THE ALPHA'S WHITE WOLF

Chapter 3

A Savior in the Shadows

Soren's Pov

I was supposed to be in the Hexfang pack for a critical meeting. The entire pack members are to be present. But I was running late, I kept getting a pull towards the forest. I don't know why, but the pull is strong. I mindlinked my beta Ian to accompany me and told the others to wait for us in the car. We matched towards my pull and it brought us to a scene I wasn't expecting.

Wolves were gathered in the middle of the forest, outside the Hexfang borders. And then I heard a faint feminine voice. It sounded so fragile, it was the voice of a person who has lost hope and given up on life.

"Please don't kill me, let me go and I will never return."

"Mate." King my wolf roars

I gave a deadly roar and the wolves turned in my direction. Immediately they saw me, they ran like their life depended on it. They knew me very well. I wasn't called Lucifer for nothing. My name has traveled far and wide, I'm feared by all the packs and every one of them wants to be in my good book. It is said, "If you can't beat them, join them."

I walked up to the just-occupied spot and saw my mate. Her body is covered with cuts and bruises, especially her foot as she's barefooted. She's so thin that the clothes on her body look like it's on a stick. Even though she's covered properly, her clothes are worn out, rags are better than them.

"Who dares do this to our mate?." King roars as he paces back and forth in my mind.

"That's what I'm about to find out," I answered him, eyes blazing red as King was trying to take over.

But the strangest thing is that her scent is different, I could sense her wolf, but something seemed off.

"Is she alright?." Ian my beta asked, looking at her with concern and pity.

He tried to pick her up, but I stopped him and picked her up instead. As we walked back to where our car was, I linked the rest to come back. We are going home, my mate needs urgent care right now. She's more important than that useless meeting. I wasn't too worried about the ride back home, because she was breathing at least. Though it was slow.

Immediately the car stopped in our driveway, I rushed her to our pack doctor, my aunty Rena. She's my father's younger sister. Though I didn't want her there, she has shown that it is where she belongs, so I let the matter rest. I mindlinked her before we got to the door. I slowly placed her on the bed and Aunt Rena checked her vitals.

"She's fine. She just fainted. But her breathing is too slow." She started undressing her, by cutting her clothes with scissors. Her sports bra and panties have seen better days. Cleaning and dressing her cuts and bruises, bandaging areas that needed it. While she was doing that, I asked Ian to reschedule our meeting.

"All done." Aunt Rena smiled, clapping her hands together, she's too playful for an old lady. Just take her to your room and let her rest, she will wake up on her own.

"What happened to her, where did you find her?." Aunt Rena asked. In her eyes, you could see so many questions that needed to be asked, but she settled for just two. Going over to sit on her chair, she continued.

"She has a strange smell, something is not right."

"Thought as much too, her scent is different," I added, looking at the sleeping girl intently.

"I can sense her wolf, but something is holding her up. Like she's bound. We need to do something, Soren. Our mate is suffering." King my wolf utters. He's upset, well so I am.

Before I picked her up, Aunt Rena handed a tiny container to me. " Rub this on her cuts three times a day. It will help with the healing. It seems she is healing slowly." she finished.

I picked her up and walked to my bedroom which is at the end of the corridor. My room is always shadowy as I like dark colors. I hardly open the window. The air is always cold so there's no need for air to come in. But I can see as clear as day in it. I placed her on the bed and covered her with the sheets. She breathes calmly into the covers. Her face looked more at ease even in her sleep.

The crease on her forehead had somehow eased. You could see how beautiful she was even with the dirt on her face and the cuts and bruises on her body. I went downstairs to my office to arrange clothings for her. I doubt she has anything good aside from what she's putting on right now.

Pants, bras, sports bras, trousers, shoes and flats, winter clothes and hats, tops and tank tops, and training outfits. She needs to train when her wolf comes out. What else am I forgetting? I put the pen in between my teeth, trying to remember what next I needed to write down before Ian my beta walked in.

"How is she doing?." he asked, going straight to the wine bar and pouring him a drink.

"She is fine, Aunt Rena said she will wake up on her own, and that she needs to rest. I replied, keeping the pen down. Whatever I can't remember I'll ask Maya to add to the list. Maya is our house assistant.

"Who could have done that to her? From where we found her, it's not far from the Hexfang pack borders. Could it be that she's from that pack? She doesn't smell like a rogue either." Ian asked the rhetorical question while sipping his drink. He was still talking, when King interrupted

"She's awake!." King informed me. Swaying his tail from side to side in my mind.

"Quit acting like a puppy, you're so embarrassing." I teased him, but I guess he didn't like being called a puppy, as he growled baring his teeth at me.

I jumped up from my chair, telling Ian to excuse me. He gave me a smug look, before shrugging and going back to nursing his drink. I got to my room door at the speed of light. Pressing my ear against the door as my room is kind of sound poof. I couldn't hear anything even with my sharp hearing skill. Wolves have sharp hearing abilities, but mine is a bit sharper as I've mastered it over the years.

I got impatient and opened the door. She was sitting on the bed looking extremely confused. She looked at me with fear in her eyes and that broke my heart. I know she has many questions as to how she got here? And where on earth is this? But I will give her all the answers she needs if she asks.

She looked cute even with the dirt smeared on her face. Her pale skin looks dull, I think due to all the hardships she has endured. Her hair is still in the bun with all the running and carrying around. I wonder how it's still intact. She must have done a really good job by packing it that way.

As I made a move near the bed, she shifted back, hitting the bed rest. Dragging the sheets to cover herself properly. I might be mistaken, I could see tears clouded in her eyes threatening to fall.

"She wants to cry, let's go and console our mate." King insisted.

"Can't you see she is scared, Let not do anything that will scare her the more," I added. Taking a step back with my hands raised in the air, showing her that I come in peace. She relaxed a bit into the bed.

"What is your name, little one?." I asked.

"Jaisa David," she answered in a whisper. Still clutching the sheet tight to her chest.

If my hearing ability wasn't sharp, I wouldn't have heard her. With her head still bowed low, she wouldn't even spare me a glance. The room became quiet as a graveyard. I could hear that her breathing was a bit high. She must be really scared.

"Where do you come from?." I tried my luck with her again. Still keeping my distance. I wanted to know who she was since she didn't smell like a rogue either aside from her strange smell.

"From the Hexfang pack," she answers slowly again, still not looking at me.

She seemed like she wanted to speak but didn't know how to start or was afraid of something. I could see her anxiousness.

"You can ask me anything, I won't hurt you," I assured her. Using the calmest and sweetest voice I could muster. It shocked me that I had that gift in me. Is my voice this sweet? She shifted a bit, asking her mind if she could ask even if I'd given her the permission to.

"Where am I? Who are you?." she whispered again, her head still bent low.

"I'm Soren Alexander, and this is the Stormclaw pack," I answered her. I didn't want to tell her that I'm the Alpha king, she would be scared out of her mind if I had done that. I want to take things slow with her. I wouldn't want her to run away. I won't let that happen.

"This is your new home, because you're mine now," King informed her without my permission.