

# Outcast: The Alpha Kings Beloved

## Chapter 9

### Chapter 9: Locked In

Barbara's POV:

That bitch, Jennifer, really pissed me off.

So what if I apologized to her? A slave was a slave.

What about the qualifications to participate in the special training? How could she be better than me, a pure-bred noble? The royal training ground was built on Marge Island, which was located on the border of Osman Kingdom.

Steep mountains loomed in the northern part of the island, and there was a large area of jungles and cliffs.

It was the best choice for exploring and rock climbing.

When I heard that there were going to be training programs for jungle exploration and rock climbing, a plan formed in my mind.

Once we get to the royal training ground, there would be plenty of opportunities to teach her a lesson.

But when I stepped foot on Marge Island, I was shocked.

The royal family of Osman Kingdom had built a large training ground, and as if to show off how rich they were, they had also constructed a magnificent castle on Marge Island.

The sight took my breath away.

"Amazing! I didn't expect such a beautiful castle here on Marge Island."

"Oh my God! Is this where we're going to train? It feels like a dream."

Several inexperienced she-wolves laughed and chattered among themselves.

They were werewolves from other packs.

Rumors claimed that Prince Anthony had selected elite werewolves from each pack.

"The royal family invested a lot of money to build this castle specifically for training elite werewolves. You are the first batch of trainees to participate. In the future, there will be a second batch, a third, and more," announced Neil, one of Prince Anthony's attendants.

He was responsible for managing the trainees.

As for the prince, I haven't seen him since we got on the plane.

I heard that he had gone ahead of us on a private plane to Marge Island.

"This place used to be a forest, didn't it?"

"Why did the royal family build a special training ground on Marge Island?"

A group of werewolves surrounded Neil and bombarded him with questions.

Their eyes sparkled with curiosity about the things that they didn't know.

Neil patiently answered their questions.

Meanwhile, I paid attention to that bitch, Jennifer.

She was walking at the back of the line, wearing tattered clothing and carrying a shabby-looking suitcase.

Even though she looked poor, many werewolves were attracted to her.

She had been on their minds throughout the journey here.

Some of them had accosted her on the plane.

Now, they were trying to flatter her once more.

"Jennifer, let me help you with your luggage. It looks quite heavy."

"No, thanks."

What could a slave possibly have in her luggage? It mostly likely contained a few worn-out clothes.

How heavy could that be? The werewolves were obviously just trying to get her attention.

"We are still some distance away from the castle. I heard you got injured. Let me carry you on my back. I'm strong, so carrying you would be an easy task," one of the werewolves offered as he walked alongside her.

“Thank you, but I can walk on my own.”

Seeing that bitch, Jennifer, turn down potential suitors one after the other made my blood boil.

Those werewolves were also participating in the special training, and they were all of noble birth.

Some of them were even next in line to become their pack’s Alpha.

How could such high-class werewolves lower themselves to flirt with a slave? It was disgraceful to see.

But what pissed me off the most was that all of them had gotten turned down.

That bitch was just a slave. How dare she refuse a future Alpha? It was ridiculous.

Those idiots had no taste.

If they wanted to court a she-wolf, they should at least set their sights higher.

They should be sucking up to a sexy and beautiful noble werewolf like me instead.

What was so good about Jennifer? Because of her, those werewolves don’t even seem to be aware of my presence.

I gritted my teeth in anger and wished that I could just kill Jennifer.

Jennifer’s POV:

After several hours, we finally arrived at Marge Island.

I heard that the island was overrun with jungles, but the reality was completely different from what I had imagined.

A magnificent castle and a vast training ground contributed to the beautiful scenery on Marge Island.

Compared to the shabby room I used to stay in when I lived with the Dark River Pack, this place looked like heaven.

Neil took care of us all the way.

Now, he was assigning us to our dorm rooms. Neil gave each of us a key with a number so that we could find our own rooms. The dorm rooms were inside the castle, and the special training ground was downstairs.

Most of the trainees who came to participate in the special training were of noble blood, but they were also excited to see such a luxurious castle.

Once everyone had a key, they went on to find their rooms. After checking what number was on my key, I quickly located my room.

"Hi, lovely! My name is Skylar. Are you staying in this room?" a sweet and petite girl warmly greeted, suddenly appearing by the door of my new living quarters.

"Yes." I smiled back at her in a friendly manner.

The stranger was a beauty with blonde hair and blue eyes. She didn't seem to have any malice towards me.

"What a coincidence! I live just next door, in the room to the left." She gestured towards the room next door.

"Feel free to come over when you have time."

"Sure thing. My name is Jennifer. It's nice to meet you." I nodded politely at her.

Skylar was so enthusiastic.

She talked with me nonstop, and soon, the whole corridor was filled with her bright laughter.

Frankly speaking, I envied her smile because it was what I had lost.

"Get out of my way! Can't you see that people are walking here?"

Skylar and I were in the middle of a conversation.

Out of nowhere, a she-wolf bumped into Skylar, causing her to nearly hit the wall.

Fortunately, I managed to grab her in time.

"You two bitches are in my way,"

Barbara snarled as she arrogantly walked to the dorm room on my right.

Her face was twisted in disdain.

Behind her was another well-dressed she-wolf.

They talked and laughed, clearly on good terms with each other.

What a small world! Barbara was going to be just next door.

With Skylar on the left and Barbara on the right, my days here were bound to be exciting.

Upon seeing the shift in my facial expression, Skylar smiled at me and led me inside my room.

“May I look around your room? We can take our time and talk here. Let’s not let other people ruin our good mood.”

“Okay.” Skylar’s bright smile swept my depression away.

Every dorm room was large and well-equipped with all kinds of furniture.

It certainly was a step up from what I had with the Dark River Pack.

Skylar looked around the room in high spirits.

“Jennifer, have you ever seen such an exquisite dresser? I’ve always dreamed of having one, and today, that wish has come true.”

Her eyes lit up with excitement.

I could see that Skylar was different from those snobby high-born she-wolves.

She must have done her best for the opportunity to come here—just like I had.

At that moment, the sound of a whistle came from the training ground downstairs.

“Emergency assembly! All trainees must come here quickly!”

“Skylar, we’re being called.”

“I see. This washing machine is so high-end.”

Skylar’s voice floated from the bathroom.

She was still admiring how wonderful the dorm room was.

I was done packing up and ready to leave.

However, Barbara appeared at the door with an evil smile.

Her friend, who stood close to her, also smiled weirdly.

Bang! She slammed the door shut.

It was followed by the sound of a lock engaging.

Realizing that something was wrong, I rushed to the door and pulled the door knob, but it was too late.

“What are you doing? Barbara!” I was furious.

Damn it! I forgot to take the key with me when I entered the room.

It had been jammed in the lock.

Barbara used the key to lock us in.

She and her friend laughed as they walked away, leaving me and Skylar in the room.

“The door can’t be opened from the inside. We are going to be late! What should we do?”

Skylar was starting to fret.

“Don’t panic. We’ll find a way to get out of here. Let me think for a bit.”

Skylar’s eyes started to turn red in her anxiety.

If we were late for the assembly on the first day of training, we were most likely going to be sent off the island.

What an awful situation we were in!