

## Chapter 1

BRIANNA'S POV

The cafeteria buzzed with energy as usual. It was lunch time after all. The place was lled with the sound of trays slamming, conversations and laughter from students. I stood in line, trying my best to stay unnoticed. When people notice me, bad things happen. I tend to get picked on. I tightened the straps of my hoodie, praying to the moon goddess that nobody would see me. For once in my life, I wanted to have a quiet lunch time with no drama.

Even with my hoodie up, I could see the girls pass by while pointing and laughing at me. Each day, their taunting and mocking would get bolder and more violent. High schoolers were vicious. They were even more evil than witches. I'd choose to spend a night with a group of blood sucking vampires than to be with one of them for an hour.

"Brianna" one of them sneered "You think you can hide under that hoodie"

"It stinks" her friend said.

The rest of them giggled as they walked by.

I clenched my sts, trying my best to stay composed. I was an omega. I didn't have the right to lose my temper or act out. If I did, I would be punished. It was a crime for someone like me to even make eye contact with a higher ranking wolf.

Luckily, I was able to get food from the lunch lady without anyone else mocking me. As soon as I reached my table, relief washed over me peacefully. Maybe my wish would come true. Maybe I could haveeat quietly today with no drama. But just as I sat got settled, I felt a cold splash against my head. I gasped in horror, wondering what the hell that was. I saw strings of spaghetti drip down my hoodie and on my face. The sauce dripped all over me. The cafeteria erupted in loud laughter. Everyone looked at me and laughed. I closed my eyes tightly, trying my hardest to cry. If I did, it would just make them laugh at me harder. It would make me seem more pathetic than I already was.

I turned to see the girls from earlier. The three of them had wide grins on their faces.

"Oops, clumsy me," one of them said with a smirk. "Didn't see you there, Brianna."

Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes. I couldn't stop them, no matter how hard I tried. The feeling of humiliation burned hot in my chest.

"Please," I whispered "Just leave me alone."

"Aw, poor little Brianna," another cried "Just look at how pathetic she is, cying like a baby. Maybe you should go cry to your exiled father."

Her words cut me deep. Apart from being an omega, I had a stigma due to my father being exiled. I wasn't always an omega. My father used to be a respected member of the pack. He committed an act of treason and was banished from the pack. As soon as this happened, the Alpha reduced me and my mother to the lowest ranks as punishment for my father's actions. We were lucky not to be even killed or imprisoned.

I felt cornered by everyone. It felt as if the walls were closing in around me. I felt trapped. My breathing came in ragged gasps as I searched desperately for an escape route. The girls looked at each other, laughing at their little joke. As soon as I saw that they were distracted, I stood up and ran towards the exit. I slipped over the sauce and fell. More laughter came from everyone. My eyes burned hot with tears.

"Look at her" one of them said "So pathetic"

I managed to get up. As soon as I was up straight, I bolted from the cafeteria. The tears blurred my vision as I moved. I stumbled blindly through the corridors, not caring where my feet carried me as long as it was away from their mocking voices. Finally, I found myself outside. The laughter in the cafeteria faded into distant echoes.

Leaning against the brick wall, I slid down to the ground, wrapping my arms around my knees. The tears owed freely now. How could they be so cruel? Why did everyone hate me? I didn't do anything to anyone. I just wanted to be left alone.

As I sat there, I heard a familiar voice by the corner. It sounded like Jonas, my mate. He was laughing. I stood up to check what was happening. Curiosity got the best of me. When I got to the corner, I was met with a heart breaking sight, Jonas was making out with Lilith, his girlfriend. They laughed in between kisses. I watched as he gripped her butt rmly.

"Stop" Lilith said, giggling.

"I just wanna f\*\*k you against this wall" Jonas said "Right here. Right now"

"Oh yeah?"

"Hell yeah"

The sight of them together tore my heart even further.. I watched, unable to tear my eyes away for some reason. They kissed passionately.

You see, Jonas was the son of the Alpha. On my eighteenth birthday, I found out that we were mates. He also knew, of course but he didn't care. He hated me. He didn't want to be seen with me. He obviously didn't want to be associated with a low ranking wolf like me.

Jonas turned his head and our eyes made contact. He grinned evilly.

"Look who's here" Jonas teased.

Lilith looked at me and scowled "It's you. What the f\*\*k do you want?"

I was just about to leave but Jonas' voice stopped me.

"I have a secret," he whispered, loud enough for me to hear.

Lilith's eyes lit up with interest. "Ooh, spill it,"

"Brianna is my mate."

Lilith's expression twisted in disgust "Ew, really? That loser?"

She looked at me, eyeing me up and down in irritation "Is this some sort of joke?"

"I wish it was"

"Why haven't you rejected her? You know that you and I are end game"

Jonas smirked at me. "I wanted to but then I got a better idea "Why reject her when we can use her? This could be my opportunity to make her pay. I can make her suffer with the bond."

My breath got caught in my throat. So, that's the reason he didn't reject me. I always wondered why he never rejected me since he hated me so much. The moon goddess must really hate me. My mate who was supposed to be my protector, was the one making me suffer. The mate bond was meant to be sacred between wolves who were meant to be together forever, not a weapon of torment.

Lilith gasped "That's a great idea, honey! You're so smart"

She grabbed his face and kissed him deeply. More tears spilled from my eyes. I was unable to bear another moment in their presence so I turned and ran away. As I ran, I could hear the sound of their laughter.

Why? Why was this happening to me? What had I done for the moon goddess to punish me like this? The question echoed in my mind yet I knew answers would never come.

I stopped by the bleachers and sat down. I hugged my knees to my chest and cried my eyes out. There was nobody here so I cried as loudly as I could, letting all the pain out.

Maybe I was just not worthy of love. I guess that's the reason for all of this. I was nothing more than a worthless pathetic omega. At least, I felt like it.

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That evening, I sat at the dining table, having dinner with my mom. She tried to make small talk but I wasn't in the mood. I played with my food, thinking about everything that had happened today.

The events of the day replayed in my mind like reels. The bullying, the humiliation, and the heartbreaking sight of Jonas with Lilith together—all were wounds that cut deep. My heart felt heavy with everything that had happened.

"Brianna, honey," my mom said "Is something bothering you?"

I forced a smile "It's nothing, Mom,"

My mother looked at me. I could tell that she knew something was wrong. My mom and I were close. She always knew when I was hiding something.

I got up, kissed her forehead and took our plates to the kitchen to clean up. She followed me. We cleaned up together. She connected her phone to the speaker. A soft melody lled the air. It was one of our favorite songs to dance to together.

My mother hummed to the beat. She pointed at me, urging me to join her. I laughed. She always knew how to make me feel better. I dropped the plates and walked closer to her. She took my hand, spinning me around and then catching me. I laughed.

When we were done dancing, we washed the dishes together. I felt a lot better.

But then, as I reached for a glass to dry, a sudden, sharp pain shot through my chest. It felt like a sharp knife stabbing me over and over again. The pain was so excruciating that I fell to the oor.

"Brianna!" my mom said, crouching beside me "What's happening? Are you hurt?"

I knew what this pain meant. It meant Jonas was sleeping with someone else.

I curled into a ball, clutching my chest as tears streamed down my cheeks.

"He's hurting me," I sobbed in agony "Jonas... he's punishing me, Mom. Make it stop! Please, make it stop."