

## Chapter 0003

Dane

“Tenth bride’s the charm.” Jenson mocks as the driver pulls up in front of Moonshines packhouse.

“Shut up!” Eric snaps at him

“Both of you shut your fucking mouths. Before you say something you regret!”

‘He will never learn.’ My wolf, Aero muses.

The driver pulls open the door. “Just give me a second, I need to speak to my men.” The door closes and neither one of them speaks.

“She isn’t like the others. Don’t speak to her, don’t look at her. And you Jenson, keep your fucking hands to yourself or you might just lose them this time.”

I was more rattled than usual. Neah was different to the previous selected mates. I didn’t know what it was or whether it was because I was used to confident women, but there was something about her. And Aero appeared to like her too, more than any of the others. I had to have her.

“I mean it!” I snap at Jenson’s smug face, “Being my brother won’t change my mind!”

He runs his fingers over his lips as though he was zipping them shut.

They follow me from the car. Standing in front of the old packhouse, all three of us stare up at it. Because until a month ago, I knew nothing about them and even after my visit, all I had learned was the Alpha is a dick.

My knuckles hammer on the door. It’s barely open an inch when I force myself through making his Beta stumble back.

I spot her straight away, hiding herself behind a corner. “Are you ready?” I call out.

“If you just want to……” Beta Kyle starts.

“I was not talking to you. I was speaking to Neah.”

The expression on Beta Kyle’s face was a picture. His jaw hung open and his eyes are wide. He clearly had never been told what to do, even by his Alpha.

Neah steps out from her hiding spot, clutching a barely full carrier bag. She drags her teeth across her bottom lip and nods her head.

“Where are the rest of your things? I told you everything needs to be packed”

“That’s all she has.” Trey snorts as he makes his appearance.

“That’s it?” I stare at him. “That’s all her belongings? She’s what, in her early twenties and that’s all she has?”

“What more does she need?!” His Beta sneers.

‘Kill him, let me rip out his throat and he will regret the day he crossed us.’

“What are you waiting for?” I hear a horrible shrill voice that seems to vibrate through the floors.

Looking away from the Beta, I see a woman holding on to a statue of herself that sat at the bottom of the stairs. Her blonde hair hung in waves around her face as her green eyes studied me and she sways her hips as she moves to Trey.

I noticed Neah’s reaction yesterday. When I asked Trey where his mate was. Her whole body had tensed up in fear. She was afraid of this woman and I wanted to know why.

“Take her Alpha Dane. I’m sure she will be as useful a slave to you as she is to us.” Her shrill voice goes straight through me. “Look at the stupid girl, she’s going to pass out.” The blonde bimbo laughs

“You don’t get to talk about her like that anymore.” I glare at the blonde, “She is not your toy. She is not your slave and I suggest that you, Alpha Trey keep your wife in check. There is only so much disobedience that I will tolerate.”

“DISOBEDIENCE!” The woman screeches just as Neah’s ass hits the floor. “How dare you! If anyone is disobedient, it’s that rat in the corner.”

‘Who the fuck is she calling a rat?’ Aero growls

“You should make yourself familiar with our agreement.” I snap. “It seems your mate has not told you everything.”

Waving Eric forward, he pulls a thick wad of paper from the folder under his arm. The contract that I have drawn up.

“All that for your help?” His mate’s eyes are wide

“I don’t do half-witted contracts.” Taking the contract from Eric, I shove it against Trey’s chest “Shall we go to the office?”

Trey leads the way with his mate clinging on to him and his Beta hurrying behind. My men follow them while I stay behind to check on my new mate.

“You are more than welcome to join us, after all, you are involved in this deal. Or my car is outfront, you can take your stuff and wait there for me.”

“Are those my only options?” she whispers, keeping her eyes low

“For now. Personally, I think you should sit in with us. It will give me great pleasure in pissing off that mate of your brothers.”

She keeps her blue eyes low as she continues to clutch that bag of hers. This close to her, I could really see how ill she looked. Even her heart beat is slow, like it’s fighting to hang on to life.

“So what will it be?”

“I....” Her head rotates between the front door and the direction of the office. “I..... The office I guess.”

“Good choice.” I hold out a hand for her but she doesn’t take it. Pushing herself up to her feet. She wobbles a little, but steadies herself.

Walking a few steps behind her, I see the evil glares she receives from Trey and the other two idiots as she enters the office..

“Take a seat.” I whisper as I walk past her. My hand grazes her lower back and she immediately tenses up.

She stands, frozen to the spot. Only her eyes dart about when she shakes her head.

“Sit!” I say it a little louder

“She doesn’t have that privilege here!” The blonde snaps, with her lips curved up in amusement

“Sitting is not a privilege.” I growl, wondering what else they were forcing her to do. I couldn’t see any bruises on her arms or legs, a good sign, I hoped.

‘It better be!’ Aero paces in my head. He wanted her out of this place as much as I did.

The blonde physically recoils in her seat. Her mouth falls wide open, shocked that I had said something. “And I suggest,” I look at Trey, “You tell your mate to keep her mouth shut. Or I can shut it for her.”

“Alpha Dane, you are in my home.....”

“And you want my help, correct?”

The three of them were fuming. No one liked being told what to do in their own home, yet they were doing just that to Neah. I point to the empty chair between Jenson and Eric and she finally sits down.

“Let’s just get this done.” Trey snaps, “The sooner she is gone, the happier I can be.”

“You should read the contract.” I muse

“I agreed that you could take her as part of our deal.”

“Idiot!” Eric murmurs. He knew as well as I did that contracts should be read before they are signed

They sign without reading and practically throw the contract back at me. “Done.” Trey mutters

“Good, you can get her out of my house.” Trey’s mate screeches.

If I had it my way, I would just take Neah, then I wouldn’t have to put up with the twats, but this way, they can’t have her back. Even if they begged. A contract was a contract and it was impossible for them to get out of.

Getting to my feet, I hold a hand out to Neah, “Come, we are leaving this shit hole before I lose my temper.”

Her warm fingers slip into my hand as she rises to her feet. Her other hand clutches the bag to her chest as she walks with me to the front door. She doesn’t even look back to say goodbye and that confirmed everything I needed to know. She hated them as much as they hated her.

She pauses at the open front door, her hand falling from mine. Her blue eyes are wide as she stares at the limo.

“Come.” I instruct

Eric and Jenson are standing behind her, watching her curiously.

‘Is she okay?’ Eric links me.

“Neah?” I step in front of her and she doesn’t move. She seems to be staring right through me. “It’s time to go.”

“Okay.” Her lips barely move

She takes a step forward, almost as if she is in slow motion. Her hands grip the door frame, her knuckles turn white as her heartbeat increases. Her lips part a little and her hand falls from the door frame just as her eyes roll to the back of her head.

“I’ve got you.” I mutter, catching her just before she hits the floor. Her entire body tenses up as I lift her and carry her to the car. She was so weak and was even lighter than I expected. She probably didn’t weigh much more than a small child.

Jenson and Eric get in the car first. Jenson cocks his eyebrow at me and has a smirk plastered to his face as I slide in with Neah on my lap.

“Keep your thoughts to yourself, Jenson!”

I hold her close, listening to her breathe and her heart as it slowed. Letting my fingers comb through her dark hair as she becomes a little more with it.

Suddenly, she sits up right, moving away from me and trying to make herself as small as possible.

Deciding not to force her to do anything, I keep my attention on my Beta and my brother, talking about pack stuff while casting a glance over to her every so often to make sure she was alright.

“Come.” I mutter as the limo comes to a stop. I don’t wait for the driver and get out myself, holding a hand out for her.

“I’m fine.” She speaks at last while glancing at the others and shuffles herself forward to the open door.

She stares up at my home, gasping a little. It was easily three times the size of her previous home and I hoped that she would be happy here. That I could provide her with a life that was better than her last.

“Let me give you a tour.” I suggest as she continues to clutch that carrier bag to her chest.

She follows me in, not speaking a word. I had no idea if she was listening to what I was saying or not

“The omegas swap out on a rotational basis. Good for the youngsters to learn some responsibilities before they get proper jobs.” I tell her while showing her the dining hall with a table long enough to fit twenty people around.

We move through to the kitchen. Where I point out a board on the wall. “If there is anything you need, you just add it to the board and it will be ordered in.”

Her brow furrows and still she says nothing.

Picking up a pen, I smile. Maybe she felt intimidated by me. “So tell me, what do you need because there is no way you are living under my roof with just the things that are in that bag.”

Her dazzling blue eyes dart around the room

“Well?” I ask.

“I don’t need anything.” She whispers

Sighing, I start scribbling things down. Underwear, jeans, workout clothes, dresses, shoes, anything I can think of that will cover her for a few days.

Holding the pen between my teeth, I grab her around the waist. My thumbs meet just above her belly button and my fingers touch her spine. She was so thin, how was she even alive?