

# Taming The Alpha's Daughter

## Chapter 12

Eziah POV

Blood splattered all over me as he exploded between my hands, and so did the rage that enveloped me. It fizzled away, and all I was left with was a puddle of blood, fragmented bones, tissue, and muscle at my feet. Looking around, I try to remember why I was so angry as the cold shivery feeling as it abates makes me shudder.

"I think he's dead." Casen chuckles, wiping his hands on the grass. Malachi presses forward and the moment he does, he searches for her, snapping me back to the present and reminding me what is happening and why.

"Fuck! Where did she go?" Casen jumps to his feet and snarls. My eyes move to where she was sitting, only now she is gone. Malachi growls angrily, forcing the shift at the same time Casen does as we dart after her, following her scent. Her scent is powerfully strong so we know she

couldn't have got far and it only takes us

seconds to no

between the trees.

Pushing the mindlink open, I

with Casen. "

"She's

headed:

Fuck, she's quick

toward the road

blocking her off;" he tells me

wolf Zyan de

our, veering off

to see her white wolf darting

force it to connect. " [tell him.

. I will go around

before I see him and going wide.

Malachi gives chase, his paws thumping the

ground is small

to, which slows us down.

Yet as

hesitates

as he picks up speed. The only issue she has, and squeezes through where we can't

we get closer, panic sets in and she hesitates, picking up Casen's scent ahead of her.

She pauses in the gully, which she slid into. Malachi pauses and slowly walks along the top. She is stuck, especially when she notices Zyan on the other side and we were both looking down at her like a fish in a bowl.

"Why is she running?" Malachi asks, confused.

"She's our mate, but she isn't acting like one," he growls. Most are excited and overjoyed to find theirs, but she runs from us.

"Probably because we just killed someone?" I deadpan, though I kinda wish I could take that back now, seeing how spooked she is. However, sometimes I can't control it. And sometimes I don't want to.

"Shift back," I tell him, and Malachi immediately does. Her white wolf turns to face us, her shoulders hunching as I climb down a little. She looks on the verge of attacking us if we get too close, so I slow down, almost stopping, my steps hesitant as she watches with calculating eyes.

"I won't hurt you, Temperance." Her wolf cocks its head to the side, sniffs the air, and shakes its head.

"Nova, Right?" I ask her, trying to remember the name my mother gave me for her wolf. She backs up, jumping when she brushes against a log behind her, thinking something is coming up behind her.

"I'll take you back to get your friend.... Shadow? But you need to come with me." I tell her but she growls, backing up and I see Zyan across from me creeping closer as he comes up behind her.

"Do you know who I am to you?" I ask her. Her wolf doesn't give any sign she even understands what I'm saying. When I finally get close enough to really look at her as I reach the bottom, my eyes trail over her scrawny wolf.

Her wolf is snow white, but her eyes are the oddest I've ever seen, which is saying something since I have gold eyes but hers. She has one blue eye and the other reddish pink. Malachi urges me closer when Zyan snaps a twig, making her pivot, and the moment she does, she snarls and runs.

"Fuck!" I roar, chasing her and giving Malachi the reins. He takes them without hesitation, shifting and giving chase as she races up the wall of the gully. "You need to mark her!" I snap at him.

"What?" Malachi retorts, knowing it rarely works like that. Most consider it savage for the wolf to mark their mate, taboo, but it's happened in my family, my mother being one who was marked by both the human and wolf counterparts. My twin was the same, so it is hardly taboo in my family. More like a damn ritual, we have the worst luck with mates.

"She won't be escaping us again, fucking mark her. I'm done playing hide and seek!" I tell him. He growls but knows I'm right. At least if she manages to escape us again, we'll be able to feel her and find her quicker.

Zyan races to catch up to us when I lose her when she comes to some lantern bushes, and she squeezes beneath them. Her fur catches on the thorny branches and Malachi growls, knowing if we try, we'll come out looking like a plucked chicken or not come out at all. Her wolf is only tiny, but we certainly wouldn't squeeze through the dense matted branches. Malachi races along it, trying to find where she'll come out when we hear her getting tangled, and her wolf whimpers.

Zyan, catching up, moves to the side and

follows along the top while we keep checking she doesn't dart back and go back the way she came. Finding the end of the monstrous plant, I hear rustling and Malachi steps back, waiting

for her to pop out, when we hear her go back the other way and I curse.

"She's headed toward you?" I mindlink Casen. He darts back when she suddenly rushes straight out the side behind us. Malachi turns to chase her when he stops, seeing a blueish-gray wolf burst out of the lantern and runs off.

"Where did that wolf come from?" Casen says when Malachi sniffs the air before he darts after it. "Malachi?" "It's her!" He snaps. "What are you doing?" Casen yells at me.

"Malachi thinks it's her!" I tell him, trying to take control of him. "Does he need fucking glasses? It's the wrong color!"

"It's her!" He snarls, gaining on the wolf. The wolf looks over its shoulder and I immediately notice the pink and blue eyes. What the fuck! Yet her momentum is thrown off by glancing back and she stumbles over a broken branch and lunges forward, skidding across the dirt and Malachi wastes no time pouncing on her.

"Malachi, you can't be sure!" I snarl at him when he sinks his teeth into the gray wolf's neck. It whimpers and thrashes, turning savage and biting his chest. The wolf's potent scent hits me and it is indeed her.

Malachi bites down harder, pinning her wolf and her thrashing slows, then he starts licking her, healing the gaping wound he created, and she is suddenly forced to shift back beneath us.

Malachi steps back, sniffing her and ensuring she is alright before allowing me to force him to shift back. Falling to my knees next to her, I stare at her when I hear Zyan come over; he shifts back and Casen is suddenly crouched next to me.

He looks at her and then at me, his mouth

opening and closing. "She was white right, I

wasn't

seeing things...then—" he shakes his head.

"She changed," I whisper, sweeping her hair from her face that is slack from passing out.

"Now what?" Casen asks as I scoop her up into my arms. I tuck her closer, her head resting on my shoulder.

"We go back to her pack, although she is fucking coming this time!" I tell him, peering down at her. I wasn't letting out of my sight until she is locked in my damn room and I can speak to her. Make her understand she's safe with me.

"You sure that's a good idea?" Casen asks.

"Well, I'm not letting her out of my sight in case she runs, besides she's unconscious. She'll be out for a few hours," I tell him and he nods, knowing I'm right.

I glance at her neck and shoulder where Malachi bit her. It's healed but definitely scarred, but she'll get over it, eventually. Besides, hopefully, once I mark her myself, his savagery won't be as noticeable.

Trudging back through the forest, we are now heaps closer to the pack. The moment we break through the trees, we can see them scattering when my voice booms across the clearing as we approach.

"Don't move!" I order and they freeze what they're doing. Men are everywhere in states of panic, some holding bags and getting ready to run.

"We need the packhouse if we want information on her." Malachi reminds me and I growl.

"Line up!" I yell at them, and even those inside their houses stumble out, lining up out in front of the barbecue area. "Where's your Alpha?" I ask one man.

"He fled, abandoned us." He whimpers when the one beside him sobs.

"Take her," I tell Casen. He takes her from me, and I move toward the packhouse. Casen follows, standing on the front porch next to me.

The men glance at each other. Their fear is potent in the air and it should be.

"How many of you know Temperance? Raise your hand." I ask, and my stomach drops when they all lift a hand in the air.

"Just kill them, and be done with it, some things you don't want to know," Casen growls at me.

"Please," one man begs, and the others whimper and sob. So clearly they know what I'm capable of. As they should, no family is feared more than mine.

"How many of you hurt her?" I ask ignoring their pleas, praying not all of them were her tormentors. However, all of them raise their hands and I clench my teeth.

My hands clench. "Eziah! Let her tell you, I don't want to know what they've done to her, so please." Casen asks, turning and shielding her naked body from them.

"I felt her for fucking years! Felt what they've done to her!" I snarl at him.

"Exactly, so make sure it never happens again

and be done with it!" Casen snarls back. I suck in a breath, exhaling loudly, trying to tame my temper. Turning back to face all these men, men I know who harmed her, tortured her and assaulted her in the worst ways possible. I walk down the steps.

"Go back to your cabins and stand on your porches. Don't move until I leave your pack," I order them. Robotically they do, some even running to get away from me.

Calm settles over me, and I see Casen walk inside with Temperance. Whoever said that light wasn't dark was wrong. Light is the dark's twin flame. One always chasing the other but never quite catching the other.

One thing with light, it has the ability to burn everything it touches. Darkness swallows everything whole, extinguishes light in the dark, and leaves you blind to your surroundings. But light? No, that illuminates everything, shows

you what you wish you didn't see, shows you what hides in the shadows that darkness obscures. So, being a Gemini twin, a healer, you don't just heal; you absorb everything, the good, the bad, and the evil.

Feeling her fear for years, I absorbed it too. I might as well have been right beside her in the dark. And now they'll burn for it. Opening my hand, I feel my power sliver down my arms and burst from my fingertips. I've had plenty of time to learn how to use light, pure, burning bright, a spark of life. And one spark is all it takes to burn everything to ashes.

I click my fingers, and sparks zap from my fingertips, catching the dry grass on fire. My eyes burn fiercely as I steer it toward the rows of cabins and the men shriek and whimper.

"Now no running until we leave," I tell them, taking a seat on the bottom step. The fire moves closer to the first cabin, and his begging and pleading grows louder as the fire licks at the steps. Then his pleas and cries turn to screams. Now they'll scream the way she did.