

Chapter 4

"Fluffyyyy...where are you fluffy?" I heard a series of giggle fill the room as tiny little arms wrapped my legs. "I got you my fluffy." Laughing I quickly twirled around and scooped the tiny boy into my arms. I pulled him into a bear hug and spun him in circles as his legs flopped in the air.

The little golden haired angel smiled brightly at me as his green eyes twinkle with joy. "Stop fluffy I'm going to be sick." I slow down and settled his body into the curve of my hip as I carried him to my little cot to sit.

He grinned at me as I tug on his golden locks. "What are you doing in here Logan? What aren't you down stairs eating with your pack? You know your brother is going to be looking for you."

Logan scrunches up his cute little face and pouted. "Fluffy they are mean to me; I want to be with you. Can't I eat here with you? I promise to be good. Pweaseeeeeee..." I hug him tightly and rub his back.

"You know I love you right and I will always take care of you but there are some things I can't change. You are the Alpha's little brother. You must be strong, brave and smart little man. Now you go down stairs and eat. If you are good I will tell you a story." Smiling he eyes twinkled mischievously "Will you make me a berry pie tomorrow just for me?"

Chuckling as I set him on his feet and ruffle his hair "Yes, little man just for you, now hurry up and go eat. I have things to do." Logan raced out the room as he said "Love you Fluffy"

"Love you to little man", I grin at him sadly. I really wished Logan was my family.

I rub my stiff neck and mutter to myself. "He's my only little ray of happiness in this hell hole".

Logan is Drakes little brother. He isn't your average little boy Logan is what you consider a runt. See their parents were attacked by rogues in the forest. Alpha Liam was killed and his pregnant wife was injured badly. His Beta managed to rescue Logan's mother but her injuries were so severe she died in the infirmary. Somehow the healer managed to pull out the baby and save him. Although Logan was alive he still had complications. He was small for his age and somewhat slickly looking which is not the normal for werewolves.

Since he was a baby, people seem to forget about Logan. I remember when we moved into the pack house. At night I could hear Logan crying, it was so loud it could be heard in my room. He was just two years old; his dumb lazy nanny wouldn't even get out of bed to check on him. So I would move a chair over to his crib and picked him up. I would hold him till he slept. Ever since then I would watch over him. I would feed him, change him and do anything that he needed. As soon as he could start walking and talking he would seek me out. He even gave me a nickname Fluffy because I was so soft. I would laugh when he asked for fluffy and no one could figure out who he was talking about. The corner of my mouth curled into a slight grin at the thought of Logan.

Sighing as I noticed the time great I had 15 minutes to eat and change before kitchen clean up. I shoveled the food in my mouth so I could wash the sweat off and change. How hated these stupid rules. "Did I really smell that bad?" I thought as I sniffed myself. I mean I took those damn masking pills and changed three times a day plus extra showers. Just thinking about it makes me groan in displeasure, but if that is what Steven wants that is what I have to do after all he is the beta. I'm sure he is just doing what the Alpha wants. With that in mind I drag my feet and made my way into my small bathroom in the corner of the room. It is

so small you could shower and brush your teeth in the sink at the same time.

I looked at the old round mirror that hung over the sink and looked at my round chubby face. "Yup still the same ugly fat girl," I say as I pull my long jet black hair into a pony tail. Grabbing a wash cloth I ran it under the faucet and wipe my face. As I lean closer to the mirror and notice a bruise on my cheek bone. No wonder it stung so much when Amber pinched my face. It's a good thing my face was so tanned, it hid the mark slightly unless you're up close. Taking the cloth I quickly wash under my neck, under arms and then toss into the laundry bin.

As I walk into the room and got a fresh hoodie out of the top dresser drawer. I toss it on with a grimaced, "Oh another black sweater lucky me." My clothes consisted baggy jean, hoodies, an old pair of black converse and a few long sleeve t-shirts. Did I mention they were all black and a pooppy brown color? I feel so stupid dressing like this. I double check my outfit making sure that everything is covered, as raise the hood. But I did this all because it's part of those fucking rules. I'm sure you're curious what the rules are so let me tell you.

1. Never approach or talk to any pack members.
2. Never let you presents known (This means—scents are masked, face/ all body parts covered)
3. Never interact with any pack members because you are a slave.
4. You are only allowed to exercise your wolf as long as you're not seen.
5. All orders will come from Beta or Amber.
6. Never for any reason go near or talk to the Alpha.