

Chapter 0004

Dane

She looked like a deer caught in headlights as I write her size down. She was tinier than I thought. Skin and bone. If I had moved my hands up any higher, I would have felt every rib sticking out. It sickened me, she should be strong, powerful, she had Alpha blood running through her veins.

I also saw how she scrunched her face up when I measured her. It wasn't fear, it was pain. She was hiding something underneath the baggy maids dress.

"I know you want to say something, so just say it. I'm not interested in the crap Trey drummed into you. You don't have to wait until someone asks you a question. You are free to say what you want. Are you injured?"

"No."

She was lying, I could feel it.

She shakes her head as if it would confirm her answer and a lock of her black hair falls from the band that was supposed to be holding it back.

Neah was going to be a tough girl to crack. A life of being starved had made her quite protective over herself. I will make Trey pay for what he has done to her.

"You have to say something, Neah. I cannot read your mind. When I mark you, at least I will know what you are feeling."

"Mark me?"

I didn't think her eyes could get any wider.

"Yes, I will mark you."

She was completely and utterly shocked by the idea. Her pink lips part a little as she continues to stare at me.

I thought she knew. I thought that was why she came so willingly. My Beta had kept asking me if I was certain I wanted her as my bride. There was no doubt about it, she had a strange scent but something was luring me to her. I couldn't take my eyes off of her when I first saw her. My Wolf Aero was going mad for her too. Though he hadn't said a word about her. Annoyed with me for not taking her home with us yesterday.

"You....You brought me so that you could mark me." She takes a step back, walking into the kitchen island. She winces a little and quickly covers up her pain, relaxing her face..

"If Trey had bothered reading the contract, he would have discovered that you are to be my bride, not a slave. He would also have read that if he or his ridiculously stupid mate tried doing anything to you going forward, that pack would become mine, or rather, yours. I never bought you, Neah, you were always destined to be mine."

"I'm a murderer." She gasps. "Why would someone like you want me for a bride?"

'Blood' Aero growls interrupting my thoughts.

I glance down at her baggy dress. A blood stain had appeared right where I had my hands wrapped around her.

"What's that? Are you injured?" I demand, I had barely touched her.

She covers the stain with her hand. "It's nothing. It's just a cut that I keep knocking and it opens up again. I forget it's there."

Forget? How could she forget a wound?

'Why isn't she healing?' I feel Aero's panic. 'She's been with us less than two hours and already she has some form of injury.' His need to protect her was strong.

It hadn't occurred to me that her lack of abilities included not being able to heal. I would have to find someone who could reverse the binding and soon.

"Show me!"

"It's fine." She mumbles

I was already so sick of hearing that phrase.

"It's not optional." I mutter. "If you won't show me, I will have to find a way to look, myself."

Her heart skips a beat. She looks around the kitchen. "Can.... can we go somewhere more private?"

"Private?" I didn't really do privacy. What Wolf did?!

She bobs her head but still keeps her focus slightly off of me. Almost afraid to look me directly in the eyes.

'Office,' Aero mutters.

'I was just going to suggest that!' I snap back at my Wolf. I feel his eyes roll as he retreats to some dark corner of my mind.

"This way." I gesture to the door.

Neah waits for me and follows closely behind. The scent of blood steadily grew stronger, it was more than just a cut. I already knew that.

In the office, I hit the remote and the blinds start to drop, blocking out the sunlight. Neah hesitates and slowly begins to unfasten the buttons of the dress but only where the large blood stain was. Keeping everything else covered from me.

She pulls the dress to one side. The wound was about four inches long and already fairly infected.

"See, it's fine." she whispers.

"You need to stop saying that."

She closes her mouth and starts to fasten the buttons.

"No," I grabbed her hands, I had caught sight of another bruise. "Let me see the rest of them."

It wasn't optional.

She gasps as my fingers rip apart the rest of the buttons.

Her sports bra had seen better days, just the same as her panties. But it was the bruising I was most concerned about. Bruise upon bruise, scars that had come from whips. Her hip bones and ribs stuck out too.

Turning her around, and pulling the dress from her, I find that her back is just the same. Yet interestingly, there was nothing above her chest and nothing below her thighs. Her arms were completely bare of wounds too.

There was only one reason why someone would do that. To either hide what they were doing to someone, or to keep up appearances. They didn't want guests to see. More importantly, they didn't want me to see, considering the meeting was arranged over a month ago.

She fumbles with the dress, pulling it tightly around her thin frame.

"You need to see a doctor."

"It's" she trails off when she sees the anger on my face. "It always heals, eventually."

"Did Trey do this?" I mutter with my teeth gritted and gesture to her body

She lowers her blue eyes.

"Cassandra?"

She still doesn't answer me.

"That prick that follows Trey around? All three of them?"

She pulls her dress tighter around her and silently nods. She brings her hand up to her face, brushing her cheek, wiping away an escaped tear.

"Anyone else?"

"The pack." She whispers.

'I'm going to kill them all.' Aero growls.

He will have to get in line,

"Because of what you allegedly did to your parents."

She nods.

"I don't believe you were responsible."

She tilts her head up towards me, her brow knits together as her eyes finally find mine. "Because of Blood of Wolfsbane?"