



## 9-The Crippled Alpha King

Carena:

I stood before the imposing black mansion, scanning my surroundings as the security guard phoned the lady inside to inform her of my arrival. He assessed me while conversing with her.

"Feel free to enter," he ended the call and gestured for me to step inside. I had chosen a simple white dress paired with old boots from my highschool days.

Inside the pack, numerous changes had taken place. The atmosphere was different, charged with an air of mystery and uncertainty. Neighbors were not very keen on meeting each other anymore. Everybody kept to themselves but the gossips would circle the entire pack in seconds.

I leisurely made my way into the foyer, greeted by an aura of darkness reminiscent of a haunted mansion. The foyer offered a gloomy welcome, with shadows dancing around the dimly lit space. The big chandelier hanging down the ceiling gave me ick. It was huge, making me wonder if it would fall on me.

Guided by a maid, I followed her to a living room tucked away beside the staircase. Lady Mary Jane was seated on the couch, gracefully sipping from a teacup.

"Hello," I greeted, preparing to take a seat, but she raised a skeptical eyebrow and shook her head disapprovingly.

"The sofa cover is new," she remarked bluntly, her expression harsh.

"Oh, my apologies!" I hastily retreated from the sofa, opting to remain standing instead.

"Your father must have informed you that we're in need of full-time service, correct?" she inquired, crossing one leg over the other and lightly swinging it.

"Yes, he did," I confirmed with a nod.

"You'll be heading home after 8 pm and returning as early as 6 am," she explained, her gaze drifting over me. I wished to stay home and heal entirely. None of these people knew what I had been through, that I had been advised to rest. But I supposed working might help keep my mind occupied, avoid the pain of rejection constantly tearing me up.

"Here are the papers. Read them thoroughly, and then you can start today," she stood up and departed with her personal omega maid by her side. I was now alone in the big living room, but I dared not touch anything.

I picked up the papers and quickly skimmed through them. My age and other details had already been recorded. Father had informed them of my divorce, but I wondered if they knew who used to be my mate. They didn't need to. That

chapter of my life was over anyway. The more I read, the more I couldn't help but raise my eyebrows at the contents in my hands.

"So?" I jumped when I heard her voice behind me.

"This is only a one-week contract," I said, turning to face her but keeping my eyes lowered.

"It's a trial contract. If you do well, you will be chosen as the mate of the alpha king – as his Luna Queen," my heart sank in my chest when she casually informed me of my purpose here: to become a Luna Queen.

"Huh?" I stepped back from her, wondering if it was some kind of joke.

"Why, didn't your father inform you about that?" she asked, her eyebrow raised.

"I need a moment," I couldn't just agree to it. It was outrageous. I had just been rejected, and now they were considering me as a mate for the alpha king. Why? Why would he want an omega like me to be his Luna queen? One would think a family like this would never even entertain the idea of having an omega sit at their table to feast with them.

"Sure," she shrugged. I rolled the papers in my hands and marched out of the mansion to my house. Our house was right across the road from the mansion, so it wasn't a long walk.



The minute I walked into the house, I found my father and my sister waiting for me.

"Did you sign the agreement?" My sister got up, watching my face with intrigue.

"You knew about the service, and you downplayed it," I raised my voice as tears escaped my eyes. "What is it with everyone thinking it's okay to deceive me?" I hiccuped as I complained.

My father got up casually before he hurled the mug across the wall, shattering it into tiny little pieces. My sister covered her ears while I stayed put.

"Deceiving? You want to talk about deception?" he yelled, hastily approaching me. "You left us behind and went on to live a lavish life. You're only back because you have nowhere else to go. Do you understand that?" My father was screaming in my face, prompting me to close my eyes and sob.

"And you want me to pay such a high price for it?" I raised my head and laughed at my own misery, shaking my head in disappointment.

"A big price? Marrying an alpha king is not a prize to you?" my father scoffed, showing disbelief in my concerns.

"It's not a prize to me. I've married one before, and it wasn't even an agreement. I loved him, and look what he did to me.

Do you not wonder why this alpha king is marrying an omega who has been divorced? He isn't even making deals himself. He has his stepmother find a maid for him," I yelled as I realized they weren't even looking for a Luna queen. The services mentioned in the contract made me feel like I was being hired as a maid.

"It's still a better life than living as a divorcee. You won't find another mate after that rejection. The bachelors are barely able to find mates. Who would want to accept a rejected she-wolf? Oh, sorry, you're not even a she-wolf. You don't even have a wolf form," my father's words stung hard, but he had been upset with me, so obviously, he was ready to break me entirely.

"We just want you to accept this offer. You were ready to be a maid anyway, so why not be a Luna queen?" my sister's voice didn't carry as much authority as my father's.

"Please, Carena. You've left everything and even your family for your step-siblings once, can't you do that much for me? Your own blood?" she rushed past my father to hold my hand and started sobbing.

"You did it for them, why not for me? And this time, we'll be on your side. Our alpha king is better than him in many ways. Please! For the sake of my health—please, do me a favor like you did for your step-siblings," she almost dropped to her knees, but Dad held her and helped her stay standing.

"Fine," I mumbled and closed my eyes, but I could hear a

sigh of relief from her.

"I will go sign the papers." I don't know why, but the guilt of choosing my step-siblings weighed so heavily on me that I couldn't deny her this favor.

It's not like there was another purpose to my life. Maybe Lady Jane wouldn't even like my work in this one week and would fire me. In the meanwhile, I could request the alpha king himself to help us with the debt.

I walked back into the mansion after signing the papers. Lady Jane was in her study room, reading a book when I was escorted to meet her.

"Leave the papers here," she didn't even look up from the book. What struck me as odd was that she was asking me to marry her stepson, the alpha king, but she wasn't interested in knowing anything about me other than what my father had told her.

There was no hint of making me feel special or anything. In fact, it seemed more like I was being treated as a maid. Then why not hire him a personal maid instead?

"Janine! Show her the alpha king's room and her uniform," she instructed her maid, who had a stern demeanor.

"Come with me," she walked ahead of me, her tone firm.

As I followed, numerous questions swirled in my mind until we reached the larger room at the end of the hallway on the

first floor.

"He is inside," she opened the door but remained outside. I stepped in and bowed my head. However, when I lifted my gaze, I saw a man in a black mask, seated in a wheelchair.

"He is the alpha king Sawyer; he cannot talk or move. You are going to serve him from now on," my heart sank as she revealed the significant detail that everyone had left out when convincing me of this marriage.

 Comments

 Vote (944)