

Must Escape

"Lillyn, you wretched girl, why is breakfast not ready yet, you are so lazy!" screeched her mother, Celeste.

"You're useless. If you can't get breakfast done before we come down, then maybe you need to get up earlier," her father Mark said, as he stomped into the kitchen.

Lillyn sighed inwardly. Goddess forbid she did it outwardly. She'd probably have to stay home from work to nurse whatever bruise or broken bone she would receive. She quickly served breakfast of eggs, bacon, hash browns and toast. She stood and watched as her parents devoured the food. She prayed they would leave her something, so she could have a little food before she went to the packhouse to start her cleaning duties. They didn't. After her parents left for their border patrol duties, Lillyn cleaned up the kitchen and made her way to the packhouse that was a mile away.

As she walked, she contemplated her life of 19 years. Her father wanted a boy, so he never bonded with her. Her mother wanted a boy to make her mate happy and so also never bonded with her. They made her into a house slave the moment she could understand her duties at the age of 7. She was to get up early, cook, clean the kitchen, and put a load of laundry in before school. She'd then go to school, get bullied for being so quiet and weird, or so the other kids said. She got called ugly because of her pale skin, her silver hair with white strands and her pale blue eyes. After school, she was to come home, put the laundry in the dryer, get dinner ready, do her homework, fold and hang the clean laundry, do the dishes, dust, clean the living room and the bathrooms, all while her parents sat on the couch and watched TV after their border patrol duties.

She was meek and shy, because at home she got beat if she did something wrong, and at school she got picked on. Later, as she got older, she was beaten by the bullies at school. When she turned 13, her house chores were the same, but now she had to help make money. Her mother asked if she could be a packhouse maid 3 days a week. Luckily, she graduated early at 16, so that gave her more time to get her household chores done before her packhouse shift. But now, instead of 3 days a week, she works 6 with Sundays off.

To add to her misery, she shifted at 16, 2 years earlier than normal wolves. It happened in the middle of the night during a full moon. She had woken up in a sweat and in pain. She screamed, and her father burst into her room. When he saw her writhing on her bed, he had sworn and carried her outside into the backyard where he laid her on the ground. Her mother and father watched as she shifted into a small silver and white wolf. They were horried at her size and color. No wolf was the color or size she was. They forbade her to tell anyone and to never shift again.

Her wolf's name was Spirit. She said that they were a direct descendant of the Moon Goddess herself, but she had to tell no one. Spirit also tells her that she will notice people's auras and their intentions. A white aura means they have no ill intentions. Gray means they are morally on the line between good or bad. Black, they've gone to the dark side. She said this was one of the gifts granted to her. Spirit also told her that when she turned 18 her second gift would manifest.

When she was at the packhouse working, she noticed the aura of the people that lived at the packhouse. Most had white auras except for the Alpha twins Madeline and Bart and a handful of their friends. They had a gray to dark gray aura. They had been the main bullies to her in school. They all thought she had dropped out of school but had no clue she tested out early. While she cleaned their rooms, they constantly got in her way. Knocking over the trash or mop buckets. They'd leave their room in such disarray that it would take a long time to clean the messes up.

When she turned 18, she noticed when people lie in her vicinity their aura turned red. Bart had lied to his father about his whereabouts one night. He was supposed to be on patrol learning the border, but he told his father he was at a study group session. His whole aura turned bright red. Lillyn had been mopping in the hall as his father talked to him. When it happened, she had dropped the mop, alerting them to her presence. When the Alpha had asked if she needed something, Spirit had warned her to stay quiet. So she had just shaken her head, picked up her mop and continued her duties.

At night, she would sneak out of her room and the house and shift in the woods outside. There, Spirit would run and hunt small game. Lillyn loved this time because it was the only time she was able to eat most days.

One night, her father caught her sneaking back in the house. He had thought she was sneaking out to meet a boy. She tried to deny it, but he didn't believe her, so he beat her badly with his belt. She had passed out for two days. When the Alpha inquired about her, her father had told him she had been sick since she never got her wolf. So now everyone thought she was woless, which gave them even more ammunition to bully her with. Lillyn had asked Spirit why no one believed she had a wolf. She told Lillyn she was masking her wolf's scent. They can't know she had a wolf. She was special, and they would want to use them for their own gains.

An Elite warrior was walking through the woods and saw her shift one evening. He had confronted her when she shifted back and when she told him how her parents would beat her if he told anyone, he agreed not to tell in exchange for certain s*xual favors. He had used her for a whole year in every way except v*ginal penetration. He had said he didn't want to risk getting her pregnant. He was killed when rogues breached the pack one day. She had never been so happy for a rogue attack, but her s*xual assault also made her turn in on herself.

She stopped talking all together. She never tried to protect herself and just took the beatings her parents gave her for whatever reason and also didn't stop the verbal and physical abuse she endured from Madeline, Bart and their group of friends. Spirit told her she would heal her, so there would be no scars, but her wolf couldn't get through to her mentally. Spirit tried to tell her not to believe the words spewed at her. But she did. She was useless and ugly. No one would ever want her as a mate because she was worth nothing. When she had turned 18, and she found no mate in her pack, her parents had laughed and said what kind of shifter would want a runt wolf like her that was a weird color.

So here she was at 19. She was at the point where she didn't understand why she was even alive anymore. The beatings she took almost nightly should have done her in a long time ago. She hardly ate. Only Spirit got to eat on their nightly runs. If it wasn't for her wolf, she would have taken her own life. What was so special about her?

She was halfway to the packhouse when a thought passed through her mind. Why was she even here? She was an adult. She could leave the pack and become a rogue. Lillyn turned on her heel and ran back home. She got her old backpack and stuffed it with clothes and some toiletries. It was the middle of summer, so there was no need for any blankets. She had a roll of money she had been saving for a rainy day. It wasn't a lot, but if she used it sparingly it would last for at least a week. Plus, she could nd work. She ran out of the house and stopped in the middle of the road.

"Are we really doing this Spirit?"

"Yes, do it!"

Lillyn ran through the forest to the border of the pack. She stepped over and recited the words she knew she needed to say.

Through the pack mind link she said, "I Lillyn Dasher reject Alpha Brian of the Greenwoods Pack as my Alpha and I reject Greenwoods as my pack. I am now a rogue."