

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

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I closed my eyes and tried to breathe. I was okay. It was just a noise. I wasn't in danger. I was just in the kitchen.

I looked down to see the blood now coating my hand. I had managed to slice my finger when I dropped the knife. I could hear the snickering from the other servants in the kitchen. They liked to make loud noises just to get a reaction from me. They liked to do anything that made me cringe and shut off for a moment.

It was common knowledge in the packhouse that I was not only wolfless, but I had killed my stepmother, the beloved Luna in the pack, at least that's what Kinsley, my half-sister and now the Luna, had told everyone after it happened.

My dad, who had never loved me, threw me in the dungeons for years when Kinsley had told him I was the one responsible. I never was able to keep track of time down there, so I'm not sure how long it really was, but it was long enough to know that I had missed out on a lot of my life. I mean, even before that Kinsley told everyone that I had killed her mother, so I was bullied.

Everyone knew that my mother had died shortly after giving birth, which I was once again blamed for, and that my father, the Alpha of our pack had no interest in me. I mean, I was his mistress's daughter. He already had an heir. He didn't need or want me, and it showed.

"Grace." A voice snapped me out of my thoughts.

I looked up at Kathy. Kathy was in charge of all the servants in the house. My mother has supposedly entrusted me with her when she died, but there wasn't an ounce of affection in her eyes. I was just another servant, regardless of who my father was.

I had had chores from the time that I could walk, but they always took me twice as long because Kinsley liked to mess up whatever I was doing. If I was cleaning the floors, she'd come in and get mud on them. If I was cooking, she'd change the temperature of the oven so my food wouldn't cook or would burn. The list would go on, always getting me in trouble. Always making me look incompetent. But I was not incompetent.

I learned how to guard my work, so it wasn't messed with. I sat next to the stove, or pretended I didn't know she was there, so I could fix it immediately.

I always knew when Kinsley was around. She was what everyone wanted to be. People envied her. Girls wanted to be her, and boys wanted to be with her. Her long black hair reached her hips, and her eyes were the same blue as mine, but on her they were stunning. Our eyes were the only thing about us that was similar though. She had beautiful olive skin and had filled out in all the right places. I was pale and basically a stick with pale blonde hair, but I guess that's what happens when you aren't fed properly for years.

I learned quickly it was better to just keep quiet than to complain. Complaining only made things worse, my ribs could attest to that. I wore long sleeves to hide the bruises that often littered my body. Everyone knew what was happening to me. Ever since my father died, and Kinsley became Luna, she had made it an open invitation for me to get knocked around, scolded, or verbally abused. Her husband, if possible, was even more aggressive. I hated the pair of them. It might not technically be father's pack anymore since Adrian was an alpha in his own right, but this pack was being run into the ground. I might not have mattered to him, but I hated that all that power went to two truly evil people.

"You're bleeding all over the apples." Kathy barked when I got lost in my head again.

I nodded and moved to the other side of the sink and began to wash the blood off my hands.

I hated the sight of blood. When I was in dungeon after the Luna had been murdered, I had seen more than my fair share of it. It always coated my skin and matted my hair and pooled around me. It always threw me back there. I was only out of the dungeon, so that Kinsley could keep a closer eye on me. Before she had had to torment me outside of the Luna's eye when we were younger. Then after the Luna died, she had to follow my dad's orders of me being locked away killing everyone he ever loved. But when he died, she had free reign. She wanted my punishments to be public. It wouldn't be real if it wasn't in front of people. I was a part of a show that I never auditioned for, but Kinsley and Adrian made sure I knew my place. And that was the lowest of the low on stage for everyone to see.

I didn't bother wrapping my finger. I didn't heal as quickly as the other werewolves I knew, but it had already stopped bleeding, and that had to be good enough for me because I wasn't allowed to treat my injuries no matter how they occurred according to Kinsley's stupid rules.

I went back to the apples I had been cutting for the pies we were supposed to be making. There was a whisper all around that someone big was coming to the pack from the north. Everyone knew a meal like we were cooking was above and beyond what they made on a normal day. I just hoped I wouldn't be expected to be their entertainment.

I felt her before I heard her. It was like the air turned cold around us, but maybe it was just me.

“Grace!” Kinsley shrieked.