

A person in a red hazmat suit is seen from behind, carrying a large white gas cylinder. The cylinder has a yellow and black hazard label that says "CAUTION" and "OXYGEN". The person is wearing a full-body protective suit with a hood and gloves. The background is a solid red color.

THE AWAKENING ORIGINS

ANNA FURY

ALPHA COMPOUND - PREQUEL

The Awaken virus turned men into raging beasts.
This is the story of how it came to be.

The Awakened Origins

Alpha Compound - Prequel

Anna Fury

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Jude

“Jude, send your results to my workstation...now!” my father snaps from his side of our lab. Quickly, I migrate all my data into a folder and upload it to the lab’s shared server. Biting my nails, I glance over at my father as he taps his fingers on the edge of the metal table.

“Sent,” I say with more confidence than I feel, my stomach tightening into knots. He continues working, never once looking up. He doesn’t acknowledge that he’s received the data, but he clicks noisily at his mouse and adjusts his glasses higher on his nose while he scans the screen. The frown etched across his face tells me all I need to know.

He views my results with one eyebrow raised, and a flash of unexpected pride stabs through my chest. I made progress this week that I’m really proud of; progress that gets us closer to helping wounded soldiers recover and heal faster; progress that reminds me how critically important my work is, even when I want to slam my keyboard into my father’s arrogant face and quit. I’ve pulled sixteen-hour days, every day, for the last four months working toward these results.

I shift on my stool as I watch my father’s frown deepen into a scowl as he sifts through the data file. He crosses his arms and turns to me and...there it is. The momentary shock that never fails to flash in his eyes when he looks at me and sees my mother. I can’t help that my features are his, but my auburn hair is hers. And I certainly can’t help that she died giving birth to me. But none of that matters because, according to him, it’s all my fault.

“Did you verify these results?” he barks as he looks down his nose at me.

I cringe as heat travels to the tips of my ears. I hate that his condescension still makes me feel like a scared child, but it’s worth putting up with because Robert Chen is a brilliant geneticist. Even if he is an emotional battering ram.

“I ran the test four times, and then I verified them manually to be sure,” I say with an air of confidence. I *am* confident...in the results, at least. I’m my father’s daughter, after all, and even if he hates me, I’m an excellent research assistant. He’ll get most of the credit for our success, but at the end of the day, it doesn’t matter to me as long as this research helps our soldiers. And once they can heal faster, we can use this research to help the civilian community, too.

“I’ll need to discuss this with the director,” my father says, and I’m surprised I don’t hear the usual anger in his tone. Going to the director can only mean one thing - progress.

I flash my father the smallest of smiles as he glides past me toward the lab door.

“Don’t bother to celebrate yet, Jude. This hasn’t been verified by your superiors, and we’ll need to run this through the secondary testing sites, as well.” Just like that, he’s out the door.

But even today, Robert Chen’s shitty attitude can’t bring me down. My work is going to the base’s director, and my father will represent my work well because, ultimately, it will bring him prestige. We’re studying his handcrafted virus, but it’s my work of inserting it into pig DNA to turn it into a vaccine that got us to the next step - clinical trials.

Maybe we’ll get a bigger lab.

A loud knock on the door causes me to leap out of my seat, my heart fluttering wildly in my chest. When I whip my head around, a huge smile erupts on my face when I see my older brother waving at me through the window of the locked door. I jog to the door and open it wide. Asher glides through, pulling me into a bear hug as he ruffles my hair. When he lets go, I smooth it down, but smile anyhow.

“Do you have to always do that?”

Asher chuckles but flops down on my lab stool, crossing his broad uniformed arms over one another, legs crossed at the ankle, as he assesses me.

“Still working you to the bone, I see,” he says. A protest is on the tip of my tongue when Ash stops me, his palm up. “Jude, you worked your ass off to get here, but don’t let him work you to death.”

“I made great progress this week that’ll help soldiers like *you*, in case you’ve forgotten,” I quip, raising one eyebrow. He looks so much like a younger version of our father with his olive skin and dark eyes.

“Ah, yes, the almighty healing virus reigns supreme. Tell me, are you going to use it on yourself before you waste away to absolutely nothing?”

I ignore that familiar barb and shift my weight from one foot to the other. Ash has never agreed with our work.

In an attempt to change the subject, I say, “So, what’s new? I need to live vicariously through you.”

Ash smiles, and he rubs his hands together. Is he nervous?

“Oh, my god! What’s wrong? Are you sick? Getting transferred? Tell me quickly,” I shoot rapid-fire questions at him, leaning in as I sit down across from him. Ash’s brow raises and his eyes widen, then he lets out a quiet chuckle and shakes his head.

“Nothing like that, Judy,” he says, his brown eyes looking up at mine. “I met someone.”

“Met someone?”

“Yeah, I met someone in my bowling league.”

I startle, discomfort growing in my chest. How did I not know my brother is in a bowling league? Am I so out of touch with his life that I don't even know his hobbies anymore? Now that I'm thinking about it, I can't remember the last time I saw him, even though we work on the same damn base. It's unsettling, and I fidget with a pen while I ponder this.

“Nothing to say?” Asher asks, his gaze intent on me.

Shaking my head, I force a smile.

“I'm just surprised. I didn't even know you were into bowling.” I'm unsure what to say next.

“Sorry I didn't know you had hobbies?”

“Sorry I'm working all the time, and we never hang out anymore?”

“Sorry I'm a totally shit sister, and I've given up everything that means anything for my career to help soldiers like you?”

“Yeah, it's pretty new. But it's serious. I really like this girl.”

I plaster a fake smile across my face, rubbing at the tip of my nose. “Can I meet her sometime?”

Asher's face lights up as he cracks a broad smile. “I would love that, Jude. Let's go to Thai sometime next week—”

The sound of a slamming door cuts through the room like a gunshot.

“What are you doing in our lab,” snaps my father, his face red as a beet.

I sink down onto my stool, trying to make myself a little smaller.

Why the fuck is he back so soon.

God, I hope the director didn't just shoot us down completely.

“Robert.” Asher inclines his head toward our father, his jaw clenched hard as he stands.

“Ash just stopped by to say he—”

My father waves his hand in the air between us, not bothering to look in my direction.

“Jude and I are working. You need to leave,” he commands, shoving both hands into his pockets.

“When are you and Jude *not* working,” spits Asher, fisting his hands at his sides.

Anguish gnaws at me because I know where we're heading. It's never a good thing when my father and Asher are in a room together.

“God forbid anything ever slows you down,” Asher barks. “God forbid you enjoy your life and family, or at the very least, let Jude enjoy hers.”

Father's lips draw into a thin line, but he doesn't bother to answer.

Unease rumbles in my belly. I know I'll hear all about this as soon as Asher leaves. But it'll go easier for me if he leaves fast, so I turn to him. "It's not worth it, Ash. Please, just go," I plead with him, hoping he sees what I'm not saying in my eyes.

Don't make this worse for me.

Something flashes across Asher's face; something that looks like shock and disappointment. He never understood how I could work for our father after the stark, unloving childhood we both endured. He never understood how I could work for someone who blames me for our mother's death, even though I was a child, and her dying during childbirth wasn't my fault. But Ash was never into our work like I was, and he never saw the bleeding edge technology Robert and I were creating.

It cuts me to the bone for my older brother to look at me like this, but he doesn't understand. I'm doing this for him and every other soldier who puts their life on the line to protect us.

"It's time to go, Ash," I say, forcing steel into my voice. I can see the exact moment he gives in to my silent plea as his gaze falls and he turns away from me. A stab of guilt shoots through my chest at the disappointment in his eyes. Without looking over at our father, Asher turns and grabs a test tube from my desk.

"This is the stuff, huh? The miracle sludge that's going to make me heal like X-Men?"

My breath freezes in my throat as Ash tosses the tube from one big hand to the other.

Holy fuck! Why didn't I put this away before I let him in?

Probably because I'm breaking a million protocols in the name of progress, and I've barely slept in weeks.

"Put it down, Asher," my Father snaps.

I watch Ash balk at the use of his actual name. I can't recall my father calling him anything other than "that boy" in years.

"Why?" He sneers. "What could possibly be so important about the contents of this tube that you work Jude to the bone? You push her too hard, just like you pushed me."

"You gave up," grumbles Father, "don't blame Jude for your failure."

"Stop it, Ash," I beg, "put it down, please. It's dangerous."

"Then why isn't it in containment, Jude?" He tosses the vial again from one hand to the other.

I take a step toward him to grab it, but he holds it high above my head, his angry gaze on our father.

“I didn’t give up, *Robert*,” Ash quips, anger distorting his handsome features. “I *escaped*, which is exactly what Jude should do because life outside this fucking lab is beautiful, and you’re both missing it.”

“Stop, Asher, please!” I cry out. This isn’t funny.

“You’re right, *jiejie*,” he says under his breath right as I dart forward, trying to snatch the vial from his hand.

Time slows to a standstill when I knock into Asher’s lanky frame, and the tube slips from his fingers, falling in slow motion through the air before cracking open on the edge of his glasses and coating his face in a trickle of viscous orange slime.

I can hear my father shouting, but his words are muffled as I struggle to process what’s happening. Distantly, I hear glass breaking as Robert sounds the medical alarm for our lab. Slime drips down Asher’s face as he frantically wipes at his eyes and mouth in an attempt to fling it away. I barely register it splattering me and the workstation because suddenly, blood is trickling from the corner of Asher’s eye.

A terrifying gargle erupts from his throat as he reaches both hands up and claws at his neck. He can’t breathe! This realization knocks me out of my frozen state, and I fly to the medical station, grabbing an eye wash kit. Asher falls to the floor as I dash back across the lab to him with the med kit gripped in my hand.

“Ash, stay with me!” I shout.

My father continues shouting in the background as alarms blare and the emergency lights flash brightly above me. I’m acutely aware of the deep, halting breaths Asher’s trying to take, and I realize it’s because he’s choking on his own blood. He coughs violently, throwing himself onto his side as he curls into a fetal position. He coughs and coughs, spewing blood across me and the floor of the lab...so much blood, I can’t believe he’s not passed out. I scream for help as my father slams the phone back into the receiver and turns to face us.

“Father, please, do something,” I scream, frustrated that he now stands stock still. “Help me get him to the eye wash station!”

He’s frozen in shock as I stand, attempting to drag Asher by the arm. I can’t even budge his heavy weight, my heart clenched tight in my chest as I watch our experimental formula drip down Asher’s neck and into his shirt.

Asher’s coughing reaches a crescendo as he begins thrashing on the floor, blood spewing from his mouth in unbelievable quantities. My brother is dying, and there’s not a thing I can do.

Jagged relief shoots through my chest when I see the medical support team filing into the room in hazmat suits, followed by the base’s armed guard.

“Help us! Thank God. Help him, please!” I shout as medical moves in and scoots me out of the way.

Backing up, the med team circles Asher, and one of the soldiers holds him down while a doctor looks down in horror.

Blood pools out from under my brother’s body, slicking slowly across the floor until his blood meets the edge of my stark white lab shoes. I suck in a gasping breath because suddenly, the room feels completely devoid of oxygen. Stars dance before my eyes as I watch the med team heft Asher up onto a stretcher and belt him down, his body flailing wildly as blood spatters every visible surface. I hear a distant sound like bones breaking before the room starts to tilt. Grabbing onto the edge of the nearest table, I struggled to stay upright, until finally, the floor rises to meet my face.

The last thought that drifts through my mind is that our serum was designed to help people heal, not kill them violently.

What the fuck happened?

Jude

My head is throbbing, and when I blink my eyes open I’m looking at white acoustic ceiling tiles. My head feels thick and full, like someone threw a blanket over me and I can’t struggle out from under it. I shake my head to clear it, looking around. I don’t recognize this room. I’m laying on a utilitarian cot, the woven fabric uncomfortable and grating against my sensitive skin, and there’s nothing else in the room but a side table with a glass of water. I vaguely remember some sort of...lab incident.

Asher. Oh my god, where’s my brother?

Concern builds up in my stomach, churning and roiling as I stand and make my way painfully to the door. My legs feel like they’re weighed down by concrete, and it’s hard to drag in breath and move my body at the same time. When I get to the door, I find it locked. My heart flutters rapidly in my chest as I bang on the door, my feeble attempt barely rattling the one way window. I can’t see out, but anybody outside my room will be able to see in. It’s the same as our lab doors.

Worry turns into rage as I start pounding on the door.

“Someone, anyone, help me,” I bellow.

I open my mouth to scream again when the door opens suddenly, smacking me hard in the forehead. With a yip I leap back, but my legs are still weak, so I fall, hitting the edge of the cot hard before landing on the floor.

“Get up, Jude,” my father’s voice commands, his tone laced with acid. I know I’ll bruise where my back connected with the bed, but the anger in Father’s voice is enough to get me moving as my face flushes with heat. I roll onto my side and push up hard, pulling myself on to the edge of the bed as my chest heaves.

“Father, where’s Ash-”

“Enough,” Father snaps. “Be quiet.” I feel my lip tremble as I struggle to meet his eyes. Father paces into the room, not taking his eyes from mine. I wither under his gaze, just as I’ve always done, shrinking back against the metal cot as I pull my knees up to my chest. He drags the room’s solitary chair by its back, closer to me, folding himself down into it as he crosses one leg over the other and sighs, breaking my gaze.

Heat travels to the tips of my ears as panic thrashes in my chest. I feel the faint need to vomit, but I don’t want to give him that satisfaction when he already looks so...disappointed. And where the hell is my brother?

Father clicks his tongue on the roof of his mouth as he thinks, and the room feels stiflingly silent otherwise.

“Your brother is gone, Jude, thanks to you.”

My mouth falls open and I struggle to breathe, to say anything, to even *think*.

“Gone? What do you mean he’s gone,” I finally manage. He can’t be gone. Blinking rapidly, I force myself to look at my father through the tears threatening to spill down my cheeks. Father remains detached.

“You will never see him again Jude, and it is entirely your fault,” he says as if speaking with someone particularly dull. My limbs feel heavy and weak as disbelief settles in my system.

But then a niggling doubt worms its way through my mind and I struggle to understand the true meaning of Father’s words.

“What do you mean by gone,” I say softly. “Is he dead?”

“Those things are one and the same,” Father snaps impatiently, jolting upright as he folds both hands behind his back primly. I shake my head side to side, my eyes darting across the sparse tiled floor. It can’t be true. Medical came to our lab, and they carried him away on a stretcher.

Oh GOD what could our serum have done to him? It was never meant to come into contact with a person like it did with him, not in that concentration and not until many rounds

of medical trials. Suddenly, a scream erupts from my throat, and I'm unable to hold back the tears. I leap to my feet and throw myself at my father, grabbing the perfectly starched lapels of his lab coat as I shout in his face.

"Why did you stand there and do nothing, you piece of shit. Why didn't you help him?" I scream at him, beating my fists against my father's thin chest. For the first time, I notice how thin he is, how frail. Unlike Asher who was bigger than life to me.

I don't even hear the soldiers come into the room as I'm dragged kicking and screaming from my father's coat lapels, pinned to the bed as a doctor comes in with a needle which is shoved harshly into my neck and everything goes black again.

Fuck this, I think as darkness rushes in to drown me again.

Jude

I wake up strapped to an actual bed in what looks like a hospital room. I'm hooked up to various monitors while a bright green liquid drips steadily into an IV in my arm. Snapping upright, I move to yank the IV out when my father's voice cuts into the room.

"Don't do that, foolish girl," his voice is as laced with venom as ever.

"What's happening," I shout loudly in the too-quiet room. There's no answer, and I find myself bone-deep exhausted. I will never get out from under the death of my mother, and now the death of my brother. There will never be anything but hatred in my father's voice for me. I curl myself up small into a ball, pulling the thin sheet up over my head as I tuck my head into my chest and will my soul to leave my body. I can't take his emotional battery for another minute.

For a long time after he tells me to stop, nothing happens. But then the room fills with the sound of boots and I peek out from under the sheet. There's a veritable phalanx of medical professionals there with hazmat suits on, which seems...overkill.

I sit upright as they approach me in rows. Without explaining anything, one of the doctors grabs my arm, jabbing a needle into my vein as he begins drawing blood. I yip, but there's no fight left in me, so I sit silently as they extract so much blood that I feel woozy and the room tilts. The doctors all leave and then it's blissfully silent.

I'm so tired.

And just like that my mind goes still and blank, and I don't feel anything. Not the terrible sorrow at Asher's loss, not the anger at my father for hating me, not distress that I spent every moment of my life working and I missed everything truly important. It's all crumbled up like ash

after a wildfire, because that's what I am. A fire, whipping up loss and destruction, burning everything in my path down to the ground. I wonder if, finally, I'm going to burn along with everything else I touch.

3 Months Later

I sleep in broken fits as my days pass at an achingly slow pace, according to my cell's lone clock. It would be easier to just die here and be put out of my misery. At somewhat regular intervals, the white-suited group shows up and takes blood. Again and again. I don't recognize anyone, and I haven't seen Father in months. I exist in a haze of consciousness that nothing can pull me from. Workers in hazmat suits bring food but I don't eat, so they feed me intravenously. I just can't be bothered.

One day, the door opens and I don't bother to sit up.

"It's safe, sir," a voice says respectfully, his words barely drifting through my consciousness.

Safe? I'm anything but that.

"Why is she just laying there like that," Father's voice cuts through the fog. I can't muster the energy to sit up and see him though.

"She's a husk, sir, unaffected by the virus but like this...all the time. We feed and bathe her because she won't do it herself." The voice is laced with irritation, and something buried deep in my chest, some remnant of the fire I once harbored, stirs a little and smolders.

"Sit up, you pitiful girl," snaps Father's voice. I've decided in these months that I hate him, I absolutely hate him for leaving me to be tested on and treated like a lab rat.

'Get up, Jude.' An order. But I don't belong to him anymore. I'm not Jude Chen, PhD, research assistant. I'm just Jude, killer of loved ones, miserable lab rat and apparently a 'husk'. I hear harsh footsteps and then feel my Father's fingers wrap around my bicep. Through my disconnected fog, I notice that his hand wraps all the way around my arm so that his long fingers touch together. I close my eyes and take a deep breath, feeling it filter into my lungs even though I wish it just wouldn't.

Yanking me upright, Father sits next to me on the bed. I look at him through bleary eyes, unfocused and wavering. Exhaustion steals over me as my body relaxes up against the bed's thin pillows. I just want to go back to sleep.

“There have been developments during your stay here,” Father begins. I don’t bother to respond, closing my eyes as my head falls back and I let the cold chill of the room steal over my skin. If he’d just go away, I could go back to my dreamless sleep.

“Give her something to make her coherent,” snaps Father into the quiet room. I don’t look up as a medic steps forward, injecting something into my IV. Almost immediately, I feel energy and unwelcome awareness zip through my system as my heart rate picks up, nostrils flaring as all the hair on my arms lifts. I snap my head forward to look at Father as my heart pounds too fast in my chest.

“While you have languished in this room,” he begins, “I have been hard at work. What you unleashed in our lab has nearly destroyed the world, daughter, and you will need to fix it. You won’t be able to clean up this mess without my help, so I will take the lead.”

The combination of the adrenaline hit and this unexpected news is the last straw. Throwing my head back I chuckle, and it becomes a full rumbling cackle as I lose my mind. Somehow I’ve destroyed the world and I have to fix it?

“This isn’t a superhero movie, Robert,” I snap at my Father. He can’t hurt me anymore, because I’m already broken down as far as a person can be. I’m not saving anyone, not even myself.

Father looks at me, and for the first time I realize how much he’s aged since the day Asher got taken in our lab. His hair is whiter, his olive skin devoid of color. He licks his lips, and I realize he’s...nervous? Narrowing my eyes, I lean in.

“What aren’t you telling me?”

“Your serum killed that boy, but you survived. I need to know why.” Sudden fury makes it hard for me to see, as I shoot to a stand.

“Asher, his name was Asher,” I scream hoarsely at my Father. “Fucking say his name you bastard!” I ball my fists by my side as tears fill my eyes. Father glares at me but puts his palm up.

“Calm down, Jude,” he commands, “this is not the time for hysteria.” I’m just about to *finally* tell him where he can shove my hysteria when Father turns, gesturing for me to follow. Blinking my eyes rapidly, I swallow hard. Am I getting out of here? Father doesn’t turn to see if I’m following, but simply opens the door and glides out. When it shuts behind him, I wince and take a step back. Desire to get out of this too-white room gets me moving, and I dart to the door, yanking gingerly on the handle to find it unlocked.

When I peek my head out into the hallway, I see Father striding confidently away from me. Taking one small step out into the hallway, I pull my white medical gown close around my emaciated frame and pace quietly after him.

I catch up but remain walking a pace behind him as he starts speaking.

“The virus caused a massive transition in Asher, turning him into a monster. But, it had no effect on you, and despite running every test I can think of many times, you remain absolutely unchanged,” Father’s voice sounds disappointed, as if he hoped something *would* happen to me.

I follow him up several hallways before he turns into a small room that looks like a break room. It’s full to the brim with soldiers and medical personnel. A few turn to look at me, but turn back immediately to the large screen set into the wall.

Silent disdain simmers from my father’s stiff figure as he gestures for me to look at the news scrolling across the TV screen.

The newscaster looks exhausted as he warns that the story will feature graphic images, and then the feed cuts to a small town in upstate New York. The videos and stills are grainy, but I gasp as I watch gigantic, unrecognizable men ripping other people to shreds. I struggle to comprehend what I’m looking at when the feed switches to soldiers, shooting an enormous man with hundreds of rounds before he drops in a bloody heap to the ground.

“...and now we’ll hear from New York’s senator Artur Leivan, whose own son Awakened this week,” says the newscaster. I blink several times, bringing my hand up to cover my mouth.

“Now is not the time for fear,” Leivan starts, making direct eye contact with the camera. He looks put together in a gray suit, unphased and unshaken. “Unfortunately, the virus hit one of my own sons and he Awakened right inside our family home.”

Awakened?

“And I put him down like a dog right there in the living room,” Leivan says solemnly before looking at the camera. “As you should, if someone in your family Awakens.”

“Wait, awakened?” I turn to Father, his face grim as he watches the news and nods.

“After your carelessness in the lab,” he starts, and I glance around at the soldiers in the room as my mouth goes dry, “the serum changed Asher and he became a beast like this. Then the medical personnel who came in contact with him started to turn. We believe somehow whatever sparked that transition became airborne, manifesting like a virus through most of the base. It has spread through nearly the entire world in the time you’ve been here.” Bringing my palm to my forehead, I open my mouth to speak but shut it.

“How is it even possible,” I start, “we-” Father stops me with a hiss.

“There is no we, daughter,” he snaps. “You ran those tests and what we face now is on you.”

I don't even know how to respond to that because it's always been *his* research, except that, like everything bad that occurs in Father's life, I'm the root cause. I'm always the scapegoat.

"We've been working on this together for years," I hiss back at him as the soldiers in the room start to turn and watch us. Father grabs me by my arm and drags me out of the breakroom, up the hall where he throws open a door and shoves me through it. I fall to the hard floor before struggling back up. I look around and realize I'm in a lab, just like our old one. Deja vu hits me hard and I double over, my breath uneven as I flash back to Asher bleeding to death in my arms.

"Now that I've proven you were unaffected by the serum, it's time to get to work. It's time to fix this," Father says evenly.

Standing in a lab with bare feet and a paper medical gown wrapped around myself, I close my eyes as tears stream down my face. I hear Father shuffling around at his workstation as I sob and sob, finally falling to the floor.

"Get up, Jude, time to fix your mess," he repeats into the silent room.

Author's Note

If you made it here then you've read the uber spooky prequel to my debut novel, *The Alpha Awakens*, which will be [released into the wild on July 13th](#). Read more about that novel at the blurb below!

A huge thanks for joining my mailing list. If you want to keep the party rolling, find me on Instagram and Facebook. I tend to share a lot of awkward moments, random thoughts, smutty outtakes and other random weirdness about my characters and I. If you haven't seen my weiner wallpaper, I talk about it - like A LOT, ha!

Instagram: @AnnaFuryAuthor

Facebook: www.facebook.com/groups/FatesOfFury

The Alpha Awakens

Blurb

When the Awaken Virus hit humanity, men became ravenous, uncontrollable beasts. They wrought destruction across the globe— the humans who remain live in constant fear.

Mallory

As a reporter, I've seen firsthand what the Awaken virus does to people you love, turning them into mindless beasts intent on violence. That's why I'm staying safe inside my apartment. Women are getting kidnapped right off the streets in broad daylight. Rumors say there's a group of Awakened living under New York, and they're responsible for the disappearances. The old me would have sniffed out that story, but post-apocalypse Mal is too scared to go digging for clues.

Life apparently has other plans for me, however—cue an Awakened showing up at my damn door. He's huge, imposing, with piercing gray eyes like a thunderstorm, and a mouth he insists he *needs* to put on me. He also claims they aren't all the destructive beasts I've seen on the news. I'm not sure what to believe.

When the captivating “enforcer” asks me to live in his compound for two weeks and report to the rest of the world how normal the men really are, I surprise us both by accepting his strange invitation. *I shouldn't have said yes, so why did I agree?*

My presence digs up something dark and primal in him though, and I'm terrified to find out if I'm his salvation, or complete downfall.

The Alpha Awakens is the first book in the Alpha Compound series, by Anna Fury. This dystopian omegaverse romance features a snarky heroine and broken alpha finding their own HEA.

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