

## One.

Alpha Colt's POV

I knew I had been close to finding her. I just didn't realise how close when I called out to her. She would be eighteen anytime now and I tried to reach out to her through mindlink. I had felt her as we pulled up to the junction.

My Beta Linc slams on the brakes, narrowly missing a swerving car. From nowhere a truck slams into the same car with a force that no one would survive. The moment the truck hit the car. I knew Lilah was in there. I felt how scared she was, the fear, the pain. My heart thudded in my chest as I watched her body fly through the windscreen. Her limp body sliding across the tarmac.

For a moment I am speechless. Almost eight years I had been tracking them down. Searching the world for my mate. And just like that, she was right in front of me. Unmoving and with blood pooling around her.

"Is that...?" Linc trails off. He knew we had been close. He had been helping me hunt her down anytime he could.

I don't say anything. I had waited for this moment for so long. Now it was here, I was speechless. It was rare for me to have nothing to say.

"Well go to her then." Linc mumbles, half pushing me out of the van door. If he had been anyone else, I would have broken his nose. But Linc had been with me for a long time. He was the only one that I could trust.

Stumbling out of the car. I rushed over to her. She was on her front, her face away from me. Her long raven hair fanned out over her head. I could already see that her hips were dislocated. Her top, ripped in multiple places and stained with blood from the glass wounds beneath.

The moment her citrus scent hit me, my Lycan growled 'MATE!' I couldn't even stop it from coming out.

Flipping her over on her back. I assess the damage. Surprised that her hips were the worst thing. When she cries out in pain, I find myself apologising. I had never apologised to anyone. Ever!

It was worse when I had to tell her that her mother hadn't made it. I felt her wave of sadness. I felt sorry for her.

She doesn't put up a physical fight, but she is very verbal. Even when I tell her to close her eyes, she answers back. I guess I would be pissed too if I couldn't heal. But she was somehow alive and I finally had her.

Lilah eventually passes out and I find myself just watching her. She had changed so much since the first time I laid eyes on her.

Her small frame had been hiding behind her mother as the traitor argued with me. Her peculiar grey eyes would peer around her mother, focussing on me. She didn't seem afraid, even when her father was shouting at me. Or when her mother was holding her back.

I had hated the fact that I had been mated to a child. And not just a child, a werewolf too. She was ten years younger than me. The whole idea sickened me, but after what her father did. I knew I needed to protect her. Even if that meant keeping her safe until she was old enough to be properly accepted as my mate. She would be slaughtered if the news got out of what her father did.

I would have killed her myself if she wasn't mated to me.

I had tried to tell her father. I had repeated the words over and over, but Beta Wayne didn't want to hear me. I promised him that I wouldn't touch her. That I had no intentions of marrying a child. That all I would do was keep her safe.

When he threw that punch. I saw the mother take off with her. Anger had ripped through me and I tore him apart like he was a piece of paper.

He would have been sentenced to death anyway. But her disappearance is what started my reign. I was different from my soft touch father. There was no way these packs were going to get away with half the shit that he allowed.

The only person that knew of Lilah's bloodline was Linc. He had vowed that he would keep it a secret. Because murder of a Lycan King was death. And death to everyone in the family. There would be a bounty on her head if news got out. She would have been protected under my care.

"We're here!" Linc calls and I peer between the seats.

Luna Juniper was already waiting in front of the pack hospital. Not a single strand of her short black hair was out of place. She had her arms folded over her large chest. Her lips pressed into a thin line as her foot tapped on the grass.

"And just like everyone else, she is happy to see you." Linc half laughs. But it was true, everyone hated my arrival. They knew that if they wanted their pack to survive, then they had to be on their best behaviour.

Pushing open the back doors, I climb out.

"Why are you here, Alpha Colt?" She wastes no time in questioning me.

"Juniper. It's nice to see you too." I snap, turning my attention to my passed out mate.

"That's not what I asked!"

"Do you need to be reminded of who you are talking to, wolf!" I growl.

She drops her head. "Sorry. It's just that we were not expecting you."

"Well I'm here now, so deal with it! I don't have to let you know of my arrival. Or is that a problem?"

She doesn't answer my questions and peers into the van. Her eyes on Lilah. "Who is she?"

"My mate and if you lay a hand on her. I will have yours!" I glare at her, using my Alpha tone. She knew it was an order.

"Wyatt isn't here yet."

"Doesn't matter. I require your best pack doctors and nurses."

She nods her head and points to the pack hospital doors.

Carrying Lilah inside, a female doctor and a nurse are already waiting. They lead me to an individual room and ask me for details about Lilah. I realise that other than her name. Knowing that she is nearly eighteen. I actually knew nothing about her.

They exchange looks

"If you don't ensure she recovers. You are all dead." It wasn't a threat. They knew what I was capable of. If she doesn't survive. The entire pack would be wiped out.

They nod and quickly get to work, ushering me out of the room. It's nearly an hour later that they tell me how badly broken her legs are. Because she hasn't turned eighteen yet, they will unlikely heal properly. Not until her Lycan kicks in.

I look at the doctor, debating whether to tell her. I was going to have too. They knew what they were doing.

"She's a wolf." I mumble, staring at Lilah through the window.

The doctor stares at me. I didn't need to hear what she was thinking. Her face told me everything I needed to know. She was wondering what it meant by me having a wolf as a mate. Something that I had questioned all these years.

They finally let me in to see her. She looked peaceful. They had braided her long hair back out of the way. I could see just how ill she really was. There may be injuries to her legs, but she had been suffering in other ways. Her collarbone jutted out, her skin pulled tight around her face. Her raven hair had been hiding how bad things were.

Running my finger along her jaw line, she smiles in her sleep. It was an involuntary movement, but one that showed we were bonded. That my touch reassured her.

Before the doctor agreed to let me in. I retrieved the handcuffs from the van. I had been prepared that Lilah would never come easily. But I had to be certain that she wouldn't run.

The moment she turns eighteen, she could disappear without any of us knowing. This way, she wouldn't be going anywhere. I slip one end around her wrist, the other to the bed and walk away.

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