

Chapter 1

Iris' POV

I wake up to the sound of my alarm clock blaring in my ears. The sound piercing through my ear drums and echoing in my brain like the siren on a re truck. I turn it off and let out a heavy sigh before dragging my aching muscles out of the bed and walking to the bathroom.

I stayed up late doing homework and 3am came way too early but if I don't want to be punished for breakfast not being ready when morning training is over, I have to get moving.

I gingerly stretch my soreness away before I get to work on my appearance. I brush my teeth and check the clock before deciding to just shower when breakfast is made so I'm not late. I throw my long, red hair up in a bun and make my way down to the kitchen as quickly as my body will allow. Thankfully, it is still dark and quiet in the packhouse which means there is nobody to bother me.

I put on the mandated hairnet so none of my hair accidentally ends up in the food. Goddess knows Alpha would beat me worse than he did last time if that ever happened again. I shudder at the thought, pushing away that specic memory.

I pull out everything I'll need for breakfast and proceed to make seven hundred and fty pancakes, thirty pounds of bacon, six hundred pieces of toast, and six hundred scrambled eggs. The food smells so good and my stomach is growling viciously as I inhale the scent, but Omegas are not allowed to eat the hot food. I'm only allowed peanut butter sandwiches and water most days. Occasionally, Alpha gives me an apple or orange, but there are also days where he withholds food and water altogether.

It's only 6am when I nish making the food and there's still an hour before the pack warriors come in from training so I put together a bowl of fruit with ten pounds of blueberries, ten pounds of sliced strawberries, and ninety six sliced bananas. I also whip up a huge bowl of cream cheese fruit dip and scoop it into a serving dish. That sounds like a lot of food, but there are one hundred and fty warriors. Each one of them eats anywhere between three to ve servings of everything at every single meal and I do not want a repeat of the one time I accidentally did not make enough food for all of them.

Flashback

"IRIS!" I heard Alpha Arthur yell my name with a terrifying boom. I came out of my "bedroom" to the kitchen to see a line of ten warriors standing by the buffet and there was no more food. s**t.

"Yes, Alpha?" I said with my eyes to the oor.

"What is wrong with this picture?" he says with his hand gesturing to the empty buffet.

"There's no more food, Alpha." and I know things are going to be ugly by the rage on his face.

"Why is there no more food for my warriors, Iris? Aren't you supposed to feed ALL of the warriors?" he asks with venom in his voice.

"Yes, Alpha. I made -"

SMACK!

I fall to the oor holding the side of my face and I can taste blood. Alpha Arthur is towering over me and as he grabs me by my hair he screams, "GET YOUR ASS IN THERE AND FEED MY WARRIORS!" before throwing me to the kitchen.

I pick myself up off the oor and make fty servings of everything with tears running down my face. Once I serve the remaining ten warriors, I go back to my "bedroom" and cry on my cot. I am immediately scared to death when the door ies open and there stands the Alpha and his son, David.

"What do you think her punishment should be, son? She didn't make enough food for ten of our warriors this morning. They had to wait for her to make their breakfast after training." Alpha Arthur says with a sinister smirk on his face.

David slowly pulls his belt through his belt loops and looks at his father with the same evil grin on his face. I know what's coming. It has happened before and I feel the tears start owing again.

"How about ten lashes with the belt? One for every warrior that had to wait for their breakfast." David responds to Alpha Arthur.

"That's all?" Alpha Arthur says mockingly and David let's put a chuckle laced with evil.

"The rest of her punishment will be a bit more private." he says as he licks his lips. He raises his arm to whip me with the belt and ———

End Flashback

I am brought back to reality by the loud sound of a throat clearing and I jump, nearly dropping the condiments I was carrying. The warriors are on their way in and I am standing in the kitchen spacing out while I hug coffee creamer and syrup. Great, that's not embarrassing at all.

I let them know there are ten pots of coffee made and ten gallons of orange juice ready. I set out the creamer and sugar for the coffee plus softened butter, jelly, peanut butter, and maple syrup for the pancakes and toast. I bow out of the kitchen and return to my "bedroom".

Leaning against the door, I look around and feel an overwhelming sadness consume me. This was never meant to be a bedroom. It was a storage closet that Alpha Arthur and Luna Drea cleaned out and put me in when my parents were killed in a rogue attack when I was eight years old.

"How kind of them." I think to myself as I take the few steps over to my cot and sit down. School starts at 8:30am so I grab my last set of clean clothes from my box they gave me for all of my personal belongings, my only towel, and the travel size shampoo and body wash I have been stretching out for the last month before heading to the bathroom to shower.

Once in the shower, I wash my hair and then gently scrub my body so I don't push too hard on the bruises. Everything is sore. If it's not punishments for minor mistakes from the entire Alpha family, it's bullies delighting themselves with the pleasures of my pain and tears. I try to stay in the background at school otherwise I get shoved into lockers or walls, beat up by other she wolves, or tripped and shoulder checked by the male wolves. I literally never get a break from the abuse.

Once I'm out and dried off I go back to my room and look at myself in the broken body length mirror they so graciously gifted me. My long, curly hair was once a vibrant and radiant red. The kind that makes people question if it is actually natural. Now it's lackluster and looks dry, stringy, and dull.

My green eyes that used to be as bright as pure emeralds and full of life now look grey and lifeless. I am way too thin and can see most of my bones.

There is no way I am more than 100 pounds and I stand no more than 4 feet 11 inches tall. It has been years since I went to the pack doctor so I am actually not sure about my height or weight, but I know my growth has been stunted from starvation and abuse. Alpha Arthur always makes a point to tell me I'm probably not even a wolf and won't have a mate, but I don't believe that. I remember my parents shifting into their big cream and brown patterned wolves as a child. I'm just waiting for mine. I hope when I nd my mate, he's not repulsed by the sight of me. I want to get out of this pack so bad and if my mate rejects me, I don't know what I will do.

I will have to go rogue or end my life. I let out another sigh and pick up my backpack with the few school supplies I have in it.

"Let's get this day over with so we don't have to worry about school for a couple of days." I say to myself and walk out the door. As I walk, a plan starts to formulate in my head.

My 18th birthday is just one week away. I know that I don't want to stay in this hellhole, so if my mate is in this pack, I will reject him and leave. I'll run away until I nd a different pack and seek shelter.

"1 more week." I think to myself as I walk down the stairs out of the packhouse.

"1 more week and I'm out of here."