

## Chapter 3



Elaine

"Come on, Liz. Quit playing." I chuckled while nudging her on her side. "I shouldn't have not trusted you with my secret. Besides, I'm only eighteen. I haven't even found my destined mate yet."

How could I attract someone like Tristan? He was out of my league, and the thought of me being married to him was absurd.

"You really don't remember anything, do you?" Liz uttered. I looked at her straight in the eyes before she slumped into the nearby chair next to my bed. Again, an awkward silence hovered. She took a deep breath, as if she was relieved about something.

"Well, maybe it's for the best. I mean, what good would it do you to remember that bastard anyway?"

She pulled a compact mirror from her purse and handed it to me. "There. Look at yourself and tell me what you see."

I looked the same, only a little older and stressed, with small lines formed on my forehead and bags under my eyes. It appeared I hadn't gotten a decent sleep, though I wasn't sure why not. I shifted my gaze to Liz. "What's going on? I don't understand what's happening."

"You're not eighteen, Elaine. You're twenty-three, and you've been married to Tristan for three years."

The mirror slipped from my hands, shattering on the hard cemented floor. Despite the room's cold temperature, beads of sweat formed on my forehead. Five years had passed, and I had no recollection of any of it?

*And I was married to Tristan Hale?*

The door pushed open, revealing a familiar man. It was Jared Cole, Tristan's best friend. When Liz acknowledged him as Beta, which meant he'd elevated in rank when Tristan became the Alpha. He carried a basket full of fruit, yet didn't look happy delivering it to be making the delivery.

Jared was a loyal friend to Tristan. Perhaps, he shared animosity towards me? I couldn't imagine he'd be happy that Tristan had ended up married to a lowly maid. Even I was struggling to make peace with that.

"The council members send their regards," Jared said coldly,

referencing the basket as he placed it on a nearby table.

I smiled faintly. "Please tell the council that the gesture is highly appreciated."

"Why are you the one who bought this, Beta Jared?" Liz asked. "Where's the Alpha Tristan?"

Jared shot her a smirk. "He's busy governing the pack. He can't waste his time on trivial matters," he said with a dismissive wave of his hand.

"But this is nothing but trivial, Beta Jared." Liz rebutted. "The Luna almost died!" Liz said. "That's anything but trivial. I'm sure the Alpha wouldn't mind sparing her some of his time, considering they're husband and wife."

Jared's hidden irritation finally bubbled to the surface, and he spoke sarcastically. "Perhaps next time," Jared sneered, "the Luna should consider her alpha husband before staging such an accident. If she seeks attention, she could do so by attending to her pack duties instead. I may be risking my tongue for saying this, but as the Beta and Alpha Tristan's best friend, I can't help but feel that the Luna's actions have brought shame upon our pack. Who in their right mind would drive and crash a faulty vehicle unless they desired an accident to gain attention?"

I clenched my wrist, trying to suppress the anger in me. I touched my outrage at such a ridiculous assertion. "You may leave now," I said, opting for civility, despite wanting to burst into anger.

"You may now leave," I said.

With that, Jared bowed his head and quickly exited the room. Liz was flabbergasted, wanting to confront the Beta, but I stopped Liz, knowing that her. She didn't have the status to go against him, so she reluctantly took my advice and calmed herself while I tried to absorb everything I'd learned since waking. How would I weather the storm of events that would obviously ensue? If I had any hope of navigating my current life, I needed more information.

I turned to Liz and asked,

"Can you fill me in? What's happened over these past years? I need to know everything, especially regarding my marriage to Alpha Tristan."

Liz heaved a sigh before starting to narrate everything that transpired.

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