

# Outcast: The Alpha Kings Beloved

## Chapter 1

### Chapter 1: A Princess In Trouble

Jennifer's POV:

"Jennifer, you bitch! Where is my pearl necklace?"

Barbara yelled from outside the door.

Startled by her voice, I stuffed the pearl necklace back into the wooden box in a hurry, and then stashed the box under the pillow to hide it.

I had barely straightened up from the bed when the wooden door of the room was kicked open.

Barbara rushed in with a group of werewolves, followed by Luna Debra, whose face was covered with a thick layer of foundation, but unfortunately, it could not hide the wrinkles at the corners of her eyes.

These two women always dressed up extravagantly, as if they wanted to flaunt all the jewelry they owned in a single outfit.

"Luna Debra, Miss Barbara, what can I do for you?" I asked politely, saluting them as usual with a friendly smile on my face.

"Jennifer, where's the pearl necklace I usually wear?" Barbara growled, grabbing my collar and glaring at me.

"You bitch! You always have sticky fingers. You're the one who cleans my room. Where did my favorite pearl necklace go? I can't find it. Did you steal it?"

"Miss Barbara, I didn't take anything from your room. You can't accuse me without evidence," I replied patiently in a tone that was neither humble nor pushy.

"You shameless bitch! How dare you talk to me like that? You want evidence? Let's find it right now!" Barbara spat, shoving me backward.

Then, she turned to the werewolves she had brought along and ordered them to search my room.

My small and shabby room was soon turned upside down.

The old quilt on the bed was thrown to the floor, and the small wooden table and stool were kicked over with loud thuds.

What was worse, I had to watch Barbara walk all over my quilt in her expensive high-heeled shoes.

She even picked up the half-empty kettle that had fallen on the floor and poured the water on the quilt.

It was as if she was taking this opportunity to vent all her anger.

I tried to keep my face expressionless as I stared at the ruffians turning my room into a mess, but resentment gripped my heart and seeped into my eyes.

“How dare you glare at me? You’ll suffer when I find the necklace!”

Barbara shouted, driving her heels harder into my quilt.

I clenched my fists to suppress my anger and ignored her.

After a few more seconds of watching the werewolves knock all my things to the floor, I couldn’t bear it anymore.

“Stop! I didn’t steal anything. Why are you doing this?” I shouted.

“Why? It’s simple. I am the Beta’s daughter, while you’re just a slave, a piece of garbage abandoned by others!” Barbara snickered at me.

“You’re not noble at all. You are nothing but an orphan adopted by the Luna,” I replied fiercely.

Before their deaths, Barbara’s parents had been close friends with Luna Debra.

That was the reason why Luna Debra had taken Barbara in. In terms of bloodline, I was much nobler than Barbara. I really didn’t know what I had done to offend her.

From the beginning, she had always disliked me, and stirred up trouble for me both in public and in private.

At this time, a she-wolf overturned my pillow, causing the small wooden box to fall to the floor.

“No!”

I anxiously hurried forward to grab the wooden box.

But just when I was about to touch it, Barbara stepped on the back of my hand.

Her heel dug into my skin, drawing blood.

I couldn't help but wince at the sharp pain.

"Bitch, what's the rush? Why do you care about this shabby box so much? You must be hiding something in it," Barbara sneered.

A she-wolf picked up the wooden box and handed it to her.

Barbara opened the wooden box, revealing the pearl necklace that was lying in it.

I wanted to get up, but Barbara drove her heel harder into the back of my hand, pinning me down.

I was afraid that if I got up abruptly, I'd end up tearing my skin.

The pain was too much to take.

But compared to the physical pain I felt, the pain in my heart was even more.

"Luna Debra, look!"

Barbara picked up the pearl necklace and triumphantly waved it in front of Luna Debra.

"I told you that bitch stole my necklace! She just refused to admit it. How can a slave like her own such an expensive necklace?" she spat, glancing at me in disdain.

Looking at the necklace, Luna Debra frowned and nodded in agreement.

"We put a roof over her head, but she stole from us! How dare she? She must be punished severely,"

Barbara continued, trying to provoke Luna Debra even more.

"That necklace is mine! Miss Barbara, look at it carefully. It's not yours at all," I argued, biting my lower lip.

"Even if this isn't my necklace, it can't be yours either. Since you lost my necklace, I'll take this as compensation.

"Clenching the necklace in her hand, Barbara kicked me in the chest and then threw the wooden box to the floor.

"Luna Debra, you have to do something! Barbara is being unreasonable,"

I pleaded, turning to Luna Debra, who was my last ray of hope.

But Luna Debra just stared at me with contempt.

“Since you lost Barbara’s necklace, shouldn’t you compensate her for it? You should just feel grateful that Barbara isn’t holding you accountable for it,” she said mockingly.

I gritted my teeth in anger.

I knew there was nothing I could do against these two vicious women, so I had no choice but to swallow the insult and humiliation.

At the thought that the necklace left behind by my deceased mother was being snatched away from me by Barbara, I almost lost control. I really wished I could tear the two women’s faces apart and let them have a taste of their own medicine.

“Luna Debra, let’s go. This bitch’s room is so dirty. It’s not worthy of your presence.”

Barbara held Luna Debra’s arm and left arrogantly, with the werewolves following them.

“Bitch, you won’t get any food for the whole day tomorrow. That’s what you get for pissing me off,” she added before leaving.

Tomorrow would be my eighteenth birthday, but it turned out that I was going to starve the whole day.

Hatred bubbled up in my heart as I stared at their receding backs.

One day, I’ll make you pay for all the things that you’ve done to me! I swore to myself.

For a while, I sat on the floor with my knees pulled up to my chest, rocking back and forth in the dark and shabby room.

The cold wind gushed in from time to time through the broken window, making me shiver from head to toe.

It was not winter yet, but the weather was already freezing.

Tightening my old apron around my body, I finally stood up, walked to the door, and closed it.

The chipped wooden door creaked as it closed shut.

Then, I turned around, picked up the wooden box lying on the floor, and wiped off the dust on it with my apron.

Tears finally trickled down my cheeks.

That pearl necklace had been left to me by my mother, who had died years ago.

Whenever I missed her, I would take out the necklace and reminisce about the times I spent with her.

In fact, I was not born to be a slave.

My father, Lewis Smith, and my mother, Doris Smith, had been the Alpha and the Luna of the Rainbow Pack.

I also had an elder brother, Jerome Smith.

With the protection of my family, I had a great childhood.

But when I was seven years old, my mother died of an acute disease.

It was said that bad things came in threes.

Not long after, Beta Arthur and a few other traitors rebelled against my father and killed him.

My elder brother took me away from the pack to keep me safe, but the two of us were separated during our escape.

After wandering around on my own for a while, I found myself joining the Dark River Pack.

Of course, I didn't dare to reveal my true identity to them.

From then on, I washed clothes and cooked every day, becoming a slave of this pack. Later, I heard that Beta Arthur had become the Alpha of the Rainbow Pack.

How could a traitor become the Alpha? It was laughable! I carried all the wrongs and misfortune that I had suffered in my heart, including Beta Arthur's betrayal, my father's wrongful death, my brother's disappearance, and the way I was insulted and abused every day in the Dark River Pack.

I wanted to do my best to become stronger so that I could get my revenge.