

Chapter 3

A little freedom

I was sent back to the dungeons after I finished the day's work, after I finished with serving in the halls I was assigned to the cleaning of the kitchen which had been my normal job in the kitchen to begin with.

All the while I was doing my chores Vera had this joyful smile drawn across her slightly wrinkled face as she watched me slave away my bones, I was sure there and then that the whole servingiasco was all her idea, her idea to make herself feel good and to make me feel the worst of myself than I already felt and sadly she had succeeded, watching them in that pack hall taught me lot of lessons but the one that stuck out the most was that their lives were going perfectly well, all the pack members were living their best lives, they were happy while I was living a life of suffering and torment.

After I had finished with the kitchen, I proceeded with cleaning and moping of the pack house all by myself, the pack house was over three-story building with at least ten rooms in the each floors, this pack house provided shelter to newly transformed werewolves as well as the trainees for duty of becoming a pack warrior or a guard and as the luck was never on my side, seventy percent of the wolves in the pack house were males while the remaining thirty percent were females that could care less about me. My own kind treating me like a plague.

Werewolves as in their nature regularly feel the need to feel superior and to dominate it was in our nature, and these newly transformed males were still understanding their wolves and how to control their emotions. Their testosterone was on an increase and the need to dominate heightened like never before.

Females usually feel something similar when we turned eighteen, we were more emotional and fierce at the same time, normally this was the time we found out mates and when the mate-bond is formed the wolves heightened feelings becomes manageable

Every year a mating ceremony or mating dance is observed for those that turned eighteen to find their mates and also for those older that are yet to find their mates. Mates from all over the region journeyed to the pack where the mate dance would take place, it was a really a festive occasion, I had attended a few before, when my life was still normal.

Diana and I used to sneak out of the Alpha house, our usual hangout spot after school and on weekends, to witness the festivities—the dancing, drinking, and the magical moments when wolves found their destined partners. Diana and I had once hoped that we would both find our mates on the same day when we turned eighteen. However, that dream now seemed like a distant fantasy. Diana likely had already found her mate, although I hadn't been particularly observant in the pack hall few hours ago.

The Moon Goddess, in her grace, ensured that our mates would not be difficult to find or too far away. When wolves do not find their mates at the age of eighteen, it is usually because their mates are not yet of age or they did not attend the mating dance. Therefore, if a wolf has attended the dance for more than three years, they are granted permission to journey to various packs in search of their mates for a period of five years, although most wolves do not take that long.

I suppose the Moon Goddess has destined me to not have a mate in this pack, or perhaps she is also punishing me for my father's transgressions. I will never know if I will remain here forever. But that is a tale for another day.

Back to the main story of the present, the newly transformed wolves exerted some of their dominance on me, as humans will liken these characters to bullies of their world.

While I cleaned the floors, the wolves would kick and toss the buckets of water to give me extra work or some of them would purposely trip me over and spit on me though I was older than most of them.

Each day, I slave away and further lose myself into the shadows of depression, hopelessness and helplessness.

As I lay on the cold ground of the completely tired and drained after a hard day's work, tears pooled down my eyes and ran down my cheeks into the cold ground and I whimpered in pain, until sleep over took me.

"Rise and shine princess", Sean barged into my cell with an air of arrogance, as if he were the prince of this place.

Startled, I quickly composed myself and stood up abruptly. My heart raced, as if the despicable and vile encounters between Sean and I had not become a commonplace experience.

Sean burst out into a fit of laughter. "I can smell your fear, it turns me on. Too bad I would not be able to have my way today"

"You wouldn't ?", I asked in a high tone startled at his declaration.

"Wow!, You are not so innocent after all" Sean smirked.

I lowered my head down regaining myself from my short outburst but my impatience grew as I await the reason why I would be spared from assault.

"The Alpha needs you!". Sean declared and I felt the blood in my body drain out immediately. What had I done wrong? Did I upset him in the dining halls? Numerous questions raced through my mind as I was escorted down the all-too-familiar hallway that led to the Alpha's office.

The Alpha's office appears just as I remember it from the last time I stepped foot into its corners. Diana and I used to spend a lot of time in this office, playfully exploring every nook and cranny when we were younger, always managing to evade punishment from our fathers. A solitary tear trickled down my left cheek, but before I could wipe it away, the Alpha finally spoke.

"Anna, I hope you are doing well?" he said, sending a shiver down my spine. My eyes widened in surprise. I couldn't decide which frightened me more: the fact that he addressed me by a name he had once used when I held significance to him or his inquiry about my well-being.

I fought back the urge to burst into tears, forcing myself to remain composed. I had to be strong. Although I lacked any position, dignity, or standing, I still had my will. I refused to give him the satisfaction of seeing me break down just because he pretended to care about me. "I am okay, Alpha," I lied, the words easily slipping from my lips. After all, he was the one who condemned me to a life of agony. How did he expect me to be doing?

"My daughter has requested your services," he said calmly.

"My services?" I asked, puzzled.

"You are to become Diana's maid," he declared.

"Okay, Alpha," I replied, bowing my head in submission. It's not like I had a choice to object in the first place. But why would Diana request me? Did she feel pity for me when she saw me in the dining halls? Had my obvious misery finally made her acknowledge my existence after three years of avoiding me?

"You will have a room in her apartment, and you are to attend to her every need," Alpha Samuel instructed.

"Thank you, sir," I said, bowing once again.

"You have been given a little grace, a little freedom thanks to my daughter generosity, I hope you will not de le this privilege and act out of line. Remember your place" Alpha Samuel warned and I nodded in acknowledgement.

The softness of the bed brought serenity to my soul. I allowed my fingers to glide across the linens and bed frame. It had been three years since I last experienced the comfort of a bed, three years since I touched something as soft as fabric. The bed was not extravagant or fit for royalty, but it was a bed—a privilege I hadn't enjoyed in a long time. I gently laid myself down, curling into a fetal position. My body trembled, and it was only then that I realized tears were streaming down my cheeks, dampening the fabric beneath me. It was my breaking point, and I let the tears flow uncontrollably as I groaned in pain and frustration.

After a few minutes of crying, I composed myself and rose from the bed, the tears staining the bedspread. Finally, I had the chance to survey the room. It was a modest space, portable in nature. Across from the bed stood a small wardrobe, and beside the bed was a small drawer with a lamp resting on top. The room was painted in a simple mustard color, devoid of any intricate designs. It was just a plain room, but I felt grateful to have left the dungeons behind. Perhaps I had Diana to thank for that, even if she had arrived too late. She was the reason I could now enjoy a little bit of comfort.

A few oral dresses and some undergarments were laid out in the wardrobe. I ran my hand over the fabrics for a few seconds before closing the wardrobe.

I decided to take a bath before being called for my duties. I undressed and entered the bathroom. I let the shower water flow over my hair and entire body, as if washing away my pain and suffering. The Alpha was right. I had been given a little freedom, although I wished I had also been allowed to transform like the other wolves in the pack. The wolfsbane prevented me from feeling much connection to my wolf side, but a transformation would help me feel complete again. However, I knew it was just wishful thinking. Alpha Samuel would not grant Diana's request for me to transform.

As the daughter of a Beta, I possessed the blood of a stronger wolf compared to regular wolves. The risks would be high. I could take down up to five regular wolves before being captured. But even though my pack members had been cruel to me, I couldn't bring myself to harm them. I wouldn't tear apart mates like my father did. I wasn't insane like he had been. I refused to let my family name die out in such a miserable way, fading into oblivion. Although there wasn't much to be proud of in my family's name at the moment, I believed that someday I could cleanse its stain and free my family from its curse. I would live for my mother, my father, and for myself.