

The Alpha's Captive Matew by Taylor Caine Chapter 10

CHAPTER 10

Aaron

The hour drive back to my ranch and the territory where my

pack ran had never seemed to take so long. @wŴ.(n)0ve(1)worm.c0m

I debated the entire way whether I should have just done as the witches had been planning to do and let Harper go.

She hadn't fared very well in the human world since her

grandmother had died, and I doubted the world would be much kinder to her if I'd simply let her go.

Teenage runaways who looked like she did would be at the

mercy of all kinds of predators, especially a girl without a single god-given person who cared about her.

But once the idea of taking her back to my ranch had

solidified in my mind, the wolf within me had refused to let it

go, even a little bit.

As if deep down I'd just been looking for a reason to keep her.

Like something profound had shifted deep within me when I'd told her you belong to me now.

Except there was no getting around who and what she was.

For that, loathing ran deep and vicious through my veins, like her very presence was turning my blood to acid.

I had to be smart about this.

I knew this was the right thing to do for my pack, despite how some others would probably question it. Not to my face-they

were all smarter than that and knew I wouldn't stand for it.

But they would think having her on our lands where the blood of our slain family had soaked into the very ground we now walked over every day was a betrayal to everything that'd happened.

Except the Crawford pack had owed us a blood debt ever

since that fateful night.

I'd let them defer on paying it back for too many years now. WŵŴ.n0v0lŴ0rM.0oM

Ian Crawford's sons were fair, just and honorable men.

Just like their father had been until the night he'd turned and become something monstrous, roaming Montana killing wolves and witches and wreaking havoc wherever he found it until several Alphas had made an uneasy alliance with Maryanne and some other powerful witches to stop him once wŵ(w).n(0)v0e(1)W0rm.com

and for all.

No one knew what had caused Ian to turn into the beast he'd been at the end. Not that any kind of answer could mitigate what he'd done.

So while his sons, Noah, Heath and Roman had wanted to keep the peace and had spent years trying to atone for what their father had done, I'd allowed the debt to go unpaid.

Harper was the answer to that problem.

She was Crawford blood, and while I knew the three brothers -particularly Noah as the current Alpha of the Crawford pack-liked to deny Harper's very existence, I a'sumed they'd happily throw her to the wolves, literally, if it meant they could lessen even a portion of what the Crawfords owed the Hollands.

Still, despite how having Harper solved problems, I knew it was going to cause others.

Harper's omega nature was going to be a huge issue.

Few and fewer omegas had been born over the past few generations, and while they would always be at the very bottom of the pack hierarchy, they had become a prize possession many Alphas would go to any length to possess.

There were enough unscrupulous Alphas around who wouldn't be deterred by her half-witch nature when given the

chance to mate with her in heat, to experience the primal

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euphoria of going into a full rut and all but guaranteeing the union would result in an Alpha offspring from her.

The thought of some other faceless Alpha mating her made

my insides burn with a rage that was almost worse than when

I'd found out who she was.

From the corner of my eye, I couldn't help noticing how Harper

spent the entire trip hunched into the corner of the seat at the door, frozen in place, barely breathing it seemed. Wŵ(w).00v0el(w)0r0.com

remembered how we'd shared a meal together at the diner,

how I'd enjoyed seeing her eat her fill and be satisfied, how

she'd obviously felt safe with me, and I'd liked the feeling. How

all those protective instincts had roused within me in a way I'd

never experienced before.

      Sure, I was protective of my pack, but something about Harper made me want to feed her and wrap her up in the softest blankets on the coldest night, hurt anyone who so

much as looked at her the wrong way, take her into my bed

and-

That train of thought shocked me so bad, I nearly ran us off the road when I jerked the wheel suddenly.

If Harper had been anyone else, I would've said my inner wolf was treating her like I'd recognized her as my—

It wasn't possible.

I wouldn't let it be possible.

She wasn't even a pure-blooded wolf. She was half witch.

Bore the blood of two enemies.

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There was absolutely no way some pitiful hybrid girl was my

mate.

And if on the horrible cosmic joke of a chance she was, then I would rather live a solitary life and never know what it was to claim or bond with my mate than have anything to do with

her.

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Gifts