

Chapter 1 - The Alpha's Rejected Silent Mate

Winter's POV

I stare into his eyes and I don't even bother trying to struggle when I feel his hands wrap around my neck, instead staring up at what I see as a monster, as he tries to strangle the living breath out of me, my blue eyes swimming with unshed tears as he tightens his grip. Another punishment, another day.

“Stupid bitch” my father snarls and I say nothing, lying there like a limp rag doll as he finally lets go, breathing heavily and coughing as I roll over and try to breathe some oxygen into my lungs. I felt a sudden sharp pain in my rib cage and closed my eyes, knowing that he's kicked me once again and struggled to my feet, knowing that he's most likely cracked one of my ribs or even more. It's not the first time and it won't be the last.

“I can go and get you your drink now”, I splutter, my throat now extremely sore, and he backhands me as I taste blood on my lip, a hand to my face as my cheek begins to throb. God that hurt.

“Do it you stupid cow” he mutters, heading over to our threadbare couch and plonking himself down on it, his legs on the coffee table as he settles himself, turning the television on as I limp into the kitchen to fetch him his beer. He takes it without a word and I wait, dreading what he's about to ask of me and knowing that if I don't get it done in time, that I'll face even more severe punishment.

You're probably wondering what I've done to deserve this type of treatment from my father, and I can tell you, it's because he blames me for my mother's death. My mother died protecting me against a rogue when I was a small child and ever since then, I've suffered abuse from my father and even my older brother Damien, who blames me for it. Nothing I say or do makes them stop and I've since stopped trying. Maybe I do deserve this. My mother would still be alive if it wasn't for me.

“Listen you ugly useless girl” my father snaps from his seat, the beer bottle now empty and he waves his hand at me as though letting me know, even as I flinch from his harsh tone. I'm used to the insults, but for some reason, I can't explain I still react to them. It still hurts me, deep inside, to have my own father treat me this way. “Go and cook me some dinner already and get me another beer” he cries, throwing the bottle at me. I dodge just in time, dismayed when it smashes into the wall and shatters everywhere. Now I have yet another mess to clean up on top of everything else, not that he cares. I'm just a maid to him and my older brother. A servant if you will.

I gave him the beer and headed into the kitchen, perusing the meager contents. Whatever food we have is because I get it before the money runs out from my father's constant drinking. Finally, I settled on chicken and salad, doing my best to make a decent hearty meal out of so few ingredients. I, of course, put just a sliver of food on my plate, anything more and he'll throw it out and tell me I'm too fat to be eating. If he doesn't, then I know that Damien will. He copies my father in an attempt to get his approval and makes my life just as much of a living hell.

Apparently, thank goodness, the dinner I make is acceptable because all I get is a grunt as I hand it over, before dropping to my knees and picking up the shards of glass scattered everywhere. There are so many of them and I cringe as I cut my hand on a small sliver of glass. So far, Damien has yet to come home, something that is not too unusual, and I'm extraordinarily grateful. Because as bad as my father is to me, my older brother is far worse and not only torments me at home but also at school, where there is no escape for me. It's like a game to him. My father never picks on him, in fact, adores his only son. Lucky Damien. The only person he hates is me. I feel a tear well up in the corner of my eye. My life means nothing to me anymore. All my hopes and my dreams? All I can focus on is getting the hell away from this useless pack and studying at a college where no one can find me. Because if I don't do that, then there's every likelihood that at this rate I'm going to end up dead.

Why don't I tell the Alpha and Luna you ask? Because they are friends of my father's and we live on the edge of the territory line, far away from everybody else, so no one ever hears me scream, or whimper. I'm never taken to the hospital, so there's no record of abuse. I want so badly to run away from all of this but there's nowhere for me to go. I have no other family, no friends, and no hope. Everything has been taken away from me. Once upon a time, my brother adored me, but now he and his friends take pleasure in torturing me and my life is a complete and utter nightmare because of those who are meant to love me the most. My own family.

My name is Winter and I'm seventeen years old. This is my story, my life, my pain. Family used to mean everything to me, but now I wish that my father was dead and sometimes even Damien too. I'm so full of hatred that it's all I can do to hide it instead of letting it loose. I will never truly be free until I leave this life and god help me, I hope it's soon.