



50 CHAPTER 50

"Yes, unbelievable as it may seem, they were indeed best of friends" 1

"That's shocking. How come Andrea hates me so?"

"I have no idea what a child is. Andrea used to be the sweetest, kindest, purest soul in the room, but she suddenly changed into the embittered person you see now"

"Maybe because my mother betrayed their friendship and slept with her husband?" I felt a pang in my heart, I could now understand why Andrea hated me so much if this was so. I would hate it if I had to raise the product of Eros's Affair as well.

"That's where you have things all wrong, your parents were legitimately married and mated according to pack rules"

"What do you mean?" I furrowed my brow, confused. If my parents were together, why did my father regard me as a disgrace and stain on his name? Why was I called illegitimate, nothing made sense.

"A lot happened back then, child. I don't



know the full details" she shook her head. "But your mother and Andrea were best of friends, sisters even."

"How did Lilith and Andrea end up happening If I were legitimate?"

"Like I said, I do not know the full story, your mother was once the mistress of this mansion, the beta had brought her back from one of his travels as his mate. Oh they were a loving couple, with eyes just like yours"

"Abuela, what are you trying to say?" I muttered, my head threatening to split open from the load of information, which I was finding ridiculous and absurd.

"Sigh. I will tell you how far I know about your mother and your birth, only things in the past but you must seek an accurate version from your father, only he can offer that."

"A father that hates me? Yeah sure" I rolled my eyes.

"The truth is not always what it seems in the surface, hear my story first before judging"

"Alright, I'm all ears"

"Back then, your parents were inseparable, your father absolutely adored your mother,



they were the "IT" couple of the pack, but due to some reasons your mother almost never left the mansion, almost like she was afraid of something. And she only got even more when she conceived."

"Why?"

"I do not know, but she was indeed a cautious woman, way too cautious, she claimed that they were coming for her, she feared not being able to see her children grow, I had thought she was just scared, but unfortunately, her fears were not unfounded."

"You're saying she knew she would die"

"Your mother was a brave woman Aella, she fought death longer than most, she survived to make sure she gave you and your sister life."

"She fought death?"

"full details will be left for your father, child. I am only telling but from the perspective of an old maid who had served the lady of this house"

I nodded, now I understood why Andrea hated Abuela but could do nothing to her. It was starting to make sense.

"If my mother was the mistress of the



house, how did Andrea take over then?"

"I do not know what happened, but after your birth, your father handed you over to me and made me swear on my life to protect you, even from him."

"From him?"

"Yes, he changed drastically after the death of your mother,"

"How?"

"I do not know" she shook her head, "but he was barely himself, and it only worsened after Andrea arrived."

"But she was my mother's best friend?" I was still trying to make sense of the whole problem.

"Indeed she was, we had thought that as she had been a friend to your mother, what better person to take care of you, than her?"

"What changed? How did I end up with the woman that raised me? Why was I brought back to the mansion to suffer?"

"Well before your father lost himself completely, he had insisted for his sister to raise you"



"The woman that raised me was my aunt?"

"Yes. Your father's only sister"

"Wow" I raised my brow, sitting up, I need to process this information.

"You were not-cough, cough" Abuela burst into another fitsful of coughs

"Shit, Abuela, you look pale, let me take you to a healer" I tried lifting her.

"No," she said in-between coughs, "It's my time, let me be, just take me to my room" she choked out, her hair had whitened even more.

"But..."

"No buts, fulfill the wish of this silly old woman"

"you're not silly," I helped her back to her room, "just stay with me please, I don't want to hear anymore just stay" I pleaded, laying her down on her bed

"Oh child, don't cry." She wiped wet streaks of tears off my cheeks, "let me finish my story"

"Don't tell me enough more, please" I insisted.

"Shhhh. Everything will be fine. I'm glad



you have a mate who treats you like the queen you are. Promise me something child" her voice sounded so hoarse that I could feel the force she used each time her lips moved.

"What?" I sniffed.

"Pour my ashes as high as you can"

"Don't talk like that, you're not going to die. Not now, I can take you with me, to a pack where you don't have to work as a maid any longer"

She only smiled, "Listen to my story child. I should have told it a long time ago"

I sniffed, wiping my face with the back of my hand.

"You my beautiful angel, and Zarael are the last—Cough, bit of hope—cough, cough, your father have"

I wiped off the trail of blood that trickled down the corner of her lips.

"Stop talking, you're going to be fine" I croaked.

"Don't be a sad child, I promise to always watch over you" she lifted her hands trying to reach my face, I leaned in towards her but her



hands slumped, her heartbeat slowed and came to a stop.

"Abuela" I tapped her

"Abuela" I shook her, "no, no, no, no, no, you promised, Abuela please"

But no response, she was gone, eyes open.

"Noooooooooooo!!!!!!" I roared

Comment⁰



Leave the first comment for this chapter.



Vote



Send Gift

Swipe left to continue >