

## Taken By My Alpha Chapter 4

My breath got stuck in my throat in fear and panic. I had vowed to not be a troublemaker in this school, and that promise had gotten broken within fifteen minutes of stepping inside the school.

What if Alpha kicked mom and me out? We didn't have any other place for survival.

Christine quickly rushed to alpha's side and grabbed his hand, "Alpha I--"

Alpha Tiberius snatched his hand from her grip while Ariel interrupted Christine in a higher voice, "Alpha, Christine hurt Heather! Her arm is bleeding."

A smirk played on Alfred's lips, but he quickly hid it with his palm. Tiberius' body became taut, and his eyes left all signs of amusement behind. A glare took place in them.

"You are aware that you aren't allowed to hurt anyone in the school, aren't you?" his angry eyes bored into Christine's intimidated ones, "what do you have to say to explain yourself for hurting another student physically?"

Christine seemed to have lost all signs of arrogance and happiness as she took a step back. The effect of alpha's authority was clear on her face.

"I didn't hurt her on purpose, alpha. The hairpin just flew out of my hair and hit her."

"Liar!" Ariel gritted out, "I saw you throw that pin at her."

Tiberius' eyes landed on the bleeding wound on my arm. He grabbed my hand and pulled it higher to stare at it while instinctively, I tried to pull it back.

“Don't move” He whispered, not allowing me to do so.

His fingers inspected the small wound on my arm. My ear must be flaming red right now. The crowd is silent, no one dares to ask what is going on. Christine left her mouth open, as if she just witnessed the dooms day.

At last, he finally let me go while snatching the hairpin from Christine's hand. His poker face is back. His posture impeccable.

Tiberius turned to Christine, whose face is pale like a zombie.

“Everyone in this pack has been told over and over again that we are a big family. Do you remember that?”

“Yes.. Alpha.” Her voice is shaken.

“And what's our motto?”

“Blood is thicker than water.. ”

“Do you know what happens when you attack your family?” Tiberius takes a step closer to her. Christine almost collapsed. Yet he continued , “then you have to pay an eye for an eye.”

With that, he hand over the hair pin to me.

“ I give you permission to cause the same wound on Christine on anywhere you choose.”

My mouth dropped open while gasps came from all around.  
Christine was horrified, but she eventually managed to speak.

“She is going to scratch my face or my neck or anywhere. I will look ugly with a nasty scar! How can you allow her to hurt me?” Christine screamed. Her voice trembled as she shouted at Alpha, “Alpha, you can’t do that!”

No one pays attention to her.

I wasn’t even sure what I was going to do. I mustering up all my courage, step by step, and walk closer to Christine. The hairpin is in my hands. For the first time in my life, I have the to hurt the privileged and ungrateful people.

But I turned around.

“Thank you, alpha. But I’d rather pass. .” I had to rush to finish before I lose all my confidence. “I don’t want to be the kind of person that I hate.”

I give the hairpin back to him.

“Although if that is alright with you... can I please not take part in the upcoming midterm trials? I am new here and not prepared”

He gripped the pin in his hand. His gaze bored into Christine’s face for a moment before clenching his eyes and turning to me, “If that is what you want. Sure.”

Feelings of relief rushed through my heart like a fireball. As I listened to his approval, I found myself smiling at him, which made me come to my senses and look away from him quickly.

“Alpha, there is a call for you.” Alfred handed Tiberius a cellphone.

He gave one last look to me, before turning around and leaving with Alfred to talk on the phone. Christine had a very nasty look in her eyes when she glared at me.

Ignoring her, Ariel grabbed my hand and took me back to the school hallways. We reached the lockers where she showed me where I could keep my stuff. Once done closing the door, Ariel got closer to me to murmuring,

“You need to stay away from Christine from now on. She is the queen bitch of the school who is the leader of all bullies and she is very popular for holding grudges and paying things ten folds.”

I stared at her with concern. I hadn't even done anything!

“Why would she come after me now?”

Ariel rolled her eyes and hit my forehead with the roll of papers in her hand, “Are you a dummy? Couldn't you see her literally drooling on the floor as soon as Alpha came to us?”

Realization dawned on me. She did look about ready to lick alpha's feet if he asked her to. The look in her eyes was of pure admiration.

“She has a major crush on alpha. With the way alpha protected you from her just now, obviously, she isn't going to let it go easily. I bet her mind is already thinking of ways to make your life miserable without letting the alpha know.”

I huffed out a frustrated sigh, “I don’t even want to be anywhere near her or Alpha Tiberius! I haven’t finished my first day at school and all this drama has already started.”

Ariel patted my shoulder to console me. I let my head fall on the locker’s door, determined to not cross paths with Christine nor the alpha to stay alive for at least one week in this pack.

The school day ended with peaceful classes after that, thankfully. By the time I returned home, mom was already in the kitchen setting up a large table filled plates and food.

“Mom?” I grinned, happy and surprised. She’s making tacos today!

“Happy first day at school, baby.” She kissed me on the cheek as I put the bag on the couch and returned to sit at the dining table. I start to grab food the moment I sit on the chair. Mom makes the best Brisket tacos ever! Slowed- cooked juicy pork and beef, with fresh lettuce, tomato, onions and pineapple. Not to mention the last punch of her home-made salsa, YUM.

I had been so worried about her since last night. Now seeing her up and running again made my heart come to ease.

Mom joined me and start eating. We laughed and talked like a normal happy family. Yet, the loving feeling is lost the moment I told her that I had managed to convince the Alpha not to let me take part in the midterms trial, her smile disappeared.

“Why would you do that? I told you a hundred times that you need to fit in!” she hissed, slamming her hands down on the table.

I was taken aback by her change of temper so quickly, “Mom, I- I am not as strong as them. You know I will get hurt badly if I participate. They will know I don’t have my wolf!”

“Stop making excuses for everything, Heather!” she cried out angrily, “I lost everything for you! Our house, pack, my husband, everything! I told you that you HAVE to take every training to become stronger and grow up.”

“Mom, I can barely shift into a small wolf! How will I fight them?”

She was even more enraged than before, “There is no rule that requires you to change during the trial,” she said. For crying out loud, it’s a school exam! You will be safe! If you can not even handle this small school fight, how are you going to face the real cruel battles that packs go through year after year? For how much longer are you expecting to remain a child in my arms instead of learning to fight for yourself to live with a pack?!”

I couldn’t believe how mom had turned a blind eye to something that wasn’t even in my control. I wanted to be a stronger wolf than anything else in this world, but she didn’t see my disability as a disability. If even my mom wasn’t ready to acknowledge it, how can I expect others to?

“Then I don’t want to live in a pack!” I shouted, and stood up from my seat, shaking in fury, “maybe it is time for you to accept that you gave birth to a disabled freak!”

The sound of her palm hitting my face echoed in the house. My face hurt, but more than that my heart ached from everything she said to me.

My cheeks tingled with tears as I sobbed, “I tried so, so hard to please you.” My voice cracked through the heavy tears as my breath became shallow,

“I thought I had done well today. Handled everything like a grown up would. Like you expect me to be, no matter what others do to me only to come home and hear from you that it’s not enough. When is it going to be enough, mom? When will I be good enough?”