

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 6

Chapter 6 Jane***

“You’re going to regret this!” She snarls as I make my escape out of the room, looking back to see if Luna Sara was following me.

“You hear me? You’re going to pay!”

The Alpha in me growls at her as I bolt down the hall, wanting to challenge her threats but I knew better than to let my wolf get carried away and I block him out instead. I head straight to the kitchen where I find Agnes slaving away making lunch for the Pack house members.

Every fiber in my body screams at me to get out of the house and get as far away as possible from Luna Sara, but I could not leave Agnes on her own.

With no time to explain, I just grab Agnes by the wrist and drag her towards the back door. She slaps away at my hand to get my attention but I keep my eyes forward as I pull her out of the house.

Frustrated with me, she gives a hard yank and pulls her hand out of my grip.

Stomping her feet on the floor, she demands an explanation for why I’ve dragged her out.

“I did something bad,” I sign.

“We have to go now!”

“Go where?”

She signs back, her eyes filling with concern.

“There he is!” a voice calls out and I turn to see a group of guards heading our way.

“GET HIM!”

“Zane, what did you do?”

Agnes asks as I grab her wrist again and I run as fast as I can, the sound of the guards getting closer, but poor Agnes struggles to keep up and trips over her feet. She collapses onto the ground, scraping her knees on a pile of debris.

We become surrounded as I bend over to help her up, any means of escape now blocked by 20 or so guards.

Two of them step forward and yank Agnes out of my arms, shoving her to the side so that she falls again, collapsing on the ground with a groan.

A guard grabs me from behind and pins my arms against my back, another gripping me by the neck and kicking my knees until they cave in.

Agnes attempts to get on her feet but a guard kicks her in the stomach, knocking the wind right of her lungs.

A low growl escapes my lips as she wheezes, several tears rolling down her cheek.

“Shut the f**k up!” A guard snarls, punching me in the jaw.

Blood fills my mouth as several of the guards take turns beating on me, my wolf growling and snarling to be released and defend himself.

Agnes opens her mouth in silent screams and wails, grabbing at the guards or slapping at their arms but they simply push her away.

I shake my head at her to stop, but she only cries harder at being unable to help me. I try to fight back but without activating my wolf or my gift, I am easily subdued.

My left eye is almost swollen shut and I can no longer feel my face by the time the guards have mercy and stop their assault.

Silver handcuffs are slapped onto my wrists and I am yanked up on my feet by my hair.

Luna Sara just behind him. Her makeup is ruined as she sobs uncontrollably and her dress is torn at the bust and thighs.

“Is he the one?” Caine snarls, his cold blue eyes never once leaving me.

“Yes!” the Luna wails.

“H-he’s the one. He tried to rape me!”

I open my mouth to protest but as always, my words get lodged in my throat and all that escapes from my lips is a small groan.

Agnes, on the other hand, squeezes through the ring of guards and kneels before Caine, groaning in my defense.

Caine is a man of little patience and without a second thought, he slaps Agnes across the face, nearly knocking her out.

“Someone get this moaning b***h out of here!” he orders, several guards grabbing Agnes and dragging her back to the pack house as she silently cries.

His full attention on me, Caine grips me by the chin and forces me to look him in the eyes.

“Take this piece of s**t to the dungeons,”

He commands, the smirk on his lips sending a chill down my spine.

“I’ll show him what happens when you attempt to rape your Luna.”

I glance at Luna Sara who gives me a sly grin before she bursts into tears once more as I am dragged away to the one place I fear most maze of never ending tunnels and traps surrounding the dark cell blocks.

Only members of the Alpha family, myself included, knew the dungeons by heart as it was designed to trap even the most astute of prisoners.

Caine leads us down the main corridor and we travel for what seems like miles in complete darkness before we see the light of the torches lining the dungeon walls in the distance.

Moans and groans from the few prisoners in the cells reflect off the walls, a sense of dread washing over me.

The stench of death and blood hits my nostrils like a truck and I hold back a gag as I’m dragged to the center of what appears to be a torture chamber.

Silver chains, whips, pliers, crowbars, and other instruments hang from the walls, my heart sinking to the pit of my stomach as I realize what I was about to endure.

My hands are uncuffed momentarily, the guards hooking me up by my wrists to a chain dangling from the center of the ceiling.

The chain is pulled high over my head, my arms aching as I’m raised high enough so that my feet barely touch the ground.

The sound of a chain whip with tiny razors dragging across the cold cement floor makes the hair on the back of my neck stand to attention.

Please Moon Goddess, I beg her.

Please let them kill me quickly...I flinch as a guard tears off my shirt, my bruised chest and back on full display for Caine and his whip.

The guard then turns me around so that I come face to face with Luna Sara.

positioning himself for my punishment.

“But first, I think I’m going to enjoy this.”

Aloud crack echoes off the walls as the whip makes contact with my flesh, a burning sensation rippling through my body as I grit my teeth and hold back a scream.

My fists clench as I process the pain but soon another lick makes me gasp for air, my body thrusting forward from the force of the blow.

The whip continues ripping through my back, tiny rivers of blood pouring out of me as I bite down on my tongue.

Tears roll down Luna Sara’s cheeks as she looks upon my bloodied body but I see the pleasure in her eyes as blow after blow tears into my aching flesh.

My knees begin to tremble as 15 licks slice across my back, but I refuse to let myself scream for her enjoyment.

I feel Caine’s frustration with every blow and he growls in distaste.

“You think you’re so tough?”

Caine snarls, throwing the whip off the side and forcing me to face him.

I don't say a word, focusing instead on every labored breath I inhale to keep from passing out. I couldn't speak even if I wanted to, my throat burning from all my muffled screams.

"I'm going to make you talk, mutt,"

Caine snarls, pinching my chin and digging his fingernails into my skin.

"And I'll have you begging me for death."

He pushes my face away and walks over to the wall of tools, until the silver glows red from the heat.

My wolf howls violently as if begging me to fight but I manage to reign him in and put my walls up for safe measure. I knew he could not save me.

We didn't even know how to use my powers yet.

Caine brings the glowing rod close to me so that it almost grazes my face, the heat nipping at my cheeks.

"Are you afraid, mutt?"

Caine snickers as my body trembles from the exhaustion, beads of blood and sweat dripping down my face.

I swallow the saliva in my mouth to moisten my throat but say nothing to future Alpha, infuriating him even more.

He moves the rod down the length of my body until he reaches my exposed hip.

An involuntary groan escapes my lips and he smirks at me.

Without a hint of hesitation, Caine presses the hot rod onto my skin, a thousand tiny pins digging into my burning flesh.

I bite down on my lip until I taste blood but I do not scream as Caine digs the hot rod deeper into my hip. I pant as the pain reaches its peak, several tears lining my eyes.

A tiny groan bubbles in my throat but I gasp for air to hold it back in.

Thundering footsteps approach from down the corridor and the guards all stand to attention in acknowledgement of the arrival of the Alpha, his Beta and the Gamma.

Caine removes the burning rod from achieving his goals. I pant furiously as the red welt continues to sting but blink away the tears that had formed in my eyes.

Luna Sara rushes into my father's arms but his cold eyes are too busy staring at me to notice that she's crying. I cannot bring myself to meet my Alpha's gaze and I settle instead on looking at Gamma Wyatt.

He gives me a look of pity as he wraps his arms around Sara's waist and holds her back.

"Stay put," he hisses, Luna Sara growling in protest.

"What exactly do you think you are doing?" the Alpha asks his son in amusement.

"What does it look like?"

Caine snaps back, covering his mouth instinctively almost as soon as his words leave his mouth.

He realizes his mistake too late, however, as my father's eyes narrow to slits. He bends over and grabs the rod without a word and walks over to the torch, holding the rod over the flame.

"You know son," the Alpha smiles coldly.

"Do you know why they call me the Scarlet Alpha?" Caine gulps as the rod begins to glow red.

"N-no sir," he replies.

My father smirks and within a blink of an eye, moves across the room in front of his son, pressing the rod against Caine's chest.

Caine lets out a scream, Luna Sara bursting into real tears to see her son in "Sebastian stop!"

Luna Sara screams.

"You're hurting him!"

The Alpha ignores the pleas of his wife and presses the rod harder against Caine's chest, burning his shirt right into the wound.

"It's because I draw blood at the first sign of disrespect," my father murmurs, tossing the rod off to the side and allowing Caine to collapse onto his knees.

"Remember your place, boy," he adds with a growl before turning his attention to me.

His cold brown eyes make every fiber in my body tremble in fear, and for the first time in years, I contemplate screaming. He inspects the wounds on my chest and back and whistles to himself.

“Did he say anything?” the Alpha asks no one in particular.

“N-no sir,” Caine answers, blinking away the tears that had formed in his eyes.

My father clicks his tongue in dissatisfaction.

“And what was the crime that merited such punishment?” he asks, placing a single finger on my chest.

“He tried to take advantage of me!” Luna Sara cries, finally freeing herself from Gamma Wyatt’s grip and nuzzling up to my father’s chest.

“We can’t have a monster among us! If he could try hurting me, who’s to say he won’t hurt another woman or worse, a child!”

“What did you say?”

Luna Sara takes a deep breath and whimpers, the sound making me cringe at it’s falseness.

“H-e tried to hurt me.”

My father knows instantly that she’s lying, his lips pursing as they always did when he was angry, but he was not about to contradict his Luna in front of his guards or his son. He lets his eyes roam back to me and for a split second, I see sadness flicker in his eyes.

“Then you are right,”

My father says, his face once again becoming stone.

“We cannot have a monster among us.”

Luna Sara smiles in satisfaction but her grin quickly fades when my father orders the guards to release me.

“Wait what?”

She demands, watching in horror as the guards let me down from the chain and help me up to my feet.

“Why are you letting him...”

Her voice stops abruptly as when the Alpha glares at her, reminding her with one look that he was not to be questioned.

“From here on out, this mute mutt is stripped of his omega title,”

My father declares, his voice thundering against the stone walls.

“He is a rogue now and should he ever set foot on this territory again,” he warns, his eyes settling on me.

“He is to be killed on sight.”

My heart ruptures as his words register in my head. There was nothing worse than being declared a rogue. It was practically a death sentence.

The world of Rogues was cruel and deadly, every mutt out for themselves and no one else kill me instead but as always, my words linger at the tip of my tongue, never to escape the confines of my mouth.

“Everyone out, now,” my father commands.

“I’d like a few words with the rogue.”

The guards and the Beta are out almost immediately, Caine following suit, caressing the bleeding wound on his chest.

Luna Sara looks furiously at my father but Gamma Wyatt manages to coax her out of the room without too much of a fuss.

With just my father and I left, the room suddenly feels colder, my raw skin erupting in goosebumps. I open my mouth but one glare from my father forces it closed again.

“Do not for a second think I am sparing you,” he growls.

“You are still the greatest failure of my life and nothing makes me happier than to finally be rid of you.”

His words hurt more than the open wounds on my back and I simply nod in acknowledgement of his words.

“You may take Agnes with you. I have no use for her here,” he sighs as he walks towards the door.

“And may I never see you two again.”