

Chapter 1 - Sophia's Revenge

Sophia's POV

Mom, Dad look at me! I squealed as I was halfway up a tree. Look how far I can go; I can see almost all the pack lands. My dad told me to come down before he had to come up and get me because I went too high and his laughter is the last thing I ever heard from him.

One minute I was laughing and having a great time with my parents and the next several rogue wolves came and started circling my parents. They were snapping their jaws and growling at them. My parents quickly shifted and tried to keep them away. My dad quickly jumped on the biggest one and started to take him down, but two of them approached my mom, and that caused him to turn his head towards her for one second. In that one second, my entire life changed, and I was completely unaware of how bad it could get.

The second that my mom felt the mate bond break from my dad dying, she gave up and let the two wolves that were circling her attack her.

“MOM!” I screamed out and jumped down from the tree. I felt my arm snap when I landed, but I didn't feel the pain because the pain in my heart was more.

I watched as those two rogues slowly ripped my mom to pieces. I was frozen and couldn't get my body to move. I stood there screaming for them to stop, but they didn't listen. There was a third wolf who had just stood back and watched this whole thing happen.

He slowly approached me, but I heard people from my pack coming to my rescue. He reached up with his claws and slashed at my chest, ripping it open. I fell to the ground, screaming again. The three rogues took off in the direction that they came from. They were gone before anyone from the pack arrived.

Sam, the pack's Beta, and a few warriors were the first to arrive. They quickly each went to one of us. No one was saying a word, but I knew that my parents were dead already. They didn't have to say it.

"Why would you kill your parents?" The beta said with venom laced in his voice.

"IIII dddiiddnnn'tttt." I mumbled. I was terrified that they were going to kill me.

"Then tell me what happened?"

"Rogues," was all I could get out.

"You mean to tell me that rogues killed your parents and let you live?"

I couldn't answer anymore. I was crying too hard. I just shook my head yes at them.

"Don't lie, little girl. Your parents are dead and you have a few scratches on you. You killed them, didn't you? I knew you were trouble."

"No, I swear." I finally managed to get out.

He turned to a warrior and said, "take her to the dungeon. She is obviously a threat to everyone."

A warrior walked over to me and started to pick me up, but I started to scream as soon as he started to move me. The pain was so bad. I was bleeding from the wounds in my chest and my arm was just hanging there.

"Sir, I think she needs medical care. She has some pretty severe wounds on her chest and her arm is badly broken. I should take her to the pack hospital." The warrior said.

"Are you questioning my authority and believing this filthy traitor? Because if so, you can join her in the dungeon," he growled at the warrior.

“No sir. I will take her to the dungeon.”

He reached down and picked me up, but the pain was so bad that I screamed until I saw stars and then darkness.

When I woke up, I was being laid down gently on a hard cot. The first thing I noticed down here is that it smelled so bad. Like old blood and mold.

“I am sorry, girl. I tried to get you help. I will get you some antibiotics as soon as I can and hopefully, you will heal up fast.” The warrior said to me.

Three days passed before anyone came down and the person who came down was the Alpha. He walked over to my cell and opened the door. I sat up as gingerly as I could because I was still in so much pain.

“Tell me, why did you kill your parents?” The Alpha asked.

“I didn’t.” Those were the only words I got out because he slapped me across the face. He put so much force behind it that my head snapped back and I could taste blood on my lip.

I brought my head back up and looked him in the eyes and asked, “why are you doing this? I couldn’t kill my parents. I am a child.”

“Are you talking back to me, slave?” He spat at me.

Slave, I didn’t know what he was talking about. I wasn’t a slave; I was a child.

“No sir, I just don’t understand,” I told him.

“And that is the only reason you are not being killed for your crimes. You are now the pack slave and for your back talk today, you will receive ten whips.” He said with a glint of happiness in his eyes.

He walked towards me and grabbed my arm that wasn’t broken and had something in his other hand that I hadn’t noticed. He pushed me down on my cot face first. I didn’t have time to even register what was happening

because I heard the crack of the whip and then felt the pain on my butt. It happened nine more times, and I screamed and cried and begged him to stop the entire time.

Once he was done, he got down by ear and whispered: “Remember slave, I enjoy punishing people and I like to hear them scream, so you better learn how to be a good slave really fast or I will happily do that again.”

He left me there and walked away, but before he left, I heard him tell someone, “take her to her new room.”

“My pleasure.” The man replied.

He walked over and ripped me up from where I was still laying and it was the Beta. He pulled me to my new room, which was just a closet with an old mattress and an old worn-out blanket, and a disgusting pillow. He threw me on the bed and turned to close the door, but stopped to say, “Get comfortable because you will be in here until the Alpha feels like letting you out.”

He slammed the door, and I could hear his footsteps retreating away from the door. As soon as I felt he was far enough away, I started sobbing again until I fell asleep.