

Prologue

"Anaya!" A loud, harsh voice woke her up, followed by a bang on the door of the attic.

Anaya's small body curled up even further into her quilt and tried to ignore the dull ache on her back.

"Anaya!!" Once again the voice echoed, this time it was so loud the whole house could hear it clearly. Now everyone knew Anaya woke up late.

The small body of a ten year old Anaya got off the mattress. She answered her mother's screams in a small voice, "Coming mother!"

It was a timid voice, one that rose pity in the heart of those who would hear it. But the hearts in Blue stone pack had already been turned into stone a long time ago.

Anaya reached up on her toes to open the latch of the attic door. She wasn't allowed to close the latch but Anaya was scared. She was beaten yesterday and felt like it would happen again if she didn't lock the door.

With strands of messy brown hair and big, watery blue eyes, Anaya looked up at her mother.

Anaya had taken after her mother and was bound to grow up into a beautiful woman one day. It was an undeniable truth that Anaya was a beauty who didn't have a comparison in the entire Blue stone pack.

Unfortunately, she also looked exactly like her twin brother.

Anaya's mother frowned when she saw Anaya's appearance. For a moment her eyes soften as she remembered her son.

"Mother, I am sorry I woke up late. I-I didn't sleep well last night." Anaya gave a sincere apology. It was a beautiful one which was enough to melt a heart into a puddle of water.

But the minute she spoke, the spell on her mother broke like a string. She remembered that the ten year old child was not her son, but the daughter she despised.

Gritting her teeth, she turned around and left without a word. Anaya hurriedly closed the door of the attic and followed down the stairs. Her speed was well matched with her mother's, it was something she had learnt over the years. Always keep up, slowing down would only lead to more punishment.

Anaya came down after her mother and was immediately handed a broom to clean the house. Anaya took the broom and put the stick end between her teeth. She quickly tied her shoulder length hair into a ponytail so it won't fall over her eyes and then released the broom from her mouth.

Sweeping was easy. It took less than an hour to sweep the whole house. Anaya quickly nished the given task and placed the broom where it should be.

Anaya then came to the kitchen and stood by the entrance, watching the scene before her with envy in her eyes. On the small four person dining table was her father and mother along with her little sister, Charlotte, who was four years old.

There were four seats which was perfect for the family of four. However, Anaya's father had Charlotte sit on his lap while he fed her breakfast.

Her mother saw Anaya standing by the entrance and gave a stinky eye. Anaya lowered her beautiful eyes and played with her fingers.

"Get your plate from the counter." Anaya's mother said harshly and ignored her as if she were a ghost. Anaya pitter pattered across the kitchen and reached out to grab her plate of breakfast. The plate had a piece of bread, a few scrambled eggs and a small bowl of last night's leftover curry.

Anaya thought she had seen wrong. Didn't her father just feed Charlotte a piece of chocolate pancake just now? Anaya looked up again, trying to see if she had seen wrong before.

But by coincidence Anaya's eyes met with her little sister's. Charlotte smiled at Anaya and chewed on her pancake. A little chocolate syrup was oozing down her lip. Her father wiped it down for Charlotte and kissed her cheek in a sweet way.

"Good girl, are you full? Want some juice?"

Anaya looked down at her own plate and left the kitchen silently. She should have known. She was already ten years old, how could she not understand?

The way Anaya's parents treated her was different from how they treated Charlotte.

Anaya went outside in the small courtyard and ate her breakfast there. The morning sun was soothing on Anaya's skin.

Anaya broke off a small piece of bread and dipped it into the freezing cold curry and stuffed it into her mouth without thinking too much. The cold curry melted into her mouth and left a bitter taste.

As she ate, at some point tears welled up in her blue eyes. The light blue shade appeared to be darker when she cried.

Anaya felt the dislike her parents had towards her. Ever since that day when she lost her twin brother, her parents never looked at her the same way. Anaya was a child back then, a mere five year old who didn't understand why her mother stopped holding her to sleep at night or why her father stopped kissing her in the mornings.

It wasn't until the very next year they had Charlotte. Charlotte was exactly like Anaya but the similarities ended there. Only after her parents brought Charlotte home did she truly realise how far their dislike went.

Charlotte was treated well. Anaya was not.

Charlotte was given hugs and kisses. Anaya was given chores to do.

Charlotte was taken to school by both parents. Anaya went alone.

Charlotte was the apple of their eye. Anaya became the thorn that reminded them of the death of their son.

Charlotte was the one who took their dead son's place in their heart. Anaya became the one who stole the light in their lives.

Charlotte was their second chance after Arnold died. In their eyes, Anaya was the one who killed him.

Anaya didn't understand. She was just a child. But as Anaya sat in the sun, alone and cold, she understood one thing - She was not wanted.
