

The Alpha's Captive Matew by Taylor Caine Chapter 12

CHAPTER 12

Aaron

When I made it outside and crossed the porch, sucking in a lungful of the crisp mountain air that promised the first season's snow, I finally felt like I could breathe again.

Harper had me twisted up inside like I didn't know which way

was up or down, what was right or wrong.

Maybe I shouldn't have left Sandy in charge of her.

My boots wanted to take me right back across the porch, inside to the kitchen to check Harper was okay.

Which was all kinds of moronic.

Harper represented everything I hated.

I shouldn't care what happened to her, so long as she didn't get away and could begin repaying the blood debt owed to my pack. *www.NoVëlworm.com*

Except I was worried about how Sandy would treat her.

I didn't exactly like Sandy, but she was the pack matriarch.

She'd been my mother's best friend and had looked after me

-as much as she could considering the Alpha who'd been in

charge of the pack in the years after-but there'd always been something about her I'd found unsettling. Plus, I knew she

could be ruthless when she didn't like someone.

Not to mention her spoiled children, Beau and Melody, though nobody had the balls to say anything about their behavior to her. I'd had to intervene a few times when things looked

to be getting out of hand, but she always played the / was practically a mother to you card that took the wind right out of my sails.

Still, Sandy was probably the best choice. She wouldn't let emotion sway her, not with the memories of that fateful night haunting her like they haunted the few elder members we had

left from that time.

I clomped my boots down the steps, forcing my legs to take

me toward my truck.

I had things to do. I didn't have time to worry over someone who wasn't worth my consideration or my energy.

"Aaron!"

I glanced up as I reached the truck to see Connor, my best friend and second alpha in the pack jogging toward me from

the barn, features drawn in concern.

I asked as I pulled the door of my truck open.

"Is it true, you've got Ian Crawford's half-witch daughter in your kitchen?" Connor demanded.

"How the hell do you know that?" I'd literally just left her there a few moments ago.

"Beau came out to the barn and started running his mouth,"

Connor answered.

"Of course he did," I muttered.

Nothing stayed secret in the pack for very long.

"So is it true? What the hell is going on?" Connor asked in a way only he could get away with.

Very few others dared question me directly, or they risked my

wrath.

I was known for having a short fuse.

"Yeah, it's true. I need to get back to Ellisville, I didn't get a

chance to grab our supplies. I'll explain everything when I get *www.NoVëlworm.com*

home later."

"I'll come with you," Connor offered, rounding my truck before

I could answer.

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We climbed in and within a few seconds we were rolling down the long driveway leading out of the ranch.

"So, what happened?" Connor asked once we were on the main road. Or, what pa*sed for a main road around here

anyway.

I told Connor everything that'd happened that morning from finding Harper to going to Maryanne and discovering her identity.

"Maybe she really didn't realize you were a wolf, let alone who

you were," Connor said when I'd finished.

"Are you defending her?" I demanded incredulously.

"No!" Connor said, holding up both hands. "It just makes sense, you know. She's probably never been around any other wolves. Barely been around any witches it sounds like with how her grandmother left the coven. Grew up in the human world, especially once her grandmother died. Imagine that."

Connor gave an over-exaggerated shudder as if being exposed to the human world was the worst thing that could possibly happen to him.

Honestly, it probably was.

"It doesn't really matter whether she knew who I was and

tricked me, or it was just some huge coincidence," I said after

a moment. "She is who she is. She's got the blood of that

bastard Ian Crawford running through her veins, and if that

ain't all enough, she's half witch. She can't be trusted. She's

good for nothing but maybe finally getting some of the blood debt we're owed paid at last." *www.NoVëlworm.com*

"Yeah, but maybe there's a problem with that plan," Connor

said, a hint of regret in his tone like he didn't even want to say what he was thinking. *www.NoVëlworm.com*

"What's that?" I asked in concern.

"You know Noah hates to even acknowledge she exists. All this time, and the Crawford wolves never went looking for her? What if Noah doesn't accept her as pack and won't agree with using her to pay

down some of the blood debt?" Connor

asked, making me curse.

Damn it, I'd been so wrapped up in Harper, so furious at being duped and not recognizing who she was right away, it'd never crossed my mind that Noah might not even agree to this.

That he'd prefer to stay indebted to the Holland pack by blood than claim Harper as one of their own.

"It doesn't matter," I told Connor with a confidence I wasn't

feeling. "Even if Noah's not smart enough to take this opportunity I'm offering, Harper will still pay for all the blood her father spilled, and the trouble witches have rained down on us time and time again. One way or another, I'm going to get what I'm awed from that girl"