

Alpha Nicholas's Little Mate

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Chapter 2

Bonnie

I move as quickly as I can to get off of the floor and drag myself to my bathroom to try and clean myself up as best as I can before I go downstairs. The pain in my back is now more of a dull ache, but the cuts from the glass are stinging like a bitch. Luckily for me, most of the cuts aren't very deep and, from what I can see, they don't have any glass in them, so they will heal just fine. However, the one in the palm of my hand is deep and will take much longer to heal.

I wince as I pull out the piece of glass quickly before wrapping a cloth around it to hopefully help slow down the bleeding. "I'm sorry I can't heal you, Bon Bon." Lexis's sad voice pulls at my heartstrings. "It's not your fault, Lex." As usual, she doesn't agree, but it's the truth. Yes, she's too weak to heal any of my bigger wounds, but she still heals my little ones and more importantly, she is here for me, which means more than she'll ever know.

The reason she can't help me with the bigger wounds is because of how unhealthy I am due to the abuse I receive daily from my dad and brother. Their abuse is also the cause of me being unable to shift and, for a while, I worried that I wouldn't even be able to talk to Lexi, but we do every day, and it's all that I need from her right now.

After more back and forth between us, I manage to convince her of the latter, and she retreats to the back of my mind, although I know it won't be the last time that we have this conversation and that's ok because my words or feelings will never change towards her. I just hope that she continues to stick by me until we can get away from here.

Once I've made quick work of cleaning myself up and wrapping up my hand, I quickly change my shirt and head downstairs to see what's going on. The usual sinking feeling starts up in my stomach as it does every time I walk down the stairs, but there's also some wonder in my head about what my dad wants after that mind-link and I decide to focus on that more than the sinking feeling.

As I reach the bottom of the stairs, I stop to take a moment to say hello to my Mom and kiss the picture of her that's hanging on the wall. There are several pictures of her around the house, but this is one of my favorite ones of her. She looks so young and carefree and, more than anything,

happy. I never met her, but somehow, every time I look at this picture of her, I feel like I know her. I've also been told endless stories about my mom, which helps me picture her and imagine her life.

My mom and dad were lucky enough to meet just after they both turned 18 and were mated and married within two months and then, 8 months later, my brother Rowan was born. Just over 2 years later, my twin sister Blue and I were born. Unfortunately, Mom was ill while she was pregnant with us, and giving birth was too much for her body. After giving birth to Blue she died, meaning they had to cut me out of my Mom's stomach after she had died.

She was my Dad's world, her and Rowan's, and when she died he was left without his mate and a single dad of three children under 3 years old and devastated. I haven't met my mate yet, so I can't even begin to imagine what he went through. Even after everything he's put me through, I still feel sad that he lost his mate.

They say that when a wolf loses their mate it can make them go insane, sometimes even kill themselves, and while my dad didn't ever resort to harming himself, I often wondered if the death of my mother did make him go insane, but just a different kind of insane to the normal. Usually, when a wolf goes insane they turn nasty towards everyone around them, and while my dad doesn't behave like that, it doesn't stop me from wondering if maybe he has a different form of being insane in which he manages to keep it hidden from the world and just take it out on me.

You see, I may be a twin, but my sister and I may as well live in different homes, in different packs, even because, whereas I'm treated like a piece of shit that's on the bottom of my Dad's shoe, my sister is treated like a princess. Yes, both my brother and sister are my dad's golden children, while I'm the leftover trash that he's never wanted, not since the day I was born anyway.

From what I have been told, my dad was incredibly excited to be welcoming twin girls into the world. He and my mom already had a little boy and had decided that two daughters following made the perfect number of children and that they would be happy to stop with us, but then the day came that my mom went into labor with us a month before her due date and died just minutes after Blue's birth.

It's said that my mom had unknowingly been suffering from a bleed on her brain and, after the stress of giving birth to Blue naturally, her body gave out, but they managed to get me out in time, a few more minutes and I would have died too. My dad couldn't look at either my sister or me for several days, but when he finally did, he instantly hated me. He said that it was my fault that my mom had died, that I had somehow caused her death, despite several doctors telling him that it wasn't the case, that she had been suffering for weeks and would have died either way, he still didn't listen and has still always hated me and blamed me all because I was the last one to be born.

"Bonnie, come along." My dad has his polite father voice on which means someone important is here. It's the only time he's ever any kind of decent to me, and they are the moments that I enjoy every second of. Sad, I know, but when you spend your entire life being hated and abused you learn to take any opportunity you can to enjoy the quiet moments of peace and no pain.

I pick up my pace and quickly reach the living area to find my dad sitting on the couch with my sister and brother while Alpha Harold sits across from them with another man who I don't recognize. "Hello, Bonnie." Alpha Harold greets me with his usual warm smile and, as always, it has me fighting back my tears at how such little kindness makes me feel.

Alpha Harold has been the Alpha to the Green Rock pack for the last 25 years and is one incredible Alpha. He runs a brilliant pack and shows every single member of his pack nothing but love and kindness, and I have no doubt that if he knew what my dad was doing to me, he would lose his shit. There have been so many times that I have wanted to tell him,, there have even been moments where I have been standing outside his office door ready to knock, but then my dad's words would always ring loud in my head stopping me from doing it.

My dad has always told me that if I tell anyone, then he will kill my grandmother April. She is my mom's mother and even though we haven't seen her in over 10 years, I still love her deeply. She left the pack after she decided that she was done with pack life and wanted to finish out her days out in the forest in a cabin, just her and her pet dog. I'm not sure why she chose that life, but from what I have been told, she was never the same after my mother died.

I remember visiting her often when we were little and even though she never showed us much love in a physical way, she was always polite to us and was never mean or abusive to me. She never knew what my dad was doing because he was always good at hiding my bruises, and after she left the pack, he cut off all contact with her. But despite all of that, I still love her and that thought of him hurting her has always and will always be enough to keep me quiet.

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