

The Luna's Vengeance Chapter 1 - Chapter 1 The wedding

Amalthea's POV

"Little girl, how far do you think you can hide them? You think of me as a different person, but you and I are the same," someone cooed in my ear, making me jump from my bed.

I looked around frantically, trying to find the source of the voice.

"Who is it?" I asked, pulling the dagger from under my pillow.

"Who am I? You should be worried about why I am here. You have been having dreams, no? Little visions of something you feel familiar with. And you still ignored them?" The voice asked.

"Look, whoever it is, if you think this is funny, then it isn't," I said, feeling a weird creepiness settle in my bones as I pointed the dagger in random directions.

"Funny? Do you think I am trying to be funny? Well, I wonder what you'll have to say about what you will go through starting this moment," the girl chuckled coldly.

"Miss Jade? Miss Jade? Are you okay?" I suddenly heard a voice around me, making me open my eyes as I looked at the girl who was doing my makeup.

"I will take it from here," I heard another voice.

"Hey, don't be so nervous. Everything is going to be alright," Sophia, my best friend, said for the umpteenth time.

Everything is going to be okay. I just need to calm down. I have waited for this day for my whole life. Whatever I am feeling was just my nerves working up because of the wedding. I repeated the words in my head.

"I know, Sophia. It's just I feel like something wrong is going to happen," I said helplessly, hiding the truth about my dreams as I looked at my reflection in the mirror.

Sitting in front of me was an elegant lady, dressed in a peach-colored bridal gown for her wedding. Her hair was in a loose bun with light makeup to highlight her features.

Her brown eyes were especially enchanting today with the excitement they held. Though it was an auspicious day for the girl, why do I see hints of terror in her eyes? I thought as I touched my face.

"Don't touch your face. It will spoil the makeup," Sophia said, pretending to be angry.

'Maybe Sophia is right. I am thinking too much about things,' I thought before standing.

Retouching my lip gloss one last time, I looked into the mirror before smiling politely.

"Miss Jade, are you ready to go? Everyone is waiting downstairs," the maid said respectfully, making Sophia nod.

"She'll come down soon. You can leave,"

Looking at Sophia's suspicious face, I smiled sheepishly as we walked toward the exit of the dressing room.

I am sure if I said one more negative thing, then she is going to show me her claws.

It was still a twenty-minute journey to the wedding place, and I smiled thinking about how I met Blake and how we have come so far.

Blake and I aren't mates by fate. We were chosen mates. We fell in love over time and decided to spend the rest of our eternity together.

When Blake's pack went under attack, they had to flee the area to save their lives. To say our pack and my parents were like a boon to them would be an understatement. They had nowhere to go, and they were barely holding it in with the resources they had.

Since their pack was destroyed, Blake's father decided to join our pack, The Callisto pack, and my father was more than ecstatic to have his best friend over.

Over the years, the friendship between Blake and me turned into love. We went to the same school and used to spend almost most of our time together. When we talked to our parents about the feelings we have for each other, they made us sign an agreement to be each other's chosen mates so that none of us betray each other when we find our fated mates.

It was a collateral decision, and everyone was okay with it.

I am the only child of my parents, Alpha and Luna Jade.

Though I am strong and independent because of the alpha blood running in my veins, my father was more than ecstatic when he learned that Blake and I have chosen each other.

My father has always thought the pack would be more prone to attacks if a female ruled it, and thus, he announced Blake will take over the pack after marrying me.

It was obviously a gender-biased decision, but I never questioned it because I loved Blake. What's mine is also his eventually.

A pack under the supervision of two alphas is bound to bloom, and we proved our capabilities over the years.

We both would've married long ago, but my father wanted me to graduate and turn twenty before marriage.

He didn't want to burden me with the Luna duties, and thus, even after his death, I respected his decision, making us wait for two more years for this day to arrive.

After 5 years of secret dating and 2 years of the agreement, I can't help but smile as the day of our wedding was finally here.

Of course, marriage isn't our destination but the beginning of a new journey, and I guess I was ready for it.

"You relax, okay? I will tell you when we'll reach there," Sophia said.

"Is Blake's father already there?" I asked, and Sophia hummed in reply.

My mom and dad both died in rogue attacks at different times, and since I didn't have anyone else to walk me down the aisle, Blake's father volunteered to do so.

As we reached the venue, I looked at Blake's father, smiling slightly when I saw tears in his eyes that he was trying his best to hide from me.

"Dad," I whispered from behind him, and he turned to look at me.

"You are an alpha, Dad. Will it look good if people see you crying like this? We are going to continue my father's and your lineage and take care of this pack under your guidance," I consoled him, and he smiled.

"I know, sweetheart. I know you will be a better alpha, or should I say, Luna? I just miss your parents. They would've been so happy today," Dad said, and I smiled weakly at him.

Of course, they would've been happy. They used to always talk about it.

"Alpha Cane, I don't think you should make her sad like this," Sophia reprimanded him, and I chuckled at her angry look.

"Okay, I am sorry, mom," Dad joked with her, and she huffed before walking toward me, making me laugh.

After Sophia's parents got killed in a rogue attack, my dad took her and made her our family. However, who would've thought that my father would also die like this, making both of us orphans?

I grabbed Blake's father's hand as Sophia walked behind me and held my long veil.

Walking towards the altar, I looked in front of me, my eyes meeting Blake's eyes, making me blush a bit.

Once I reached the stairs, Blake's father gave my hand to Blake, and he smiled.

"Don't worry, Mr. Cohl. I will take care of your friend's daughter, and she will always be my priority," Blake said, and I smiled shyly.

Once on the stage, I stood in front of him, and we said our vows to each other before the priest marked us as husband and wife.

"Since you are chosen mates and not mates by fate, you can seal the bond by marking each other. It will be a representation of your unending love," the priest said, and I don't know if I was being paranoid, but I saw some hesitancy in Blake's eyes when the priest mentioned marking.

"Hey, if you are not comfortable doing it in front of everyone, we can skip it for now," I suggested, not wanting to push it, and he shook his head.

Taking my hand in his, he tilted my head, making me hold his neck to a perfect angle as we sank our teeth into each other's flesh, making everyone around us howl in joy.

"You have a beautiful mark," Blake complimented after he cleaned my wound, and I smiled.

"It's given to me by my love. Of course, it will be beautiful," I said before taking the mirror from Sophia's hand to look at my mark.

"It's beautiful, no?" Sophia asked, but I looked at the mark on my neck, feeling weird.

The rare white wolf is mine, but why does it look like the black wolf isn't looking toward my wolf? What does this mean? I thought as I felt the same weirdness in my heart rising again.

Stop being paranoid, Amalthea. I told myself before smiling again.

"Hey, Amalthea? What are you thinking?" Blake asked me as he circled his hand around my waist, and I shook my head.

"Nothing, I just can't wait to share a room with you," I winked at him, and he chuckled awkwardly, making me squint my brows even more.

"Why? You are not excited?" I asked, and he shook his head.

"Don't think like that. Let's attend to the guests," Blake said, not giving me a direct answer, and before I could ask anything else, he left my side, making me look at his back.

"Amalthea? What are you thinking about? Let's get you in an evening gown. We need to attend the after-party. This gown is too heavy, and you need to

save your energy for later, no?" Sophia winked at me, and I slapped her shoulder, feeling shy.

"You are such a naughty girl, Sophia," I said.

"I am naughty? Well, the marks on Blake's body tomorrow morning will tell me who is more naughty," she said, and I blushed even more.