

Rebirth And Revenge: The Betrayed Luna's Return

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The cold hard floor bit into Eleanor's skin, making her battered body shiver. But neither the cold nor the bruises on her body were enough to make her admit a crime she hadn't committed.

Thomas, her husband, could keep her locked up for however long, but she would not budge until she revealed Mia's deception.

If only Thomas would listen to her side of the story. They had been together for many years and married for three. How could he believe Mia when she accused Eleanor of killing his unborn child?

Didn't he know her at all? If he did, he would know she was not capable of such evil. Was he so blind to his lover's schemes that he would be willing to treat her, who had been by his side since they were teens, like this?

Eleanor had thought that he would be on her side. That he would try to at least look into the matter. But the moment Mia accused her of causing her miscarriage, he and everyone else in the pack believed she was guilty.

They accused her of being jealous of Mia, who had been able to do what she couldn't in the three years she had been Luna—conceive an heir. No matter how much she pleaded her innocence, Thomas had her whipped and locked in the cell, awaiting trial.

She never would have imagined that they would come to this. Was he the same person she had grown up with? He had been her best friend as kids, then as teenagers, they started dating.

Eleanor was sad to find out that they were not fated mates when she had her first shift at eighteen, but it didn't matter. They still loved each other. They stayed with each other and got married three years ago when Thomas inherited the Alpha.

Together, they ruled the Blackstorm pack as Alpha and Luna. But all that was now on the line because her husband decided to trust another person over her.

The sound of footsteps reached her from outside the cell. After a few seconds, Thomas appeared on the other side of the metal bars. His Beta, Miller, was with him.

Eleanor sprang from her position on the floor. Pain intensified all over her body, but it didn't stop her from rushing to the door.

"Thomas, you have to believe me! She is lying. I would never do that and you know it!"

Her husband looked at her with a cold expression, his dark eyes like shards of ice. He had never looked at her like that, like he didn't care about her at all. Like she was a stranger.

"Grace," Eleanor said, wrapping her hands around the metal bars of the cell door. Grace was her servant, who had served her for a long time. "Call Grace and ask her about it. She knows I had nothing to do with Mia's miscarriage."

If Thomas wouldn't believe her, Grace was her only other option. Grace took care of most of her affairs while she was busy running the pack. She knew her movements more than anyone else, perhaps even more than Thomas.

"Is that so?" Thomas asked. "Let's hear what she has to say, then."

Eleanor breathed a sigh of relief. Grace would vouch for her and she would have a chance to prove her innocence.

Thomas sent word for Grace and she showed up a few moments later. With her was Mia. Eleanor ignored her and focused on Grace.

"Grace, tell him that I didn't do it," she pleaded.

Grace looked at her then at Thomas. "Alpha," she began, "it was Luna Eleanor who instructed me to put abortion drugs in Mia's coffee." She

knelt down. “Please forgive me, alpha. I didn’t have a choice. I’m just an Omega, and Luna threatened to harm my family if I didn’t follow her instructions.”

“What?” Eleanor whispered in disbelief as she listened to her servants’ words. “What are you saying? No, I never gave you such instructions!”

“You said you couldn’t stand that she was pregnant with Alpha’s child and you feared she would replace you as Luna.” Grace slowly raised her head and looked at Eleanor. Her eyes filled with fear and guilty. “Sorry, Luna, I have to tell the truth. I have nightmares every night. It must be the Moon Goddess blaming me kill the Alpha’s heir.”

Eleanor was struck speechless. Why would Grace lie about that? Her eyes moved to Mia. She was standing behind Thomas, so he couldn’t see the smirk on her face.

The witch! She must have bribed Grace to lie about it.

Eleanor screamed, pulling the metal bars crazily, “She’s lying too! They’re all liars! Thomas, please-”

“Enough!” Thomas cut in.

His face now darkened with anger, and he reached through the bars and wrapped his hand around Eleanor’s neck.

Eleanor was weak from the earlier whipping and could barely fight against his hold.