

Taken By My Alpha Author: Sarang May

Chapter 1

I stopped at the door frame and looked around. No Tiffany, No Brutus. Then I quietly sneaked out of the kitchen with a small sandwich in my hand.

My father, the beta of Silvae Pack died several years ago from a rogue attack. My mom, Clarice, married the alpha of our pack, Brutus, whose mate had also died a few years ago after giving birth to his daughter, Tiffany.

It was all good at first, but it turned to a living hell when two years ago, on my sixteenth birthday I shifted into something that no one, ever in the history of werewolves had ever seen- a dooling fluffy pup that can't even fight off a sick dog.

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That weakness became the reason for everyone in the pack to turn me into an easy target to bully along with Brutus, and Tiffany.

Rushing to my mom who was taking away plates on the pack's dining table, I kissed her on the cheek, "I'm off to school, mum."

She briefly put her lips on my cheek, "Brutus already drove Tiffany to the school. Take care of yourself."

"I will." I smiled reassuringly.

Her tense gaze bore into my hazel eyes, filled with a warning. "And, be on time for dinner tonight," she said. "they are your family, and you are

eighteen now. You need to stop avoiding them whenever they are in the house. You have to bond with them.”“Mom, I don’t w*-”

“Stop arguing with me!” she said in a cold tone, her hand loosening on my arm, finally letting it go, “Face the truth, Heather. The only reason you are not banished is that you live under the Alpha’s roof!” She stared at me sternly “I need you to think for yourself and I want you on the dinner table by eight.”

Tears filled to the brims of my eyes. I tried to hold them because I didn’t want to cry. I didn’t want to be hurt. “Wrong move.” I said coldly, “Maybe I prefer to be banished and die. Tell them to do exactly that.”

The cold mask on her face slipped for a few moments, revealing the helpless look in her eyes.

I turned away and rushed out of the house. The look on her face hurt me deeper than I thought it would. Maybe I’ll bring her some flowers on my way home today, I thought to myself, trying to quench the guilt.

Deep down I know all she did was try to protect me. We didn’t have a choice. This pack was our only home and the only place where we could survive.

*****As I came out of the class and crossed the red corridors to reach the cafeteria for lunch, I was greeted by Ashton, the class clown hollering, “The freak is here!”

I hardly had time to register the sound of laughter when I pushed open the door and a bucket of cold water fell over my head, drenching me from head to toe. Some people threw food at me, staining my jeans with mayonnaise, meat, and sauces.

All of that paused suddenly as Tiffany entered the lunch hall with a chocolate ice cream in her hands. Her face immediately soured and turned in my direction the moment she stepped inside. She had smelled my scent.

The ice cream in her hand melted and dripped down on her brand new pair of shoes. She flinched instinctively, disgusted.

Then like an idea struck her mind, she walked up to me until she was a foot away from me. She had an evil grin, "Clean it." Pepper and Sasha laughed beside her.

Last week I had gotten hit by Tiffany's same shoe in my face. That bruise still hadn't disappeared from the side of my cheek and hurt like hell.

Resistance won't bring me anything good. So I pulled at the sleeve of my top to cover my palm and bent down on my knees to wipe the ice cream off.

She kicked my knee, making me fall down on my ass, "use your tongue, Heather hoe."

As much as I tried to endure her insults and bullying, her words were the last straw to my patience.

This time I met her eyes with indifference, "I won't be doing that. Please move out of my way."

My response seemed to have triggered her ego as she grabbed my arm and growled nastily, "Have you grown a backbone now, dog freak? Losers like you should be grateful to be even left alive! If it wasn't for your slut mother seducing my dad the moment your father got buried in the ground, you wouldn't even have a roof over your heads!"

That's it, I can feel my brain boiling in anger the moment she mentioned my mom.

Before she could finish saying the last word out of her mouth, I slapped her hard across the face.

The chaotic room suddenly silenced.

She fell down on the ground with her hand covering her face. I want to laugh at her expression but my senses are coming back. And I... became scared.

My first instinct was to sprint from there. My feet stepped sideways and rushed out of the room before anyone could register what had just happened. I heard screeches from behind me, the most shrill sound was of Tiffany's voice screaming about how she is going to cut up my face with her own claws for touching her.

I heard footsteps behind me and ran faster, my wet shoes sliding on the slippery floor as I rushed down the stairs, my chest aching for air. I was going to be punished severely if I didn't find some place to hide.

As I reached the ground floor, I felt trapped.

"I smell her! She ran down." I heard a holler from the first floor.

I turned on my feet and ran outside. Instead of going towards the ground, I ran sideways towards the janitors' toilet booth that was built on the side of the school building.

I huddled in a corner of the stall, trying to obstruct my mother's voice in my head. She was trying to mindlink me, but I blocked her out.

The sun had set already and darkness covered the clouds. Assuming I had run off in the jungle, half of the people had run towards the trees to find me.

I kept blocking my mom's billionth attempt to mindlink me. Maybe Tiffany had told her and Brutus about the slap. Brutus didn't hit me in front of my mum. He took me in his office room with the pretense of making me understand things with patience and then hit me brutally in places where the wounds weren't visible with his threats of kicking me out of the pack if I uttered even one word of his violence in front of my mum.

"Heather?" The door of the booth burst open, making my head snap up in fright.

I shot up on my feet, trying to find a way out in the darkness but the only way out was blocked by a tall figure at the door.

Before I could compose myself, a pair of arms grabbed me and pulled me in a tight hug, "I have been trying to find you for hours!" my mom's voice quivered, "you made me sick with worry, Heather!"

"Y- yes." I whispered, buried my face in her arm, and couldn't control my heavy sobs from escaping any longer, "I am sorry for saying those nasty things to you. I am so sorry for causing trouble again, mum. I didn't want to hit Tiffany."

She pulled back. Her hazel eyes, the same color as mine, were filled with redness while her thin face didn't have a trace of that familiar worry and tension for the first time in years.

"I know. I am sure that pretentious bitch deserved it." she said and smiled at me.

I gasped in shock as I heard her say that. She had never, NEVER, said anything bad about any pack member in her whole life. A wave of happiness spread through me, making my dry lips curve in a smile.

Grabbing my hand, she started pulling me out of the toilet, “If it hadn’t been for your scent, I don’t know what I would have done.”

I looked around the ground while running to match her hurried steps towards the car. No one was around any longer.

She opened the car door for me and as I started getting in, she grabbed my arm and pulled me back. Her eyes roamed over my body from head to toe, her lips thinned into a straight line of anger. She went towards the car trunk, and a minute later returned with a dress in her hand,

“Get in the back seat and change into this.”

Halfway through the road when I changed my clothes, I realized we were not on the way back to our pack. Instead, we were on a highway.

Fear gripped my chest so hard that I couldn’t even breathe properly. Had Brutus kicked me out of the pack for hitting Tiffany?

“Mom, where are we going?” I asked in a barely audible voice.

“Somewhere far from here.” she closed the car windows and increased the speed of the car.

A painful grip seem to have clutched my throat in guilt, “Di- did they kick us out of the pack because of what I did?”

She shot me a glance through the frontview mirror, “It’s not your fault, honey. Don’t worry.”

All I could feel were anxiety, dread, and distress. Werewolves who didn't have any pack didn't live long. They either went insane or became easy targets to kill.

She could perhaps see the way I had started to have a panic attack through the mirror as her gaze turned from determined to a worried one within a few seconds.

“Heather, look at me!” her grip on the steering wheel tightened, “It is not your fault! And we didn't get kicked out, we are running away from that pack. Willingly. For all these years I stayed in that house because I had to protect you.”

I was confused by her words. Not understanding why she was suddenly so changed.

“I overheard Tiffany and Brutus a few hours ago. They were trying to make a plan to banish you secretly without letting me have a hint of suspicion.”

“What?!” all breath had left my lungs as I stared at my mum, aghast, “Was it because I hit her?”

Regret was clear in every fiber in my body, wishing for the time to go back so I could just lick that damn shoe off instead of subjecting my mom to a life of insanity or death because of a momentarily slip of anger.

“No, no honey. I should've known they will never really accept you. But mommy is here. Mommy will protect you. .”

“Where are we going?”

She rotated the steering wheel to take a turn, “There's only one pack that's stronger than everyone else- Moonstruck pack. There are rumors

of the alpha killing half of his pack when he had succeeded to alpha position several years ago. But rumors also say that he is wise and strong.” she took a heavy breath and continued,

“I don’t know if he will take us in or kill us at first sight for coming from a rival pack. But he is the only one that we can hope to save us.”

The road passed by in a blur in the darkness of the night as terror now flooded my veins. I tried to keep my eyes on the road ahead, but it was impossible not to think about what lay ahead of us.