

THE ALPHA'S MUTE MATE

Chapter 6

HUDSON I kept my eyes only on my mate. There were a lot of gasps coming from behind me. "Are you sure?" asked Daisy. I turned to look at her; she had been crying a lot. I could tell by her face being blotchy, her eyes red and swollen. "I would never lie about finding my mate. She is my mate," I said. She gives me a small smile, "She's part of the family now, for real this time," she says. I looked back at her, confused. "What do you mean?" I asked. Daisy looks at me and c***s her head to the side. She studies me for a moment. "Hudson, please tell me you haven't forgotten who she is," Daisy said. I look at her blankly, "Who?" but Daisy growls at me. "You are such a man. That's Brooke; I was friends with her when I was five years old. We were always hanging around together. She used to call you her Alpha," she says. I look at her blankly, but Daisy goes to her pocket and pulls out her wallet. She retrieves something, a picture, and hands it to me. "Here is an old photo of the three of us," she says. I look at the photo. In the picture, I sat with a little girl on my lap. She has gorgeous black hair and the brightest blue eyes staring at me. I look back at my mate; she has the same black hair, but her eyes are shut, so I can't tell if they are blue. I look closer, but I notice something else, the scar on her neck. *FLASHBACK* "We need to hurry!" shouts Jackson. "I can smell blood." We were running in the forest. We all ran to find them. Danica ran off with Brooke; we wanted her to stay in the pack. But we were having problems with rogues; Danica thought it wasn't safe for her or Brooke to be there. I kept up with Jackson as I wanted to find Brooke; she was all I could think about while I was running. We came to a circle made in the forest. This is where the borders cross into the human town; two bodies were lying in the middle of the ground. We all stopped in our tracks, trying to figure out what had happened, but my eyes went to the small body. A heartbroken roar came from the side of me, and I looked over to see Jackson running. He picks up one of the bodies. It was Danica. She was dead. I walked over to the little body lying next to her. NO. SHE CAN'T BE. MY PRINCESS BROOKE. I ran and looked at her, and her throat was cut badly. I placed my hand over her wound, applying pressure to it. I leaned down towards her chest, praying I could hear a heartbeat. There were too many people walking, "QUIET," I yelled. Everyone stopped moving and stayed quiet. We all listened very carefully, and there it was. THUMP THUMP THUMP She has a heartbeat. I looked over to Jackson. I couldn't believe that she was alive. Jackson gave me a small smile. "Our princess is okay, take her back to the pack hospital. Get her out of here; she needs to get better," he says. I don't think twice. I picked up her tiny little body and ran straight back to the pack hospital. *FLASHBACK ENDS* I looked back with tears in my eyes. How could I forget about my little princess? "You remember now, don't you?" Says Jackson as he looks at me with a small smile. "I think we all knew you both were mates, but when I had that breakdown and married that evil woman, everything changed and we all moved on. You went on with your life." I looked back at him, a little hurt at what he said. Brooke was supposed to be with me from the word go; I was to protect her and be her prince. But I forgot all about her. How the hell did I forget about her? "Alpha, Jackson," calls the pack doctor. We all turn to see him coming towards us with some folder, and he stares back at us. "How is she?" asks Jackson, worry coming from his voice. "She is stable for now; she needed a blood transfusion. She had many cuts on her back, and I had to stitch the wounds up. There are a lot of scars all over her back, arms and legs. She looks like she has been abused and tortured for years with her scars. She has a bad break in her wrist, which we have set and placed in a cast," he says, sympathy sweeping through him. "Why isn't she awake?" asks Daisy, looking through the window. The pack doctor

looks at my mate through the window of the door. “We had to put her in an induced coma for the time being. She is in a lot of pain at the moment. We will leave her under for a few days and see how she heals,” he says. “I’m concerned, though. The head wound she received tonight might cause a few problems, but we won’t know until she wakes up.” We all nodded and stared at him. “I think only one person should stay with her at a time; everyone else can go and rest,” he says. “I will let you know how she is doing in the morning. I will be here all night, and I will give her the best care possible.” “I will stay with her,” I said suddenly, scaring a few people. Jackson looked at me, but before he could say anything, “She’s my mate; I need to be with her. My wolf needs to be with her.” Jackson looks at me and nods. “I will go, but I will be back later this evening.” Before turning away with everyone, he stops and hands me a notebook. “She can’t talk; ever since the rogue's attack that sliced her throat, she hasn’t spoken.” I take the notebook and nod. Everyone leaves, and I turn and head through the door to be with my mate. Her scent hits me hard, but it calms Asher down straight away. I go to the chair next to the bed and sit. I looked at Brooke. I sat there in silence, looking at her. “How could you forget who your mate was?” Asher asks suddenly. That’s a good question; how could I? “I don’t know, but I remember her always around the house. She would constantly talk and follow me around,” I say, slowly remembering more things about her. “You’re a dummy,” he says. I snorted, “Why would you call me that?” “You are. Hopefully, she remembers you. If she doesn’t, I will laugh my ass off,” he says. It hurt a little that he said that, but I wish she would remember me. I look at her. I’m sitting on the other side of the bed, where her cast is, but I look at her arm. Scars go up to her elbow, one deep and thick, while others look like cigarette burns. I can’t help the anger that fills me. I took her hand into mine and looked at it. “How could someone be so cruel?” I said to Asher, who was growling, but he howled when he looked at the scars. He howls for his mate. I ran my hand over some of the scars. I can feel the tingles of the mate bond working between us. I look at her, but she never moves. She looks peaceful. I hope she wakes up soon and remembers me. I want her. I want my mate.