

## Chapter 0038

It's kind of nasty if you think about it too much. Thank the Goddess wolves don't get STD's or they would be in trouble. I'm not a prude, well not really. I get the appeal of s\*x and have even done some self exploration, but I am one hundred percent inexperienced when it comes to being with a guy. And yet, I have no desire to jump some rando strictly to say I did, that is less appealing than having zero game in the s\*x department.

I'm a little jealous of how easy it is for Sierra to flirt with any of the guys. She seems to only have eyes for Sam, but is playful with all of them. Just the thought of trying to flirt makes me sweat bullets. I am just that awkward, so I figure I will wait for my mate who will love my crazy, inexperienced awkwardness no matter what. On that note I step out of the shower and wrap up in a towel. As I brush out my sandy blonde hair I look at myself and really analyze my reflection for the first time.


I don't think I am ugly by any means, I just don't think I am anything special either. My hair is mostly straight with a slight wave at the end and it is so long it goes past the middle of my back. I like it full and long, I think I would look like a baby doll if I ever cut it. My muscles are defined in my arms and legs and I know my back and abs have definition. I am putting on muscle now that I eat most of my meals

with the guys and get the calories I need for all the training that I do.

I wear sports bras and tank tops for training all the time, still covering the scars on my back, but being more comfortable in my skin. My figure is still on the smaller side with no real curves to speak of, even with the muscle definition. I'm only fourteen and I don't really know what my mom looked like. My dad only keeps one picture of her in his office and I'm not allowed in there, I saw it once when I was little, but I don't remember it at all. According to everyone else who knew her, I look exactly like her, but that doesn't help me predict what kind of woman bits I may end up with. I sigh and get dressed in some pajamas and get started on my homework. I have a feeling there will be no room for homework this weekend if Sierra has any say, so I need to get ahead now.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened the rest of the week at school which is really only saying I didn't bleed from my attackers. It's almost like they knew what I was doing this weekend and were being courteous with their torture.



Saturday morning came and I found I couldn't sleep so I took my very early run alone today. I decided to take a chance and let my wolf out too. We ran the full border patrol route around the pack territory. I'm not on patrols, so I don't have to really pay attention and can run as fast as I want to so it only takes me a couple hours. I usually wait until it's dark so it's easier to hide with her thick jet black

 +20 BONUS

fur. It was dark and peaceful right now, the sun still not up yet, and allowed me to wrap my brain around all the crazy I was about to be subjected to.

When I got home, I started breakfast and got out ingredients to make enough to feed everyone, since our house has been the new Saturday hangout before training. Even the Alpha and Luna join us sometimes too. I was worried the first time Mateo brought the guys over so early that dad would have a fit. But I guess when it comes to my brother and the future Alphas he doesn't really care what goes on. Dad went as far as to ask Mateo what needed to be on the grocery list specifically for the Saturday morning breakfasts the third time it happened. That conversation got tense really fast when Mateo said he didn't know and to ask me which earned me a disapproving look and the reply. "I'll have Gretchen follow up with you kids and make sure the kitchen is stocked." Before he abruptly walked out of the kitchen.

 Comments

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## Chapter 0039

His avoidance of me shouldn't hurt, it's been like this my whole life. He only talks to me when he absolutely has to in front of other high ranking wolves for appearance. But, every time he outwardly and blatantly rejected me I felt that familiar jab in my heart and all of my insecurities would haunt me for days after.

I became more obsessed with training and school work, avoiding people, including Sierra and my brother after that interaction shortly after the christmas holiday. Something they both noticed and questioned and I expertly avoided talking about. My room and anything I used in the house had to be spotless and meticulously put away. The sad part is I am fully aware of what I'm doing and why, but I can't help myself and I can't go to anyone for help. How would that make my dad look in the eyes of his peers? The peers he's been putting on a show for my whole existence.

Ruining his reputation would make the emotional hell I have been going through completely worthless and I don't need to feel anymore like an unwanted problem. And as much as I should be mad at him or hate him, I just can't bring myself to make him look bad, hoping one day he will wake up and notice all the hard work and effort I put in to please him, to make him happy, proud of me. As long as there is that scrap of a chance, I will hold onto that hope. It took several days

for Sierra to pull me, mostly, out of the obsessive behavior. Really, I think I just got better at hiding it from her.

I shake my head out of the dark memories and keep working on the breakfast spread. I really do like having Sierra and all the guys here. I find I enjoy caring for the group as a whole. They make me laugh and forget about all the things I normally focus on everyday. I actually feel like a teenager during this time and I find I have relaxed into the friendships the longer I am around all of them. My dad's demands don't exist, Kaley and her bully patrol doesn't exist, schoolwork doesn't exist. It's almost magical.

The front door slams, I jump and I look at the time. It's not quite 5am and I'm not even halfway into prepping all the food. What the hell is going on? The commotion in the hallway tells me it's at least a few of the guys. Their sounds are pretty distinct. I start to walk out to tell them to be quiet, I haven't even gotten Mateo up yet and my dad will actually be pissed at the ruckus this early. I slowly walk down the hallway and into the entryway.

"Guys? What ar-"

"SURPRISE!" A whole group of people shout at me.

"Oh Shit!!!!" I yelled and then clapped my hand over my mouth as I'm trying not to fall on my butt in front of everyone.

Sierra ran up to me first, catching me in a hug. "A little birdie told me it was your birthday today and we thought we would

surprise you. We brought breakfast, I hope you haven't already started cooking." She steps back and takes in my running clothes. I don't usually shower or change since we go and workout with the pups, which leaves us disgusting.

"Um, uh, I just started getting things together." I am super confused and disoriented. We don't celebrate my birthday, never have. It's the day my mom died, the day I killed her, and that is the only part my dad remembers about today. Mateo used to make me cards when we were little. He would never sign them or say anything about it, but I knew it was him. Once we hit about eleven though and he started focusing on his position, those stopped.

"Um, come on in, we can set it up on the island." I led the group down the hall and stood off to the side watching the parade come into the kitchen.

Mateo comes strolling in with the rest of the guys. He was a part of this? Did he tell them? I can feel my heart tighten at the thought. Then all the adults come through. Alpha Lucas and Luna Ava have 2 large platters of fruit and pastries. Cam and Dakota are each carrying a tray of food. Gamma Brett follows Oliver in with a very large pan that is steaming. Delta Kyle and Gwen come in ahead of Sam and they are all carrying balloons and a vase of flowers. Sierra's Aunt Stephanie and Uncle Robert bring up the rear with another steaming pan.