

Chapter 0024

A tear ran down my cheek, which only served to trigger my mother even more. She immediately pounced, launching into the worst part of her physical attack.


She started by shoving me down the stairs, causing me to tumble fast and hard. Once I got to the bottom, she started kicking me. Over and over and over again.

When she got tired, she grabbed my backpack and took the apple and banana out of it. She threw the apple at me and then opened the banana and smashed it in my face.

Still not satisfied, she headed to the kitchen and came back with a large stack of plates... some of which were obviously still dirty. She started to throw the plates at me, one by one. When the plates were all smashed, she started to throw other things at me, including a coffee maker, a couple of steel frying pans, and a few knives. Almost everything she threw hit me on some part of my body.

And then... still not satisfied, and seeing that I could barely move ... my mother picked up some of the broken plate pieces and used them as makeshift knives to cut my back and stomach with.

Ultimately, I was conscious for about 45 minutes of her abuse. I do not know if or for how long she continued after I passed out.



You are probably wondering why Rose and I allowed my mother to abuse me like this without fighting back. I do not have a great answer for that question. Or at least I do not have an answer that I am satisfied with myself.

I can tell you that, after six years, I am used to being treated this way by her. The attacks are usually not this bad, but I have grown used to at least some physical violence on every visit home.

I can also tell you that she is my mother, I remember the time in our lives that she used to love me, and I do not want to hurt her.

And I can also tell you that I know and understand that my mother's violent rages stem from her grief about losing my sister. Even if I fought back, I could hurt never my mother any more than she is already hurting inside. That is not an excuse for her behavior and I would never, ever, ever in a million years tolerate someone hurting my pups or anyone else the way my mother hurts me... but I do understand why she does it.

There is another factor too. Rose has repeatedly warned me that we have to be careful not to reveal our strength or power, especially while at West Mountain Pack. Even if I wanted to fight back, I do not know the extent to which Rose would let me. She loves me, and I know she cries for me during my mother's attacks, but whatever is out there that Rose is afraid of, it is far more dangerous than any

abuse levied at the hands of my mother.

I wake up in my bedroom. I do not know how I got here, and I do not know how much time has passed. My body aches and hurts all over.

"Rose?" I whisper through our link.

"I am right here, Lily. I am right here."

"Are you OK?" I ask her.

"I am fine. You... are not. You have been unconscious for at least a couple of hours."

"Can you heal me?"

"I want to, Lily, but I cannot. It is not safe. If I heal you, it might reveal who we are to your mother. We cannot take that risk."

"Why can't my mother know?" I ask, as though I have not asked that question multiple times before.

"You know why," Rose responds. "Look, you need to know that Nick is here. He is about to bring your father in. Please pretend that you are still unconscious. I will help you. Just trust me, please."