

The Alpha's Captive Matew by Taylor Caine Chapter 7

CHAPTER 7

Harper

Maybe I should have asked where Aaron was taking me and who he wanted me to meet, but he'd proven twice now that he was willing to save me-even if he was outnumbered by three other men, wolves at that-so I didn't want to make him angry by questioning his intentions.

I simply trusted that he was trying to help me, because that

was the type of man he was.

Maybe I didn't really know anything about him. But I could

tell he was the kind of person who would always try to do the

right thing.

Aaron drove his truck across the town and on the outskirts,

cut into a driveway leading up to an old farmhouse nestled

between towering pine trees.

The outside looked kind of foreboding, especially under the lowering gray sky that was threatening snow. I noticed a few things strung up in the trees-bells and bones and sticks

woven with string and trailing feathers.

I didn't know much about other witches, but I remembered my

grandma having the same sorts of things hanging around our trailer. For protection, she'd always said. But with what little magic I could access, I'd realized even at a young age that some of them were hexed to harm anyone who tried to come

to our house with bad intentions.

It was the same here. I was getting these echoes of what I knew was a much deeper, older power than I would never

have access to. Like simply seeing the shadow of a giant instead of being able to set eyes on the beast itself.

I was nervous, now, because I knew from my childhood that other witches hated who I was and what I represented.

But still, I trusted Aaron as I climbed out of his truck, shivering

as it felt like the temperature had dropped significantly in the

last hour and the sweater Aaron had bought me wasn't very

thick.

I followed Aaron up to the porch, nervously twisting the hem

of my sweater between my fingers. After a moment, a girl around my own age answered the door. She smiled when she

saw Aaron, but then her gaze slid to me, and her eyebrows

went up toward her hairline.

"Hey there, Bella, is your mama here?" Aaron greeted her, all friendly like they knew each other well.

How well? I was left wondering, this irrational surge of

jealousy tightening my chest.

"She's in the kitchen," Bella answered, gaze confused and

maybe a hint of something unpleasant as she kept looking

back at me.

"Mind showing us the way?" Aaron prompted when Bella

didn't move to let us in.

3/6

"Oh, okay. Yeah, sure," she finally answered, though it seemed like maybe she didn't know if she should let me in the house.

Did she somehow know who I was?

My stomach started churning uneasily and I was suddenly left

wishing I hadn't eaten all those pancakes.

Aaron set a hand in the middle of my lower back, guiding me

gently inside.

His touch soothed and settled me, especially as he didn't move his hand the whole walk through the house to the back where the old fashioned kitchen had been lovingly maintained

to keep it functional in a charming antique kind of way.

An older woman looked up from where she was preparing something at a large, solid wooden table in the middle of the

space.

CHAPTER 7

4/6

Like Bella, she smiled when she saw Aaron, but when her gaze

found me, that expression turned to confusion. And this time

I wasn't imagining it. A definite hint of animosity entered her

features.

She knew who I was.

And she hated me for it.

"Aaron, what's going on?" Maryanne picked up a towel and wiped her hands clean, rounding the bench to stand in front of us. "Why did you bring her here?"

"You know who she is?" Aaron asked, clearly confused.

shifted away from him, edging back toward the door in case

needed to run.

"I found her on the side of the road getting beaten by the human foster parent she'd been living with," Aaron continued when no one said anything. "What the hell is going on, Maryanne? I thought witches looked after their own better"

than this."

"She's not one of us," Maryanne said coldly. "Don't you know who she is? Can't you sense it?"

Aaron looked at me in bewilderment, his gaze running over me as if looking for some proof of what Maryanne was talking

about.

"Who is she?" Aaron asked slowly, concern edging into his

tone.

"Her mother was a witch who was raped by an Alpha," Maryanne said, making me flinch.

I knew the circumstances of my birth.

My grandmother hadn't been able to hide it from me, not when almost every witch we came across had an opinion

about it.

5/6

Eventually we'd stopped seeing other witches altogether, and my grandmother had lived out her remaining years cut off from her family and coven.

Another guilt that sat heavy on my shoulders, on top of the

others I'd been born with.

"No..." Aaron uttered as understanding dawned in his

expression.

"She's a Nolan ancestral witch, it's true," Maryanne continued

coldly. "But her father was Ian Crawford."

By now, Aaron's expression had completely shut down, his eyes hard, cold and glinting as he stared at me, absolute

CHAPTER 7

hatred bleeding into the depths of them.

"Your father killed my parents," Aaron growled, making a shudder of fear ripple down my spine.

Oh god, Aaron was a wolf.

How had I not realized?

I'd been so relieved someone had saved me, shown me

kindness, I hadn't even questioned who he was, how he'd known about witches or why the three guys who'd attacked

me at the diner had been so scared of him.

I backed up, intending to flee, but Aaron was faster, lunging

forward to grab my arm in a bruising grip.

"Your father killed my entire family and half my pack," he

continued, his Alpha power poured angrily into every word.

"It's time someone paid for that."

Aaron

Rage the likes of which I hadn't felt in a long, long time. coursed through my veins, burning like lava.

I'd been tricked by this damn little girl.

She'd played all innocent, made me feel sorry for her.

All while hiding who she really was.

Hiding the fact that her father was the wolf responsible for almost slaughtering the Holland pack out of existence.

Responsible for how I'd grown up, treated as an outcast and not much more than a slave by the cruel Alpha who'd seized the opportunity to take over the pack when my parents and every decent wolf who might have been able to take their place had been killed trying to defend our territory.

Defend our children.

I squeezed my eyes shut for a moment, feeling like the rage was going to boil over and melt me from the inside out.