



AIDEN'S POV

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"I don't give a s**t, tell her what I told you and get her out of that place, remember, you owe me." I grit out as I pull the phone away from my ear, ending the call.

I sit on the bed, watching my little mate staring wide eyed at the clothes people are bringing in.

The happiness in her eyes is something I won't ever forget.

"Did you have clothes, back the Night Pack?" I ask, my thumb dragging across my bottom lip as I stare at her as she trails her fingers over the racks of clothes.

"I had pajama's and my uniform." She shrugs and my jaw tenses at the information.

"What if you were not working that day?" I raise my brows and she scoffs, shaking her head, "I worked since I was ve..." she shrugs, "Everyday." She blows out a breath, sounding so exhausted.

"Are you telling me that they used you as child labour?" I sit up, resting my elbows on my knees, my fingers pressed together.

"Well yeah, it's like chores." She shrugs, so oblivious that kids that young should not work.

It's crucial for kids to play, laugh, sleep a lot, eat to grow...

I stare at her skinny legs, chewing on my bottom lip.

"Tell me, how often did you eat?"

She hums, thinking about it, "When I was young I ate everyday, once at night and since I was teen, I ate every second day, the Luna said it was good to be thin like models and we could become ones if we wanted." She shrugs, sighing.

"Eleia." Her name feels like heaven on my tongue, "Yeah?" Her dark hair whips around, green eyes piercing into my blue ones.

"They could all go to jail for that." I grin and her eyes widen, "All of them?" She croaks out.

"The guilty ones, the beta's, warriors in charge and the alpha, former and current." I grin and her eyes light up, "And what about the innocent?" I sigh, sitting back, "Well my pretty little mate, or they ask for shelter with other packs and be part of another pack or they could become rogues."

She shakes her head, "No, they don't deserve that. Who would take them in?" She asks with a worried look in her eyes.

I could tell that she was a person with a big heart, yet strong and independent.

"I would." I shrug and she stares at me dumbfounded, "You would?" She asks agape, her eyes becoming glassy and I tug as I stand to my feet.

I close the distance in between us, smiling, "For you, I would do anything." I wink as I snake my arms around her waist and she smiles at me.

"I don't deserve you." She pouts, her eyelashes batting as she stares up at me.

"You deserve everything in this world." I cup her cheek, my thumb rubbing the flesh right below her eye.

Those green orbs have me wanting to roll over, as if they were soft green grass.

"Including me." I wink at her and my phone vibrates in my pocket.

I c**k my head, rolling my eyes before I dig my phone out of my pocket, lifting it into the air and I grin at the text.

"After I deliver the girl, we're even."

I swipe the screen up, opening the chat box, "Deal." Even though I saved his daughter's

life, we're never going to be even, but to have Eleia's mind eased, it's worth it.

"What is it?" She asks, her head tilting to the side so innocently.

"We'll have your friend by the end of today or tomorrow." I shrug and a bright smile tugs at her lips, her arms raise and locks behind my neck, her body slamming against mine as she stands on her toes before she squeals in excitement, her hold on me almost choking me, but I let her as her head rests against my chest.

I would let her take my air away if it meant for her to be happy.

Her hold on me weakens, "I told you I would find a way Eleia." I croak out as my lungs fill with air.

She steps back, her feet atting against the floor, her eyes glinting in joy, "Thank you." The sincere adoration in her voice makes my heart race and I nod as I stare down at her.

My fingers rake through the ends of her brown locks, "I would do anything for you." I breathe out before I cup her cheek and kiss her on the forehead.

"Anything?" She asks with a hint of tease in her tone, "Anything but that, for now." I chuckle as my lips linger against her temple still.

"Why?" She steps back, her hands holding mine as she stares up at me, her bottom lip pushed out into a pout.

"Can you honestly tell me that you would be okay with that? Your body is weak from the rejection, I can see how exhausted you are, even behind that beautiful smile of yours." I hook my index finger under her chin, staring down into her forest orbs, "Let me take care of you Eleia, it's what I was born for."

I can't deny the intensity building between the two of us, but one of us needs to be strong and I would be, for her.

I give it a few days before I rail into her from every angle there is.

"What about me? When can I rail into my mate?" Jamesy, my wolf asks in a dominant tone and I shrug him off.

That's all he wants to do, but I need to take care of her first.

Her gaze drops down to our hands and she rubs her thumb over the top of my hand, her eyes slowly raising and she stares up at me through her lashes, those long, thick lashes that make her green eyes look more vibrant.

"But what if I want to take care of you?" Her shoulders raise momentarily as she shrugs and I inhale a sharp breath.

"You can, just not now." I tut and the way she slowly pushes her bottom lip out has my hand on pulsing.

"Let's pick some clothes." I try to change the subject, "What do you like? Skirts? Jeans? Shorts? You will need ball gowns of course, but what do you like?" I ask as my eyes scan the racks of clothes they rolled into my room.

My sister would have loved this, she always loved to dress up.

"I don't know." Eleia shrugs cluelessly and I hate that she doesn't know.

What kind of girl doesn't know what style she likes?

I probably sound like a high class girl in high school right now, but I want her to try everything.

"Then throw me a fashion show Eleia." My arms spread wide and she giggles, "A what?", "My smile drops, "Are you serious?" I c**k my hand at her and she giggles, "A what?", "It's when a girl or guy, tries clothes on and show people. In this case, you're going to try in and I am the person you're showing." I shrug and it's like little pieces falling into place as she realises.

"Okay." She beams, looking around all confused, "But where do I start?" Her nose scrunches up and I chuckle at how cute she is.

"Anywhere you damn like." I wink as I plop down onto the bed.

It's like a light going on, as if the sun was rising after a hundred years of darkness and she begins to strip, right in front of me, her bare body exposed as she pulls clothes from hangers and she tries them on.

I can not believe how good she looks in everything, but my favourite is still her wearing nothing but my t-shirt.

"I really like this." She mutters as she stands in my mirror, wearing a black skirt with a pastel pink cropped top, but the skirt was high waisted, so it hid her stomach.

"You look beautiful, but that's a bit, I don't know ...", "Too much like my uniform." She sighs and I nod, I guess it's the only clothes she's comfortable in.

"Well I liked those shorts." She points at the blue Jean shorts and I chuckle, "They did make your ass look good." I shrug and she rolls her eyes, "I have no ass." She scoffs and even if she thinks she doesn't, I can see the bump it makes and even if it's small, it's still mine.

All mine.

How ironic is it that she ends up being my mate, after she was Regan's?

Regan is going to f*****g pay for what he did and I am going to show him how to treat a girl, I am going to show him how he should have treated his girl.

Anger brews in my chest as I think about the things she told me.

How can he be so careless? Heartless... a f*****g monster.

I hope he never finds love, because he will destroy that too.