

The Alpha's Captive Matew by Taylor Caine Chapter 15

CHAPTER 15

Harper

I'd been stretching my magic thin for hours, treading the line. between being freezing cold, but fending off hypothermia.

I couldn't tell how much time had pa*sed, but I knew it'd been hours upon hours. It'd been snowing lightly, but steadily most of that time. I was only lucky that it wasn't piling up on the ground around me, otherwise I'd have that to contend with as

well.

Still, a lot of it had soaked into my clothes, leaving me wet and

even colder, making it necessary to use even more magic to keep myself from succumbing to hypothermia.

I felt the moment my magic finally stuttered out.

The cold suddenly got sharper and deeper, and the light shivers intensified, wracking my body until I was shaking

uncontrollably.

Surely Sandy would come and get me any minute now?

Except I knew it was a lie and simply false hope I was holding

onto.

Something I'd been repeating to myself in vain for hours on **WwW.n0VeiW0(r)mm.c0m**

end.

2/5

There was no reason she couldn't leave me out here all night.

I wondered if Aaron knew.

He must, I'd seen the lights of a truck return to the ranch **WwW.(w).(n)0VeiW0(r)0.M.Com**

house awhile ago now.

Obviously, none of them realized that being half-witch,

I wasn't impervious to the cold like wolves were. Wolves couldn't get hypothermia and die. But witches certainly could, especially if they couldn't access their magic.

I wondered what Aaron would say or think when he came out

here in the morning and found me dead. A vindictive part of

me thought maybe that was some kind of sweet revenge.

Dying to spite him, to thwart him of the ability to use me for his stupid blood debt.

Except apparently I was too foolish and stubborn to simply curl into a ball and give up.

Now that my magic had run out, I didn't have much time left.

I'd tried earlier to see if I could loosen the chain or the circlet

attached to the hitching post, but my fingers had been too

stiff and numb to really do anything. And even if they hadn't been, it'd seemed pretty apparent that with only a human

amount of strength to draw on, I wasn't going to be able to escape my binds.

Still, I stiffly pulled myself to my feet, my body trembling and aching from the cold, lifting my arms against the heavy manacles to feel around the hitching post, trying to find any kind of weakness or flaw I might be able to use to my

advantage.

Worse still, I could feel myself getting sleepy, my brain becoming sluggish.

I knew that was a bad sign. **WwW.00(v)eLw0rm.c0m**

The hypothermia was starting to win out.

In desperation, I threw my slight weight against the post, vaguely thinking I could shove the whole thing out of the ground. But then I belatedly realized if it could hold against a thousand pounds of ranch horse, it wasn't going to budge against my weak shoving.

So instead, I started clumsily yanking at the chains, knowing it was probably making the manacles cut deeper into my wrists, but I was so numb, I couldn't even feel it.

At this point, I didn't even care if I had to break both my

hands. I was desperate to escape, desperate not to die alone

in the freezing cold, with snow silently, softly drifting down on

However, after a few long minutes of helpless struggling,

I only wore myself out quicker and eventually stumbled, slumping to the ground at an awkward angle because of the way my hands were suspended above my head.

I tilted my head back to stare at the dark sky, no stars visible due to the thick cloud cover. I blinked sluggishly against the snowflakes landing on my lashes. My newly sensitive hearing

started picking up sounds from around the ranch. The chatter

of a TV in someone's cabin. Families laughing and talking, the

crackle of many, many fires warming people's homes and

lives.

All those people were safe and happy. They lived a good life and belonged somewhere. They were surrounded by family who loved them and whom they loved in return.

To them, this place was a sanctuary. Was a home. Was a picture-perfect life.

Yet here I was, in that same place, surrounded by people who

hated me, who wanted to hurt me, who had left me alone out **wwW.n(c)181000Mi.00**

in the cold to suffer for something I hadn't even done.

To me, this place was hell. This place meant torture.

This place meant death.

5/5

And I could feel it coming for me, sighing softly in the drift of

falling snowflakes.