

Taming The Alpha's Daughter

Chapter 1

Temperance POV

20th Birthday

“Nova are you there?” I ask. She has been silent for hours, since my brother came down to give us what he called our Birthday present.

The present was... Well, it is the sort of present you would rather go without. Something no sane person could ever call a present to begin with. Anyone, who can feel empathy, or anything at all, would understand how awful it Sh

I shake my head to rid myself of the awful thoughts. The more I focus on something, the more it will eat at me, the more violently it will haunt me. I rather forget. For good. I press forward, and an inaudible gasp leaves me as I try to see if for once, I can take back the control from my wolf. I am not asking for too much, right? Just a few seconds, minutes at most, to see the world with my own eyes, instead of borrowing the eyes of others as I usually do. Perhaps it's selfish of me to ask anything at all, but I never really do that. Just this once...

“How long have I been in the dark today?” I whisper the words, surprised that I can hear my own voice. This time, at least I can speak, which means Nova's restraint is slipping.

“Too long!” Shadow snaps from somewhere off to the left of me. I want to be brave, I want to tell Nova to stop taking control over everything, but I know that will do nothing but earn me more shouts and anger from our companion Shadow who thinks I'm weak and she is right. I am what she claims.

Besides, I really don't want to be blocked out for silent treatment. I hate being alone, I hate the silence as the dread creeps up on me. There is nothing worse than living with your own thoughts. There is no place more dangerous than one's mind. And my mind always seems to conjure up the worst scenarios.

I hold my breath as I try to move past the barrier that separates me from Nova

“What are you doing? Get back! Are you trying to get us killed?” Nova groans and strengthens the barrier as I fight her for control.

I still try, but each time I do, it feels like she does anything in her power to push me away. Each attempt is unsuccessful, but I still don't want to give up without really trying. I haven't seen actual daylight for as long as I can remember. Nova says it isn't safe.

Yet, that doesn't mean I don't feel what they do to her, she tries to hide it from me. She never speaks of it, but I get glimpses from her memory. I catch on to her pain every time her barriers drop. The only time I am let forward is when we are back in the cage in the basement.

But then, I have no light to see. The basement is dark, cold, and reeks. I haven't laid eyes on a physical object in years besides the cattle prod my brother likes to use on me since he killed daddy and put me down here. My daddy's body is now nothing but a weightless pile of bones, that rest on the dirt floor across from me.

I still remember that day clearly. And like every time I recall it, I feel tears sting my eyes, and a lump forms in my throat as the scene replays itself in my mind over and over again. That's why I think there is no place more dangerous than my mind - it brings me back to times no one should remember, it forces the memories to haunt me. Forces me to re-live the pain. One would think I would be accustomed to pain by now, yet with Nova she takes the brunt of it and I get it second hand. But from what slivers I do get that pain is unbearable.

Just like the memories that keep flashing before my eyes. That day, Daddy tried to protect me, save me from my brother. But all of his attempts, the fight he put up, were futile. Daddy was old and Satish was strong, stronger than Daddy despite him being an Alpha.

Satish killed him that day. I had just blown out my birthday candles, when Daddy made this vile noise, blood sprayed across my face and the white roses that decorated my cake turned

crimson.

Satish claimed it was my birthday gift and I should be grateful of how generous he is to me for letting me live, that my life was tarnished the day I killed my mother. He told me the only thing I deserved was my new prison and I should thank him for allowing me to live and to stay down in the basement.

And while my own brother killed my Daddy and called it my gift, on that awful day, it wasn't the only thing that happened. Later that day, which was my 13th birthday, Nova came to me. My first shift was agonizing and gruelling. Confined to a cage far too small for my breaking limbs, Nova was the voice that soothed me, she saved

me from my own insanity, promising it would get better. It hasn't yet.

And after that, as a proof of Satish's generosity, or at least that's what he calls it, I got to watch Daddy's body decay from my cage, smell his flesh rot. I used to talk to him. I used to share my thoughts and dreams with the body that lay across from me. Now, his bones lay across from us. Satish told me it is to remind me of how easily he can kill me.

Sometimes I wish he would, but Nova always encourages me to hold on. Hold on for what? I don't even think she knows anymore but is so used to saying it's become her mantra. And automatic response. Hope, that was something I lost when Satish gave me to his pack. We were so excited to leave our cage, we thought Satish had a change of heart. We were wrong.

So very wrong. There is nothing more vile than man, and I have endured the worst kinds and sometimes I wonder if there is any other.