

The Alpha's Captive Matew by Taylor Caine Chapter 13

CHAPTER 13

7/10

There was no point replying as she jerked me forward, leading

me across the kitchen and outside.

She marched me ahead of her across the yard, holding the

chain and roughly shoving me between the shoulder blades

every now and then.

Eventually, my anger-and maybe everything that'd **Ww.nOveLwOrM** ©óñ) happened to me all day since Greg had attacked me-got the better of me and I jerked to a halt, turning on her.

"That's enough!" I snarled, surprised at myself when my voice came out low and throaty with warning.

Something I'd never been able to do before.

Sandy's eyes widened, but it was more with incredulous anger than surprise or fright.

She whipped out a hand, streaking claws across my cheek- just like Melody had done to Beau.

"That's for my son," she snapped in return. Not done yet, the next rake of claws went down my neck and across the top of my chest, ripping the clothes Aaron had brought me, the ragged edges quickly turning bloody. I clenched my teeth, against crying out from the sharp pain of it. "And that's for talking back to me. Don't think I won't do worse if you defy me again!"

CHAPTER 13

I couldn't fight her with my hands chained in the heavy

manacles.

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I probably couldn't fight her even without them. I wasn't

anywhere near as strong as her.

So I fought down my anger-promising a later retribution- and let her drag me the rest of the way through the large house yard to a small field off to the side of the barn. She took

me to a hitching post staked right in the middle and threaded

the chain through the iron circle usually reserved for horse's

reins.

She didn't even look at me or say another word, simply turned and walked away, leaving me there.

I shivered as I sank down against the bottom of the post,

needing to leave my arms raised because Sandy had threaded the chain too short. I tried to hunch in on myself and turn away from the biting wind coming down north off the snow-capped mountains in the distance, but it was no use.

I used a small amount of what little magic I could dredge up to warm myself the slightest bit-just to keep myself from getting hypothermia for the time being, hoping it would last until Sandy decided I'd been punished enough out in the cold and the encroaching darkness.

Harper

I hadn't noticed at first, but ever since Maryanne had torn my

necklace off-the one my grandmother had obviously spelled to hide my wolf nature-I'd been feeling strange.

Sounds were louder, my sight was sharper, the light brighter,

and scents had become almost overwhelming.

The scent thing was what I'd noticed first.

Specifically, Aaron, and how he smelled like an oncoming summer storm, all wild and heated and powerful.

I hadn't thought too much about it at first, not with how scared I'd been and everything else going on. But now I could smell so many different things-mostly all the individual scents

of wolves who called this ranch home-all the way down to the

snow that hadn't even started falling yet.

And I couldn't help but wonder, had my grandmother's

necklace not only hidden my wolf nature, but actively

suppressed it?

She'd told me to never take it off and eventually I'd been too

scared that I would lose it like I'd lost my other few precious possessions, so I'd worn that necklace no matter what.

I'd never started shifting on the full moon once I turned

sixteen like how most people who were born wolves usually

did. I'd never been able to call up fangs or claws or the strength wolves could usually rely on, even when in human

form.

I'd often wished my grandma was still alive for many different reasons over the years, but now it was because I needed

to ask her how much the magic in the necklace had been holding back.

What if I shifted come the next full moon?

The idea terrified me.

I didn't know anything about it.

Didn't know whether it hurt, or how much control I had once **Ww.nOveLwOrM** ©.com

the wolf inside me took over. Would I remember running through the woods on all fours, wind ruffling my fur?

I desperately wanted answers to these questions and more, but it wasn't like I could ask anyone.

My mind immediately supplied me with Aaron, but he hated

He wanted to use me.

To make me pay for something that hadn't even been my

fault.

3/10

glanced across the kitchen to where Sandy had returned to

her baking. Neither she nor the two younger ones-Melody

and Beau, who'd turned out to be twins and Sandy's kids—had

paid me any mind.

That was fine, I'd rather be ignored than tormented anyway.

I watched from the corner of my eye as Sandy put whatever

she'd been making in the oven and then turned to the pair

seated at the counter.

"I'm going out to see how things are going over at the barn kitchen with the canning and preserving for the coming winter," Sandy said, hanging up the apron she'd been wearing

to bake. "You two keep an eye on her, I'll only be a few

minutes."

The pair murmured their agreements, sounding bored, as if they didn't care, but as soon as Sandy left the kitchen, they

both hopped off the counter stools and came to stand over

"Where'd you come from?" Beau asked, nudging me with his

boot when I wouldn't answer right away.

4/10

"Looks like human trailer trash," Melody said, wrinkling her nose as if I smelled bad.

"Bet the alphas round these parts won't think so when this

little omega here goes into heat." Beau said, nudging me with his boot harder this time, almost painfully.

His words made me go still, however.

Was he-

Was he talking about me?

Was I an omega?

How did I even figure that out without someone else telling

me?

"You better watch out, Melody," Beau said, poking at his sister

in a teasing way. "You're not the only young, available omega

around here any longer. Maybe Aaron's got choices now, and

won't mate you after all."

"Shut up!" Melody said, shoving her brother back, which only

made him laugh. "Aaron and I are all but mated already. He's

meant to be mine. Everyone knows that. Some half-breed

witch girl he dragged out of a gutter isn't going to change

that."

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"What's a matter, Mellie?" Beau's teasing got worse then.

"Someone sounds worried." **Ww.nOveLwOrM** ©.com

"How many times do I have to tell you not to call me Mellie?" she fumed, claws appearing at the tips of her curled hands.

"You are worried," Beau crowed. "Jealous of some girl chained up in Aaron's kitchen like the wolf version of Cinderella."

Melody growled then, the only warning Beau got before she lashed out, swiping her hand across his cheek, leaving three precise claw marks dribbling blood down his cheek.

"Damn it, Melody!" Beau shouted, lunging toward her, but she

danced out of reach with a giggle at his anger. "You know I

can't fully heal this until I turn at the next full moon!"

"Then maybe next time you'll remember not to call me Mellie," she replied sweetly, though her grin was wicked.

Beau huffed, screwing up his face in concentration and healing the wounds enough until they'd stopped bleeding at least. But as he'd said, the remaining scars wouldn't fully disappear until he shifted at the next full moon.

Sandy returned just then, and the pair quickly moved away from me. As she stepped back into the kitchen, Sandy's gaze

landed on Beau's face, and she frowned.

"Beau! What happened?"

6/10

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I didn't have much magic available within me after using so much to **Ww.nOveLwOrM** ©.com heal myself once already today.

I didn't even dare heal the slices in my skin, even though I could feel the blood soaking into my clothes, quickly going

cold and sticking to my skin.

Instead of letting myself worry about the injuries and my lack of coat or layers against the freezing cold and snowflakes that were starting to drift down from the sky, I thought about

what Beau had said.

About me being omega.

Had he been telling the truth?

He had been teasing Melody about it, so I didn't think he'd

have any reason to lie.

I might not know much about wolves, but I knew omegas were both the lowest members of the pack-held to the will and whim of whatever alpha claimed them-but also sought after

because there weren't as many around any longer.

I needed to get that necklace back from Aaron so I could go back to hiding my wolf nature.

Nothing good would come from that side of myself.