

## Chapter 1

My name is Jenna Summers. Two years ago I was rejected and bullied. The worst part is though, that my own mate never helped me. I never understood why.

I mean I was ugly, geeky, and wore braces and glasses, but still. I never did anything wrong. It feels as if it happened just yesterday. I am not the same person as anyone thinks and I'd vow to show them one day but I never knew it would be after two years.

\*\*\* FLASHBACK \*\*\*

"Ew, here comes Jiggly Jenna," a girl whispered to her friend. That's what everyone calls me, Jiggly Jenna. Today, I had turned 16, but of course no one knew and frankly they probably didn't care. I find my mate today, but I doubt that the Moon Goddess even bothered to give me one.

"She should've died with her parents," the girl's friend scowled in my direction. I tried to ignore them but didn't have any choice but to lower my head in shame and sadness. They were right. I should've died with my parents, then I wouldn't be going through such humiliation and suffer. When I was 10, I had decided to go for a walk.

I was ambushed by rogues. Rogues are wolves that were kicked out of their packs or ran away. I barely understood what was going on at the time. My parents had saved me and what did it cost them? Their lives. After that the beta took Alpha place in our pack, Greenwoods, since my dad had that place and my mom held the Luna position. When my brother, Jared, turned 18 he took over.

He blamed our parent's death on me and I didn't mind since it was my fault they died. Jared stopped treating me like his little sister and more like his enemy.

The Greenwoods Pack is the 3rd strongest pack in the whole world.

"Jiggly Jenna!" I knew that voice from anywhere. I clutched my books tighter against my chest and picked up my pace to get out of there.

Unfortunately, someone stuck out their foot to trip me. My books scattered throughout the school hallway as I face planted the cold, hard floor. I felt some of my lip bleed.

I heard the pitter patter of high heels down the hall. I lifted my gaze up to see the pair of pink sparkly heels in front of my face. I froze.

This was it. I was going to have to suck it up and receive another beating from my fellow pack members.

"Get up!" She screeched in her high pitch voice. That ladies and gentlemen is Carolyn Sweets, but don't let her name fool you. She is the school's queen slut and cheerleader.

I quickly scurried up on my two feet. She smirked and a mischievous glint passed through her eyes.

"You look in a hurry," she spat venomously, "If I were you I would kill myself already."

Her face held fake boredom as she filed her nails in my face. I decided to walk

away when she looked away. I stepped back, mentally preparing myself. Her head rapidly turned to me and she stepped closer with her fake self.

I took notice of what she was wearing today. White short shorts that covered barely anything and a really short bright pink crop top that matched her heels. Her face held tons of makeup that clearly looked like she was caked up. Her boobs were on full display, making me shift uncomfortably.

Her hair was the same wheat blonde that reached past her hips and her eyes light blue. If she wasn't such a slut, she could look really pretty.

"What did you say?" Her face had turned bright red like a tomato.

Oh crap! Did I say that out loud?!

"N-nothing," I stuttered.

"Repeat what you said," she snapped.

"H," before I could say anything else, she pushed me down. I fell on my fat butt probably bruising it. She kicked me on the side causing me to shriek in pain.

She smirked at me before she repeatedly kicked and punched me in the face. I was gagging blood and I tried to breathe but I couldn't.

I actually thought she was going to kill me for a moment but she spat at me and walked away with her group of sluts.

I looked around to see that my pack was laughing at me. Tears streamed down my face like a waterfall mixing with the blood on my face. I spotted my brother,

Jared, laughing along with his arm wrapped around a smirking Carolyn.

"Worthless.."

"Pathetic..."

"She should kill herself..."

"Good for nothing bitch..."

These are the rude comments that roamed around me, but what hurt me the most was that my brother said the one about me killing myself.

The bell rung signaling that class had started. I stared as everyone left me bawling my eyes out. I could still feel someone's gaze on me. I turned to see a boy with shaggy blonde hair and piercing green eyes.

I stared at him in fear that he was going to hurt me also. He walked towards me with something in his eyes that I have never seen before towards me. Sympathy. He crouched down to me and gave me a hand. I looked at his hand trying to decide whether or not I should accept. I reluctantly grabbed his hand.

He helped me up and placed my left arm onto his shoulder for support. I limped as he towed me towards the girl's bathroom. I thought he wouldn't go inside, but he proved me wrong as he just went in. He set me down on the counter of the sinks. I was surprised that he could lift me up.

He started to clean my wounds and I stared as he did his "magic" on me.

He soon finished up and started to wash his hands off from the remaining

Chapter 1

blood.

"Thanks," I croaked out.

"No problem," he spoke softly as he dried his hands.

"Why?" I asked him trying to figure out why he would help me.

"Why what?" He asked as he stood in front of me looking confused.

"Why did you help me?"

He sighed. "I saw how they treat you and it disgusted me. No one deserves to be treated like that."

I stared at him for a long time trying to figure out who he was. He's not in my pack, but he doesn't look human.

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