

Chapter 0005

Neah

"I...I don't know what Blood of Wolfsbane is?" I whisper

He frowns at me. "Your brother said you knew the difference between plants."

"I..." I didn't have an answer. I couldn't remember, not fully.

"Blood of Wolfsbane is Wolfsbane fed by our blood. The leaves will have a red hue to them. I can't imagine a child would know what it is because it is not freely grown. Your brother's story doesn't add up."

"Oh."

"I won't stop until I find out who did this, Neah." His crimson eyes narrow. "I will make them pay for the suffering you have endured." He sits on the edge of his desk, studying me. "Right now, you do need to see someone about the infection."

I kept my mouth closed, I was still trying to process his news of me being set up. Why had my brother never considered it?

"Come, I will show you our bedroom. You can shower before we see the pack doctor."

Frozen to the spot, I don't move. Did he just say 'our bedroom,'? As in, we are sharing a bedroom? I guess he thinks he can have sex with me whenever he wants if I'm his contract bride. A shiver runs down my spine at the thought.

Glancing up, I see him watching me. He is stood at the open door, waiting for me. Ensuring my dress has me covered, I step out into the hallway. No one was around and the hallways were quiet.

As we moved, Alpha Dane would tell me what each room was, but he seemed more focussed on getting me to the bedroom.

His bedroom is huge, with massive windows, just like the rest of the house. The bed sat pressed up against the wall. All around it, thin drapes hung from the ceiling, but they were tied back at each bed post.

What surprised me the most was that the bath and the shower were in the same room. Only the toilet was in a small room to the side of the shower. No privacy, whatsoever. Though, he didn't seem to care about that.

He makes me jump when I feel his warm breath on my skin. "You don't need to be afraid."

I may not be able to smell him, but he would be able to scent the changes in my emotions.

Crossing the room, he pulls open the glass door to the shower and turns it on. The moment he closes the door, the steam of the shower quickly fogs up the glass. And still, I find myself afraid. He gave me no clue as to what he was expecting from me.

"Hey," His rough fingers tip my face up. "It's just you and me and for now, I will let you shower in peace."

Walking away, he pulls his phone out of his pocket and messes around with it before placing it on the bedside table. "The alarm is set for ten minutes. I will come back then. I will bring you something to wear so just stay in the towel. Understand?"

He stares at me, waiting for an answer and I just nod. A ten minute shower. I was lucky if I got a minute shower back home and the water was always cold.

He moves to the door and with his hand resting on the door knob he looks back over his shoulder at me. "I really wish you would talk more, Neah."

Alpha Dane leaves me in peace and I make a mad dash for the shower as if I'm in some kind of fantasy land and this was all a dream. Maybe it was, maybe I was about to wake up in the basement of my home.

The smells of the soaps and shampoos are divine as I lather them into myself. And my hair has never felt so clean. The wound on my stomach stung as the hot water hit it, but I didn't care, it was worth it.

Someone in the room clears their throat and I freeze. Thanking the steam for keeping me semi hidden.

"Neah, are you done? The alarm went off five minutes ago." Alpha Dane's voice seems louder in here.

I had been so caught up in the freedom of a simple shower that I hadn't even heard the alarm or the Alpha come back into the room.

"Coming." I mutter, turning off the water and pulling a towel around me to hide the hideousness underneath.

Stepping out, I already see that my ripped dress, underwear and worn sandals had been removed from the floor. Alpha Dane sits on the end of the bed with what looked like folded clothes on his lap and a pair of trainers.

"It's not much, as we don't have anyone with as small a waist as you." He smiles as he hands over the clothes. A matching navy blue sweatshirt and joggers. "You will have to make do without the underwear for now. Should be here first thing tomorrow."

He watches me with a cocked eyebrow as I pull the joggers on and tug the sweatshirt over my head before removing the towel. Maybe he was used to the women parading themselves in front of him, or throwing themselves at him because he has power, but I wasn't like that.

"Let's go." He rises to his feet and this time, I follow him. Something told me that if I didn't get this wound looked at, it would put him in a bad mood.

The pack doctor was young, unlike the one back home who was old and afraid to let anyone take over from him.

She smiles at us as we enter the pack hospital and rewraps her dark hair into a bun. "Raven, this is Neah." Alpha Dane introduces me with a grin.

I keep my eyes low as I hear Raven say, "Alpha Dane, what seems to be the problem apart from the strange smell she has brought with her."

It didn't sound like a hurtful comment like I was used to, but more a comment of curiosity.

"She will tell you herself when she finds her tongue."

"I have a wound." I whisper.

"And you are not healing?" Raven asks, confused

"I don't have my Wolf." I hated saying it. It was just a constant reminder that I did not fit in.

"Her Wolf was bound when she was a kid." Alpha Dane tells her. "That's why her scent is strange. Her Wolf is there, locked away, waiting to be freed."

My eyes flicker up only to find him staring straight back at me. I had always believed that my Wolf was gone. Not that she was trapped.

Raven's dark eyes hover on me. "Wow, okay." She grabs my hand. "This way, let's take a look at this wound of yours."

She leads me into an empty room and asks me to lay on the bed and to show her my wound.

Pulling up the sweatshirt, just enough for her to see the wound. Her eyes widen, a flicker of rage passing over them as she takes in the infected wound and the bruising that surrounds it.

Her fingers carefully press around the wound. "How long ago?"

"A few days." I mutter, though I wasn't sure. Every beating blurred into another one. Any day that I wasn't hit was a good day.

Raven shakes her head. "This is longer than a few days ago, the infection has had at least a week to develop."

"Neah, you need to tell us the truth." Alpha Dane orders

"I don't know."

"NEAH!" His deep voice rumbles through me and I close my eyes, fearing his anger. Anger brought punishment, punishment brought pain.

"I swear, I don't know. The beatings, they happen so often that they just kind of.... I'm never not bruised."

There's silence and I was too afraid to open my eyes. Alpha Trey had said it over and over, that if anyone found out, he would make my life a misery, more than it already was. I used to wonder who would ever find out that didn't already know. Now here I was, sitting in another pack's hospital, revealing the truth.

"Heal her!" Alpha Dane shouts after what seems like forever. He storms from the room, pulling a phone out of his pocket.

"You will have to forgive my brother. His temper is short, especially when it comes to things like this." Raven mutters as she gently inspects my wound

"Your brother?" I whisper, opening my eyes

"Ah, I see he informed you. I'm guessing he didn't tell you that Jenson is our brother too?"

I shake my head, I'm guessing Jenson was one of the men that came to my brother's house.

She chuckles. "Jenson is considered to be our brother's Gamma."

"Gamma?" I had never heard of the term.

"Yep and Alpha Dane has a love/hate for me working here. He wants me to represent our family, but he knows this is what I'm good at." She grabs a pot of cream from the cupboard. "Now this needs to be applied three times a day. It should clear up the infection, if it hasn't changed in a couple of days, I will take another look. My brother is waiting for you out front."

"Thanks." I mumble, taking the pot of cream from her. I looked at the label, but couldn't read it. I had never learned to read.

She bobs her head at me as I hurry out to find Alpha Dane on his phone, snapping at someone. He hangs up as soon as he sees me and asks what Raven said.

"Cream, three times a day." I show him the pot and he takes it from me.

"Good, come." He strides off and I have to run to keep up with him. I follow him through the house and into the office.

"Show me." He orders, pulling the lid off the pot.

It wasn't going to be negotiable, not when he had used the same tone moments before he ripped my dress open earlier.

Slowly lifting my sweatshirt, he crouches down in front of me and gently smoothes the wound in the cold cream. "I don't want you to lie to me, Neah. Not ever. If you can't remember, that is what you need to tell me. Is that clear? I don't want to have to guess what you mean."

"Okay." I couldn't say anything else, I was too focussed on the warmth of his hands. One presses against my lower back, holding me steady while the other gently rubs cream into my wound. The only touch I had received from another man was a beating.

"Stop holding your breath." He tells me, getting to his feet. "I am not going to hurt you."

It seemed impossible to believe given my history. The act, the words coming from him, it just didn't feel real.