

Chosen By The Lycan Prince - Chapter 2

CHAPTER TWO

I'd thought over the years that it was possible to overcome pain, but I was wrong. There was no overcoming or getting used to the agony or the soreness in my heart. My physical wounds will heal eventually, but nothing could make up for the void in my heart.

I didn't flinch as Ailana cleaned my wounds. Same wounds that had been inflicted on me by her father, The alpha of Silver Moon pack.

Ailana is the only one who calls me by my name in this pack, it feels like she is the only one that remembers it. If others did, they pretended not to. They'd rather just call me Slave. I was a slave to everyone in this pack, even to the Omegas and latent wolves.

"Your wolf is healing you, but you still need to rest. I'll tell Zella to let you off for the rest of the day," Aila says with obvious distaste.

I shook my head vehemently "No. I can work, I'm strong enough," I protested. Zella is in charge of the kitchen duties here at silver moon pack, and I believe she has a special type of hatred for me. I never did anything right to her. If I washed all the pack dishes by myself, she'd complain I didn't wash a spoon right. If I scrubbed the floors with extra effort, she'd make sure to trample on them just before they dried up. If every help and omega ate twice a day, she made sure I ate only from their remains.

I couldn't tell my dear friend that the last time she'd tried to get Zella to let me off for the day, Zella made sure I had my rest in the confines of her cupboard with little to no ventilation and without any light. I could never tell Ailana that I had to pay for it the next day by doubling my chores and singlehandedly washing all the toilets in the pack house.

Whether I was sick or not, whether I was bruised or not, whether the alpha or any of the higher ranked wolves chose to punish me or not, I still had to report to my duties, or more punishment awaits me.

Ailana sucked in her breath, murmuring something incoherent. I wonder why she even chooses to be friends with me. She is beautiful and strong. An alpha for that matter. She has a tiny waist, well rounded boobs and the right hips

and backside to go with it. She carries the natural confidence and grace that a female alpha should have. Her eyes are the most beautiful shade of blue I'd ever seen, and her hair was wavy and voluminous, it's the only thing we have in common. If I ever had to describe her in one word, it will be 'Perfect'

I'd expected her to change. Maybe one day, she'll wake up and see that I'm a worthless piece of shit and wouldn't waste her time being nice to me, but she stood up for me many times, even to her father. She'd smuggled in food for me almost every day in the last ten years, and she has tended to my wounds too many times. She's the only reason I'm still holding on. She's the reason why I haven't jumped down that cliff.

"Do you want to see it? I can take a picture so you see," she offered to show me what the scars on my back looked like since I don't have a mirror, but I shook my head and staggered to my feet, rising from the stool I was seated, the only thing that can pass for a chair in the tiny space I call my room.

Ailana was seated cross-legged on my flat foam that laid lifeless on the ground. The foam is dipped in the middle and sleeping on that part of the bed is almost the same as sleeping on the bare floor so I had to sleep on either of the sides to get a little comfort, but I have gotten used to all the back pains that come with my sleeping position. I'd slept on this bed for ten years straight, and it wasn't entirely new when I'd smuggled it into this tiny cubicle.

"What good will seeing it do?" I murmured, grabbing a shirt from my small back pack on the floor. I had that bag pack as a gift from my mom on my eighth birthday, the last gift I ever got in my life. The souvenir followed me from Silent moon to Silver moon, and everything I have still fits into it.

I'd tried to escape once, but I didn't go too far. Matter of fact, I didn't make it across the pack gates. A warrior on duty that night caught me while I tried to sneak past the gate unnoticed. I remember begging him not to raise an alarm.

'I'll allow you to walk through these gates without telling anyone if you give me some money,' he'd told me.

I had some money I'd been saving up for that purpose. It wasn't much, but I willingly handed it over to him. It was better to leave stranded than stay back and endure any more of the pain. But I was a fool to have trusted him, I was a fool to think he'd just let me pass. He collected all the cash on me, smiled at me, pretended to let me pass, and then started to howl, alerting every other wolf on patrol for the night.

I was apprehended, beaten, stripped naked and paraded round the pack. I spent the next week after that in the pack dungeons, locked up in one of the tiniest cells without food or water for the first two days. How I survived that one week is something I'd never be able to understand. It was in that one week I started to hear voices in my head. One that didn't belong to my wolf. It's something I'll never be able to tell anyone, I'm not ready to add 'Mad' to the list of insults that will be hurled at me.

I couldn't wear a bra because of my wounds, so Ailana just helped me get into the shirt. It's not like I have big boobs, people will hardly notice I didn't have a bra on.

When I turned back to look at Aila, she was wiping tears from her eyes. Now Aila is one of the strongest female warriors in the pack. In all the time I have known her, she's never broken down for any reason that didn't involve me. She has cried with me on many occasions, because of my situation, but I'm the only one who has ever seen her cry.

As an alpha's daughter and an alpha herself, everyone expected certain level of strength from her. She has issues of her own I guess, but what I'd give to be in her shoes. I'll like to see how hard it is to have everyone rally around me, wanting to do my bidding and be friends with me. But Ailana didn't have many friends simply because she chooses to be friends with me. It's not like every female in the pack didn't want to be friends with her, but she chose my side. She couldn't be friends with me and be friends with them.

"Please, don't cry. I'm feeling better than I did two hours ago," I assured her. It was still raining outside, but the rain wasn't as heavy.

"It's hard to watch you like this and not be able to do anything about it. I'm an Alpha's daughter for crying out loud, and it sucks that I hold this little power. I swear I'm going to train harder so I can beat my brother to the alpha seat. It's the only way I can make things better. If I'm not an alpha, then I don't get to make decisions about anything that happens in this pack," she lamented.

I smiled weakly. Her brother, Zayden, was next in line for the alpha seat. He's at least three years older than Ailana, but Alpha Thane made an announcement one day that he'd allow both his children to fight for the alpha position instead of handing it down to his first son. That announcement is perhaps the only sensible one Alpha Thane ever made.

When it comes to size, Zayden is twice his sister's size. Heavily built, and a well trained fighter. He's had many months of training at the alpha academy to make him qualified for the alpha seat, an advantage he had over Ailana. But he was a promiscuous bastard.

He was also my greatest nightmare. Even before Alpha Thane. He's the man that should have ended my suffering, but it pleased him to see me in pain. He's the man I'd hoped would save me from all of this, he's the one I'd prayed to the moon goddess for on many nights, but he brought me more pain than I ever had to endure. All the pain from the alpha's whip was nothing compared to the pain I had to endure because of him. Zayden Vaughn. My mate.

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