

The Alpha's Captive Matew by Taylor Caine Chapter 9

CHAPTER 9

Harper

My mind had gone blank with fear as soon as Aaron had turned that gaze filled with hatred on me.

I'd barely been able to process what he'd been saying.

That my father had killed almost his entire pack.

I wanted to argue that it wasn't my fault.

Ian Crawford had raped my mother, and then she'd died

giving birth to me. **W.novelworm.cM**

I wasn't a bad person. **wW.novelworm.cM**

It wasn't my fault how I'd come into this world.

Not for the first time, I wished I'd died right along side my

mother.

That I'd never drawn a single cursed breath in this life.

But here I stood, trembling with fear and knowing every horrible fate my grandmother had tried to protect me from

was about to befall me.

2/7

I'd thought being placed in horrible human foster homes had

been bad.

But I knew without a doubt, whatever waited for me now, however Aaron planned to have me pay back a blood debt owed to him by a family I didn't even know, it was going to be much, much worse than anything those horrid human foster parents could have dreamed up.

"Do with her as you will," Maryanne finally said, answering Aaron's statement about taking me for the blood debt.

Giving her blessing for him to destroy me.

"I need to go and deal with this," Aaron said, his voice tight and unpleasant. "I'll return tomorrow and we can discuss the

other issues we were meant to meet about today."

Maryanne agreed, and before I knew what was happening,

Aaron was roughly dragging me back through the house, out

the front to his truck.

Once there, he flung me up against the side, towering over

me.

"You tricked me into helping you," he accused, the Alpha growl

making his voice deeper and rougher.

"I didn't!" I protested, shrinking back against the truck.

If I'd been in danger from Greg-unable to protect myself because he was so much bigger and stronger than me as a human-then I was a dead girl walking when it came to Aaron.

3/7

He was Alpha.

He was ten times more powerful than a regular wolf, taller and broader than most men I'd ever come across in my life.

An hour ago, looking at him and all that strength he easily commanded had represented safety for me.

Now all that was turned against me.

I was at his mercy.

And not likely to survive.

"I didn't know who you were," I continued in a garbled rush, tears wetting my eyes and making my throat swollen. "I swear,

I didn't even realize you were a wolf."

"You expect me to believe that?" he snarled. "And what was that whole thing with the human man? Was that part of your ploy to get to me? Was anything you told me about yourself even true?"

Tears choked me and I couldn't answer.

What was even the point in trying? **wW.novelworm.cM**

He'd clearly made up his mind about me.

Nothing I could say would make him believe this had all been

an accident.

Some screwed up twist of fate.

A nightmare from my childhood brought to life.

Aaron growled again, frustrated by my lack of answer.

Yet again, he reached out and wrapped a bruising hand around my arm.

"We're going back to my ranch," he said, words menacingly calm and sharp. "You belong to me now, do you understand?"

I could barely breathe, frozen in fear, knowing that if I went back to his ranch-if he took me to his pack's territory-I wouldn't leave that place alive.

5/7

"Do you understand?" he repeated, anger making his words louder.

I jerked a nodded, hiccupping a few breaths.

"If you try to run," he continued after a moment, his eyes narrowing, the golden glow of his wolf flaring in his blue eyes. for a moment. "I will hunt you down. I've got your scent now. You can't get away from me. Ever. And if you make me chase you, there will be consequences."

He stared expectantly at me for a long second, so I quickly jerked another nod.

His lip curled with disgust before he tore his gaze away from me, as if he couldn't even stand to look at me.

He led me around his truck, and I walked stiffly beside him, numbly climbing in without fight or protest when he opened the door.

Maybe this was always the way it was going to end for me, no matter what I'd done in my life.

My existence was a curse.

More than a few people had said that to my face since I could

remember.

R9

A hybrid wolf-witch had never existed before me.

6/1

Sure, maybe a wolf had sometimes got pregnant to a witch or vice versa-though that in itself was rare enough considering how the two factions hated each other-but none of those

pregnancies had ever been viable, ever lasted beyond the second trimester.

But all rights, I shouldn't have even been born.

Certainly shouldn't have made it this far in life.

But somehow, I had.

Aaron had told me not to run, that there would be

consequences.

Except I knew at his ranch on Holland pack territory, the only thing I'd find there was death.

And despite how much I hated who and what I was, despite how crappy my life had been to this point, some stubborn part of me wanted to survive.

If I could run and make it out of Montana, maybe head north through Canada, all the way to Alaska.

Or hell, even as far south as I could get all the way to Mexico and on to South America, then maybe I could spend my life hiding away in

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some small, quiet corner of the world where no one knew wh I was and wouldn't try to kill me simply because I dared to exist.

So, despite how terrified I was of Aaron and the

consequences, I was definitely going to run. Because I was more frightened of what would happen to me once he told the rest of his pack who I was.

I would run as soon as the opportunity presented itself to me.

I just had to figure out how to get my necklace back from **WwW.n(c)©L@or@.coM**

Aaron first.

Write your comment

Gifts

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