

Her Destined Alpha chapter 2 by Moonlight Muse

2. My Life
CURRENT DAY

DELSANRA

"Please Horace, can't you fit me in for a few more hours?" I asked pleadingly, glancing towards the open door to the diner. The warm glow and chatter of people having a good time on a Friday night created a pleasant buzz.

He looked down at me, his beefy body bulging in his poorly fitted suit and his pale blue eyes running over my body. I felt repulsed but kept my face emotionless.

"You know, doll, there are other ways to earn well... I'm willing to pay a good number." He rasped.

I pursed my lip. Yeah right, as if I'd ever let this beef burger and his sausage anywhere near me.

"Horace, aren't you married?" I asked, trying not to glare at the man before me.

He's your boss, Del. Remember that.

"Jill doesn't need to know anything." He murmured, brushing a strand of my white hair off my face. I tried not to cringe when his stale, smoky breath hit my face. "You're a pretty little thing, Ana, I'm sure anyone would pay a pretty penny..."

I stepped back, taking my all not to slap him for his sleazy comments.

"No thanks, Horace. I was asking if you have any extra shifts at the diner. Since you don't, I better get back to work." I said, turning to the open door that was beckoning me into the warmth.

I had barely taken two steps when his large hand clamped around my slender arm when he yanked me around. I tensed, flashbacks of my past rushing to the forefront of my mind.

"Come on doll, just one night... Name your price." He murmured, his arm wrapping around my waist. My heart thundered as I wrenched free, my chest heaving as I glared at him.

"Stay. Away." I warned coldly.

His lust-filled gaze vanished as he looked at me, clear annoyance on his face as I turned and ran inside. I could have done something to him. Despite most of my power being locked away by Endora, I was able to manage enough spells to keep my powers suppressed and a few more tricks!

I scanned the diner. I knew there were werewolves, other witches passing through and the extremely rare vampire who would come to the diner, but I couldn't afford for anyone to discover my identity.

To the world, I was only Ana, a girl who never stopped in one place long enough because she was afraid of being caught.

"Ana! Table six!" Gwen shouted from behind the counter.

I nodded, tightening the sash of my apron as I hurried over to her, my white hair bouncing with every step. I grabbed the tray and got back to work.

I worked fast, everything becoming a blur of routine as I cleared tables, attending to topping up people's drinks and asking if anyone needed anything. Cleaning up after rowdy jocks.

Life had been hard, ever since I was a child, I had been beaten for as long as I could remember. Then I was sold to a warden of darkness. I knew the power I had within me was one that anyone practising dark magic would love to attain, but neither he nor I had known how to control my powers. It was when I accidentally killed him and escaped that I was captured by Endora. I still felt sick thinking of everything he had wanted me to do, beating me and threatening me until I did as he said. I had delved into dark magic and spells.

Unlike female witches, males of witch bloodlines could only practise certain spells. They were stronger and more intuitive than humans, but apart from that, they were not as strong as witches... yet it is the males who run the covens.

Endora... another nightmare... In fact, I wondered who was worse? The man who held me for two years, forcing me to practise necromancy, or the witch who beat me and drained my very life energy to fuel her dark magic... She'd always bring me to the edge of life before she'd stop, knowing she needed me. That was when my hair had turned white from the excessive abuse of my powers. She had made me connect to the dark witches of the past, seeking the answers to some of the sickest plans she had in mind. Yet I helped her. She didn't let me die, nor did she let me live.

I felt guilty for everything I had a hand in, I was darkness... I was barely sixteen and I had committed more crimes than most would in their lifetime. My stomach twisted as I remembered her commanding the werewolves who worked with her to beat me when I refused to give her the answers she wanted. My heart thumped as I remembered her terrifying threats if I didn't speak. Seeing those wolves watching me...

I had felt weak, useless, hopeless and dead inside.

I had wanted to die.

When I managed to escape, I thought maybe this was a chance at freedom or to at least take my own life. But those shifters came after me. My stomach twisted as I remembered the boy who had found me... Why did I help them? Was it the honesty in his eyes? Was it some sort of redemption for the darkness I had delved into? I don't know, but I had given him the answers he sought and jumped ready to embrace death.

His empty promises to help me, when we both knew that all he wanted were the answers I held.

"Ana! There are dishes to wash. Will you go do them?"

I was brought out of my thoughts once again when Coleen, the manager, came over. Her face softened when she looked down at me.

"You ok, girl?"

"Of course, is Axel of?" I asked. On Fridays, he usually handled the dishes.

"His girl is experiencing contractions, I swear it's just a false alarm but you know how she is." She rolled her eyes.

I nodded,

"Well, either way, at least he's there for her. I'll go do the dishes."

"Oh, you are a dear. Get some food packed for tomorrow before you go!"

"Thanks, Coleen." I replied appreciatively.

These humans were more compassionate to me than any other race had ever been. I wish I could just stay here forever...

Maybe I could make this my life... I walked into the back, the sound of the jukebox was mostly blocked out by the heavy doors now.

I wish I could, but I knew that was a dream... I would always be a target. I was always someone who was sought after. No matter how much I covered my tracks, kept my magic suppressed, I knew there were those tracking me, getting ever closer the longer I stayed in one place. Sometimes they'd come by, but I didn't look anything like I once did.

For one, I had filled out. I mean, I was still on the slim side, I had grown a little, now standing at five-foot-three inches, and my skin wasn't as sickly as it was a few years ago. I had gained weight and even had some curves.

But if anyone saw my body beneath these clothes, they'd be repulsed. The runes, the bruises and scars from many beatings... It was one of the reasons I never opened my heart to anyone. Nobody would want me. I was also terrified that I would fall in love one day and then they would pay the price.

I brushed off a few soap suds from my sleeves, even while washing up I didn't dare push my sleeves up in case someone saw my arms. I would never be anything more than someone on the run. I didn't deserve more, did I?

I often wished I'd been left for dead, but the couple who found me after that fall off the cliff took care of me for months while I flitted between the gates of death and back. I sighed heavily as I scrubbed the plates. Everything was going too well, I knew I'd have to move again soon but this had been the best job I had gotten in a while. Well, apart from Horace the pig, everything was going well. I only wished I could just hold out a little longer, earn a bit more and move to a new location.

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It was hours later, and I wanted to get out of there before Horace returned for the cash. The greedy man never liked the money being left in the till or with Coleen. I just didn't want to see him. I snuck out the backdoor, but to my dismay, he was there waiting. He smirked at me puffing on his cigarette.

"Come on, I'll drop you home."

"Did you not get the picture earlier?" I said, clutching my boxes of leftovers tightly to my stomach.

These would cover me for the weekend... I needed to save every penny I had so I could get out of the country and far away...

"If you don't co-operate... you're fired." He said coldly.

My stomach sank. What did I do wrong this time? Why did I deserve this sort of treatment? I was the only one who got this treatment from him. I wasn't anything out of the ordinary, so why me?

"Please Horace, I need this job." I whispered.

"Think about it. You have a week, or be gone. I'm not letting you stay here if all you're going to do is shake that ass to tease me." He muttered.

I knew he meant it, I could see the lust and anger in his eyes. I turned away, refusing to let his words cut into me. I focused on my breathing as I walked down the road.

Don't cry, you're stronger than that. I smiled up at the cloudy sky, trying to think positively. I guess I had run my course here, I'll move before the week is out. I'll ask Coleen for this month's pay and then I'll go somewhere else.

You are so much more than this.

I would keep on telling myself that, I don't care if no one believed it, I would try to believe that.

You are alone.

That was a truth I didn't need to tell myself; the cold reminder was ever-present.

The streets were silent, the occasional cab driving passed but no one bothered me. I was halfway home when I sensed the chilling magic that told me there was a witch near. My heart thundered as I sped up.

"Who would have thought she'd be hiding in plain damn sight?" A dark, sinister voice came.

Shit. They'd found me.