

# Alpha Kaden's Second Mate — by Xophia xweet —

## Chapter 1

note: Trigger warning , This chapter contains graphic depictions of violence and sexual assault.

### The Sins of the Father

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It is funny how life changes in a single second, one moment you are at the top of the world , in rainbows and sunshine and the next day in a twinkle of an eye everything comes crashing down like a collapsed building, it would have been different if my misfortune were to have been caused by my own hands but rather it wasn't, and it hurts to suffer because I was the spawn of the so called enemy, I was simply paying for a crime I did not commit, the Sins of the father are passed on to the sons or rather in my case, unto the daughter.

I once treasured the home that brought me peace and joy, the home of my birth, the home where I had all my memories, the home where I was among the people I belong with , the home of my family, the home of my pack, my clan and now this home had become my personal prison, a nightmare, a cage where I have been cast into and a place where I was now treated like a piece of trash, less than a werewolf of my birthright, and less than a person, my pack members that once cherished me and treated me like a princess now treated me like a slave that was tainted with blood from head to toe. I was now an Omega of the lowest level in the pack's history.

All the household and maintenance burdens of the packmembers now fell on me and only me, no help given, I was not allowed to receive help of any kind, it would be a taboo, not that anyone would even help me to even begin with.

I, Louisiana Reynolds the once cherished daughter of the Former Beta Darius Reynolds and daughter of RedSand Pack now an Omega, a slave, reduced to nothing and no one but a rotten pest of the pack with nothing but a stained blood, the blood of evil.

I clearly remember the day my life turned upside down, it was the same day my father was killed, Darius Reynolds my father and the former beta of the pack had lost his mate, my mother Rita Reynolds who died at childbirth at exactly three years ago from today.

Usually it was rare for a werewolf to die during childbirth but my mother had always been weak, she had been born as a weak pup and it was only a miracle that she had been able to live up to the age that she lived which was age forty-five.

That day my father had lost his pup, and his mate, while I had lost my mother and my brother.

As a werewolf, losing your mate was very excruciating and almost impossible to heal from but my father was strong, and at that time I commended his strength, the entire pack commended his strength as well, but we were all wrong, my father had only been good in hiding his pain when he was in front of people, because he was an authority in the pack, the Second in command of a pack that housed almost three hundred wolves , males, females and children.

My father had fallen deep into his grief and I was in my own grief, mourning the loss of my mother not to have realized that my father would have been having it worse, I neglected him, his needs and I slowly watched him unknowingly slip into the state of madness until he had committed the greatest offense of all time in werewolf laws, my father had raped and brutally murdered another man's mate and to make things worse, the female that had been murdered had been blessed with a pup but my father snatched that blessing away from her fated mate, he ruined lives, he ruined the packs reputation and eventually ruined my life.

I remember the day, I was dragged to the square to be judged alongside my father, a spawn of the devil was the devil, that had been the words of my Alpha, Alpha Samuel, an Alpha that had once cherished me like a daughter, an Alpha that had once thought I would be mate to his son Williams when we turned eighteen, had spat on me and treated me with disgust that day.

The most painful thing of all in our trial was that my father had died a madman, he had no idea of what he had done up until his death, even up onto the moment his head was ripped off from his body, he had no idea what he had done and he couldn't even recognize me as his daughter, as I wailed and cried profusely at the tragedy before me.

I remember the look on Alpha Kaden's face, he was quite young, probably four to five years older than I was, he was the Alpha of Blood Sun pack, a pack that housed up to a thousand werewolves, one of the most strongest pack in the world, the most feared Alpha in the region and sadly the mate of whom had been raped and killed by my own father, he was present when they ripped out my father's head from his body and when my father's lifeless head tumbled on the ground, he turned to face me, there was this redness in his face, this unquenchable anger deep in his eye balls and at that moment I knew I would be the next to feel his wrath, but I was wrong, he looked at me with so much hatred and disdain for longer than I could count before he transformed into his black beast wolf and dashed into the forest.

Where did everything go wrong, how did a peace treaty visit turn into a bloody mess?, my Alpha, Alpha Samuel has his own way to ease the burden and damage that was brought on Blood Sun Pack for the loss of their Luna by publicly stripping me naked for the whole pack to see and flogged me with wolfs bane laced chains multiple times across my bare back that still today I couldn't think to remember, the scars of the flogging still painted across my back like a disgraced animal. I remember the sight and the smell of my blood and me calling out for help from my pack members but no one came to my rescue unless they were ready to face the wrath of our Alpha and potentially that of Alpha Kaden.

Alpha Samuel had stripped me off my title as a Beta blood and downgraded to an Omega, the lowest of the lowest and an Omega I shall remain still I die. I knew then that I would never have a mate, my mate would be quick to reject me if my past was ever known to him. I was now a damage person, a curse that will be slaved all day round in Redsand pack.

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I stared at the half moon, as I laid on the floor of the dungeon beneath the pack house of my pack, The sun would soon rise and my wolf itched for a run. It had been a while since I was able to transform actually it had been three years, since I had changed to my wolf form, since I had been condemned to a life as an omega and a pack slave, I had been fed little amount of wolfs bane to suppress my wolf and as a result I have not been able to feel my wolf properly and transform even if I had the opportunity to and it has also been three years since I have been able to mind link anyone in my pack and them back to me, not that anyone would want to in the first place and I am sure that the reason for the loss of my mind linking abilities was also as a result of the wolfs bane in my blood.

This dungeon has been my home since the tragedy, every day at the break of dawn, I am released to the open to do my chores around the pack and when I was done, I would be escorted back by one of the pack guards whom doesn't spare any opportunity to manhandle and mistreat me at any given time.

I turn twenty one soon and I have been living this life of pain. There has not been a day throughout these three years I had not dreamed and wished everything to be a mere dream as I slept at night but as the burning sun rays hit my skin each morning and I wake up to the cold dungeon floor reality sets in again, a bitter reality indeed.

"Hey!, Get up!" the guard snapped as he pulled open the gate of the dungeon forcefully, too forcefully as a matter of fact that my body jerked up in surprise. The bulk guard marched into the my dungeon walls with a suspicious smile on his face that brought shiver down my spine, I know then what is to come, his sickening smile widened, he derived pleasure from watching the fear that was to come from me "lie down!" He snapped and I gasped outwardly unable to control the panic that was rising within me

"Please" I begged, I know I shouldn't at this point, this had been a routine for a year now still I begged hoping that he would spare me but every time I was wrong and I know this time, I would also be wrong.

"You beg every time " he laughed manically before saying afterwards "Your tears brings me pleasure" and he drags me roughly pushing me to the ground as he immediately gets on top of me and raises up my beaten down dress up to expose my feminine parts before unzipping his trousers , my heart rate rises as the tears run down my cheeks and the pain of violation itched in my skin. He rubs his fingers in my clitoris forcefully and I let out a scream. "Shut up or I will kill you!" he snapped and he released his member cupping it in his hands as he pumped his parts and rubbed violently but there was no penetration, it was like he was saving it each time, he groans louder as hot tears ran down my cheeks. This has been a routine for the passed one year at least one time in a week and thrice at most , I know I should be thankful that he had not taken my true virtue yet but he had definitely taken my purity and after some minutes or so of groaning and continuous pumping he brings his member to my face and releases himself on my cheeks and just like that a piece of my dignity is stripped from me again and at that moment I solely desired the death he was so willing to offer me earlier.