

Chapter 10: Liam

When I walk back into the room and see my mate awake, Cyran immediately starts purring in my head. The sound is so unexpected that it takes me a second to respond. 'The fuck Cyran?'

'What? She's our mate. She's beautiful, perfect.'

Great, my wolf is already head over heels for this tiny girl. I'm not there yet. I have a lot of questions. 1

I don't know how much she remembers, but I figure an introduction and quick update would be helpful. I'm annoyed when I see that she's pulled out the IV. I'm desperately trying to keep her alive and the first thing she does when she wakes up is try to undo what I've been working so hard to do.

I'm even more pissed at her response to me wanting to heal her. I know I shouldn't be. She's been in a vampire coven for who knows how long. It's a question I intend to get the answer to today. Her scars make it seem like it's been a long time, or maybe the whole fucking coven was feeding on her at once, who knows.

I can't help but smile when she tells me her name is Angel. Yeah, that's completely fitting, at least on the outside. I have no idea what this girl is like, but physically, she looks like an angel. 'Our angel.' My annoying wolf chimes in.

One important thing I find out, she doesn't want to go back to her pack. Not only does she not want to go back to her pack, but she wants to leave mine. Not going to happen. Even if she wasn't my mate, the bounty on her head would force me to keep her here. I don't like how pale she gets when I tell her she's not leaving. Did something happen to her in her old

pack to make her run?

I'm about to ask when there is a knock on the door. I immediately growl at the interruption. The door starts to open then stops. "Alpha?"

The scent of food drifts in from the partially opened door and Angel's stomach immediately growls in response. I look at her, damn I forgot she hasn't eaten in who knows how long. "Bring it in Dustin."

He walks in stopping short when he sees she's awake. He smiles at her and I want to snarl at him, but I rein it in. "Oh, you're awake." He says to her.

I watch as she pulls the blankets closer to her, holding them to her chest. I'm starving her and making her feel vulnerable having no clothes to wear. 'Way to show her we can take care of our mate Liam.' I mentally facepalm. Cyran is right. I was so focused on getting answers to my questions that I wasn't thinking about our mate.

"Dustin, can you find some clothes for Angel here." Dustin looks at me before turning back to Angel.

"Angel. It fits. I'm Dustin, obviously." She nods her head at him. He goes to put the tray down on her lap. Oh, hell no! He's not getting anywhere near my mate when she's not wearing anything under that blanket. My growl stops him short, and I grab the tray from him.

"Clothes Dustin, and another tray for me."

"Yes Alpha." He says before leaving.

I turn back to my little mate, and damn is she small. I'm seriously hoping the Moon Goddess didn't make a mistake choosing her for me. How can this little girl be my mate? Although, she has survived being a vampire's

blood bag, so she's got resilience. 1

And who am I kidding? First, Cyran would never let me reject her. Second, I've been waiting my entire life for her and third, my other options are to turn feral or take someone unworthy to be my Luna. I don't know if I'll find her worthy of me, but the Moon Goddess did, so I will have to trust that.

'Fucking right you will. I'd go feral the moment you rejected her. Don't forget that.'

The thought of Cyran going feral turns my blood cold. He's an amazing, vicious fighter. If he were feral, we'd have to be put down. He'd become a killing machine and I know there are only one or two wolves that could take us down, Rik and Cara. I wouldn't want to put either of them in that position.

'Relax, I'm not going to, I just...thinking.' I tell Cyran.

'Well turn that train of thought off. Not going to happen.'

I get the tray of food settled on Angel's lap and watch as she slowly takes her first bite. I can see her sniffing the food before putting it in her mouth. I sit back down, ready to continue my questions while she eats.

"Did you leave the pack on your own?" I start my questions again.

She swallows her bite before responding. "No, I left with my parents." Interesting, so it was her parents' idea to go rogue.

"Where are your parents now?"

She stops. I can see her throat bobbing up and down as she tries to get ahold of her emotions. Shit! I know the answer before she tells me. "

Dead." She whispers it.


I nod my head, giving her a minute. She puts her fork down but I lean over and put it back in her hand. "You need to eat. I'm sorry for your loss. How old were you?"

"I was sixteen when they were killed."

I keep my voice gentle, hoping she'll eat while we talk. "Did the vampires kill them?" She nods. I can see the tears welling up in her eyes.

'You fucking asshole. You made our mate cry? What is wrong with you. Let me out, I can do a better job of taking care of her. You're going to scare her off.' Cyran is ranting in my head.


'Calm down Cyran. If the vampires killed her parents, she may never have had a chance to grieve for them.' He settles but is still pacing in my head.

"How long ago were they killed?" My voice still gentle. It's not something I'm used to, being gentle, but with her, it feels natural. I also need to know how old she is. It's impossible to tell. She's so fucking small, she could be twelve, but according to her, they died when she was sixteen. Maybe she's still a minor. 

She looks at me, her brows furrowing. "What year is it?"

I tell her and watch as she gasps, her hand going to her mouth. The tears start falling now as her eyes close. Cyran starts snarling in my head. What. The. FUCK? How fucking long did those leeches have her?

I reach over and take her hand. I don't know if she wants my support, but right now, she has no one else. I know exactly what that feels like, so I want her to know that she's not alone.

"Seven years." It's barely a whisper. "It's been seven years."  2



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