

Rebirth And Revenge: The Betrayed Luna's Return

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“Miller,” Thomas called his Beta. His voice was cold and firm. “Set the execution for tomorrow.”

With a second hesitation, Miller lowered his head and answered, “Yes alpha.”

Thomas shoved Eleanor and she fell to the floor. “Let’s go,” he said, turning to Mia and offering her his hand.

“No,” Eleanor wheezed through her bruised throat. “Thomas, please. Don’t do this. She is lying. They are both lying.”

“Go ahead,” Mia told Thomas. “There’s something I must say to her.”

“Are you sure? After what she did—”

Mia shook her head and give him a soft smile. The smile everyone had fallen for. “It’s fine. She cannot harm me anymore.”

Thomas nodded, then kissed her on the forehead before leaving with Miller and Grace. Mia stood at the door, looking down at Eleanor. “Finally, I can get rid of you.”

With everybody gone, she was revealing her true colours. Colours that everybody around them couldn’t see.

“I’ll not let you get away with this,” Eleanor swore.

Mia laughed. “You still think you have a way out? Tomorrow, you’ll be gone. Dead. Out of my way. How exactly are you going to make me pay?”

Eleanor grinded her teeth together. When Grace lied, she lost her chance to prove her innocence. Thomas already ordered her execution. She was doomed.

Mia touched her belly. “How does it feel that he trusts me more than you? How would he feel if he knew this wasn’t even his child?”

“What?”

Mia smiled and paced. “That’s right. The father is a rogue. But it doesn’t matter, does it? This child is going to make me Luna of Blackstorm. At least I could give him an heir, unlike you.”

Eleanor got to her feet. “You are crazy. When he finds out—”

“How will he find out? Even if you were to tell him right now, do you think he would believe you? He would think you are desperate, cooking up stories to save your skin.”

“I should have never let you stay,” Eleanor said.

“It’s too late for regrets,” Mia told her. “I’m Thomas’s fated mate. You should never have clinged to him. He never belonged to you. And that’s why I made sure you never gave him an heir.”

Eleanor’s face creased in confusion. “What?”

“You have always thought of Grace as your loyal servant, haven’t you? It didn’t take long to convince her to work for me. She has been poisoning your food all along so you would never conceive. And now, my efforts have paid off. Soon, I’ll be the Luna of Blackstorm, and I’ll have Thomas all to myself.”

Hearing her words, Eleanor’s anger shot to a new level. She reached through the bars and grabbed Mia by the neck before she could step back.

“I’ll kill you,” she threatened, tightening her hold on the woman’s neck.

Mia grabbed her hands and easily pulled them away from her. Eleanor was weakened from the beating she had received, so she was no match for her. Mia reached through the bars and gripped Eleanor’s hair and banged her head against the metal bars.

“You are the only one dying here, bitch!”

She shoved her and slammed her into the floor. Hot tears streamed down Eleanor's face as blinding pain shot through her head.

Was this really the end for her?