

# Bound To The Broken Alpha

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## When Dawn Breaks Slowly Hope Finds Space To Grow by Jin Rowan Vale 1

In “When Dawn Breaks Slowly Hope Finds Space To Grow,” Chapter 1, titled “Bride of the Cursed Alpha,” the protagonist, Amy, faces a devastating revelation that alters her life irrevocably. Mrs. Smith, her foster mother, informs her that she is to marry Alpha Daniel Carter, a man who is incapacitated and shrouded in mystery. This announcement comes as a shock, especially after Amy has just endured the betrayal of Mark Wilson, the man she loved, who is now engaged to her foster sister, Clara. The emotional turmoil Amy experiences is palpable, as she grapples with feelings of betrayal, helplessness, and despair. As Amy processes the news of her impending marriage, she reflects on her past sacrifices for Mark, including enduring physical punishment to protect his reputation. The juxtaposition of her loyalty and his abandonment deepens her anguish. The betrayal feels double-edged; not only has she lost Mark, but she is also being forced into a union with a man who is perceived as cursed. The weight of Mrs. Smith’s decree crushes her spirit, leaving her feeling disposable and insignificant. Amy’s internal struggle is intense, filled with resentment and a burning desire for agency over her own life. Upon arriving at the Carter estate, Amy encounters a world filled with power dynamics and unspoken tensions. The atmosphere is thick with expectation, and she is acutely aware of the scrutiny she faces from the Carters. Her initial interaction with Daniel reveals a glimmer of hope; despite his incapacitated state, she senses that his wolf is still alive and responsive to her presence. This realization ignites a flicker of determination within her, suggesting that there may be more to her fate than mere compliance with Mrs. Smith’s orders. As the chapter concludes, Amy’s resolve begins to solidify. She recognizes that her connection with Daniel could be pivotal in awakening his wolf, hinting at a potential path forward. However, the ominous conversation she overhears about her fate—whether she will be deemed useful or expendable—adds a layer of suspense and danger. The chapter leaves readers with a sense of urgency and anticipation, as Amy stands on the precipice of a new, uncertain journey, filled with both hope and peril.

**\*\*When Dawn Breaks Slowly Hope Finds Space To Grow by Jin Rowan Vale\*\*\*\*Chapter 1: Bride of the Cursed Alpha\*\***“I never imagined that betrayal would spring from the one person I held closest to my heart...”**\*\*Amy’s POV\*\***“Tomorrow, you will wed Alpha Daniel Carter.” Those words sliced through the air, a sudden detonation in the serene confines of Mrs. Smith’s study. There was no preamble, no gradual build-up—just an explosive proclamation that left me reeling. I

blinked, my mind racing to process what I had just heard. Surely, I must have misinterpreted her. The tightness in my chest made it feel as if I were suffocating. Mrs. Smith sat before me, as she always did—perfectly poised, her hands delicately folded in her lap. The shadows cast by the desk lamp accentuated her high cheekbones, giving her an almost ethereal quality. She wasn't merely my foster mother; she was the widow of the Beta, a woman whose words commanded the respect of the entire pack. When she spoke, silence enveloped the room. The pack house, usually alive with the sounds of laughter and chatter, was eerily quiet. My foster siblings were tucked away in their rooms upstairs, wolves resting peacefully in their skins. The only sound that pierced the stillness was the relentless ticking of the wolf-bone clock on the wall, each tick echoing like a countdown to my doom. Eve, my wolf, stirred restlessly within me, her presence a low growl of discontent. "This is trouble," she warned, her ears pressed back in agitation. I swallowed hard, struggling to find my voice. "Marry... Alpha Daniel Carter?" The mere mention of his name sent the room spinning around me. "Yes." Mrs. Smith's gaze remained unyielding, not a hint of compassion softening her features. "Clara refuses. Therefore, you will take her place. This is not a request, Amy. It is a decree." I stood frozen, my mind racing to comprehend her words. Clara—my foster sister—had always been the favored one, the one who effortlessly evaded responsibility. The thought of stepping into her shoes felt like a cruel joke. Eve's frustration surged within me, her tail lashing violently. "They're tossing you to a cursed Alpha as if you're nothing more than a scrap," she growled. A bitter laugh bubbled up in my throat but died before it could escape. Marrying a man who lay in silence, unable to even acknowledge my existence? The gravity of Mrs. Smith's tone left no room for debate. I wanted to scream, to argue my way out of this nightmare. But how could I, especially after the shattering news that had reverberated through the pack earlier that day? Mark Wilson. The name echoed in my mind like a haunting melody. The man I had loved fiercely, the one for whom I had sacrificed everything. I had believed in him when no one else did, envisioned a future together, a life filled with promises and shared dreams. That very morning, every channel within the pack had broadcast the same shocking announcement: Mark was holding his mating ceremony with Clara Hayes. Clara. His ex. My foster sister. The very person who had turned her back on him in his darkest hour. Now, she returned to him, frail and fragile, cloaked in a mysterious illness she refused to name. The image of them together at the council steps seared into my memory. Mark stood tall, his arm possessively draped around Clara, as though she were the most precious treasure in the world. He had smiled, his voice warm as he spoke of comforting her, of fulfilling his duty. But it was the details that shattered me. The silver band he had once promised would symbolize our mating bond now adorned Clara's delicate finger. The Luna cloak I had painstakingly sewn by hand, every stitch a labor of love, had been altered to fit her petite frame. And the crest—the moonstone bloodline crest my parents had entrusted to me before they were taken from this world—was clasped around Clara's neck, a token of

affection given away without a second thought. Mark had vowed to return it to me on my birthday, yet here he was, bestowing it upon her as if it held no significance. I recalled the night when rogues attacked our border, when Mark had staggered home, barely clinging to life. The council had threatened to strip him of his position if he didn't replace his broken sword by dawn. In a moment of desperation, I had pawned my mother's locket, the last remnant of her, to buy him a new blade. He kissed me then, whispering that I was his salvation. Now, that same mouth pressed against Clara's as if I were nothing more than a fleeting memory.

Another painful memory surged forth: standing before the council elders, taking the lashes meant for his mistakes. My back had burned for weeks, yet Mark had smiled at the feast that followed, his reputation intact. He never once acknowledged my sacrifice. When I confronted him, he had offered no denial. "Mark," I had whispered, clutching his sleeve in desperation, "you promised me. You swore we would be mates." He had peeled my hand away, his expression twisted in disgust. His once-warm eyes were now cold and devoid of any emotion. "You're being selfish, Amy," he had replied, his voice flat and unyielding. "Clara doesn't have much time left. If you loved me, you would understand. You would let me give her this comfort." My wolf whimpered, a mournful sound that resonated deep within me. "What about me? After everything I've done for you?" I choked out, my throat raw with anguish. Silence enveloped us, a suffocating presence worse than any blade. In that moment, the truth settled heavily in my heart—his love had always been conditional. There had always been terms, and I had never been included. So, when Mrs. Smith commanded me to marry Alpha Daniel Carter, I hesitated. This was not mere obedience; it felt like her final attempt to reduce me to something small and disposable. My knees buckled beneath me, the folder slipping from my grasp as I whispered, "No... you can't. You can't cast me aside to a cursed Alpha like I'm nothing." Mrs. Smith's gaze remained unwavering. "I already have." The silence stretched, suffocating me until my lungs burned. My pride crumbled, and I bit down on a sob until the metallic taste of blood filled my mouth. With great effort, I forced the words out, each one laced with bitterness. "As you wish." The following day, I found myself being escorted to the Carter estate. The fortress loomed above the city, an imposing structure crafted from precious stone and glass, its surface shimmering faintly with protective runes. Guards clad in wolf armor lined the gates, their eyes trained on me as the car rolled to a stop. The very walls seemed to radiate an aura of both power and fear. Inside, the air was thick with the scent of polished marble and moon-oil candles. Servants moved about quietly, heads bowed as if speaking too loudly might disturb the Alpha heir himself. Even in his absence, the atmosphere hummed with a palpable sense of dominance. As I stepped into Daniel's room, the ambiance shifted dramatically. He lay on the grand bed, his body pale yet undeniably strong. Machines hummed softly beside

him, monitoring his vital signs with a relentless precision. Silver markings glimmered faintly upon his skin, remnants of the healers' desperate attempts to reach him. To an outsider, he appeared lost, trapped in a realm from which he might never emerge. But as I approached, something stirred within me. An unseen force pressed against my chest, igniting a spark of hope. My hand trembled as I reached for his. His skin was warm, almost too warm for someone who was supposed to be a mere shadow of himself. For a fleeting moment, I glimpsed claws flickering at the tips of his fingers before they retracted. My breath hitched in my throat, and Eve went rigid with anticipation. "His wolf isn't gone," she whispered, her voice filled with a mixture of awe and urgency. "Something is holding him back." I tightened my grip on his hand, leaning closer, my pulse racing—not from fear, but from an undeniable certainty. His wolf was alive, and it was responding to me. I quickly withdrew, masking my reaction, but the Carters noticed. His mother's eyes narrowed when she observed how long I had held his hand. His uncle leaned in close to Mrs. Smith, whispering furtive words I couldn't quite catch. Their gazes followed me everywhere, a suffocating weight that made it hard to breathe. That night, sleep eluded me. I wandered the expansive halls of the estate, careful to tread softly. The doors loomed tall, the ceilings high, and every shadow felt alive with watchful eyes. The scent of iron and incense clung to my clothes, a reminder of the tension in the air. Eve paced inside me, her restlessness palpable. As I reached the far end of the hall, I caught snippets of voices—low and urgent—emanating from the study. I crept closer, pressing myself against the wall, straining to hear through the slightly ajar door. "...she's the only one who can stir his wolf," a man hissed, urgency lacing his tone. "Wake him first. Then decide if she lives—or if she's more useful dead." In the quiet aftermath of betrayal, Amy stands at the precipice of her new reality, her heart heavy with the weight of loss and uncertainty. The echoes of Mark's rejection reverberate in her mind, each memory a reminder of the love she thought was unconditional, now tainted with the bitter taste of abandonment. Yet, as she confronts her fate, a flicker of hope ignites within her—a hope that perhaps, within the cursed walls of the Carter estate, she might find not just survival but a chance to reclaim her voice and her worth. The bond she feels with Daniel, even in his vulnerable state, stirs something deep within her. It's a connection that transcends the pain of her past, a promise that maybe, just maybe, she can forge a new path amidst the shadows that threaten to consume her. As she navigates the treacherous waters of her new life, Amy realizes that her journey is not solely about the choices made for her but about the strength she can summon from within. The whispers of danger surrounding her only serve to ignite her resolve; she is not merely a pawn in someone else's game. With each passing moment, she embraces the possibility of awakening Daniel's wolf, not just for him, but for herself. In this dawning realization, Amy discovers that hope is not a fragile flower waiting to be nurtured; it is a fierce wildfire, ready to consume the darkness and illuminate the path ahead. As dawn breaks slowly, she prepares to rise from the ashes of her past, ready to reclaim her story and fight for the life she deserves. \*\*What to Expect in

the ?\*\*As the shadows of the Carter estate loom larger, Amy finds herself entangled in a web of intrigue and danger that extends far beyond her impending marriage to Alpha Daniel Carter. With the revelation that Daniel's wolf remains dormant yet responsive to her, a flicker of hope ignites within her, but this hope is tempered by the chilling machinations of those around her. In the next chapter, readers can expect a deeper exploration of the complex dynamics between Amy, Daniel, and the formidable Carter family. As power struggles and hidden agendas come to light, Amy must navigate the treacherous waters of loyalty, betrayal, and the haunting memories of her past. The stakes are raised as whispers of dark intentions echo through the halls, leaving Amy questioning not just her place in this new world but her very survival. Will she find a way to awaken Daniel's wolf and break the curse that binds him, or will she become a pawn in a game far more dangerous than she ever anticipated? As tensions mount and alliances shift, the tension will crackle in the air, compelling Amy to confront her own strength and the depths of her heart. The next chapter promises to be a rollercoaster of emotions, filled with unexpected twists that will leave readers breathless and yearning for more.