

Chapter 10 - Denying the Alpha

FAITH'S point of view

"You're her mate?" Samantha slaps Declan hard across the face. I wonder how many times they rehearsed this before coming to visit.

"How long have you known?!" Samantha hisses at him.

"Since my birthday a few months ago." he's so cold and uncaring, I still have trouble believing that this pathetic excuse of a wolf is the same sweet, caring boy I grew up with, who I had loved in secret for many years.

"Excuse me?" she goes to slap him again, but he catches her wrist before she can. A low warning growl rumbles throughout the room. It's almost chilling. The little hairs on my arms prickle up as goosebumps cover my skin. My mom is quick to jump in between them. She's so fast that she's almost a blur.

Suddenly they are all snarling at each other.

The atmosphere was so intense it was hard to breathe. It was hard to tell whose power was whose. I assume most of it was coming from Declan as the future Alpha, but it defiantly wasn't all his.

I should be afraid. Maybe it was all the drugs, but I wasn't. I was hurt, angry, tired and sore, but I wasn't scared.

"Move it out into the hallway." I sneer at them. I could care less for the show. I didn't want to hear how sorry they were or anything else when as soon as they left, nothing would really change. If My mother wasn't best friends with Declan's mother, I doubt he would even bother with the charade. The least they could do was to have the decency to at least let me heal in peace.

All three pairs of eyes snapped to me in an instant. It was almost comical, almost.

Declan turns on his heel and storms out of the room. He shoved his way through the doors so hard they continued to swing back and forth long after he was gone. Samantha was hot on his tail.

Hopefully, they can keep their hands to themselves until I'm out of the hospital, at least. I didn't want to end up stuck in here forever.

For a while, both my mother and I just stared at the door. Maybe she would leave it alone after all.

"Baby, what's going on?" My mother broke the silence, finally coming back to my bedside. She slipped her hand in mine. I could see my own pain mirrored so clearly in her eyes. She would, of course, take this personally. Both of her daughters were involved, after all.

I deliberated a little on exactly what I should tell her. How did I keep the worst from her? But then again, she was my mom, and she already knew too much to let it go now. I might as well get it over with and tell her the whole story.

Besides, if I couldn't talk to her about this, then who could I? My friends were good people, but they had no poker face, they would spill eventually, and I DID NOT want the rest of the pack hearing about this.

"Declan is my mate." I finally decided just to tell her everything.

"Yes, I gathered that." she pursed her lips tightly. "How long have you known?" she asked.

"Since my birthday, Declan, well you heard, he's known since his. As for Samantha, I can't tell you how long she's known. I can't even tell you how long they have been seeing each other because I don't know. All I know is they're bumping uglies." I'm trying my hardest to act like I don't care, but I can feel the tears running down my face whether I deny them or not.

"Declan and Samantha they are?" She looked horrified. I could hear it in her voice, too, the pity and the anger.

"Mating? If that's what you were trying to say, then yes, yes, they are." I can't even look her in the eyes. I was hoping she never had to know, but a part of me was relieved that she did. Maybe she could tell me what I should do.

"But if your Declan's mate, then why?" I wish I knew that myself.

"You are asking the wrong person, Mom. That's something you need to ask Declan or Samantha." I tell her bitterly.

"What are you going to do?" she whispers.

“I don’t know, Mom. I hate Samantha.”

My mother gasps, and she tries to slap her hand over her mouth to cover it, but it’s too late, I have already heard it, I don’t blame her, I’d be upset if my children hated each other too.

It was rather tricky with all the needles, drips and monitors, but I managed to maneuver around so that I was on my side. With my thumb, I sweep the single tear from my mother's wet cheek.

“It’s not your fault, Mom.” She frowns back at me.

“I’ll fix this. Your father and I. We will make things right.” she promises. I can see just how much she wants to, but I honestly believe that it can’t be.

“Please, Mom, don’t tell Daddy. Just please leave it alone. I can handle it on my own.” I try calming her, but I don’t feel like I’m getting anywhere.

“How are you going to fix it?” she snaps.

“I’m so sorry, darling. I didn’t mean it like that. I’m just, well honey, to be frank, I’m scared for you.”

Of course, she was. Declan was the future Alpha. All the cards were in his hands. He was going to have the ultimate power here. Even if we went to Alpha Jackson about this, the most he could do was delay handing over the title. He didn’t have any other sons to hand the pack over to. He would have to retire eventually, and when he did, Declan would blame me, would punish me. I guess he could try forcing Declan to accept the bond, and I would become his mate and Luna, but did I want to spend my life with someone who didn’t want me? How would our life look when we had pups? Would they hate me for being such a pushover? Would I hate myself?

I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that I didn’t want to force him in any way to take me.

“Mom, I don’t know. Honestly, I don’t, but I am begging you, begging okay, please don’t tell Dad, don’t talk to Declan, don’t even ask Samantha about it, please, just let me figure it out myself.”

It was my mess, and how I cleaned it up should be solely up to me. After all, I was the only one who would have to live with the consequences for the rest of my life, why shouldn’t it be up to me?

“Fine.” she conceded.

I could tell she was super unhappy about it. She had never kept a secret from Dad before, and I asked her to keep something huge from him. I'd tell him eventually, but not yet. I could talk Mom down, but if Dad found out, he would stop at nothing.

Declan's POV

I stormed out of that hospital room, I could hear Samantha's heavy feet stomping behind me, but I didn't care about her. Why should I? She was just another replaceable she wolfs, and if she weren't careful, I would do precisely that. There were a lot of girls who would love to be in her place, albeit being the betas daughter meant she would be a strong choice but defiantly not the only one. I can't believe Faith. Why did she have to open her big dumb mouth, petty hoe?!

"Declan, stop!"

Is she whining? What does she really have to complain about? She and her sister barely get along. I'm not convinced she actually cares. I doubt she's worried about what Faith thinks at all. She is probably more concerned about what Mitchell and Heather would say.

"What?" I snarl at her.

My wolf Grayson is pushing against me, fighting his way forward. He wants to take control. I can't allow that to happen. I may be Alpha, but I couldn't go around abusing pack members without just cause, and although I manage to keep a leash on him, I can't stop the waves of power radiating from me. Usually, I was very good at controlling it, but not when I was angry, and boy, was I mad. She submitted it to me easily. That's good. Maybe she could still be my Luna.

"You knew, why didn't you ever say anything" Her neck was still barred to me, and for a brief second, I considered sinking my teeth into her marking spot, but my wolf was firmly against it.

'Calm down, Grayson, I won't mark her... Just yet.'

He may be my wolf, but I wasn't about to let him tell me what to do either. It's my life.

"If you know what was good for you, you'd drop it." My feeling for Faith her complicated, complicated couldn't even do it justice.

She was funny, bright and caring. She lit up a room without even trying. Her eyes were captivating, and her body was perfect. She was flawless. She didn't know I noticed, but I

did. I saw the way her eyes would follow me during training, the way she would listen to me out of a crowd of people, and the way she automatically smiled any time we made eye contact. I loved her, but I hated her, and it wasn't even her fault. My mom would accept her, I know she would, but it would break her heart to have to. My mom had given me everything. I would do this for her.

"What now then?" Her bottom lip quivered. She wanted me, she has fallen for me, but I get the impression that it isn't me she's crying for.

"We keep doing what we're doing, of course." I shrugged. It was complicated, yes, but why should that matter? It was complicated from the very beginning, but that didn't stop me then. Why would I let it get in the way now?

"I ... I can't." she stutters. That's very unlike her. Samantha was one of the most confident wolves I had ever met. She didn't falter.

"Why not?" I push my way into her space. She didn't even try to stop me when I pinched her chin between my thumb and index finger. She was being ridiculous.

"What about my mate?" the way she whimpered was pathetic.

"What about him?" I snap.

She had never once mentioned him before, and if there was one thing I knew about Samantha, it was that she cared about power more than she cared about anybody or anything else, unless she was lucky enough to be mated to another alpha, then I was the best she was ever going to get.

"Well, maybe I should wait, you know, for my mate, you can have Faith, and I'll have my mate." her hands flapped around. She did this whenever she was nervous, not that that happened often.

"Declan, please!" Samantha's claws dug at my hands as she choked and gagged. It wasn't until I heard her begging for her life that I even realized that I had her pinned to the tree. I lost control again.

"Shit!" I let go of her throat. She didn't even try to catch herself. I froze, so unsure of what I should do next. Her unconscious body just lay slumped at my feet.

Damn, it's all to hell. I needed to hide her before someone saw. I couldn't risk anyone telling my dad. I scooped her up and cradled her to my chest.

It was effortless to carry her small form as I jogged to the packhouse. Only the head kitchen omega spotted me enter the packhouse. I made an excuse about carrying her to bed after she had fallen asleep on our date and no one even thought twice about it.