

Jordan

Jordan POV

Smack. The sharp sting of my father's hand across my face made my eyes water and my cheek burn. I inched, even though I had known it was coming. His breath smelt of alcohol which meant he'd been drinking again and his eyes gleamed with hatred as he stared at me, daring me to move. I stayed still, ghting back the tears that threatened to fall. He was angry, swaying on his feet. I could see my sister in the background, a smirk on her face. What lie had she told father now to get me in trouble? The truth was it could have been anything. Father didn't really need a reason to punish me. He relished in my pain and he took every opportunity he could to hurt me.

It wasn't always like this. Once upon a time, when I was a little girl, my father had adored me and treated me like a little princess. He and my mother doted on me, and I basked in the love they gave me and my sister. As the younger, I received far more attention but Sarah never seemed to mind. She was only two years older than me after all. Life was like a fairy tale but even eventually my life changed for the worse and it was by my doing, even though I had never intended for it to happen. I was only young, but that didn't deter my father at all. In his mind, I was the one responsible for his life falling apart. The sad thing is, I believe it wholeheartedly too. If it wasn't for me, our family would still be together.

I was pouting. It was nice outside and the sun was shining. I'd been stuck inside with my mother and sister for most of the day and wanted to go and play outside. I was a tomboy sort of child who loved the outdoors and running around on the grass and I had a lot of energy to burn. I was ve years old at the time and my sister Sarah would have been six as she was only a year older than me. It was the weekend but my father was working and I was bored as my mother spent the time catching up on all the housework and chores that needed doing.

"Don't pout Jordan" my mother admonished, coming into the kitchen and putting her hands on her hips "I'm sorry you've had to wait so long, but I'm all nished now. Why don't we go outside for a while? Take a walk?"

I instantly brightened. My mother laughed. She was beautiful my mother, with the face of an angel and brunette hair just like mine. Her eyes twinkled as she watched me fetch my coat, Sarah reluctantly joining us. She hated the outdoors, but my mother would never allow her to stay in the house by herself. She was too young. I made a dash for the door and excitedly opened it, running outside as my mother and sister hastened to keep up, ready to enjoy my freedom.

I spotted a group of children playing, including the future Alpha's son Grant. I had a crush on Grant and would always try to play with him whenever I could. Grant smiled at me as I approached. "Hey Jordan," he said casually, "do you want to play hide and seek with us?"

Did I ever! "Yes," I squealed as my mother laughed behind me "Count me in."

"What about you Sarah?" asked Grant, peering at her as she ipped her long hair and eyed him with a bored expression on her face. She made a face.

"No thanks," she sighed "That's a baby game."

She always thought she was superior to us because she was older, but Grant was the same age. He blinked and then shrugged. Mother put a hand on her shoulder "Let's go sit under a tree" she suggested. Sarah nodded and they walked a little distance away, sitting down and watching us from the sidelines. My mother looked calm and relaxed. My sister looked bored and like she was suffering. She was such a killjoy. Would it kill her to join in on the fun once in a while?

We all ran off to hide as Grant began to count. I giggled as I pumped my legs, looking for a tree to climb in. I found one and began to shimmy up it, sitting on a branch and looking down with a smirk. There's no way Grant would nd me now. I could hear him nish his counting "98, 99, 100" he shouted in the distance. I waited with anticipation. I was sure I'd be the last to be found. So I was a little disappointed when I saw Grant's face looking up at me with a wide grin on his face.

"Found you," he said laughing, shaking his head at me.

I scowled. "How?" I demanded. He must have cheated! There was no other way he could have found me so easily!

He squirmed. "I um might have" he began when he suddenly stiffened. The smell of something rotten permeated our nostrils. I swallowed, feeling sick. We were taught from a very young age what that smell meant. How had it gotten through patrol? It was getting closer, and I could see my mother coming towards me, concerned. There were shouts of warning from warriors who shifted in response to the smell.

"Come on" Grant shouted, "we have to go."

I climbed down the tree, my foot getting stuck in a small hole. I cried out. Suddenly a swarm of rogues came out of the forest, growling and snarling. There were so many! As they darted towards the pack house, I saw Sarah running away, while my mother shifted into her wolf form and pounded towards us. I got my leg free and stumbled back. The sound of a growl behind us made us turn in fright. Grant went white. It was a rogue and it was eyeing us as though we were a tasty morsel it would like to eat. I screamed, waiting for the rogue to pounce on me, Grant gallantly trying to shield me. My mother's wolf came ying in front of us and she stared the rogue down. I felt my heart skip a beat.

"Mother" I screamed, but Grant tugged my hand and pulled me away "Come on" he insisted, his voice panicked as battle happened all around us "We have to go" he begged, but I didn't want to budge. This was my mother and I was too young to comprehend that I was a hindrance rather than a help to her.

My mother nodded her head and then pounced on the rogue. It gave a ferocious howl and began to ght. We backed away, staring in horror.

At rst, it seemed she would be ne, even beat the rogue. My heart skipped a beat as three more rogues joined it, crowding my mother. I tried to let go of Grant's hand, tried to go to her and he swore as I let go and ran. "Jordan" he screamed.

It happened in slow motion. I remember watching terried as all of the rogues jumped in sync on my mother, ripping and tearing her to pieces. I remember screaming over and over again, my voice hysterical as blood spurted out everywhere. They showed no mercy. Tears streamed down my face. My whole body shook in fear. I was paralyzed.

Somebody, I don't remember who, picked me up and ran with me back to the safe room in the pack house, getting me and Grant to safety. Tears trailed down my cheeks. Sarah was there, a scared look on her face. "Where's Mother?" she asked upset.

I shook my head, unable to speak. She gasped and began to cry, as other children did the same. The adults were nervous as they awaited the outcome of the ght.

"It's your fault" whispered Sarah as I turned to her in shock "If she hadn't been trying to save you, she never would have died."

Those words would haunt me for the rest of my life. It was my fault. She'd been trying to save me. I hated myself in that moment. I sobbed, my heart broken as I thought of how I had caused my own mother's death.

I bowed my head. "I'm sorry father," I said meekly, apologizing as he growled at me.

"Go and get dinner ready, you useless, pathetic b***h" he snarled and I nodded. He raised his hand again and I cringed but he laughed and put it back down. I put my head down and scurried into the kitchen, beginning to prepare dinner as Sarah strolled into the kitchen, satisfaction gleaming in her eyes. I avoided her eyes. I had learned the hard way not to speak back to her.

"Make sure you don't burn it" she mocked with a trill "else father will really lose it. Don't want to spend another night in the hole do you?" she teased.

I shuddered. The hole was simply an empty well on the property. Father would force me to sleep in the hole until I reached the bottom and then pull it up, leaving me in for the night. I was claustrophobic and small spaces were my nightmare. I would cry myself to sleep and pray to be let out the next morning. The well was located undercover, sparing me from rain and the fear of drowning, small comfort as it was. He always let me out, but only because I had to get to school or there would be questions.

Sarah gave another laugh and then headed out of the kitchen. I focussed on my task, being doubly careful not to burn anything. God, how I hate her. We might be sisters by blood but there was no way we would ever be proper sisters again. We had become mortal enemies and she delighted in causing me trouble. Mother would have been deeply saddened to see what this family had become. She was the glue that had held us all together.

My name is Jordan Smith, and I am seventeen years old. I live in the Blood Moon Pack and not only am I a servant to my sister and father, but the Alpha and Luna have no idea of the abuse I face on a daily basis. My father is the Gamma of our pack and has never shown his true nature in front of anyone else. Sarah joins in on the torture and even gets her friends to bully me at school. I have no one in this world to rely on and the loneliness is slowly killing me inside. The other kids hate me, and I have no one to turn to. No other family to run to. My father has told me he'll kill me if I ever dare approach the Alpha and I believe him. He's come close a few times. This is my reality and my own personal hell. My father has blamed me for the loss of the love of his life, ever since I was small and he gets meaner and meaner for the day. Every day gets harder and harder to live through, and sometimes the despair is so strong, that I nd myself wondering if life is really worth living. How much can one person take before they break? One day, I'll nally be free, and when that day comes, I hope that I bring revenge crashing down on everyone who's harmed me. This is my story and my journey.