

# **Alpha Samson'S Half Breed Mate - Free Novel by ROANNA HINKS**

## **Prologue**

**ALORA**

**(16 years old)**

I struggle against the guards, and they force me further into the cells.

The smell alone makes my stomach churn. Between the dead bodies and blood, it is hard to work out, which is worse.

As we approached the end cell gate, there stood my father and his chosen mistress of the month. My father's stare was blank, but that was how he had ever since that night. I hated him after what he did to my mother. The way he treated her and me and everything was all because she couldn't give him a son.

The guards guided me to the gate and launched me into the cell, like I was nothing. I landed with a hard thud on the ground and rolled until I hit the wall. I groan as my back hit the wall hard.

The worst part is that it reopened some old wounds that my father's mistress gave me a few hours ago.

Blood sank through the old top I had on.

There was a thud, which only made my father growl as I heard footsteps coming toward the cell. "What the hell, alpha?" he boomed as he got nearer. He stopped and looked inside as I looked up. His eyes narrowed in on me but softened when he saw me.

"She's just a child," he shouted, only for my father to grip him by the neck. "Enough, gamma," he gritted out. "She stole from Madaline. She needs to pay."

My eyes shot to his mistress, who had a sinister smirk. She knew how to wrap my father around her finger. She was his favourite, but that soon could change.

My father was a ruthless alpha and worse father. I was born into a werewolf pack, only to have half of wolf abilities, but no wolf. But I was also part of something else. This part was meant to be told to me by my mother, but that never came as my father and the woman, who stood before me, had killed her when I was ten.

I saw everything and was forced to live in the basement of the pack house. I was never to leave unless I had someone with me at all times. So, me stealing something from my father's whore was outstretched at best. He locked me away like I was nothing.

Over the years since I was born, my mother and I were placed into a section of the house away from the pack members. With only the Gamma family to rely on, as that was their job, it was just us. We had a small apartment that had very little to do, but we managed.

Moving up slightly and leaning on the wall to ease the pain in my back, I stare at the pair.

Gamma Ryan has been loyal to my mother and me since birth, and I know I can rely on him. He was the only one who bought me new clothes and books to read. I had nothing to my name, and I mean nothing.

My father's face turned and glared at me. "You will stay in here till I see fit," he growled.

"But alpha, she couldn't have done anything," Gamma Ryan pleaded. "She was locked up in the basement. I heard from one of the guards that they had to kick down the door to get her."

My father turned his attention to Gamma Ryan and launched at him, pinning him to the wall behind him. My eyes widened as he growled. "Enough," he gritted out. "She may not have stolen anything but deserves to live in this place."

I felt my heart sink. How could my father be so cruel?

Madaline looked over at me, giving me an evil look. "I think we should tell them, babe," she whispered, making my father look at her in awe.

I felt sick.

My father let go of Gamma Ryan and turned around to face me. His eyes switched from his wolf to his again, as always. "Madaline is pregnant," he said, keeping his eyes on me.

My stomach tightened. Pregnant? No, that means...

Madaline's smile grew as she knew it sunk in what that meant. "It means I will have an heir for the alpha," she said cheerfully. "Unlike your mother, I will give him a son. Not a pathetic daughter, wolfless too."

Madaline giggled, placing her hand on her stomach. "This will be the son of the alpha," she said.

I snigger.

"Do you think your child would be accepted as an heir?" I blurt out. "What if you have another girl? We both know how he treats them when he has them."

Madaline's face goes white as she looks at my father. But he ignores her as he glares back at me. "You ungrateful bitch," he grits out. "I gave you a home. I never hurt a child."

"No, you let your guards do it," I muttered.

My father takes a few steps inside the cell. My eyes stay focused on him, but out of the corner of my eye, I see Gamma Ryan pleading with me to stop.

My father crouches and places his finger under my chin to make me see him. "You ever talk back to me again," he grits out. "Now, this will be your own little room. You will never leave here ever. I have control over you, and no one, and I mean no one, will save you. You have no one."

I felt my heart sink deep in my chest as a lone tear escaped.

My father moves up and walks back until he exits the cell. He turns around, pins Gamma Ryan against the wall, and releases his alpha aura. I watched as my father used a command that even broke my heart.

"You will never serve her," my father commanded. "You will do your gamma duties, and that is it. You will never see or speak to her again. Is that understood?"

Gamma Ryan tries to fight the command, but he can't and agrees.

My father let go of him and stared. "Now, go and train the pack members," he said.

I watched as Gamma Ryan left without looking back at me.

My eyes moved to the two people who were left.

Madaline grinned as my father wrapped his arm around her waist. "We will have a son," he said, leaning into her neck and looking at me. "Beck will be the one who will give you some food. As for punishments, they will be dealt with by me and whoever I have with me. You are never leaving this place, daughter."

I watched as my father and Madeline left.

My heart breaks. I was alone once again.

No one will save. How could they? No one knew I existed. My father made sure of that.

When my mother had me, he announced that I had died at birth and that Luna was recovering. It never stopped him from trying to conceive another child with her, but when my mother could only have girls. When she did have a boy, he died after twenty weeks. My father called her everything.

Whenever he came to see her, I had to hide.

Another tear escaped as I looked around the small cage to be my home from now on.

I would be living in hell, even though I was already there.

The only hope I had left was my mate finding me, and now even that was a stretch.  
Who would want someone like me?