

His Bitter Luna

Too Fat

Samantha Tatiana grabs my shoulder and pulls me away from Dmitry. He watches as I walk away with his mother and sister. My heart hurts as I had anticipated finding my mate, but not like this. After Dmitry forcibly marked me, Aria has been silent. I felt so alone as I marched beside my mate's mother. She anxiously eyes me, "Do you not like my son?" I sigh while pondering what to say to her. Arina walks up to my other side and gives me a side-eyed smirk that reminds me of her brother. "What's not to like? Dmitry is handsome and rich. Isn't that what every woman wants?" "Arina," Tatiana barks. "Samantha?" She asks with her accent voice. "I-I-I," I stutter, still trying to find an answer. "He isn't what I was expecting." She points to my mark, "He is a dominant man, just like his father. Kostya expects me to be obedient and submissive. I am treated well as long as I behave." I eye her, "So, you think it's alright for a man to abuse his mate?" "It is not abuse," She responds sharply. "We have our place and our duties." I sigh as we reach a grand set of elevators. They are over the top, just like the rest of the house. The door slides open, and I step inside. My mind is in turmoil. For years, I dreamt of finding a good man like my father. My parents were equals and stood side by side to lead our pack. I never once saw my father raise his hand to my mother in anger. Their marks were beautiful symbols of their love and bond. I don't know what to think now. A huge part of me is looking

for an escape. Tatiana eyes me, "You are used to being allowed to do as you wish?" "I did have normal teenager restrictions," I respond. "My father is the alpha of my pack, so I had to represent that. I never got into trouble except a couple of times." "You slept with other men?" Arina blurts out. "No," I shake my head. "I waited," I sigh. "Waited for," I trail off as tears prick my eyes. I shake my head so they don't see me cry. "Are you crying?" Arina laughs. I look at the ground as we walk through another gaudy hallway of tapestries and statues. "What do you think of your new home?" Tatiana asks. I look around, "It's nice," I mutter. "Nice?" Arina scoffs. "Oh my god, Mom." "Calm down," Tatiana says to her daughter. "I realize you need time to get used to things here. But make no mistake. You belong to my son now. Do not think you can ever leave unless he allows it." I clamp my mouth shut and just walk. We enter Dmitry's room. I wish I could lean into my mate's scent, but I hate it. I must hold back the anger and jealousy I feel inside. Lydia met the man of her dreams. Why couldn't I? I wonder what I did wrong. Tatiana pulls me inside a large, over-the-top closet. There are three stories of clothes and things. There are so many clothes, it is unbelievable. "We had a lot of things sent here for you to try. Hope you like them," Tatiana says with a grin as she goes up a flight of stairs to a rack of dresses. "Come," she beckons me. I go up the stairs and stand beside her while Arina watches from the ground floor. "When can I get my things from home?" "This is your home," Tatiana snorts. "No, I mean my old home," I clarify. "Oh, I don't think that will be happening. You need to forget that place," she says. "Once you are mated and Luna of this pack, you will only belong to this family." "I can't just forget my family," I whine. "My parents, my brother?" I huff. "I am supposed to

just forget about them.” “Yes,” Tatiana states like it’s no big deal. “I forgot mine. You can forget yours.” This time, the tears fall. “But I love them. I wanted to meet my nephew, who is due to be born in a week. I-” “I trail off. Tatiana says nothing and turns her attention to the dresses. “I got over my family, too,” She mutters. “Once you become mother to my son’s heir, it will improve.” She touches my belly. “And I believe that will be soon, no?” She smiles. I shrug, “I suppose.” “Good,” She cackles and pulls out a couple of dresses, “I believe these may work for you,” she hands them to me. “Try them on.” I take the dresses and look around. I start to walk away. “Here,” Tatiana barks. “Try them on in front of me.” I hesitate. “I am a woman. You are a woman,” She points out. I sigh and slowly take off my clothes. Tatiana gasps when she sees my bruised body, “What happened to you?” I give her a look, but she doesn’t seem to understand. “Your son.” She blushes, “Oh, my boy was happy to have his mate finally. You will be alright.” I say nothing as I try on the first dress. It is light green with a silvery shimmer. I like it, but it is tight. Tatiana makes a noise and tries to help me zip it up. “You are bigger than we thought,” she huffs. I try not to say anything about that remark. “Do you like to eat?” She chuckles. “She is a little chubby,” Arina says from downstairs. I take a deep breath and try to ignore their remarks. “I train every day and eat normally.” “Well, you need more training and less food,” Tatiana grumbles. “Take off the dress and try the next one,” Her tone is laced with anger. I quickly take off the dress and set it back on the hanger before picking up another one. This one is a dark green with golden trim. “Dark green and gold are the pack colors,” Tatiana informs me. The dress is less tight, but it is still hard to breathe in it. My breasts are almost spilling out. I grunt as Tatiana pinches my

skin as she zips it up. Backing away, she narrows her eyes as she looks at me, "Turn," She moves her finger, and I do as she says. "Hmm, a little better. Try the next." I try on three more dresses before finding one that fits. It is tight, but I can at least breathe and move. It is a light silver dress with a purple trim. "Hmm, not ideal, but it will work," Tatiana says with an air of disappointment. "I'm sorry," I mutter. "Not your fault. But you will exercise and eat better, no?" She looks me in the eyes. "I suppose," I respond. "Not suppose, will," She slaps my stomach hard. "My son expects only the best." I try not to let the tears fall again. "I will." After finding the right dress, Tatiana sits me in front of a vanity while two women do my hair and makeup. I watch as they transform me into someone I don't recognize. My skin is bronzed while thick eyeshadow and mascara are applied. My hair is braided and piled into a high bun. "You are ready," Tatiana grins. I glance out the windows, and it is still light out. I wonder when the ceremony will start. They usually happen after dark when the moon is at her fullest. Tatiana has me wait by the elevators while wearing tight, pointy heels. I struggle to stand without pain. "You don't like the shoes?" Arina walks up wearing a tight red dress with silver heels. "They are Louboutin." "I don't normally wear heels," I complain as I lift one leg. "I figured," Arina snorts. "You don't seem to know anything about a place like this. What kind of poor pack did you come from?" I glare at her, "My pack isn't poor." "Right," She laughs. "So, you look like that despite having money for better?" I roll my eyes and say nothing. Heels click on the ground, and Tatiana walks toward us. Her eyes dart to my raised leg, "What is wrong?" "My feet hurt," I reply. "I am not used to heels." "Well, get used to them," She mumbles and shoves me toward the elevator. "We don't dress like paupers here, dear." I say

nothing and step into the elevator with her. My heart is racing as the machine moves to the ground floor. I wish I could escape this place, but I know that is impossible. The door opens, and the hall is decorated with flowers and banners. The pack emblem is two fierce wolves tearing each other apart. I stand and stare at it for a moment. "Do you like it?" Dmitry's voice makes me jump. I nod in response. "You mustn't be afraid of me," he says while running his finger down my cheek. "Unless you anger me. Do you wish to anger me?" He asks in a dangerous tone. I shake my head, "No, I do not." He smiles and holds his arm out to me. Dmitry pulls me down the hall towards a crowd of people. "Mama tells me you are too fat for most of the clothes we got you." I gulp at his words. "I'm not fat." He stops and grips my chin, "No, you aren't fat. You are borderline obese," He laughs and lets me go. "We will fix that. You will only eat what I say you can eat tonight. And tomorrow, you will begin training at five am sharp," He explains. "Then, after that, you will return here, and Mama will teach you to be a proper Luna." I keep my mouth shut as he speaks. I hate every moment I am here. I hate him. I hate this pack. Aria whimpers in my head but says nothing. "Let's go greet your new pack," He smirks. "Then later, I have an heir to conceive," He laughs and pulls me outside.