warm hug. It was a real hug, full of love and comfort. For the rst time since leaving home, I felt truly safe. Truly free.

"You're safe here, Faith. Always."