

Outcast: The Alpha Kings Beloved

Chapter 5

Chapter 5: Outburst Of Power

Jennifer's POV:

As soon as the werewolf at the front finished his words, all the other werewolves pounced on me.

There are so many of them, all of whom were powerful and eager to get their hands on me.

How could I defeat them? Biting my lower lip in despair, I made up my mind.

Even if I was going to die, I would die defending my dignity.

I swiftly moved backward, dodging the first werewolf who came at me.

At the same time, I kicked him right in the crotch.

"Ouch!" he screamed and covered his crotch with his hands.

"This bitch knows how to fight. Be careful!"

Over the years, I had worked hard in the Dark River Pack doing physical labor, which had improved my strength.

I had also trained secretly in case of need in the future.

I knew that I was agile and good at fighting, but no matter what, I was outnumbered.

Soon, they managed to overpower me.

"Bitch, how dare you kick me? Guys, don't let her go! Fuck some sense into her! Teach her a good lesson and make her behave herself," the werewolf who was kicked by me in the crotch shouted angrily.

The rest of the werewolves managed to pin me on the floor, and their evil hands reached out to touch me.

"No, no..." I shook my head and tried my best to resist.

There was a loud ripping sound as my apron was torn into pieces, revealing a large part of my snow-white skin.

“What an excellent beauty!”

One of the werewolves laughed maniacally.

They were all salivating, and some of them even began to unbutton their pants, eager to have sex.

I was on the verge of breaking down.

Why did I have to suffer like this? But even though I was stuck in a bleak situation, I tried my best to fight back.

When one of the werewolves placed his hand on my chest, I bit his arm as hard as I could, wishing I could bite off his flesh and draw blood.

“Bitch!”

Another werewolf slapped me across the face. I felt dizzy.

I could vaguely sense blood trickling down from the corner of my mouth.

“Bitch, why are you still pretending to be virtuous? You look so attractive. You must have slept with many werewolves, right? Miss Barbara said you were a whore! Instead of resisting like this, you should be grateful that we want to touch a dirty woman like you.”

The more I listened to their insults, the stronger my hatred became.

Barbara always made things difficult for me. She tried her best to ruin my reputation and even sent these werewolves to rape me. Was it just because I was a slave? I couldn't let these evil people win.

I struggled desperately against the werewolves.

My clothes were torn, and my whole body was scratched, but I didn't give up.

Finally, I found a chance to break free and quickly ran to the door.

“Open the door! Help!” I screamed, rattling the door hard.

But no matter how much I shook it, I couldn't push it open.

It was said that one could show extraordinary power in a critical moment.

I gathered all my strength and, with a loud roar, kicked the door.

The door creaked and fell to the ground.

Without hesitation, I ran out of the utility room and stumbled all the way, not caring about my disheveled appearance.

Those werewolves had hit me and kicked me mercilessly just now, leaving bruises all over my body.

Enduring the pain, I staggered forward. I knew I couldn't stop. I had to escape while I still had the chance.

Otherwise, I would be doomed.

However, I was badly injured.

No matter how hard I tried to run, I couldn't get rid of the werewolves chasing me.

The most pathetic part was that I didn't meet anyone who could help me along the way.

I was all alone and helpless.

At that moment, I remembered the time when I was hunted down by the traitors in my childhood.

At that time, I was helpless and indignant, just like now.

I didn't know how far I ran.

When I was in the middle of an empty yard, one of the werewolves caught up with me and shoved me onto the ground before grabbing my hair and slapping me several times across the face.

"Bitch, you think you can run? Let's see how you can run now!" While he shouted, the other werewolves also arrived.

Gathered around me, they all discussed what they were going to do to me to vent their anger.

"Let's beat her up first and break her legs so that she can't run away again. We can take our sweet time fucking her then!"

Soon, their fists were all over me like heavy rain. It was the most miserable moment of my life.

I was lying on the ground, beaten black and blue, like a lamb waiting for the slaughter.

My shoulders and ankles were pinned tightly to the ground.

I felt like all the bones in my body were about to break.

Even breathing was unbearably painful.

But even so, I didn't shed a single tear. I gritted my teeth and cursed in a low voice, "Assholes! I vow to avenge myself!"

"What a stubborn bitch. Keep beating her!"

The werewolves didn't take my threat seriously at all, and continued to vent their anger on me. I closed my eyes in despair.

Would I be beaten to death by these thugs? If I died, who would avenge me and my family? At the thought of my family, my father's loving smile flashed through my mind.

Not only was he a good father, but he was a good leader who had devoted himself wholeheartedly to his pack.

How could they betray him like that? A qualified Alpha shouldn't be killed by a traitor.

The most irritating thing was that that traitor was now sitting in my father's position with infinite glory.

The thought of this made me so angry that I trembled all over.

I had to live! I still had a mission to fulfill! At that moment, an unprecedented power burst out from my body.

In one fell swoop, I was able to shake off all the werewolves who were pinning me to the ground.

Rising to my feet, I swung my fists and punched one of them.

At the same time, I kicked another werewolf in the chest."

I used my fists and my feet at the same time to take down all the werewolves as fast as I could.

Every inch of my body was in sharp pain, but I was able to fight against them.

I stood in front of them with a sense of pride.

I clenched my fists and narrowed my eyes at them.

Just the sight of them made me sick.

"Do you still want to fight?" I sneered.

Although I looked like a mess now, I could see the fear in their eyes.

"Monster! She is a monster!" one of them screamed.

The power that had burst out of me just now far exceeded that of an ordinary werewolf.

Maybe it was because I had Alpha blood running through my veins.

"Guys, don't let this bitch scare you! She's just acting tough. She is just a weak slave, and she's all alone now. How could we fail to defeat her?"

One of the werewolves still didn't want to admit defeat, and even tried his best to encourage the others to continue fighting with me.

I strode forward, picked him up by his collar, and threw him away.

He soared more than ten meters away before landing on the ground, rolling until he reached a man's feet.

When I raised my gaze, my eyes were met with Alpha Norman's shocked eyes, which were filled with shock.

Next to Alpha Norman stood Luna Debra and Prince Anthony.

Alpha Norman was pale, as if he had seen a ghost.

Prince Anthony, on the other hand, stared at me expressionlessly with just a trace of curiosity in his eyes.

Knowing that this was my best chance, I quickly walked up to Prince Anthony, looked into his deep eyes, and asked word by word, "Mr. Jones, do I have a chance to participate in the trials with my strength?"

Although I was nervous, I tried my best to keep my voice steady.

"Mr. Jones, she is just a lowly slave. Don't let her stain your eyes!"

Alpha Norman shouted, gesturing for the werewolves to take me away.

I was lifted up by several pairs of arms, but I didn't resist.

Keeping my eyes fixed on Prince Anthony, I asked earnestly again, "Mr. Jones, can I take part in the trials?"

“Let her go.”

Prince Anthony finally opened his mouth and uttered those words with a frown.

After saying that, he took a step forward.

Intimidated by his aura, the group of Omegas retreated like deflated balls.

My injuries were catching up to me, making my head feel woozy, but I tried my best to hold on to my last trace of consciousness and looked at Prince Anthony.

“Mr.Jones...”I didn’t want to give up.

This was my last chance.

I had to participate in the trials somehow! “Okay,”

Prince Anthony said indifferently.

“What’s your name?”

“My name is Jennifer.Thank...”

Before I could finish my words, my mouth went numb, and my eyelids became too heavy.

I was too exhausted to even keep myself conscious.

As I lost consciousness, I vaguely felt a pair of hands catch me.

I fell into a warm embrace.