

## Chapter 2 - The Unwanted Sister's Alpha King

I stood at the top of the stairs, my footsteps were a little tramping, ever since Alexander accused me of seducing him at the funeral, my mom hated me even more and my dad never cared for me anymore. And my situation in the pack got even worse, people started bullying me, every place I went I was accused of having no shame in seducing my own brother-in-law, not to mention that Alexander was our Alpha king, the dream of countless she-wolves. I had completely become the bitch they called me.

I had tried to defend myself, but the word of our Alpha King Alexander was authority and I had no chance to get rid of the sin.

I saw my dad and mom sitting downstairs at the dining room table, no one talking, and I walked over to them and sat down. Mom rolled her eyes at me, and Dad didn't even look at me, just focusing on his paper.

"Hey, Mum and Dad, I have something really important to tell you," I began nervously.

My mom crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow. I'd been stupid to think that they would at least care about their only living daughter's most critical moment.

"Olivia, we're busy right now. Can it wait?" my dad muttered, not even bothering to look me in the eye.

"What could be so important to you? Too busy messing around with other werewolves and getting things done?" Mom spits out mean words out of habit, "If you tell me you're pregnant, you must get out of my house."

Dad finally put down the paper he was holding and looked at me.

"Nothing." I felt a lump in my throat as I gave up on stupidly asking for their attention again.

It was clear that they had forgotten today was my birthday. My excitement turned into disappointment.

I made up my mind then and there that I would go through with my shift on my own. I didn't need their approval or validation. I would embrace who I was, werewolf and all, without needing their acceptance.

I ate my meal in silence and went upstairs.

"Why do you even bother with her?" I heard my mother say in a hushed tone behind me. My father mumbled something under his breath before the sound of their footsteps echoing behind me.

I ignored their comments and closed my room. I pulled a bag out of the closet and packed a towel, some sanitizing items and medication. The shifting was going to be painful and potentially injurious and I had to prepare myself ahead of time.

After packing some items I went back downstairs again and they were no longer there. I grabbed some high-energy drinks and food from the fridge in case I couldn't walk after my shift was off. Once I was done, I left straight from the house with my bag on my back.

I took a shortcut to avoid running into anyone else in the pack, and it would be best if I didn't get hurt today. I had to save some energy for myself.

Fifteen minutes later, I finally arrived at the warehouse, my safe haven. The familiar scent of dust and old wood welcomed me as I stepped inside. The dimly lit space felt comforting to me, like a second home. I walked over to the corner where I kept my training gear and placed my bag down.

I waited silently in the warehouse until night. The moonlight spilt onto the ground and I started to take my clothes off to get ready for what was about to come. My nerves were high I knew that it would hurt. I'd read so many books about the shift and heard a lot of stories to know that the pain was crippling, but it would all be worth it in the end.

I sat down on the hard cement floor, taking deep breaths as I did; I could feel the tension leaving my body. I could feel the power of the wolf inside me, begging to be released. I closed my eyes, focusing on the power that was coursing through my body. I began to feel some pain in my bones as they started to move. My muscles ached, and my skin began to feel tight.

But that pain only lasted for a short time, and the sensation of shifting quickly disappeared.

It was as if everything that had just happened was an illusion on my part.

I closed my eyes tighter, begging for my wolf to show itself, but the more I begged, the weaker I felt it get. I moved over, trying to expose myself more to the moonlight, but still, nothing happened. My wolf slowly faded until I could no longer feel it at all. I let out a blood-curdling scream as tears fell from my eyes, wetting the dirty cement in front of me.

I sat there, feeling defeated and heartbroken. Part of me was still holding on to hope that my wolf would show itself, but as the hours passed, it became clear that it wasn't going to happen. This was just another thing that would make me even more of an outsider. Why couldn't I shift? Was there something wrong with me? My mind raced with doubts as I struggled to make sense of what was happening. How could my wolf just disappear halfway through a shift?

I felt my heart crushing me. I had always hoped getting my wolf would make my family see me differently and that the power and strength I believed it would bring me, would finally make me feel like I belonged. But now, I felt more alone than ever.

I spent the night alone in the warehouse, and my parents wouldn't have noticed if I went back anyway.

On my walk home in the morning, I ran into a group of people I least expected to run into. I could feel the eyes of my bullies on me, their mocking laughter echoing in my ears.

"Hey runt, are you eighteen yet?" one of them sneered, a cruel smirk on his face. "Where is your wolf?"

I felt a surge of anger rise within me at the mention of my nickname, "runt." Some of the pack members had given me this name because I was much smaller than everyone else. It stung every time I heard it, a constant reminder of how different I was from the rest of them.

"Maybe her wolf is just as tiny and insignificant as she is," another bully said, nudging his friend with a mocking grin. "Come on, show us your pathetic excuse for a wolf."

Their words cut deep, but I refused to let them see how much they hurt me. I stood tall, chin held high as they continued to belittle me.

"She probably doesn't even have a wolf," one of them laughed. "Look at her, she's too weak and worthless to be part of our pack."

The insults kept coming, each word like a dagger aimed straight at my heart. And then, something inside me snapped. I couldn't take it anymore. The rage that had been simmering inside me for so long finally boiled over. Without thinking, I let out a growl and lunged at them, my fists flying as I fought back with all the strength I had. But they were too many. They easily overpowered me, their punches and kicks raining down on me until I could no longer fight back.

I lay there on the ground, bloodied and bruised. They had beaten me down once again. They left me, dispersing and going about their day without a second thought of what they had done to me.

No one here cared if I lived or died. I laid there, feeling broken and defeated. The pain in my body matched the ache in my heart.

Oh, Goddess, if you can't give me a wolf and let my parents love me, then please tell me what the meaning of my life is.