

## Chapter 8

Elena POV

My wolf Lara whimpered all the way back to my room. 'Does he not want us? Why would he stop us from going in with him? Isn't he supposed to love and cherish us as our mate?'

Lara had left me for a long time, locked somewhere I couldn't reach her. She hadn't experienced those ten bitter years with me, she hadn't seen the cruelty I had faced from my previous mate, so I couldn't explain.

I didn't know how to explain to her that sometimes, people don't like the mates given to them by the goddess or that they may not even want a mate.

It was pretty common now even though everyone pretended like it was not.

There was a reason makeup was so popular now. Many female wolves had been forced to find a way to hide their bruises when sunglasses and an 'I fell.' excuse, couldn't explain them away.

Most packs portrayed the glamour of a loving relationship between mates but most times, beneath all that was lies and a desire to keep up the expectations of other people. To give off the illusion that you were happy even when you were not, because that's what was expected of you.

My father hadn't wanted my mother either. He had gotten her pregnant and then abandoned her. My mother had remained unmarried all her life believing that he would come back for her one day.

She had made excuses for him every time I asked about him, he had issues to deal with, he was busy. He had been too busy to call, too busy to

come see me even on my birthdays, too busy to visit my mother's grave after she died. I didn't even know what he looked like, sometimes I wondered if he was even real.

Despite the pain and rejection she had experienced at the hands of her mate, she still raised me to believe my mate was the perfect one for me. But when she died, I finally understood the truth. It was all a scam. The mating pull was a lie sold to omegas so they would willingly offer their necks to any alpha willing to mark them.

If I was being honest, I resented her for it a little. If she had told me there was a possibility I would be rejected by my mate, abused by him even, I would have been prepared for it, even just a little. I wouldn't have waited ten years like a fool, hoping for him to change and finally pick me.

I wiped a tear that had slipped out unnoticed. I wouldn't have been so blindsided by the betrayal.

"Luna." A soft voice came from the side. "Are you okay?"

I hurriedly wiped my eyes and put on a smile as I turned to her. "Yes, I'm fine, who are you?" I asked, glancing at the loaded basin in her hand.

"I'm a maid in the palace, Luna. Alpha instructed us to bring you a change of clothes, some toiletries and food. The others are on their way." She said, eyes still filled with concern.

"Alpha?" I asked, confused. "Alpha Draven?"

"Yes Luna." She beamed at me.



What was she so happy about? And why was she calling me Luna when there was no one there to hear her? We both knew my position was only for show.

But I didn't say anything, merely smiled as I moved to take the basin from her hands. But she dodged, and somehow managed to open the door to my room and slipped inside, all while balancing the heavy basin on her waist.

I glanced down at my skinny frame, no way in hell, I would ever be able to do that.



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