

THE PARTY FOR THE KING

“Never step out of this room, understand?!” Beta Ryan slammed the door shut after dragging his own daughter into a warehouse behind the pack house. He was furious when he found Abby roaming around the premises where the welcoming party for the King was being held.

Abby nodded profusely. She trembled in fear when she saw how angry her father was. She wanted him to leave, so she agreed to whatever he said and accepted all the insults that were hurled toward her. “I don’t want to see your ugly face! Don’t ever let anyone see you or let them learn I have a daughter like you! You will ruin the chances for your sister!”

“Y- yes, father...” Abby held back her tears. She bit her lip and stared at the dust filled and dirty floor beneath her feet. Her heart ached so badly.

This was not the first time for her father to treat her like she was some trash, but of course, this wouldn’t be the last either.

“If you dare to show your ugly face and your scar again in front of everyone and embarrass your sister, I am going to beat you up and chain your legs, so you will not be able to walk out of this room again!”

“Yes, father. I understand.” Fat tears escaped her eyes, but Abby tried so hard not to let out a single sob, at least, until her father left her alone.

Today, the new werewolf king was visiting their pack as part of his duty as the new sovereign of this realm. Their pack was the ninth pack that the King visited, which meant it was the last one.

But, the purpose of this visit was not only to see his subjects, but also to find his mate.

Yes, the new king was twenty nine and he had not found his mate yet. This was his last attempt at finding her before he would resort to getting a chosen mate and decide one woman to be the Queen by his side.

That was why, all the women in the packs were going crazy, thinking even if they were not the King's destined mate, the King would pick one of them if they left a great impression on him, including Abby's little sister, Hanna.

Hanna was very beautiful, she was the beauty of this pack and there were many men smitten with her, yet, even though she had reached the age of twenty, she had not yet found her mate. That was why their father put all of his bets on this. He wanted everything to be perfect, and Abby would always be a scourge in his eyes. "Take a step out of this room and I will break your legs, so you will not be able to walk again!"

Abby nodded until her neck hurt so badly. She didn't dare to register the disgusting look on her father's face. Even after years of being treated unfairly like this, she still couldn't get used to it.

After hurling a few more insults, Beta Ryan finally spared his daughter by leaving her alone. He slammed the door shut very harshly, until the debris and dust fell from the roof.

And once she was really alone, Abby slumped to the floor. She hugged herself and cried her heart out. No one would be able to hear her. The loud music out there would drown out the lonely sound of her sorrows.

Her dress was ruined and her hair was unkempt, but she couldn't care less about that. No one would think she was beautiful with

the ugly scar on her face no matter what she wore and no matter how immaculately she got her hair done.

Abby cried herself to sleep, something that she got used to. She had lost count of how many times she did this. She couldn't even remember the last time she fell asleep with a light heart and a smile on her face.

And when she woke up because the ground was too cold and the chilly wind breezed through the gaps in the wooden walls, she heard the loud music was still in full swing in the distance, while her surroundings were very dark. No one cared enough to light up the fireplace in the warehouse.

"I am hungry..." Abby held her stomach. She had not eaten anything since this morning, because she was excited about the party thinking she could attend it. After all, this party was for all the pack members and if she was lucky enough, she hoped that she could get a glimpse of the King.

She wanted to see the man that everyone had been fussing about.

"I want to drink something..." Abby felt her throat was very sore while her voice cracked at every syllable.

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"Is there someone inside?"

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"I know you are in there, open the door." His voice was demanding and this made Abby become even more anxious.

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"Open the door now or I will tear it down." There was a vicious edge to his voice, as he growled impatiently.

"Wh- who are you? I can't go out. Please leave!" Abby stuttered a little bit.