

The Alpha's Captive Matew by Taylor Caine Chapter 5

CHAPTER 5 (w)WV.ñove1w(o)Rm.com

Harper

I was at war with myself as I stepped out of the bathroom.

Everything I'd learned since being in foster homes told me I shouldn't trust Aaron so easily.

Yet he'd shown me more kindness in the past few hours than anyone had since my grandma had died.

Maybe I was just starved for affection and compa*sion, so Aaron treating me with common decency made it seem so much bigger and significant than it actually was.

But this foolish part of me didn't want to watch him say goodbye and good luck at the end of today and walk away from me.

I wanted to go with him. Wherever he was going, wherever he belonged, and see if maybe there was a place for me there. I

didn't need anything from him other than safety. I didn't want

anything else from him-any other thoughts about him made

my mind shrink in on itself-but the lure of security I might be able to find with him was impossible to ignore.

I knew I was pathetic-practically imprinting onto a stranger like a lost baby duckling-but until today, I'd honestly forgot what it was like when people were nice to you for no reason at all, other than it was the right thing to do.

I rounded the corner and was so lost in thought, I bumped right into someone.

I flinched back as I looked up and saw this guy around my own age grinning down at me.

Something about that grin was predatory, and as I shrunk

back, two other guys came up next to him and crowded me

further.

"What've we got here?" the guy I'd bumped into drawled.

"A witch," one of the other guys said, lip curling in disgust.

"All on her lonesome?" the guy I'd bumped into said. "Where's

the rest of your coven bitches, little girl?"

"I-I don't know what you're talking about," I tried bluffing, sliding along the wall so I could get around them.

If I could just get back to Aaron, I knew I'd be safe.

But one of the guys shot an arm out, slapping a palm against

the wall to stop me.wv.novEŁWó©m.cóM

"Not so fast, bitch," he leaned in, growling. "Witches hexed

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my brother, you know that? Left him disfigured and unable to shift. You know what sorta torture that is for a wolf?"

Shifting?

Wolf?

My heart slammed painfully into my ribs.

Oh god. They were wolves.

Wolves who apparently hated witches.

I knew it wouldn't do any good explaining I was only

half-witch and didn't even know any other witches.Wvw.©vèLwô(r)m.c0m

In fact, that'd probably just make it worse.

"Please," I whimpered, shrinking back into the wall. "I don't

know anything about that. I'm sorry, but please, just let me go

The three only laughed, as if my fear was hilarious.

"Let you go?" One of them repeated. He reached down and grabbed my arm in a bruising grip. "Not until I get what I'm w(w).ñOvèlwoτm.com

owed."

Another one of the guys grabbed my other arm as they

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dragged me away from the wall, while the third stepped in behind me, shoving me along between the shoulder blades as they hustled me down the hallway, away from safety, away

from Aaron.

I drew a deep breath, preparing to scream at the top of my lungs, but the guy behind me reached around and slapped a palm over my mouth and nose so that I couldn't even breathe.

"Keep your mouth shut, witch," he growled, making me shudder with heightened fear. "No one is coming to help you."

They dragged me through a backdoor, out into a narrow alley where the sunlight didn't reach, overshadowed by nearby

buildings.

Two of them pinned me up against the wall, the sharp ridges of the bricks digging into my back.

"You go first, Miles," one of the guys holding me said excitedly to the guy who'd told me his brother had been hexed. "But

don't break her. I want a turn as well."

I struggled against their hold, even though I knew it was useless, praying Aaron would notice I was missing. That he would come find me and save me again.

But what if when he realized I was gone, he simply assumed I had run away from him?

Oh god, what if he just left and didn't even look for me?

I thought for a few precious moments that I'd finally found safety, found a sanctuary, even if it was temporary.

But I was on my own at the mercy of the world again.

And the one thing I'd feared since I'd been old enough to

understand the curse of my hybrid nature had happened.

Wolves had found me.

And now they were going to rip me to shreds.

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Gifts

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