

## The Alpha Claimed Me Deeply Chapter 4

(Aurora's pov)

I closed my eyes under the sprinkle of the shower. The water was freezing since everyone had already used up all the hot water. But I didn't care, at least I could shower now finally. It was late, probably about midnight or perhaps later. I hadn't cared to check the time. I sighed, running my fingers through my pale pink hair. I wished it was a different color, one more common and not so rare. I blinked. I wished my eyes were common too and not so 'freaky'. I let out a breath and run my hand down my body.

I was small and barely had any hips. My breasts were small compared to that of a she wolf. My stomach was very flat but that probably had to do with the lack of food inside it. Whilst she wolves were blessed with luscious curves and bountiful breasts, I, whatever I was, was cursed with nothing but tiny breasts, a flat bum, and no hips. I might as well be mistaken as a stick

I lathered my body with soap and stared out the window. The moon taunted me and the sound of the patrolling wolves howling warned that if I were to ever try to escape this place, I'd die. I tear my eyes away from the moon and fix them on the wall that was illuminated by the glow of the moon.

I didn't put the light on. I enjoyed showering when it was dark and the only source of light was the glow of the white circle satellite that wolves howl to when it reaches its peak. Even though I was not one of those beasts, I still had a fascination with the moon. It always seemed so peaceful and out of reach.

I washed off the lather of soap and closed the faucet. One of the reasons why I liked showering in the night was the absence of the she wolves. They always taunted my body and my non existent curves. Knowing I could never be accepted by them was painful.

I reach out for my old towel that had seen better days. The shower was communal which meant that we were forced to shower in the presence of

another. I hated it and would always wait it out until it was too late into the night and the she wolves would be asleep or with their mates.

After getting dressed in my ragged clothes I headed downstairs as quietly as I can. I knew some wolves would probably be up and could sense my scent but I prayed they'd not come out of their rooms and report me to Alpha Raphael for not being in my small chamber at this time. I wouldn't be able to sleep if I did not eat anything, not that I could ever sleep anyway. But at least I wouldn't hear the unpleasant sound of my belly growling. I tried to ease my heartbeats as best as I could as I entered the empty kitchen.

The sight of the dirty plates overflowing in the sink made my stomach tense. I knew I was the one who would get that task to wash them before the next lunch and dinner. The bones in my fingers were already protesting at being used. I pad against the cold tiles wishing I had a pair of socks to warm my feet.

The huge shirt I had on wasn't helping my cold bones. It had many holes in it and I couldn't remember which male Lycan had tossed it away. Or in what year I took it out of the dumpster.

Trummage through the inde in search of the plate Cas usually leaves for me. She always hides it right at the back and places huge cartons of milk to block its sight from others Cassandra would always leave all of hier food for me knowing; Gomery and the Alpha never allow me to catat dinner, Being part of the pack even though in the lowest ranking, she was still allowed to cat with the pack, only at the last table and right at the very end. A relieved smile crafted on my face wlien my cyes fell on the small plate with many slices of the meatloaf I cooked earlier.

I wasn't disappointed that she didn't leave some soup for me because I knew that she didn't have the privilege to get it. The warmer and healthier incals were only for the higher rankings, Taking it out of the fridge I dug in, not caring that I was dirtying; my lingers. I moaned when the juices of the meat reaches my tastebuds. My stomach cramps as I quickly filled it, As I continued to dig into the meatloal my cyes snap to the window overlooking the back woods. The wolves never cared to tread

there. I had an inkling it was because it was rumored That Alpha Xavier territory was that way. They said If you're not too careful you could stumble upon his territory by accident and have your head blown off in seconds. I instinctively ran my fingers to my neck and winced. I love having my neck on my shoulders so I wouldn't dare try to escape that way. I heard the howl of wolves and tear my eyes away from the window. They always sounded superior and were considered beasts for a reason. I set the dirty plate in the sink, careful to not disturb the other plates and have them topple to the ground and shatter. But in doing so something sharp touches my finger and pierces it. My heart pounds as I wrench my finger back and looked at the cut. Blood had already emerged and threatened to spill on the floor, I pushed it under the sink and opened the faucet quickly. As Gomery mentioned before, Alpha Raphael wasn't fond of having blood on his floors. He would rather you bleed to death outside out in the yard. Something I couldn't afford.

I made sure to let the water wash any sight of my blood and prayed the smell of the copper wasn't noticeable. Closing the faucet I looked out the window one last time before holding my finger to my chest and headed for my room. My body shivered already knowing it would be too cold in there to find proper sleep.