

# The Lycan Princess's Silent Mate

## 1 - Nothing more than a parasite

1336 Words

\*\*\*\*Trigger Warning. This chapter contains physical abuse such a battery.\*\*\*\* Parasite “You disgusting piece of crap!” Another punch to the jaw is nothing new to me. In fact, being beaten every day is nothing new to me. “I should have killed you the moment you were born!” This is nothing new to me, either. Every day, I am beaten. Each day, I’m left lying in a pool of my own blood. It doesn’t matter how hard I try to do what I’m told; I always mess up somewhere along the line. “One of these days, I’ll put you out of your misery, Parasite. You mark my words!” I have been called Parasite for more years than I care to remember. I once had a real name, but I don’t recall what it was. I sometimes dream of a place where there is no pain or sadness. A place where someone smiles at me with genuine love in their eyes. I don’t recall anyone ever smiling at me without the intent to harm me. I used to wonder what it would be like to have a mate. Would they reject me right away? Would I be lucky enough to be accepted? No one could ever love someone like me. All my life, I have been told that I am weak and pathetic, a parasite leeching off everyone around me. I guess I am pathetic, but there is only so much a person can take before they are beaten down so much they can no longer pick themselves back up again. “How could the Moon Goddess curse me with something so pathetic!?” With a kick to my ribs, they break on contact. But I don’t scream. I never make any noise. I learned long ago that it would get me nowhere. If someone looked in and saw what was happening to me right now, they would think this was a random attack. It isn’t. The man kicking the life out of me is my father. I cannot call him Father or Dad, however. I must address him as Alpha Jack at all times. I slipped up once when I was four, and he almost broke my neck. I have never spoken a word since that day. I use sign language, but Alpha Jack hates

that, even though he knows what I'm saying. I have been a disappointment to him since the day I was born. I didn't look like his other children, meaning I didn't look like him. They all have blond or red hair, whereas mine is black. They all have light-colored eyes, but mine are almost black. He also blames me for my mother's death. She died trying to protect me from a rogue attack when I was four, and to this day, I wish I had gone with her. I dream of my mother sometimes. I see her smiling at me as she walks through the meadow, touching flowers with her fingertips as she goes. I always imagined her loving flowers. I don't know what she sounded like because I can no longer remember her voice, but I hear her speaking in my mind, nonetheless. The way she would tell me she loved me is what gets me through each day, each beating, and every put-down. Mom was the only person who ever loved me. Even as a small child, Alpha Jack was hard on me. He would punish me for so many things, and Mom would try to protect me from his wrath. I don't recall Alpha Jack ever hurting my mom, but he would yell and put her down. She failed him by giving birth to someone like me. I never understood it because I looked like Mom and took after her in many ways. I thought that meant he would have loved me even more than most. But he didn't and doesn't and never will. Alpha Jack pulls my head back, twisting my hair between his fingers. "We have visitors arriving in a few hours. I want you cleaned up and dressed to serve dinner. You are a servant and nothing more. You do not make eye contact, and you sure as shi.t don't go anywhere near anybody. Stay out of the way unless I call for you. These visitors are Royalty, and I can't have something like you embarrassing me. I am giving you one chance, Parasite. You f\*\*\*k up, and I'll kill you. Is that understood?" I nod my head without looking him in the eye. I know better than to look Alpha Jack in the eye; if I tried, he would gouge them out. He slams my head forward and gets to his feet. "Good. Now, clean this place up." With that, he leaves. I lay on the floor for a few moments to gather my thoughts. More than anything, I wish there was a way out of this hell hole. But I gave up trying to run away years ago. Each time I tried, I was found and punished in ways it does not bear thinking about. Being beaten is one thing, but being tied up, tortured, and branded is no fun. Having chunks of your skin cut out because you're worthless and ugly is horrifying. But none of that is anything

new to me. I am a prisoner to the Alpha and always will be. I drag myself up off the floor and into my tiny bathroom. I stare at myself in the small mirror above the washbasin and sigh. My face is a mess, and it won't heal for hours. I don't think I've ever had fast healing like other Lycans. I've seen Alpha Jack and his sons' injuries heal within minutes, but mine take hours, sometimes days. It's not too bad if I can make it to the lake. The water there heals me, which doesn't make sense when I'm not Merfolk. Is that even what they're called? I don't know because I know little about the world beyond this pack of horrors. One day, maybe I'll escape this place. I would rather be a rogue than stay here much longer. 'We'll find a way to get out of here. I promise.' My Lycan tells me. I may have my Lycan spirit, but I have never transformed. My body wouldn't be able to take the transition thanks to all the abuse. Nyko, my Lycan, didn't want to hurt me, so he never pushed. Sometimes, I wish Nyko would, then I could get out of here. But even through the abuse and torture, I don't want to die. I want to live because I have to believe there is more to life than what I have been given. Wiping the blood from the cut above my right eye, I reply, 'One day, maybe. But we need to be on our best behavior, Nyko. At least for the next couple of days. Royal Lycans are visiting the pack, and we can't let them know what goes on here.' 'And why not? Don't you see, this could be our way out of here!' I close my eyes and wince. My left eye is bruised and swollen, and it's painful. 'Don't do anything stupid, Nyko.' 'If whichever Royal is coming here knows what's happening, it will get back to the King and Queen. You know the rules; they don't put up with this kind of thing. The King would come here, and you would be safe.' That much I do know about the outside world. I hear people talking all the time. No one minds what they say in front of me; I'm just a parasite, after all. 'And what if it backfires, Nyko? Alpha Jack would lose his shi.t. He'd kill me.' 'It won't backfire. Please, trust me.' I have an awful feeling about this. But what else do I have to lose? 'What's the plan?' 'Well...'