

## Why Father??

Lindsey POV

"Get in" snarled my father as I met his eyes, and I swallowed hard, Beth avoiding my gaze. So much for walking home. I dreaded getting in that car. I could see how pissed he was by the clenching of his jaw and the narrowing of his eyes, not to mention the whiteness of his fingertips as he gripped the steering wheel. He never came to get me from school and as I hesitantly took a step closer I caught a whiff of alcohol, my stomach churning. How could Beth have let him drive in the condition he was in? But then I remembered that he had probably come home the night before with his clothes smelling like he'd been swimming in alcohol and was probably sober for now. There was no guarantee he would stay sober.

"I have to get to the pack house," I said lamely, hoping that would pacify him "Luna Chelsea will be expecting me." Maybe that would be enough to bring him to his senses. I could hope.

My body was tense, prepared to take flight.

Beth spoke up, a smirk on her heavily made-up face. "Luna Chelsea has given you the afternoon off," she said briskly as I gulped.

That wasn't good. There was no reason for her to have given me the afternoon off unless it was due to my parents requesting it. Or maybe she figured there was no point in me coming considering the lateness of the hour? That could be it, I tried to convince myself, my heart racing and my palms starting to sweat out of nervousness.

"Will you get in the car already Lindsey" my father barked, a tic in his jaw. He looked ready to throttle me, fully prepared to get out of the car and get me if it came down to it. I reluctantly came closer and opened the door to the back, hopping inside and placing my backpack to the side.

"About time" my father muttered under his breath.

I said nothing, merely glancing at him nervously. Now that I was in the car, I felt trapped, conned. There was no escape, but Beth seemed relaxed, leaning back in her seat and looking placidly out at the scenery. Was she in her own little world or something?

"So how is school going?" Beth asked pointedly and I cringed. Yep. They had definitely had a phone call from the principal this morning. I bit my lip.

"It's going well," I said dumbly. What else was I going to say? They knew full well I had been late to class and the reason why, it's not like I needed to go into great detail.

My father looked ready to explode. "Really," he said icily as he turned right onto the main road "it's going well is it, Lindsey?"

I gave a sheepish nod, looking out at the scenery and vehemently wishing I was anywhere but in the car at that moment. My father looked like he was liable to explode at any moment.

"Are you passing your subjects?" asked Beth, prodding me. What was this woman thinking?

"Yes," I answered, I had always had good grades, despite all the hard work being an omega entailed. I needed them to get into an acceptable college and away from here, after all.

"Well that's good," Beth said cheerfully, shooting my father an uncertain glance and then falling silent as he shot daggers at her. I had to give her credit for trying to get him out of his bad mood but it was impossible. Once he was in one he stayed there until he deemed he was ready to come out of it.

"At least you're not an embarrassment in that aspect" my father growled "I'd hate to think you were stupid on top of being worthless" he added.

Tears pricked the corners of my eyes and I hung my head. I have never known why my father despises me so much. Ever since I was a little girl he has hated my very existence and when he married Beth it only seemed to get worse. At first, Beth was nice to me but my father encouraged her to be mean and hateful and eventually, she became like him, but occasionally she reverts back to being nice when he's not around. I don't get why he had me if he doesn't want me. I wish my mother took me when she ran away. But apparently, she didn't want me either, at least according to my father. It would seem that nobody wants me or likes me.

I began to plead with dad. "I didn't mean to be late but Luna Chelsea locked me in the dungeon last night and forgot to let me out on time this morning."

He sneered at me. "Why did she put you in the dungeon in the first place?" he asked with a low growl.

I looked at him helplessly. What was I going to say? The Luna misread the situation. That she got it all wrong? Somehow I didn't think that would sit so well with my father. "She thought I was trying to seduce the soon-to-be Alpha" I mumbled, blushing profusely as my father thumped the steering wheel and cursed vehemently at me.

"I knew it" he cried, "You're no good, just like your damn mother" he hissed. His eyes were flashing black now, meaning that not only was he in a bad temper but that his wolf was dangerously close to the surface.

I swallowed hard. "I didn't do it" I cried "I would never" but he interrupted me.

"I always knew you'd turn out to be a slut."

That stung. Beth looked torn like she wanted to comfort me but was too frightened of my father's temper to do so. She resolutely stared out the window.

We pulled up at the front of our cottage. The car dwindled and then slowly the engine shut off. My father sat there, lost in thought. I didn't dare just get out of the car without his say-so. Beth on the other hand, slowly got out of the car, shooting me an apologetic look, and walked away, through the front door and disappeared from view as I shot her a pleading look.

"Get out of the car" my father barked and I scrambled out, awkwardly grabbing my backpack and hoisting it over my shoulder.

My father got out of the driver's seat and shut the door with a loud bang behind him. I inched. "Go to your room" he ordered "I'll be there in a moment."

My heart sank. That meant I was being punished. My legs felt wooden as I walked inside and slowly downstairs into the basement which I called my room. I placed my backpack down and looked around at the mold in the corner and smelt the dampness. I sat on my threadbare mattress, dreading with my hands. I knew father would be down, that he wouldn't change his mind and I felt nauseous as the minutes slowly ticked by.

My father came stomping down the stairs clutching a large whip with silver studs on the end of it. I gulped. It was one of his favorite forms of torture or punishment for the left scars on the body that wouldn't heal thanks to the silver. It was also extremely painful. Beth came walking behind him, avoiding my gaze and staring blankly around the room as though she wished to be anywhere but where she was.

"Father please" I begged, standing up and trying to reason with him "surely you can see my side of the story?"

He cracked the whip and I inched. "It's not the first time you've been late to school according to the principal. Not only that but I won't have you turn out like your f\*\*\*\*g mother" he snarled, his eyes flashing, his lips curling back in contempt.

I was confused. What did he mean by those words? All I knew about my mother was that she had run away not long after I had been born. No amount of begging and pleading had persuaded father to tell me any more about her.

"What do you mean?" I asked and he looked startled, as though he'd been lost in his thoughts "why do you talk about her like that?"

"Never you mind" he snarled "I won't have a repeat of her, I won't" he repeated to himself.

I was perplexed, but transfixed, my eyes on the whip he held in his hands, my body beginning to tremble.

"Turn around" he instructed with a growl.

I hesitated. Part of me wanted to be dead but I had learned the hard way that to be dead meant that there would be more strokes and more pain. I shot Beth a desperate look but she looked away and bit her lip. Great. She was going to watch and be an accomplice to my father's cruelty, just like she always was.

My body shook as I turned around, my eyes filling with tears. God how I despised my father. "Lean against the wall" he instructed me, as he'd instructed me numerous times before. My hands reached out to touch the brick wall, my nails digging in, my palms pressed firmly against it. My breathing was shallow and uneven. I could feel myself becoming terrified before the whip suddenly struck my back with a firm thwack, making me scream out in pain, my knees almost buckling beneath me. The tiny silver studs ripped into my flesh, gouging it, and causing blood to trickle from my wounds. He didn't hold back either, using all his strength.

"You will count" he thundered.

"One," I said obediently, my voice hoarse from the scream.

Thwack. I barely held myself up as another strike hit the middle of my back. The pain was excruciating, the silver burning my flesh. I let out a sharp cry as he pulled the whip back, ripping out bits of my flesh.

"Two" I whispered.

I swore I heard a strangled cry come from behind me, most probably from Beth but I dared not turn around. My shirt had been torn to shreds by the whip and was barely being held on.

Thwack, Thwack. This time he did two in a row, on the same spot, causing me to arch my back and bite my tongue in pain. I screamed myself hoarse, my hands scrabbling at the brick wall. I leaned my forehead against the wall, tears trailing down my cheeks. I was in so much pain that my whole body felt like it was a flame. I could barely keep myself from collapsing.

"Three, Four," I said in a dead voice.

"Thwack"

"Five"

"Thwack"

"Six," I said crying now, my hands bloodied from scrabbling at the wall, my knees buckling, and small gouges all over my back. The pain was so intense that a single movement was enough to cause a scream from me. My father was a sadist, I thought to myself, he enjoyed causing me pain. There was no remorse in him whatsoever and he would wait patiently for me to gather myself and stand upright again before he would strike me again. Blood had started to pool around my body.

"Thwack"

"Seven" I coughed up blood, spitting it out onto the floor, leaning against the wall, my eyes shimmering with tears. My whole body was shivering from the coldness that was enveloping it. My vision was becoming blurry. His strength hadn't faltered, if anything he'd been even harder with the strikes as he'd gone on.

"Thwack"

"Eight" I whispered, two more, please just let it be two more to go. He tended to stick to ten, please god, let it be ten strikes, I don't think I can last much longer.

"Two more" my father thundered "Corrine"

Did he just call me Corrine? But that was my mother's name. Why was he calling me her name? I didn't respond, instead waiting for the next two strikes.

"Thwack, Thwack" they happened one after the other. My back arched and I hissed, spitting up more blood as my father gave a low growl in satisfaction.

"You deserve this and more" was all he said before he left me, Beth silently walking behind him, as pale as a sheet.

I couldn't speak. All I could do was crawl towards the threadbare mattress and lie down, blood pooling around me. I was mildly concerned about the amount, but it wasn't the first time I'd lost this amount of blood and I'd survived so I was guessing I'd survive this. My vision became even blurrier as I stared blankly around the room and the coldness continued to set in, darkness surrounding me as I willingly gave into it. If death was coming for me, then I welcomed it with open arms. Anything was better than this miserable existence.