



32 Chapter 32 Trapped Wolf

Author 1

Elara's heart hammered in her chest as she tried to shift into her wolf form to break down the door.

She reached deep inside herself, calling for her wolf's strength. Nothing happened. Her wolf stayed locked away inside her human body.

A cold feeling washed over her. Someone must have used wolfsbane around the storage room. It created a barrier that stopped her from shifting.

The realization hit her like ice water. This wasn't an accident - the door slamming shut, her purse disappearing, and now this.

Someone had deliberately trapped her here, knowing exactly what would keep her powerless.

But who? And why go to such lengths?

With shifting off the table, Elara started yelling for help.

She pounded her fists against the door until her voice got rough and her hands hurt. But the mansion was huge, and this storage room was stuck in a corner where nobody ever went.

The storage room had no windows, only tiny



cracks between the old wooden boards that let in bits of moonlight.

The gross smell of rotting wood and old boxes filled her nose as she realized night had come. How long had she been stuck in here? Hours already?

Her breathing got faster as memories she'd buried deep came rushing back.

This wasn't the first time she'd been locked in this same room.

Sixteen years ago, when Elara was just seven years old, right after her father died, she'd desperately wanted her mother's love and attention.

But Nadia had just had Anthony and was too busy making sure she stayed Luna to care about her sad daughter.

Back then, five-year-old Selina had tricked Elara into the storage room. She said she needed help getting a toy.

Elara, trusting and naive, had followed her without thinking. She got locked in for a whole day and night, forgotten by everyone in the house.

That horrible experience had given Elara serious problems with small, dark spaces. Whenever she



found herself trapped like this, her chest would get tight and she couldn't breathe right.

Her wolf was pacing anxiously inside her mind, frustrated by the wolfsbane keeping them separated. "I can't help you now."

Now, digging her nails into her palms to stay focused, Elara tried to calm herself down.

"You're not seven anymore," she whispered, her voice shaking in the darkness. "Stay calm. It's just dark. Nothing to be scared of."

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Outside the Vance mansion, Alpha Zack walked Selina to her front door after their date.

"Thanks for dinner tonight, Zack. The restaurant was wonderful," Selina said, her eyes sparkling with adoration.

Alpha Zack affectionately ruffled her hair. "Get inside now. It's getting late."

Though she wanted their evening to last forever, Selina's heart was full of joy as she entered her home. Her smile faltered when she noticed the tense atmosphere between her parents.

"Mom? Dad? Why do you both look so stressed?" she asked.

Nadia forced a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Nothing, sweetheart. How was your date?"



Still glowing from her perfect evening, Selina gushed, "Amazing! Zack took me to this incredible restaurant, and then we caught a movie."

Usually, Nadia would have eagerly asked for every detail—what movie they saw, whether it was romantic or action-packed—but tonight, she seemed distracted and uninterested.

Put off by her mother's lack of enthusiasm, Selina headed upstairs to her room. As soon as she turned on the light, Anthony appeared in her doorway, practically vibrating with excitement.

"Selina, guess who showed up while you were out with your Alpha boyfriend?" he said with a smirk.

"Who?" Selina asked, setting down her purse.

"Elara," Anthony replied, his eyes gleaming with mischief.

Selina's expression instantly hardened. "What did she want?"

"Probably money, like always. Dad actually yelled at me because of her, so I got pissed and stormed upstairs. They started arguing downstairs, and I followed her when she went to the storage room..."

Selina's eyes lit up with sudden interest. "Tell me



you didn't..."

"Oh, I totally did," Anthony grinned. "Remember that game we used to play? We used to lock the maids in there all the time. Elara's no different from the help anyway."

A satisfied smile tugged at Selina's lips. The memory of Elara's hand across her face still burned, and this felt like sweet payback.

"Perfect. Don't tell anyone," she instructed.

Anthony frowned. "Aren't we letting her out tomorrow?"

"Does she know it was you?" Selina countered.

"Doubt it."

Selina's smile widened. "Then why should you get involved, dear brother? As far as anyone knows, you had nothing to do with this."

Whether Elara made it out was the universe's problem now.

Anthony, only sixteen and suddenly uncertain, shifted nervously. "What if Mom finds out? Won't we get in trouble?"

"Only if you run your mouth. As far as I'm concerned, I never heard about any of this," Selina said dismissively as she began removing her makeup. "Now get out of my room."



Behind her sweet, innocent mask, no one could match Selina's capacity for calculated cruelty when she wanted revenge.

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