

THE ALPHA'S MUTE MATE

Chapter 1

BROOKE No one can hear me. No one knows I'm here. I'm only allowed to come out when they are here. I'm their slave. I'm their punching bag. I can't talk. I never have, not since that day, the day the rogue killed my mother. "TIME TO COME UP AND CLEAN, b***h!" she shouts. I can hear her through the door at the top of the stairs. I have been sitting on the mattress as a bed on the floor. Staring into the nothingness of the room, they put me in the basement. No one is allowed down here, but I'm not allowed in the house unless they are with me. I have nothing down here, just a few things like the mattress, a bucket, a few clothes items, and two reading books. I heard the door unlock and open. I know they are up there; I slowly get up and make my way up the steps to the door. "MOVE IT, b***h!" she shouts as she grabs me from behind by my hair and throws me into the kitchen. I landed with a thud. All three of them are there; great, that would be bad. "WELL, WELL, WELL," she says. I couldn't help but look down at the floor. I can't look at her; she has already caused many of my scars and injuries. "Look at me, Slave," she says. I looked up and saw her, my Stepmother, Aubrey. My dad married her about a year after my mother was killed. He left my stepmother for another woman, leaving me with her. She took it out on me for what he did. Her children, Madison is 17, and Austin is a year older, 18. He doesn't live with us, but he comes back now and then. "You need to clean the whole house while we are out. I want it spotless. Once you are finished, you go to your room," Aubrey says with a snarl. She reminds me of the evil stepmother in Cinderella. "Also, wash my clothes too, loser," says Madison. "I want them all done before we come back. I have a hot date tonight." I nod, I get slowly up to my feet, but Madison pushes back down again, laughing. "I haven't told you to move yet," she said. "Brother, is there anything you need doing? The slave can do it for you." I looked at Austin, who had a blank expression on his face. He doesn't look at me. "No, I should stay here anyway. I have to finish an assessment for college. I can keep an eye on her while you both go out; make sure she does what she's told," he says. "Very well then, son. You need to pass that assessment to go to that university," Aubrey says. She turns to me. "Get the f**k up and start your chores now," she shouts. I slowly got up and grabbed the washcloth. I make my way to the kitchen counter and start to clean, but I can still hear Aubrey talking. "So, Maddie, who are you going on a date with?" She asks. Madison has also brought boys to the house all the time; her mother doesn't know about most of them. She sneaks them in. I have no voice to say anything, so I can't do anything about it. "Well, mother, his name is Hudson," she says, but Austin snorts in response. "You mean the new guy who hangs out with that weird crowd?" "They are not weird, they are all hot, and Hudson likes me," she says with a whine. I start to wash the dishes that they all left in the sink for me to do. I block everyone out. After a few minutes, the door slammed shut. I could hear Aubrey and Madison's heels on the ground as they walked to the car. "I will help you, Brooke," said Austin. I turned to look at him. Austin looked back at me while leaning on the doorframe. I smiled at him. "I will sort out the clothes, put them in the washer, and tackle upstairs. You clean the kitchen and living room, okay?" he says. I nod. I'm just about to turn around to get back to the dishes when he continues speaking, "We have to get you out of here; you look skinner than the last time I saw you. And that bruise under your eye is bad," he says. I shrugged and looked at him. His eyes are full of pity for me. I turned and got back to the dishes. Austin is the only one out of the three who is nice to me only when no one is around. He helps me when he is there, and he also sneaks food down to me. I have lived in this situation for a long time, and I don't know how to get out of it, let alone leave. Austin sighs and leaves. I got back to my job. I do the dishes, sweep up the floor to the kitchen, and place all the rubbish in the bin. I set up the bucket to mop the kitchen; then, I took the trash to the bin outside. I walked to the front door and opened it. I walk down the driveway, getting to the end

where the bins are kept. I placed the bag in the bin and closed it. I looked around at sight; a forest surrounded us. This is the only time I'm allowed out. We are in the middle of nowhere; the house is on the outskirts of the village and away from anyone. "I could have done that," says Austin, suddenly behind me. He made me jump; I clutched my chest in fright but turned to glare at him. I shook my head and pointed to the view around us. He looks at me and smiles. "Yeah, it is nice out here." He turns around and heads back into the house. "Come on; we're nearly done. I will make some food for you when we finish," he says. I look back at the view one last time as I probably won't be able to see it again for a few days. I turned around to head to the house, but I suddenly felt like someone was watching me. I stopped and looked back, but I didn't see anyone. I shrug and head straight back inside the house. Austin was right, we were both nearly done, and the house was spotless after another few minutes. Madison's clothes were all washed and were now in the dryer. I emptied the mop bucket at the back end of the house and went back inside to see Austin with a plate of food in front of him. He smiles. "Have some," he offers, handing me a small plate of pasta and meatballs. I can't help as my mouth waters at the sight of the food. Austin clears up the mess he made and sits next to me at the counter to eat the food he has made for himself. After twenty minutes, everything is back spotless, and I am full as an egg, thanks to the food I ate. I looked at the clock and moved to grab Madison's clothes out of the dryer, then I set up the ironing board and ironed them. Most of her clothes don't need ironing as they are not meant to be ironed, but they are all done. Austin takes the clothes upstairs once I have ironed them and places them on her bed. Once everything was done, I looked towards the basement door. "Take this," says Austin; he hands me two apples. I smiled and nodded. "Oh, I grabbed an old blanket from my room in college. You can have it," he says with a grin. I looked at him. I was about to step onto the basement steps when suddenly the front door burst open; Aubrey and Madison stumble in with bags and bags full of stuff. It was hard to make heads or tails of what they got. I was about to go down. Until I hear, "What the hell are you doing with that?" screams Aubrey, dropping the bags on the floor and running straight towards me. She pushes me down the stairs; I tumble down and land on my wrist in a heap on the floor. The pain in my wrist shoots right through me. I can feel tears prick behind my eyes. "What the hell, mother?" Shouts Austin. "I was giving her my old blanket from college; it is supposed to be cold tonight, and I don't need it anymore." Aubrey glares at me as I look up at her; tears are now spilling out from the corners of my eyes. "I decide whether she has anything or not," she says and looks at him, but he cuts her off. "Well, if she dies down there due to frostbite, you won't have anyone to clean your f*****g house then, will you?" he shouts at her and throws the blanket down at me. Aubrey slams the basement door. I can hear her shouting, but I can't tell what is happening. I slowly get up. I forgot about my wrist, and pain shot through it. I held it to my chest. I picked up the blanket, but two things fell onto the floor. The apples that Austin tried to give me earlier. I pick them up and stagger over to the mattress. I fell on it; then I placed the blanket over me. I lay there, looking up at the ceiling once again. My life hasn't been the best. Both my parents have left me, even though one passed away. It hurts that my father would leave me with such a vile woman. I'm on my own, well, except for Austin, when he is here. Aubrey blames me for my father leaving. So does Madison. Both of them used him for his money, but his cash was left too when he left. He sent money to me, but I didn't see any of it. They took it all. I'm 17 years old, and I have never been to school. The only form of education I had when I was a child was when Austin taught me a few things, such as reading and writing, as he would give me a book, and I would copy the words out of a book onto paper. I can't talk. I have tried, but nothing came out. I have long black hair; it goes down past my backside, and my eyes are blue. I have scars all over my body from the beatings that Aubrey and Madison have given me over the years. I have a big scar on my neck, but that is due to my mother's death by a rogue as I was there at the time. I wish for a better life. I wish someone would save me from this hell.