

Chapter 4

Once I'd finished my shower, I wrapped myself around with a soft, white towel, which was already in the bathroom. I stepped out of the bathroom, feeling as fresh and light as ever.

I found an outfit, which consisted of a pair of shorts and a plain white t-shirt. Underneath the clothes, I found a new pair of underwear, which I was glad for. The shorts were way too big as well as the t-shirt, but I could work with it.

I quickly got dressed and brushed my teeth with the spare toothbrush I found in the bathroom cabinet. I combed out the knots of my long pink hair- the result of a prank- with a comb that I found.

My natural hair color was a dark brown with natural lighter brown highlights and reached my waist. It was one of the only things that I actually like about myself, apart from my light blue eyes, which were the same color as the sky, which was why my middle name was Sky.

I remember how beautiful my hair used to be until they...

Nicole whispered to her group of friends to be quite as they tip-toed into Sophia's bedroom. The party had been on for two hours now and the house was fully packed, which meant that nobody would really miss their presence for the two minutes they would be gone.

Ryan was hosting a party as usual, which Sophia wasn't allowed to attend- nothing unusual. Ryan had invited over most people from his school, excluding the 'nerds'. The party was on full-blast and the others were dancing around wildly, drinking or making out somewhere.

Sophia wasn't allowed to go as she was the only person who'd passed her shifting age by so much. Sometimes a wolf would be a couple of days later, but not months and months.

But her pack mates knew that being able not to shift after her age was just an excuse to punish her. Because before Chase was Alpha, his dad always praised Sophia for everything. She was good at anything she did, and Alpha showed that off to people.

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Opening Sophia's door slightly, Nicole peeked through and saw that Sophia was sleeping in her tiny room, which could only fit in a single bed and a small chest of drawers.

She was sleeping, snoring softly in her sleep. She looked peaceful, as she always did when she first started sleeping, only later on to be haunted by nightmares.

She looked like an angel. But like a haunted angel, though there still was that innocence about her and seemed to intrigue some.

Ashleigh, another one of Nicole's followers handed her a bottle filled with hair dye. Nicole tip-toed across the squeaky floorboard, making sure not to make a noise and pulled on her gloves. She squirted some dye onto her hands and rubbed in Sophia's hair while trying not to giggle.

Finally, she finished spreading the pink permanent dye on her hair and drew a black moustache on her upper lip. She bit her lip hard, trying not to laugh as she snapped photos of her. The bright flashes seemed to have woken Sophia up because she tried to open her eyes.

Quickly, Nicole ran out of the room before Sophia could see her even though she knew that Sophia would have a pretty good idea on who did that in the morning.

Sophia, however, did not wake up. Even though she felt a cool substance on her scalp, she thought nothing of it and went straight to bed before she started having nightmares again.

Finally, in the morning when she woke up to find her hair in that state, she burst into tears. She loved her long, beautiful hair so much and she couldn't believe what had happened to her. She tried her hardest to wash it off, but it turned out to be permanent dye. The next morning, people laughed and teased her about her hair.

She had to eat her lunch by herself by the oak tree outside despite that it had rained the previous night before and the ground was still a little damp.

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I shook my head out of the nasty thoughts of my past.

Finally, I exited the room, and followed the scents to the kitchen. I gaped at the massive kitchen, filled with any electronic equipment's any chef would ask for. The countertops were stainless and shined under the bright lights.

I've always loved cooking, so the kitchen was the favorite part of my house, although, I was forced to cook all the time, even when I didn't want to.

People were laughing and chatting until I came along. They all stopped and stared at me. I looked down at the floor, silently hoping they wouldn't hit me for interrupting their conversations. I squirmed slightly under their intense gazes, but refused to meet any of them, so I kept my eyes on the floor.

I felt someone walking to me and stiffened immediately, just in case someone tried to hit me. They placed a warm hand on my shoulder, and I almost flinched at the contact.

I slowly lifted up my head and looked into the person's eyes. It was a beautiful dark brown color. I took in the girl's appearance completely. She was stunning with her dark brown eyes and dark brown hair. She seemed to be about the same age as me, 16 years old, but she was a little taller.

She smiled brightly at me before practically shouting out her name, "Heeeeey, I'm Emma."

"Hey," I whispered shyly.

"So, what's your name?" Everyone was so silent, that you could hear a pin drop but as Emma spoke, everyone went back to laughing and chatting or whatever they were doing.

"Sophia," I said a bit louder this time because she had a warmth around her that made me feel like I belonged for once in my life. She seemed so friendly that I couldn't help but start being myself with her.

"So, I'm guessing you're our new pack mate?"

"Yep," I smiled, feeling a lot more confident.

"That's amazing! I've got a new best friend, but we need to go shopping for you," she screeched, looking up and down at my huge outfit, even though it was an average-sized t-shirt for a girl my age, it was way too big for me.

I glanced down at her and noticed how perfectly her bright pink tank-top clung onto her curves and enhanced her assets. Her light blue skinny jeans showed her perfectly toned legs and her heeled combat boots boosted her height slightly. All in all, she looked amazing.

"Yes, but first, we need to get some meat on those bones," Alpha said walking next to me.

Again, I tried my hardest not to flinch, because I didn't want to be this weak little girl anymore. I was sick and tired of feeling like that poor defensive little girl: who everyone thought they could stomp over.

I smiled weakly at him as well and nodded. What can I say? I was actually hungry for once.

"Alpha, do you know where my car is? I parked it near that forest," I asked.

"That was your car?! Anyways we had it towed over here anyways, so you could always go collect your things," he said in his deep voice again.

"Right! That is enough talking. You need to eat Soph, come on over. No escaping this one young lady," Claire said, in her motherly tone again, which made my heart swell up.

I walked over to one of the stools and the others smiled warmly at me. I smiled back and couldn't help but feel loved and happy. The atmosphere was so different here than it was back at my old pack.

Over there, it was felt dark and cold and dreary. But here, in my new home, it felt warm and happy and bright.

I shouldn't be scared of these people, I convinced myself. They look like nice people; I don't think they would ever hurt me.

No, they wouldn't. They are good people, my wolf agreed.

I smiled at my new family and sat on one of the stools by the island. Placed in front of me was a plate full of an egg, bacons, and a piece of toast. There was another plate filled with stacks of pancakes, then another full of chocolate-chipped muffins and finally, a massive bowl full of fruits.

I saw a spare plate of the side and grabbed the egg and one strip of bacon with one pancake and started munching on them.

I noticed Emma coming to sit next to me, but this time I didn't flinch, just stiffened slightly.

"So have you met your mate?" she asked. Anger coursed through my veins as she mentioned 'mate'. He was probably sticking his d**k up some girl right now.

I felt immense pain in my arms. It felt like it was breaking. My body was burning, I felt as though I was literally on fire. Then it started on my legs.

I screamed murder and tried to calm myself down. I took in deep breaths to calm myself down but screamed at the top of my lungs again when I felt it on my other arm.

"She's shifting," I heard someone said, even though I barely understood them at all.

I vaguely felt being lifted up and being moved. Light sweat coated my forehead as my temperature increased. I continued screaming as the it got excruciatingly painful. I wanted to die that moment.

"I don't know if she's going to make it," I heard someone say.

The rest was a blur. My whole eyes were shut, so I couldn't see anyone. All I could hear were loud voices, they were hurting my head. It was too loud. Too noisy. The words were getting jumbled up in my head. I couldn't understand what they were saying; I just felt the pain taking over every bit of my body.

It was too much. The pain.

I couldn't handle it.

I felt someone rubbing my forehead, it was warm, it made me want to lean into to. But I could still feel the pain. And it was worse than ever.

I was too hot.

Breathing in deeply, I tried to make the pain better, but it got worse as it had already spread through my body completely.

I only opened my eyes slightly, but the image was blurry. All I could see were colors everywhere.

The pain seemed to go on for what felt like hours before it finished, but not before my whole head cracked and formed into a new shape, with felt like the worse pain ever.