Chapter 22 : Alpha's Daughter

I lost myself in my own thoughts and couldn't remember how long it took for me to finally fall asleep.

When I woke up to the bright morning sunshine, I let out a long sigh as I slid from bed and made my way towards the bathroom.

I was in for another long day of doing nothing.

A soft knock on the door drew my attention, and I watched as one of the maids brought in a small tray of fresh fruits, pastries, juice, and coffee.

Breakfast time. The same revolving routines make me feel more robotic than alive.

"Thank you, Sara," I said to the young woman, who bowed her head to me and turned, her blond curls bouncing upon her head as she left without a word. She had been the one who brought me my food the last few days, and even though she didn't speak, it made me smile to think I had someone here.

Brushing my hair I decided on a long white cotton dress to lay around in for the day. After all, I wasn't going anywhere– I wasn't allowed to.

After my simple morning routine, I drifted from the bathroom toward the tray of food and picked up the small white cup of coffee, bringing it slowly to my lips. The rich, dark flavor swirled in my mouth. I tried to stay positive by focusing on the deliciousness of the food.

However, commotion outside my door caught my attention.

"Miss Madalynn, Beta Damian, the Alpha is not here right now," I heard one of the Drogomor warriors saying.

"I know he's not here. I just haven't seen this wing before. Why is it a problem?"

"Miss Madalynn, please return!"

"How dare you? Who do you think you are...?"

I put down my coffee and was about to go over and check it out, but then changed my mind. I had been warned not to go out, and I knew my place well enough to follow those instructions.

The reality was that, the more I would like to stay away from trouble, the more trouble found its way to me.

Sure enough, it didn't take long before the door burst open, and the angry judgemental gaze of a tall, slender brunette girl landed on me. She had her hand on her hip and looked dead set on causing problems.

"Who the hell are you?" she demanded.

She had to be one of the visitors, as I had never seen her before. Following quickly behind her was a tall blonde-haired man with green eyes.

He was gorgeous, in a way. He wasn't as big as Ethan, but built closer to how Talon was. Except I didn't have any doubt Talon would outdo him in any fight.

"Well, don't just stand there looking stupid. Answer me. Who are you, and why are you in the room I should be staying in!?"

Her words were angry, and she stepped closer toward me, causing me to step backwards.

"I'm Rosalie..." I replied softly, completely confused as to what I did to make her this upset.

"What are you doing here, Rosalie?" She sneered, looking me up and down and then glancing towards the tray of food that had been brought to me. "You obviously don't work here, nor do you smell like you belong to this pack..."

She inhaled again, and her eyes blackened with rage.

"But you smell like Ethan! Are you a f*cking wh*re?!"

"Excuse me?" My eyes widened quickly, and I frowned.

She was extremely rude, and for the first time in a while, I felt... offended. Very offended.

"Excuse me? No, excuse you.. I am an Alpha's daughter. You will f*cking answer my questions, wh*re."

I clenched my fists. I didn't want to get in a fight with Drogomor's visitors, but I also couldn't bring myself to answer her questions.

I took a deep breath, tried to make myself sound polite. "Sorry, miss, but I don't know you. Please leave my room," I replied.

My eyes drifted between the woman in front of me and the man by her side. A couple of the Drogomor warriors were standing outside of the door, looking between me and the intruders, unsure of what to do

She bursted out laughing, and then stepped forward, looking at me as if she had just heard the biggest joke in her life.

"I'm the future Luna to this pack, and this is my room!"

My eyes were widened. What did she say – future Luna?!

She continued, "Do you honestly think he is going to keep someone like you around? You're, what, a s*x slave? You are nobody, and when he tires of you, he'll throw you away like the wh*re you are. Eventually, he will come to my bed, and you will realize how pathetic you are."

I was still in shock about this new future Luna. She was chosen by Ethan...?

Bitterness spread throughout my whole body.

I forced back the tears that threatened to come, not wanting to let this woman see how she had affected me. No, it wasn't her who affected me, it was...

"What are you doing here!" A deep voice rang out from behind the woman, and even from far away, I could sense his anger.

Ethan's dark and alluring figure appeared beside me in a blink of an eye, baring his teeth. He almost growled, causing both the woman and man to take a step backwards.

However, the young woman quickly found her confidence. "I came looking to admire the rooms and grounds, and found this woman in here eating. Who is she, and why is she in the Luna suite?"

I looked up at Ethan from where I was standing slightly behind him. His large form shielded me from their view.

I couldn't believe how she was speaking to him. Yet, with his teeth clenched, he held himself back. I would never have imagined that the Alpha of Drogomor would restrain his temper for anyone, and yet he did... for her.

"What's going on? Oh, Madalynn, I was looking for you!" another voice called.

Looking towards the door, I watched a dark-haired man walk in with Talon. His eyes went from the girl to me, lingering a little longer than I was comfortable with.

"Well, it seems that your daughter doesn't have any respect for my privacy. Did she not know whose pack this is?" Ethan said, grimacing.

The man looked toward the girl with a hint of anger.

"My apologies, Alpha Ethan. My daughter seems to have forgotten how she was raised, and I can assure you that I will handle

her," he said with an apologetic tone. "Madalynn... Get out and go to your room. Damian, go with her. I will be there in a moment."

Her eyes stared at me before she growled and turned on her feet, storming from the room.

The man who came in with her – Damian – followed her, but he glanced over me before he exited the room.

"Alpha Romero, we do hope this won't happen again," Talon said politely, coming to stand next to me.

"Of course not. Young women are so rebellious and entitled. Without her mother all these years, I have done my best, but still it's a struggle." Romero chuckled. "May I ask who this lovely lady is? Is she your bed servant?"

"It doesn't matter what she is," Ethan said emotionlessly as he looked towards me. I could feel my breath hitch.

What was I to you, Ethan?

I then quickly answered my own question - a breeder, of course. In reality, how different was it from a bed servant?

"She's beautiful. I wish I had someone like her with me... It has been some time since I laid with a beautiful woman... Would you mind?" he asked with a grin.

My eyes widened – what did this Alpha mean!?

I was terrified and stood there, frozen.

Ethan turned around to look at me. His eyes narrowed.

I still couldn't read any emotion from his face. Everything seemed to be quiet around me, and I could hear my own heartbeat.

Was he not offended? Would he give me away to someone else?

What would he say?!

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