

Eleven.



## Eleven.

Alpha Colt

She doesn't run. She's hunched over on all fours, sobbing. Her anger, her hurt, her grief, her sorrow. I felt it all.

"Lil..."

"Don't fucking touch me." She throws herself away from me. Her grey eyes narrowed in pure hatred. "This is all because of you!" 5

"Fucking hell Lilah. You're trying to blame me for something your parents started. If they had never plotted against my father, we wouldn't be here. You would have grown up and found out I was your mate anyway."

"You are un-fucking-believable." She stands up, wiping the tears from her face.

"Why Lilah? Why am I?" 1

She doesn't speak. But I could feel her inner battle. A mixture of hatred and desire.

"You want answers, Lilah. I can give them to you. But you won't believe me."

"It's your word. They don't even get a chance to tell me." She mutters. 1

Leaning against the car, I watch how she looks out over the hills. Trying not to look at me. Her hands shoved into her pockets.

"I knew your father quite well. He seemed genuine, always around to

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help my father when needed. My father told me stories of battles they led together. He said it was almost as if Beta Wayne was his little brother. Your father trained me. He helped to make me who I am today." 1

She turns around to look at me, scowling. "You liked my Dad."

"Once. None of us saw it coming."

"Saw what?"

"Your fathers desire to become a King, but it would never have happened. He was a wolf. A wolf can't be King." 1

"I don't want to hear it." She mutters.

"You need to, Lilah. The good and the bad."

"You're a wanker that will twist things!" 3

"What's the point? I could tell you the truth and you would think I was lying. I could tell you lies and you still wouldn't believe me." I needed her to have a clearer head. I would have to wait until she was ready to talk about it.

We both stood in silence, neither of us choosing to speak but I knew exactly what she was thinking. She wanted to ask me about her mum but she keeps her mouth shut. Deciding that it would be best to wait until she asked me first. 1

"Come on. Like you said, you don't have anything to wear." I open the car door for her and she scowls at me.

"I'm more than capable of doing that myself!" She snaps, climbing into the car. 1



I never expected our bond to be easy, but the Moon Goddess had certainly given me a challenging mate. I shake my head walking around the car. 1

"One step at a time." I mutter to myself before getting in the driver's seat.

She spends the whole drive in silence, staring out the window. She wanted to say something, I knew that much. But what she had to say would mean second guessing everything her mum had told her.

Pulling into the multi storey car park. Lilah twists in her seat. "I can't do this."

"Shop?" Girls didn't normally turn down the chance to shop with someone else's money.

"I don't... This isn't me." I see how she chews on her bottom lip.

"You said it yourself, you need some clothes. I need to kit you out anyway. There will be events that you will need to attend as my mate and jeans and a top just won't do."

"Events?"

"I am the Lycan King."

"I don't want you to do this. I'm not your property."

"You are my mate and I will provide everything you need." 2

She stares at me, annoyance creeping in on her face. I could already feel the argument coming. "I am not a doll for you to dress up and parade around!"

"I never said you were. But as my mate, you are expected to attend



certain things."

"I'm not fucking yours and I will never be. There is no way on this Earth I am letting those fucking teeth near my neck."

I was willing to try and play nice. I was willing to wait for her to ask me her burning questions. Now, I have had enough.

"Shut the fuck up!" I growl 12

Fear flashes in her eyes as she tenses up. She pushes her small frame up against the door. Trying to create space between us.

"If you keep carrying on like this, I will mark you whether you like it or not. I have tried being reasonable with you. I have tried explaining to you about everything and you will not listen to a single fucking word. I have had enough Lilah." 9

Her lips part, forming a little o. The white's of her teeth visible. Her grey eyes are wide. She knew that she had crossed the line. 2

"Now we are going to go and have a nice day. Do you understand?"

She nods her head, staying in her seat until I walk around and open the door. Holding my arm out to her, she shakes her head. But as she looks at me, she understands that I am not giving her a choice. 1

The sparks from her fingers sends a warmth inside of me. Just like when she clung to me last night. She begins to relax, as we head towards the first store.

"I don't know what I need." She mumbles and I see her eyes dart between the racks of clothes.

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"I have a list but you get what you want."

"Why?"

"You need this." I try to give her a smile, but she avoids looking at me.

I meant it too. Over the years, Packs had sent me photos of Lilah, it's one of the many reasons how I was tracking her. But there was one thing in common. She pretty much always wore the same thing. 2

I watch as she pulls things off the rack, checks the prices, frowns and puts it back.

"What's wrong?"

"This is wrong. I can't stand you."

"You can't reject me either. It is what it is, Lilah."

"Why are you doing this when you know much I hate you?" 2

"You are my mate Lilah and I will make sure you have whatever you want or need whether you hate me or not."

She pouts a little, scowling. "It's a lot of money."

"Do you think I care about that? If you want it. Get it." 1

She nods her head and wanders off. Still looking at the price tags and then putting it back. Speaking to the personal shopper, I explained that Lilah would need some gowns but I also wanted her to collect every item that Lilah picks up. I wasn't trying to buy her affection. I just wanted her to realise that she didn't have to live like she had done for the last seven years. That she could put down roots if she was willing too. That she

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could have everything. 2

I find Lilah trying on some trainers. She still hadn't picked up any clothes and kept them.

"Trainers?"

"Is that okay?" She questions.

There was no angst, no annoyance, no frustration. She was the calmest I had ever known. 1

"Of course." I sit down next to her on the bench as she tries to pull the trainer off her foot.

"Alpha Colt, can I ask you a question?"

"If you stop calling me Alpha. Yes."

She swivels around to look at me, scowling, "You don't want me to call you Alpha?"

"You are my mate, you don't need to. But that isn't the question you want to ask, is it."

"I don't like it when you do that?" she mutters.

"If you were more open, I wouldn't have to read your mind." 3

Her nostrils flare a little and she sucks in her cheeks. "How did you get the scar?" 1

I had been waiting for her to ask since she had seen it. I knew the question had been on the tip of her tongue. I wasn't afraid to show it. It was a sign of what I had won. But no one ever asked. But Lilah wouldn't

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like the answer.

"After your father killed my father, your mother set fire to the packhouse. They tried to cover up what they did, making it look like a normal fire. Only they didn't know that I was visiting. That I was sleeping."

She closes her eyes. The scowl slowly fading. I knew that I had said something that was making her second guess her mother.

"Lilah, if we don't talk about this. It's going to ruin you."

"The nightmare, there is a building on fire. You had blood, all down your side. Why didn't you heal?"

"She threw wolfsbane into the mix!" 1

The smell of smoke had woken me. As I raced through the building to find my father. A part of the building fell, hitting me. I felt the wolfsbane more than I felt the fire. Stumbling towards my fathers room. I found his body, multiple silver blades pushed into his torso. Beta Wayne was climbing out the window. 3

Chasing him down, I saw Lilah. I felt it immediately. The pressure in my heart, her soul calling to mine. Her eyes connected with mine moments before her father put himself between us. 1

Looking at Lilah now, I see her wide eyes on the floor, her body trembling slightly. She was finally seeing her mother for what she was. 1