

Chapter 1 A NEW CHANGE

SUZIE'S POV.

A small sad smile tugged the two corners of my lips as I stared at my reflection in the mirror. Tears fought desperately in my eyes, threatening to fall any moment from now. I tugged the sleeves of my white collar top to cover every part of my arms aside my fingers, covering the wounds and marks my dear father has inflicted upon me. Every minute, every second, Every hour, day after day, a new scar falls on my body. I closed in on the mirror, my finger reaching up to the wound patch hovering over my eyebrows. I removed it to find it soaked already, pressing my lips into a thin firm line before picking another one on the table and pressing it to the wound again.

My heart clenched painfully, causing the tears to roll down my eyes. My father. My own father was my greatest tormentor. Yesterday was the last day on our

vacation, and seeing there was nowhere again to inflict new wounds on my body, he angrily smashed a glass vase on my face. He was one who liked to see his works, and seeing a wound on my face brought him immense pleasure.

“You stupid girl! It's too late for you to go to school! Are you craving more wounds this morning!” My father loud and angry voice boomed out.

My heart jumped out in a frenzy, withdrawing from the window and towards my scattered room. I picked up my black pop socks, wearing them on my already skinny and bruised skin. No one must see it as he always says. He had to make sure his mask as the benevolent alpha wasn't shredded.

I had just pulled on my skirt, zipped it and was about to carry my bag when the door burst open, revealing a 5 '7 middle-aged man, his veins all popped up on his face, and his eyes bulging with enough anger to scare my hand away from my bag.

“You stupid thing!” He yelled out, rushing towards me, his right palm coming in hard contact with my cheeks before I could pull out.

My brown long hair that I had put down to cover the scars on my neck was tugged backwards, and my throat gripped hard by him. His black orbs stared directly into mine, fuming with much anger that I was not surprised anymore. The smell of alcohol oozed to my nose, filling every part of it and torturing me as he started.

“Are you cursed? Why the fuck do you keep stressing my life? If not that I can’t just kill you, you’ll be dead already by now, you useless ingrate.”

I muffled out a cough, water clouding my eyes from both my hair and neck pain. He pointed his finger to my eyes, continuing his daily hatred speech, “I feed you! I cloth you! I do everything for you, yet you want to pay me back with your stupid lazy attitude! You’re so just like your mother..” he continued, spitting in my face.

The cold disgust thing entered straight into my eye and my heart tugged painfully, not because of the spit but my mother. The woman I wanted to hate so much for leaving me with this demon, but thanked the moon goddess for landing her a safe escape away from him.

"...useless, stupid, lazy, unremorseful, and disrespectful just like her. The only thing you both have in common and make you good is that stupid pretty face that I want to destroy. She must have gotten a man's cock to fall on that pretty face so she had a chance to escape under the cover of those sons of bitches!"

"But you won't, will you, honey?" he asked, tightening his grip on my neck a little. My small hands tugged the ones on my throat for a little air, "Fath...fat..you're...hurting...hurting me.."

"Speak up! Tell me you'll never leave me and betray me like that bitch mom of yours!" He started to freak out, and I felt the air in my chest getting shorter and shorter, and I had to grow my mouth to try and say the word yes.

Finally, before I suffocated, he was satisfied and let go of me. A devilish laugh escaped his mouth, throwing me to the side of the room and heaving out a loud breath, he patted my face and giggled, "Good girl. ."

I ignored the pain, managing to stand up immediately as he ran his hand through his hair. He turned back to me, raking me up, and confirmed to me: "Today is the first day of resumption right?"

"Yes father,"

"Get to know the Crystal Moon Pack 的beta's daughter. I don't care if she beats you or bullies you, you're not useful either way. I need her father to side with me so you need to be friends with her. If you have to grovel at her feet, do it. Unless, there'll be more beatings for you. Am I clear?"

I nodded, fisting my hands to my back. Of course, that was all I was useful for. His eyes bulged out as he approached me quickly, another hot slap landing to my face, "next time i tell you something, you respond? Is that clear?"

My voice shook desperately, forming the words, “Yes, father.”

He nodded at me, turning his back once again and marching straight towards the door, “Be out in 2 minutes.”

I felt like I could finally breathe freely as I made sure my father got into his car and left my room. My tears stayed uncontrollably, and the shadow my father had left me in was making me shiver involuntarily.

Why? Why did I have to get all of this?

My father was a pure demon, one that was going to go straight to hell. He didn't just turn this way, he has always been this way. I was never the child he wanted, and my mother paid dearly for that. He wanted a boy, and she gave him a girl. Right from my childhood, we both paid for it. It started slowly, raping her, hitting her, and doing everything to inflict pain on her.

And it all got worse when he found out she took birth control pills already. The beating got worse that he almost killed her, but she packed up one day, ran off and left me to this stupid fate of mine.

My hell began to intensify and the beatings weren't nearly enough to show my nightmares.

Because I was not the son he expected, he blamed the decline of the pack on his lack of a strong and good son.

He decided that a woman was only as valuable as her vagina, so he made me his whore, he marketed me to all the powerful alpha's of the pack, and despite my obedience to any and every one of his decisions, he was still not happy with me.

He had to make sure that the wounds on me never healed, and the shame he received in front of other alpha's he made sure to pay back on me.

The tears I was trying to hold back trickled down my cheeks, my lips quivering as I fell to the bed. Why? What did I do to deserve such a bad father? A father that doesn't even recall his daughter's birthday. A father that beats his daughter up on her 18th birthday.

I closed my eyes, taking a deep breath and steadying myself just like i taught myself to do.

“It would be fine Suzie. This is the last time he’ll ever touch you. Today is the day where everything changes. You’ll get your wolf and you’ll be fine.” I thought to myself.

I opened my eyes and reached out for my bag, wearing it on my back as I stood up. My eyes collided with my calendar, the red marker on today’s date giving me hope.

“Happy birthday to me.”

To a new change, a new hope and getting away from my demon father.