Chapter 3

The next day, Eleanor was brought to the square to face trial. Everybody bayed for her blood.

What a wicked Luna, to kill the pack's only heir. It was nobody's fault that she hadn't been able to fulfil her responsibility as the pack's Luna! She should have been grateful that the Alpha kept her around even after finding his true mate!

Eleanor watched numbly as the very people she had lived with all her life, the same people she had served wholeheartedly, threw all sorts of insults at her.

Why did they all so easily believe Mia's accusations? Not even one of them gave her the benefit of the doubt. Was everything she had done for the pack so far not enough to earn her that at least?

Since she became Luna, she had put all her energy into making the pack stronger. She often worked late into the night, doing her best.

She knew her inability to conceive was a huge shortcoming on her part. Having an heir was important for the pack since it ensured stability. So she had tried to make up for it in every possible way.

She managed most of the pack's affairs, many which would have naturally been the Alpha's domain. For instance, Thomas didn't like socialising, so it remained up to her to engage with other Alphas from other packs.

Most times, she would have to drink excessively with them to the point of getting sick just so she could form connections and bring back investments to Blackstorm.

She had to act like them, show them that she was one of them even if she was not an Alpha. If she didn't, they would never take her seriously.

While the pack benefited from her sacrifices, her marriage suffered. Thomas thought she was becoming less of a woman. Eventually, he started spending less time at home.

She understood why he would feel like that, but why couldn't he understand her? As the Luna and Alpha of Blackstorm, it was their responsibility to ensure the pack's prosperity and safety. If she didn't step in to take care of certain things, they would all be doomed.

She had thought he would see that at some point. Instead, she had been shocked to come back home one day ago after one of her warrior-training sessions to find that her husband had a lover who was pregnant!

It so happened to be the Omega he had saved a while back and who he claimed to be his true mate.

While she was out there doing her best for the pack, forming alliances and strengthening their borders, he had been busy betraying her.

She had ran away in tears, not able to face him. It hurt her, but there was nothing she could do. After thinking for long, she decided it was best to accept the child.

After all, she had failed to conceive. The pack needed an heir. Thomas betrayed her, but at the end of the day, as Luna of the pack, she had to put the pack first.

She knew her relationship with Thomas would never be the same, but before they could discuss that, Mia accused her of killing her unborn child.

Things had escalated quickly from that point on. Eleanor's packmates always thought her to be cold-hearted because she demanded high training standards.

She was ruthless and merciless when dealing with enemies, and she didn't stand for mediocrity among the pack's warriors. Because of that, they believed she lacked kindness and easily believed Mia's accusation.

Everything she had ever done was to protect the pack from the rogues, but it turned out to be the weapon they all used against her.

What had she done to deserve such rotten fate?

She gazed at Thomas, his eyes as cold as an iceberg beneath the sea, lacking all warmth and filled with hatred. He had unjustly branded her as a criminal of the pack!

Eleanor laughed, finding it ridiculous for her to have blindly sacrificed to him, to fall fully in love with him. Also, she felt pity for him; he was cheated by Mia.

Thomas frowned at Eleanor's expression. "What's so amusing? Do you feel no guilt? You killed an innocent baby! My heir!"

Listening to his accusation, Eleanor felt even more ridiculous but she wouldn't tell him the truth!

If he didn't believe her, then, she was more willing to bury the truth and let him pay the price for his foolishness!

Eleanor looked down at the angry crowd below and then back at Thomas, keeping her back straight and stating firmly, "I said, I AM INNOCENT!"

"Still as stubborn as a malicious witch," Thomas replied coldly. He marched towards her with his sword in hand. "It seems only death can make you repent."

The crowd erupted in anger, shouting for Eleanor's sentence.

"Alpha, punish this vicious witch!"

"Kill her! Dig out her heart!"

Eleanor could not hear the cries of the crowd. Instead, she numbly watched as Thomas approached her with determination.

His steps steady, without any hesitation, until his sword pierced her heart.

Very precise, it hit her heart swiftly.

Her blood spurted out and splatter on his face.

Until this moment, her tears flowed out. She had been betting that Thomas would spare her life.

The man she had loved faithfully for years was now the one who took her life.

No mercy.

It was that moment that her heart truly broke, shattering to pieces. His betrayal pained her more than anything else, more than the false accusations.

He was supposed to be by her side, always. To protect her and encourage her and love her.

All of that was in the past.

The crowd cheered.

Blood dripped down her shirt. She couldn't breathe. It was too painful. Thomas drew the sword back. Blood gushed from the wound.

It was really the end.

Before she went unconscious, she heard someone scream her name. She pulled her eyes from Thomas and towards the voice.

A man was running towards her, having broken through the crowd. He was handsome, she thought. If he was her knight in shining armour, she thought, he was too late.