



(Sky's POV)

"SKY SLUTTY - w\*\*\*e HOLLOW." My older brother, Alpha Henry bellowed through out the pack house. What a wonderful way of waking up, I thought to myself as I tried to pull myself into a sitting position, sighing in exhaustion.

Happy Sixteenth birthday to me.

'Happy sixteenth birthday to us. You are such a special girl, Sky you don't even know it.' My Wolf, Angel says to me happily. She came to me after my parents died, which is early. Alpha blood usually get their wolves at ten but because of the distress I went through the Goddess gave her to me early and I will forever be thankful that she did. Angel always made sure I felt like I belonged and to still see the good in everyone around me.

Angel is a beautiful wolf, she is pure white and stands eight feet tall. Her eyes are violet like mine, I honestly almost fainted when I saw her the rst time. She is taller than father, he would have been so proud and Mother would have gushed about how I could take father out any day with a wolf like that. She always loved to make jokes.

I miss them.

I quickly got up off my worn down mattress and ran into the bathroom, doing my business as fast as I can. Brother hates to wait on anyone or anything. I emerge out of the bathroom quickly so I can throw some clothes on. All my clothes are hand me downs from pack members my brother forced to give me before throwing them away. He won't buy me anything out right but he also won't let me go without semi decent clothes for school.

Appearances matter to him. Kind of.

I throw on an ombre pink to blue off the shoulder shirt with some faded blue jeans. I am just thankful these clothes have no holes or stains on them. I didn't bother to do my tangled black and white hair, deciding to just throw it up into a messy bun. It's just another thing everyone picks on me about. Like seriously who would I be looking to impress any way.

'Hopefully our mate.' Angel whispers dreamily. I sigh, oh how I wish we meet our mate today and he takes us away. Look at Henry though. He is now thirty two years old and still hasn't met his mate and our Luna. Angel always says it's because he hasn't learned his lesson yet so the Goddess is punishing him.

Maybe, maybe not.

Will we be punished because of our parents dying?

'I have told you a thousand times and I will tell you again. It is not your fault that our parents died. You were a helpless three year old, they protect their pup plus they knew you were special.' Angel says softly.

She's right it's just so hard to move on from the loss. I didn't just lose my parents, I lost my whole pack, best friend and my brother.

'Well you also gained me.' Angel says cheerily.

I chuckle in amusement, 'Yes, yes I did.'

I step quickly out of my room and race down the stairs that lead to the attic, aka my bedroom. When I enter the door of the top oor I suddenly bump into a wall or so I thought it was. I don't know why I would, their has never been a wall there before.

"Get out of my way, you ugly bitch." The beta of our pack, Tommy, also known as my brother's second in command of our pack screams at me. He's always been my brother's best friend. He use to treat me like I was his baby sister too until my parents died that is. He shoves me backwards, causing me to stumble back and fall on the stairs. I caught myself before any real damage could occur, but now I remember I forgot my glasses.

Never thinking. Brother would have killed me for that.

'I would never allow that.' Angel says sternly. I know she would always try to protect me.

You see I don't need glasses, I am a Werewolf for Goddess sake. The problem is a couple things, one my brother doesn't want anyone to know about my violet eyes, which I get because only the Luna and Alpha's daughter had violet eyes and two, no one knows I have my wolf. Angel covers our scent so my beatings do not become worse than they already are. She is afraid they will try to use silver or Wolfs bane on me. She doesn't want to leave me vulnerable and by myself. The glasses look normal but brother made a witch enchant them so it makes my eyes look like a poop brown.

Isn't that sweet of him? Not.

'He gave us the ugliest color ever and tries to hide away our unique violet eyes.' Angel grumbles in annoyance. She doesn't like to hide. We are both hoping our mate, our one true love, will save us.

I run back up the stairs and grab my glasses from under my pillow, placing them on my face as I ran back out of my room and down all the stairs. The pack house has four oors and then the attic. So everyday I run down the attic stairs and land on the fourth oor, meant for the Beta and Alpha families. Of course neither of them have found their mates yet. Angel says it's karma, but I feel bad that my brother and Tommy haven't found their soul mates yet. I just wish for them to be happy. Then I skid down the stairs to the third oor, brother made this oor for his gamma and visiting Alpha's. Then running down the next spiral stair case brings me to the second oor. This oor is for top warriors, conference rooms, the Alpha, Beta and Gamma's oces. I sprint down the last set of stairs slightly out of breath. Of course one decides to trip me on my way down, causing my body to tumble down the last couple of steps hitting the rst oor or as I like to call it the ground oor. Thankfully my glasses didn't break this time. This oor has the recreational area for the pack including the movie theater, bar, pool room and so much more. Then the kitchen, dining room, servants quarters and access door to the outside pool, barbecue and packs garden my mother built with her mother. There is a basement too that's full of workout equipment, training rooms and a bunker in case of future attacks.

I bypass the entrance way and head straight to the kitchen, where I sniff out my brother. As I walk through the doorway I see him pacing back and forth, fuming silently to himself.

Goddess, how long did I make him wait for?

"SKY UGLY - b\*\*\*h HOLLOW." My brother begins screaming, seconds before I step foot in to the kitchen. Sometimes I wonder if he even knows what Mother and Father named me or not. Maybe he forgot. He gets in to my face. His face is beet red, eyes are blood shot and wild. He seems to be ghting himself or maybe ghting his wolf.

'His wolf is trying to make him stop calling you names and to calm down.' Angel says, oh did I forget to mention how my wolf can communicate with other wolves and feel their emotions. Special Alpha wolves can do it, father could but I know that my brother can't. Father told him it's normal to skip generations, as his father could never do it also.

"Yes brother?" I ask quietly while looking at the oor. I'm trying not to upset him anymore. That's when I realized I must have made a mistake. As I feel a hard stinging punch slamming against my face, causing my body to crumble to the oor. Angel holds back our healing, not wanting to give away I have a wolf. I now realize my brother's wolf must have lost the ght. Usually your human is stronger until you meet your mate then your wolf is stronger. Some unique werewolves have equal counterparts, like Angel and I.

I quickly pick myself up, holding my face in pain as I try to hold a whimper back. I bow my head and bare my neck to the side, showing respect and submission.

Angel growls in anger and annoyance. I hold it back so no one hears. She always does this, saying we are to special to ever bow down to anyone other than our mate.

"That's where you are wrong Sky, I AM NOT YOUR BROTHER AND WILL NEVER BE RELATED TO AN UGLY SLUTTY SPECIES LIKE YOU. Now answer me on why have you not made breakfast yet?" Alpha Henry questions me, What the hell is his problem? I wish he would just accept me as his sister again. I honestly think something must have crawled up his ass and died there.

Angel chuckles in amusement, I love listening to my wolf chuckle. It's like a rumble from her chest.

"Uh..... Um..... I'm..... s.. s.. sorry. I..... forgot." I quickly stutter out in an whisper. Honestly a sorry attempt on my end to hope for a less of a beating today. I'm hoping not to anger him anymore than I already have. After I was nished answering him, something just snapped inside of him. The look of absolute rage covered my brother's perfect face.

Today has always been worse, even though it's my birthday it is also the day we lost our mother and father.

'That is no excuse to beat on his little sister who he should protect and care for.' Angel growls in anger. She hates when I defend him, though it hurts me to see how much he has changed.

You would have just thought I insulted him with the look he gives me. It's deadly. His st raises and I knew I was in for a beating. He begins punching me until I fall to the oor, then he starts kicking me relentlessly, using his full power. At some point he even spit on my face. How insulting. I don't know why he was so furious but when he nally stopped his attack, my whole body ached. I was left with broken glasses, a black swollen eye, my lip busted open in two different places, two very sore ribs and a blood coming out of a now broken nose.

"Now hurry up, clean this mess, make my breakfast and get to school before I teach you another lesson." He growls in annoyance, as he stomps out of the kitchen.

'What lesson did he teach you? Why don't I teach him a lesson?' Angel growls.

Calm down, Angel. We don't harm anyone in the pack, especially our brother. She grumbles to herself but doesn't argue anymore with me.

I quickly pull myself together, stopping the blood before it hits my shirt. The last thing I want to do is to go up ve ights of stairs just to change. I wash my face off, Crack my nose back in to place so Angel can heal it and tape my glasses back together. After I am completely cleaned up, I begin to make breakfast for my brother and the rest of the pack, so I make food for around nine hundred and fty people. Though that is not all of the pack some have houses of their own and don't eat here. The pack holds one thousand ve hundred people total. Stop zoning out Sky, you need to focus and not burn the food again, I mentally note to myself.

'That was funny. All the slutty teens cried about the smoke.' Angel laughs out in my head.

The beating to learn my lesson wasn't as fun. I think back to her. She sighs and retreats again.

After I nish making breakfast, I place all of it in the dining room buffet table and then head to my beat up hand me down car. Instead of eating and upsetting my brother more, I decide to just try to hide my bruises car. The make up eating in my car before school. After applying an excessive amount of concealer, I throw my make up in my book bag in case I need to apply it again. I do not want anyone to notice the bruises or it will upset brother. I realize I am going to be late if I don't hurry, so I crank up my car and head off to school.

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