

Alpha Nicholas's Little Mate

Chapter 1

Bonnie

"If you don't get your goddam ass down here right now, I swear to the Moon Goddess herself I'm going to get my fucking belt out and make you sorry!" My dad's voice sends chills down my spine and has my entire body shaking knowing the pain that it's going to endure very soon. My dad means what he says and, thanks to my prick of a brother, my punishment will be even more painful than normal.

"If I have to come and get you, you know what will happen mutt!" He keeps bellowing while I shift myself further backward in my closet while praying for a miracle or, at the very least, for a giant hole to appear in these old floorboards and swallow me whole. Of course, reality wouldn't be as kind as to create a hole for me. No, my reality will result in pain and a lot of it.

"Where the fuck are you!" His voice suddenly seems so close and a growl that can only belong to that of a Beta suddenly has the walls around me shaking. Shit, he's here! "This is your last chance to come out mutt. If you don't, you know what will happen!"

He knows I'm here, but he wouldn't be my dad if he didn't take the time to taunt me that little bit more. It doesn't matter if I go out there now or let him find me either way, my punishment will have me suffering in pain for more than a few days.

"Your ass should have been downstairs over 30 minutes ago, and now it's going to pay. I don't know why you do this to yourself every goddam time! "I do sometimes wonder how my dad can help lead this pack as the Beta with how stupid he can be.

Does he seriously think that I hid in my closet and chose not to go downstairs and make breakfast knowing that he would come and find me and make me pay all by choice? No, I didn't, but it won't matter what my reason is for being here, he won't believe me, he won't care.

"Well, hello there little mutt." I feel the air leave my lungs as he tears open the door and lunges at me, grabbing my shirt and throwing me across the room. A grunt leaves my mouth as blinding pain shoots down my spine from hitting the wall, along with the impact winding me has, this day is off to a cracking start.

And yes, I know what you're thinking. Werewolves have amazingly quick healing abilities and while that may be true, unfortunately, that's not always the case, and of course, as with everything else in my life that goes wrong, so does having that ability. A healthy wolf can heal quickly but not an unhealthy one, and I'm the definition of an unhealthy wolf.

I cough as I try to catch my breath, but before I've even drawn in my first full breath, my dad is back on me and pulling me off the ground by the neck of my shirt. He roughly shakes me before screaming in my face, causing spittle to land on my forehead, nose, and chin, forcing me to hold in a gag. "Well, come on mutt. Won't you at least try and come up with some pathetic excuse to cover your ass?"

While most of the beatings that I get from my dad are caused by my brother, I try not to mention his name and instead, make up another excuse, any excuse because, in this household, my brother is the top, golden child and, as far as my father is concerned, he never does anything wrong and if I try and say different he sees red and just ups my punishment.

However, sometimes I just can't think of an excuse quickly enough and my Dad tolerates no answer, even less than me mentioning my brother's name, so that is what I have to do. I have to tell the truth and today seems like one of those days. "Rowan... Rowan locked me in my closet." As expected, his face turns an even darker shade of red as he once again roughly shakes me before throwing me across the room. Only this time I crash into the window and cry out as it shatters and several shards impale my skin.

"Look at what you made me do now. You stupid worthless piece of shit!" He storms over to me while I try to remove a large piece of glass out of the palm of my hand. He gets a tight grip on my hair and pulls backward until I'm forced to look up at his face, while at the same time, he moves my hand away, stopping me from pulling out the glass, and then he pushes down on it, making it impale even deeper into the palm of my hand and causing me to cry out.

"I'll never understand why you were born but the sooner you die, the better!" I remain quiet while trying to breathe through the pain as he continues to throw venomous words my way, but I don't think he realizes just how wasted those words are on me.

All I've ever heard from both him, Blue, and Rowan are vile words and their behavior has been even worse. I'm 18 years old, 18 years of hearing every bad thing imaginable, so yeah, his words do not affect me much anymore, the pain from the beatings is worse than any words he can say... so much worse, and I'm not sure if I'll ever get used to those.

"The next time you speak badly about your brother, I won't be the only one handling your punishment." He pulls back his hand right before landing a hard slap to my cheek, causing my vision to blur and my ears to ring. As I said before, he doesn't do well with me, badmouthing his precious son or anyone else, for that matter. Rowan is 20, the future Beta to our pack, and I swear that the boy could fall in shit, and he would still come out smelling like goddam roses.

My dad has threatened to have my brother punish me more than once but has never gone through with it. Of course, I don't kid myself into thinking it's because he's protecting me, he's never protected me a day in my life. No, I think it's because he knows that Rowan's temper is even worse than his, and I think he fears that Rowan will lose control and kill me, and if he does that, then who will my dad have to bully and take his anger out on? And of course, how would he explain my disappearance to everyone else?

I'm pulled from my thoughts by my dad once again pulling on my hair. It's a favorite thing of his to-do and, honestly, it has me wondering how I don't have bold patches. I wait for the next blow, but then his eyes glaze over as

someone's mind links him, and then he suddenly lets go of my hair and takes a step back. "Get your fucking ass downstairs. Now!" What the hell is that all about? There must be something big going on for my dad to stop beating me. Nothing ever stops him, not even mind links unless they are seriously important.

The moment he slams my bedroom door shut, tears burst from my eyes and all the pain that I've been ignoring surfaces causing me to shake. "Come on sweetheart. Get up off of the floor. Let's get you cleaned up." My wolf Lexis's voice soothes me somewhat as she encourages me.

I'll never understand how she's still here with me. I turned 18 six months ago and while I was able to shift fine for the first month since then, I've not been able to. My body is too weak from the beatings and being starved to be able to shift.

I've told Lexi more than once to leave me, to find herself another wolf to live with. It's the least she deserves, but she has always refused. She has been by my side since day one, and I'll always be grateful to her. She is my best friend, my only friend, and honestly, most days she's the only thing that keeps me going.

She refuses to leave me and I keep fighting for her but one day... One day this will all be over. I don't know how, but one way or another we will get out of this house and away from this pack, and more importantly, away from the evil that is my dad.