

Grace of a Wolf Book 2

Grace of a Wolf Chapter 6 - Grace: Revoked Privileges

Chapter 6: Grace: Revoked Privileges

The way everything changes so quickly, like I never existed as Alpha's daughter, is shocking. In a week, all my privileges have been stripped away. Even things I didn't realize were a privilege.

Like clothes.

A private bathroom.

Even my name.

"Hey!"

Yeah, that's my new name.

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"Hey! You!"

Stopping mid-step, I turn, only to find myself wanting to be swallowed whole. Seriously, a sinkhole opening up right beneath me would be heaven right now.

It's Rafe's mate.

The sight of her approaching sends a jolt through my system, my heart lurching painfully in my chest. She's even more stunning up close, her long black hair cascading over her shoulders like a silken waterfall, those piercing green eyes pure poison as they watch me.

"Remember me?" Her voice drips with honeyed venom.

She's not alone. A few she-wolves follow along behind her. Some are faces I recognize; part of the pack. The others are strangers.

"I..." My voice catches in my throat, barely a whisper. "Yes."

My pride is nonexistent these days. It's nothing to lower my gaze to the ground in front of her. It doesn't tear me up inside at all.

Who am I kidding? It's shredding me apart.

"Good. I'd hate to think I made such a small impression."

She circles me, and I can feel her gaze raking over my body. I'm no longer dressed in *my* clothes; clothes that fit. Instead, I'm in an oversized t-shirt with holes in the hem and jeans that are only held up thanks to a cloth belt. Everything Alpha ever gave me was taken away.

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"My, my. How the mighty have fallen." She tuts, shaking her head in mock sympathy. "Your alpha's little pet has been reduced to this. A fake daughter, trying to weasel her way into the pack under his good graces."

The way she's twisted facts around make me want to snap back, to defend myself, but what's the point? I'm nothing now. No one is on my side here.

"What do you want?" Keeping my voice level and calm is the only win I'm going to get today.

She stops in front of me, tilting her head to the side. "Want? Oh, darling. I already have everything I want." Her smile widens, revealing perfect white teeth. "Rafe, the pack, the future. It's all mine now. Haven't you heard?"

Yes, actually. It's all the wolves can talk about; the successful mateship of our pack to the neighboring Forest Springs Pack. I even know her name now.

Ellie. Her dad's the Alpha of Forest Springs.

Her *real* dad. Biological. Wolf and all. Not like me. I'm just Rafe's castaway, the abandoned adopted daughter of his Alpha.

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The casual way she claims it all, as if it's her birthright, makes my blood boil. But there's nothing I can do. She's won, and we both know it.

"I just wanted to see it for myself," she continues, reaching out to twirl a strand of my greasy hair around her finger. Baths are also a privilege I've had to give up; there's never enough hot water. Or time. "The human girl who thought she could play with wolves."

I flinch away from her touch, my skin crawling. "I never played—"

"Shh." She presses a finger to my lips, silencing me. "It doesn't matter now, does it? You're where you belong. Among the dregs of the pack."

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Her words hit home, each one a fresh wound. I blink back tears, refusing to give her the satisfaction of seeing me cry. Despite telling myself that I wouldn't rise to the occasion, she got it out of me anyway. And so easily, too.

"You know," she leans in close, her breath hot against my ear, "Rafe told me all about you. How you clung to him, desperate for attention. It was pathetic, really."

My heart shatters anew. Did Rafe really say those things? The thought of him laughing at me behind my back, mocking my feelings... The same person who once declared his love to the moon. Who swore he'd keep me safe.

"That's not true," I whisper, but it sounds weak and unconvincing.

I guess there's still a part of me in denial about the wolf he's become.

She laughs, the sound like tinkling bells. Even in her venom, it's a beautiful sound. "Oh, sweetie. Did you really think he cared for you? A human? He was just amusing himself." She circles me again. "A little game to pass the time until he found his true mate. Me."

The possessive way she says it makes my stomach churn.

Maybe her pretty designer clothes wouldn't be so elegant with my vomit all over her. I clench my fists, nails digging into my palms, breathing in sharp, shallow breaths.

If I throw up on her, I'm just going to have to clean it up.

2

That wouldn't be worth the brief joy.

1

"Face it, Grace." She spits my name like it's poison on her tongue. "You were never anything more than a temporary distraction. A human toy for a bored wolf."

I flinch. Why can she hurt me with these stupid words? Why is the mention of Rafe such an intense wound? I should be cold. Angry. Waiting for revenge or something.

But none of that comes. Only the further shriveling of my soul.

"Now," she says, her tone suddenly businesslike, "let's establish some ground rules, shall we?"

I blink at her, confused. "Rules?"

"Yes, rules. Pay attention." She taps my forehead with her perfectly manicured nail. "You're to stay away from Rafe. No talking to him, no looking at him, nothing. As far as you're concerned, he doesn't exist. He's mine now. The sooner you accept that, the easier your miserable little life will be."

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She leans in close, her green eyes boring into mine. "And if I catch you so much as breathing in his direction, I'll make sure you regret it. Understood?"

I nod mutely, unable to form words past the lump in my throat.

"Good girl," she coos, patting my cheek condescendingly. "Run along now. I'm sure you have some important omega duties to attend to."

2

She turns on her heel and saunters away, leaving me standing there, shattered and alone. I watch her go, her graceful movements a stark contrast to my own awkward, human gait. Her little posse of she-wolves follow behind, giggling and whispering among themselves.

Oh, yes. Laugh at the pathetic human girl. Ha, ha.

As soon as she's out of sight, I crumple to the ground, my legs no longer able to support me. The tears I've been holding back finally spill over, hot and bitter on my cheeks.

A human among wolves. Alone. Unwanted. Forgotten.

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