

The Alpha's Captive Matew by Taylor Caine Chapter 4

CHAPTER 4

The girl—Harper—was skittish like an unbroken filly. I could

tell every time the thought to run crossed her mind. Could see

every time she questioned whether she should trust me.

Her gorgeous face was an open book.

And really, she shouldn't trust me.

Witches and wolves-even half-witches-we were natural

born enemies.

We'd spilled each other's blood on this land countless ways

over hundreds of years.

If I had any sense about me, I'd buy her some food and then

leave her be.

But there was something about her that was rousing these

protective instincts within me, ones my inner wolf usually only reserved for members of my pack.

Was it just because I'd saved her from that human-stain of a man who'd planned to do unspeakable things to her?

Or because she was beautiful and vulnerable and clearly

needed someone to take care of her?

2/10

Or was it simply the mystery she presented?

The fact that she was only half-witch, had grown up in human

foster homes and didn't even seem to know Maryanne.

Every damn witch in the state of Montana-and pretty much

all the wolves too-knew who Maryanne was. She was the equivalent of a queen. A two-hundred-year-old witch who didn't look a day over thirty-five.

Not many witches in history had commanded as much power as Maryanne did, and many wouldn't in the future.

My vague plan-a*suming the girl didn't decide to cut and run -was to feed her and then take her to Maryanne.

If she was only half witch, she'd obviously gotten separated

from her family at some point. Maryanne, and Harper I

a*sumed, would be thankful for me returning the girl to the

coven.

And more than anything, I liked the idea of Maryanne owing

me one.

I purposefully left my truck and walked to the door of the diner, knowing it was giving her a chance to disappear if

that's what she wanted to do.

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Maybe it would've been best for both of us if she did.

I certainly didn't need to get mixed up in witch-business.

3/10

But I sensed underneath the vulnerability and hesitation life

had beaten into her, there was bravery, a core of unyielding

strength.

At the stoop of the diner, I heard the door to my truck slam,

and glanced over my shoulder to see her closing the distance

between us, her features set with a hint of determination.

So it seemed she was going to be brave and trust me for a little while longer.

At least long enough to take advantage of the food I was

offering.

When she reached me, I opened the door for her, letting her

go ahead of me.

However, she paused just inside the doorway, eyes darting

around as if the crowd made her nervous.

The diner was only about half full, and so I led her over to a

booth in the far corner, putting us out of the way.

She seemed to relax marginally at this, however she didn't

relax completely. She still seemed like she thought someone

was going to jump out at her any second.

"Order anything you like," I told her as we sat in opposite sides

of the booth.

A waitress came over and asked us if we wanted coffee, but

Harper seem absorbed in the menu, so I said yes for both of

us.

By the time the waitress returned with the coffee, Harper was ready to order pancakes with

blueberries, chocolate syrup and whipped cream, while I went for a burger-meat cooked

rare-and fries.

"So are you from around here?" I asked once the waitress had

bustled off again.

Though Ellisville was the biggest town for a few hours in every direction, it still wasn't huge, and I

reckoned I would've noticed

if I'd seen her before.

There was just something about her that was undeniably striking.

striking.

A person couldn't help but take notice.

"I grew up in Silverwater," Harper replied, her attention focused out the window. "Greg drove us from there this

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morning before- He didn't say why."

Weren't too hard to put those pieces together.

Greg had wanted to take her somewhere secluded where

he could do with her whatever sick and twisted thing he'd imagined up.

5/10

That road they'd been on wasn't a direct route between

Silverwater and Ellisville. It was an outta the way highway that

didn't lead to much beside wilderness and ranch land, and

eventually Canada if a person drove long enough.

"Long way from home, then," I commented.

There were witches in Silverdale that made up part of the

larger northern coven Maryanne oversaw; it would be odd if

they didn't know about her existence. Surely they must have felt her power at least?

Witches could feel other witches, something to do with the

magic that ran through all of them being ancestral.

Kind of like bloodlines with the wolves, I supposed, but I'd

never cared to understand too much about it. Wolves kept to

themselves and witches to their covens.

The species didn't mix.

"It hadn't really been home any more since my grandma died and I went into the foster system," Harper said, this heartbreaking sadness in her green eyes.

She got real quiet then, and honestly, what could I say?

6/10

Wasn't my place to make her feel better about the shitty hand

life had dealt her, even though my inner wolf was nudging at

me to cheer her up. It was ridiculous, so I ignored it in favor of

sipping my coffee and letting the silence stretch between us.

If she wanted to talk, I'd let her, maybe say a few words in

return.

But I wasn't exactly known for my conversational skills.

Eventually the waitress returned with our orders and refilled

our coffee.

Harper fell on her pancakes and wolfed them down quicker than I would've thought someone her

size could manage.

After, she sat back looking more settled than any other time

since I'd picked her up a few hours past.

"Better?" I asked, unable to hold back a small smile.

"Yes, thank you so much," she said earnestly.

She seemed embarrassed by how she'd gushed those words and dropped her gaze.

It made me want to reach across the table, notch my thumb beneath her chin and lift that gorgeous

green gaze back

to mine so I could reassure her she didn't need to be so

self-conscious around me.

Instead, I shook my head at myself in annoyance and finished up the last of my fries.

"Do you mind excusing me for a minute? I just need to use the

bathroom," Harper asked in a timid voice, as if I might tell her she wasn't allowed to go to the

bathroom.

It made my blood boil again as I wondered what else she'd been subjected to by that asshole Greg

and other apparent foster parents who'd mistreated her over the years.

Made me want to track down every single one of them and rip their throats out with my teeth.

Except she wasn't pack, and I had no idea where these

overzealous protective instincts were coming from within me.

"Sure thing, sweetheart, you ain't gotta ask."

She glanced up at me, eyes widening a little and I belatedly realized the endearment that'd slipped

out.

What the hell was going on with me today?

8/10

"I'll be back in a minute," she said, as if needing to make sure I knew she was in fact coming back.

Seemed like maybe she'd decided to trust me enough to slick with me for the time being

after all.

She slipped out of the booth and headed toward the short

hallway where the bathrooms were in the back.

I finished up my coffee, distracted when a couple of wolves ambled in-Reynolds pack.

I turned away, not wanting to catch their attention.

They wouldn't bother me-they knew exactly who I was and

the risk they'd take to life and limb if they pissed me off-but I

had a particular dislike for the Reynolds wolves.

Their Alpha was a dick, and it bled right down through the

ranks.

They were smug, violent and considered wolves superior to

humans. Weren't as careful about shielding the truth of their

existence either.

The idiots didn't get that humans outnumbered us, several thousand to one, and could easily wipe

us out if they knew

werewolves weren't just a myth.

Ellisville was an unusual town in that three pack territories

intersected into it. My own, the Crawfords who were

uneasy allies, and the Reynolds. If that weren't all enough, the northern witches' coven lands

overlapped all of it in a

mutually uncomfortable existence.

9/10

I checked a few messages on my phone, sent a few more texts

-someone always needed something of the Alpha in a pack

the size of mine-and once I was done, realized Harper had

been gone for more than the few minutes she'd promised.

I got to my feet, a sense of unease threading through me.

Had she lied, and decided to run after all?

As I glanced around the diner, I realized the three Reynolds guys were missing, and I hadn't seen

them walk back out the

diner's front door.

Hoping I was wrong about my immediate worry of where

those boys might have got to, I hurried toward the short hallway where I'd last seen Harper.

I prayed I was wrong, but if those Reynolds wolves had so

much as looked at Harper the wrong way, I'd be sending them back to their Alpha bloody and

broken.

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