

Chapter 16

Catherine's POV

"Oh, Goddess, Kate," my mother's familiar voice rang in my ears as soon as we stopped at the pack house, "are you guys okay?"

Colt and his brothers found our car next to the road, checked on us, saw that Raven wasn't capable of driving because he was hurt, and took us home.

Jimmy called our parents and informed them of our accident. He just told them we were in good hands, not to worry, and cut the call.

"We are fine, Mom," I said as Colt got out of the driver's seat, opened the passenger door for me, and lowered himself to help me out.

I tried to argue with him to let me be and that I could do it myself, but Colt growled under his breath and carefully lifted me out of the passenger seat.

I held my breath to ensure I couldn't get lost in his scent.

As soon as our skin touched, small electric sparks erupted, and I gasped and inhaled his intoxicating sandalwood scent.

Our gazes locked, and for a moment, nothing around me mattered.

In those few seconds, I drowned in Colt's serious blue eyes, and pictures of my future flashed before my eyes.

A warm, fuzzy feeling of unconditional love moved through me, and images of myself running through an open clearing, laughing with the triplets chasing after me, flashed before my eyes.

"What happened?" My father asked, breaking the connection between me and Colt.

Colt set me down and took a step away from me. I wasn't sure if he saw something as well, but he did look a bit bewildered and concerned.

"Raven lost control over the SUV and..."

"Why the f*ck is there a rogue lying on the back seat of the SUV!?" Brian yelled out ferociously, cutting me off.

My gaze snapped toward him, and I felt my insides scrunch together. I didn't expect him to be there when we arrived.

My gaze moved over his features, noticing that he looked much older and thinner than a year ago. Was he ill?

"Brian!" I tried to stop him, but he didn't give me a chance to explain.

"Guards! Get him out of here!" Brian ordered.

"Brian, he is hurt!" I tried to explain.

"Guards! Take the rogue down to the dungeon; lock him up!"

"No! He is hurt! Take him to the infirmary," I ordered.

A flash of worry crossed my parents' eyes, yet they didn't say anything.

"Are you mad?" Brian yelled at me and took a step toward me.

The triplets growled dangerously under their breaths; they didn't like the way Brian was talking to me, and a couple of pack bystanders took a quick step away from them.

"I don't care if he is hurt!" Brian hissed at me, ignoring the triplets' warning growl. "He is a rogue, for goddess sake!"

"Father," I said, turning toward my parents. "The rogue might be severely hurt. Raven hit him with an SUV; we just need to check him out, then he can leave."

"It doesn't matter!" Brian cut me off again, saying, "He is a rogue and doesn't deserve to have any help from us! Or did you forget what happened to you?"

Anger flared up in me, and I pushed my wheelchair forward and lifted my gaze.

"My father, your Alpha, confirmed that my injury was not because of a

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rogue attack," I growled, pissed back at him. "The rogue is hurt, and we are responsible for his injuries. He is just as much human and wolf as any of us! Take him to the infirmary!"

I expanded my aura, and Brian whimpered before he dropped his gaze.

I might not be able to walk, but Kia did leave me some interesting abilities to use.

My father nodded his head, and the warriors carried the rogue to our infirmary.

"Cuff him," Brian ordered, "and make sure he is guarded!"

Brian turned toward me, anger written on his face.

"You have doomed us all by letting a rogue into the pack. If he hurts someone, it's all on you!"

"That's enough!" Colt roared and pushed himself between us.

"Who are you to tell me when it's enough?" Brian hissed, sizing Colt up.

Colt kept quiet, crossed his arms around his chest, and lifted an eyebrow. In a bare second, Sam and Grey were at his side.

"Alpha Colt is your future Alpha," Jimmy chirped, walking closer.

He was out to use this information to taunt Brian. After Brian's rejection, Jimmy kept tabs on him. I didn't want to know anything about his personal life; he was free to do what he pleased, but Jimmy had other ideas. He knew that if I was unable to walk again, he would be taking over as Alpha someday, and because of what Brian did to me, he was reluctant to have him as a Beta.

Confusion crossed Brian's eyes, and he shook his head.

"You decided to take a chosen mate?" Brian gasped, bewildered, with wide eyes.

What was that to him?

He had everything, but he took it away! It's been over a year already. There is no way he has any feelings for me. The bond has been broken

between us.

"No," I answered, shaking my head, "I have not taken anything."

The triplets turned their gazes toward me, and longing, with a dash of sadness, crossed their eyes.

"Then what is Jimmy talking about?" Brian asked, and a spike of jealousy crossed his eyes.

"Alpha Colt is Kate's mate," Jimmy said, amused.

"So are we," Sam uttered, gesturing between him and Grey.

"All three of them?" Brian growled.

Jimmy burst out laughing, finding the situation amusing, then glared at me.

"It's not even double trouble, but triple trouble," he said, turning back to watch Brian's face.

"Is this true?" My mother asked in wonder.

"Yes, Mother," I answered, "but..."

Brian huffed, cutting me off, and my gaze moved toward him, where he pushed through between Sam and Grey.

He stopped in front of me, bent down, laid his hand on the wheelchair armrest, and looked me in the eyes.

The golden specs in his eyes looked hard and cold, and every now and then his eyes would flicker to black. Haiti must be fighting for control. I wonder what his deal was.

Brian let out a breath, shifted his head to the side, and grinned.

"You always acted so pure and innocent," he said, pulling his lips in a sneer, "but it seems to me, between all of us, you were the whore after all!"
