

Sold To Alpha Isaac

Chapter 2:

My parents made me work hard in the pack house and never paid for my tuition fees. I had to work part time to earn money to feed myself. Yes, I have to pay for them if I have to stay and eat in our pack house.

I know our pack is also short of funds for development works.. So I tried to establish small scale businesses within the pack so people can earn their products to earn some money..

My father agreed to implement my plans knowing it would temporarily help their pack from financial crisis..

"Ahh.." I cried out when the pain in my leg didn't let me fold... I cried and cried thinking of my worst life... 'Mom.. I miss you....'

"How I wish I could teach her a lesson... Your step mother is becoming more violent lately.." I heard a person's voice beside me.. She is looking at my leg sadly.. trying to touch my leg with her transparent hand.. No one can hear her except me.. And I acted as if I didn't hear her words but her words made me cry hard..

Mac came to me once my stepmom moved away from me.. He stepped on the same leg again making me bite my lower lip hard.. "OH.. Sorry.. I didn't see your leg.."

I knew he was taking revenge for looking at him as a culprit.. Tears flowed down my eyes when he kicked my leg again to the side..

"Don't cry sister..." He sat and tried to wipe my tears but I turned my face away before he could touch me..

I know his dirty intentions.. It creeps me out whenever he tries to touch me.. I don't need his fake concern..

"Move now..." My stepmom shouted from the top of the stairs. Mac went out when he felt satisfied seeing my situation..

My body trembled in fear when I heard my stepmother's voice from behind... Immediately I controlled myself, stopped crying, forcibly folded my leg to stand up and limped to the kitchen. I looked for a mop which a maid handed it over to me.. She dropped her eyes and went away immediately as I knew if my stepmother knew she was helping me, she would be punished.. so rarely anyone helps me..

I limped to the hall and crouched down to pick the cup shatters first but my teary eyes focused wrongly and made my finger cut..

"Carefull.." I cried again in pain and kept my finger in mouth listening to the worried voice beside my ear..

I went back slowly to the kitchen, took out some vegetables and started to cut them. My cooking skills are fast. I tried my best to make dishes fast before time..

There are also a few more maids and Omegas who live in our pack house but they are not allowed to help with my tasks.. They take care of serving my dishes to Alpha, Luna and other higher rank officials who live in our pack house..

I am 17 and as I still don't have a wolf.. It takes time to heal my wounds.. After finishing my task in Kitchen I went to my room to sleep.. I can't stand on my swollen feet anymore..

In the evening I went to my part time job after checking that my leg was healing slowly.. It's not as red as in the morning. I thought of taking some rest as I can't walk properly but it is my pay day. My father can't wait to collect my wages at the end of every month..

I love to bake cakes so I work at a bakery. The owner was one of my mother's old friends. She is human but still allowed me to work at her bakery as she knew my condition. Sometimes. Misty, my ghost friend would help me whenever there are no or less people around..

"Not bad Alayana.. Your skills are improving.. Just by seeing I can say..this mango cake will be delicious.."

I smiled hearing Misty's words..

I don't know when I started seeing ghosts but as far as I remembered besides Misty there are few other ghosts who used to live around us. I was scared in the beginning and always complained to my mother.. She was also shocked at first and thought I was just acting.. But she eventually understood and protected me.

After my mother was gone, it took me a lot of time to adjust to living with ghosts around me.. Once I started living comfortably, people started thinking I am crazy for talking to myself..

Misty and a few other ghosts helped me when I was having trouble with my stepmother.. But when my stepmother understood the magical power behind me was from a ghost... She blackmailed all the ghosts who were living friendly with me..

"Now let's see who will save you from this dungeon" my stepmother said with a smirk on her face.. She lured the little me to a dungeon..

"No.. Aunty.. I am sorry.. I will not let that happen.. Please release me.." I was eight when she starved me to death in that dark cell.. I cried daily and waited for my dad to take me

out.. Misty or any other ghost cannot do anything about it..They regretted their actions and stayed away from me till I came out..

“Ask them to leave.. If I ever find anyone helping you or if they bully me.. You will never see the light again..” as they knew her words were final.. They left me one after another except Misty.. She stays by my side silently and helps me when we are out of the pack house.. She would follow me everywhere..even to school but we never talk except at night time..

After a day of hard work, I came back home tired. I went straight to my father’s room to hand over my salary. But when I neared the room I heard my stepmother talking to my father.

“I do not want to put up with her anymore.. You also can get rid of her this way..”

I became nervous as I understood they were talking about me.. I.. I.. What do they want to do? How are they going to get rid of me? Am I not working hard enough? I am doing everything they asked me to do.. Then why? What did I do wrong?