

The Unwanted Sister's Alpha King

Author: Broken willowtree

Chapter 1

Olivia's POV

In the best Royal Hospital's delivery room, my sister, our Luna Queen, was giving birth to her baby. She had a perfect family and a perfect marriage. My mother clung to my father, and my sister's Beloved husband, Alexander, our Alpha, stood anxiously by the door, his fist clenched, praying for good news.

And also me, Olivia Miller, a family member who seemed like an outsider. I stood a little away from them and leaned on the wall. During the long wait, my thoughts some past bad memories.

A red cigarette butt pressed hard against the top of my hand. I screamed out in agony, covering my arm as I stumbled and fell.

"Olivia, do you like the new scar?" My sister asked, looking at me with a smile.

I don't say a word, looking down in silence. She snorted softly and left with her friend laughing.

My sister had always been the most favoured one in the family. She earned all of the attention of my parents and even the whole pack while I was the invisible daughter of the family. My mom never asked my sister about her faults when my sister and I fought. She always believed that I had initiated the dispute. She was even more oblivious to my sister tormenting me as if she didn't need me as her daughter. My sister only moderated her behaviour a little in front of Dad, but most of the time, Dad didn't care what was going on in the house. He had too many more important things to deal with.

A scream snapped me out of my memories. A nurse ran out of the operating room in a panic.

"Luna is bleeding a lot. We can't control the situation" Her sleeve was covered in stinging blood.

"Why is this happening? Please do something." Alexander stared intently at the nurse, demanding that she take immediate action.

"We will." Dad and Mom tensed their hands on each other. My heart tightened as well. At least, she was my only sister.

I could hear the doctors' shouting orders and nurses rushing to and fro, but it all seemed like background noise as I focused on my sister's cries. The sound was gut-wrenching, a raw display of agony that suddenly tore through me.

Actually, my sister was not so bad when she was a baby girl. We used to share toys and cookies. But when she grew older, her attitude changed quickly. She started to take me as her enemy rather than her sister. I tried to talk to her, but she never wanted me anymore.

Hearing her gradually weakening cry, I clenched my fist, feeling helpless in the face of her suffering. I wished that I could take her pain away. I couldn't tell myself that I didn't care about her anymore. I wanted to run to her, to hold her hand and tell her everything would be okay. But I knew there was nothing I could do except wait and hope for the best. Despite all the pain and suffering she has caused me over the years, I still wanted to take away all her pain,

After what felt like an eternity, the screams stopped snapping me out of my thoughts. The silence that followed was deafening. My eyes burned with tears as we awaited news from the doctors.

I kept my eyes on Alexander, and with each passing second, I could see him breaking more. The doctor emerged from the room, his face grim and serious. "It was a boy," his voice was cold and broken. His words burned into me as he confirmed our fears with just that one word. "was". He continued talking, but his words didn't stick with me. Everything became a blur, with only some words sinking in and cutting deeper into my heart. With the word dying, all the years of pain she had caused me melted away as I realised I was losing my sister. The pain in my chest became unbearable, but as I looked over at my mother and father, I knew that I had to be strong for them. Alexander rushed into the room, not waiting for the doctor to follow in behind him.

My sister's breathing was shallow and laboured as she lay there, her eyes open to meet Alexander's gaze, her voice barely above a whisper. "Alexander, my love, my king, I can't believe I'm leaving you so soon", she said, her voice hoarse with pain. "You promised me on our wedding day that you would love me forever. Please remember that promise."

Alexander held her hand tightly, his expression pained. He leant down, gently kissing her head. "I promise, my love, I will love you forever", he choked out through sobs.

My sister gave a weak smile, her eyes closing slowly as she took one before slipping away from us. The room fell silent, the only sound being the quiet sobs of those who loved her.

My mother lifted her head from my father's chest, her eyes burning into me. "it should have been you," she spat at me, her words burning deep as they hit me.

I stood there frozen, not knowing what to do. My mother has always made it very clear that she doesn't like me, but for her to say something so cruel at a time like this was a new low for her. Before I was able to do anything, Alexander spoke, his voice stern but filled with pain and grief. "This has nothing to do with her. Please be quiet and have some respect for your passed daughter".

I couldn't stand to be in the room any longer. "I'm sorry", my voice barely above a whisper as I turned and left the room. My heart pounding in my chest, and my body was shaking uncontrollably. Once I was outside the room, I gripped my chest, holding onto the wall as I slid to the ground, unable to breathe.

The weight of grief crushes me slowly. Sitting on the cold hospital floor so alone in my life.

I sat there, hugging my knees to my chest, trying to make sense of everything that had just happened. Today was meant to be a day of celebration of the birth of my nephew, but instead, it had turned into a day of heartbreak and loss. My sister was gone along with her son, who never even got to take a breath of the life both of them leave behind a shattered family.

The next few days were all a blur. I did my best to stay out of everyone's way. The funeral came around, and I did my best to try and be strong for my family, but as the day went on, I found myself losing control of my emotions. Standing by my mother's side, tears started to fall uncontrollably from my eyes as I looked over at my father, who was hunched over with grief. Even though he had spent most of my life ignoring me, seeing him that way made me completely lose control. Without a word, I snuck out, heading to the bathroom. My vision was blurry because the contacts my father had always made me wear to cover the true grey colour of my eyes, making them brown instead, had moved.

I entered the bathroom. My vision was still blurry. I quickly made my way to the sink to remove my contact lenses when, suddenly, I heard a voice behind me.

"Why are you here? You should be with your parents." Alexander frowned.

Startled, I turned around to see Alexander standing there, his eyes blazing with disagreement and question.

"I...I'm sorry, I just needed to..." My eyes were grey, unlike my family's brown eyes. My father insisted I should always wear contacts to conceal my eye colour.

But before I could say anything else, he cut me off.

He stepped closer to me and stared into my eyes. Did he notice my eyes' unusual colour? How should I explain this? I couldn't reveal my secret.

Alexander had heard of some female wolves using tricks to make themselves look more beautiful. He believed the girl in front of him did something to her own eyes.

"Do you think it's appropriate to pay attention to your appearance at your sister's funeral? Or are you planning on trying to seduce me?"

I froze in fear, unable to answer his questions as he made his way towards me.

"I always thought your mother hated you because of her prejudice, but now it seems that she was right", his words burned into me.

"No, no! That's not why I'm here! I swear!" I pleaded, tears streaming down my face.

He ignored my pleading, grabbing me roughly by the arm and dragging me out of the bathroom.

"Look at what this girl is capable of! Trying to seduce me at her own sister's funeral. She has no respect for anyone or anything!" His words echoed through the halls as he shouted for everyone to hear.

My mother's face was filled with anger, and my father put his head down, not wanting to be a part of the embarrassment. Everyone turned their attention to me, yelling harsh words at me. The weight of their judgement felt suffocating as I wanted to defend myself, but as I tried to speak, nothing would come out. Pulling my arm out of his grip, I ran as fast as I could away from there.

I found myself running towards the door, tears blurring my vision and shame eating away at my heart. I couldn't believe how quickly everything had spiralled out of control. All I wanted to do was remove my contact lenses, but now I was being accused of something so terrible.

As I ran, I could hear the whispers and harsh words of my family echoing in my ears. Even the voice of my dead sister telling me that I should have died instead of her. The pain cut deep into my soul.

I finally made it outside, gasping for breath as I collapsed onto the grass, my tears falling on the grass beneath me. What had I done to deserve something like this? Why did my own family hate me so much? My heart was breaking into a million pieces as I lay there, trying to calm my racing heart and quiet the storm of emotions raging inside me.

Comments (6)