



231 231- Reversed The Curse

Tamia: 1

When I woke up, I was in my room, comfortably lying in my bed.

At first, I thought it was a dream, expecting myself to be in the cell when my eyes opened, but no. It seemed to be real.

I was really in my room with a blanket draped over me.

What was going in?

How did I come out of that cell?

A maid came inside and placed a tray on the nightstand, "Here is your lunch, ma'am."

Ma'am? Wasn't it supposed to be Luna? I didn't ask her.

What if Phoenix was playing tricks? She could easily send me back to the dungeon.

"I ... I need to talk to my grandson!" I tried to command the maid, but my voice came out so weak, like it was suppressed in my throat.

The maid didn't even bother to answer and left without a word.

"Bitch!" With a sigh, I looked at the ceiling above



me. My walls, my room, my bed, I had missed everything so much.

All I wanted to do was keep sleeping.

I tried to go to the bathroom, and that was when I looked at my reflection in the mirror. It wasn't me.

The woman staring back from the mirror looked paler, older, drained of every bit of strength she once had.

My lips were dry, flaky. My eyes were dull.

This was not the Luna Tamia I was used to. I was born to rule.

I raised my hand to touch the top of my head where Phoenix shaved me.

"Queen's order, Tamia! Queen's order!"

No matter what. I needed to talk to Sebastian and tell him everything. He was mad at me. I could feel it and could explain everything.

I took another step and pressed a hand to the sink, trying to breathe. Oh, even the breathing felt like a lot to do.

The jail had snatched my freshness. My beauty. My authority.

I needed to take everything back.



There was pain in my lower belly, and I needed to pee badly. There were rashes around my pee area and asshole due to the diaper they put on me.

May you die, Phoenix. What did you do to me?

My legs trembled as I stepped towards the toilet seat. I managed to sit down with difficulty, as my hand searched for a nearby wall for support.

Wasn't my Lycan supposed to heal me? Why was it so quiet?

When I got done with my business, I was too tired to move.

The thought of taking a shower tempted me, but my arms were too weak to hold a soap or a bottle of shampoo.

None of my maids were there who could help me. Gathering all my courage, I dragged myself to the shower and let the water run down my body.

After a while, I stepped out and wrapped a towel around me.

When I finally made it to the bed, I almost fell on the mattress.

"Ar... Are you there?" I asked my Lycan, but it didn't speak.



I swallowed and closed my eyes. I was aware that they had been injecting me with something that was suppressing my Lycan.

Now I was sure, they must be mixing something in my food too. I was too hungry and didn't want to stay away from the food, but I also needed my Lycan's strength to heal me.

What to do now?

I must have dozed off because the next thing I heard was a soft knock at the door. My eyes fluttered open.

"Come in," I said weakly, thinking it must be a maid, and pushed myself up against the headboard.

To my surprise, it wasn't a maid. It was her.

Tina.

A thick shawl was wrapped around her body and face. Something didn't seem right.

"I heard you were back," Her eyes went to my head, and she diverted her eyes as soon as she saw the bald area, "How are you?"

Urgh. Look at her. How am I?

She could have helped me. Such a selfish brat she was.

Instead of answering her question, I looked at



her in confusion and exhaustion, "Why are you wearing a shawl. It's so hot!"

She avoided eye contact and clutched the fabric tightly around her, "How are you?"

I chuckled and shook my head, "You can see yourself. How about you? How are you?"

She didn't answer immediately, and that made me grunt in frustration.

"What is it? Already feeling guilty for not helping me?" I tried to mock her. She sighed and then took off the shawl, exposing her face to me.

I gasped and placed my hand on my mouth, "T... Tina... what..."

"This is what happened to me, Tamia. When all this time you were being tortured, I was suffering too."

She bent her head a little, "I know I smell of rotten tomatoes, but..."

"N...No... you don't smell of anything rotten," I told her, raising my hand, "I can't smell you at all."

"W...why... that's not normal..." She wrapped the shawl back around her face.

Goddess. Those holes near her jaw.

It made me shudder. She must be in pain.



"Tamia!" Her voice carried a warning, "Your wrists... they are glowing... emitting red light..."

I lifted my wrists and looked at them carefully, "I know. They were giving me something to make my Lycan sleep."

She started shaking her head, "No, Tamia. Blue wrist color shows that your lycan is sleeping. Red color shows that your Lycan is no longer alive. It's dead." 2

My face snapped up in shock, "Wh...what?"

She nodded at me, "I'm sorry. They have killed your Lycan."

I felt my heart sinking, "Phoenix Black..." My tears rolled down my cheeks, "She... she killed my..." I couldn't continue and cried brokenly.

"She is not Phoenix Black, Tamia. She is Aurora Stone. Sebastian's wife."

I stopped crying when the name from the past came up, "Au...Aurora Stone? What are you saying... I..." 1

Tina nodded her head, "All this time she was taking revenge. I don't know what she did to my face. The curse that I used against her two years back. She reversed it on me."

