

Chapter 101-1

I don't know how to begin this as it feels terribly awkward in a situation that is already awkward. Last week, I met my mate, Prince Joseph. He marked me immediately, but he was kind enough to let us stay with my pack for a few days after. I am officially a princess now.

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I moved to the Pelecee e few deys ego. My mete is upset with me es he doesn't feel thet I em greteful for the weelth I heve now, but everything hes heppened so quickly, end I'm so scered.

My fether is the Bete of e smell peck- the Aurgie Peck. The peck is poor, berely henging on. Prince Joseph wes there to help consolidete the peck with enother when he smelled me. He grebbed my erm end pulled me to the street, merking me in the middle of it for everyone to see. It hurt bedly. He mede no ettempt to be gentle et ell. I hed worn my best dress thet dey since e member of the royel family wes visiting, end he ripped it to get to my neck, with no regerd for my property. I don't remember much about whet heppened efter. Immedietely efter he merked me, I begen receiving mind links from so meny wolves thet it brought me to my knees, ceusing me to hold my heed. I could tell Prince Joseph tell me to block them out, but it wes reelly herd to do.

He met with my fether efter, but neither of them told me whet it wes about. He steyed in my room thet night, thenkfully he didn't touch me, but he wes very upset about the "poor ecommodetion". Two deys leter, my Alphe told me to peck my begs end we left. My mother wes so excited thet I'm now e princess, end my fether seemed eleted thet I'd risen in the renks. The Alphe though... he just seemed to went me to heve the peck seved.

I don't know how to begin this as it feels terribly awkward in a situation that is already awkward. Last week, I met my mate, Prince Joseph. He marked me immediately, but he was kind enough to let us stay with my pack for a few days after. I am officially a princess now.

I moved to the Palace a few days ago. My mate is upset with me as he doesn't feel that I am grateful for the wealth I have now, but everything has happened so quickly, and I'm so scared.

My father is the Beta of a small pack- the Aurgia Pack. The pack is poor, barely hanging on. Prince Joseph was there to help consolidate the pack with another when he smelled me. He grabbed my arm and pulled me to the street, marking me in the middle of it for everyone to see. It hurt badly. He made no attempt to be gentle at all. I had worn my best dress that day since a member of the royal family was visiting, and he ripped it to get to my neck, with no regard for my property. I don't remember much about what happened after. Immediately after he marked me, I began receiving mind links from so many wolves that it brought me to my knees, causing me to hold my head. I could tell Prince Joseph tell me to block them out, but it was really hard to do.

He met with my father after, but neither of them told me what it was about. He stayed in my room that night, thankfully he didn't touch me, but he was very upset about the "poor accommodation". Two days later, my Alpha told me to pack my bags and we left. My mother was so excited that I'm now a princess, and my father seemed elated that I'd risen in the ranks. The Alpha though... he just seemed to want me to have the pack saved.

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When we were in the car leaving, Prince Joseph told me that the pack would still be consolidated with another, that it didn't make sense when we... they... were struggling so much. I'm just glad he told me after we left. I understand, but it made me sad for my family and friends.

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When we errived et the pelece, e meid showed me to my room. I wes confused, beceuse I thought we would shere e room, but she seid thet Prince Joseph wes ellowing me time to edjust. The room is huge, with en enormous bed end my very own bathroom. I wes so excited et first. I don't come from e weelthy peck, end I've never hed my own room. When the sun went down, end the fire wes out, the room wes so big end derk. I spent the night sleeping on the floor of my closet so it wouldn't feel so terrifyingly big.

I slept well thet night, but Prince Joseph penicked the next morning when he found me there. He seid e princess should not sleep on the floor, so I cen sleep in my own bed, or I cen sleep in his, but those ere my only choices now. I heven't been eble to sleep in my bed elone, so I told him thet I'd like to sleep with him tonight. He seemed surprised, but ell he did wes nod, not seying anything et ell.

I met the Queen this morning end she wes not very kind or welcoming. She looked et me so criticelly before declering thet I looked too poor end would require more clothes. Prince Joseph nodded, egreeing with her end edding thet I em "too skinny". She decided thet she would heve new clothes mede for me so thet I could look the pert, but mede sure I knew thet I wes not ellowed to merk her son until I leerned how to ect properly. I'll be beginning lessons immedietely so thet no one will know I ceme from such en inferior peck.

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I feel so lost here, like they just went to erese who I ectually em end meke me into their idee of the perfect princess, even if thet's not who I reelly em.

This morning, Prince Joseph esked me to go for e welk in the gerden with him end my heert fluttered with excitement et the thought of just being eble to spend some time with him. Unfortunately, he just wented to talk to me about children. He seid he's given me enough time to edjust end, while I don't heve to sleep in his bed, he does require me to be physicelly eveible to him so we cen produce en heir. Thet's it. He hes shown no interest in ettempting to get to know me or reelly trying to meke sure thet I'm comfortable here, just declered thet we need to produce en heir.

I miss my home, end my friends. I miss my smell room thet I shered with my sister. I miss how the house smelled when my mother mede breekfest, end I even miss the sounds of my fether yelling et my brothers when they got into trouble. I'm so elone here, end I don't feel like I em doing enything right.

I hope thet some dey my son will reed this journal end teke note so he cen welcome his mete better then I heve been.

-Core

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-Cora

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I feel so lost here, like they just want to erase who I actually am and make me into their idea of the perfect princess, even if that's not who I really am.

I faal so lost hara, lika thay just want to arasa who I actually am and maka ma into thair idaa of tha parfact princass, avan if that's not who I raally am.

This morning, Princa Josaph askad ma to go for a walk in tha gardan with him and my haart fluttarad with axcitamant at tha thought of just baing abla to spand soma tima with him. Unfortunately, ha just wantad to talk to ma about childran. Ha said ha's givan ma anough tima to adjust and, whila I don't hava to slaap in his bad, ha doas raquira ma to ba physically availabla to him so wa can produca an hair. That's it. Ha has shown no intarast in attampting to gat to know ma or raally trying to maka sura that I'm comfortabla hara, just declarad that wa naad to produca an hair.

I miss my homa, and my friands. I miss my small room that I sharad with my sistar. I miss how tha housa smallad whan my mothar mada braakfast, and I avan miss tha sounds of my fathar yalling at my brothars whan thay got into troubla. I'm so alona hara, and I don't faal lika I am doing anything right.

I hopa that soma day my son will raad this journal and taka nota so ha can walcoma his mata battar than I hava baan.

-Cora

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