

Nine.

Colt

"Traitors?" She mumbles.

It was a harsh word in the wolf world. It was just as bad to the Lycans. It meant they had committed the greatest crime. A crime that meant only death was the answer. There was no coming back from it. There was no way you could ever ask for forgiveness. Everyone would want you dead. 2

"Yes Lilah. They both were. You are the daughter of traitors. Do you understand now why I had to protect you?"

"No, I don't believe you. You have to be wrong."

Standing up, I hover over her. Deciding how to play my next move. I was done with skirting the issue. Sitting next to her on the carpeted floor. She doesn't recoil, she doesn't flinch even when my arm brushes against hers. 3

"Lilah, how do you think I became the King?" I had never known a wolf to have so much denial. I had to find a way to make her understand how serious her situation was. How serious it still is! 3

"Your dad would have died." She mumbles, keeping her eyes in front of her.

I let my hand fall on to her bare leg. Hoping that she wouldn't pull away. When she still doesn't move, I realise that she is in some sort of shock. 1

"You knew I was your mate that night." She mutters. "You became King that night."





"Yes."

"He died that night?"

"He was murdered, Lilah. Murdered as he lay sleeping."

Her hands rub her temples.

"Dad wouldn't do that. He loved him." 1

We were going around in circles. She would be able to see what I saw if I marked her. I needed her to trust me or we were going to be stuck in this circle of denial.

"Lilah, go get some sleep. I will take you into town tomorrow to get some clothes and bits."

She doesn't swear at me. She doesn't even fight the idea of going to bed. She rises to her feet and crawls across the large bed. Face planting the pillow. I had broken her spirit.

Staying on the floor. I watched as her upper back rose and fell in time with her breaths. It was the first sleep where she wasn't whimpering or lashing out.

A knock at the door annoys me. I had already said that I was not to be disturbed. Getting up, I was already being hit by the overpowering scent of roses. Fucking Juniper. What could she want now?

I pull the door open and her eyes immediately go to my sleeping mate.

"You let her sleep in a bed like that?!" She sounded horrified but I didn't care. Lilah was only covered in food. It wasn't like she had been rolling in shit. 1



"My mate!" I growl, warning her to get back in line

"Are you sure about that Alpha Colt? She hardly seems like Lycan material!"

"What concern is it to you, Juniper? You are hardly Lycan material yourself!" Her skin flushes red. Her eyes drop to the ground. 4

"I just came to inform you that Wyatt and some others are heading out."

"Okay. Why do I need to know that?"

"They are going to hunt the rest of the Rogues."

"Good!" I slam the door on her. Rogue Lycans should be my problem. But at the same time, Wyatt should have informed me the moment they arrived. If he had lost pack members to them, it was his own doing. 1

"Wait!" I pull the door open, surprised that she was still standing in the spot where I left her.

"You're going to help."

"No. Do you have anything my mate could wear? Maybe jeans and a jumper or something." 1

"She is skin and bone. Nothing I have will fit her. Try one of the sla... I mean Omegas. I'm sure one of them is probably Lilah's size. They might have some old clothes." She marches off down the corridor. I was going to have to speak to Wyatt about her. She seemed to have a problem with Lilah. 4

I didn't want to do it, but I had to be certain she wouldn't run again. Slipping the handcuff around her wrist. I ensure it is locked before



making my way down to the Omegas headquarters. They resided in the very bottom of the packhouse. Not where I would have put them. 1

It was dark, damp and musty. The stench of rotting food filled the air. They bow their heads in submission, their faces barely lit by candle light.

"Can we help Alpha Colt? Did one of the girls forget something?" The eldest out of the five of them speaks, still keeping her head down.

"No, your fine. I was just wondering if one of you would have spare clothes that Lilah could borrow. Just for tomorrow." The few girls that were sitting around the table all looked at each other in confusion." 1

"Uh, Sorry Alpha Colt. We don't have 'spare' clothes. Luna Juniper doesn't allow it."

One thing I couldn't stand was slaves. More specifically, those that kept slaves.

"Where do you sleep?" I inquire.

The same girl that had spoken before points to a door. Opening the door. I found two sets of triple bunk beds. Flimsy mattresses on each bed, a thin sheet over each one. There was no window, there was barely enough room to move. 1

"This is how you live?"

"Yes. It's what the Luna requested."

Fuming wasn't the word. Marching through the house. I search for the Luna. Her ways of running the house would change. This was strike two for White Crescent. 4



Juniper was nowhere to be seen. Maybe she realised that she had fucked up by sending me to the Omegas. I would deal with her in the morning. 1

Returning to the bedroom, I see how Lilah hadn't even moved. She was still in the exact same position as when I left her. Her face pressed into the pillow. Still flat on her stomach.

Quietly unlocking the handcuffs. I take them away. If I wanted her to trust me, I was going to have to show her that I could be trusted. I would just have to hope that she wouldn't try running again. 1

The night sky rolled in and I could make out Wyatt and others heading back towards the house. They all looked pleased with themselves. Tugging the curtains closed, a sigh escapes me. For the last few nights, I had slept in blankets on the floor, keeping a watchful eye over my mate, but she was mine and I was the Alpha King. I shouldn't have to sleep on the floor. 1

Stripping off, I climb into the bed beside her. Ensuring there is some distance between us. People might think it, but I was not the type of Lycan that forces himself on a female. No matter how much I needed to fuck. 2

It was less than a minute when she rolls into me, flinging an arm across my chest. She inhales deeply. Her eyes still firmly closed. A smile appears on her face, just as it did in the hospital.

Her citrus scent washes over me. It was something else. Something far more exotic than I ever expected my mate to smell of.

Refusing to move, I let her body curl into mine. Her body shapes perfectly against mine. She was made for me. Even if she wouldn't accept it yet.

Nine.



Her fingers grip onto me. Sparks bursting from each of her fingertips as they pressed against the scarring up my left side. The scar that was caused by her mother. 4



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