

My Rejected Billionaire Luna Wife

Chapter Three: Unveiled Deception

Shards of the broken blood bowl littered the floor, and Gabriel's voice cut through the tense air.

“Get another bowl for Sophia. Look at her, you dumb, clumsy wolf? She needs to feed!” Amelia's fury surged within her, but she had made a promise, and despite her anger, she knew she had to keep it. It would be the last thing she would give to this pack - her blood.

A strange weakness washed over Amelia, causing her to stagger slightly, her legs threatening to give way beneath her. The sensation sent shivers down her spine, and she couldn't help but wonder why her Wolf felt so distant. The usually comforting presence that resided within her seemed elusive, as if shrouded in an unexplained haze.

She focused her attention on the cut on her hand, the one inflicted by the shattered bowl. It should have been closing, healing rapidly as her Wolf's restorative power surged through her veins. But to her dismay, the wound remained stubbornly open, the crimson droplets welling up as if time had stalled.

A flicker of panic ignited within her chest, a primal instinct screaming that something was dreadfully wrong. Desperate to regain her strength, Amelia reached deep within herself. Where is my wolf? What is wrong? She willed her Wolf to surge forth, mending her weakened body, but the response was feeble. She was weak and she wasn't healing. What, in the name of the Moon Goddess, was going on here?

The vulnerability she felt intensified, gnawing at her resolve. Yet, she masked it, refusing to let Gabriel or Sophia see the cracks in her armor. With a firm resolve, she sliced her arm once again, the sharp sting reminding her of all the sacrifices she had made for their sake over the past two years.

It wasn't just this - her blood. She had remained silent while Vivienne verbally assaulted her over and over. She'd cried into her pillow, alone, on countless nights waiting for Gabriel to come home. She bared the burden of Luna with dignity and grace even though every day had felt like a struggle.

And there was the worst sacrifice of all - loving someone who didn't return her love. All of these thoughts flooded her mind while her blood seeped from her cuts. But as the blood filled the bowl to the brim, Amelia's eyes caught sight of something peculiar in the half-open cupboard. She squinted, trying to see what it was. The flickering fluorescent light glinted off its surface.

Recognition washed over her like a tidal wave.

What the? Seriously? Is that what it looks like? It couldn't be.

But yet, there it was, and the implications struck deep.

This was betrayal of the worst kind.

Amelia's grip tightened around the silver knife, her knuckles turning white. The rage that surged within her was a force she had never experienced – she was madder than she had ever been in her life. The room seemed to tremble with her fury.

"It all makes sense now," Amelia seethed, her voice a low growl, barely contained.

On the bed, Gabriel was rubbing Sophia's arm gently.

"That BITCH!" Amelia wasn't usually one to curse, but she was unable to contain her fury any longer. She lunged at Sophia, her claws unsheathed, and in a blink of rage, she savagely tore at Sophia's face. The claws dug deep, leaving three long lines across Sophia's cheek.

Sophia gasped, and closed her hand over the cuts. Gabriel's voice rang out, hollering at her to stop. But Amelia was just getting started. She would tear this she-wolf to shreds. She would make her feel the same pain she felt. She would-

Gabriel caught Amelia from the back. He forcibly restrained her, slamming her against the wall. His hands wrapped around her neck, choking her with a firm grip, his eyes flashing with the anger of his wolf.

Amelia struggled to get her breath as his hands tightened around her neck. What had she done? She'd attacked a member of the pack, and a sick and weak one at that. She tried to breathe in, but the air couldn't get past his strong hands.

Gabriel said nothing as he held her there, choking her within an inch of her life. But his eyes said it all. The look in his eyes quelled any doubts she'd had about leaving. He hated her.

Finally relinquishing his hold, Gabriel released Amelia, allowing her to crumple to the ground. She gasped for air and rubbed her neck, tracing the mark where his hands had left their bruises.

Gabriel's voice was a mixture of confusion and concern as he addressed Sophia. "Sophia, your face. It's healed. That means your Wolf has returned. You don't require feeding anymore."

Amelia's gaze shifted to Sophia, her anger undiminished. The deep red cuts she had inflicted were rapidly healing before her eyes.

But how was that possible? Wasn't Sophia's wolf hurt indefinitely? That's what Amelia had been told - that there was no cure. That Sophia would need to feed for the foreseeable future. So then how had her wolf just magically return?

Unless...

Marching to the counter, Amelia brandished the silver knife she had used to cut herself, fury etched across her face.

"Look, Gabriel! Look at what she's done," Amelia spat, her voice dripping with contempt. She reached into the closet and pulled out the small vile. "Wolfsbane! She coated the knife in Wolfsbane. She's been trying to poison me! She's been trying to kill my Wolf! I don't even think she's poisoned! I think it was all a lie!"

To emphasize her point, Amelia extended her arms, displaying the crisscrossed scars that marred her skin. The evidence of her suffering was undeniable. "I haven't been able to heal and I didn't know why. But look at my scars! It's all because of her. And you didn't even notice that my scars because you were too busy trying to take care of her. Look at what I've gone through! What I've endured! While you doted on her. Gabriel, think about it! She's been lying to you this whole time!"

Gabriel turned to Sophia, his expression a mixture of bewilderment and realization. Sophia's eyes welled with tears, her voice laced with feigned remorse. "I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I've been so lonely without my brother.

I miss him dearly. I just wanted you to stay with me. I didn't lie. I was poisoned. I don't know why my Wolf returned. But I still feel weak."

Although Sophia's display tugged at Gabriel's heartstrings, Amelia saw through the facade. She was a good actress, that one. Sophia's tears were nothing more than a calculated performance. Why couldn't Gabriel see that? But no - Gabriel's face softened at the mention of his lost friend.

"You're letting your emotions cloud your judgment, Gabriel," Amelia told him. "You are the Alpha. You're stronger than this. Can't you see through her lies?"

But Sophia was just getting started. She knew how to play Gabriel. "We have both suffered an immense loss," Sophia continued, her voice tremulous. "You wouldn't understand, Amelia. You weren't close to my brother like we were. Grief can make us do strange things. But please. I can't bear your anger, Gabriel. I need you."

Gabriel turned to Amelia, a plea in his eyes. "You see, Amelia, she is my sister. Can you find it in your heart to forgive her? She didn't do it to hurt you."

"Seriously?" Amelia asked, dumbfounded. Deliberately poisoning a wolf with wolfsbane is one of the Six Serious Offences. The punishment is exile. How can he let her get away with this?

Amelia looked at the scene in front of her. Sophia had Gabriel wrapped around her little paw. It's no use. There's no winning here. And there's no way in hell she was going to forgive Sophia.

She lied, Amelia said to herself. I doubt she was ever poisoned. It was just a ploy to get Gabriel's attention. And she tried to poison me! I need to get out of here. I need to go home.

But Amelia didn't tell either of them this. She simply stood, shook her head, and walked out the room, with what little strength she had left.