

Chapter 1- Melissa

Chapter 1 - Melissa

The trees rushed past in a blur as the sheer euphoria of my piqued senses pushed my feet faster and faster.

I loved being in wolf-form. It was as if I was one with nature, and it always brought me to complete peace. Since I got my wolf at sixteen, shifting has always been my favourite thing to do. Even though I had to go through the entire process on my own, it was the best day of my life.

I had no one to train me to control my wolf. On the day I shifted, no one even knew that it was my birthday. But, I went down to the field on my own and forced my wolf forward. The pain was excruciating. I could feel every bone in my body breaking and setting in a different form, and I had no one to rub my back and lead me through it. I did it all by myself.

That was the main reason why I loved having a wolf. I didn't feel alone anymore. I have never been the same after shifting on my sixteenth birthday.

Now, almost seven years later, nothing has changed. I was always in wolf form because it made me feel free, loved and happy. At home, while I'm human, I was only ignored, pushed around and miserable.

I wish I didn't have to, but I had been running for the

past hour in the direction of home. I was late for dinner, and I knew my big brother would give me an earful about it.

I got a little carried away in the forest. I met a rabbit that I hadn't had the urge to kill. The little critter intrigued me far too much with its movement that I had spent extra long watching it, and I totally lost track of time.

Thankfully, my wolf ran really fast. So, I would only be a few minutes late for dinner.

The Alpha House came into view, and I slowed my strides as I neared the back porch. I could see a tall, lean figure standing at the back door with his arms folded over his broad chest.

My brother.

As usual, he wore a scowl, and his eyes were as dark as night. He had been trying to reach out to me through our mind link, but I blocked him all the way home until now. I was only five minutes late. They acted so overbearing at times.

My sprinting turned into a slow trot as I approached the porch, and I shifted mid-way as I climbed the stairs. Logan, my brother, flung a coat at me so I could cover my nakedness. Yet, his eyes never left my face.

"You're late, Melissa," he said. I resisted the urge to roll

my eyes as I plopped my hand on my hip.

"Barely," I mumbled. "But I am sorry."

Logan still didn't look pleased. Not that I was expecting anything better. "The next time you are late for dinner, you will be banned from--"Midway his sentence, he stopped, and I was confused because I knew dishing out punishment was his favourite way to torment me.

My dear brother had despised me my entire life. He was eight years older than me, but unlike every other big brother who helps and protects their baby sister, he hated and mistreated me. Why? Because he made up the theory that I was the one who killed our parents.

I have no recollection of them. I was too young when they died, so my memories of them were zero to none. Logan, on the other hand, has told me over and over how they were the best. But he didn't tell me to cherish their memory. He usually told me stories of them in a loud and harsh way when he was cursing my very existence.

To this day, no one has told me exactly how I killed my own parents at two years old, but Logan, along with the entire pack, believed I did. So eventually, I believed it too.

My uncle, Lance Alexis, took over as Alpha when my

dad died. He wasn't as bad as Logan, but I had never seen him smile. He usually congratulates me on significant accomplishments that I managed to pull off on my own. For example, when I shifted by myself for the first time, he had expressed his congratulations to me at dinner that night, even though I was aching in pain. That was as far as 'love' went for my family. He was either too deep in work or his mate to even care about me most of the time. I got used to it after a while.

And finally, my uncle's mate, Toya. She was the only mother I knew, but like Lance, she was more of a Luna than a loving aunt figure. I had to be grateful, though. She was the only one who cared enough to put me through school, and I knew that she was the one who bargained on my behalf most of the time when I got into trouble.

She saved me from the pack dungeon at least seven times already when I was going through my teenage rebel stage, and my big brother insisted it was what I needed to get disciplined. My family was big on discipline, and I've been on the receiving end of their 'disciplinary actions' far too many times. The issue was, Lance delegated my punishment to Logan, and Logan hates my guts, so he took his time to have fun torturing me.

Toya sat me down one day and told me the

consequences of my actions. She told me that she knew I was hurting and broken, and I'd lived with the burden of my parents' death, the pack's cold-shouldering and my brother's hate all my life. She told me that she understood my pain, but rebelling would not make it go away.

That was the day I cried the most because someone noticed--someone cared. I had never had an emotional attraction like that before, and I hadn't had one ever since. I believed in love, but I simply wasn't blessed to know what it felt like.

"Why did you stop?" I asked Logan as a smirk formed on his face.

He shrugged. "Oh, nothing. I just forgot that you won't be around much longer anyway. So what is the sense?"

Instead of feeling scared, my face broke out in a smile. "Could it be? Are you letting me go to human college? I can finally--"

"No, you idiot," he cut me off by saying before stepping aside for me to enter. "Get inside. Everyone is waiting for you. You have no time to wash up. Go straight to the dining room."

As always, I bowed my head and followed instructions.