

Broken Mate by Norisha May

Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Prologue

-If there is no spacing in the words, it is the app. I have edited the books over and over and from my side, the spacing is perfect.-

*Warning: Triggering content in this chapter. *

"Close your eyes Rain." My mother says looking at me, both of us standing at the edge of the cliff.

"But mamma? Won't this hurt?" Six-year-old me asks.

"No.....it will be fast.....and then we'll be flying with the angels." She says in a whisper looking up at the cloudy skies with tears streaming down her cheeks and a peaceful smile.

The wind blows our hairs and white dresses, the cliff stands tall overlooking the whole forest.

"Come." She whispers as she takes a step forward to the emptiness.

As I hesitate, she pulls me with her.

"NO! AMELIA!!" I hear my father yell and hear his footsteps running towards us.

As I plunge forward being pulled by my mother, another hand reaches to me and pulls me back. I lose my mother's grip and I see her fall into the emptiness with a smile still on her face and tears in her eyes as she closes them.

My eyes open abruptly and I gasp, I remember the nightmares of my childhood replay in my dreams with tears coming out of my eyes.

I sit up in my bed trying to regulate my breathing. I close my eyes and put a hand on my forehead to stop myself from crying over memories that won't change.

It's still night, the wind howls outside and rain pours, it's cold and I can hear the roof in my room leak. I get up and move the bucket towards the drips.

(Having an old attic as a room is not ideal but it's better than nothing.)

I walk down the stair that led to my room door, once at the bottom I put my ear to it trying to hear for sounds.

(Nothing.)

I carefully unlock it and take a peek at the hall on the third floor of the packhouse.

(No one.)

I tippy-toe through the hall and make my way to the nearest bathroom. Once in, I gently close the door and take in a breath of relief.

I pee and then I walk to the mirror, wash my hands and look at myself with my light hazel eyes scanning over my image. My long curly dark brown hair falls all the way to my waist. My skin is pale and looks unhealthy along with my weight. I am on the skinny side, due to a combination of poor diet and constant stress. I fix the neckline of my nightgown making sure to cover all my scars. I look back at my face that has not smiled in years and make sure that it looks unreadable.

(Always keep yourself composed Rain, don't give them the satisfaction of seeing you broken.)

That is what I tell myself every day to be able to keep going. I am twenty-one now, and I am surprised that I am still alive, that I haven't wanted to end my suffering yet.

(I could....the only ones that would miss me are Levi and Layla and even they would get over it eventually.)

I take another breath in and bury down the anxiety attack that is threatening to surge.

I walk to the door and open it and I'm met with two wicked grins.

(Oh no.)

"Nowhere to run now." Evan says putting a hand on the doorway.

I look from Evan to Asher, he puts his hand on the other side of the doorway both of them now blocking the exit. I take a deep breath and start to scream but Evan cups my mouth muffling the sound and pushes me inside the bathroom with Asher walking in behind him, making this room cramped since it's one of the small bathrooms in the packhouse. Evan holds me by the hair and I punch him and scratch him while Asher closes the door behind him. Evan pins me on the wall while he still cups my mouth.

"You are mine now." He says.

I reach for the shower curtain yanking it towards me and the pole with the curtain falls on them both. Evan is distracted for a few seconds trying to get the pole off of him and I take the moment and kick him in the nuts. He falls over holding his crotch and I panic and jump on Asher who has his back turned to me.

"Get off me!" He yells while I claw at him as he swirls around. He starts hitting back against the wall trying to get me off. I see Evan starting to get back up so I panic again and bite into Asher's side jaw, he screams in pain as I bite off the skin. (This is going to cost me, but I rather be punished than get raped.)

He falls cupping his jaw which is bleeding profusely and I open the door and run out but I hear Evan running after me.

I try to run as fast as I can to my room but it's no use, he catches up to me from behind and we both fall to the ground with him on top of me.

I scream as he turns me around.

"You f*****g b****h, you're waking everyone up!" He says in a hush annoyed tone.

I kick, scream and punch and people start coming out of their rooms. He lets me go looking at everyone who is looking at us now.

"What's going on now!" I hear Alpha Felix walking over to us sounding irritated. Evan gets up. "She attacked Asher, she bit him."

I sit up looking down. "They attacked me. They tried to.....rape me." I say in a small voice almost in a whisper, but there's no point, I know they don't care.

"Sure they did, isn't that what you always say." Abraham, the beta, and Evan's uncle says looking down on me with disdain.

Asher walks over to us and he is bleeding badly holding his jaw. I look down at myself and I am covered in his blood.

"Take her outside." The Alpha says in an angry tone and turns around.

"Perhaps I could do it." Delta Richard asks. He looks at me with pity, he's the only one out of all of them that doesn't try to purposely hurt me.

"

No, Abraham will do it." The Alpha says.

"Of course Alpha." Abraham says looking at me with disgust in his eyes. "Evan, take Asher to the pack hospital."

"Yes, uncle." Evan says and gives me a satisfied smirk.

(I hate them.....I hate them all.)

Tears start to stream down my face so I look down so no one will see. Everyone goes back to their rooms and then the beta grabs me by the hair and pulls me all the way down the stairs. I don't fight him but I hold his hand so my hair doesn't rip from my scalp.

He keeps dragging me down the stairs as I hit every step down but not once do I complain. This is something I'm used to and if I complain it will just be worst.

We go out the back door that leads to a field overlooking the forest. The rain is pouring down as he drags me through the grass and mud.

He stops in the middle of the field where there are chains hooked to a foot square concrete embedded deep in the ground and throws me towards them. I am getting chained and I am relieved, it's better than getting whipped, my back has seen enough of that.

He walks to the side and puts gloves on, then he takes the silver neck chain and puts it on my neck and it starts burning my skin.

I hold my whimpers in but I can't stop the tears from streaming down.

"Act like an animal and you'll be treated like one." Abraham says pulling the chains making sure they are secured. "Do you know how much joy it gives me to see you like this?"

He has a wicked smile.

He takes one last look at me and seems satisfied. I look at him with so much hate in my eyes, if I could, I would tear him apart.

He turns around and I watch him walk away. I lay on the ground looking up, welcoming the rain, it soothes my burning skin.

"I can't see the moon tonight." I say to the darkness.

(My kind believes in the moon goddess.....I don't know if she is real but if she is...then she is cruel.)

I close my eyes and take a deep breath smelling the earthy rain scent. It transports my mind back, back to when everything was ok.

"My snow-white, mom is going to kill us when we get home." Dad says.

I laugh as I run through the woods drenched in rain. "But daddy, you're the one that said 'let's go play in the woods' when it was raining."

He laughs. "Are you going to tattle on me now?"

I laugh. "No, I'll take the blame."

He smiles. "No sweetheart, daddy will gladly take the blame. But let's not think about that now and just enjoy the rain."

I smile. "You really love it, don't you daddy?"

He smiles back. "I love it so much that I even named you Rain, it's peaceful. It can be cold but you can also feel warmth from it. It can be violent but you can also feel calmness."

"I don't understand but it makes me happy." I say running to him

He picks me up and smiles. "You are just six so of course you don't understand yet but you will."

Thunder brings me back to reality. I side-glance back to the packhouse.
(I hate them all.....I hate him, he took him away from me.)
Abraham's face comes to mind.
(I hate him.)