

The Alpha's Captive Mate by Taylor Caine Chapter 2

CHAPTER 2

Aaron

I rolled my pickup truck to a stop behind the old, rusted

Chevrolet on the side of the road.

This wasn't the type of place any person wanted to break down.

No help for miles, and rogue wolves roaming the woods that'd

rip a person to shreds without a second thought.

Anyone who knew me would say I was a harda's without

a shred of sympathy to my name. But that didn't mean I

wasn't a decent person. Not the sort of person to drive past a

broken-down truck in the middle of nowhere and not check to

see if the person driving it was okay.

The truck looked abandoned, but I got out anyway and

ambled up to it.

I could smell the heat of the engine, so whoever had parked it there couldn't have left it long ago.

So had they walked off along the road, or been dumb enough

to

I heard a pained cry and jerked around at the sound.

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It'd come from somewhere in the gra's beyond the guardrail.

I focused my heightened senses to see if I could pick up

anything else.

Immediately I scented blood, then heard the grunting, heavy breathing of an older man. Beneath

that, the pained

whimpers of a girl.

I took off, leaping the guardrail in a smooth movement and rushing into the gra's that swished up

around my knees as I drove through it.

Halfway to the tree line I found them.

The girl was sprawled, almost unconscious, face bloody. Her clothes were half torn off and as I

came up behind them, the man was eagerly yanking at his belt buckle.

Sickened and enraged, I grabbed his collar at the base of his neck and yanked him backward. I

hadn't consciously let my wolf surge up within me, but my fangs and claws were out before I even

reminded myself he was only human and I shouldn't have been letting him see the truth of my

nature.

At first, he made an angry yell, scrambling to get himself

upright to come at me.

However, when I growled-the sound vibrating deeply from

my

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chest-he pulled up short and then seemed to finally focus

on my face.

"What the he ll?" he yelped, going pale.

I took a menacing step forward and he hollered in fear,

turning on his heel so fast he nearly fell on his face, before

regaining his footing and stumbling up the incline.

He fell when he tried to climb back over the guard rail, but in another second was up and running

around his truck.

A second later the engine roared and the tires squealed as he sped away.

Only then, when I was sure he was gone did I turn to the girl.

She looked pitiful. Old worn clothes that didn't fit her properly now torn and twisted around her

slender body. Face a

grotesque mural of blood and blooming bruises.

She seemed mostly out of it, which I was glad for.

If she'd seen my fangs and claws, she likely would have been just as terrified, and I only wanted to

help her.

She whimpered a little, and I tried to hold her without hurting

her as I trekked back up to my truck. I placed her in the pa*senger side, though she still seemed

kind of out of it.

Hopefully she would be okay until we got to the hospital. I didn't want to have to deal with the dead

body of some stray

girl if I could avoid it. It would seriously negate all my efforts to

stay off human radar.

I got back on the road, keeping the music turned low, glancing

over to check on her every now and then.

Eventually she seemed to rouse enough that she became

aware of her surroundings.

As soon as her clear gaze landed on me-her eyes were a

startling shade of green-she shrank back into the pa*senger

door.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked in a small,

vulnerable voice.

"I'm not going to hurt you," I said, trying to thread a note of calming Alpha voice into the words, even

though it probably

wouldn't work on a human.

I wasn't even sure why I'd done it.

It'd just come out automatically.

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"I saved you from that man who was trying to hurt you," I continued when she didn't say anything,

but kept looking at

me fearfully.

"Greg," she said, automatically, flinching over the word as if he could still hurt her, even though he

was long gone.

"You knew him?" I couldn't help the slight growl at that, but it

only made her eyes widen further.

"My foster dad," she said, like that should even make sense.

"Your foster parent did that to you? How often?"

I didn't understand humans. How they could hurt the young

they were meant to be protecting, even if it wasn't their own

flesh and blood?

In the pack, everyone cared for the pups, parent or not. It was just the way things were. And as

Alpha, I wouldn't accept anything less.

"You obviously don't know anything about the foster system," she muttered darkly, crossing her

arms. "Believe it or not, I've

had worse."

A hot ripple of rage threaded through me, though I had no

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idea why I was getting so angry on behalf of this girl I didn't

even know.

"And they keep putting you in these places?" I asked in

disbelief.

"Not anymore," she replied, a hint of strength in those words. "I turned eighteen today. I'm not a kid

anymore. I can go wherever I want... Not that I have anywhere to go."

"Well, sorry to hear that," I replied since there wasn't much else I could say. "I'm headed to Ellisville.

I can drop you at the

hospital."

"No!" She straightened in alarm. "No hospital. Just, please, take me somewhere I can get cleaned

up, then I'll be fine."

I raked a critical glance over her injuries. She looked bad, but I didn't think she'd been seriously

injured in a way that might endanger her health. If she didn't want to go to a hospital, that had

nothing to do with me. Like she'd said, she was an

adult.

"Okay, little lady, we'll get you cleaned up."

She nodded and neither of us said anything else for the rest of

the drive.

On the outskirts of Ellisville, I pulled into a motel parking lot

and paid for a room.

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Inside, she went straight into the bathroom without a word.

I figured her clothes were probably a lost cause, so I went out to the local store and bought a couple

of basic things – jeans,

a couple of tops and a sweater.

When I got back, I tested the bathroom door handle-it didn't

even have a lock on it-and cracked open the door to toss the clothes in a pile on the floor inside.

After that, I took a seat on the bed and turned my attention to my phone, messaging a few people to

let them know I'd be in Ellisville a little longer than planned.

After a while, the bathroom door opened, and the girl stepped (w)Ww.n0(v)eIw0rm.c0m

out.

As I ran a slow gaze over her-my blood heating in a way that made no sense-a couple of things hit

me at once.

One, she was gorgeous. All honey blond hair and green eyes. And though she was slight and

slender, she had all the right

curves going on. It also suddenly occurred to me that I didn't

even know her name.

Two, she was completely healed. No sign of any injuries beaten into her an hour

ago.wWw.n0(v)eIw0rm.c0m

And three, the faint scent of evergreen and earthiness (w)Ww.n0(v)eIw0rm.c0m

reached me, a scent I knew all too well.

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A scent I usually associated with loathing and disgust.

Although, hers was slightly different, which is why I maybe

didn't clock it at first. Not to mention all the blood and scent of

fear had probably helped hide it.

The girl was a witch.

Not a very powerful one, by the feel of it, but a witch all the

same.

Why the hell had she been in a human foster home?

And what did I do with her now?

Write your comment

Gifts

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