

Chapter 10

NATALIE

When you think you are breaking apart and can't hold yourself together, you find yourself running back to your home — the safe haven.

I did the same.

After running away from everyone I had considered dear once, I came back home and dashed to my room before locking myself inside.

I can feel those pointed looks directed at me. Those people make my skin crawl. They make me feel disgusted.

It was not my fault. They did this to me. I want to run to everyone and tell them one by one but I know no one will believe me.

I sobbed, pulled my hair out, and asked myself the same question.

Why was this happening to me?

They all had loved me once. Everything was fine — I had a happy family, good friends, a standing in this werewolf society for being a beta's daughter. I had a future — a bright one. 2

But Moon Goddess fucked up everything when she decided

she didn't want me to have my wolf.

What's a werewolf without her wolf? I can't be loved, I can't be seen as someone respected, I can't even have the right to recognise my mate. 3

They took advantage of the same thing. Played me all this while.

Enzo is my mate. He said so. I must believe it. I kept repeating this to myself yet it turns out, this was the biggest lie of my life.

My hands reach out to different things several times in frustration, in a moment of absolute torment, to break them, to get over this betrayal somehow but I never find the courage to actually break anything.

I am so fucking pathetic.

Even in this moment, I am scared of consequences.

Eventually, I sit beside my bed and hide my face in my knees.

All the energy, every ounce of hope...all of it has left me.

You are my mate. You can't tell but I can. He said this when he first approached me. I had a crush on him for years. I often pictured a happy life with him even before he decided to play his part in this ultimate betrayal.

When Enzo came to me and said he was my mate, I felt as if Moon Goddess had the best in store for me. Maybe, not

giving me a wolf was a test to see if I was worthy of the better things in life.

But it was all a big fucking lie.

Now, I wonder if Emilie was watching him while he made a fool out of me.

Three years. He betrayed me for three years. 2

And we had sex. Multiple times.

How sick is Emilie to let her mate sleep with her sister? Why is she like this? Why is she doing this to me? 2

Why does my sister find me repulsive simply because I have disappointed my family by not shifting when everyone else my age did?

Tears continue to stream down my cheeks and soak my clothes. My heart clenches painfully. 2

Slowly, I begin to forget how to breathe normally. Every breath that I take in, hurts.

The mark burns on my neck, making me hiss. I wince and scratch at it in anger.

The skin of my neck tears open and blood coats my fingernails but I don't stop scratching the mark. The first layer of the skin comes off but the mark continues to burn ferociously. 2

Tired and frustrated, I pull my bloodied hand away. My sobs

grow in volume.

Morning turns into midday. No one comes to my room.

Tears stop flowing. I enter the state of mind where a numbness takes over my senses and questions come knocking back on my mind, torturing me and making me think everything over and over again.

Emilie wouldn't have allowed Enzo to fake a relationship with me for the sake of some fun, right?

Was there another reason?

My phone vibrates, drawing my attention.

I pick it up from the floor where I dropped it earlier.

Enzo's name lights up the screen, taunting me further.

Inhaling a shaky breath, I pick up the call and place the phone beside my right ear.

"Have you gotten over your 'I am not feeling fine' state yet or not?" His voice appears from the speaker.

Pain jabs my heart. I tighten my grip over the phone and refuse to talk.

"I thought you will at least call me to say sorry but it turns out something is wrong with you. You didn't call. You didn't come to see me. You didn't even bother to apologise." He rants. ¹

I listen to him. And feel the pain turning into anger.

Now, when the veil of stupid emotions has been lifted, I can sense the superior tone of his. I fucking justified the way he talked to me and ignored the sorrows in my life.

"Natalie." He calls my name when I don't say anything.

I hate it. I hate it when he takes my name." Come down. I am standing outside your house." Enzo commands.

"Did you come to see me?" I utter monotonically.

Or did you bring Emilie home? And you two decided to play with me again? Is she watching from the window, waiting for me to idiotically run into your arms while you two exchange looks behind my back?

"Yes. So get your stupid ass down here. I don't like waiting." He breathes heavily.

"What do you want to say to me?" I get up from the floor and walk over to the window in my room.

Misery is slowly evolving into a volcano which is ready to erupt.

When I see him standing by the streetlight in front of my house, looking up, my heart skips a agonised beat.

His brown eyes dig into my soul, reaching out to the hurting spot instantly.

" I see you there. Come down right now. Don't make me come up and drag you down here. " His words don't match his expressions at all.

" Come up then. " I take a step back.

" What? "

" Come up. Can you? " My voice drops.

Liar.

" I – You want me to..." Can't talk now, can he?

I shake my head and take another step back.

" You and me both know...you will never come to my room. Whatever we have, needs to stay hidden from my parents. " My eyes lower to the floor.

" What the fuck are you talking about? " He yells, agitated.

Pressing my lips together, I lift my head. I take two steps forward and look at him again.

He picks his head and our eyes meet.

" Am I your mate, Enzo? " I ask.

" Why are you asking this question? You know already. " He lies while his eyes stare into mine.

Liar.

I grit my teeth and lower my eyes.

"How long are you planning on lying to me?" Tears roll down my cheeks.

He goes silent.

"How could you do this to me?" I feel pathetic.

"If not mates...we were friends once. We had known — known each other from childhood...then why did you..." I sob, covering my mouth with the back of my hand.

"Why did you do this to me?"

"I don't know what someone has said to you but—"

"Shut up! Shut the fuck up!" My red eyes rise to his brown one's.

"Don't you dare lie to my face again Enzo! It's over now. I know what you did. I know..." I pause, wiping my tears.

"I know Emilie is your mate." I cry out.

I am not sad anymore.

I am furious.

They betrayed me. And they made me betray my mate.

"So you know." He sighs. "Good. I was getting tired of pretending to love you. You are not worth my time." 3

My eyes narrow into slits.

He hangs up on the call and smiles up at me.

The gesture rubs salt over my wounds. I stumble back and pull the curtains over the window.

My ears are ringing.

Just like this, it's over — The three years I wasted.

All the moments I spent with him make me feel disgusted. Every laugh, every touch, every confession — it was all a game for them.

I was so into Enzo, I ignored every thought which went against him. I did it repeatedly and intentionally. And now, he has shown me why I should have never done it. 2

My phone begins to vibrate again. I peek at the caller Id and blink lifelessly.

It's an unknown number this time.

I don't know what pushes me to pick up the call.

"Hello." I speak lifelessly.

"Stop crying. You are causing me a nasty headache." The demanding voice says calmly.