

Her Cold-Hearted Alpha by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 1. Prologue

Twenty one years ago...

It was the night of my 13th Birthday. A day where I should have just chilled with my friends. We were going to go down by the canyon. Have a bonfire. But something wasn't right. I could feel it. I stayed in my room telling them I was feeling great.

My emotions were wreaking havoc within me. as if wanting an outlet from the confines of my body.

"Alejandro what's wrong?" my mom's soft voice asked from outside the door.

"Just leave me alone, please." Fear. I felt fear, something inside me was changing. I gripped the window ledge staring up at the moon.

"Leave him be, he isn't worth it." my fathers cold voice came. He had always hated me; I don't even know why.

My heart was racing in my chest. I hated this. it was as if something was screaming to be set free. I closed my eyes, trying to calm myself. But it was no use, I could hear them all. The voices in the entire house. Why was this happening? I could hear every poisonous word that left my dad's mouth as they walked away.

"Ricardo... he's a child, there must be something wrong." Mom whispered to dad as they entered their bedroom.

"He's a disobedient mutt. There's nothing wrong." He scoffed. Anger filled me with a fiery passion. Why the hell did he hate me so much? My heart was thumping loudly. The moon was making me feel odd. Why did it have to be a full moon tonight? Ever since I could remember I felt restless on a full moon. Sure, I was a werewolf, but this wasn't normal, and it wasn't like I had a wolf yet.

"I'm not disobedient." I whispered. What did I do wrong? I always tried to live up to his standards, but I was never good enough.

“He’s a worthless piece of trash. That one is going to die young. Trust me.” His words made my blood boil. My fingernails dug into the window ledge. A growl tearing from my lips. I saw red as I turned towards the door. I was done with having to hear this.

I pulled it open and stormed down the hall to my parents’ room. Each antagonising remark that left my fathers lips made my anger surge. I ripped open their door, not even realising I had taken it off the hinges.

My mother screamed and dad looked shocked.

“What the fuck is that...” he whispered looking at me. I glared at him feeling agonising pain rip through me. My bones felt like they were burning and breaking.

“I’m not trash! I’m not disobedient!” I growled, not caring about the pain. I couldn't even recognise my voice or understand what was happening. Dad’s eyes widened as he stepped back looking up at me. I frowned, why was he looking up at me? He was taller than me.

“You worthless mut! How dare you! What the hell are you!?” Dad roared; he was the Alpha.

He always hated how his Alpha command never worked on me. I knew it was that reason. The reason he always beat me when I disobeyed him. To show me that he was stronger. But why? Was that such a big deal?

“I am not worthless. Why do you hate me so much?!” I growled; I couldn't even recognise my voice.

“I told you he was a freak...” Dad whispered disgust and contempt clear in his voice. Anger flared within me, and I lunged at him.

It felt like a nightmare. I could see what was happening but at the same time I wasn’t in control. I saw my black furry paws with long claws tear into my father. I couldn't feel anything but at the same time I was calm. And then suddenly everything went black.

When I came to, I was standing naked in my parents' bedroom. A once summer country room that was now a nightmare. Shredded body parts littered the room and blood. Claw marks stained every inch of the walls and floor. The strong smell of coppery blood tarnished the air. I stumbled back, horror filling me. I looked at my hands. Hands that were covered with blood. I scanned the floor, I remember attacking dad, but what about mum?

I rushed across the room, to the other side of the upturned bed. Stopping in my tracks when I saw the hand that lay on the floor wearing a ring. Mom's ring... Mom's hand. No... how could I have attacked mom... No. No. No. My heart thundered in my chest, and I wished I could reverse time.

I had done this. I had murdered my parents and I had no idea how. But one thing was clear. Dad was right. I was a freak. A freak of nature. Whatever I had turned into, wasn't normal.

That was my first shift. The first time I had taken someone's life. But it was far from the last time...