

Chapter 1

MIA

As it comes hurtling towards my face, and I can't duck as I am being held on either side by Chloe's friends, Darren and Lee.

Her fist connected with my face. "That's what you get, your stupid b***h," she shouted as she threw another punch again.

I was weak before as I had a battering from my father; he was drunk again. I have bruises all over my body.

This was a different fight from her other ones against me. Her boyfriend, Aidan, wasn't there.

"Are you listening to me?" she screamed in my face. I have a pounding headache.

I groaned as another punch came at me; this time, it hit me in the stomach.

We were supposed to be in English, but Darren grabbed me from behind as he dragged me into the boy's locker room, where they decided to unleash the assault on me. I fell to the floor in a heap. Sara is on the lookout, as it is before the last period.

As I lay on the floor, a boot came hurtling at me. Many of them do; they hit my body all over. I can't even cover myself up, but the pain numbs me.

All three of them are kicking and stomping on me.

"Listen here b***h; you should never have been born, stupid human brat. You caused your mother to leave our Beta. Now we have a fair game with you. He told us last night. Now, you should go home and stay there and die," Chloe says as she whispers in my ear.

I lay there as all four of them leave, laughing. Not one of them glanced back.

I cannot help but cry. "Don't cry, Mia. I'm sorry," says Lyla; she's my wolf.

"It's ok, Lyla. You couldn't have helped me. I think they broke my ribs. We are trying to keep you safe from everyone," I said as I tried to lean half of my body against a locker.

"We shouldn't have to," she says with a growl. "I am supposed to protect you, Mia, not the other way around."

"Lyla, we can't, and you know why," I said. It takes me a few moments as I stagger to my feet. I lean on the locker for support. This is going to kill, walking home.

The bell rang, and I heard people leaving the school. All the other kids were talking and laughing as they left.

I knew I couldn't leave, but I couldn't help but look around the boy's locker room they had left me in. It is for our swim team, but they don't use it on certain days.

I staggered to the basin and looked at my face in the mirror. I have a black eye and a swollen cheek.

I couldn't help the sigh that left my lips. I wiped the blood from my mouth and headed to the door to make sure it was clear to go. I looked both ways to make sure no one was outside. I limped to the back door as I didn't live near anywhere in the packhouse, but I could see Chloe and her friends outside. They are talking by Aidan's car, with Chloe leaning on the door. But no sign of Aidan; he's Alpha Robert's son, the next in line for the Alpha position.

They couldn't see me, so I hid behind the door. But I suddenly could hear my name, and I used my werewolf hearing. But it was the same old thing that Chloe would run off.

I'm a white wolf. No one has seen a white wolf in years. I'm protecting my wolf as there have been some stories that our history teacher, Mr. George, told us, which were not pretty. Everyone in my pack thinks I'm human, but Lyla and I use some of our power to mask our scent. Lyla and I decided to hide her identity even if it meant I got hurt.

"That b***h needed to be taught a lesson," said Chloe as I listened in again.

"Beta David said he would handle her, but she managed to come to school again. What the hell?" Says Sara. "She is human."

Chloe growls, "that b***h is going..." but before she can finish that sentence, Aidan comes up behind her, turns her around, places his lips over hers, and kisses her.

My insides hurt as I watched them. Aidan used to be my boyfriend until Chloe showed up. They used to be my friends, but they all turned against me. I hate them all. I hate the way of them; they have made my life hell. All hell goes to my father and Chloe. Alpha Robert has been absent-minded for years and never bothers with anything like this.

After the lengthy snogging session, Chloe smiled at Aidan, who smirked. "What were you talking about?" He asks, "About me."

Chloe giggled. "No, babe, but I always think about you, especially when you bend me over and take me hard," she said. "But that's not the case; we were talking about that stupid b***h Mia; I had her good this time," she said, smiling, but she was cut off by a loud Alpha growl coming from Aidan. "WHAT THE HELL, CHLOE?" He snarls and pushes her out of the way.

He heads to the driver's side of the car.

I couldn't help but look on. I can't leave now, or they will follow me. But it was weird to hear Aidan stick up for me.

"Babe, what's wrong?" asked Chloe.

Before Aidan gets into the car, he glares at Chloe. "You make it harder for me; I have to explain to her father about it," he says. "Beta David has enough going on than to deal with this."

The mere mention of my father has me scared.

Aidan looked at Chloe, and she stared back at him. "He said he would handle her, and he would," he said.

Yeah, he handled me all right. Chloe told my father that I was being a b***h to her. But it was the other way around. When I got home, my father was waiting for me with a silver blade, and he had been drinking whiskey again. He held me down for hours, slicing pieces of me with that blade. As usual, I place a block up on Lyla when people mention my father and when he's around. I know she can feel everything he does to me, but she knows I won't let her witness any of it.

"Well, he didn't do a good job, did he," she says with a dramatic stomp of her foot. "I had to teach her a lesson."

Aidan opens his door and looks at each of the people standing there. The other three haven't said a word as they are more Aidan's friends than Chloe's.

"Get in the car now, and I will deal with you later," he says, and gets in.

Chloe and the others get into the car, and he speeds away, leaving tire markings on the ground as the wheel spins out of the school parking lot and heads to the pack house.

I sighed and walked out of the school door. I glanced around and realized everyone had gone home. It seems I am the only one left. I looked towards the forest clearing and headed in that direction. My injuries are hurting me, but Lyla is helping me heal, even if it is a slow process.

"We need to leave Mia," blurts Lyla, pulling me from my thoughts. "And I think we should do it soon."

I didn't say anything, but I heard someone walking behind me. I looked over my shoulder and noticed a woman walking behind me. I smiled but turned around and kept walking.

All pack members live either in the pack house or around the area. I live in a cabin away from everyone. When my parents were together, we lived in the pack house years back when I was younger. I used to play with Aidan as a child, but my father told Alpha Robert that he wanted to keep his family away from other pack members as he thought someone was looking at his mate, my mother.

The Alpha never questioned it, which many Alphas should; as soon as we moved into the cabin, things became weird. My mother was only there for a few weeks. I was told to stay at the pack house most evenings.

Two weeks later, my mother was gone without a trace. My father became depressed and violent, lashing out at anyone who mentioned her. That was the same time that he started hitting me. I would have a punch or a kick to the stomach, nowhere near my face. He still does it now. I have bruises on top of my bruises, and he always made sure to wait. He would stay in the pack house and ensure I stayed in the cabin away from everyone.

I soon learned he blamed me for my mother's disappearance, which I never did. I had no clue where my mother went, but I assumed she had died.

I looked behind me, and the woman had gone. I shrugged and headed towards the clearing of the cabin.

I'm closer to the cabin, but I can smell his scent; my father's home.

This is all I need.

I walked to the entrance and appeared through the front door window. I closed my eyes and opened the door, but he sat up to look straight at me. He was lying on the couch when I looked in. He looked like he had passed out. Oh, how wrong was I?

Before he said anything, I placed a block on Lyla.

"Where have you been b***h?" he snarls.

"School, dad, I'm going to make some food if you want to stay," I said, but he moved so fast and came over to me and grabbed my face with his fingers, squeezing my cheeks hard. "What happened here?" He says with disgust in his voice, his gaze boring into my face. The bruises on my face are hurting from the squeezing he is doing.

"Nothing; I walked into an open locker," I said, lying.

My father stared for a moment but smirked when something registered. "Chloe likes doing this; she is good," he said, looking impressed with her handy work. "I might even get her to do it again."

My father sent another teenager onto his daughter as the realization set in of what he had just said. I looked at him, and I was trying so hard not to cry. Why would he do this?

"Don't ever lie to me again, you b***h" he shouted. He looks at me, and let's go. I go to move, but he swings his hand, which hits me square in the face, the back of his hand.

He grabs me by my hair and pulls me down, making me fall to the ground. "I'm going to show you never to lie to me; you are just like your mother," he roars.

He backhands me again and again. My face is on fire.

I tried not to scream, but a kick came straight into my face, making me gasp. I fell backwards and I landed hard on the floor.

I can't turn over; he stomps down on my stomach. "You stupid b***h," he repeatedly says with each kick or stomp.

After a few more seconds, he stops as a vibrating noise sweeps over the cabin. He stops and takes his phone out, and sighs. "Aidan's birthday party is tonight; I have to attend," he says; he looks down at me. I'm now in the fetal position. My stomach is in so much pain.

He sighed. "I have to go, but rest, I need to release some of this anger," he says with a smirk as I look up at him; I can't move. I'm in too much pain.

He walked over to his work bag, and I knew instantly what was in that bag.

My father likes to bring weapons they use on the rogues to torture them for information. Sometimes he brings them home with him and tries them out on me. This explains all the scars I have all over my body that won't disappear.

I never wear anything nice due to the scars. Lyla tries to heal them, but they don't go away.

"I want to try this rest" he says, pulling out a silver blade, but it has two pointy sides. I couldn't tell what the other side was, but I screamed.

I know no one can hear me, as my father assured me. He made the cabin soundproofed.

I scream as he comes closer; I feel a sharp stab in my thigh. I cried out loud.

I have tears running down my face. The block I had on Lyla was now down, and she was feeling everything.

But before I could say anything, he stuck a needle into my thigh, where the slice of the silver blade had hit beforehand.

"AHHHHHHH," I screamed, but Lyla was whimpering harder in my head. "Mia, it's wolf's bane."

I cry in pain from another stab to the same cut in my thigh. "I'm going to be up the pack house for the next few days," he says. "I will give you time to heal, and when I come back, I will bring another present for you," he says as he pulls me up to be near his face.

Without inching, he punches me in the face, knocking me clean out.

I was sent into darkness as my head hit the floor.