

THE ALPHA'S MUTE MATE

Chapter 7

HUDSON FOUR WEEKS LATER It has been a whole month since finding my mate, and she still hasn't woken up. She looks a lot better as they feed her through a feeding tube. Her wrist wasn't healing the way the doctor hoped it would; they had to do an operation on it. She has another six weeks with another cast. Her back is healed but full of scars. I had to be held back by my father and Rex when I saw them. I wanted to kill Madison and Aubrey. Once we knew more about Brooke's injuries, we held a pack meeting to locate Madison and Aubrey. We sent guards to the house, but they had already left. They left without a trace, and nothing was left. They must have had a plan put in place if something ever happened. We have been hunting for them, but there have been no sightings. I won't stop until they are found. They won't get away with this. While we were in the meeting, Austin told us more about what happened and what he knew about before he came to the pack. Austin made documents of Brooke's injuries when they first started hurting her when he was younger. He hid them under a floorboard in his room. We have been helping the police, as apparently Aubrey; I found out her name from Jackson, hiding from the police on fraud charges. A few humans called the police when her mugshot was shown around by us, so now a few people are looking for them. They will be brought to justice, whether by the police or us werewolves; whoever gets to them first. We contacted the neighboring packs, and many are our allies. We told them what had happened and explained Brooke's story. They have all agreed to search and have been looking around for us, going to sightings when people tell us they have seen them. I have even told them about Brooke and I being mates. We have left mugshots of both women, so they have to tell us if any of them locate them. Some of the Alphas are my closest friends who already have mates; they would do the same for their mates. I have already lined up some of my best men to retrieve them when we locate them. Jackson has been to see Brooke every day. We have both been sitting with her, as well as my sister Daisy too. She tells her stories about everything she has missed since she was away from the pack. Daisy and Rex were going to school, but I finished school early as I had already graduated; I wanted to stay with my mate. Everyone knows that Brooke is going to be the new Luna. They are all happy for me. Many have come to visit her, and some have even sent gifts. My father has also been to visit her too, as well as my mother. She came almost every day to see Brooke. She has been telling me all about Brooke's mother, about how close they were. I'm currently sitting on a chair. It is late evening and everyone who came today has left, and now it is just my mate and me. I slowly start to fall asleep on the chair, like every night. Every night, I sleep next to her on the bed or the chair. I fall into darkness as sleep takes over.

***** BROOKE I'm in complete darkness, and I can hear voices. I couldn't open my eyes. They are heavy. The voices, I have heard them every day. But I can't tell who they are. I don't know who they are; they are not Aubrey or Madison. Whoever they are, they tell me stories. They are all heartfelt and happy ones, nothing sad. There is one voice I hear. I don't know who it is, but he is someone that makes me feel weird, especially every time he touches my hand. I need to open my eyes. Why can't I open my eyes? I looked around, but there was nothing. I can hear beeping. I can feel things. I know I'm alive. But I don't know where I am. But I need to wake up. I keep trying until... I started to move my eyelids. They are still heavy, but I can move them. I can move my head slowly, but not much. I flicker my eyelids open. There is a ceiling, a white ceiling. I look around as my eyes adjust to my surroundings. It's not bright here, but there is light coming from somewhere. I can hear beeping noises coming from the machines that are by the

side of me. I look at my arms; wires and tubes are sticking out of me. There is something on my wrist that is big and heavy. I probably look like a monster. I move. Suddenly, someone's hand is on mine, calling my name 'Brooke, you awake?' I look at the person; it is the voice I have heard in my head. The person standing next to me is handsome, very handsome. I try to move my hand away from him, but he holds it tightly. "You're awake, thank god," he says, looking at me with a small smile. I don't know him. Where am I? Who is he? I wiggle away, no noise coming out of me. I get away as much as I can from him. I get scared as he tries to hold on to me. I struggle, and the beeping gets louder. I feel funny, my head is getting lighter, and I start to breathe faster. All of a sudden, three people came running into the room. "Luna, please calm down," says a man wearing a white coat, who I assume is a doctor. He places his hand on my shoulder, but the growl that I hear scares me. A sudden image of the wolf, the one with bright yellow eyes, comes into my mind, and it makes me worse; I want to get out of here. I opened my mouth; I wanted to scream, but nothing. "Young Alpha, she is having a panic attack. You need to step outside please," says the doctor. Before the man can say anything, another voice comes in through the door, someone I remember, but I thought never wanted me. "Hudson, let the doctor do his job, please. She needs to calm down," he says. I look at him, tears well up in my eyes as I stare at the man who left me with them, the man who is supposed to be the one to protect me. I start to shake, and my breathing gets harder and faster. Tears are in my eyes as I stare at both men; I need them to leave. I can feel someone place a hand on my shoulder. "BOTH OF YOU, PLEASE LEAVE," yells the doctor. I don't want either of them near me. They both look back at me with sadness, but I don't want them. I want them gone. Both of them leave; I can tell that they are just on the other side of the door. My shaking slows down as a nurse holds my hand and does breathing exercises with me to get my breathing back to normal. I take deep breaths in and out, following her every move as she shows me. "That's it, Brooke, deep breathes in and out," says the doctor, holding my good arm and checking my pulse. After a few moments, the nurses leave. It is just the doctor and me. "Are you okay?" He asks, looking at me and taking the chair next to me. I nod. "Do you want me to get-" he says, but I shake my head instantly to stop him. I noticed the notebook at the side. I point to it; the doctor grabs it and hands it to me with his pen. "Where am I?" I wrote. The doctor smiled. "Ah, I forgot you can't talk. You are in a safe place, but it's not for me to answer that question." I looked at him, confused. "Why not?" I wrote underneath. He smiles. "I'm going to let your father in." I shook my head and started writing again, "No, I don't want to see him, and I don't know who the other man is." I handed him the notebook. He stares at it, then looks back at me. "Why don't you want to see your father?" He asks, "He was the one who came to save you." I glare at him, and he hands me the notebook. "He never came back for me. He left me, and so did Austin. I won't forgive him," I wrote. He looks at the notebook. He looks taken back. "What about your mate?" He asks. I look back at him, even more confused. I don't write anything as I turn my head away from him and close my eyes. I don't want to see anyone. I have never had anyone help me before. Why should they now? The doctor sighs and walks away from me. "I will talk to your father and your mate," he said. He turns to leave but stops just before he opens the door. "Brooke, your father has been fighting to get you back from that horrible place. He never wanted to leave you, but he had no choice at the time as it was a different time back then," he says. I keep my eyes closed. He had no choice? Everyone has a choice. I don't want to see anyone. He sighs. "Your mate is a good man, and you need him," he says. Then he opened the door. I don't want to be here anymore. I want to leave this place.