

Locked in the Pack's cell.

Lyra's P.O.V

*****Present *****

Paah! Paah! I was woken from my uncomfortable sleep on the cold oors of the pack's cell by a very tight and strong palm that connected my left cheek to the cell's wall. I lifted my hand to wipe the blood that was oozing from the corners of my lips and nose but I failed terribly. It was nally registered in my mind that both my hands and legs were tied and I was no longer in my Luna chambers lying in my king-sized bed, thinking of that, hot tears blared my vision and I couldn't be bothered to do anything about it. It was not like I had anything to lose anyway. I no longer had a reputation to keep or a Luna image to maintain. It was all over. Everything was gone. My parents, my marriage, my position as the Luna, and Nala, my beautiful wolf were all gone.

Lost, counting my losses, I was brought back to reality by a kick that sent me back to my earlier sleeping position. As if that was not enough, a foot was placed squarely on my chest pushing all the weight over me and it was dicult to breathe.

Satised with her hard work, she dragged me by the collar of the prison frock that I was wearing, forcing me to look at her, Amalia Kade, the soon-to-be Luna of my pack.

" For a person without a wolf, you seem to be too comfortable. " With a cold sneer, she continued " I want to eat a meal cooked by you Luna, oops! Sorry! I mean, Lyra. But on second thought, you look too ugly for that name! What about, Omega? the former Luna? Slave? The wolf less wolf? " Amused by her discovery, she laughed slightly, " I think Wolf less wolf ts you more! It is decided then, former Luna." The sarcasm in her words could not be laced with anything, seeing me suffer brought an immense sense of joy and satisfaction to her heart.

Turning to the guards, " Untie her and take her to the Pack's kitchen! Make her prepare dinner for everyone and I want a different meal from the rest, you can make it to not less than 6 dishes, Omega! After she is done, tie her and bring her to her new home, make sure that the oor is ooded with water before bringing her in. She will thank me later!" She shouted as she walked out swaying her tiny waist from east to west, as if scared that people wouldn't notice her if she failed to do it.

How pathetic! I spat mentally! I couldn't dare speak out because I was aware that all the guards stationed in my cell were Amalia's puppets and to gain her recognition, they could go to any length including killing me. I was smarter than that or so I thought. Swallowing bitter saliva, I couldn't help but doubt my intelligence. If I was as smart as I had always assumed, why was I in such a mess?

" Hurry up! Wolf less loser! We don't have the energy to carry you. Or do you still think that you are the Luna? Are you making plans on how to turn the situation? What are you thinking? Maybe to seduce the Alpha and steal him from Amalia? Well, for the sake of humanity, let me advise you, just give up omega! you are going to lose, again. Have you seen how beautiful Amalia is? What makes you think you can compare with her? You are weak, thin, and bony, I wouldn't want you, leave alone the Alpha. " Listening to the guard's words lled with enmity and hatred, I felt like my heart was being pricked by needles. I could not remember being mean to anyone my entire life. My father was a good Beta to the pack and I worked hard to be a good Luna, protecting and ghting for them. I had defended the pack with both my blood and sweat. What did I ever do to deserve all this? I felt like the moon goddess was playing some tricks on me.

Raising my face to scan the guards who were dragging me as if I could not walk, I pursed my lips into a thin line and a sigh escaped my lips. " It seems like this is my fate now! From a Luna all the way to an omega! " Who knew, maybe fate had worse plans for me. ...

As we passed from the pack's cells to the Alpha's mansion, a sense of loss gripped my heart. The place that I used to call my home, the place that I used to call mine, all the hard work that I put into the building and designing of the mansion, to accommodate my family, was all gone! looking at it, my eyes teared up. Maybe they were all right. Maybe I was a loser as they were saying. A family? That was foreign to me! A home? There was nothing but memories left!

Walking towards the pack's kitchen and dining area, I could feel eyes on me. As I was being surrounded by six guards, some literally pulling me, half standing and half lifted, it would have been weird not to be noticed. Looking at the pack members, some had pitiful looks on their faces, pitying and sympathizing with me, others were tearing up for their former Luna sorrowing with me but they couldn't muster the courage to speak up while others were neutral with masked expressions and others were sneering, smirking and smiling, clearly pleased by what happened to my status.

"Although I never liked her, I would never wish for such a thing to happen to me. " Sneering for the teenager's ignorant mind, I was amazed by how shallow she understood nature and fate. They both had a way of f**king with your life and messing you up. Some things couldn't be changed! I never thought that one day, I would be the disgraced Luna but looking at the turn that my life had taken, I could only smile bitterly. It only took four years for my life to be destroyed! Four years and I lost everything. I regretted not dying in one of the Pack attacks by the rogues. It could have been better that way.

As I was pulled further into the kitchen, their voices faded and a state of peace and calmness was restored in my life. I was planning on focusing on the task at hand, cooking. Amalia thought that she was punishing me but she would never have guessed that I enjoyed cooking. Since I was growing up, I learned cooking from my mom as she was a great cook but when I became the Luna, no one realized it because I was too busy, being a good and dutiful Luna to cook. Sneering in my heart, I imagined how happy Amalia was thinking that I was going to burn down the kitchen with my horrible cooking skills and if luck was on her side, I could be reduced into ashes together with the kitchen.

If she was planning on getting rid of me so quickly, then she was wrong. The story could not end like that. I was trained as a ghter and I was ready to take my nal breath on the battleeld.

The guards instructed the omegas in the kitchen to leave as they were relieved of their duties. With uncertainty, they peered at me cautiously as they were not sure of what to do. Knowing the consequences that they could face if they deed the guards, I motioned for them to leave with my eyes. Assuring them with a smile that I was going to be okay.

Just as I was about to start my duties, the newly elected head omega entered the kitchen with mockery-lled eyes, " Wow! Wow! I am greatly honored to be able to taste the disgraced Luna's food!" Looking at her familiar face, I recognized her. She was Amalia's cousin. It then dawned on me that the peaceful moment that I was hoping for in the kitchen was nothing but an illusion. She was prepared to mess me up.

I decided to ignore her but that was not the answer that she was expecting. While I was focused on chopping the vegetables, I felt a sting on my thigh down to my feet and I was surprised to see her pouring the hot frying oil over my body, trying to dodge, she yanked me forward and I hit the kitchen wall with my face. My world turned black and I was surrounded by darkness and nothingness, a sense of defeat washed over me and I prayed earnestly to the moon goddess. ' As much as I want to rest, I also want to exact my revenge. Please moon goddess, bless me with another chance. Don't let this be the end.... '