

## Betrayal

Lyra's P.O.V

" Lyra, please! Wake up! Don't you dare die on me! I will curse you!" In her sleep, Lyra heard a familiar voice urging her to wake up. When she opened her eyes, she was welcomed by Samara's anxious, angry, and scared face. Looking at her best friend, tears threatened to blare her vision. She had missed seeing her face. It had been a week since she was locked in the Pack's cell and seeing Samara put her heart at ease knowing that she was ne.

"How did you nd your way here, Samara? How have you been? Did Parker make things dicult for you? Are you still going to curse me?" Through my hard and stiff face, I was able to crack a smile. Seeing Samara's worried face, I tried to ensure her that I was okay.

"No, seeing that you are awake, I am not going to curse you anymore. " She said wiping her tears and both laughed in uniform.

Scanning my surrounding, my heart sank when I noticed that I was still in the Pack's cell but unlike the previous days, I was covered in a warm blanket and I knew who was kind enough to do it. Apart from Samara, I couldn't think of anyone else not even my husband and mate who was responsible for the pain and torture I was in. Thinking of what had happened to me the other day, a thought struck my mind, and a smile found its way to my lips. I thought I was going to die because of the way Amalia's psychopathic cousin attacked me but being able to breathe assured me that I was alive. I couldn't help but thank the moon goddess for giving me another chance to live. Staring at my thighs and legs, I was surprised by my smooth and awless legs and I was confused. If I remember correctly, she had poured hot oil over my thighs and because my wolf, Nala was dead, I couldn't heal like the other wolves. I was basically reduced to a mere human and the weakest one for that.

Thinking to that point, a sense of joy lled my heart, it turned out that my wolf had not died and she had resurfaced to heal my wounds. And I couldn't wait to connect with her. I closed my eyes and tried calling her. When she didn't respond, I didn't give up, taking a deep breath to calm my unstable mind, I closed my eyes and called again but I was answered by silence. The harsh reality broke my heart into tears and I found myself breaking down like a child.

Since my parents passed away, I had never broken down again. Even when I found Parker, my husband and my chosen mate cheating on me with his mistress and my enemy, Amalia, my heart was not broken to that extent. But parting with Nala broke my heart in a million painful ways and I didn't want to accept the reality. I couldn't believe that I was ocially left alone. The place that I used to call home stopped feeling like home. The people that I called my family have betrayed me and they had become my enemies.

But if Nala had not healed me, then who could have done it? my thoughts brought me to one person, Samara, she always appeared when I needed her the most and she was like my guardian angel. " You did it am I, right? For how long was I unconscious? Samara, who are you? Because you are too powerful to be a maid like my parents told me."

Swallowing saliva, she stood gracefully and I was blinded by the light that was shining from her eyes. Her powerful aura nearly brought me to my knees but I was already in my seating position anyway " Nothing can be hidden from you Lyra right? I might as well tell you the truth. I am half a witch and a werewolf. My mother was a witch and my father was a beta wolf. They were destined, mates. I was saved by your parents from a rogue attack and they planned to adopt me, but the former Alpha refused and they disguised me as a maid but I never worked like any maid. You are like my sister and I promised them to protect you. You have been unconscious for two weeks and it was breaking my heart, I thought I was going to lose you, Lyra "

Listening to Samara, a lot of things started making sense and in my recollection, I had never seen my parents treating her like a maid. We were brought up together like siblings instead.

With a nervous smile, I asked cautiously, "While I was unconscious, did Parker come to see me? "

Hearing Parker's name, Samara's face contorted in anger and I could see sparks in her eyes. Now that I knew what she was, she didn't bother to hide her reactions and power anymore.

" I did an investigation and I discovered that the son of a b\*\*\*h was aided by a fairy, that's why you couldn't feel any pain as he was having an affair with that skunk. That explains why your wolf became weak all of a sudden. They had planned to kill you and your wolf slowly without you noticing. When he heard that you were unconscious, he never cared and he spend the entire time in his chambers with that b\*\*ch! "

Painful tears gushed from my eyes and I felt a deep cut through my heart. Guilt washed over me and I couldn't control the sobs that escaped my mouth. I couldn't imagine the pain that Nala had gone through due to the mate bond and the betrayal from our chosen mate, I felt responsible for putting her in that position.

Learning that he never cared whether I lived or died, I felt like I was being choked and it became hard for me to breathe.

Parker's betrayal left me wondering whether the love that he always claimed to have for me was genuine or fake. How could someone be so heartless and inhuman?

Hearing some footsteps coming into my cell, I advised Samara to conceal her presence and I went back to my sleeping position, all alone in the small and dark room.

Being pointed with a blazing touch out of nowhere, I felt pain shooting from my eyes to my head, and I involuntarily shut my eyes.

" Are you trying to act cute by closing your eyes? There is nothing cute about you. You are as ugly and undesirable as ever, so stop wasting my time and open your damn eyes woman!"

Listening to the once familiar and appealing voice, I cringed at how ashamed I was to admit that I once loved the owner. Nothing could stand pain and torture, not love, not the mate bond, and certainly not familial ties. I searched from my heart for any feelings left for Parker but there was none. Everything was gone. My heart was unfeeling and numb. The cruelty that he had served me with his mistress in the cell had changed my heart. Other than deep-rooted hatred I was not having any other feelings for him!

Acting cute? He was thinking too highly of me! I didn't have the energy to argue with him either. After I was able to accommodate some light I opened my eyes and I was met with his shirtless up body, with muscles and biceps, sneering mentally, I felt disgust and hatred scaled higher in my heart. I couldn't nd anything attractive about him anymore. If it was a year back, I could have given anything to run my ngers through his chest and muscles but after seeing the truth about him, I was forced to wake up from my sleep. He had never loved me!

"Seeing how smitten you are with my body and looks, it seems you can't wait to bed me, is that the reason why you have been craving my attention lately? What was the last time when you were lastly f\*\*ked? Don't even tell me, it must be on your wedding night! Four years ago! How pathetic! Why are you not talking? Say something, my ex Luna!"