

# **Taming the Alpha's Daughter**

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# Chapter 1

## Temperance

### 20th Birthday

“Nova, are you there?” I ask. She had been silent for hours since my brother came down to give us what he called our “Birthday Present.”

The present was... Well, let’s just say it is the sort of present you would rather go without. Something no sane person would ever, in their right mind, consider a present to begin with.

I shake my head to rid myself of the awful thoughts. The more I focus on something, the more it eats at me, the more violently it haunts me. I would rather forget. For good.

I press forward, and an inaudible gasp leaves me as I try to see if for once, I can take back the control from my wolf. I am not asking for too much, right? Just a few seconds, minutes at most, to see the world with my own eyes, instead of borrowing the eyes of others as I usually do. Perhaps it’s selfish of me to ask anything at all, but I never really do that. It’s my birthday after all. Just this once...

“How long have I been in the dark today?” I whisper, surprised that I can hear my own voice. This time, at least I can speak, which means Nova’s restraint is slipping.

“Too long!” Shadow snaps from somewhere off to the left of me. I want to be brave, I want to tell Nova to stop taking control over everything. However, I know my requests will be in vain, earning me more shouts and anger from our companion, Shadow. He thinks I’m weak, and she is right. He believes what she claims.

Besides, I really don't want to be blocked out for silent treatment. I hate being alone, I hate the silence as the dread creeps up on me. There is nothing worse than living with your own thoughts. There is no place more dangerous than one's mind. And my mind always seems to conjure up the worst scenarios.

I hold my breath as I try to move past the barrier that separates me from Nova.

“What are you doing? Get back! Are you trying to get us killed?” Nova groans and strengthens the barrier as I fight her for control.

I still try, but each time I do, it feels like she does anything in her power to push me away. Each attempt is unsuccessful, but I still don't want to give up without really trying. I haven't seen actual daylight for as long as I can remember. Nova says it isn't safe.

Yet, that doesn't mean I don't feel what they do to her. Sure, she tries to hide it, refusing to speak of it. But I get glimpses from her memory. I catch on to her pain every time her barriers drop. The only time I am actually let out is when we are back in the cage in the basement. Ironic, isn't it.

It's not like I can see anyway. The basement is dark, cold, and reeks. I haven't laid eyes on a physical object in years besides the cattle prod. The one my brother likes to use on me ever since he killed Daddy and put me down here. My daddy's body is now nothing but a weightless pile of bones that rests on the dirt floor across from me.

I still remember that day clearly. And every time I recall it, I feel tears sting my eyes, and a lump forms in my throat as the scene replays itself in my mind over and over again. It's taught me that there is no place more dangerous than my mind — it brings me back to times no one should remember, the memories haunting me over and over again, forcing me to relive the pain. One would think I would be accustomed to pain by now, yet Nova takes the brunt of it, and I get it second hand. But from what

slivers I do get, the pain is unbearable, just like the memories that flash before my eyes.

That horrible day, Daddy tried to protect me, save me from my brother. But all of his attempts, the fight he put up, were futile. Daddy was old and Satish was strong, stronger than Daddy despite him being an Alpha.

Satish killed him mercilessly that day. I had just blown out my birthday candles, when Daddy made this vile noise, blood sprayed across my face and the white roses that decorated my cake turned crimson.

Satish claimed it was my birthday gift and I should be grateful for how generous he is to me for letting me live, that my life was tarnished the day I killed my mother. He told me the only thing I deserved was my new prison and I should thank him for allowing me to live and to stay down in the basement.

And while my own brother killed my Daddy and called it my gift, on that awful day, it wasn't the only thing that happened. Later that day, I received another present for my 13th birthday. Nova came to me. My first shift was agonizing and grueling. Confined to a cage far too small for my breaking limbs, Nova was the voice that soothed me, she saved me from my own insanity, promising it would get better. Only it hasn't. Not yet at least.

And after that, as a proof of Satish's generosity, or at least that's what he calls it, I got to watch Daddy's body decay from my cage, smell his flesh rot. I used to talk to him. I used to share my thoughts and dreams with the body that lay across from me. Now, his bones lay across from us. Satish told me it should remind me of how easily he can kill me.

Sometimes I wish he would, but Nova always encourages me to hold on. Hold on for what? I don't even think she knows anymore but is so used to saying it that it's become her mantra. An automatic response with a hollow meaning. Hope, that was something I lost when Satish gave me to his pack. We were so excited to leave our cage, we thought Satish had a change of heart. We were wrong.

So very wrong. There is nothing more vile than man, and I have endured the worst kinds, and sometimes, I wonder if there is any other.

## Chapter 2

### Temperance

That day, I screamed for Daddy, screamed for anyone to save me. That was also the day I stopped talking to Daddy, the day it truly sunk in that he would never be here to save me again. I haven't dared to talk to Daddy, or what's left of the only person that ever loved me, not since Shadow became locked in here with us. Shadow told me that she too came from a place of darkness, yet she claimed this hell was far worse than the pits of hell she crawled out of. She had escaped something terrible only to end up in the forsaken hands of my brother.

Shadow is not like us. She is nothing like Nova and me. She can be cruel, mean, and sometimes she sounds like she has no heart at all. But at the same time, Shadow is our only friend. She says our only salvation will be with death.

However, now, I know I am already dead.

I have been dead and forgotten ever since he locked the cage closed seven years ago. My 13th birthday will be one I will always remember, just like my 18th. I wish I could remember my 13th as the day I met my best friend, the day my wolf came to me and remained by my side. But instead, I remember it as the day he killed Daddy. The day I saw how truly monstrous he can be. How dangerous he is...

And my 18th should have been a joyous occasion too, yet it became another I wish I could forget. Instead the only gift I was granted was to see the monster live behind the mask of man instead of just in nightmares. They're a thing of this world... a world I no longer wish to be a part of.

I suppose I should thank Satish in a sense because on my 18th I was given a gift. If that is what you could call it. That day I was granted clarity. Clarity that I would forever be at the mercy of my brother. Sometimes accepting your fate is better than fighting against it.

Nova exhales, the sound a wheeze in the darkest pits of our mind. Nova slips, her control warning me to be careful. I am allowed to come forward, so I know I must be in the basement.

I need to blink a couple of times until my eyes adjust to the ability to see for myself all over again. Every time, I feel like I am waking up after sleeping for years and have forgotten how to use my muscles.

I peer out into the darkness and gaze out into what looks like total oblivion, a never-ending void. Straining my ears, I listen. First, I hear the sound of distant footsteps on the floorboards upstairs. There is also a sound that reminds me of a TV playing upstairs, but I'm not entirely sure because I haven't seen one for god knows how long. I've forgotten what most everyday objects look like.

Sighing, I lean back against the mesh. My trembling hands trail over my body, and I feel the slickness of wounds that run deep. They're deeper than many we have had before. I scrunch up my face at the stench of blood in the air. I can feel the taste of it on my tongue - coppery and metallic, along with a hint of soap. A whimper escapes me. What did they do to her? Do to me?

"Nova?" I whisper into the darkness. I'm scared to ask, but I want to know the answers to questions that run through my mind. If I don't, they will haunt me and eventually drive me insane.

"Leave her! She has endured enough for you already!" Shadows snaps at me in a venomous tone, and my head turns at the sound of her voice. I look to the corner of the basement where her cage is.

She rarely speaks, but when she does, it is usually to sneer at how weak I am. Another aggressive reminder of how I don't deserve anything good, don't even deserve my wolf. And even if she doesn't say those exact words, she makes sure to emphasize the meaning behind the few she spits so I understand how much she hates me.

If I let my wolf take my punishments, she thinks I'm weak, if I do take them, she thinks my screams make me weak. I'm an abomination, she likes to tell me. A freak of nature. Cruel to allow Nova to have control, little does she know I never get the choice. Nova is stronger than me, she always has been. She's strong until she isn't. Like right now.

However, Shadow also knows that it is not by choice, she sees me struggle with my wolf, she witnesses how Nova controls me. She is here, with us, to watch how hard I try to take control, how I do everything in my power to take Nova's place.

Nova always overpowers me, I have no choice but to sit in the silence of my head, or sometimes, sit in the darkness and listen to her screams while feeling her second hand pain.

Other times, I listen to Shadow screaming at them to leave me alone. They never do, but this time I am determined to remain forward. I won't move aside even if Nova tries to push me back into hiding.

Maybe I can plead with my brother to allow me freedom. Even just for a few seconds, to smell fresh air and feel the sunlight on my skin. My limbs hurt, this cage is far too small. Seven years is a long time to be trapped in here.

The cage didn't grow with me over the years, but no one cares about that. The walls just closed in more and my clothes grew too tight. Despite the fact that I can feel my bones, there isn't enough fabric to cover me fully, to keep me warm and decent. Eventually even my clothes turned to tatters and left me bare and exposed.

I must be a grotesque sight to see. Sometimes, I wonder if I resemble mom or dad more. I wonder what the image might be, if I were to see my reflection in a mirror. The reflection is what confuses me the most. Would there be a girl with a broken smile or a soulless woman? Would she recognize me as her, or deny that we are the same person as she stares back at me?

“Shadow?” I sing out into the darkness.

“No, need to yell, I am right here!” she snaps, and I turn my head to look in the corner of the basement. Her eyes reflect back at me, but that is all I can tell of her features, those red glowing pits of anger reflect oddly back at me, she watches me back and growls. I avert my gaze, unable to take her judging eyes.