

Chapter 1: Nightmare

Penelope's P.O.V.

I woke up from a terrible nightmare I was experiencing.

I looked around in our cabin. Everything seems right. I looked where my brother was sleeping, which was across from me. Luckily he was still sleeping.

I sighed, and laid back down.

Turning and tossing, I finally was able to fall asleep.

"Penny," someone called out. "Penny," they called again, but shaking me.

"Penny, wake up." A familiar male voice said. "Phoenix?" I said, more like groaned.

He chuckled, "C'mon Penny. I have to go to work, you'll be able to handle your self, right?" I nodded.

I smelt bacon and eggs, but it made me want to throw up. I skipped breakfast, once again, and headed towards our shower.

I looked in the mirror where you can only see your shoulders and up.

My skin was paler than a vampires, if you lift up my arms, you can literally count my ribs, there are multiple scars running through my body, and I made those.

Pain was the only thing that released me from the stress I was having.

My hair was brown, nearly at my waist. My eyes was a mixture of green and blue.

You might think my eyes are glowing, right? Nope. They are dull, no light in it.

I jumped into the bath and sat there.

Phoenix was my only sibling and family I have left. My mother and father died from a rouge attack, reasons are still unknown.

Phoenix had black hair with green bright eyes. He had muscles, although not bulging, and tan skin.

With these characteristics, girls go crazy for him.

Doing my morning routine, I glanced over where my breakfast was.

It was probably cold, but I didn't feel like eating. I felt like I was wasting food.

Phoenix was assured me I wasn't. I have been wasting food for the past few years.

Sometimes I would eat, and sometimes I wouldn't. It depended on my appetite.

My wolf barely howled in me. 'Are you okay?' asked my wolf, her usual answer, "Yeah... I am fine." He voice sounded weak.

She-wolves were supposed to be strong, but not as strong as men. They could be, but it is only for their protection.

As for me, I'm as skinny as a stick, light as a feather.

My brother saw some of my scars but pushed it aside and assumed it was because of my clumsiness.

I went into the bathroom and grabbed a razor. I sat on the toilet seat and put fresh wounds on my wrists.

Blood gushed out, but I ignored it.

I put it under water, stinging more. I winced, but said nothing afterward.

I dried my wrists and hands and went back to bed, putting on my headphones I got for a gift.

Listening to Coldplay, Nightcore, and many other artists helped me relax a bit.

I must have fallen asleep, because I felt someone shaking me.

"Penny, you have to eat." He said, practically begging.

"I don't feel hungry." I said, sitting up.

"Penny, you haven't eaten in three days."

I just shook my head, "I haven't eaten something in a week. Three days is nothing," I said.

STORY CONTINUES BELOW

Honestly, I didn't feel hungry.

As for my brother, his life could be happier. He could live with his mate and have children. He doesn't have to stay here and babysit me.

He found his mate a while back, she visits every day. In fact, she should be coming now.

She's a really nice girl, she's really pretty too. I wish I could be like her.

She has curves where it was needed, she wasn't a whore, and she's been saving herself like what my brother has been doing.

Her name is Cynthia if I haven't mentioned.

She was a really beautiful girl, she was like other she-wolves, but what my brother says is that she's special.

Of course, everyone thinks their mate is special. They have their own features, attitude, and personality.

Done thinking about Cynthia, the doorbell rung.

Phoenix had a huge smile on his face, answering the door. They greeted each other with a peck on the lips.

Phoenix opened the door wider so she could come in.

"Hello Penny!" She greeted me with a large smile.

"Good afternoon Cynthia." I greeted, with a small smile, it was obviously forced and fake, but she knows that I'm trying.

She looked at the tray in front of me, "Aren't you going to eat that?" She asked. I shook my head, "I don't feel hungry. Thank you for worrying although."

She turned to Phoenix and said something I wouldn't like to hear, "My parents have been dying to meet you! So I kinda invited them here for dinner tonight."

I knew this would be happening, they've been so close to marking each other, twice.

"Babe, this is great! I can finally meet your parents, although they do not meet mine..." He whispered the last part to himself.

"Nix, it's okay. Just tell them. They'll understand!" She said, but sadness covered her eyes.

She hugged him, comforting him. Phoenix stroked her hair, trying to stop the tears that were trying to get free.

"Tonight? When?" He asked, when he was calmed down.

"Ummm. I said at seven. Is that okay?" Phoenix nodded, "Anything for my baby."

They both looked at me, "You can also attend if you like." Cynthia said.

I shook my head, "It's okay. I don't feel hungry. I'll just stay in my room."

They both nodded, Phoenix's eyes showed worried.

I took my headphones and iPod, I headed to my room, well, old room.

I got nightmares and started sleeping outside with my brother. Although it results the same way, but I feel more protected this way.

I didn't bother turning on the lights, I just headed to my old bed and laid on it.

I pulled the blankets over me and putting on my headphones once again.

Slowly, I fell into oblivion.

Nightmare

It was like I couldn't move.

I watched my family being killed right in front of my eyes. It was like a CD replaying over and over again.

I tried screaming, but it seems my voice didn't want to work right now.

Tears were streaming down my face. "R-Run." My mother said.

Her face was extremely pale, her eyes were still open. I knew she was dead. The scene seemed to change itself. Now I was watching my dad being slaughtered.

My father's wolf howled in pain, losing his mate. He was surrounded by ten rouges, each taking a turn biting on his flesh.

Soon enough it was just a pool of blood. Once the rouges scamped away, I was able to move again.

I sobbed, my voice seems to work again.

I dragged my mother's body to my father's. I closed my mother's opened eyes and cried. I cried longer than I should have.

Present

I woke up with cold sweat covering my forehead.

I removed my headphones and heard some mumbling from the people outside. I checked the time and it was only seven forty-five. "Is Penelope going to be okay?" I think Cynthia's father said. "We honestly don't know. She is as skinny as a stick. She refuses to eat. Her face is paler than a vampire's." Phoenix said, sighing.

"Have she found her mate?" A more feminine voice said, Cynthia's mother.

"Sadly no. She does not go out on. She goes probably once every other month."

Silence quickly took over them.

Some munching there and here, but not talking.

"Mother, father, I have decided that I want to move in with Phoenix." Cynthia suddenly said.

There was silence for a few seconds, maybe minutes.

"We do not want to be disrespectful, but we do not feel that our daughter will be able to live in the woods, to be precise, in the middle of the woods."

"This has been my home for so long..." Phoenix started to say, "My parents built this for us."

I could see the sadness and pain in his eyes right now.

"But, mother, father, isn't tradition to move in with the male?" Cynthia asked.

It certainly was tradition to move in with the male, but you needed consent from their parents to mark and mate her.

"Yes it is tradition, but we do not approve this house... Or cabin."

I think Phoenix sighed, "I will do anything for my mate. What do I need to do to get your approval?"

My eyes widened.

"For our approval we will need you to move out from this...Cabin."

I slammed my eyes shut, not believing anything. This can't be happening. This was my home for so long... I don't want to move for anyone!

"I will." Phoenix replied, determination was laced in his words.

My eyes snapped open. I started to silently sob. If Phoenix's moves, fine, but I won't. I don't want to face the world, what fate has planned for me.

I hate how we need approval from their parents. I hate how they have to approve the male, their house, how they live. I despise it.

I walked to my bed, and jumped on it. I covered my small body with the thick blankets. I continued to sob. Why?

After a few words were exchanged, Cynthia's parents excused themselves and thanked Phoenix for having them, then leaving.

"Isn't this great?" Phoenix said to Cynthia. I could imagine her smiling ear to ear, "Yeah. This is great. We can finally be together."

No. This is not great for me. I don't want this. I don't want any of this. I closed my eyes and thought what the bullies said to me.

"You're useless!"

"No good for anyone!"

"Not even your mate wants you!"

"You can't even bring happiness to your family members!"

"Why are you even still alive?"

"Shouldn't you be six feet underground?"

"You should've died with your parents, saves more trouble."

"You ruin everyone's life! Just die already!"

"You're ugly. You can't be flawless like me. You're just a waste of space and air. You're skinny as a stick! No one would want you as a mate. Useless piece of bitch!"

I stopped thinking about them. I stopped going to school last year, they should be glad I stopped, since I was a waste of space and air, I should have died with my parents.

Why am I still alive? That's the question everyday. I don't know why I'm still alive.

"Because I am still alive. My wolf said in my head, 'I don't want to live... Please, just give up. I don't want to live anymore. I've lived long enough to experience how the world works... Bullying younger kids who are different from one another, people who have disabilities.' I completely gave up. Not wanting to talk to my wolf anymore, I decided to listen what was going on outside.

"My parents has set up a house that is near the pack house. Penny would be able to stay in it also. It's not big, or small, just enough to live in it." Cynthia said, "Seems fine. Let's pack up everything in boxes and we'll move tomorrow, probably in the afternoon. I'll wake up Penelope."

Phoenix knocked on my bedroom door, "Penny-" He stopped when he opened the door. We could've probably smell the tears that were streaming down my face.

"I don't want to move," I said, "You can move... I'll stay here. It's probably for the best since you wouldn't want to be embarrassed having me as a sister." My heart ached once I said the words. He would probably be embarrassed to have a sister like me, there's no denying.

"Penelope, you're no-" I interrupted him again, "Don't lie... I know everyone doesn't want to be with me, not even my family members. It's okay. I'm used to it." I said, tears threatening to fall.

"Penny, I'm not lying. So what if you're depressed, fragile, broken? I wouldn't be embarrassed because you've stayed strong for many years, in fact, I'm proud of you."

"You're just saying that so I can move in with you. You wouldn't want me walking behind or besides you. You'd be embarrassed, sending me home immediately." I said, "You have nothing to be proud of me." Saying the last part in a whisper.

I've tried many times to suicide, but I never got the courage to do so. "Penny, please." Phoenix begged, "I wouldn't be embarrassed to be seen with you. I don't know what they see in you. But what I see in you is a strong-willed girl who isn't taking orders from anyone. You may be broken, but what I see, is a girl who survived practically on her own. Survived without eating for weeks."

I held my breathe for as long as I could, "I can still visit this cabin, right?" I finally said, Phoenix nodded.

"Are they're beds over there already?" I asked, he nodded once again.

"Please keep my bed here, and half my books. Everything else we can pack." I said quietly, "I'm locking myself in the room, going out and coming here at least twice a week."

Phoenix broke out into a smile, Thanks sis." He hugged me tightly and skipped to the door.

I sighed, this is going to be a long night.

Continue reading next part