

Chapter 2*

I eventually got up and out of my pity party and made it into school just as the warning bell rung for second period. There was just enough time for me to run to my locker and grab my things, but being the unlucky person I am, I come face to face with my brother and some skank making out on top of my locker.

I wait there for a few moments hoping they will catch me standing there before deciding to loudly clear my throat to unsuccessfully grab their attention.

"Will you please move so I can get to my locker?" I mutter after several failed attempts to pull them away from the vacuum seal on their mouths. I quickly drop my head down and study my ratty shoes, I make a mental note to myself to save money for a new pair. My inner musings were suddenly interrupted when I was roughly shoved to the ground.

"You know better than to speak to me in public." Gage decides to drive his point home by punting me down the hall. My ribs were already throbbing, and I can only imagine how much pain and bruising would be involved in the morning.

Barely hearing the bell, I decided to ditch school. I can barely move without my ribs hurting. I knew I couldn't go home because there was a big possibility my father was home. His beatings are by far the worst. He is constantly drunk; since I remind him of Mom so much, he can barely stand to look at me.

I understand it must be hell to have your mate die, but it seems completely unnecessary and irrational to take it out on your daughter. He tells me all the time that he wishes it would have been me that died; after his ranting, he would end it with a slap or kick. So needless to say home is not an option. That leaves the park, which works better for me anyways. It's so beautiful and peaceful there, and I actually have some good memories at that place.

I was eight years old and was playing in the sandbox making a castle while constantly peeking at Gage play with Daedon and Zack. I had just put on the nishing touches when Chris comes and stomps all over it making me instantly burst into tears.

"Look at the cry baby! She's crying over a dumb castle," he taunts which makes me cry harder and louder.

Within a minute, my brother is shoving Chris away, "Don't talk to my sister that way!" I could feel exactly how angry he is. Since we are twins, we can feel when the other has an extreme emotion. Chris instantly got scared and took off running.

"Are you okay? You didn't get hurt did you? Do I need to kick his butt? Cause I will. You just say the word." He rambles on worriedly.

I quickly jump in and cut his ramble off, "I'm okay. Thanks for helping me."

"Baby sis, I would protect you from anything. Nothing will ever come between us," He says so sincerely that I have no doubt that he would.

I really miss those days. Back when my brother actually cared about me and loved me. But the past is the past and there is no point in looking back. It won't change anything.

I must have fallen asleep for a little bit because when I open my eyes it's already dark outside. Just to confirm my suspicions I pull my phone out and see it just hit midnight.

"Happy birthday to me," I congratulate myself.

A few seconds pass before I feel heat rush through my body. It feels like lava is running through my veins and boiling my body from the inside out.

Bones start snapping and muscles start ripping causing a scream full of pain to escape my lips. I try to clamp my lips shut, but the pain is to unbearable. I couldn't risk any body finding me here so I slowly start to crawl into the woods. After an hour of the most excruciating pain I've ever experienced, it all suddenly stops. A bit scared to stand up and test that fact I just lay there for a minutes catching my breath. Once my body decides that it is rested enough I slowly get to my feet. It's at this point I realize that I am not standing on my feet, but on four paws. I knew I was going to change on my birthday, but I didn't know it'd be the second my birthday came. My brother, who changed yesterday, slept for thirteen hours straight, and I couldn't understand how he could be that tired. Now I know why he did. If I wasn't so excited at the fact that I was now a full grown werewolf I too could have slept the next day away.

I really wanted to see my wolf, so I make my way to the pond. I look at my reaction and my heart swells with pride. I am a pure white wolf, my fur is white as snow, but my eyes are a weird shade of bright purple though. I know pure white wolves are rare, and being a white wolf means that you are stronger, faster, and generally just better than a normal wolf. Only a few white wolves have actually been recorded in our existence.

I yip in excitement, and can't wait to go back to the pack and show them that I'm not useless. As soon as the thought of telling them crosses my mind I immediately back pedal. If they know I'm a white wolf, will the teasing continue, get worse, or will they use me for their own gain? It's too much of risk for me to tell a pack that already hates me. For all I know they could decide that I'm a threat and eliminate me.

I'm thankful for my dad at this moment because he sometimes let me sit with him during his training and work. As the beta of the pack it was his job to help the teens along with their transformation the first time. He took me with him to help them a couple of times because he wanted to be aware of signs for a transition. That way I could get him when Gage or I were about to shift for the first time. Sitting with him those times and listening to him calm them and explain how to shift back saved me right now. Since I have no guidance I'm solely relying on the bits and pieces I can remember from those trips.

After picturing my human body in detail I am able to transform back into my human form. The wind hitting my skin had me curling into myself for warmth.

"I wish I had some clothes on right now," I thought to myself. The second I wished that thought, sweat pants and t-shirt appeared on me. Confused, I made a note to hit the library and see what all I could find out about that because I knew that no ordinary werewolf could do that. I wasn't sure if it was a white wolf thing or something else entirely.

At the moment my biggest concern was my scent. I didn't want anybody to scent that I had shifted yet. I wanted to keep them in the dark about everything until I could do a little bit more research and get a feel on how I thought they would react to my news.

I quickly walked over to my torn clothes and grabbed my phone, only to see there were thirty-two missed calls from my Dad and it was currently three in the morning. He was going to kill me. That wasn't even an exaggeration. He literally is going to kill me.

Once I reached the house I threw my torn clothes in the dumpster outside and slowly opened the door. I crossed my fingers and hoped that he was in bed, but again lady luck was not with me tonight. The second the door closed, he pinned me against the wall and choked me.

My dad growled in my face, "Where were you little Maqlynn? Don't tell me you shifted because I can smell that you're still human. Of course my worthless daughter had to bring the family even more shame. It wasn't enough to just stand there and watch your mother and Luna die. You had to be a defect and unable to shift." I didn't even have time to question how my scent still smelled of only human when he nished his mini rant with a punch to the stomach. I fell to the floor coughing and trying to catch my breath. My mistake was thinking that he was going to let me off easy. I let my guard down too early. He walked back into the room spinning a huge knife on the palm of his hand.

"What were you doing? You were probably out whoring around being the slut everyone knows you are," He spat at me while slowly walking closer.

"No! I was at the park and lost track of time. Please you have to believe me!" I screamed out in desperation. He ignored my cry and brought the knife down onto my stomach and sliced my skin; when he was done with my stomach he repeated the ritual on my arms and legs. I couldn't stop screaming. Between my sore ribs from school and the fact that I had just shifts into a wolf for the first time, my body couldn't handle it and I passed out from the pain.

I woke up a couple hours later and I was still lying in the same position and my Dad was nowhere to be found. I knew that I couldn't stay there. In a few hours Gage would be up and add more wounds to my growing pile, so I slowly crawled my way to my room in the basement. Once I made it down there I checked my wounds and noticed that my dad cut me really deep. Having shifted for the first time tonight literally saved my life. Shifted werewolves healed at an unprecedented rate, but I should not have been able to move as quickly as I did after that amount of blood loss. Deciding to add this to my list of things I needed to research I got myself cleaned up and ready for a well deserved night of sleep.

The next morning a pack meeting is called. Usually I'm not invited because they don't consider me part of the pack, but for some reason they did today. This immediately left a bad taste in my mouth and had me on edge. If anything this pack is all about tradition and they wouldn't go out of their habit unless something big was about to happen.

I was the last one to make it to the pack house. Everyone's eyes were on the stage where the alpha, my dad, and Daedon were all standing. Daedon's stare over mine right as he walked in, his intense stare held mine and I couldn't look away from his stare. He had me trapped and as soon as I let my guard down it felt like my whole world snapped together. Like my reason for living was up on that stage.

It took my brain a little longer to catch on to what my soul already knew. My mom had explained all about mates and how your world changes the moment that you make eye contact. The only other way to tell who your soul mate is was to touch them. It would feel like a thousand little pin pricks running through your body.

But no, this can't be right. Daedon's birthday was a month ago. He would have known when he slapped me. Realization hit me; it felt like a sledge hammer to my heart. Now that longing look and comment made sense.

"We would like to welcome our future beta to the pack, Gage Connors!" The alpha announces and snaps my attention off of Daedon. Everyone claps while he does the customary ceremony to bring him into the pack as the beta. "I would also like to announce that I am going to start letting Daedon act as alpha. I will still be the alpha, but he will be the one making the decisions; with my approval of course. He can't take the alpha roll until he is approved, but his social training starts now!" People y out of their seats screaming congratulations.

Daedon steps up and looks right at me with a look I couldn't describe. I had a feeling something bad is going to happen, and that look says it all.

"My first decision is to send off our weakest link; if we want to be strong, we can't have a human in our pack. Maqlynn didn't shift last night on her birthday, so we are assuming that she is wolf less. Since we are the second strongest pack we are only as strong as our weakest link. It's been decided between my father, beta, Gage, and I that she will be sent to Oak Hills boarding school immediately."

The crowd started cheering like they just won the lottery.

I guess in a way, they did.