

## Chapter 4

Lily

He stopped on the stairs and looked down at me. As if he wasn't tall enough, this was even more intimidating.

"Yes, us. You are my wife, and Luna of this pack."

"Uh..."

"Don't worry. You have your own room." Huh?

Before I could ask, he trotted up the stairs, me scrambling to keep up. I was feeling lightheaded and gasping for breath by the time we reached our floor. Years of being starved for long periods of time will do that to you, I guess. I shuffled down the hall, nearly running into the back of him when he stopped abruptly in front of a door.

"This is your room. My room is across the hall." He pointed to a door adjacent to mine. "Clothes will arrive tomorrow for you."

Without another word, he opened his door and stepped inside, closing it on my shocked face. Numbly, I opened my own door and stepped inside. I don't know why I expected it to be small; old habits, I guess. It was huge. The floor was plush, soft grey carpet. A king size bed was set against the wall, begging for a good night's sleep. Across from the bed was an old-fashioned fireplace, already lit and filling the room with warmth and a soft glow; a neatly stacked pile of wood was placed to its side. White curtains were drawn across glass doors that looked to open to a balcony. I assumed the door to my right was a bathroom, and the double wooden doors led to a closet. Again, not what I had imagined.

"But then we didn't imagine we'd have our own room, did we?" Aya grumbled.

"No. But it's better than sleeping with him, right?"

"Maybe. But what was the point of all this if we're not going to be together?"

I didn't have an answer to that. It did seem pointless. He acted as if a mate and Luna, let alone a wife, was the last thing he wanted.

"Maybe it's better this way? He is... him after all."

"I need to bond with my mate too Lily. What if he doesn't let us?" She whimpered.

"We live here Aya. Sooner or later, we'll meet his wolf."

"I guess."

It wasn't the same thing, I knew. Aya needed to make her own bond with the Alphas wolf. Play together, hunt together. The thought of her not being able to do those things made her extremely sad.

"He has a name you know." She said.

"It feels weird calling him Demitri though. What if he doesn't like it? What if no one else calls him that?"

"You're overthinking things."

"I don't think so."

Yawning, I slipped off my shoes and made my way to the bed. A huge grin plastered my face as I lay down. I'd never slept in a real bed before. My sleeping arrangements at Snow Moon consisted of a couple dirty mattresses filled with holes on the floor. Comparatively, this was Heaven. Having nothing else to sleep in, I arranged the skirts of my dress under the covers and fell asleep in minutes.

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I woke up to someone nudging my shoulder. It couldn't have been Evelyn; she would have just yanked me out of bed. As I became more conscious, memories of the previous day came rushing back and I shot up so fast, whoever was sitting next to me yelped in surprise.

"Sorry! I didn't mean to scare you!"

A girl stood at the edge of the bed; hands raised as if in surrender. She had medium length golden blond hair, a pale flawless complexion, and a body to die for. Her hourglass figure was the stuff of envy. What I noticed most were her eyes though.

They were a similar shade to that of my husbands, perhaps a little darker. I blinked at her and noticed she actually did look quite a lot like Dimitri.

"Who are you?" I asked.

She smiled softly at me, extending her hand. "I'm Thara, Dimitris sister. He sent me up here to have a look at you. I didn't mean to wake you so suddenly."

I took her hand and shook once. "Look at me?"

"I'm a doctor at the pack hospital. Dimitri said you looked... a little unhealthy. Do you mind if I examine you?"

"Do I have a choice?"

She laughed. "No, not really. You are the Luna after all, we need you in tip top shape!"

"Uhm... okay, go ahead."

"I'm going to need you to change first. Clothes arrived for you this morning. I put some shorts and t-shirt in the bathroom for you."

"This morning? What time is it now?"

"Just a little after one."

Well shit. I slept well over twelve hours. I couldn't complain though, I felt more rested than I had in years. I sat up and stretched, swinging my legs over the side of the bed and making my way to the bathroom. Shutting the door, I did my business while looking around. There was a stand in shower with what looked like three different heads for the water, and a separate white claw foot tub that I was definitely going to take advantage of later. The counter had one long sink with two faucets, a gigantic mirror and was polished to shine. The floor was black tile, also exceptionally shiny, with floral designed bath mats placed in front of the shower and tub. I stripped out of my dress and threw it in the wicker laundry basket near the door.

Taking a breath, I looked at my reflection in the mirror and gasped. Holy fuck, no wonder Dimitri hadn't wanted to kiss me! Or touch me, or even be around me for that matter. Bright purple and black bruises patched my cheeks where Evelyn had slapped me. My lip was also busted, how had I not noticed that? My hair had fallen out of its twist while I slept, and was now a tangled mess. My gaze travelled lower

and I winced. Bruises dotted my skin in varying sizes from my shoulders down my torso, and my legs were no better. I could count my ribs and my collar bone jutting out sickeningly against my pale flesh.

I'd always had a large chest, regardless of my weight, but it looked odd and disfigured in contrast to every other part of me. There was absolutely no muscle on me, I was literally skin and bone. I was hideous. A quiet cry left my lips as I grabbed the clothes Thara had set for me and dressed quickly. Wiping my eyes, I opened the door and strode back into the room. Thara was arranging tools on the bed; a stethoscope, a blood pressure cuff. Something that resembled a little hammer.

"If you could sit on the edge of the bed, I'll take your vitals." She said. I sat dutifully as she wrapped the cuff around my arm and looked at her watch, counting. Her eyebrows furrowed slightly, and she jotted something in a little black notebook. Next, she listened to my breathing and tested my reflexes. Her expression became more and more concerned as she carried on with her exam.

"Luna, can you lie on the bed please?" She asked while writing in her book. I did as she asked and placed my hands on my stomach.

"You can call me Lily." I said. She glanced up and smiled.

"Lily it is." Setting her notebook aside. "I'm going to have to examine your middle... I need you to remove your shirt. It's not invasive, and it won't take long, I promise."

"Uhm... yeah, okay. Sure." I sat up and removed my shirt, lying back again. Thara's eyes widened as she stared at me. A small gasp left her lips before she shook it off and went to work. Poking and prodding with her fingers, she asked me if this and that area were tender, if it was sore. She gave me a hard look when I said no, so I relented a little and was honest. As she scribbled furiously in her little book, she asked me to turn onto my stomach. When I did, the sound of pen against paper stopped abruptly.

"My Goddess..."

I squeezed my eyes shut in shame and embarrassment. I knew what my back looked like. When Alpha Theo was in a particularly violent mood, he would use a silver knife on me. Only ever on my back though, as it was the easiest part of me to cover up. The skin was jagged with scars that would never fully heal. They ranged from below my shoulder blades down to the bottom of my spine all over.

"What... How did you get these?" Asked Thara. She ran her finger over a particularly deep scar.

"Silver." I mumbled.

"Silver what? A blade?"

I nodded mutely.

"Who did this to you? You couldn't have done this yourself. Who?" She demanded.

What was I supposed to say? I couldn't implicate Alpha Theo. I doubted Thara would believe me anyways.

"Who?" Thara more harshly.

"A member of Snow Moon." I said.

"Which member?"

I shook my head. She let out an exasperated sigh. I sat up and threw my shirt on quickly.

"Alright. You don't have to tell me. But I'm telling you now that Dimitri is going to want to know."

"Why? It's not like he cares anyways. Just another thing about me that's repulsive."

"What on Earth makes you think that?" She asked wide eyed.