

## Alpha Kaden's Second Mate – Chapter 2 —

### Chapter 2

#### 2. The Wolves Talk

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"Look, I brought her in one piece as usual," the guard said with a sickening smirk on his face as he threw me across the room until I landed on the tiled floor of the pack house kitchen. I imagined how I looked, laying helpless on the kitchen floor, drained of life and light. But these people could care less about how I looked or how I felt. They have made that known to me countless times over the past three years. It's strange how circumstances can reveal people's true feelings towards you. Those who stay with you in both good times and bad times are your true friends.

The quick betrayal of the Redsand pack baffled me. They turned against me in the blink of an eye, even though they weren't directly involved in the wrongs committed. It was as if they had a hidden rage before the tragedy, and that event triggered a chain reaction that brought about my suffering.

"Good, Sean! You sure took your damn good time," the kitchen head, Vera, spat as she stared at me in disgust. It was obvious she could still smell the guard's discharge on me, and her stare made me feel even more disgusted with myself. If only I had the privilege of a good bath. But all my privileges had been taken away from me since the day I lost everything, including my dignity. Well, most of it. What was left of my dignity was what I used to boost my strength to survive each day without contemplating ending it all.

Though I often wished for death, deep inside me, I didn't. I wanted to live. I wanted to be alive and happy. And deep down, I longed for a mate who would love me unconditionally, flaws and all.

The spirit of my parents lived inside me, urging me to be strong and not give up. Despite my father's sin, I knew he was a good man, a wonderful father, and a great beta.

Sometimes I questioned the moon goddess. Was this the purpose she had for me? Was I not destined for happiness?

"Of course," Sean grinned and walked out of the kitchen, but not without giving me a sadistic glance, eyeing my body lustfully.

"Filthy whore!" Vera spat at me from the floor, looking at me with pure hatred. "You are just like your mother, a filthy whore. She was also a filthy whore, just like you."

Vera held extra hatred towards me, and I knew the reason why. She had always had affections for my father. My mother once told me that my father and Vera were once a couple before my father discovered his true mate.

Vera must have been devastated by the loss of her lover, even though they were not destined by the moon goddess. Vera rejected her mate, thinking my father would do the same. But he didn't, and even to this day, she remains unmated but not celibate.

Vera was the real pack whore, but she always blamed her predicament on my father. She fervently blamed him for tricking her and making her lose her mate, even though she was the architect of her own misfortune. While it was a misfortune for her, my misfortune was even greater.

"Go clean yourself up, you wench! Your stench is ruining my kitchen and my nose," Vera spat again as she dragged me from the kitchen floor into the staff bathroom before shutting the door behind me.

I wasn't allowed here on a regular basis, but today I must have smelled really bad, and I got to enjoy this privilege. I was well aware that Vera wouldn't allow me to take my time to properly bathe. So I immediately stripped out of my clothes, a little saddened that I would have no other choice but to put the dirty dress back on after a clean bath.

The cold water streamed down my body from the shower, and I took the opportunity to let the tears slip out of my eyes as I thought about my heartbreaking life. I wanted to scream, but I couldn't. My throat wouldn't allow it. I felt like I was choking, as if a cord had been wrapped around my neck, tightening with each passing second. More tears streamed down my eyes, and the water from the shower washed them away immediately.

How I wished the water could also wash away my pain and sorrows or even wash me out of this place to freedom.

I knew that wish would not come to pass when I heard a loud bang against the bathroom door.

"Get out of there now!" I heard Vera shout angrily from the other side of the door.

I immediately jumped out of the shower without drying my body and quickly put on my tattered dress that I had laid on the bathroom sink. Then I marched to open the bathroom door. "Here," Vera slapped the dress against my chest. "Wear it and get out now. I'm doing you a favor this time. The Alpha would not be pleased if you appeared like trash before him while he entertains his guests."

"Serve the Alpha? His guests?" I questioned, confused. I was never allowed to serve him; my duties had always been to clean the kitchen after every meal. I have never been allowed to enter the pack hall during mealtimes or work alongside the pack members.

"Do not question me. Do as I say," Vera frowned. She waited for me to put on the dress. It wasn't the best, nor was it new, but it would do. My former dress had already become ragged. This new dress would last for a while before another act of generosity falls upon me.

I finished putting on the dress and followed behind her.

"Follow the other servants and behave properly. Any act of defiance would cost you everything, and trust me, it wouldn't be death. Death would be a privilege, a gift, and Redsand Pack has no interest in gifting a tramp like you," Vera scolded. I bowed my head down as I nodded in acknowledgment. Her warnings were unnecessary; I would never act out of turn. I wasn't strong enough, and I had no allies. It would be to my disadvantage if I behaved foolishly and incurred more wrath from the pack.

I stepped into the pack hall, carrying a cooler in my hand, and followed quietly behind the servants, not uttering a single word. The pack hall was just as I remembered, but this time it looked more beautiful, more modern. A lot had changed in three years, and the world had moved forward while I remained stuck in one position. In the past, my family and I sat at the table, to the right hand of the Alpha's table. Those were the happy times, dining with my family and my pack. Those memories were still cherished, despite the harsh treatment I received from the pack members who had once called me sister, daughter, and friend.

"Join in the serving, assist Tora in serving the Alpha's table," Vera instructed. I nodded in acknowledgment without uttering a single word. Though my heart was frightened, I hadn't been able to set my eyes on the Alpha directly for more than two years. He had forgotten about me, leaving me at the mercy of the wolves he commanded. I wondered if he would recognize me today. A part of me wanted him to, to see the pain he had made me endure for three years simply for being born to a guilty person. But another part of me didn't want him to recognize me at all. He might remember the great sin of the past and unleash more wrath and judgment upon me.

The wolves talked as I carried the tray of food to the Alpha's table. They realized my presence among them in the halls. It had been three years since I graced their presence all together in one building. They were surprised to see me serving with the servants today. The whispers grew louder as I approached the Alpha's table. Alpha Samuel had noticed my presence, but I kept my head down and avoided meeting his gaze.

My gaze fell on William. I felt nothing, no attraction or pull, which confirmed that he was not my mate. None of the wolves in the hall were my mate, and I felt a certain relief. William also stared at me, his face frowned and his mouth scrunched up as if he wanted to say something or do something but was holding back.

Williams' sister, Diana, was seated beside him. She was once my best friend, and as I looked into her eyes, I could see sorrow radiating from them, as if she pitied me. I didn't need pity from her, not now, not ever.

"Louisiana, you still live," the Alpha's voice boomed across the silent halls. The wolves knew not to talk when the Alpha spoke.

"Yes, Alpha," I responded softly, keeping my gaze rooted on the tiled floor of the halls. Was he hoping I would be dead? He was the one who dumped me in the dungeons. Surely, he made inquiries about his prisoners from time to time.

"Who is she?" the stranger beside him spoke. The power radiating from him told me that he was an Alpha, the visitor Vera spoke about.

"She is the daughter of my former Beta, Beta Darius, the traitor," the Alpha announced loudly, as if reminding the pack of my stained identity. My heart broke, and I quivered as I was reminded of my position.

"The one who murdered Alpha Kaden's pregnant mate?" the strange Alpha asked.

"Yes, a tragic event it was," Alpha Samuel replied.

"And she lives? Alpha Kaden spared her life?" the Alpha said, surprised.

"That puzzled me as well, but I assure you, Alpha Leonard, she is paying for her sins properly," the Alpha responded. My sins! My sins! It wasn't my hands that were stained with blood. I looked up slightly to stare at the Luna's face, Luna Tamara. She had been like a second mother to me all those years before the tragedy. She had consoled me when my mother passed, and she held so much love in her eyes for me. But this time, I could only see indifference in them. Was there really no one willing to help me, to stop the injustice done against me?

"You may leave," the Alpha commanded, and with a bow, I walked away from his table. As I left, I glanced at the table that was once occupied by my family, now occupied by another family. The former Gamma, Gamma Eric, was now the new Beta.

A single tear rolled down my cheek as I moved away from their presence and returned to the server's stand. Fortunately, Vera didn't require my assistance anymore; otherwise, I would have had to walk back to the tables I had just passed, overwhelmed with shame. Perhaps this was all part of Vera's plan to remind me of my rightful place, and unfortunately, her plan succeeded. I am well aware of where I belong.

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