

Chapter 7 : Pain Had Become A Companion.

Anaya did not complain and nished all of the work given by the housekeeper and Luna Esther. It was a bit tedious to nish it all off before the given time or else she would have to stay longer and nish them, that would delay her work at home and Anaya's mother would be angry.

Anaya was given lunch just as Luna Esther said. She was taken to a quarter by the housekeeper lady and handed a plate of sourdough bread with two fried eggs, roasted tomatoes and a small cold pancake.

From rst glance it could be recognised as leftover breakfast. Anaya sat in the servants quarter and ate until her stomach was full. She had a lling meal after such a long time. Although the food wasn't fresh, it was better than what she got to eat at home.

She left the Alpha's house after two in the afternoon. The afternoon sun wasn't too harsh today but Anaya kept sweating due to her fast pace walk. She was getting late. After lunch dishes, Charlotte's evening snacks, ironing the laundry, a lot of work was left at home.

But because Anaya was pondering over how much wore was left, she couldn't see the little rope in front of her. As soon as Anaya was close to the dead rope, it was pulled from both sides. Anaya didn't have the time to react.

After her leg came in contact with the rope, she immediately fell on her face. Her right cheek and palms was slightly scrapped against the concrete and her knees hurt as well. The pain came instantly but instead of laying there, Anaya stood up and started walking again as if nothing happened. She wasn't even limping.

The little group of kids who liked to play pranks on others huddled together and watched Anaya brush off the dirt from her body and walk ahead unbothered.

"Was she hurt?" One of the kids asked.

"Doesn't look like it." Another one answered.

"Anyways, it's ne. It's just her. No one will scold us." One of them said and the others laughed and ran away for another prank.

Anaya was a known gure in the pack, even the kids knew how bad she was treated. But they believed whatever their parents told them, and their parents said that they should stay away from Anaya and not treat her like human because that is how her own parents treat her, there must be a reason for that.

Anaya's cheek was burning, her knees had a direct impact with the concrete and were aching, her palms were numb. It wasn't her rst time feeling these sensations so she didn't look much bothered about it either.

It wasn't that it didn't hurt anymore, Anaya had learnt to hide the pain from others; including herself. Once she had achieved that, the pain felt like a companion.

The home where she lived was not very noticeable among the other houses, it was a simple house that could accomodate all of them with an additional attic.

Anaya reached home and saw her mother sitting in front of the TV again. Charlotte was nowhere to be found so Anaya assumed she must be at the birthday party. Without wasting time Anaya started to clean the house.

"How much work did they give you? Was it hard?" Ginny asked from the living room. Anaya's movements paused and her eyes went wide. This was the rst time her mother asked if work was hard. She couldn't believe her ears.

"Huh?" Anaya's eyes shone with hope as she looked up. Ginny was even looking at her, the focus was on the TV.

"I asked if the work was hard!" Ginny frowned, "If it is then tell me and I'll ask for more pay. We need all the money we can get, even if they don't give you extra work, ask for it. Do something for your family, don't be useless all day long."

The eyes that were lit up slowly dimmed again. She should have known. After so many years of dislike and indifference, how could her mother suddenly ask something like this. Anaya silently nodded and kept cleaning.

Her grip on the brook became tighter and tighter until her ngertips became white. She had to leave this place. If she stayed here long enough then the hope to live will also be lost.

Anaya wanted to live, but the temptation of death was irresistible sometimes. She wished things were different. If only it was her instead of Arnold. She knew he wouldn't be treated like Anaya, they would have forgotten about her death within a few days and Anaya would be free.

But now she had to live this life. No matter how hard it was, she had to endure it and then leave. Two more years. Anaya had two more years until adulthood, then her family won't have any right to keep her.

Anaya cleaned the house and washed the dishes that were left after lunch. It was a repeated cycle. When Anaya went back to the attic, her body fell on the mattress unceremoniously. Her body was aching all over.

After working nonstop all day, with only one good meal, Anaya was exhausted. And there was the part where she fell too. Anaya sat up and pulled up her pants up to the knees to check the wound.

"It's not too bad." Anaya whispered as she took out her rst air box. She cleaned the blood on both knees and pressed a band-aid on the scabs. Anaya quietly pushed herself over to the one drawer that she had in the attic. It was locked. Anaya took the key from under the mattress and opened the lock.

Inside the drawer was a small pouch that was very light in weight. Anaya took it out and opened the zipper. Inside the pouch were a few pictures. A total of seven pictures.

Six of them were torn and one was full.

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