

# Her Destined Alpha chapter 1 by Moonlight Muse

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SIX YEARS AGO...

DELSANRA

“Don’t just stand there, you stupid little bitch!”

A sharp slap snapped my face to the left as my stepmother Elinai looked at me with resentment in her eyes, wiping her hand on her dress as if she had just touched something filthy.

“Sorry.” I replied quietly, it was the norm for me.

I dropped to my knees and picked up the cloth that I had been wiping the floor with.

“Don’t speak back! You filth!” She sounded disgusted, kicking me sharply in the ribs before she walked away.

I clenched my teeth, biting back the hiss of pain, gingerly touching my ribs with my free hand. It still hurt from the last beating at the hands of my stepbrother, Dawson.

Just do your chores, stay out of sight, and it will be ok.

It was all that kept me going. My hands were purple from the cold, they felt itchy and raw thanks to the detergent in the washing water; I wasn’t allowed gloves after all.

I looked at the dark grey floors as I continued scrubbing. What did I do to deserve this? I had never been a rowdy child, I’ve done nothing to cause trouble, but did anyone need a reason to hurt me? No, they didn’t.

No one cared about me. Nobody loved me.

I stood up and cast a glance through the large window.

It was cold and bitter outside, I could hear the rain hitting the glass relentlessly. The howling of the wind penetrated through the panes and filled the large room. The large trees that moved viciously in the heavy gust seemed to be on the verge of being ripped from their roots.

In the distance, looming against the darkness, was the dark, sinister castle that belonged to the Coven. The windows were glowing with light, yet there was nothing welcoming about them.

The Coven and its people hated me because I was born from darkness.

I shivered at the sight of the ominous castle. From the moment we moved to England from Salem, America, five years ago, things had just gotten worse. With father put into a high position as one of the elders in the coven of England, he held more power, and no one would oppose his treatment of me.

There were even talks he may become a high elder, which meant even more power. I dreaded that day, for it surely would be my end.

I pressed my hand against the windowpane. My sickly fingers were extremely bony and skeletal, lacking vital nutrition that I needed. I looked past the castle to the moon that shone down upon us, peeping through the heavy clouds. I knew that beyond those hills were more dangers, in the form of werewolves and vampires. But I didn't care how dangerous it was out there.

Anything was better than being in this house. In this place of torture... in this hell...

"Well, well... It looks like someone's having a lot of fun wasting time."

My heart sank at the sound of my half-sister's voice.

"Someone needs to be taught a lesson, don't you agree, Amoria?" Dawson said, making my stomach twist.

I turned and looked at them. Dawson was watching me with unmasked hatred burning in his brown eyes, whilst Amoria stood there glaring at me contemptuously; her blonde hair curled with precision, her blue eyes held so much disgust and resentment as she looked down at me as if I was worse than scum. I guess for them, I was.

"I'll get back to work." I said quietly turning back to the bucket.

Please not today. My entire body was covered in bruises and ached from the last beating.

"Oh? You think you have a choice?" Amoria laughed. "Urgh, look at her filthy, shitty hair."

I didn't look up, trying not to shake, my brown hair curtained my face. It was dull and lifeless, lacking nourishment and a wash.

Please go away...

There was nothing I could do against them. My abilities were suppressed. I looked at the faint runes along my wrists. The shackles that cut off my powers as a witch.

I was ripped from my thoughts when Dawson yanked me back by my hair. The sudden move sent a jarring pain through my head before he threw my small body against the wall below the window.

I cried out, as pain shot through me.

“Oh, she wants to cause a scene.” Amoria hissed, whispering a spell. The blue haze of her power wrap around me and suddenly I couldn’t breathe, suffocated by the spell that was enveloping my mouth and nose. I struggled against it, as she laughed. “Go on, Dawson, remind her of her status.”

I tried to calm myself down, knowing that if I panicked it wouldn’t make matters better. No matter how much I fought it... nothing got better, I felt... numb.

How long was I going to have to put up with this? I was thirteen... But I just wanted to die... My eyes stung with unshed tears as Dawson began beating me, not caring whether he was kicking my face, chest or ribs. He laughed manically as Amoria giggled. Her soft, melodious voice sounded poisonous.

She yanked me up by my hair, as Dawson delivered another brutal kick to my stomach.

From as far back as I could remember, we were taught that werewolves were our greatest enemy, that they were vile, ruthless monsters... but then... What about these monsters that hide behind handsome faces?

I tried to stop his leg from hitting my face, but my hands did nothing to stop the taller, stronger man.

Please stop!

I couldn’t breathe anymore. My vision was darkening. The lack of oxygen was finally getting to me, but just before I could give way to the blessing of unconsciousness, Amoria’s spell was lifted. I gasped as I sucked in air, the taste of blood in my mouth. Blood trickled down my nose and I wiped it away shakily. My entire body was crying in pain.

“What are you two doing?” Father’s cold voice came.

“Sorry, father, but she was being disrespectful.” Amoria whined.

Father sighed,

“Well, you will both be glad to know that we’re finally getting rid of this thing. I can finally make a name for myself, a proper one without the foreshadows of this curse!” He spat.

His words hurt the most, I looked up at him. I had been able to hold back my tears, but now seeing the unbridled rage emanating from him seemed to destroy everything within me.

"Father." I croaked.

He yanked me up by my elbow and dragged me towards the door.

"Where are we going?!" I cried, whimpering at the pain in my body.

"Father! Wh-what are you doing?" My nine-year-old brother Ames cried fearfully from where he stood on the winding staircase.

If anyone in this house cared for me, it was him. Four years younger than me, but with a heart full of compassion.

"I'm finally getting rid of this omen." Father spat harshly, shoving me out the front door.

I hit the wet ground, my tears stinging my cheeks as I looked back at father, who was stepping out into the cold after grabbing a cloak. He yanked me up and dragged me towards the forest.

"Father, where are you taking me? Please!" I cried out, the smooth floor changing to sharp stones and gravel the closer we got to the forest, digging into my feet painfully.

He didn't even bother replying as he made his way faster into the forest. It was freezing and my tattered, oversized, thin shirt hung off my shoulder. The pair of worn-out leggings that I wore did nothing to protect me from the cold.

Father suddenly stopped and threw me to the ground. I wasn't expecting it, going face forward, my cheek scraping against the roots of a tree. My heart was racing with frustration and agony. What did I do to deserve this?

"As promised, she's all yours." Father spoke.

I tensely looked up and around, only to notice the cloaked figure that stood a few feet away, the hood covering his face.

"Perfect. As promised." He tossed a bag towards father, who picked it up and looked through it.

"Perfect." He replied.

Any hope I had that deep down he still had an ounce of compassion for me, vanished when I saw the bundles of money. But it was his next words that destroyed me completely. "When you're done with her, don't bring her back here."

I couldn't breathe, my vision blurring with tears as he turned and walked away. I raised a trembling hand, reaching out for him.

"Father! Please don't!" I screamed.

"Shut it." The man who had bought me muttered, dragging me by my arm.

"No! Father please! Don't let him take me! Father!" I screamed with everything I had, my fear and panic consuming me as I struggled to free myself. "No father please! Please... I'm sorry, I'm sorry for not doing better..."

Deep down, I knew it wasn't me... But it was futile as I was dragged away, clawing at the man's hand to release me, I screamed for forgiveness and one more chance. Deep within something snapped. The howling wind suddenly stilled, and I glared into the darkness behind me.

I felt this blistering rage swell inside. My wrists burned as the runes glowed, my eyes stinging.

"I won't forget this." I whispered; my words so cold that I myself felt the ominous shiver run down my spine.

"Shit!" The man muttered before something struck me on the back of my skull, extreme pain erupted in my head and then my world went black...