

## 19 CHAPTER 19

In store for me 1

### KOKO'S POV

I watched as my so-called mate and my mother insulted me. They berated me before everyone, not caring about my feelings. Not caring if I was guilty or not.

I have feelings too. They could have at least asked what happened to me even if they believed it was a lie. They could have confirmed if I was telling the truth but no, they already condemned me the moment Hanola lost her life.

I do blame myself for not being able to save her, but have they asked themselves if they were being sincere towards me.

I am also a breathing person. Giving my heart out to her would cost my life too. I would also be dead too. But of course, my death would have been celebrated by them. They would have been happy and wiped every memory of me out of their perfect world.

Could I be more unfortunate? Could I have been less ill-fated than this? All my life I had lived under curses and beatings, but I have learnt to endure it all.

Should I also endure the insults and beatings because the heavens decided to keep me alive? I didn't ask for it. I also wanted to die!

"It wasn't my fault...I also want to die... just kill me... it's better I die than live like this." I stopped struggling.

I had given up hope of being alive. What use was my life if I was living in misery everyday? What use was it to stay alive if I would be cursed and berated all my life? I barely have a wolf. My mate rejected me and I had to live the life of a curse.

The three days before the accident were the best days of my life. I was happy that I would die in happiness. At least, I was treated with love and care for those three days. Even though I knew it was fake, I cherished every single second of those days.

"Stop your fake tears! You are purely evil! Why would you come only after two weeks if you didn't want her to die?" My mother asked me. She was lying on the ground crying.

I guess she was aching from all the beatings she gave me.

"I... I had..."

"Yeah, right. You had an accident. At where? Which hospital? We checked all the hospitals

around but you were not found! You are just a shameless liar! A jealous demon!" My mother accused me.

I wanted to explain, but I gave up. It was of no use, because they would never believe me in the first place. I just wish I had died in the accident.

I heard the various whispers from people around.

"She is so wicked! How could someone be so heartless as to abandon their sister to die?"

"She wanted to be the Luna. Maybe she thought she had a chance after the death of her sister."

"How heartless! Now I believe when they say she is cursed. Indeed, she is a cursed child! Didn't you hear that she even killed her father?"

"She killed her father?"

"Yes. She killed her father by sending him into the burning house to fetch her toy! Can you believe that? I heard she even threw tantrums that her father must get it for her or she will kill herself."

"Why didn't the father allow her to kill herself then?"

"Haven't heard that the father loved her so

much? He even loved her more than Hanola!"

"How can he love such a witch? Hanola was a perfect angel. Who would love her less? I don't believe it! She must have charmed her father! Can't you see she looks like a witch?"

"That's true. I hope the alpha gives her serious punishment. Something she will never forget!"

"Death would be too easy for such a wicked soul."

"I think so too! She is a demon! Just look at those eyes! So dark like a nightmare! She should die already!"

"Yeah! She is so evil! Murderer! You killed your sister!"

"Heartless wench who killed her sister! Murderer!"

The words became sharper and more horrible as the whispering became louder. I smiled bitterly. These were the people that were supposed to be my family, but they were devouring me slowly.

Defaming me. Killing me with their words. And chopping off every bit and pieces of hope within me.

My tears had stopped flowing, not because I

was strong, but because I had become too weak to even shed a tear. I kept my mouth shut, not because I don't want to defend myself, but because I was tired.. too tired of defending myself.

I wanted to die, not because I don't want to live, but because there was no more hope of living. What was the use of living if I won't be able to smile for one second? I bet they would even torment me in my dream.

I stared at the man I called my mate. The one who was supposed to defend me against every trial and temptations I was supposed to face in this lifetime.

I watched as Gad berated me. I felt the pain when he stared at me with obvious hatred in his eyes. I was broken when he accused me of what I never intended to happen.

I listened quietly to his curses... his insults and his accusation. I never said a word, but just a stare to look at the face of my supposed better half.

I waited to hear his judgement on me. I waited to hear the death sentence from the man who the goddess had chosen to protect me.

I awaited the judgement of Gad, my supposed mate who rejected me because of who



I was to everyone. The cursed girl!

Now I had to die with yet another title. I would be known for another thing again.

The murderer. The girl who killed her sister.

Pathetic, right? But then again, I had no choice but to accept whatever fate had in store for me.

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