

Entangled With The Savage Alpha - Berrybloom

Chapter 1

Dawn

My throat was as dry as a desert. My stomach grumbled like thunder. The slightest shove was going to send me crashing down and unable to get up. Yet, I couldn't stop trudging forward.

Nothing would stop me from getting home quickly enough to complete my errands. Because, I knew what awaited me if I didn't make it home on time.

It had happened before. That day, I collapsed from exhaustion on the way home. No one cared though, no one searched for me. I laid on the path that was very close to the family house until I awoke the next morning.

At first, I was confused and very disoriented. My head hurt and so did my whole body. I could barely lift myself off the dusty ground, but I somehow made it happen.

And when I finally got to the front door, all hell let loose.

This is not the life Mother envisioned for us. She told me the best stories. We imagined the best of lives. But she died and her stories and hopes went with her.

From then, I began to hate my existence. I hated that I was a pawn in my family's errand game. They never saw me as a living being, I was some sort of slave. Their work machine. It festered resentment within me. Nothing was worth living for, until I met Alex.

The snapping of a twig under my foot, brought me back to reality. Today was different. It was the beginning of something new, something beautiful.

An unfamiliar warmth lingered beneath my skin, softening the edges of my frustration. For the first time, I felt a flicker of joy.

This peculiar warmth overshadowed the usual bitterness in my heart. Fatigue tugged at my limbs, urging me to slow down, but I pressed on. The thought of Alex made me smile. It felt weird and wrong, but I couldn't stop it. I didn't want to. I liked feeling this way.

My grin widened as I got closer to the house. Anticipation fluttered within me. His scent swarmed the air and excited my wolf.

Somehow, my pace quickened, turning into a determined rush. The fatigue that had clung to me began to blur into the background as excitement took over. My heart raced, and the pangs of hunger vanished.

His sweet scent wrapped around me like a comforting embrace. My grin became even more sillier and almost rebellious as it stretched across my face.

Nothing, not even the reaction of my family to the bad news that I was to deliver could quell the excitement bubbling within. Each step felt lighter, fueled by the intoxicating aura of Alex. The familiar door loomed ahead, and I almost collided with it as I rushed in.

Mate. My wolf rejoiced.

He was here. He was truly here, he was waiting for me. He was waiting to take me away from the nightmare that was my current existence.

I would move away with him. I would live with him. I would support him.

I was truly the luckiest girl on the planet. Because the moon goddess had been so kind, she had watched me suffer and toil and had decided to bless me with a mate.

He was not just any male wolf, he was among the select few who were being considered to become the next Alpha and he was the most favored of them all.

I closed my eyes and let my body soak it in. It filled me with strength. When I opened my eyes the living room was surprisingly empty. Alex wasn't there.

That was weird. Whenever he visited, he either waited on the porch or in the living room. Despite the absence, a certainty lingered within me that he was somewhere in the house.

I had an important message to return to my father, but at that moment I disregarded it all. I followed the scent of my mate. I needed to soak in his arms. I allowed the familiarity of his essence to guide me through the familiar space.

We would face my father together. I was leaving this evil house today. I was leaving with my mate.

The moment I stepped into the corridors, the excitement that rippled through my wolf, was abruptly silenced by a low growl.

An unsettling chill crept over me. Something was amiss. My eyes snapped open, and I stumbled forward.

My mind conjured up images. What was Father up to? Where was everyone?

No one wanted to accept that Alex was my fated mate. They all thought I was delirious until Alex himself declared it. And even then Father had taken it upon himself to try to convince him of something else since that day.

What had they done? Why was my wolf uneasy and even afraid?

I continued to follow his scent and it led me to an unexpected destination. I stood before my step-sister's door with confusion etching my features.

Why was his scent emanating from there? Why would my mate's scent lead here?

My wolf whimpered and urged me to turn away. But my body had turned to lead. I stood unmoving. The energy that I once had drained out of my body.

I sniffed the air, there were a couple of scents that mingled here and there. My father had been here alongside my stepmother.

My heart crashed. What were they trying to convince my mate to do?

Just then, sounds reached my ears, freezing me in my tracks. The thud of my heart seemed deafening, constricting as though it sought an escape. A knot tightened in my stomach. My wolf wailed and whimpered.

I opened the door and saw something I never imagined nor conceived in the entirety of my existence.

Alex, in all his naked glory, lay entwined with my step-sister. He was ramming into her like the world was about to end. Her moans resonated, cutting through the air like a cruel melody.

I saw it all. The way she gripped his shoulder, the way her breasts bounced as they moved together. It was brutal.

A gasp escaped me, disbelief seizing my senses. The pain that tore through my chest was unlike anything I had ever experienced. The air seemed to vanish, replaced by a vacuum that sucked away the remnants of trust and happiness.

They noticed my presence and were startled. Blood drained my face, I opened my mouth to shriek but in a swift motion, a hand seized me, dragging me out of the room, and slamming the door shut.

The outside world blurred as tears welled in my eyes. The cold reality pressed against my skin. I crashed against the walls heaving and clutching my chest.

The air hung heavy with the acrid taste of betrayal, and my heart, shattered and bruised, grappled with what I just experienced.

Just then, the rough grip on my arm returned and yanked me from the harrowing scene, propelling me toward the living room where my father sat, a storm of anger brewing in his eyes.

I stumbled as it shoved, and pushed until I stood before him.

“Are You Stupid? Why didn't you report to me first? What gave you the audacity to breach your sister's privacy?” He lashed out.

The barrage of questions echoed in my ears, but I couldn't comprehend any of them. The ringing in my ears drowned out his words. I saw his mouth move, but the weight of what I'd just witnessed pressed on my chest, making it difficult to draw breath.

My gaze remained fixed on the hallway, waiting for my mate to come rushing towards me, seeking forgiveness.

However, nothing of that sort happened. My consciousness was repeatedly shattered only by the haunting echoes of their sickly moans.

Sharp and burning pain radiated through me and gnawed at my sanity. Tears poured out of my eyes but I couldn't feel it. I wanted to scream, to release the suffocating pressure, but it felt as though my voice had deserted me.

All Alex had to do was rush out, cradle me in his arms, pour the blame on my parents, and accuse Sofia.

Sofia was a beautiful creature. He could tell me that she and my parents had connived to seduce him and I would wholeheartedly believe him. I was ready to accept anything. He was my only hope.

Wasn't he supposed to be mine forever? I just needed him to...

What was I thinking? Was I really foolish to believe that the Moon goddess cared about my silly existence?

Their betrayal, no not just theirs, the betrayal of the whole universe played out like a cruel spectacle, mocking my hopes.

The pain intensified, driving me closer to the edge of insanity. Another scream clawed at my throat, but I still felt voiceless, trapped in a nightmare, an unending nightmare.

Abruptly, a resounding smack reverberated through the room. The impact sent me sprawling to the floor, the world spinning.

“Stupid girl.” Grace's voice echoed. “How dare you ignore your father. Have you lost it?”

The anger within me tripled. A growl fell out of my mouth. Almost immediately, I was yanked by hair.

“Look at her!” She cackled, “Look at this Omega wolf! Growing wings now?”

Before I could even breathe, I was sent crashing through the table. My father only watched with a distant look in his eyes. A distant look that told me that he never cared. All he wanted to know was the outcome of the errand he'd sent me on.

Physical pain melded with the pain in my heart, sending me into an overdrive.

Grace was the opposite of her name and I'd I was perturbed about how she got it. She pulled me up again and stared me in the eyes.

I could see clearly that she didn't care about the errand. She was mad that I interrupted my mate and her daughter.

My father grunted and shifted on his chair, it was a grunt of discomfort. It was probably because he was more worried about the broken table than my injured body.

He'd complained to his wife so many times about hating to have to replace furniture around the house after I'd gotten a good lashing. At first, I thought it was his way of letting her know that she was doing too much, but that was never the case. He hated spending money on anything related to me.

Grace ignored him of course.

“How dare you?” She screeched.

My legs wobbled. My stomach convulsed.

Who would have thought? A few minutes ago, I was the happiest. I believed that I was the luckiest in the entire universe.

Somewhere in the depths of my fantasies, I believed that there was a possibility that I would become Luna. It would have been the perfect poetic justice. I was planning my revenge. Now the sounds of my mate and my step sister threatened to drive me mad.

My wolf raged within me. It clawed at me violently. Most Omega's were paired with docile wolves. I on the other hand was an anomaly.

In my wolf form, I was fast and pretty loud and even aggressive. Yet I was still puny and weak. I looked fragile unlike most Omega's who were built for work. No matter how hard I tried, I didn't have strength or energy. My wolf on the other hand had refused to accept reality.

It raged within me every time, threatening to burst out. Sometimes, It overpowered me and took control, but it was always whipped back into submission. However, it never learned its lesson.

Right now, it wanted to grab a knife and slash Grace's face, then rip my step-sister to shreds.

Another smack sent me beneath my father's feet.

"What happened?" He asked coldly.

I knew I had to speak. If I remained quiet, I would get a worse punishment. My wolf didn't want to. It wanted to claw his eyes out.

"He asked you to pay up and He never wants to see me again." I cried out.

My father's growl ripped through the air.

"Of what good are you then?" Grace mocked. "How do you keep on botching every opportunity?"

"You good for nothing brat." My father growled as his hand slammed into my cheeks.

I wheezed and coughed. I tasted the blood on my busted lips. I could barely recover before I heard the terrible slash of my stepmother's silver whip slashing through the air.

The moment it landed on my back, my body shut down and I fell into deep oblivion.