

## Chapter 14 - Isla POV

\*A series of flashbacks\*

11 years ago - Isla Age 8

Kicking off my shoes, I crawl to the middle of my bed, pulling the fluffy purple comforter around me as the tears trickle down my cheek. I can't believe my mom is really gone. Every pack member was in tears at her service today, even Alpha Damon's eyes were glassy. Alpha Damon promised the pack to up patrol numbers after the rogue attack. It wouldn't bring my mom back, but it was a nice gesture.

I wonder if I wouldn't have been at the park that day if she'd been killed. I begged dad to let me go with my friends, he was too busy with his Beta duties to put up a fight so he just gave in and let me. There were a dozen rogues that made their way into the pack that day and three of them were coming for the pups at the park. If mom hadn't spotted me crouched down by the slide, maybe she would have seen the other wolf stocking out of the tree line. She saved me though it cost her life. Dad was a complete wreck after that. They say when the mate bond snaps like that, the pain can be lethal. Alpha Damon offered him help, but he put on a front and said it was fine. I knew then I needed to be strong like he was.

10 years ago - Isla Age 9

"NOOOOOO, DADDY PLEASE STOPPP" I wailed from the corner of my room. He was throwing everything in the room. Tears soaked my face. I don't understand what I did, why he's so angry. My heart lurches into my throat as a wooden chair smashes to pieces against the wall beside my head.

8 years ago - Isla Age 11



With a hand over my mouth, I lay as still as possible under my bed. I heard his boots coming down the hall, I knew it was only a matter of time before he finds me. My bedroom door swings open and closes with a deafening slam. My body tenses as fear courses through my veins making me shiver.

I follow his boots with my eyes as he carefully stocks my room. He steps into the closet, throwing back hangers and dresses leaving no corner hidden. Slowly he opens the door to the bathroom and disappears inside. I hear the shower curtain shredding from the metal hooks as a low growl escapes him.

Closing my eyes for a moment as I try to still my racing heart.

“AHHHHHHH” I scream as his large hand circles my ankle pulling me from beneath the bed.

“How DARE you hide from me!” he spits.

My lip quivers and my mouth opens but nothing comes out.

“Too weak to even speak?! What a disgrace you are. My mate is dead because you were too weak!” he says as his eyes are consumed by his wolf.

“I..I. I’m sorry daddy” I manage to whisper.

Grabbing my wrist and yanking me to my feet, he pulls me behind him. Leaving my room, he leads us to the living room of the Beta Suite. He unlocks the door to the dungeon and drags me behind him. As we descend the stairs my mind is racing, I don't know what he's going to do.

These bursts of rage of been becoming more frequent each year after mom passed away.



It started with just him throwing things and yelling. Last year he hit me for the first time. It was probably my fault though, he was yelling and I could tell his wolf was in control. I tried to make a run for it and he slapped me across the face. The more I cried the angrier he got, from then on I did my best to swallow my pain and tears. He told me that if I told anyone what happened, they'd never believe me. No one would believe the cries of the poor troubled girl who saw her mother die over the pack's beloved widowed beta. Unless I wanted to be banished, I had to keep quiet.

I can't wait until I get my wolf. When I turn 13 and I get her, I'll be strong. I can show him then that I'm not weak and tiny. I'll prove to him how good I can be and then maybe he'll stop and he'll love me again. I miss my daddy. The daddy that snuck me ice cream, even when mom said no, or the one that started training me as soon as I could walk. He was my hero. I wanted to be a beta just like him.

With a shove, I find myself laying on the cool concrete of a dungeon cell. Looking around the dimly lit room, I see nothing but a chair in the corner. I've never been down here before. I mean I know where the door led, he's the beta, and he does the interrogating and punishing for Alpha Damon. But why are we down here??

With a sickening crack of a whip, the pain radiates from my back through my whole body. Fire, it's like fire, burning, consuming my senses. I hollered out in pain and roll over so I can face him.

He towers over me, sweat gathered on his dark brows, the black braided leather whip dangling from his fingers. I open my mouth and close it multiple times like a fish. My face is wet as the tears continue to slide down my cheeks in silence.

"WEAK" he yells as he swiftly brings the whip at me. I quickly try to



cover my face but am not fast enough. I hiss in pain as the unforgiving leather slices my hand and eyebrow.

I try to swallow the sob that wants to escape me but instead I throw up.

Maybe he would have stopped there if I would have missed his boots.

7 years ago - Isla Age 12

Blinking my eyes slowly open as the smell of blood and dirt envelops me. I'm in the dungeon still. Alec brought me down here last night to whip me. I call him Alec now, daddy is long gone. Not that I say much of anything to him anymore. My words seem to anger him. I look like her, I think that makes him even angrier. It's not often his wolf isn't forward anymore. In the last few months, the whippings have become almost weekly. He pulled me from school and said he'd home-school me. I do my school work in my room and e-mail it in. No interaction with anyone but him. I've read and re-read all the books we have. I read of lovers with their mates and fairy tale happy endings. Maybe I'll be lucky enough to have that, but the most luck the moon goddess seems to grant me these days is passing out during the beatings.

When the darkness shades my vision and I feel a lightness through my whole body, I know I can relax. Like a warm hug from an old friend, the darkness takes away the pain. Temporarily, but still, that time is welcome.

As I start to stir, I listen carefully for footsteps, he must be at work. I'm alone down here. The writhing pain smashes back into me as I snake a hand over my shoulder blade. I wince as my fingers graze a wet opening. I push myself up on all fours and attempt to crawl to the door. At the doorway, my eyes meet the well-worn combat boots that stomp through my nightmares.



Before I could even look up, the forceful slap of the whip against my back brings me crashing flat against the ground. I never heard the door or the stairs. Was he down here the whole time? He's never beaten me twice in a row, he always let some healing happen. What was different today?

"Rogues attacked this morning, the patrol was strong and killed all four of them. No pathetic pups were crawling around without their parents to interfere" he said nonchalantly. It's been five years since rogues killed my mom and he hasn't let me forget that I am the reason his mate is gone. I swear his wolf has gone nuts with the loss of the mate bond.

I say nothing but instead chew the already raw spot inside my cheek to keep the screams in. Rapidly he brings the whip down, over and over. I can't take it any longer, a sob escapes my lips and I call out in agony. I beg the moon goddess to bring me death. My ears are ringing, I no longer hear the slaps of the whip wet from my blood as it slices my skin. For once I think she hears me, the darkness is coming faster than ever but then it stops.

I can't be dead yet though, I can still feel the pain.

I slowly open my eye just enough to peak at what has caused him to stop. It's not a what though, it's a who. An older man is handcuffing Alec with silver cuffs while Alpha Damon's face is consumed with rage. I swear a smile graces my face for the first time in years as my heavy eyelids take me to the comfort of the darkness again.

