

## Chapter Three. Shattered.

Ruby:

"Luna,"

I was slowly slipping away from reality.

"Luna,"

I just wanted to die or wake up from this nightmare.

"Luna, are you still listening?" Andrew's urgency jolted me back from the brink, yet the persistent darkness within echoed a silent scream through the shattered pieces of my world.

"Yeah, I am, Andrew. It's just that everything is happening all at once, and it's really hard for me to take in," I admitted, my voice overwhelmed with emotions. It was hard to believe everything that was happening and how easily Liam was quick to replace me.

I fucking carried his child. We were always together twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, and three hundred and sixty days. How dare he think I fucking cheat?

Andrew looked at me in understanding and nodded his head sympathetically. Andrew was unmated, and I have never seen him with a female, so I doubt he understood all I was going through right now.

"I understand, Luna, what it feels like to lose someone you love," he muttered with a distant look in his eyes, then his face suddenly changed to one of determination.

"That's why we need to prepare to go back to Alpha Liam's pack. The sooner you sign the resignation, the better for you to fix your lives back together and move on." I nodded my head, acknowledging the need to face the tumultuous challenges awaiting me at the place where love had crumbled.

"I pray the moon goddess gives me the courage for it." I sighed tiredly, taking a sip from the cup.

Andrew's eyes softened, mirroring the empathy in his voice. "You're stronger than you think, Luna. We'll get through this together." He said it passionately, but I didn't want to read deeper into it as my mind was clouded by the thought of Liam.

I sipped the liquid courage; a weary sigh escaped me at the thought of going back to my mate's pack, which settled heavily on my shoulders. Would Liam miss me? Would his eyes be filled with regret once he saw me? If I told him not to marry that she-wolf, would he agree?

My journey back to Alpha Liam's pack felt like an odyssey into the heart of my shattered past, and I could only hope that the moon goddess would lend me the resilience to navigate the storm; after all, she was the one who was responsible for my predicament.

How dare she give me a mate and child and then take them away from me all in one day without giving me a heads-up?

Just as I was about to say something, a knock interrupted our conversation. Andrew glanced at the door, concern etched on his face.

"Luna, I'll check on that. You stay here." He said it in a protective aura and bowed, leaving me alone, and a sense of vulnerability settled in. Moments later, he returned with a grave expression, which heightened the air of anticipation.

Who was at the door?

His gaze shifted to my grandmother, whose eyes widened like she could understand what was going on. Confusion and curiosity danced in my mind as the unspoken exchange between them left me on the edge of understanding, a puzzle piece that had hope they would help me fill out too before I die of anticipation.

I gazed down at Andrew's hand and noticed he was holding an envelope. My heart began to race, and a surge of anxiety coursed through me. The mere sight of the envelope stirred a whirlwind of emotions, and my mind couldn't help but leap to the possibility that it was from my ex-mate, Liam.

"Luna, someone came with test results for your grandmother. I think you should prepare yourself for it," Andrew said, his voice carrying a gentle warning as he extended the envelope towards my grandmother. I gazed at him, a mixture of fear and anticipation swirling within.

Was my grandmother sick or something?

I watched with a sense of foreboding as my grandmother opened the envelope with shaking hands and removed a piece of paper; her eyes widened in shock, and tears slipped from her eyes.

"As I suspected," my grandmother muttered before gently patting my back lovingly. Her eyes held different emotions that were unreadable and hinted at difficult news.

"Ruby," she began, her voice soft but laden with sorrow.

"While you were asleep for days due to the impact on your head, I took your blood samples worriedly and ran a test as I monitored your condition closely, and just as I suspected, the results of the test just confirmed my suspicion, and I'm afraid the trauma has weakened your body significantly." She said so, and a sense of fear washed over me, causing goosebumps on my skin as I waited for her to continue.

She took a deep breath, like she was finding it difficult to deliver the heartbreaking news, and I didn't know how to feel about everything, but to me, nothing could be worse than losing my baby and getting rejected by my mate.

"You won't be able to give birth or carry a baby anymore. The damage is too severe, and your body can't withstand the strain."

Stunned, I felt the ground crumble beneath me. This was the last thing I was expecting, and slowly her words sank into my brain—it was a profound loss added to the layers of grief already burdening my heart. The dreams of a family—of being a mother—shattered in an instant.

Liam made me childless; can I ever forgive him for this?

I sat there, slowly absorbing the devastating truth. I unconsciously drifted my gaze outside, and the forest seemed to echo the quiet sobs of my shattered hopes, a silent mourning for a future that would forever remain out of reach.

"Ruby, calm down, please," I heard Andrew say, but his voice felt distant as I felt overwhelmed by the cascading blows of betrayal. I couldn't contain the anguish any longer.

My tears turned into sobs, and the room bore witness to my despair as I started breaking things, from the cup to the table and everything breakable I could find that was close to me. I wanted to let my pain out through destruction, just like the way my heart had shattered a thousand times already.

"You will hurt yourself, Ruby. Stay calm," my grandmother warned, but I ignored her, and in a frenzied state, I ran out of the house, seeking solace in the woods.

I didn't know how long I ran, but I didn't stop until my human legs were weak and tired and all the oxygen in my lungs was out.

The shadows of the trees embraced me as I stumbled into the silent expanse, the echo of my footsteps lost in the haunting symphony of the night.

Amidst the rustling leaves and distant whispers of the wind, another sound emerged—a soft, heart-wrenching cry that mirrored my own pain. Was someone in danger? I thought as curiosity and sorrow drove me further until I found the source of the noise.

As I followed the haunting cries through the woods, the sound led me to an opening. There, in the pale moonlight, I saw a basket covered in blood, surrounded by a hungry bear.

And one thing kept ringing in my head.

I had to save it, even if it cost me my life.