

Chapter 1 : Diffences that Exist

Six years later -

Anaya stood in front of her parents with her head bowed. Tears well up in her eyes but she did not let them fall. It was fascinating how much control she had over her own tears. Their falling was up to her but their appearance was not.

Anaya's mother, Ginny, always had a frown between her eyebrows when she looked at her eldest daughter. It was as if she was remembering the most unpleasant time of her life. Her father, Edgar, was no better.

The displeasure in their eyes was as real as it could get. Anaya didn't dare look them in the eyes. It frightened her to see the amount of negative emotions they had to her.

They seemed to ask her, why didn't you die instead of Arnold? Why are you still alive when my son died? You should have died too ..

Anaya squeezed her ngers together until the tips turned while with the lack of blood.

"Mom, dad, don't say anything to Anaya anymore! She didn't do anything. It was my fault for running around carelessly!" Charlotte sat on the sofa in a nice dress and spoke in a soft voice. Her sister was ten years old already but the childish glow had not faded from her cheeks.

She was speaking up for Anaya today, but Anaya only wanted her to stop. Didn't she know that the more she spoke the angrier her parents were?

"You don't know anything Charlotte, go back to your room. Today I'll set her straight!" Ginny clenched her teeth picked up the leather whip again. Edgar snorted and didn't try to stop her.

"Mom no!" Charlotte said with red eyes. She was about to cry. Anaya sighed in her heart. It was over. She was about to have new scars, new nightmares. Anyway, it wasn't anything new. Anaya had plenty of them.

"Your mom told you to go back. Today is your birthday and your friends will be here in a few hours. Don't stay in your dirty clothes, change into the dress we brought yesterday. I will come upstairs to do your hair."

Ginny had a gentle smile as she spoke to Charlotte. Charlotte looked at her own dress that had a big yellow spot on it.

Anaya's eyes were xed on the dot as well. It wasn't a huge stain but it was noticable. Anaya was in charge of making preparations for Charlotte's birthday. She was preparing some juice when Charlotte came down and started to talk to Anaya.

Anaya's parents didn't like when Charlotte spoke to Anaya. She was like a slave who was only kept at home to do their work, talking to her was akin to lowering their standards. The family of omegas at some point went from four to three.

Anaya knew very well that if she was seen with Charlotte then there will be some beating waiting for her. Inorder to save herself Anaya had told Charlotte to go away and play somewhere else. But Charlotte did not listen. She never did.

Anaya didn't know who's fault it was that the freshly prepared juice jar tipped and fell over Charlotte's new dress. But in the end, it was naturally Anaya who was at fault.

Now Anaya was waiting for her punishment, trying to tighten her body as much as possible. Being an omega, her pain tolerance was not hight. Her body didn't heal fast and the scars were left behind on her body.

Edgar took Charlotte away and Ginny nally didn't hold back. Anaya was taken to the basement.

The basement was cold and silent. Anaya's body was lled with goosebumps as soon as she entered. She was too familiar with this place. All her punishments were carried out here. All so that Charlotte won't be disturbed by her screams.

"Won't you start?" Ginny glared at Anaya's shivering body without a hint of warmth. Anaya felt that at this very moment, if her mother showed her a little bit of warmth, she would forget everything. Even the coldness of the basement would turn into a warm paradise.

Anaya always looked into her mother's eyes before a punishment was carried out. She wanted to see if her mother felt anything while beating her up.

Anaya only saw the endless hate in the deep pools of blue. Disappointed and sad, Anaya pulled up her sweater top and placed it on the ground. Her thin cotton camisole and a pair of old track pants remained. Anaya held her harms and shivered more as she turned around.

There was a crackling sound and then a burning pain on her back. The leather whip came down without mercy and ripped the camisole. The place where it touched was left with a tear, stained with blood instantly.

Anaya bit her lip and squeezed her eyes shut. She had done this many times before, she could do it one more time. Anaya only inched when the whip came down on her body, once it was lifted, no one could tell that her back was beaten until raw.

After ve lashes, Ginny bound the whip around her hand and turned to leave. Anaya stood there, holding her arms and shivering. Her lips were a pale white color. When she heard the retreating footsteps, she called out in a desperate voice, "Mom..?"

There was no response. The footsteps didn't stop for her and ruthlessly closed the basement door with a loud thud. Anaya gulped down her emotions and picked up the sweater with shaky hands.

Her sweater had some juice stains too. Anaya didn't have the strength to put it back on. Her back was burning. The basement was cold but it felt good. Suddenly the coldness, the silence gave Anaya peace. She liked how safe she felt in such a nightmarish place.

Anaya sat on the cold ground with her sweater in hand. She bundled it up and placed it on the ground. She laid down with her head on the sweater. Now she won't have to go back to prepare for her sister's birthday. Now, Anaya won't have to see the celebration that was never held for her.

It was funny, how Anaya and Charlotte's birthday fell on the same day but the celebrations they received was so different.
