

The Alpha's Captive Matew by Taylor Caine Chapter 24

CHAPTER 24

Aaron

It'd been dark for hours by the time we reached the western most edge of our territory. The Reynolds wolves, however, were not hard to find.

They'd set up camp with a large, roaring fire, and they'd done it within what was arguably the boundaries of my land.

There were more of them than I'd been expecting. At least thirty men and women. All of the senior members of the Reynolds pack.

I swung off my horse and motioned for both Connor and Eric to come with me.

Arlo Reynolds, the Alpha of the Reynolds pack, separated himself from the others, but at least half a dozen of his wolves trailed after him as he came to meet me.

We were outnumbered. I'd only brought six of my guys with me, not imagining I'd find this many Reynolds wolves pushing the boundaries of my territory all the way out here.

"You're on my land, Arlo," I said as the older man stopped a

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few strides away, looking at me as if he actually thought he was more powerful or better than me.

"This far out from civilization, who's to say where the boundaries really run?" Arlo replied dismissively.

I could fight him on it, but it didn't seem worth the bloodshed.

Not when Arlo clearly had the numbers on his side.

"What are you doing out here?" I demanded, crossing my arms.

Arlo sniffed and then spat, aiming precariously close to my boots, and it was all I could do not to bristle.

He was clearly trying to provoke something here.

"Way I hear it, you've got yourself three omegas in your territory," Arlo eventually answered.

I didn't answer, didn't shift, didn't give away a single hint of anything going on in my mind. I was wondering however, how Arlo could already know about this.

The uneasy thought that not all the wolves living on my land were completely loyal to me rose in the back of my mind, but I squashed the thought back down.

Arlo stared at me, waiting for me to answer, but I wasn't going

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to give him the satisfaction of confirming or denying what he thought he knew.

"See, I ain't got any omegas of my own," Arlo continued. "Not any young and ripe for mating, and I'm thinking its about time I whelped myself an heir to the Reynolds pack."

"I don't see what any of this has to do with you crossing onto my land, Arlo," I said, striving for patience when my inner wolf wanted to snarl and snap at the audacity of this intruder.

"You're going to hand over one of them omegas," Arlo said. "Don't even care if its that half-breed bitch. You got no right holding that many omegas when there are packs going wanting for them."

"Get off my land, Arlo." At this, I couldn't help the snarl underpinning my words. The thought of this cruel older alpha so much as touching Harper-let alone mating her-sent fury crashing through my common sense. "This isn't a conversation I'm having. Not now, not ever."

"You're making a mistake, boy," Arlo spat, his own anger showing now. "This right here? A couple'a wolves camped out on your boundary? That's going to be the least of your problems if you don't pony up and give me what I want."

"Are you challenging me?" I asked in a hard voice.

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I could feel Connor and Eric bristling beside me, ready for to fight at my side, even if they knew it was one we weren't likely to win when we were so badly outnumbered.

"Challenge an inexperienced, pathetic pup playing at Alpha like you are?" Arlo snorted a derisive laugh. "Be a waste of my time, wouldn't it? You come see me when them omegas become more trouble than they're worth and you're ready to part ways with 'em." www.Novélw0r.c0m

Arlo turned his back on me and ambled back to where the rest of his pack were camped around the large fire.

"What are you going to do about them?" Connor asked in a low voice.

"Nothing," I replied, even though it galled me to say so. "Not when we're outnumbered like we are. We'll keep an eye on them tonight and when we get back to the ranch tomorrow, organize some of the guys to triple the patrols out here."

Connor nodded, then he and Eric went to join the rest of my men so we could set up our own camp for the night.

Arlo's words had left me uneasy.

Why hadn't he argued harder for me to give him one of the omegas?

Why hadn't he challenged me outright?

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I got the feeling he was up to something else, and whatever it was, it would end up spelling trouble for the peace and security of my pack.

Maybe Arlo was right.

Maybe three omegas would attract too much attention and invite too much conflict to my pack and my territory.

But it wasn't like I was even in a position to hand any of them over.

Melody was Sandy's daughter, and she wouldn't stand for Melody to end up with any other pack. Not to mention I had plans to mate her myself. www.Novélw0r(m).c0m

Meanwhile, Heath was technically still Crawford pack, even if he was living with us for the foreseeable future, so I didn't get any say in whether he got traded to another pack's Alpha. The same went for Harper.

Except where Harper was concerned, I was adamant about keeping her.

I couldn't shake the sense she was mine, even if I was never going to lay any claim on her. Even if she was simply going to spend her life working my house and lands.

No way would I let the likes of Arlo Reynolds touch her.

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If there was a fight to be had for Harper, then I knew I could do nothing but go down swinging.