

Prologue

The pressure. The endless amounts of pressure pushing in from all around me, like something is about to explode. Like I was about to explode. That was the rst thing that I noticed as I was drifting in the abyss.

Red streams of violent currents, like crimson lightning bolts, started exploding in the space that was just a black void moments ago. It was a storm of brutality and torture.

Then came her screams.....

Not howls. Not growling or snarling. Screams. My wolf was screaming inside of me. Screaming so loudly, it reached me through the fog of the void and the raging storm exploding around me.

I clung to her voice, trying to nd her in the crimson chaos going off inside my head. It felt like swimming against the current, ghting a force I could not see. I started swimming harder than before, my listless body straining to break through the surface of my mind to my wolf. She was in such agony that I felt it, even in the void I had been oating in for so long. I felt her, and it was breaking me. Breaking me out of the prison I was in.

I'm ghting and pushing. I'm swimming in the violence, crying out every time one of the lightning bolts tears through me.

I still ght. My wolf. My wolf needs me. I need to get to her. I need to help her. I can feel her pain.

After ghting for so long, I nally broke free. The heavy weight pressing down on me nally broke open, a barrier being torn, giving me life once more.

"STOP!" I hear Cortina screaming in my head. "MAKE IT STOP!"

Stop? Stop what? What is going on? What could be hurting her in the safety of my mind? Our mind that we share as one.

And then I heard it.

The sounds were coming from nearby. The moaning and grunting. The strangled whimpers of a woman, and the all too familiar groans from the source of all my wolf's pain.

It's our mate. Our mate is f*****g another woman, right next to us it seems, and my body is frozen, completely unable to stop it.

"Right there," the female voice groans. "Right f*****g there. c*m in me, alpha. Give me your-"

"I told you," he growled, cutting off her passionate words, "face down and shut the f**k up."

The woman whimpers, but her mued tone leads me to think that she obeyed what he said. Of course she did. Like she couldn't. As his mate, and his Luna, I was the only one who could ever go against his word. I was the only one that could ever give him an attitude. I never wanted him, which I'm sure he knew, but my wolf always did. I stayed and accepted everything because of her.

That's all changed. She is screaming and crying, the pain from his betrayal too much for her to sanely bare.

Can he not hear her? Can he not feel what he is doing to her? What he is doing to me? Does he truly just not care about the pain ripping us apart from the inside, tearing our soul into shreds?

Why would he care? His wolf was the only one that showed he cared, and that was just for my wolf. Neither of them ever cared for me.

I'm lying in a prison inside my own body, unable to react, unable to move, but he's just screwing some woman right beside me, not even bothering to hide it by going somewhere else.

What happened to me? How did I become like this? I can't be dead. The pain is too severe.

I wrack my brain, trying to gure it out, and then it comes back to me. The stairs. Odette. The anniversary dinner I was forced to endure.

A hand touches mine, the sparks telling me that it's him. Those sparks have never disgusted me more, hearing him groan and grunt, nishing inside another woman while holding onto me. He's taunting me, even in the state I am in. There was never an ounce of kindness between us, but I never knew that he would be so cruel as to do this.

I'm not dead. Not just because of the searing pain inside my chest, but because if I was, he wouldn't have to touch me to nish inside of another woman. He's in limbo too. Betraying me while gripping my hand, probably praying for the day he won't have to any longer.

"It hurts," my wolf whimpers now that he is nally done and she's no longer screaming in agony. "It always hurts."

Always?

Her thoughts and memories bleed into mine, and I snarl internally, seeing that this pain he is causing her is a routine thing. Every day he comes to betray me right beside my hospital bed where I have been unconscious for the past year, gripping my hand every single time so he can nish. I was trapped in the protection of my mind, but my wolf was not. She has had to endure this alone all this time, constantly betrayed by the one she once loved.

"That was great, Alpha," the feminine voice purrs. "We should go back to-"

"Shut up," he sneered, sounding more coldhearted and callous than ever before. "You know where to go. You stay in the f*****g annex for a week and don't show your face to me again until the doctors conrm or deny that you are free to go."

The woman made a small sound of disapproval. "So eager for a pup," she muttered. "You might have a better chance if you just kept one of us by your side, you know."

Her whining voice grates on his nerves. I can feel the tension in his grip still clinging to my hand. "Go," he growls, his aura pushing out and lling the room.

She whimpers, and the shuing of fabric is heard before the opening and closing of a door.

With her gone, he lets out a heavy sigh, letting his aura recede and loosening his grip on my hand.

I feel his breath fanning over my face. The tingles and sparks from his close proximity do nothing to soothe the pain he has caused me and my wolf.

"This is your fault," he whispered. His accusing voice sounded almost hurt, like I was the one that forced him to betray our bond. "All of this is your fault."

My wolf whimpers, receding to the back of our mind, trying to withdraw from him as much as she could.

His forehead rests against mine, something I have never felt him do before. His hand cups my cheek, then his lips press tenderly to mine.

Never. He has never done that either.

"This is your fault," he whispered brokenly one more time before I felt his touch leave me and his presence exit the room.

When his hold on me is gone, my wolf feels free to come forth, still cowering and broken, but wanting the comfort of being of one mind with me. It took some time, but slowly, the ngers that were just clasped in that monster's hands started to move. I felt my muscles in my body slowly start to react to the movements I demanded of them.

My fault he says? The only thing that will be my fault is his inability to get that pup he so desires, because my hand will not be there for him to hold ever again.