

## Chapter 6

My eye pupils enlarged at this moment because of shock, and I took two steps back with my shaking body. I couldn't believe the truth I was facing!

The truth that she's been planning to hurt me for a long time! How heartbreaking!

Since three years ago, Cora has taken this wind chime to hurt me invisibly.

She must have hated me to the bone to come up with such a ruse to stop me from conceiving a child.

Thanks to her, after I lost my first child, I still haven't been able to conceive a baby for Marcus. Only because of this wind chime covered in evil dark witch power!

Sitting down gradually against the wall, anger filled my expression, just in time, Cora came in.

She was wearing a gorgeous dress and a beautiful chignon, but in my eyes, she was extremely ugly!

Seeing me sitting in this room and how mess here wasn't enough to surprise her. She calmly poured herself a glass of red wine and walked towards me.

"Wow, impressive," She moved a cushioned chair, sat in front of me, with so laid-back expression, "Luck for me to see you lose such a bad temper."

"You know what, I know it's you keep preventing me from getting pregnant." My fist clutched my dirty skirt tightly, anger filling in my eyes,

"Try me again, you gonna die badly."

"I have no idea what you talking about, seems like you've gone crazy." She shook the red wine in the glass, then poured it directly over my head.

Anger prompted me to regain my strength, and as soon as I raised my hand to slap her, a loud slapping sound came out.

It was me who was being slapped.

Cora stood up, "Trash!"

"Don't try to fight me, or you will die badly." She returned what I said to her, not admitting the trick of wind chimes, then left here leisurely.

Maybe that's why Marcus would trust Cora. She'd become a liar that barely needn't think twice before telling a perfect lie.

Standing up against the wall slowly, dragging my tired body and heart went out.

Suddenly, a furious voice came into my ears, accompanied by Marcus's extremely angry face.

I had to admit that even though he was full of anger, I couldn't help showing a smile at the moment I saw him.

"Marcus..."

"Get out!" He interrupted me after I just called his name.

"It's Cora keeps stopping me..."

"In order not to be pregnant with my child, you have used dark witch power for these three years!"

Again, he interrupted me. And I was shocked...so much.

Sure enough, the truth of the matter was reversed again. Cora must have lied to Marcus about this thing, prompting him to trouble me.

"Cheating on me and ruining Cora's face is not enough to satisfy your evil desires? Now, you even want to set her up! It's you don't want to conceive a baby for me, but you plan to blame her all of these!" His eyes were bloodshot and body was shaking with intense anger.

"Listen to me, things are not what you think, I can explain." I tried to take his hand, frowning and pleading.

"Don't be!" Marcus stepped back, shook his head slowly, "If it wasn't Cora come to tell me this, I am afraid you have successfully lied to me again!"

"Why can't you trust me for once?" Tears in my eyes, helplessly surrounded me.

But he just kept step back, pointing me with his finger, shouted, "You wanna stay here? Suit yourself! And rot yourself here!"

He turned and left decisively, without even listening to my defense.

So helpless, so weakness.

Crouching down slowly and I buried my head between my knees, finally, burst into sobs.

Day by day, Marcus didn't come back to his room anymore. Maybe because I never left.

The fat maid didn't come to urge me back to the basement. It seems that the maids knew that Marcus and I had an argument in this room, and this was my new gorgeous prison.

Muddled from sleep and wakefulness, only gray and silence remain in my world.

Scenes of Marcus and Cora playing with Eden were often in my sight, which was she deliberately wanted me to see. She wanted to torture me in this way, to proclaim her victory.

These days, I have been sleeping on the floor of Marcus's room, my joints hurt, so does my heart.

Sometimes maids would pass this splendid room and cast a scornful look at me.

It seemed like I am not only an abandoned person, but also a sinner.

There were bright flowers and dense trees outside, but something seemed to bind my feet, making me dare not even took one step out.

On this day, the whispers of the maids came back to me.

"Does she think she can change Alpha's mind by staying in his room?"

"She's just acting pathetic, unfortunately no one buys it."

"Seriously, I didn't know that she was a liar before, and she was so vicious that she actually ruined lady Cora's face. That was her blood sister! No wonder all the people hate her."

"You're right, she doesn't deserve to be our Luna. She disappointed us too much!"

"Shame on the Blood Moon Pack, wicked bitch!"

All kinds of bad words reached my ears every day, all I had to do was to get used to it, pretending didn't care and living my life.

Day by day, time was slowly devouring my soul.

I curled up on the ground, shaking my body as the night wind suddenly strengthened.

Opening my eyes slightly, a familiar figure gradually approached me.

"Marcus?"

I tried to stand up, and a strong smell of alcohol also swept over me.

"Are you drunk?" I walked to him.

But without any responds, his warm hand wrapped around my waist and heavy breaths puffed on my face immediately.

Next second, he pushed me down in the bed, pressed against and kissed me domineering.



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