

Three.

Lilah's POV

"Help!" I whimpered, as my legs began to spasm. The hospital was dark, no one seemed to be around.

My legs were in agony, a fire raging through them. I couldn't help but scream out in pain. The doctor comes running in. The hospital lighting up as the doctor tries to pump meds into me. But nothing helped. Nothing stopped the burn.

"What's going on?" Alpha Colt practically shoves a doctor out the way to look at me.

"They are trying to reset." I hear the doctor call out

"Why now?" Alpha Colt yells back over the top of my screams.

"It's past midnight." The doctor yells back.

I was officially eighteen and my body was making me suffer. Instead of shifting, my wolf abilities had kicked in and my body was trying to heal. My bones were snapping and resetting correctly.

"Then help her!" He demands.

"We can't, this is her wolf trying to correct everything."

"Make it stop!" I beg through the tears. This was worse than the car accident. At least I hadn't felt the pain, just shock.

"Lilah, look at me." It was an order, but there was no way I was giving into him. Not now, not like this. He grabs my wrist, a wave of sparks travels over my skin. The mate bond was already kicking in. There would be no escaping him now.

"Lilah, it will be over soon." He tries to reassure me as I rip my hand out of his hold. I didn't want him touching any part of me. Not at the moment.

Grabbing my face, his Cobalt blue eyes stare into mine. It was odd, just like when he had found me after the car accident. Like his gaze instantly calmed me. I couldn't pull away this time.

"Make it stop!" I beg him as the pain shifted from my legs to my back

"I promise, it will be over soon." He speaks to me in a soothing tone.

A wave of sickness builds up inside of me. I couldn't tolerate the pain any longer. I felt lightheaded as the room started to spin.

"She's going to pass out!" I hear the doctor yell.

When I open my eyes, I am no longer in the hospital. Instead I find myself in a large bed. Attempting to spread out, I realise my wrist is still cuffed, this time to the metal headboard.

"Crap!" I rattle my wrist, pulling on the cuff, but even as a wolf now, I was still weak.

Looking around the room, I could make out the sound of running water. It was coming from a door. My guess was that this room had an ensuite. There was an oak dresser with a small mirror opposite the bed. Blue curtains draped at the large windows, but other than that, there was nothing here. The room was practically bare.

"Good Morning!" He was so chirpy, just like the doctor. I inwardly groaned as he sat on the edge of the bed. "Happy Birthday!" He beams at me, his eyes shining.

"Fuck off!"

"You need to watch your language! I tolerated it when you were hurt, but it has to stop now!"

"You need to fuck off!" I retort as he hovers over me.

His blue eyes darken and a snarl escapes his lips. "You need to learn to do what you are told!"

I closed my mouth, deciding now was not the time for another comment and he pats me on the leg, calling me a good girl.

"My legs don't hurt!" I sounded more surprised than I intended too.

"They shouldn't, not now that you have healed."

I kick my legs about on the bed, never had I been more grateful that they were working again.

"I need the bathroom!" I mumble, suddenly aware of my very full bladder.

"No funny business!" he snaps at me as he unlocks the cuff and points to the ensuite. I slam the door, only for him to push it open.

"Door stays open!"

"Are you serious? I'm not allowed to piss in private?"

"Nothing I haven't seen before." He smirks at me. Retreating back to the edge of the bed where he could see me. The comment infuriates me and it's made worse when he starts laughing to himself.

"I have a right to privacy." I snap as I finish and exit the bathroom

"You have a right when you have earned it. Until then, you do as I say. Got it!" My hands clench up into small fists and he just laughs. "And what do you hope to do with them?"

He grabs hold of my arm, pulling me back to the bed and cuffing my wrist again.

"You are such a bastard!" I shake out my arm, ignoring the sparks that his touch had created.

"I've been called much worse!" he shrugs his shoulders, and winks at me..

"What the hell do you want from me?"

"You will be my mate, you will stand by my side and you will do as you are told." Spitting at him, the smile fades from his face. His hand wraps around my neck, his eyes laser focussed on my own. "Try that again and see what happens!"

His eyes drift down to his hand around my neck. The smile returns as quickly as it faded.

"I could just mark you now. Make you mine whether you like it or not. After all, you have always been mine."

"Who wants an old man like you?!" I snarl. Every Alpha that mum and I had met had been in their late forties. Some even in their fifties. Though I have to admit Alpha Colt didn't look it. He looked exactly the same as he did all those years ago.

"Old? I'm twenty seven!"

"You have to be old to be an Alpha."

"I was twenty when I became the King of Alpha's."

Calling him old had clearly touched a nerve. But weirdly, I was also impressed that he had become the King at such a young age.

He lets go of me. Scowling, he moves to the door. "I have some meetings and then I will be back to celebrate your birthday."

"I don't want to celebrate it." It wasn't worth it if my mum wasn't here. "Least of all with you." I add, making sure he understood how annoyed I was.

He growls at me before slamming the door on the way out. I needed to find a way to get out of here.

"Don't try anything stupid!" His voice rumbles through my head, sending a shiver down my spine. The link between us was in place. He would be able to find out anything he wanted. If I ran away he would find me. If I lied, he would know. I was fucked!

He had left my book beside the bed. It was stacked on top of others. Some that I had read before, others I had never heard of. But they were all from the same fantasy genre. The gesture was kind but I just couldn't see Alpha Colt doing such a nice thing. Not after everything mum had told me.

When Alpha Colt returns, he doesn't even look at me. He strips off his shirt as he moves to the ensuite, tossing it in the laundry basket. Just as the door closes, I see the large tattoo on his muscly back. It covered his entire back, I couldn't quite work out what it was and wondered if it had hurt.

There was also scarring up his left side. Running from his rib cage downwards. His joggers blocked me from seeing anymore and I briefly wondered what had happened. How had he gotten the scar,

Moments later I hear the water running. He reappears, telling me that I need a shower. He wasn't wrong, I stank, but I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of seeing me naked.

"Maybe later." I muttered, turning a page of my book.

"There is no maybe about it. Do I need to hold you under the water myself?"

Glaring at him, I slam the book down on the bedside table.

"You can't make me do anything."

A low rumble comes from him, but I refuse to break eye contact. He needed to know that no one could make me do anything. Well, except my mum.

He pulls the key from his pocket, unlocking the cuffs. Stupidly I thought he was letting me have some freedom. He wraps his arms around me, pulling me from the bed and pressing my back against his chest.

"You need to learn to listen, Lilah. You need to learn when to keep that mouth of yours shut!"

He steps under the shower, holding me under the water. Refusing to move no matter how much I kicked and screamed.

"For fucks sake Lilah."

The problem wasn't the water. It was what his touch was doing to me.

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