

Why My Mate Cries Chapter 1

0 6 minutes read

Aliyah's Point of View

Being the daughter of the former Alpha of our pack, all I wished was to be wanted and loved; to live a normal life, and do normal things women around my age could do. But those were only wishful thoughts and unanswered prayers.

For most of my life, I lived differently compared to others; treated differently because I was the reason my mother died and a constant reminder to the former Alpha that he lost his Luna because of a child he didn't wish to have.

I was deprived of so many things: from comfortable clothes to delicious food and even education. My father was reluctant to let me go to school. With my awful physical appearance—skin and bones, obviously unhealthy and maltreated—he resorted to keeping me at home so I wouldn't taint our family name.

So here I was, living in a house that felt like my cage for eighteen years, serving my father and older brother even if they treated me as their slaves without the slightest remorse. I had always reminded myself that it was fine.

They were still my family, after all.

"Good job, Aliyah," I said to myself after finishing the laundry.

I used my arm to wipe the beads of sweat that formed on my forehead, and then I rushed into the kitchen and started preparing the ingredients for their dinner. Yes, their dinner, as I only got to eat when there were leftovers. That added to the reasons why I was skinny and had to live with a weak body despite my wolf being awakened when I turned seventeen.

"After this, you can take a rest." I blinked several times while peeling the potatoes.

My eyelids were both heavy after hours of working in the house. I wished I could rest for a bit, but I knew that at any moment, my father and my brother, who became the newly appointed Alpha of the Silver Moon pack, Shawn, would arrive from the proclamation ceremony.

I was carefully cooking dinner when I heard the main door swing open. My heart pounded instantly when I heard Shawn calling my name from the foyer.

“Aliyah! You are, wench! Where the hell are you?”

“Yes, I...I’m coming, Shawn!” I said, my voice quivering as I rushed in his direction.

“What did you call me? Didn’t I tell you to start calling me Alpha?!” I almost jumped when he shouted at me with his eyes burning with rage and disgust.

“I...I’m sorry, Alpha. I didn’t—” He slapped my cheeks, so hard that my tears streamed down my face instantly.

“How imbecile of you to call me by my name! I am the new Alpha, but you have no respect!” He growled.

I clasped my hands together, crying and begging him to let me go as the pain in my scalp became unbearable. I could feel the strands of my hair pulling out with his tight grip on them.

“Alpha, p...please, let me go...” I whimpered in between my sobs.

“You are an eyesore!” He growled louder.

Shawn was never a calm werewolf. He never kept his anger at bay whenever he got pissed off at me. Judging the anger evident in his eyes, I knew where this was going.

I burst into tears when he hit my stomach hard enough for me to fall on the cold floor. I coughed blood and yelled in pain.

“That’s what you get for disrespecting the Alpha. You’re not worthy to be part of my pack, disgusting mutt!” He kicked my back with all his force.

“Please, stop!” I cried as I shielded myself from his attacks.

I didn’t know what I had done in the past to deserve this maltreatment. All I ever wanted was to be loved by my own family.

Why did the Moon Goddess have to ignore my plea?

Pain and deep hatred. Those were the only emotions that filled my chest. I couldn't understand why fate had to mock me in this way...

"Get up, wench! Serve me my dinner!" he commanded.

Despite my bones almost cracking because of the strong kicks he'd given me, I still forced myself to stand on my feet. Even though the pain and exhaustion were both unbearable at this point, I had no choice but to obey him.

"Faster!" he shouted, which made my entire body tremble.

I rushed into the kitchen, panicking and scared that my brother would kill me if I didn't move fast. My hands were shaking as I prepared the soup in a bowl. Since he went home earlier than I expected, this was the only food available that I could serve.

I swallowed so hard. My stomach was in pain due to both the punch I got and starvation. I licked my chapped lips as I fought the urge to taste the soup. I walked to the dining table where I saw him sitting on his seat.

"Here it is, Alpha..." My lips trembled in fear.

He tasted the soup. Seconds later, his face turned grim and he slammed his hands on the top of the table, which startled me.

"Do you call this a fucking soup?! Are you planning to kill me with this garbage?!"

He stood up, slapped the back of my head, and then pulled my hair.

"Shawn... please, it hurts!" Tears streamed down my face as I tried to remove his hand from my hair.

"I don't give a damn, wench! You deserve to be punished! Come with me!"

I screamed in despair when Shawn dragged me upstairs. A pang of anxiety went through me when we headed to the attic, where I usually sleep. He threw me on the cold floor and started beating me.

"Stop it, Shawn, please...I beg you!" I pleaded, crying.

"You have no right to order me around. You're just a useless mutt!" He growled. "You can't even cook nice food. You're a disgrace!"

"I...I apologize, Shawn! Stop it, please, you're k!lling me..." I shielded myself using both arms.

I could feel my body getting so numb with every blow of his feet. All I did was cry and beg, even though I knew he would never listen.

"Oh, no!" He laughed out loud and offered me a wide grin. "We're having fun here, Aliyah!"

Shawn became unruly and destroyed everything solid that his hands touched. I sat up, whimpering in pain, and wanted to stop him. However, my body was so weak that I couldn't even stand up.

I panicked when he grabbed the most cherished thing I had; my pot of white Daisy, which I'd been taking care of since I turned fifteen.

It was the only precious thing that brought me comfort and warmth; the only thing that kept me sane all this time.

"Don't touch it!" I screamed angrily.

His eyes smoldered as he gazed at me. The next thing that happened was he threw my pot on the floor, causing a loud cracking sound. I cried, even more, when he ruthlessly stomped on my white daisy.

"No! Please, stop!" I crawled and extended my hand, trying to shield my hand, but it ended up getting stomped by his foot too.

"Serves you right!" He grabbed my jaw and glared at me. "Listen carefully, wench. The next time this happens, I'm going to k!ll you!"

After saying those words of threat, he left me. I gr0aned both in pain and anger. I scooped the petals of my white daisy and looked at it as I cried.

That night, I decided to run away.

In my wolf form, I ran as far as I could, bringing nothing except my desperation to get away from my abusive family. The snow was falling heavily. My coat couldn't take the aggressive cold wind.

My body got weaker as I quickened my pace. However, I didn't stop to rest as I wanted to go farther from my pack.

I felt my four legs getting numb. My breathing was ragged. My entire body was soaking wet and trembling because of the snow.

But what's worse was the emptiness I felt in my heart.

I heard a rustling sound behind the bushes as I ran. Despite my vision turning blurry, I mustered the courage to walk past it and ignored what I heard as my goal was to escape.

I was on the verge of collapsing. For a brief moment, I thought that I'd meet my death.

However, three big wolves appeared out of nowhere.

There I found myself cornered, and all I felt was the loud beating of my heart.