

Chapter 1 - The Lycan King's Long Lost Princess

Genevieve POV:

My name is Genevieve Rose Allaire. I'm 17 years old. My birthday is June 21st, which is also next week. When I was 8 years old my parents were murdered.. and It feels like sometimes they start to fade away. I've been beaten so many times that my brain seems to let go of my most precious memories. In turn, replacing them with the awful acts of Alpha Jaden. He's the Alpha of Blackstone Pack. A pack I hate. He's an abusive, disgusting man. He always tries to have his way with me, and sometimes he succeeded. Always with the most sinister grin on his face.

Sometimes when I'm not being beaten, I enjoy this place. Blackstone Pack is a pretty big pack. With about 1,000 pack members. You can see mountains from every angle of the land. It gets pretty outside when fall comes around. Bright red, yellow, and orange leaves on the trees. The smell is even better.

Too bad I'm not allowed outside much. Only when I'm doing outside chores. And even then, I'm not allowed to stop and enjoy it. If someone catches me sitting or even taking a break I'll get whipped.

"Alpha Jaden wants you in his office" Beta Justin came into the room smirking at me. He's tall and muscular with blonde hair that swoops over his eyes. He's got deep blue eyes that look like the ocean. An ocean full of sharks that are attacking you.

Beta Justin has always been very touchy with me. One time he even rubbed his junk against my back. I about threw up right there, but if I even so much as flinched It would have been bad for me. He likes to hit me. Just as much as anyone else in this pack does.

"Okay, I'm going that way now," I say, head facing down walking as quickly as my feet can go.

I arrive at Alphas office door 2 minutes later and I stare blankly through the cloudy door. I can see his silhouette, but I can't see any of his features. He's alone. I'm dreading this already.

"Why are you standing out there? I asked you to come here." Alpha Jaden says. Biting on my lip and taking a deep breath, I walk in. He has a not-so-pleased look on his face. I can feel his anger from me making him wait a minute.

"There's my little raven." He says grinning from ear to ear with a sickly look in his eye.

He's tall, about 6'8. Sharp, toned jawline, bright white teeth, dark brown hair, and blue evil eyes. He's also a big man. Mainly because he's an alpha. If I stand close enough, my head comes to his chest. He's very intimidating, but I push back my fear and stand strong when he's after me.

"You're not going to reply? That's not the smartest choice you know." He says getting even angrier.

"I'm sorry Alpha, I will reply to you quicker," I say, facing the ground. I can't stand to look at him. He makes me feel sick to my stomach.

Walking over to me he grabs my chin, forcing me to look him in the eyes.

"Look at me little raven, it's very rude to look at the floor in my presence." He said scrunching his face in anger.

"Yes, Alpha. I wasn't trying to be rude. I'm just not feeling well." I said. At this point, we're standing so close, that we're exchanging breaths. Being this close is repulsive, but there's nothing I can do.

"So, the festival is next week. I know your birthday is the day of. Everyone will be here. Even the Lycans. I want you on your best behavior. And I will have you dressed nicely, for when you realize I'm your mate." He says getting closer to my face to plant a kiss on my lips. I flinch at that, which is when he slaps me.

“DO NOT PULL AWAY FROM ME LITTLE RAVEN. YOU ARE MINE. I WILL KISS YOU WHEN I PLEASE.” He walks away from me and heads behind his desk. A grabs another chair and drags it with him, placing it facing him.

“Sit.” He commands. Though his command does nothing to me. I walk anyways, not wanting him to hit me again.

“We will dress you in the finest clothing. You will have your makeup done, and you WILL be my mate. I will be claiming you. If you just so happen to find a mate that isn’t me, I will kill him. You go near him and I’ll make you watch. YOU ARE MINE.” He growls.

He slides his hand up my shirt. He grabs my br*ast in his hand from under my overworn bra, and as soon as he does I can see his manhood getting hard. I’m repulsed when he gets ready to unbutton his pants.

With one hand he unbuttons them, and right when he’s about to grab his d**k I see his eyes glaze over. He’s being mind-linked. With a growl, he removes his hand and stands.

“Out. I have a phone call waiting.”

I stand up quickly and rush towards the door when he grabs me from behind and pulls me into him. His d**k is still hard, he rubs it against me. With one hand he runs it up over my stomach and br*asts and grabs my throat. Pushing my head to the side with his face as he breathes in my neck.

“You will be back here in an hour. If not, I will find you. And you won’t be happy when I do.” He says.