Rebirth Of The Betrayed Luna



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CHAPTER 35: WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

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Claire stood facing Sebastian, her gaze narrowed at him as she watched his movements, waiting for his attack. At that moment, he feigned to swing his hand to the left only to attack her from the right. When Sebastian's punch landed on her stomach, he didn't know who was more surprised, him or her. It was a basic move that they had gone through a hundred times at least these days, and Claire always knew when he feigned an attack. So he completely expected her to dodge his blow, and when she didn't, he stared at her with wide eyes. Shit! He hadn't held back with that punch, and it sure must have hurt.

Seeing Claire standing there clutching her stomach with a wince, he grimaced. Damn it! He hurt her! Though it was inevitable to sustain a few injuries while training, he still felt guilty seeing her in pain. He had vowed to always protect and cherish her, and he was the one to hurt her now. What a situation it was!

"Are you okay?" He asked tentatively, his voice full of worry as he cooked up plans of rushing her to the infirmary if needed.

Claire looked up to see his worried face and tried to smile.

"Just winded out of breath. I will live," she joked dryly and Sebastian stood there awkwardly, as if wondering what to do with himself.

"Relax, Mr. Alpha. I said I will live. I was the one who asked you not to go easy on me, and I will not go ballistic just because you did what I asked."

Sebastian still didn't look convinced.

"Does it hurt too much?" he asked in a pained voice, and Claire rolled her eyes, seeing his guilty demeanor. Then she straightened up and grinned at him.

"Does it look like it hurts? One teeny tiny punch isn't enough to knock Claire Black down!" She declared proudly, and Sebastian shook his head. It was no way a teeny tiny punch, as she said, but his girl certainly took it in stride. Wait. What? His girl? The thought sent a strange thrill through his mind, and he tried to shake it off before hope took root in his mind. Hope is a fucking bitch.

Sebastian looked at Claire with raised brows, and she narrowed her eyes in response.

"What? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Well, why didn't you dodge that blow?"

Claire sighed in response.

"I don't know. From the time we started training today, I have a strange feeling that something bad is going to happen. I tried to ignore it but it is just lingering there no matter what and I was a little distracted," she said, the feeling that something wrong was going to happen intensifying in her mind. She didn't know why she was feeling like this when everything seemed fine. But she just couldn't ignore her instincts, and it was worrying her.

Sebastian narrowed his gaze at her in response.

"Something bad? I will never let anything bad happen to you."

"I know," she said, and she truly believed his words. But then, why was she still feeling worried?

"You are too distracted today. Continuing the training wouldn't be a good idea when you are in such a state. Let's go back and once you are home, maybe you will feel better."

Claire nodded in response. She wasn't in the mood to continue training and just wanted to find why she was feeling this way. She needed to find what was wrong.

"Same place, tomorrow noon," Sebastian said like usual, but instead of saying it back to him, she just nodded in response. She truly was distracted.

Once they reached the packhouse, Claire bid farewell to Sebastian and went back to her room, somehow her anxiousness increasing with each step instead of reducing. As she paced back and forth in her room nervously, a knock sounded on the door, and she paused with a smile. It must be Eunice who came back after her walk. She must have had a good time with Devin. Claire couldn't wait to see those end up as a couple. She could even imagine the cute kids they would have one day!

Claire opened the door with a wide smile, only to pause when she saw it was not Eunice, but another new maid.

"Why are you here? Where is Eunice?" She blurted out, even though she knew it sounded rude. But she didn't care about that because the absence of Eunice was not sitting well with her.

"Eunice said she was tired and asked me to take her place today," the girl said, and Claire frowned while letting her in. It was not like Eunice to miss her duty. She even insisted on working when she was beaten badly by Diana. But then she shook her head. Maybe she just wanted to have a rest after her date with Devin? Right. That must be it.

The day passed by and nothing out of the place happened the whole day, making Claire think that the bad feeling she got must be just her imagination. Maybe the whole rebirth thing had made her panicky, and she was just a bit too anxious? She just needs to ignore it.

The next day, the feeling of wrongness still lingered in her mind, and she was even more distracted than the last day. This just wouldn't do. She had to do something to make it go away.

Hearing a knock on the door, Claire perked up, thinking it must be Eunice. She needs to speak to Eunice and knowing her, she will have some ideas to ease her mind. Claire opened the door ready to greet Eunice, only to frown when she saw the same maid as the last day standing there.

"Did Eunice send you again?" Claire asked worriedly, and the girl nodded. This was so unlike Eunice. Was she ill or something?

"Do you know why?" Claire asked.

"I don't know. She just called and asked me to take over her duty until she could get back to it."

"Not just for today?"

The girl shook her head in response.

"No. She said she will tell me when she was ready to come back."

Anxious about her friend's wellbeing, Claire decided to visit her.

"You carry on. I will just check on Eunice and come back," she told the maid, who nodded in response before getting to work.

Claire walked towards Eunice's room, her mind full of worry. Eunice was fine when she saw her last afternoon, so how did she suddenly become sick?

Reaching in front of Eunice's room, Claire knocked on the door. But when there was no response, she frowned. Wasn't she here? Claire was about to turn back when she heard a slight sound. That definitely came from inside the room. So Eunice was here. Then why didn't she respond to her knocking?

"Eunice?" she called tentatively, and when there was no response, she called again. "Eunice! I know you are inside. Open the door!" With each moment that passed without Eunice's response, Claire felt her worry skyrocket.

"Claire?" Suddenly Eunice's voice sounded from inside and Claire straightened up. Didn't Eunice recognise her voice when she called first? Was she that distracted? But that was just unlike the always keen Eunice. Just what was happening?

"It's me. Are you okay, Eunice? I was worried when you didn't come for two days," Claire replied, waiting for her friend to open the door

and let her in.

"I am fine. I am just a bit tired and want to have some rest. I w-will see you tomorrow," Eunice replied, her voice breaking in the end, betraying her. Claire frowned, realising she was crying. What happened to her friend?

The feeling of wrongness reached its peak, and Claire knew she had to see Eunice, no matter what.

"Eunice! Open the damn door! I am not leaving here without seeing you," Claire called out desperately. There was something wrong with her friend. Something really wrong. She could feel it in her bones.

When Claire said she wouldn't leave without seeing Eunice, it wasn't just a threat. She fully intended to carry out her promise and started pacing back and forth in front of the door. Claire knew Eunice could feel her presence, and she had no plans to give her friend a choice in this matter. She needed to know what happened to her sweet Eunice and she won't leave without knowing it!

Feeling Claire's determination, Eunice had no choice but to open the door. Hearing the hinges of the door opening with a yawning sound, Claire turned towards it, only to freeze in horror at the sight that greeted her eyes. Standing in front of her was Eunice, her dark hair messy and flying all around. Her eyes were swollen and bloodshot, as if she had been crying for days. Bruises surrounded her fair neck in an alarming purple color while she slumped against the door, looking like a tiny broken doll. She just looked like hell, and Claire had no idea what happened to make her like this. Oh, sweet Eunice! What happened to you?