

Alpha Maximus The last lycan Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Hope

I wake up in the cold of winter, and my breath fogs up the attic window. I slowly sit up, trying not to disturb my wounds. I stand and stare at the broken mirror in front of me.

My white dress, not so white anymore, is covered with grime, dust and dirt. The edges are tattered with the odd rip, and the material is thin in places, and has over time, frayed.

My eyes are an unusual bright silver and blue. My hair used to be white, almost platinum blonde, but it has been years since I have had the luxury of using soap in my hair, so now it looks ash blonde.

Freezing, I grab the only other piece of clothing I have, and wear it over the top of my dress. It is a tatty old cardigan with no buttons, so I hold the front of it closed with my hands, which are shaking from the cold.

The sound of birds outside my window captures my attention, and I turn my head to look out the window at the birds, hopping around in the fresh snow. It's beautiful and calming to watch but does not bring me any warmth.

I am about to speak for the first time in years. I approach Alpha Tate and ask him for a blanket, and some warmer clothes. The whole pack freeze in shock at my words as most have never heard me speak.

'Please. I might freeze to death one of these nights. Just one blanket, or warmer clothes, is all I ask of you,' I beg.

Alpha Tate is twenty-two, and mateless. He is handsome, with light brown hair, and brown eyes. He is masculine and six foot tall.

He stands, stomps over to me, and holds me up with his hand, wrapped around my neck. He stares deeply into my bright silver and blue eyes. My hands are on his hand, trying to loosen his grip. I can't breathe, as he yells in my face; his breath

smells like cheese.

"You dare ask favours of me, Hope? After we already let you sleep in the attic, and eat our leftovers? You are the pack slave and nothing more, which means you get nothing more!" He yells, and throws me across the floor. I whimper in pain.

I'm sorry. I won't ask again. Please forgive me,' I say, keeping my eyes on the floor. Alpha Tate scoffs, walks back to his plate, lifts it up, and walks over to me.

'It seems Hope is hungry!' He says cruelly, and tips the remnants of his dinner over my head, and a warm liquid drips down my face. I look at the sauce dripping onto the floor in front of me. The room roars with laughter, and I dare not move.

'I think she is still hungry,' he chuckles. Anyone else want to give her something to eat?' He asks, and the pack members throw scraps of food at me.

A soft-boiled potato hits my head. I keep my eyes down on the ground, not wanting anyone to see the tears I'm holding back.

'Get out of my sight!' Alpha Tate shouts, and I stand up and race out of the room and down the hallway.

Instead of running back to my room, I run to the forest to my favourite spot. Although I'm half frozen, I step into the lake, and wash all the food and sauce from my hair and body. As soon as I'm done, I run back to the pack house completely drenched, and sneak back upstairs to the attic.

I remove my wet cardigan and dress, squeeze the water out of them, and hang them over a broken chair to dry.

I curl up naked on my old mattress in the corner of the room and fall asleep. Not long after, I'm woken to the door being kicked open.

'I think your cook has made something with apples for dessert,' I observe.

What makes you say that?' Alpha Tate asks.

Ever since I arrived, I've been able to smell warm apples and caramel. Whatever it is, I'm looking forward to it,' I say.

Alpha Tate chuckles.

"Yes, I have some of the best cooks here,' he says, and Nathan sniffs the air

"I can't smell it,' he says, shrugging.

It's quite the feast and the pack speak happily to me and ask questions. It's quite refreshing to feel included and not be in a room full of people who are terrified of me. We drink plenty of wine, and tell many dumb jokes and stories, and have plenty of laughs at the table.

I'm excited and distracted when dessert is brought out, but it isn't the caramel apple or apple pie I thought it would be. It's banana fritters with cream.

It's strange I'm so disappointed about dessert. Normally, I wouldn't care.

My frustration and anger builds, so I quickly mind-link Nathan; Chaos might make an appearance.

I excuse myself, needing the bathroom as the reason, but go outside and hop into the limo.

I'm fighting Chaos for control. Chaos! Stop trying to take over! You'll have all tomorrow night! I growl at him.

Nathan opens the car door and hops in.

"Do you need some wolfsbane?" He asks.

"I think I'm okay. I got angry over dessert, of all things," I chuckle, and Nathan laughs.

'Well, it was overcooked and sloppy,' he says, laughing. Before going back into the house, I inhale the air.

"That smell of hot apples and caramel is so calming," I say.

'The only thing I smell is the fart I just released,' Nathan says, laughing, and I shove him playfully.

'Gross, man. Right in front of me too!' I say.

Alpha Tate insists we join him for drinks before we call it a night, and he takes us into a gaming room where we play poker and drink whisky.

The next morning, I get myself dressed and bang on Nathan's door.

"You ready?" I ask.

'Just a little more sleep,' he says.

I open the door and let myself in; he is still in bed,

"Come on. Get up. We're going to meet... what's her name? Ava? Ava.'

Nathan sits up holding his head. I fill his glass with water from a jug on his bedside table and hand it to him.

'Drink this, shithead,' I say, laughing.

'I'm not a shithead,' Nathan retorts.

"You were twice as drunk as me last night and were shitfaced, so, yeah," I say, shrugging my shoulders. Nathan skulls the

water.

'Go have a shower. I'll wait for you,' I say, walking over to a bookshelf and picking a book to read.

Sitting on the couch, flicking through the pages, I throw the book aside. I get up and wander up the hall.

The smell of cooked apples and warm caramel hits my nose again; the scent becoming stronger as I head in this direction. I stop in front of an old staircase below an attic.

Walking up the rotten and damp stairs, I turn the door handle and push the door open. The door creaks, and I step into the room. There's a really old thin mattress in the corner, a broken chair in the other corner and a full-length mirror missing half its glass.

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Corner

It's so cold up here, I exhale fog. Has someone been sleeping in here? I suddenly feel overwhelmed with sadness. The only comfort is the sweet smell.

'Alpha Max,' Sam says, behind me.

'What are you doing up here?' He asks.

'Sorry, I got lost. I was heading to the dining room,' I explain, innocently.

'Yeah. It's a big place. I got lost a few times when I first moved in,' he explains, leading me out of the attic.

"Can I ask you something?" I ask.

'Sure,' he says.

'Does someone sleep in there?'

No. That would be barbaric and cruel. That room is used for storage,' he explains.

Funny, since there's nothing stored in it. He has lied.

Nathan is in the hallway, waiting for me.

'Alpha. You said you'd wait for me,' he says.

'Yeah, sorry,' I say.

'Shall we head downstairs and meet Ava?' Sam asks. I nod and follow him.

A woman with dark, brown, shoulder-length hair, and dark brown eyes, stands waiting in the large dining room.

She isn't too bad-looking but I don't like her scent. She smiles and winks. I've never had a woman wink at me before...

"You must be the famous Lycan Prince, Alpha Max," she says, bowing her head. "I'm Ava. Happy to help you in any way you need," she says, seductively, and I give a nervous laugh.

"Thank you, Ava." I feel nothing for her. Nathan coughs.

She isn't my mate. I tell him.

Well at least she hasn't run off screaming. He replies.

Jerk I add.

Alpha Tate won't be having breakfast with us this morning. He has matters that need attending to,' Sam explains, and we nod and sit down for breakfast.

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Chapter 8

Hope

Alpha Tate holds me against the wall.

'If you continue to refuse to help me, you'll be of no use to me or this pack and I will kill you myself, once I have killed that lycan! What have you decided? Heal the pack, or die with the lycan?' He asks, and I keep silent, looking down. 'Answer me!' He yells, grabbing my face

I'd rather die, than help a pathetic coward of an alpha like you,' I whisper. He strikes me across the face, splitting my lip, and throws me to the ground.

'If you want to die, fine!' He yells, slamming the iron door shut. I cry, and some pack warriors enter the cell next to mine not long after. They pay no attention to me, shaking from the cold.

They're holding big heavy chains. They're preparing for the lycan. There are plenty of other cells. I don't like that they're putting the lycan in the cell right next to me.

What if he reaches through the bars and kills me? I'm very nervous. Will they give the lycan a quick death? Will I get a quick death? I wonder if he is as ferocious and wild as they say he is? I don't want to die. I don't want to watch the lycan be killed. Too tired and weak to stand, I use the bars to sit myself up, rest my head on the bench, and drift off to sleep.

Alpha Maximus

Alpha Tate returns before lunch, and smells strongly of the dessert I'm longing for.

Prick No wonder he didn't have breakfast with us. He ate it all himself. I tell myself to get over it. It's just food and Beth can bake me a hundred apple pies as soon as I get home.

When it's almost nightfall, it's time for me to go down to the cell for the night.

'Do you have the wolfsbane first? Then go to the cell?' Alpha Tate asks.

He has spent all day asking me questions about the process we go through on a full moon. I get that he is curious and worried for his pack, but all his questions are just ridiculous and are pissing me off.

'Alpha Tate, Nathan and my pack have everything under control. If necessary, Nathan can give me an extra dose of wolfsbane. It's unlikely I'll need it though,' I explain.

I see. Well, let us drink a glass of whisky before you go,' he offers, and Nathan and I nod, and we sit down to have a drink.

We skull our drinks, and Nathan runs upstairs to get the wolfsbane. My head feels fuzzy after just one whisky. That's strange. I try to ignore it, and look up at Nathan, who is swaying in front of me.

'Nathan. What's wrong?' I ask, and he collapses on the floor. I jump up.

'Nathan!' I yell, and I'm feeling fuzzier and the room is swaying.

Alpha Tate stands with his arms crossed and a smug look on his face,

'You drugged our drinks,' I realise.

I rip my shirt open, and shift into my lycan; fury overtaking me, before feeling a sharp sting in my arm, where Sam has injected wolfsbane. I let out a loud roar and fall into darkness.

Hope

Startled, I wake to the smell of cedarwood. It's the most amazing smell and it calms my nerves. A group of men argue

outside. Alpha Tate, Sam and four other pack members struggle carrying someone towards the cell. I squint and my mouth drops open.

The lycan! He is massive; at least seven foot tall, covered in shiny black fur, broad-chested, and his muscles are huge.

They drag him along, unconscious. They struggle getting him into the cell. The smell of cedarwood overwhelms me and I'm hot and bothered.

'Do we kill him now while he is out?' Sam asks Alpha Tate.

'Where would the fun in that be? We will torture him a bit. Put the chains on him before he wakes,' Alpha Tate commands.

Unsure why, I'm drawn to him. I have the urge to reach out and touch his fur. I crawl across the floor, and put my hand through the bars. Alpha Tate grabs my wrist and twists my arm.

Icy out in pain, the lycan stirs, and makes gruff noises.

'What are you doing?' Alpha Tate asks.

'I don't know,' I whisper. He flings my hand away, and I crawl to the other side of my cell and watch them chain his wrists and ankles.

He stirs again; breathing deeply at first, before smelling something. Realising he is chained, he growls, and pulls on the chains, forcefully and aggressively. Weakly, he stands, swaying, looking around.

They must have drugged him. He sniffs the air again and lets out another loud growl, making me flinch. He has seen me flinch, and Alpha Tate punches him in the stomach.

The lycan lunges at Alpha Tate but can't move far as the chains restrain him.

Sam hands Alpha Tate a whip. I freeze when Alpha Tate whips him across his chest, and look away, covering my eyes. Tears flood my face. The whip cracks against his skin over and over. Blood oozes out of his chest.

“Stop! Please stop!” I yell, horrified. Alpha Tate pauses, and glares at me. The lycan uses what strength he has to open his eyes and look at me.

As soon as our eyes connect, my body is instantly drawn to him, like I’m sucked into a vortex. Euphoria and lust wash over me. Hot sparks flow through my body and I start to glow. My hair flows up around me and my eyes turn silver. Everything disappears around us. Only the lycan and I exist.

‘Mate! We both say.

My surroundings reappear, my glow fades, my hair falls and my eyes return to normal. Suddenly, I gasp for air like I’ve been held under water and winded with force.

The lycan has experienced the same thing, and is struggling to catch his breath. His eyes are on me, in disbelief at what just happened. He is yearning for me.

He reaches out towards me, as far as the chain allows, and I crawl over to him and push my arm through the bars; our fingers eagerly needing each other.

‘Impossible!’ Alpha Tate yells. ‘She is my mate!’ He yells.

The lycan roars ferociously, and Alpha Tate jumps back in fright. The lycan struggles with the chains to no avail. Alpha Tate laughs, unlocks my cell door, and pulls me up my hair. The lycan is concerned.

‘Is this what you want, Alpha Max?’ He asks, licking my neck.

Shivering, repulsed, I try to free my hair from his hands, and the lycan becomes more and more aggressive, trying to free himself. The lycan looks into my teary eyes, huffs heavily, before looking back at Alpha Tate.

Sam punches the lycan over and over with two other pack members,

“No! Please! Stop hurting him!” I yell and plead.’

Alpha Tate forces me against the bars, and pulls the back of my dress up.

‘Before you die, you’re going to watch me mate and mark this slave,’ Alpha Tate says, with a perverted chuckle.

‘No!’ I yell, trying to fight him off. He grabs my arms, spins me around, and slams me against the bars.