

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 Slave

Sylvia's POV:

"Sylvia, you lazy slave! Do you know what time it is now? Why are you still sleeping?"

I struggled to get up from the wooden bed and looked at the time. It was not even five o'clock in the morning yet. I rubbed my throbbing temples. Then I hurriedly put on my thin coat and opened the door.

A fat she-wolf was blocking the door.

With a ferocious look on her face, she pointed at my nose and snapped, "Today is the Alpha Ceremony. Why are you still asleep? Have you finished all your work?"

I didn't say anything and just lowered my head.

I only slept for less than an hour because I spent the entire night cleaning up the conference room. My mind was still in a mess.

"Why are you still standing there? Go finish all your work!" she roared again.

Then she glared at me, turned around, and left with heavy steps.

I sighed and walked to the cloakroom, where the clothes needed to be ironed piled on the rack. Shawn Gibson was turning eighteen today, and he was going to take over the throne during the Alpha Ceremony. I had to prepare the clothes he was going to wear.

The sun was already rising outside when I finished ironing the clothes.

The territory of the Black Moon Pack was covered by dark clouds all year round, and it was always damp and cold. I wrapped my tattered cotton-padded clothes tightly around my body and carried a bucket to the banquet hall.

Many kinds of exquisite tableware had already been placed in the hall. After the Alpha Ceremony, all the guests would gather here to celebrate the promotion of the new Alpha.

I was wiping the steps with a rag when a stiletto stepped on it.

I looked up to see who it was. Then I saw Cherry, Gamma's daughter. She was wearing a black mermaid dress, and her red hair was curled. She looked very attractive.

"Step aside," I said coldly.

"Excuse me? Do you know what kind of place this is? You don't deserve to come here at all." Cherry then kicked my bucket arrogantly.

"Cherry! You are going too far."

"What? A mere slave is mad at me? How interesting! But actually, I can make you even angrier." Cherry flipped her long curly hair and sneered. She glared at me with a pair of mean eyes, clapped her hands, and ordered, "Bring it here."

A she-wolf came over. She carried a bucket of swill and poured it on the stairs in front of me. The stench instantly filled the air.

I watched this scene with cold eyes. Hatred filled my heart. With a vicious smile on her face, Cherry crossed her arms over her chest. Obviously, she was waiting to see a good show.

She only wanted to see me break down. But of course, I wouldn't let her have the last laugh.

"Is that all?" I glanced at her expressionlessly and immediately picked u

p the rag to clean the mess she just did.

Perhaps my indifferent reaction had irritated her. The corners of Cherry's mouth twitched. She was apparently disappointed.

"You are a natural bitch," she snorted contemptuously and walked away. The click-clack of her high heels sounded on the floor.

She was finally gone. It was only then that I let go of the tears I had been holding back. In times like this, I missed my mother even more.

I wasn't born a slave. My mother was the Beta of this pack. It was rare for a pack to have a female Beta even in history. She was capable and well-loved by the pack. She was known to be gentle but tough.

But I didn't have a father as far as I could remember. And to make up for my lack of fatherly love, my mother loved me with all of her heart. She spoiled me and treated me like a princess. When I was young, I tried to ask her about my father. However, she was extremely reticent when it came to him. As time went by, I didn't ask anymore. After all, having her was already enough for me.

But fate always loved to play jokes on people. My kind and powerful mother was framed for killing the Alpha and the Luna. She was executed.

I became an orphan. The pack labeled me as the traitor's daughter. They were angry at me, blaming me for their loss of their Alpha and Luna. As a result, they made me the lowest slave in the pack and gave me endless work to do every day. Apart from that, I would always suffer from humiliation and beatings from time to time.

At the thought of this, I wiped my tears and continued to work with my head down. I had to finish cleaning up this place before the guests arrived. Otherwise, I would suffer more than just beatings and starvation.

"Oh, my dear Sylvia, don't be sad. I will always be by your side." My wolf Yana comforted me in my head.

"Don't worry, Yana. I'm fine. I'm lucky that you're here. I am no longer alone."

"You will never be alone. Aside from me, you will also meet your mate in the future."

"But I'm already eighteen years old, and I still haven't met him yet," I said, sounding a little disappointed.

My mother was independent and strong. But I knew how hard it was for her to raise me alone. Sometimes I couldn't help thinking if she had had a mate to accompany her, she might have lived a much happier life. Thus, I always had a secret expectation for my future mate.

"My dear, this pack is too small. Your mate may be somewhere else," Yana comforted me softly. She then added, "Maybe we should run away."

"No, it's not a good time. I still haven't proven my mother's innocence yet."

My mother's grievances had been pressing on my heart like a boulder. So before I left this pack, I must prove her innocence first.