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The sun poured over my back as I worked tirelessly, and then I felt the sweat going down from my forehead to my entire body. 1

I felt dizzy, but I shook my head to shake it off and resumed my work.

It got extremely dark, and the instructor came to me.

The whip was in his hands.

I saw the other workers, who I knew were slaves, standing and sneering at me.

They wanted to watch me receive the punishment.

"You haven't finished your work, have you?" He said. "Thirty whips of the cane."

"But I've finished, sir." I said.

He frowned, and then I stepped aside to show him the entire mass field that was clear of weeds and had been set up for planting.

His mouth was open, as was that of everyone else who stood watching.

"B-b, but that's not possible." He said it in



"B-b, but that's not possible." He said it in disbelief.

I stood there, waiting for his next instructions.

There was a murmur among the crowd.

Then he frowned at me.

"Fine, you may go." He said. "Your work would resume tomorrow."

I thanked him, and he seemed surprised, and then I left the farm.

I was extremely tired, and my entire body ached.

I went to the servants quarters and room where I had been assigned and picked out the night dress that had been given to me.

Then I went down to where the female workers bathed.

I picked a bucket to have my bath, and I could feel the stares on me.

I went to a far corner and had my bath.

I could hear them make statements about myself, and I did my best to ignore them.

As I took my bath, it was so comforting to be able to have cool water over my body.



It reduced the ache in my body, and I felt refreshed.

I washed my dress and hung it to dry.

Then I put on my nightdress after I had died myself. 1

The girl eyed me maliciously, and I simply ignored them. 2

I hurried to the healers quarters and sat at my meal.

I watched him as he mixed medicines together and wrote on his scrolls.

Then I remembered that I still didn't know how to read or write.

And that meant I didn't know the order of my schedule.

If only I could get someone to teach me.

I couldn't trust the healer.

How sure was I that he wasn't going to rat me out to the entire pack?

What would happen then?

Xaden would know that he had been deceived, and he would kill my entire pack and family



Xaden would know that he had been deceived, and he would kill my entire pack and family before finally killing me.

Then I remembered all the men he had beheaded and hung their heads on the gates of the castle.

I shivered at the thought of having my own head there.

I quietly ate my meal and watched the healer as he performed his duties.

When I was done, I washed the plates.

"Thank you," I said.

He nodded and went on with his work.

Then I took off down the hall to where I was going to sleep.

When I got into the bedroom, the girls were laughing and chatting, and the moment my shadow was cast inside the room, they hushed.

They all turned and looked at me with sneering glares.

I said nothing as I took my bedding, rolled it on the floor with the pillow, and laid down on my bed.

"What's that awful smell?" A girl said,.



Someone chuckled. "It's the smell of an outcast."

And the other girls went into a group laughter, and I shook, knowing it was me.

I tried my best to ignore them and went to sleep.

But then I heard footsteps close to me and a kick at my back.

I quickly turned around to see a girl with black hair standing by me.

"Why did you do that?" I asked, confused.

"You're an enemy and the daughter of that monster!" She said. "We can do whatever we want to do with you."

I sat up in my bed.

"I'm sorry for anything my father might have done to you." I said it genuinely. "You don't deserve it. None of you."

Her nostrils flared.

"You really think that by just apologising, we're going to forgive you?" She asked me.

I bit my lip. "No. And I don't expect you to. But believe me. I'm not the same as my father. And I'm just working here like you are now."



The girl kicked me. "You stupid bitch! How dare you say you're the same, huh?!"

She kicked me again. "With that ugly scar on your face!"

And she proceeded to kick me over and over again.

I held myself back, trying to block her attacks.

I lifted my hand to wave her off, and then she fell down and landed on her face.

When she got up, her bottom lip was bleeding, and she had a large bump on her forehead.

It was bleeding too.

I gasped.

"I'm sorry, I did not mean it." I apologised.

She rose to her feet, jumped on me, and began beating me.

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!" Came the chants from the other girls.

The girl dealt me one blow and another.

I knew that I could actually overcome her, but what would I prove to them if I did beat her up?

They would just have the proof that I was exactly



They would just have the proof that I was exactly like my father.

"Please stop." I said to block the attacks.

But it only infuriated her further.

The punches increased until my eyes were hardly able to see.

"Beat her up!"

"Kick her!"

"Drag her hair!"

And then I felt someone drag my hair and then my leg.

And then it occurred to me that it wasn't just me against one person.

It was a full attack from all the girls.

I sobbed as I begged them to stop.

From a corner, I saw one girl standing, scared.

Why wasn't she joining them too?

Was she going to help me?

She just stood there, and then she ran out.

My heart fell.

And the girls kept on beating me up.



Pulling my hair and tearing my dress.

I wept in anguish. 1

Then there was a loud bang at the door.

"What is going on here?" There was a deadly and familiar male voice.

It was Xaden.

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He came to save her!
xD

Stephanie_king1

Creator's Thought

 **UPDATE ON CHAPTERS REL... >**