

## The Alpha's Captive Mate by Taylor Caine Chapter 6

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### CHAPTER 6

Aaron

I could smell Harper's evergreen scent as I prowled down the hallway, bristling as I realized it was laced with fear and mixed with the excitement of those three Reynolds wolves.

I burst through the door opening out into the alley.

Two of the guys held Harper pinned against the wall, while the third stood menacingly in front of her.

They saw me as I stalked forward, the fear overtaking them almost comical.

So maybe I had a bit of a reputation when it came to the

Montana wolves.

While their Alpha was a total dick, the rumors about me were more along the lines of brutal, merciless and ruthless.

didn't give second chances and killed those who crossed me without hesitation.

So I didn't even bother letting my fangs or claws show. These boys weren't worth it.

They let Harper go and she immediately dropped into a

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crouch against the wall, clearly trying to make herself smaller

and less noticeable.

"A-alpha," one of the boys stuttered, going pale.

At least the three of them were smart enough to drop their gazes and hang their heads, hunching their shoulders and showing submission.

"What are you doing?" I demanded as I came to a wide-legged stance in front of them.

"She's just some witch," one of the other boys muttered angrily.

Miles, I thought his name might be.

I remembered hearing something about some Reynolds pack messing with witches and getting hexed in return for their troubles. They were part of the reason relations between wolves and witches were stretched so thin at the moment.

Reynolds wolves weren't known for their smarts. I would've thought members of their pack getting hexed might've made them think twice about getting into it with any more coven members, but clearly they were dumber than I'd suspected.

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"And ya'll don't remember what happened last time your

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pack messed up some witches?" I drawled, eyeing Miles as his cheeks reddened with embarrassment.

Miles's angry, disgusted gaze slid sideways, narrowing on

Harper, hatred practically exuding from his pores. "That's why

she deserves"

I surged forward and grabbed Miles by the shirt, shoving him hard into the wall right next to Harper.

She glanced up in surprise, a hint of panic in her green eyes.

"Go back inside, Harper," I told her, not wanting to freak her out any more than she already seemed.

For some reason, her trust felt important to me, and if she saw me like this, she might put me in the same category as all the other violent people who'd hurt her over the years.

I was that violent. And the urge to go and tear apart every

monster she'd ever faced...I don't know where the f\*\*k that

sentiment came from. But it was strong and instantaneous.

"Go on now, honey," I said in a gentler voice. "I'll be right behind you."

Harper quickly got to her feet and fled back inside the diner, letting the door slam behind her.

I turned my attention back to Miles, narrowing my gaze on

him.

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"What exactly does she deserve, boy?" I demanded harshly, tightening my hold until it had to be bruising his throat.

"Why do you care what happens to some witch?" Miles choked. I could scent his fear, and in his voice was genuine

surprise.

It was a reasonable question.

One I should have been asking myself.

Instead I tightened my hold even more until his face started going red, leaning in until he could clearly see the gold of my wolf tinting my furious gaze.

"I care what happens to the packs. I care what happens to my pack. You pathetic little boys and your Alpha are causing problems for all of us, and I've had enough of it."

I let my claws sharpen at the ends of my fingers and reached up to neatly and deliberately slice one along his throat. Not deep enough to seriously hurt him, but in a way that would leave him and his Alpha with the understanding that I held all the power and easily-and justly-could have killed all three of them here today for this transgression.

Miles whimpered beneath my hold, making me curl my lip in disgust.

The Reynolds wolves always acted so tough and bullied

people who were weaker than them so easily, but as soon as

they faced any real test of wills or strength, they crumbled and folded like cheap paper.

I pulled Miles from the wall and shoved him away from me, making him stumble.

"Get gone before I change my mind about showing you

mercy."

The three fled along the alley, disappearing from sight.

Eventually, someone was going to have to do something

about the Reynolds wolves, but right now it was all I could do

to keep the peace with the witches, keep the uneasy alliance with the Crawford wolves because of past transgressions between our neighboring packs, and protect my own pack from both the humans and rogue wolves who answered to [www.NoOneLwOrM.cOm](#)

nothing and no one.

I walked back into the diner, assuming Harper had gone all

the way back to our table, but I found her hovering toward the

end of the corridor near the bathrooms, nervously waiting for [www.NoOneLwOrM.cOm](#)

As soon as she saw me, she quickly closed the distance

between us.

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huffed out a surprised breath as she threw herself against my chest and wrapped her arms tightly around me. It took me a second to react, but when I did, I found my arms automatically wrapping around her. I lowered my head a little, resting my chin lightly on the top of her head.

She fit perfectly into my arms, like she'd been made to be

there and nowhere else.

For a split second, I thought about taking her home, taking her back to my ranch and making her part of my pack.

Internally, I startled in shock at the notion that'd come

unbidden to my mind.

What the hell was I thinking?

She was half-witch, half-human.

She couldn't join my pack, even if I was crazy enough to [WwW.novÉlwoR©worm.com](#)

consider biting and turning her. My pack would never accept

the fact she was half-witch. Nor should they have to.

Besides, if Harper had proved anything about herself in the last few hours, it was that she was trouble walking.

I had enough problems to contend with. I didn't need to add a

troubled half-witch girl to the mix.

"I'm sorry," Harper said into my chest, her voice muffled.

Her words pulled me out of the outrageous thoughts I'd been

having.

I leaned back and set my hands on her shoulders, gently urging her back until she was looking up at me timidly.

"You don't have anything to apologize for, Harper. That was not your fault. Those boys are known around town for being

bullies without a lick of sense between them."

"But you came to find me," Harper said earnestly, staring up at me like I was suddenly her knight in shining armor.

I liked it just as much as I hated it for the fact it wasn't true.

I wasn't anyone's knight.

Especially not hers.

One side of her mouth kicked up. "You call them boys, but you don't look all that much older."

There was a world of difference between late twenties and

late teens, but I didn't bother saying all that. More than age, responsibilities had matured me. Those Reynolds wolves, they didn't know a lick about that. For the most part, their pack was disorganized and reckless.

"Come on," I said, stepping back from her and letting my arms drop. "We've got somewhere to be."

"We do?" she asked in confusion, following me without

question as I crossed the diner.

"There's someone I want you to meet," I answered as we stepped outside and headed for my truck. "I think it's going to change everything for you."

She nodded and climbed into my truck without another question, like she trusted me implicitly.

Despite everything this world had done to her, she still had a pure innocence to her not many could claim. I hoped that she'd find a place with Maryanne and her life would become

better.

As I got into my truck, I didn't let myself question what I would do with her if Maryanne wasn't willing to take Harper into the

coven.

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