

# Forsaken by the Moon Goddess

## Chapter 1: High School

Sloane

"We heard your father was a murderer."

"Yeah, and your mother was too."

"What does that make you? Huh, Slade?"

"Fuck you," Slade snarls. He's not afraid of these ranked wolves, but that doesn't mean that he won't get hurt if they jump him. There are five of them and everyone of them is three years older than he is.

"I mean, if you're offering, feel free to get on your knees," one of the guys says, grabbing his crotch while the others laugh.

"Say it again. I fucking dare you," I say, striding up to the group of ranked members who are seniors, like me, and have surrounded my brother who is a freshman. I don't hesitate to pull my fist back and punch the Beta taunting my brother in the face. I hear the satisfying crack of his nose breaking before blood begins gushing down his face and clothes.

All of them turn and look at me, taking a step back. I have a reputation of being able to put any wolf of any rank on their ass and it wouldn't be the first time I've put more than one on their ass at the same time.

"You're not so big and bad when it's someone your own size, are you?" I ask, turning my body to stand in front of Slade.

"You fucking bitch!" the Beta roars.

Every one of these assholes knows I can kick their ass. I've made sure I'm one of the strongest warriors in my pack and every pack. At first, it was to try and get the blessing of the white wolf from the Moon Goddess. But when I got my wolf,

Aisling, at ten, she was a regular wolf. The disappointment hit me, deep in my soul.

I might have stopped training so hard at that point, except there was no way to stop the rumors that blew through my school like wildfire. My uncle may be a very powerful werewolf, and no one would DARE say anything in front of him or my Aunt Samara. But here in the school yard, no one gives a fuck. And now that my brother has started high school, the taunts have turned to him as an Alpha heir. He's my younger brother and my need to protect him is strong. The older wolves taunt him and if I'm not watchful, I have no doubt that they would attack him.

My younger sister Aria has had it easy. She was raised with Theo, my aunt and uncle's first born and heir to their pack. She has always called our aunt and uncle, mom and dad. But Slade and I haven't had it so easy.

"You're going to regret that, Moaning Sloane," the Beta grunts. He pulls his fist back, ready to try to get a punch on me. I say try because I already know I'm faster than he is.

"Lay a hand on her. I dare you," Benedict Winslow, V says. His voice is deadly calm, cutting through the noise of the onlookers who have started to surround us. He's casually leaning against a wall, watching the interaction.

I bite off the growl. What the fuck is he doing here. Again.

"Sorry, Alpha Benedict," the Beta says.

He doesn't say sorry to me. He doesn't apologize to Slade. He only apologizes to the Alpha he's afraid of pissing off. Fucker.

"What's going on here?" I hear our principal ask. The crowd is thick enough that he can't see us yet. My best friend, Scarlet, comes to stand beside me, quickly checking on Slade before putting her shoulder to mine, ready to fight with me.

"Get Slade out of here. Now!"

"But Sloane ..."

"Please, Scarlet!"

"You can't keep fighting my battles for me, Sloane," Slade says quietly.

"Watch me, little bro. Get back to class before you get in trouble," I tell him.

I'm constantly being sent to the principal's office. I don't care that half the time it's because I'm covering for Slade because someone was bullying him. No one needs to know that. I'm the troublemaker. He's the future Alpha.

Once they're gone, I turn, facing the principal who is striding toward us, eyes locked on me. I glance at the Beta, seeing him smirk, like he already knows I'm about to be the one who gets in trouble and he's the one who will walk away like he's a fucking victim.

"Sloane Hartwell, why am I not surprised?" the principal growls.

"Principal Rollins, I can explain ..." I begin.

"Don't bother. I'll be calling your uncle. Again."

"It wasn't her fault," Benedict says, pushing off the wall and walking over.

"Alpha Benedict?" the principal asks, looking from him to me. "What do you mean?"

Benedict turns to look at the Beta. "You started it, right Louis?"

Louis presses his lips together tightly. "Yeah, that's right," he growls.

Principal Rollins looks from Louis to Benedict to me, then back to Benedict. He looks like he wants to argue, but no one argues with Benedict Winslow. His family line goes back so far that he and his family are considered werewolf royalty. If I had been blessed with a white wolf, I might have been considered something similar. But since I wasn't ...

Aisling whines in my head.

'It's not your fault, Ais. It's mine. You're perfect. I was the one unworthy of a white wolf,' I tell her.

'You're perfect for me, Sloane.'

Goddess, I love my wolf.

"Fine, but I don't want to hear of any more altercations where you are involved, Sloane. Do you understand me? And your uncle WILL hear about this."

"Make sure he hears about the part where she broke a Beta's nose. Perhaps you should contact Louis' father and let him know that he got his nose broken by a

she-wolf because he was running his mouth again," Benedict says, making the others around us laugh.

Louis narrows his eyes at me, and I know this isn't over.

"Get back to class!" Principal Rollins bellows and everyone scatters.

Principal Rollins looks at me. "If your father wasn't who he is ..."

"He's not my father. He's my uncle. Everyone knows that," I snap back.

"Stay out of trouble," he growls, before spinning on his heel and storming away.

I turn and look at Benedict. "Why are you always where I don't want you to be?"

"I thought I was helping."

"Well, I don't need your help," I say pushing past him.

He grabs my arm, spinning me around to face him. My fist comes up, ready to punch him, but he doesn't flinch.

He smiles, his gaze falling to my lips. "What would it be like to kiss a woman as passionate as you, Sloane?"

"Well, hopefully someday you'll meet someone as *charming* as I am and find out. Since I have no interest in you, let go or I *will* punch you. Principal Rollins would love nothing more than have a reason to expel me."

He holds me there a moment longer, his smile full of challenge and promise, before letting me go.

I turn and begin striding away.

"You know, when someone helps you, it's customary to say thank you," he calls out behind me.

Instead, I give him the finger and keep walking. I swear I hear him chuckling, the bastard.