

### Chapter 3

Katya POV

That was 8 years ago.....

"Dog..... Dumb bitch..... Where the fuck are you? " An annoying voice screeched throughout the packed house. "Amber," I thought as I let out a annoyed sigh and pulled out the hot trays of meatloaf from the oven. I refused to answer her knowing that if I did, it would just start another fight. The sound of her designer heels echoed loudly in the empty pack house as she made her way into the kitchen

"There you are fat dog..... Why did you not answer me when I called you?" I glanced over my shoulder as I roll my eyes at her. I went back to prepping salad and mash potatoes pissing her off even more. Amber shoved me hard into the stove so that my belly hit the counter causing my belly bounced me back.

"Are you listening to me little bitch?" I snapped my head towards her.

Mutter under my breath, "The whole damn house can hear you. I am not deaf."

Her pretty doll face contorted into an evil sneer as her eyes lit up with hate." What did you say to me little fucking mutt?" Amber spat as she got in my face.

"What do you need Amber you know I have to finish this dinner before the others get here? Remember I'm not supposed to be seen." Amber face was so close to mine I could feel her hot breath on my face, so I bent back over the counter leaning away from her face. One of her perfectly arched eyebrow li ed as her pink pouty lips thin. Amber li ed one her delicate manicured hands and inspected her nails as if bored. I glanced at her through lower lids couldn't help but notice how pretty she was. One might call her beautiful, if she wasn't such a mean hateful bitch. The years had been good to Amber and she had only gotten prettier. I guess it helped when you had all the right tools to begin with. She was a tall, thin, leggy blonde with a pretty baby doll face and big china blue eyes, she was the total package. Amber could be Pairs Hilton's twin if it was for those big fake breasts her daddy bought her.

It's such a shame Amber dressed like a hooker. Just looking at her clothes made me want to laugh because they're either too small or super tight. Sometime I truly wondered if she did all her shopping in the kids section. I mean who wears a skirt so short that it looks like a belt and a shirt so tight it looked painted on but I guess as long as it was designer she would wear it. Amber was really hung up on designer labels "it was nothing but the best for her." Just thinking about made me want to gag, she was such a deranged Barbie doll. "Click....Click.....Click, "Amber snapped her fingers in my face, jerking me out of my little observation.

"Listen you stupid retarded dog face. When I call you, you answer. Do you hear me?" She yelled into my face with a snarl. "Soon I will be Luna lard ass and you will be the same. ....NOTHING.....Just like always...you have nothing and no one. All your family is dead and that means your fat ass belongs to me. Don't ever forget it because no one is going to save you."

My jaw clenched down tightly, as I balled my hands into tight fist. "Yes, I know A—MBERRR".

She huffed hotly into at me, "Just do what you're told ugly bitch." Amber kicked the back of my knees hard and causing my legs to buckle in pain. I caught the edge of the counter and pulled myself back up. "Did wash and put away Drakes clothes? I hope you didn't leave your little stench all up in his room. You better be using those masking pills I gave you to cover up your stench.

I shook out the pain from my battered legs and stood up straight. My eye bore into her pretty face as I pushed my anger aside so I could finish the last preparation for the evening meal. I set the last trays firmly on the counter as I struggled to hold my temper back. A moment passed and I finally felt calm enough to answer her, "Yes am taking the pills and his clothes is all taken care of. Is there anything else you need before I go up to my room?" The sound of cars traveling down the graveled road snags my attention I fix my plate of food and tuck two bottle waters in my sweater pocket. She didn't answer me so I assumed I was done, so I picked up my plate and head towards the back stairs.

Amber jump in front of me and blocked my path as she smirked down at me. Her eyes dropped down to the plate I was holding, "Aren't you a little porker.....No wonder you so fat." Amber li ed up one her hand to my cheek and dug her fingers in to the so flesh of my face in a vice like pinch. My cheek throbbed in pain as I pulled away from her punishing grip. "Hurry up and get you're fucking fat face out my sight....LEAVE...NOW..., before you really piss me of and I sick Drake all over your pathetic ass."

Not wanting to anger the Alpha I quickly I made my way up the back stairs. It was strange although I had never met the Alpha, I feared him. Drake had to be like the others; to them I'm just a slave. I was so beneath them I wasn't even considered a member of the pack. I stomped my way all the way up to my room and let out a sigh of relief as I shut the attic door.

I set my dinner on the small desk in corner and crossed the room so I could look at the window. As I peered down below I felt a deep emptiness. "The happy people..... They don't have a care in the world." Every day I watched them and the same thoughts wondered through my head. "I think what it was like to be in there world...to belong...to be normal." I wanted to be like them. To be happy with no worries and to be loved, but I knew I would never have that. I was a slave, a shadow, I was worse than that I was nothing.