

Taming The Alpha's Daughter

Chapter 16

Eziah POV

Her relief hits me with the weight of a ton of bricks, it smashes against me as she takes in my words, her lips quiver, and tears trek lines down her cheeks and she breaks down. Her emotions flood into me, so much fear, fear that is suffocating, torturous lifts and overwhelms her. She breaks down, uncontrollably crying while I fight to remain calm, wanting to kill them all over again for making her feel this way, making her fear so strong, making her live the way she did.

I clutch her to me, letting her cry while silently crying with her. I finally found her, all those years of torture and enduring what she suffered through in my dreams. Listening to her screams, and begging, feeling her pain, it all lifted away because she is now safe, home. I will protect her, I will keep her safe and kill anyone that dares try to take her from me again.

Wrapping her legs around my waist, I pull the book from off her lap wishing I could burn it, but I know if Casen kept it there has to be more information in it, but now I understand his hesitance in giving it to her, I wish I listened. Clutching the newspaper clipping I stare at it over her shoulder while she wails, huge hiccuping sobs, wrack her body while I peer down at the old photo.

I have no doubt it's Dominic, yet why is this photo in her scrapbook, how is he linked to all of this. I don't want to ask her, don't want to force her to remember things or question my intentions in needing to know. Opening the first page I slip it back inside and shut it before hoisting her higher. Standing, I clutch her tighter, following the old beaten track back to the car.

Malachi is quiet in my head, he is also pondering the picture, yet his rage is potent at the photos we found of her, the ones she has seen. She was just a child, at thirteen I was worried about school, friends, worried about my parents. Yet she feared something so much worse, I lived like a king while she lived as a sex slave. The vast differences in our upbringing sickens me that someone could do that to a child and that is what she was in that photo.

By the time I reach the car, her crying has stopped, and I can feel her breath on my neck, her nose pressed against my mark. Her breathing is shallow, and she hiccups with each breath, but I can feel through the bond she has passed out, fallen asleep. Casen leans against the hood of the car, a smoke in between his lips, phone in his hands. He looks up at me as I approach.

"You okay?" he asks, his eyes going to her in my arms. I nod my head and he moves to open the back door. I carefully lay her down while he moves to the trunk and pops it open. He returns with a blanket, and I tuck it around her, quietly shutting the door. Casen offers me a smoke and I take it, before he leans into the car grabbing the lighter off the front seat.

I pass him the scrapbook and he presses his lips in a line, but takes it as I light my smoke. He walks to the hood of the car and leans against it and I peer over my shoulder ensuring she is still asleep before following him.

"I need to speak with Dominic," I tell him and he nods his head.

He sets the book down on the hood. "I found it in her brother's room," he tells me.

"Eziah, I found..."

"I know, she saw," he nods and curses.

"T should have taken them out but I just grabbed it."

"It's fine, I should have known there was a reason for your hesitance, I didn't think I could just tell she wanted it."

"Reaper wolves are dead though, Andrei and Dominic made sure of it," Casen tells me and I nod, he is right but how do they link back to her.

He opens the book and I growl, making him stop. "Get rid of them." "T can't Eziah, there's something you need to see," he whispers and I look at him.

"I don't want to see her like that. Feeling the things they did to her was bad enough."

"T know, but that wasn't all I found, he didn't just keep mementos of what they did to her," he

murmurs.

"1..." He swallows, "I'll get rid of the other ones. You don't have to see them, I'll just leave the ones you will need," My brows furrow but I nod averting my gaze while he rummages through the pictures. Staring ahead I try to drown out the thought of Casen seeing her naked, seeing them raping her and torturing her. He removes them, setting them aside, when he suddenly turns and throws up, clutching the hood of the car, the photos clutched in his hand, he heaves throwing up violently. I feel numb and absentmindedly tub his back. Yet I can't bring myself to take them and discard of them myself. He is a good friend. When he is done, he holds out his hand.

"The lighter," he rasps, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. I give it to him and he burns them, dropping them on the ground and letting them burn to ashes.

"I do need to ask you something," I tell him. I

need to know, I need to know if he was one of them.

He peers back at me, pale as a ghost, and nods once,

"Did her brother...was he..." I can't bring myself to say it. Casen's jaw clenches.

"He was the worst." Casen answers and I nod once. "When you find him..." I turn my head to look at him.

"You'll be there," I tell him knowing he wants to watch him suffer. Casen nods, turning back to the hood of the car. He flicks through the pages, and hands me something. I take it, readying myself to look at it, praying it's not them violating her. Turning it over, I find it is an ultrasound film. I blink down at it, noticing the date to be around the time she would have been born. When I notice the name and medical identification number.

"Ruth Daya?"

"I think it's her mother," I nod in agreement yet my eyes are on the ultrasound.

"She was a twin." I gasp, glancing over my shoulder at her. She still remains asleep in the back seat.

"But that is not all," Casen murmurs and I look back at him, he holds out a photo and glances away. I take it from him, turning it over, I gasp. It's Temperance, she is bruised and battered, she has a black eye, she is also naked but that isn't what shocks me most, she appears to be about fourteen or fifteen years old. She is crying, the look of anguish on her face evident and I swallow glancing down at the picture. In her arms she holds a baby wrapped in a blue blanket. She is clutching him to her chest while another man appears to be trying to take him from her.

I shake my head, and look at Casen only for him to pass me another picture. I take it, to find the baby she was clutching in a basket, the same blue teddy bear blanket wrapped around his tiny body. He is sleeping. I look at the Casen. "There are more, it appears she had a son." Casen mummurs, handing me ultrasound pictures, Temperance name on these ones. And I glance between the picture of the baby and the ultrasound with her name on it.

"Then where is he?" I question.

"I don't know, but I haven't looked through the

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test, I was too scared to in case—

"In case you found him dead," I swallow and he nods, taking the pictures and placing them back inside. He closes it and I draw back on my

smoke, my hands shaking.

Casen leans against the hood of the car, we don't

talk, pondering what we just seen in those pictures.

"None of this makes sense," I murmur after a few minutes. Casen says nothing, instead grabbing the book and I move to the back of the car opening the back door.

"Where to now?" Casen asks, looking at me over the roof.

"I need to see my sister, speak with Dominic, but drive to Rose's pack. I will leave you there, and ring you when I find out more," I tell him and he nods, climbing in the driver's seat while I climb in the back with my mate. Casen puts the scrapbook in the glove compartment and the key in the ignition, while I pull Temperance onto my lap.

"Let's go home," I whisper to her, tucking her closer as Casen starts the car. My eyes meet Casen's in the rearview mirror and I nod to him and he nods back, starting the car.