

The Alpha's Captive Matew by Taylor Caine Chapter 19

CHAPTER 19

Harper

I had no idea what I should be feeling about the fact I'd just found out I had three older brothers and they were all downstairs waiting to see me.

was excited and elated.

I was terrified and anxious.

What if they hated me as much as Aaron did?

What if they despised my witch side, just like every witch had always despised my wolf side?

For a second I felt this sense of utter hopelessness-it wasn't the first time I'd felt that exact surge of bitter loneliness-at the fact that I was all and nothing. Despairing of the fact that would never fit in anywhere no matter what I did.

Why had my grandma never told me about these brothers? Sons of Ian Crawford who'd been born-presumably to a happy family life before the man had gone rogue-long before I'd ever been conceived through terrible violence.

Had they always known about me? Had my grandmother hidden me from them as well? Had they ever tried to find me?

wolf

The more I discovered, the more it seemed my grandmother [www.Ov6W6rM.c0M](#)

had wanted to shield me from anything to do with

bloodline.

my

At first, I'd a*sumed it was because she wanted to protect me.

Except I couldn't help but wonder if something else had been going on with her motivations when concealing and suppressing me through the charmed necklace.

Aaron led me through the ground floor of the house and my steps faltered as we entered the kitchen. My gaze was drawn back to the hearth where I'd spent most of the day chained up

until Sandy had taken me out to the hitching post.

My mind shied away from what'd happened after that, not. wanting to recall how cold, scared and alone I'd felt for all

those hours.

How I'd come closer to death last night than ever before. [WWW.Nove0w0Rm.CoM](#)

Sandy was moving around the kitchen, efficiently making breakfast, the smell of frying bacon heavy in the air.

Three men sat around the large central wooden table, chatting quietly between themselves. They paused, however,

as Aaron walked over and took a seat at the head of the table.

"How's Harper?" one of the men asked as Sandy set a cup of

coffee in front of Aaron.

"See for yourself," Aaron replied, nodding toward me.

Three sets of curious eyes swung in my direction, and I had to

resist the urge to shrink back under their attention.

The one who'd spoken jumped to his feet.

"Harper!" He crossed the distance between us, and I froze

when he pulled me into a hug, not knowing what to do. "I'm Heath. It's so good to finally meet you. I've wanted to for the longest time."

Heath pulled back, smiling down at me. "I've always wanted a little sister. Too many brothers, you know?"

nodded automatically, even though I knew nothing about having any brothers at all.

The oldest man got up and walked over more sedately, holding out a hand as Heath stepped back.

"I'm Noah," he said, tone reserved, as if he wasn't sure about

I looked over at Roman, but he barely spared me a glance.

And for the split second his gaze had been on me, it'd been

loaded with disgust.

Seemed like Roman didn't want a half-witch for a sister.

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But I put that aside as I refocused on Heath, since he seemed like the friendliest out of everyone.

"It's nice to meet you," I said. "I'm sorry, but until just now, I

didn't even know I had older brothers."

"Half-brothers," Roman muttered from the table.

"Ignore him," Heath said with a wave of his hand. "He's just pissed off because he's not the baby any longer."

Roman gave a low, almost imperceptible growl, a hint of fang beneath his upper lip as he narrowed his gaze on Heath, but

Heath paid him no mind.

"Come and sit down. You must be hungry," Heath said, nudging me toward the table.

"No," Aaron said, all that Alpha authority loaded into the one simple word. "Harper, you need to help Sandy make

breakfast. You're not a guest here."

quickly shifting away from Heath, even though I

didn't want to go anywhere near Sandy after what she'd done

to me yesterday.

When I reached the other side of the counter, she shoved a

carton of eggs at me and ordered me to scramble and cook them in a low furious tone, as if she was angry about having

to deal with me.

As I started preparing the eggs, I glanced back across toward [@Ww.n0VeIw0rM.c0m](#)

the fable where Aaron and Noah had fallen into a low, serious

conversation.

Deciding my future, I a*sumed.

And I didn't even get a say, even though I was standing right

here.

But this was how the packs worked.

This was my fate as both an omega and half-breed witch. They would say I should thank myself lucky I even got to stand here breathing.

Living in the human world with foster parents had been

bad, but since I'd arrived here yesterday, my grandmother's warnings had proven to be true.

For me, life in a pack was going to be so much worse. [wWw.n0VeIw0rM.c0m](#)

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