

The Lost Princess' Second Chance Chapter 1

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Raya's POV

"Hahaha. Faster mom, faster."

I squeal as I ride on the back of my mom's wolf. Her soft brown fur tickles my arms and legs as the wind flies wildly through it. Mom started to run faster, jumping over fallen trees and big rocks. I feel so alive, happy, and free. Nothing but just me and my mom.

Then all of a sudden a dark and raging storm blocks out the once bright sun. Mom's wolf stops and sniffs the air. I feel mom become stiff under me and she lays down and looks at me like she wants me to slide off.

I slid down her fur and once both of my feet were on solid ground, mom stood back up and used her muzzle to nudge me to the forest.

Confused and scared I clung to mom. She barked at me and nudged me some more.

I took off running to the forest. Turning back to see that the giant storm cloud had taken the form of a wolf. I screamed for mom, but she was no longer in the field with me. I looked back to the storm cloud wolf once more.

My heart sank as I saw the giant storm cloud wolf biting into my mom's neck, snapping it clean. Fear and pain gripped my core as I fell into the darkness.

Gasp

I shoot up with a start, gasping for breath. My skin was soaked with sweat. I looked around me. The smell of mold and rust invaded my nose, as I finally noticed that I was in my basement bedroom in the Nightshade pack house. I felt tears fill my eyes as I remembered the dream while I got up and dressed for the day.

My name is Raya Robinson, and I am a rogue werewolf that was turned into a slave by the alpha of this pack.

Rogues are just what pack wolves call werewolves that have either been kicked out of their pack for some reason or they have decided to leave their pack of their own free will. Though wolves are social creatures so going rogue is pretty frowned upon.

Just like anyone in the world there are good rogues and there are bad ones. Each set of rouge wolves have distinct features and smells tied to them.

Mom and I always had a pretty earthy scent like the few that live their lives, not causing any trouble for those that live in packs, and we had regular eye colors. Rogues that cause trouble and harm others, they have bl00d red eyes and smell of rotting meat.

Most pack wolves don't like rouge, even if they mean no harm to them, so mom and I moved from place to place. Avoiding border patrols and bad rouges.

We lived a decent life, until ten years ago.

Mom and I accidentally came too close to the border of the Nightshade pack, and their alpha, Alpha Frederick Woods, was not very pleased about it. Mom decided to fight the alpha while I tried to run, but no matter how determined I was... it was impossible for an eight year old pup to outrun a full grown alpha wolf.

It didn't help matters when I became frozen with fear and pain as I watched Alpha Frederick grabbing my mother by the neck and snapping it, just like what had happened in my dream. I had seen the life leave her wolf eyes.

Once he finished off my mother, the alpha set his sights on me. Using his giant wolf body to pin me to the dirt. I was too terrified to scream as I felt his weight almost crush me.

With the way he snapped and growled at me, I for sure thought he was going to k!ll me next.

Though for one reason or another, Alpha Frederick spared my life but made me the pack slave. Now I work day in and day out doing all the work at the pack house. From cleaning to cooking, and whatever other jobs I am ordered to do by the pack members.

I take a deep breath and start climbing the stairs to get to work.

‘Just one more day, Raya. Just one more day.’ I tell myself in my mind.

Tomorrow is not only my 18th birthday and the day I get my wolf, but it is also the day of the mating ball and the Nightshade pack is hosting it. The mating ball was a dance that was held in different packs every year and those that were sixteen and over could attend them. Most go at sixteen to mingle with other packs and build possible relationships. Once they reach eighteen and have shifted. They are able to find their mates at these events.

I quickly get breakfast cooked and on the dining room table before pack members start coming down to eat. I have been doing this work for so long that I can do it faster than any of the omegas, not that they could actually do any of the work for themselves. The whole pack house would either be burnt down or fall apart if any of these useless wolves tried to do anything around here.

I hate everyone in this pack. I hoped and prayed to the Moon Goddess, Selene, that I would find my mate tomorrow and I would be allowed to leave this pack.

I get pulled out of my thoughts when something hard hits the back of my head. I clench my teeth, I try to never give anyone in this horrible pack the satisfaction of hearing me cry out in pain. I turned to see a can of corn on the floor.

‘They seriously threw a fvcking*g can of corn at me?’ I thought to myself. Then I turned to the person standing in the doorway.

It was Evelyn, Alpha Frederick’s oldest daughter.

Evelyn and her twin sister, Autumn, are both a year older than me, but they hate shifting into their wolves. They claim it hurts too much to shift, and that there is no reason to shift and train when it is the male’s job to protect the females in the pack. In my opinion, everyone should be able to defend themselves.

Because of the lack of training and shifting has made Evelyn and Autumn pretty overweight for werewolves, but they tried to make up for it by putting a lot of makeup on their faces, and doing their hair and nails like they were runway models. They hate being compared to each other as twins, even though anyone with half a brain could tell them apart.

Evelyn's dirt brown hair goes to her back, she is 5'6 with sh!t brown eyes. Autumn has the same dirt brown hair, but her hair only goes to her shoulders. She is a couple of inches shorter than her sister at 5'4 and she has the same hazel eyes that their mother, the Luna, has.

"Sorry mutt. My hand slipped." Evelyn said with a sadistic grin.

I bent down to pick up the can as I rolled my eyes. I know better. Evelyn, Autumn, and their older brother Hugo always go out of their way to make my life a living hell, and them being the alpha's children no one could speak up to them without being punished. Alpha Frederick spoiled his children and allowed them to do anything they wanted.

The only kind person in this whole pack is Alpha Frederick's mate, Luna Aurora, but she is too soft and kind to stand up for me against her own children and her mate. She has at least convinced the alpha to allow me to have some kind of schooling. Claiming it would help me be a better servant.

Alpha Frederick agreed, so I was homeschooled by the Luna so I knew how to prepare for the guests we had from visiting packs, even though Alpha Frederick mostly kept me out of sight when guests were here. Especially other alphas or ranked members.

I was once again pulled from my thoughts as I felt something hit my cheek.

"Don't you dare roll your freaky eyes at me, you filthy mutt." Evelyn screamed at me.

Evelyn was not really strong. Her hits were like bug bites compared to Hugo's and Alpha Frederick's blows.

I glared at her. "My eyes just show that I am not full of sh!t like you are, you spoiled little b.rat. Now shoo. I have chores to do since no one else knows how to do a damn thing around here." I said, waving my free hand in a shooing motion.

Lots of people have tried to hurt me by calling me mutt or mongrel or even calling me a half breed, since I never knew who my father was. They think even making fun of my eyes will hurt me, but I find my eyes to be very pretty and I have never seen another werewolf with eyes like mine. Unlike my mother, who had reddish brown hair and brown eyes, I had light purple eyes and long black hair that I kept in a braided ponytail as I worked.

No one had ever seen one of our kind with purple eyes. Most werewolves have either brown, hazel, or green eyes. While wizards and witches most often had red or purple, and lycans always had either a golden yellow or a deep blue. So since I had purple eyes, everyone has assumed that my mom was mated to a wizard and he either rejected her or died after she had me.

I used to fear the alpha and his spawns when I was younger, but now I hate them so much that I don't fear them or their punishments anymore. I talk back to all of them. Not caring about the beatings. My pale skin was already tattooed with the scars of their actions.

"How dare you?! You are nothing but a filthy rogue that is to do what we command. You can not speak to an alpha's daughter like that." She screeched while trying to intimidate me.

She is not really intimidating when I tower over her with my height of 5'11. I raised an eyebrow at her. "Honestly you are no alpha's daughter because your father is a horrible man that never deserved the title to begin with." I glare hard at her.

I may have been shooed to the background whenever other alphas visited, but I manage to see some of them. They never talked to their pack members or any of our omegas like Alpha Frederick. They are what true alphas are supposed to be.

"An alpha is supposed to care for and protect their pack. While yours had beaten me and subjected me to serve as a slave since I was eight, while you and your siblings do nothing for anyone else but yourselves. This pack will fall once your brother finds his mate and takes over." I growled out. Then I felt my hair being yanked back.

"You seem to forget your places you filthy little mongrel." Alpha Frederick's deep voice spoke from behind me. He lifted me off the ground by my hair and threw me across the room.

I gr0aned as my back smacked into the corner of the counter.

"I spared you all those years ago. Your life is in my hands. You belong to me until you die, you worthless piece of trash." He said as he landed a few good kicks to my stomach, making me cough up blood.

“Now get this mess cleaned up and prepare the cabins for our guest, and think twice before talking back to any of my children again.” Alpha Frederick ordered before turning and walking out. Evelyn followed behind her father, sticking her tongue out at me like a little kid.

I coughed a bit more before I could finally catch my breath and breathe again. Once I was finally able to breathe normally, I sat up on my knees.

I use to think I would be better off if he did just k!ll me, but I will get stronger with my wolf and I could live as I use to before he kept me here. Even if I don't find my mate tomorrow night.

I planned to shift and leave this place.

I thought more about how I would try to sneak away.

I was cleaning up the mess when Luna Aurora came into the kitchen.

“Oh, my goddess? What happened dear?” Luna Aurora asked as she bent down to help me stand up.

“I talked back to Evelyn and Alpha Frederick overheard me.” I said coldly. Luna Aurora looked torn.

I sighed. “I know. I know. I should just keep my mouth shut, but I am tired of it all. I mean no disrespect to you, Luna, but your mate and children will be the downfall of this pack.” I said. Luna Aurora didn't say anything. I think deep down she knew I was right, but she loved her family too much to go against them.

“I am sorry, Raya, but here I brought you one of Evelyn's old dresses for you to wear to the ball tomorrow.” She said, hoping to change the subject. Luna Aurora was holding up a dress that actually looked decent compared to what Evelyn normally wears.

The dress was a soft rosy pink halter dress that would have gone down to the middle of Evelyn's legs, but me being a bit taller than her, it would go to around my knees. The chest area was covered in lovely rhinestones of all different colors with a silver pattern of roses.

“Thank you, Luna.” I said as I took the dress from her.

“I had it altered for it to fit you a bit better.” Luna Aurora said.

I gave her a small smile and nodded. I fold the dress neatly and set it aside. I will try it on after I clean this place up.

I go to walk but my stomach was still sore from the kicks. So I was a little bit slower finishing up the rest of my work for the day before going to sleep and dreaming about the ball tomorrow night.