

The Alpha's Captive Mate

Taylor Caine

The Alpha's Captive Mate by Taylor Caine Chapter 1

CHAPTER 1

Harper

I glanced over at my foster father, Greg, when he pulled his old beat-up truck to the side of the road.

We'd left the town where I grew up, Silverwater, around two hours back. He hadn't told me where we were going or why.

I'd learned early on not to question him, because the answer usually came in the form of his fists.

We hadn't passed anyone on this deserted stretch of highway for over half an hour. There was nothing but forest, hills and miles of wilderness stretching in all directions.

Pack territory, I thought with a shiver, looking warily out the window, as if there were wolves waiting in the treeline to rip me apart the second I set foot outside.

For all I knew, there were.

More than one pack who called Montana home would kill me if they knew who I was.

The only reason I'd survived this long was because of my grandma, and then getting put into human foster homes after

she died.

Greg turned off the truck and for a moment there was nothing but the sound of the engine ticking as it cooled.

I tried to keep my breathing calm and quiet, but I was getting more and more anxious about what was happening here.

"You turn eighteen today," Greg eventually said, looking over at me.

His gaze was oily and gross, making my stomach turn.

He'd often looked at me like that in the last twelve months

since I got placed with him.

He always touched me just a little too long.

Or brushed up against me when he didn't have to.

I wasn't stupid.

I knew what he was thinking.

Really, it was a miracle he'd gone this long without crossing

the line.

It wasn't like he had much of a conscience holding him back.

I couldn't count the number of times he'd slapped me or shoved me around.

Or watched porn in the living room with the volume turned way up so I knew exactly what he was doing.

"You're an adult now," he continued when I didn't say anything. "Aged out of the system. You're on your own, here on out. No one's going to help you with anything."

I crossed my arms, stomach churning harder.

All those things were true.

But it also meant I was free.

I didn't know what I was going to do, but I did know I didn't have to spend another night under Greg's roof.

As soon as we got back to Silverwater, I was planning to pack up my few possessions and run.

"Get out," Greg suddenly said in a hard voice.

"Get out of my goddamn truck, girl. Now."

4/6

I scrambled to throw off my seatbelt and practically fell out of

the cab when I shoved the door open.

I knew that voice.

That voice always came right before a beating.

Not just a slap or a shove.

A rain of fists and once I was on the ground-boots that wouldn't cease until he'd quieted his own inner demons.

What had I done this time? I'd barely said a word. Hadn't argued. Hadn't done anything.

I stumbled over the guardrail on the edge of the road and blindly rushed into the stretch of long grass leading down a small incline to the tree line.

For some reason, I just thought if I could reach the trees, I

would be safe.

I only made it halfway.

Greg grabbed me from behind and threw me down onto the ground.

I tried to fight him-I knew this time was different.

This time, he wasn't going to stop once he'd knocked me

around a bit.

5/6

He was going to do all the things he'd been thinking about for an entire year.

And then he was going to leave my body broken and

abandoned in the middle of nowhere.

Probably no one would ever find me.

No one would even notice I was gone.

It wasn't like I thought I had anything to live for.

But I didn't want to go out like this.

Except my attempts to fend him off were weak and feeble at

best.

If I'd been a powerful witch like my mother and grandmother, I

could have boiled his insides with a few simple words.

If I'd been a strong werewolf like my father, I could have used

fangs and claws to shred Greg to pieces.

But I was none of those things.

I was a half-witch, half-wolf freak who didn't have enough of

either ability.

Greg punched me in the side of the head so hard, everything

went woozy.

I couldn't even lift my arms then to keep trying to fend Greg

off.

I felt him yanking at my clothes with frantic violence as everything started going black around the edges of my vision.

Today was the day I turned eighteen.

Today was the day I died.

Write your comment

Gifts