

His Bitter Luna

luna

Samantha Dmitry leads me out of the packhouse toward the limo. I stay quiet as we get in and ride for five minutes to wherever we are going. "You are quiet," Dmitry speaks up. "You are allowed to talk." "I didn't know if I was allowed," I blurt out bitterly. "I am your mate," He hisses. "Mama says you aren't happy here." I flick my eyes to look at his. They are so dark and seemingly soulless. What did I do to deserve him? "I had so many dreams and ideas of who my mate would be." "And I am not your dream?" He asks with mild amusement. "No," I confess. "I will be everything you want me to be, Samantha," His tone turns sickeningly charming. And for a moment, I am lured in by it. "But you must do as I say and be the Luna I require." "I want to see my parents and brother," I mention. "That is the past. This is your life now," He grumbles. "But they are my family," I sigh. "That is all I want." He stares hard at me for a long moment, "Be a good little girl, and I may allow you to call them and write letters, maybe even video call." A glimmer of hope flickers in my sad heart, "Really?" "Yes," He smiles. The limo stops, and the driver opens the door. I feel dread creeping in as I step out. We enter a large open arena where hundreds of people are waiting. A large stage at the bottom is decorated with the pack emblems and colors. "Large, huh?" Dmitry smirks, and I nod. I take his arm, and we walk down the aisle. I catch glimpses of the people, many of whom appear unhappy. They

look downtrodden and worn out. I wonder what sort of Alpha he is. The ranked pack members take up the front rows. I get an icy stare from the beta's sister, Cassandra. I know she had wanted Dmitry, but I was here now. Beta Jarrod and Gamma Curtis are on the stage, flanking an altar with an older man standing in the middle. Dmitry's parents are also standing on the stage. They all smile at me as I approach. I feel something less than genuine about their smiles, though. Dmitry steps to a podium and raises his hands, "Good evening, Shadow Woods. It is my pleasure as your alpha for you all to view the welcoming of our new Luna," He announces, and they applaud. He turns to the man in the middle. "Begin the ceremony, Elder." The Elder looks at me and smiles warmly. "Hello, Samantha, I am Elder Ronald Hoover. I knew your grandfather, Willis." I smile back but say nothing as I am shoved to the table. Elder Hoover takes my hand, "Do you, Samantha Arlene Wheeler, agree to uphold the laws and rules of our kingdom as the Luna of Shadow Woods?" I want to say no. I want to run. I want to escape. I glance at Dmitry, and he is giving me eyes of steel. I gulp and nod, "Yes, I agree." Elder Hoover licks his lips, "Do you, Samantha Arlene Wheeler, agree to uphold the laws and rules of Shadow Woods Pack as it's sworn, Luna?" I nod without hesitation, "Yes, I agree." "Do you, Samantha Arlene Wheeler, swear to be a strong and devoted Luna to your Alpha? Swear to produce an heir to take over in years to come. Do you swear?" Elder Hoover asks. "I swear," I mutter. "Then, by the power invested to me by our Goddess Selene and the Royal Alpha King Michael Peters, I declare you Samantha Arlene Volkov, Luna of Shadow Woods," he says and slices my hand. I yelp from the pain as he squeezes the wound. Blood seeps out, and Beta Jarrod holds a golden chalice for the blood. Dmitry slices his hand

and clasps mine. A cold breeze weaves through the arena, and a hundred voices speak in my head. I feel their emotions and their hopes. Aria comes forward for the first time in days. Together, she helps me block the voice until only mine is present. 'Where have you been?' I asked her, but she had no answer. "The Alpha and Luna of Shadow Woods," Elder Hoover declares. Dmitry holds my hand up, and the pack cheers loudly. We step towards the podium. "Speak to your pack." My blood runs cold, "What do I say?" "Just tell them who you are," Dmitry says with a tight smile. I take a deep breath and look out at the pack. Eyes of desperation look back at me. So many seem like they were forced to be here. It's when I notice armed warriors standing at the entrances. I have never seen armed warriors. Not even the king's warriors are armed. 'Speak and do not disappoint me,' Dmitry's cold voice slithers in my head. "Good evening, Shadow Woods. I am your new Luna, Samantha Whe- "I pause. "I mean I am Samantha Volkov. I come from Crimson Crest, where my father is the alpha. I am pleased to be here and pray I can help you all live a good and prosperous life." I glance at Dmitry, and his expression hasn't changed. "End it," He whispers. "So, in conclusion, like I said, I am happy to be here," I say, and they applaud. I then notice the signs above the stage telling them to clap. I sigh as Dmitry pulls me from the podium, and we walk off the stage with his parents and the ranked members behind us. He nods and bows to the pack members, and I do the same. I eye the members and hope I can do something for them. We get back into the limo and drive around the pack. A lot of the houses look rundown and in need of repair. The streets are full of potholes and disrepair. We return to the packhouse, and Dmitry leads me to a large ballroom. It rivals the size of the one at the royal

palace. "What did you think of the pack?" Dmitry asks. I look at him for a moment, wondering what to say. "It's lovely," I state. "You are lying," He hisses. "It looks like some things need to be fixed," I mention. "Like the houses and the roads." "If the omegas want their houses repaired, they must pay for it," He snorts. "I feed them and provide jobs. They can't have everything." I press my lips together so as not to say anything else. We walk around the ballroom, and it's decorated much like the arena with banners and flowers. There is a long buffet of delicious-smelling food. My stomach rumbles, and Dmitry laughs. "Fat girl is hungry, huh?" He laughs. I look at the ground in embarrassment. "Don't worry, we will fix that," He grins. We sit down at a table above the others. His parents and sister sit on either side of us. Tatiana and Arina sit beside me. "I will bring you a plate of food," Tatiana tells me. "Dmitry does not want you to overeat." An omega pours us some wine, and I chug it down. "Easy on the wine," Arina mutters. I say nothing as the omega pours me another glass. I watch the activity around us while waiting for food. Tatiana returns, and all that is on the plate is some sparse veggies and a sickly-looking piece of chicken. "Eat up, piggy. That is all you get tonight," Tatiana laughs and walks back to the buffet. I watch as Dmitry returns with a plate piled high with food. I nibble at my meager portion while everyone else around me pigs out. I finish my food, and my stomach rumbles for more. I try not to let it affect me as I stare into space. After dinner, we get up, and Dmitry tells me to mingle. I walk around, tempted to steal food, but he keeps a close eye on me. "What's wrong, piggy?" Arina walks up with Cassandra. "Do you want more food?" "She is really fat," Cassandra laughs. "Look at those rolls," She touches my side, and I smack her hand. "Don't touch me," I growl. Cassandra

lets out a wail, and Dmitry rushes over. "What happened?" He asks. "She hit me," Cassandra says through fake tears. "She touched me," I mutter. "She just touched your fat rolls," Arina laughs. Dmitry grabs me and pulls me away from his sister and Cassandra. "Why were you hitting Cassandra?" "She touched me, and I didn't like it," I say. "Hmm," He turns to look toward Cassandra. "I will talk with her," He growls and walks away. I sigh and walk around the ballroom, craving more food. Beta Jarrod's mate Kara walks up to me. "How are you doing?" she asks. I look at her momentarily, and her face seems friendly enough. "I am doing okay." "Liar," she snorts. "I saw what happened with Cassandra." I shudder. "I don't like her. She is Jarrod's sister, but I despise her," Kara huffs. I manage to smile at her words. "Don't mind her. She is just a jealous cow," Kara smirks. Dmitry walks up to me, and Kara bows. He takes my hand and leads me to the dance floor. I don't want to dance as my feet ache from the shoes, but he insists. "We need to teach you to dance," He mentions. "So much work." I say nothing as I power through hunger and pain. I see Cassandra standing at the back of the room, glaring daggers at me. Hours later, Dmitry takes me up to his room. I am desperate to get out of the shoes, but I know what is coming. I am still sore from last night. My loins ache as I don't want s*x right now. "Can we wait?" I ask as Dmitry shuts the door. His eyes narrow, "Wait?" "Yes, I just want to rest," I mutter. He laughs deeply, "I have an heir to conceive," He grumbles and shoves me toward the bed. "Take off your clothes and get on the bed," He orders. I sigh and do as he says. I then lie as he has his painful way with me. I try not to cry as he thrusts roughly into me while biting my mark. I pray that things will get better soon. I pray and ask the Goddess what I did wrong. But like my wolf, she is silent.

Dmitry finishes, flops off me, and falls asleep, leaving me a sobbing mess staring at the ceiling.