

## Alpha's Blind Luna, Chapter 15

### Chapter 15

I woke up in one of the guest beds next to Logan's room. It felt awkward to sleep in his bed. Not knowing if he was going to come home in the middle of the night. Not knowing if he wanted me in his bed at all. So I had chosen to sleep in the guest bedroom next door. One thing Logan had not gotten me was pajamas. So I was wearing his shirt and boxers again.

Opening the door to his room quietly, I looked in to see an empty bed. Kai whined for our mate but I was relieved. I still didn't want to face him. I got dressed in some shorts and a tank top, braiding my hair over my right shoulder. Walking down the hallway and down the stairs, I was the first awake it seemed. Bryan's morning clanging was missing as I made some tea for myself.

I had pushed Kai back after her whining and just reveled in the sounds of the house. Taking my tea, I walked out the kitchen door and stood a little ways away, my toes wiggling between the grass. Blowing off the steam of my tea, I just felt the morning sun and wind. Listening to the sound of the forest with the birds and the bugs. I picked footsteps coming through the kitchen and to the open back door. I didn't know the sound or smell of the person. I turned, thinking maybe it was Hector, Logan's Gamma who was supposed to be back today.

"Logan had said his mate was special but I didn't think he meant special like this." A gruff older voice reached me and I stood up straighter.

"I'm sorry, I'm not sure who you are but Logan currently isn't here."

He kept walking to me and the mug of tea was slapped out of my hands.

"Don't you talk to me like that girl." He growled. "We were over the moon when our Alpha finally found his mate. But look at you. You're hideous."

I shrunk back. Surprised and horrified at this man. His voice was older, much older and I vaguely remember that Logan was going to speak to the elder council of his pack this morning.

"Blind and scarred? Special? More like a reject. Do you even have a wolf?"

“Yes.” I croaked out. Kai was bristling in my mind and I just was too stunned.

“You will never be Luna of this pack. I will not only make sure the council has him reject you, but I will make sure every single member of this pack rejects you as well.”

My mind was reeling. The man leaned in and grabbed my wrist. He picked me up by it. My feet leaving the ground. Then, suddenly, the wind rushed passed me as he tossed me into the yard. My shoulder hit a rock and I hissed in pain. I smelled my blood as I felt the gash on my shoulder.

“You need to be taken out with the trash. You will only serve to be his weakness and the weakness of this pack. We have no room for you. Go home and don’t come back.”

“Logan is my mate.” I finally managed to choke out with Kai’s help.

“Not for long. So you better leave now. We will find a sufficient replacement for you.”

I was shaking. Everything that I had felt yesterday, everything Logan had said. Here was an elder who was exactly as my father, but in a position of power, who had no blood connection. Nothing stopping him from doing exactly as he threatened.

“You should be ashamed of yourself. You should have rejected him if he wasn’t going to reject you. Did you think you would be safe with an Alpha? Did you think your life would change for the better because your mate was a rich man? Fuck off to wherever you came from.” I heard him spit on the ground.

He started to take steps towards me and I clamored back.

“Leave, now. Before I make good on my word. Don’t come back, ever. Don’t even touch the edge of this territory. Get out of here before you kill your own mate with your weakness.”

I took off into the forest as fast as my feet would take me. I choked down my tears as I ran, shaking.

Kai, I need you to take over. I can’t...

Kai nodded and I jumped, smoothly changing into my wolf form and we hit the ground running. We passed a few wolves who were doing their patrols but I ignored all of them. A couple of them tried to keep up with me as I ran but they fell behind pretty quickly, howling behind me.

‘Where do we go Auri?’ Kai asked, wondering how far we should go.

I shook my head. I was too upset. Upset that my own mate called me weak and broken. Upset that someone else confirmed it to the point of threatening to turn the pack against me. I was lost in the heartbreak. He was right. I should have rejected Logan when I met him. He could have moved on with his life without me weighing him down. Without him thinking I was no use to him.

‘Morgan. I need Morgan.’ I finally decided. We would go home.

She didn’t say anything as she adjusted her trajectory and as she ran, I curled up in the back of my mind and just cried to myself.

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I was breathing heavy as we reached edge of the city outside my old pack. The sun had already gone down. Kai was exhausted and I let her rest as I shifted. Naked, I crept into my usual payphone and grabbed the change that Morgan hid after every three months.

‘Hello?’

“Papa.” I choked out, crying again. I had stopped a few hours ago but now, hearing his voice, I needed him.

‘I’m coming now. Stay put.’

He hung up the phone and I hung up the payphone. There was change that fell but I didn’t care. I just fell to my knees. Breathing heavy, trying not to shiver as the coolness of night washed over me. Wasn’t it be better for everyone that I left? Better for Logan and for the pack?

It was ten minutes before I heard a car come roaring down the street. It screeched as it turned and pulled over right next to me.

“Cub.”

Morgan got out. He looked to be a man in his mid 30s. Dressed in a suit, he would be what you would call classically beautiful. There was a slight Italian accent to his words and he was very tan. Built and muscular, he would give any werewolf a run for their money in the sex appeal area. That's if you didn't know he was actually 567 years old. He was bit in Italy so long ago that he says he doesn't even remember when or how it happened. I always knew that was a lie, but I never pushed it. The man was old. I wasn't about to bring up how old he really was.

He picked me up easily off the ground and put me in the back seat of the car. There were clothes ready for me. It wouldn't be the first time I was needing a full set of clothes and he always had something ready for me. I started to get dressed in the back and when I was finished, I maneuvered myself into the front seat as he was driving.

"Do I want to know what happened? Or do I just need to put someone on the kill list?"

I shook my head. "I just...I'm running away."

I could feel him staring at me. "Your shoulders hurt."

"It's fine now. I just need a shower. I've been running for hours. Kai is resting."

Quiet filled the car as he drove through the city streets, weaving in and out of traffic. We finally, after 20 minutes or so, stopped. He was kind enough to go a little slower when he had me in the car. But it still scared the shit out of me how he drove. Getting out, he opened the door for me. We were in front of The Blood Oath. The valet took the keys and the bouncer let the two of us go without a second glance.

The doors opened to a very intimate club. It wasn't your usual nightclub with loud music and disco lights. It was intimate and we had a stage where there would be live music but there were tables where you could gather around, sit or stand. It also was open to the supernatural only. Humans weren't allowed in unless they were with a supernatural. It meant that the music could flow and because of everyone's supernatural hearing, you didn't need to talk very loud. There were also individual lounges if you needed more privacy.

This place was my second home and felt more like home than any other place. My breaking heart seemed to just throb, instead of sending stabbing pains through my body.

“Did you want to go up to the suite? Or did you want to let off some steam?” Morgan was staring at me.

“I think I’ll blow off some steam for a bit.” I smiled at him. He always knew what I needed.

“Chris, give our princess a drink and then we will get her behind the mic.” He kissed my cheek and left me at the bar to go manage the club.

Chris shook up my usual drink and poured it into a glass. “Miss Auri.” He took my hand and placed the drink in my hand.

I had grown up here. The staff all knew me from when I ran around in overalls that Morgan had forced me to wear when I was twelve. And my goth phase when I was fifteen. They were my family, my real family. And even though I didn’t get to see them very often, they made up for everything I had gone through. Especially Max and Chris.

Chris had shown me the ropes of being a bartender and we spent a lot of time together. But Max and I had friendship that even Morgan envied a little bit. We originally bonded over music but we then found we had the same taste in books and a love for the languages. He used to read to me in Italian on the nights that there was a big storm and I was afraid of the loud sounds. His voice would boom over the sounds of the storm as he would enthusiastically voice each character in Italian.

“Go knock them dead wolfie.” Chris was shaking up another drink. He was also a vampire, much younger than Morgan was.

Morgan was an old man even by vampire standards. But he lived by not getting in trouble with any sides. He said he would go to war with anyone over me and my safety, I never wanted him to do it. War was idiotic and the loss of life too great. I downed my drink and walked up to the stage. Max got up, leaned over, and picked me up by the arm onto the stage.

“You’ve lost weight Princess.” He chuckled as I steadied myself from him setting me down.

“Thanks Max. I’ll make sure to eat so much that you can’t pick me up anymore.” I made a childish face at him.

“Never gonna happen.” He snorted as he sat back down to the piano. “What will it be tonight princess?”

“Broken hearted. The theme will be broken hearted.”

Kai whined in the back of my mind. I knew running away from our mate hurt her but seeing me hurt, hurt her more. She was still resting from the run and so I took hold of the mic. Max took a minute to play but he finally hit a key.

For the rest of the evening, I sang away my feelings. Letting the music carry me. No one here cared if I was blind. If I had scars. If I was a werewolf. If I was broken or imperfect. Here, my voice is what mattered, what carried through the room and moved people. This was my safe place and I let it take me away.