

Chapter 101

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.

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.

When we arrived at the palace, a maid showed me to my room. I was confused, because I thought we would share a room, but she said that Prince Joseph was allowing me time to adjust. The room is huge, with an enormous bed and my very own bathroom. I was so excited at first. I don't come from a wealthy pack, and I've never had my own room. When the sun went down, and the fire was out, the room was so big and dark. I spent the night sleeping on the floor of my closet so it wouldn't feel so terrifyingly big.

I slept well that night, but Prince Joseph panicked the next morning when he found me there. He said a princess should not sleep on the floor, so I can sleep in my own bed, or I can sleep in his, but those are my only choices now. I haven't been able to sleep in my bed alone, so I told him that I'd like to sleep with him tonight. He seemed surprised, but all he did was nod, not saying anything at all.

I met the Queen this morning and she was not very kind or welcoming. She looked at me so critically before declaring that I looked too poor and would require more clothes. Prince Joseph nodded, agreeing with her and adding that I am "too skinny". She decided that she would have new clothes made for me so that I could look the part, but made sure I knew that I was not allowed to mark her son until I learned how to act properly. I'll be beginning lessons immediately so that no one will know I came from such an inferior pack.

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.

This morning, Prince Joseph asked me to go for a walk in the garden with him and my heart fluttered with excitement at the thought of just being able to spend some time with him. Unfortunately, he just wanted to talk to me about children. He said he's given me enough time to adjust and, while I don't have to sleep in his bed, he does require me to be physically available to him so we can produce an heir. That's it. He has shown no interest in attempting to get to know me or really trying to make sure that I'm comfortable here, just declared that we need to produce an heir.

I miss my home, and my friends. I miss my small room that I shared with my sister. I miss how the house smelled when my mother made breakfast, and I even miss the sounds of my father yelling at my brothers when they got into trouble. I'm so alone here, and I don't feel like I am doing anything right.

I hope that some day my son will read this journal and take note so he can welcome his mate better than I have been.

-Cora

Last night I stayed with my mate and we consummated our bond. It was horrible, and I'm still in pain today. I didn't know what to expect, but no conversation with my mom could have properly prepared me for that. My only hope is that it was successful and I will produce an heir quickly, as I've never felt more used and less cared for than I did after when he just rolled away from me, not caring how I felt.

Some new clothes were delivered today and while my feelings were hurt by their conversation, it is hard not to admit how beautiful all the dresses are. They provided me with more clothes than I think I could ever actually wear, and said more would be delivered throughout the week.

I had my first training with Queen Judith today. It did not go well. She put me on a high fat diet to gain weight because she thinks I look starved and too poor because of it. I don't talk right. I don't walk right. I didn't even sit down in the chair right. She declared that we would work on my walk first and that I could just keep my mouth shut when "commoners" are around.

Commoners. This family truly believes that they are better than other wolves and, while yes, they have the oldest and strongest blood line, they're not BETTER than the omegas in a small pack. The way they feel so self-important is truly repulsive.

I hate it here.

-Cora

It has been three weeks since I last wrote in here, three weeks since I ran away from this horrid place. Prince Joseph made it clear that he expected me to be a good wife and "physically available" to him every evening, uncaring about my desire, so I did what was expected of me and when he fell asleep after, I packed a bag and left.

I knew they would look for me in my pack, and I knew the Alpha would just send me back in hopes of receiving a reward, so I stayed in the woods, hiding behind a grove of wolf's bane to hide my scent. Honestly, it was a great plan, and it was successful, for 3 weeks. Some wolves patrolling the edge of their territory saw me though and reported it to Prince Joseph.

He showed up almost immediately, demanding my return to the palace and when I refused, he left me there. I should have left, but I was naive and thought I had won. He came back that night with a group of guards and had them retrieve me from the grove. They were so rough, pulling my arm out of place as they pulled me out. Once they removed me from the grove, he quickly came to me, pulling a guard off me who had forced me from where I was and snapped his neck, showing no remorse. He grabbed me so tightly, inhaling my scent deeply, pinning me to the ground as he continued to sniff me while I laid under him in pain from my arm.

He could smell my pup, a pup I hadn't even known I had conceived. When he told me, I was in complete shock, but I realized quickly that there would be no way I could leave now. I reached over, pushing my fingers into the wolf's bane and raked my claws across his face, ripping his cheek open and leaving enough of the plant that he hopefully won't ever heal completely.

I hope that every day when he sees the marks on his face in the mirror it's a reminder of how I would have happily left him if I could have gotten away.

"Seth!" I exclaim, pulling his attention from whatever he's working on. "Your grandmother ran away?!"

He smiles at me and chuckles. "Yeah, I thought you'd like her," he tells me, leaning back in his chair. "Grandpa Joseph was always an ass, but I definitely learned a lot about what NOT to do from reading her journals. She's going to love you, Molly."

"She's still alive?" I ask, excited at the thought of meeting this bad ass woman.

He nods. "She doesn't live in the palace. She never grew to love it here, so after he died and dad became King, she moved to the pack that her family had joined so she could be with her sister again. She wants to meet you, but also wants to give you time to get comfortable here."

"She's so amazing," I tell him, looking back down at the journal, eager to learn more about her.

Pregnancy is terrible. Queen Judith is mad because I'm too skinny, but I can't keep any food down at all, no matter how hard I try. I'm not sure what she expects me to do, but I don't think I care anymore.

I was distraught when Prince Joseph first smelled our pup, not wanting to be stuck here with him for the rest of my days. We're mates though, and I wouldn't have ever been able to get away from him, not really. I'm trying to just think about the small pup that I'm growing, the pup that will be mine. Mine to love, and will love me. I won't be alone in this place any longer.

Prince Joseph has not touched me since I damaged his face. King Franklin was furious with me, but thankfully he did not punish me when he was informed that I am pregnant with the heir. His wolf has not been able to heal him completely due to the wolf's bane, and I think it will probably scar as I had hoped.

I asked to contact my mom today, to tell her about the pup, but I was informed she had passed away. Prince Joseph told me that it happened while I had run away and that he was unable to inform me since I wasn't here. I can't help but wonder if something happened to her because I was not acting in a manner that they deem proper, but I have no proof. He refused to tell me what happened, or to contact my father and when I tried anyway, my father had closed his link to me, breaking my heart.

My wolf is so confused. She was so excited to have found our mate, but she's heartbroken about how he's been treating us. She's been so quiet since he drug me back here, and I really miss her. I feel so alone here.

-Cora