

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

## **Chapter 1**

**ALORA**

**(5 years later)**

My eyes stay on the ceiling as the breeze from the gap in the window whistles, rippling over me, making me cold.

Moving the thin fabric over me, even though it doesn't keep me warm. I shudder slightly when it hits my arm's recent new whip mark, making it sting. I grip the sheet tighter as I move my legs up and wrap my arms around my legs to try and keep warm.

Five long years have passed since I was placed in this damn cell, and five years I have been tortured more than my fair share. I don't think any rogues have been through the same fate as me. To be honest, I think they have better treatment than I do. They would kill them as soon as they put them in a cell, or they would make them suffer.

The screams some made, made my ears bleed. Many gave in after the first few attempts and died. Whoever came in here, they never leave. I always wondered about my fate, but it has been five years. Something told me that I wouldn't know until it was too late.

Madaline, my father's chosen mate now instead of his mistress, gave birth to a son. I haven't met him, and I don't want to. It would probably be evil if the baby were like my father or her.

I heard a noise outside the window, but it was hard to tell what was happening. It has been very noisy here lately. Guards who watch over me, Beck mainly, but they don't talk to me. They stay quiet and even participate in the torture that Madaline puts on me.

No one cares for me; they don't know who I am. My father made sure of it. He told the guards that I was a stupid human who wandered onto the pack grounds, and he didn't know what to do with me. It should shatter me with the way he speaks about me, but why should I now? He didn't want me in the first place.

Beck was left to guard me for the last five years. He never speaks to me, but I have grown on him over the last five years. Whenever Madaline tortures me, she makes him step outside, but afterward, he comes in and cleans my wounds the best he can. Beck was the one who gave me this fabric sheet to cover myself with when it gets cold here.

Another bang came from outside, making me flinch as my eyes stayed on the window.

What the hell was that? I tried to listen to what was happening, but hearing anything with the wind was hard.

I may have no wolf, but I do have some characteristics of one, such as heightened senses and hearing. I don't know if I have anything else, but they are the only two I know I have.

Another noise comes from outside the window, and a meow comes through as a little black fur head sticks through the window's opening, and its eyes look at me.

Moving slightly, I smiled as the little four-legged fur creature came toward me and climbed into the little opening between my legs and stomach.

This little black ball of fur has kept me company for the last few months. Who would have thought a cat would wander into a wolf pack and survive? I sure as hell didn't think so, not when my father was in charge. He would have had it for supper.

The cat snuggled into me, letting her heat sink into me as she tried to warm me up.

"Thank you," I whispered, placing my hand on her head and giving her a gentle smooth. "You shouldn't be in here, you know that."

I sigh as the cat moves and sticks its head under my chin, rubbing along my jaw as it starts to purr. I smooth over its smooth fur till it settles down to sleep. My eyes go to the cat, who looks back at me with its bright green eyes. "What do I call you?" I whispered as I stroked its head.

The cat let out a little meow, which only made me sigh.

"I can't keep calling you cat or pussy," I muttered. "It's silly. How about I say a name, and you nudge my hand when you like a name."

The cat bored its eyes at me. Damn, I felt stupid talking to it.

"Let's see..." I said and started to roll off names. "Angel, Lucky, Poppy, Aero..." The cat doesn't move as I groan. "What about..." I said, but stopped when a film I watched as a kid with my mum flooded my mind—The Lion King. I remember when Gamma Ryan brought it one day. I must have watched it so many times over the years, but it was the best thing I had from anyone.

"What about Simba, Nala—" I said, but the cat nudges its head as I say Nala.

I smile.

"Nala," I murmured. "Perfect for a gorgeous cat like yourself."

Nala purred as it settled back against me.

The door to the cells opens, which doesn't make her move as we hear the footsteps come closer. I place the thin fabric over her little head as I look to the gate when Beck comes into view. He stares at me but looks toward the way he came from. He moves closer and kneels. I watch as he moves something from his pocket and puts his arm through the barrier till he places an apple on the ground.

I stare at it momentarily, thinking I was dreaming as the last time I had food was two days ago. Beck only brings what he can, but it's never enough.

I look up at him, and he nods as he moves up from the ground and turns around. I watched as he got into the position of guarding me.

Moving slightly and trying not to disturb Nala, I grabbed it and bit into it. The taste of apple was sweet, something I missed every day when I was with my mother. She used to make an apple pie every Sunday in our little kitchen, and it was when the Gamma family came to see us. They would bring what we needed that week and leave after an hour. It was unconventional to say, but they were the only family I had besides my mother.

I ate the apple quietly, and once I finished it, I placed it in the next cell so it looked like it was from whoever it was in there last.

Madaline doesn't want me to feed. She stated that was my father's rule, but Beck had broken it several times. The only thing I am allowed on a daily basis, which Beck does every morning and evening, is fresh water. It has to be used for drinking and even washing. I hate washing in it as it is freezing, and Beck has to watch me, which is unnerving.

I bet servants get treated better than I do, and that says a lot about this pack. Many omegas are mistreated; I used to watch through the basement keyhole or the window. Omegas would be pushed around and beaten if they stepped out of line.

Gamma Ryan never laid a finger on them, but it was mainly my father or his Beta.

Beta Logan and my father have been friends since high school. He follows his every word, including mistreating me. I know what my father told him, and many pack members all believed him. Who wouldn't? He was the Alpha. After all, he doesn't tell lies about anything except when it comes to me.

There was silence around the cell until I heard the door open again.

Nala sticks her head up and looks over the sheet, but I push her back inside and flip it off, keeping her covered as I move it under the bed. I knew who was coming, and it was inevitable that she would be here, like clockwork.

“Wake up!” she screeches as I stumble from the bed and lean against the wall. My eyes move to her as she steps into view.

Madaline, ever since the first day I saw her, hasn't changed one bit. Only the wrinkles by her eyes give away her age now, and she also looks like she has added pounds to her weight. Whereas I am so skinny, if anyone saw me now and picked me up, I would be nothing in weight.

Madaline stares at me as a sinister smile appears on her lips. “Good, you awake,” she said as she stood by the gate. “I have some news for you. Later this evening, we are being visited by alphas from all packs close to us,” she said as I stood still and froze slightly as the cold air swiped into the cell. As much as I want to put the sheet over me, I know I can't, or Madaline would take it away. She knows it's there, but she hasn't done anything about it. I didn't want to add anything to the fuel of what she did to me.

Madaline looked at me and smiled. “Tonight, your father is declaring that our son, Michael, will be the next in line to the alpha position,” she said, making my stomach churn. I know that role was meant to be mine, but after everything I have been through within this pack, I would rather die than be anything to them. “Do you know what that means?”

I shook my head as Madaline's smile grew. “Oh, let me tell you,” she said. “That means after tomorrow, when everyone has left to return to their packs, your father and I will get to kill you.”

My heart sank.

My eyes darted to Beck, who seemed to stand straighter than normal.

“You will die,” she said, sounding happy. “But I must admit, I will miss these little chats and the punishments.”

I said nothing.

Punishments are what she called the torture she inflicted on me. I never knew why she came down here until one day last week when she screamed out in pain. I watched it happen as she gripped her chest, like my mother. My father was doing what he did to my mother to her; he was with another. I used to watch my mother suffer every damn day when he was with her, and now she was getting the same treatment. I don't know whether it was karma, but when she witnessed her in pain, the torture she inflicted on me was unreal. I couldn't get up for days with the marks I had all over my body. Some are scars today, which are hideous.

“Saying that...” she said, pulling me from my thoughts and looking at her wide-eyed, but she laughed. “Na, I will wait till later. I have to get the pack ready before all the alpha's come,” she said. “I am Luna, after all.”

It took everything in me not to roll my eyes. The role was my mother's, not hers. After Madaline gave my father the heir he wanted, he marked her and made her his Luna.

Being away from all the gossip around the pack has left me wondering what he has told them about my mother, but it may have something to do with me.

"I will see you tomorrow for your death," she hissed as she turned and looked at Beck. "You can leave now. You don't need to be down here at all."

Beck looked at me but moved away. There was nothing but a blank expression on his face as he walked away.

My heart sinks again as they both leave. I can hear the excitement in Madaline's voice as she tells Beck that she will be the one to kill me like she did her mother.

What the hell was I going to do now?

There was no denying it now, and I had to accept my fate. I would die tomorrow in the same hands as the ones who killed my mother.

I closed my eyes as a lone tear escaped. I prayed over the years to the moon goddess, the same moon goddess that was supposed to watch over me, but ever since my mother died, I was made to live in isolation away from everyone. Why would I put all my trust in her now?

I was done for.

There was no one to save me now. I had to accept that I was going to die.