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"Thank you for getting rid of that girl. I can't stand her. She is like a parasite," Mom said, wiping her hands on a dishtowel and kissed me on the top of my head, making the anger vanish.

Mom was the only one who managed to calm me down when I'm angry. Usually, the only thing that made my anger go away is beating the crap out of someone, usually Missy. She was good like that. "No problem, Mom. She really is a parasite, came here looking for Dean hoping he'd let her blow him." I grunted as she smacked me on the back of the head.

"Language, Mister. I don't care if what you say about her is true, it's not the way to speak. You may talk like that with your friends, but when you're around me, I want none of it."

Rubbing the back of my head, I begrudgingly gave her an apology. I slung my arm around her waist and gave her a hug. She flinched, and the anger trickled back through me. Dad hit her again. "How bad?" She'd never let me see the bruises. Always the torso Dad likes to say. Below the chest and above the hips. That way bruises are easily hidden by the clothing.

Mom smiled at me. How could she smile like that? It is something I never understood about my mom, and Missy, for that matter. How did they manage to smile and pretend like nothing was wrong?

"I'm fine sweetheart. It's not too bad. Your father just couldn't help himself. He's under so much stress lately, and I really shouldn't have bothered him."

I scowled, but I knew arguing with her would get me nowhere. "Fine. I'm going to my room."

"Okay, make sure you clean up for Dinner," she told me with a kiss on my forehead before returning to the kitchen to do whatever it is moms do there.

I closed the door and sat on the bed, leaning against the wall. My anger

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returned as I thought of Tammy, Dean, my dad. I hated them all and wanted them dead. With a smile, I closed my eyes imagining what it would be like to have their blood on my hands. I wanted to do it. I wanted to see the life drain out of their eyes. I opened my eyes and in a slightly better mood. I glanced out of my window and let a small smile cross my face as I saw Missy.

She made it out after all. That's my girl. I knew she'd do it. Nothing keeps her down. I scooted off my bed to watch her swing on a swing set like she was six or something. It made me smile even more. I know my dad says she is human trash and should've never been born but I always kind of liked her. She's a lot stronger than he thinks. No big surprise there, Dad is a fucking idiot half the time.

Missy always gets up no matter how hard I hit her or what I say to her. It's nice knowing no matter how angry I am she'll always be there to take the hits to make me feel better. Also, I think we have a lot in common. We both try to put our moms first. We're both trapped by Dad. I'll blame it on being drunk, but the truth was I wanted to tell her about Dad. I don't want him to kill her. I need her. If she's gone, who will take my anger? I can't risk taking it out on my mom as he does.

No, I needed Missy just as much as she needed me and she needed me. Missy is like the yin to my yang or crap like that. Without me, she's no one, but some stupid unimportant human. We were meant for each other. We weren't mates or any of that stupid shit. Who really needed a mate, anyway? This was more than that. She needed to be there to take my anger. Only she can do it.

My eyes narrowed as I saw Dean freaking Williams walk up to her. What was he doing there? Anger turned in the pit of my stomach as he started talking to her. What did Dean have to talk about with Missy? Didn't I make it clear, no one goes near Missy but me! The more I watched, the angrier I got. He kept getting closer and closer to her as he held the chain of her swing. Go away Dean, I swore silently at him.

A growl resonated through my throat when he held her face. I was going to break his hand. To make matters worse, I watched Dean kiss her. He actually kissed her! My lips curled into a snarl, I felt the nails of my hands

grow into claws. She blushed, smiling at him. He was taking her from me. "No!" Dean could have Tammy or any girl he wanted. Anyone but Missy.

I gripped the windowsill, not caring I had splintered the wood. I watched them. "Enjoy it Deano, because it's not going to last long. You are a dead man. I am going to kill you, I don't give a fuck what Dad plans are. You are dead."