

## Chapter 1\*

Being woken up from a dead sleep was never fun. Waking up to your twin brother pounding on your bedroom door was even less so. In fact, it was my equivalent to a death sentence.

"Wake up lard ass! You're late!" Gage screamed as he nally stopped the horrible pounding on the door. Knowing how impatient my twin was I attempted to jump out of my bed, but got caught up in my sheets. With one leg rmly attached to the sheet still stuck on my bed, I tried to keep my balance on one leg by cartwheeling my arms. That lasted all of a millisecond before I toppled to the oor in a heap.

"Couldn't support your own weight, huh fatty?" Gage sneers at me from the doorway. With a disgusted look he shakes his head and walks out of my room.

"Thanks a lot for all the help. I sincerely appreciate it!" I start scream after him, but knowing the consequences I only mumble it under my breath.

After releasing myself from the sheet I rush to my closet to get dressed and get going. Knowing that I must be extremely late if my brother woke me up, I forget making breakfast and hurry to run out the door. I say a small prayer and cross my ngers for extra luck that somebody, anybody is still here and will take me to school.

Of course luck has never been on my side, and just as I get to the driveway the taillights of my brother and his friends cars are speeding down the road. Heaving a big breath in I start the long hike to school and mentally prepare myself for the repercussions of simply over sleeping.

I wasn't always hated by my pack and family. In fact, I used to be pretty and popular, well I guess not "popular", but I had a few close friends. One mistake was all it took for me to fall; one mistake that wasn't even my fault.

My mom, Grace, Luna Dee and my best friend; the Luna;s daughter, Blair, had decided to have a girls day. This basically meant shopping, going to the spa, ordering food and going to the park. We had just picked up our food to take to the park when we see the future alpha, Daedon or as his friends and family call him Dae, and his group of friends coming out of the store with girls hanging all over them. Typically, when you see Dae; you know that the slut, otherwise known as Jen, was going to be hanging all over him.

Now, I'm not going to lie; Dae is one gorgeous male. He has black hair, just long enough to touch the tops of his ears, that sweeps across his forehead. With such beautiful deep green eyes, that reminds me of emeralds, when he makes eye contact with you it seems as though he can see into your soul. Only adding to his awless face was his rock hard body. Every inch of his body is covered with lean muscle; not the type of muscle you would see on extreme body builders, but the type of muscle you would see on a high school football captain. All in all, he looks like he had been kissed by an angel and handpicked off the front of a magazine. I'm suddenly taken out of my trance by a gagging sound.

"That is without doubt, the most disgusting thing I've ever seen!"Blair remarked while continuing to gag.

"One hundred percent agree with you on that one."I say while fake gagging along side her.

Blair turns to me with a raised eye brow, "Oh, while I can agree with you on seeing chicks all over my brother, I wasn't talking about him. I was talking about you and your blatant day dreaming of my brother."

"Come on girls. Let's leave them be and not bother them."Mom says while she pushes us along.

"Ugh! Maqlynn, I will never get what you see in him."Blair mutters under her breath.

"Ugh-oh! You full name dropped me! Should I be worried?" I dramatically yell and throw my arm over my eyes. Blair only shakes her head and chuckles while dropping the subject completely.

Thinking on it, I can't pin point exactly when, why, or how this crush came to be. We've never really had a conversation before; I was just drawn to him. Whenever he was in the room, my eyes would skip right to him. Of course, that also could be said of the majority of the female population. Or it could also be the fact that he is the future alpha. When he walks into a room it's like some one took a vacuum and sucked all the oxygen out of it. He just walks with such condence you can't help but watch him in awe. The combination of his good looks, condence, and status is something that demands your attention.

Pulling out of my thoughts, I realize that we have reached the park. I love this park; my family and I always came here when Gage and I were still kids. Now, I like to go to the little pond about a mile behind the park. It's surrounded by owers and trees; the water is so clear that you can see all the way to the bottom. It's so peaceful and beautiful there that I use it as my spot to think and calm myself after a stressful days.

We were halfway through our meal when Blair jumped up and did the potty dance, "I really have to go! I'll meet you guys at the house."

She starts running faster than I had ever seen her move causing me to choke on my bite from the round of laughter trying to escape. I was laughing so hard that I had tears running down my cheeks. My laughter came to a sudden halt when I heard growls. Mom and Luna Dee immediately shifted and told me via pack link to run.

Slowly turning around I watched a group of rogues take a running leap towards us. My mother immediately jumped in front of me and took the defense. When the wolves got close enough to me she would sweep in and bite them any place she could. The Luna was on the opposite side of me protecting me doing the same thing.

They had managed to take a couple of them down, but the ght was taking a toll on them. I badly wanted to jump in and help them, but it was as though the fear had frozen my entire body. I couldn't move and could barely breath. They were heavily outnumbered. A loud whine to my left caused me and my mother to look over and see the Luna drop to the ground.

That one moment of distraction cost my mother dearly. That one second she had turned her head a wolf jumped in and bit right into her neck. As she took her nal breath she turned to me with a pleading look. My legs could no longer hold my body causing me to collapse on my knees making a loud thump.

That noise drew the remaining rogues attention to me still being there. Just as they were about to attack me my dad's brown wolf leapt into the fray. All the pack warriors, Alpha Steve and my father; attacked the rouges and killed them within minutes.

An anguished howl made its way out of the alpha's throat, and not even a second later a second howl led the air. I could tell the whole pack was here now; their head bowed down in respect for losing both the alpha and beta female.

My shock was nally wearing off and I couldn't handle being here any longer. I knew it was my fault. If I would have helped in some way, even if it was just calling for help; my mother and Luna would still be here. I was about to completely lose it. I didn't want to be around anybody when that happened, so I twisted around to run. I wasn't paying attention to my feet, so when I moved to run I stepped on a stick.

SNAP

The sudden sound lled the quiet air causing all eyes to turn to me.

"What happened?"Alpha Steve bellowed while stomping his way to stand directly in front of me. In all my life I had never seen the alpha cry. At the moment he was stuck in cross between agony and absolute anger. The anger may have been winning the battle because I could see his eye ashing with the struggle to remain in human form. His wolf wanted out and he wanted blood.

Not being able to maintain eye contact any longer, I audibly swallowed and tried to tell them exactly what had happened. "The r-rogues attacked us while w-we were eating. Mother and Luna shifted to protect m-me."The last two words became a whisper as I stared at the ground. I didn't think I could handle seeing all the anger. It was one thing to feel it, but a whole different story to see the anger and the blame on the packs faces.

"What? My mother died trying to protect you?! ALL of this is YOUR fault!" Some body screamed in my face.

The next thing I know a loud slap accompanied a burning sting in my cheek. I glance up and see Blair standing there next to her brother looking broken and horried. "You let them die. You just stood there while my mother and your own mother fought to save you. Why didn't you help them? You could have gotten in there and fought with them, yet here you stand with not a scratch on you while our mothers are lying there with their throats torn out. At the bare minimum you could have ran and gotten help. What were you thinking?!"At this point she was standing so close to me that spit was ying out of her mouth and hitting me in the face.

"I froze okay? I froze and didn't do anything because I was too scared to move. Is that what you wanted to hear? That I failed miserably and just stood there and watched while they were torn up?"I had lost it by now and was doing a horrifying mix of ugly crying and screaming.

Blair leaned closer and looked me dead in the eye, "We are no longer friends. Do not ever come near me, look at me, or even acknowledge my presence when I'm around you. Or better yet, don't even acknowledge my existence."

That was two years ago, when I was fourteen. After that incident, I became deeply depressed and lost all of my friends and family. From that point on food became my best friend, causing me to gain a massive amount of weight. Even though I gained weight, I still thought I was pretty. I have long dirty blonde hair that's naturally curly and ends at the middle of my back, My best feature, in my opinion, were my ice blue eyes. I had yet to come across another being with my exact eye color, and I regularly got compliments on them. My skin is clear and pale, not on trace of a blemish on it. I do have a good set of love handles and thighs, but I always thought I could pull it off.

I was a little nervous because tomorrow is my sixteenth birthday; the day of your rst shift, and the day you nd your mate. I really hope I get an awesome mate that will protect me from all the mean comments and abuse I go through every day.

All the hope I have left is within this wish.

Ever since my mother and Luna died; the pack, my family and even my own twin have treated me like the dirt they walk on. I am basically their slave, cook, punching bag, and maid all rolled up in one. I have to get up at ve in the morning to make breakfast for the pack. They won't even allow me to eat anything until they are nished. On good days I get a decent meal, but on the bad days I have to wait until I get to school lunch to eat. I have to wait to eat until they're all done. It's on the bad days that I'm thankful for my planning. I have a small amount of hidden canned food up in my room for those nights they don't allow me to eat. I also am forced to walk the three miles to and from school every day. Sundays are my deep cleaning days which includes cleaning everyone's room.

My brother and Dae's rooms are the absolute worst. There are dirty clothes, molding food, used condoms, and much more lying around the oor. If I happen to walk in on Dae and his w\*\*\*e of the day, he just looks up, grins, and tells me to start in his bathroom while he nishes up. That is always the nastiest and most awkward thing I have had the displeasure of experiencing; just thinking about it makes me shiver in disgust.

I was walking into the school when someone stuck their foot out and sent me straight to the concrete. Before I even hit the ground the student body was laughing and the chanting began.

"Why do you guys have to be so mean all the time?" I yell. Immediate regret causes my hands to y over my mouth and I start scooting back away from the crowd.

Oh no, no, no, no. I shouldn't have said anything; I have to run. The last time I talked back, they beat me to the point of being unconscious. Just as I get to my knees, Gage grabs my arm and yanks me to my feet.

"What did you just say?" He growls at me.

"N-nothing. I said nothing," I stammer. His st ies through the air and connects with my face causing me to y through the air and land on the hood of a car.

"My car!"Dae comes running to the vehicle that now has my body print on it and yanks me up. He slaps me right on the newly formed bruise. Being hit twice in the exact same spot causes unwanted tears to run freely down my face. I hate letting them see me cry, even if it is brought on involuntarily by pain. Crying never accomplishes anything but letting them believe they have broken me. I can't allow him of all people to see me like this, so I meet his eyes to show him how much I loath him. As soon as my eyes connect his I see them widen in shock, leaving me confused. Is he surprised that I dislike him so much?

As I'm staring at him he morphs from confusion to one of love followed immediately by disgust. How do you have such conicing emotions? I think I must have imagined the love in there; he has nothing but hate for me.

"Learn your place and never talk back to anyone, you are at the bottom of the pack. I feel sorry for whomever your mate is, having to be stuck with such an ugly, fat, and disgraceful person. You are the biggest waste of space and air. You should've died that day." He spat at me.

He drops me to the ground and walks away. His friends all chuckle at me and then follow the building while I continued to lay there. I knew they hated me, but I didn't know they hated me enough to wish I had died.

My eyes immediately ll with fresh tears, but I refused to let them fall. They aren't worth it. My mom immediately told me, "Bullies thrive on seeing the pain they've caused, and don't show any of the pain to them because eventually they'll leave you alone." This is the one thing mom was wrong about. I haven't shown emotion in over a year, but it's still just as bad as it was the day that they left me.