

# Chapter 101 - Denying the Alpha

KYLE'S POV

Oh shit.... No way she makes it out of this alive. Duke chuckles in triumph with an edge of glee and a sprinkle of evil.

We have her surrounded. She's as good as dead. I snicker back, happy to know that before this is over, she's going to be dead.

"Why are you smiling? Your mate is dead!!! and I killed her. Oh, how she begged and cried and pleaded for you to come and save her. But you never came. She died knowing that you are a failure. Was she as disposable as Eliose to you?" Ingrid lashes out at me.

I know I should stay in my wolf form, but the chance to taunt her was something I couldn't pass up. You can play with your food before you eat sometimes, right? So, I shifted.

"Your daughter was trash. I simply took out the garbage that was clogging up my pack." I laughed evilly. "And magic or not, soon you will be too. As for Faith, I'm not so stupid. She is alive. I can feel her. Our bond is so much stronger than your tiny brain could ever comprehend."

Her nostrils flared as she took in a big deep breath.

She raised her hands once again; did she really think I was threatened by that? It only made me laugh at her harder still. If she were going to strike then she should have done so already. Dumb women.

"Turn around" I smirked as Declan lunged at her. She was so distracted with me that she still hadn't noticed him.

I was seeping with jealousy as I watched Declan's wolf sink his teeth into her throat. It was no effort for the young Alpha as he tore her head clean off. Connor looked on in shock and horror.

"You didn't think we would kill her so easy, did you?" I gloat. It felt so sweet because I know that I'm right. They thought they would win because they had magic.

“That's the thing about you witches. You are weak because you rely only on your power.” Before I knew it Declan was flung high into the air, his body torpedoing until it hit a large tree. His body rocked the tree with such force that it split down the middle. It would be a miracle if he didn't just break every bone in his body.

I almost felt bad for Declan when his broken body hit the ground. Almost, he had hurt my mate, and for that, I couldn't bring myself to muster up any real sympathy for him.

“You know.” Connor looked at me, his eyes glowing. So, it was true what they were saying. He really was a wolf with powers.

“I didn't actually have a problem with you. In fact, I was the only one who kept your precious mate from starving to death. No one else thought to feed her. Not even your new pal Declan.” Connor began to shift but he remained upright almost like he was human and wolf all the same time. Alphas and some stronger wolves like betas and such could manage small changes between both. Like extended claws or elongated teeth, some fur. But I had never heard of or seen anything like this. He was completely both. But how?

“If it were up to me, I never would have taken her in the first place. Although I wasn't going to stop Ingrid of course, she had my loyalty after all. But now that you have killed her. We are going to have a problem.” He growled.

“Not if you rely on your powers the same way she had to,” I growl back. If he thought I was afraid of him, then he should think again.

“What? Afraid you can't beat me. Huh? I don't need powers to kill you.” Connor glared.

“Hell no. I know that I can.” I sneered and shifted.

He's dead. Duke roared ferociously as we charged the alpha.

Connor didn't move a muscle as I charged at him. His evil smirk was a little off putting, not that I let that stop me.

I was ready to lunge when I was flung back much, in the same way, that Declan was.

So much for not needing his powers.

Luckily, I hadn't been knocked out stone cold the way Declan had been though. Unfortunately, however, I was mildly dizzy.

Guys ... I struggled with the mind fog. I know I always told you how important it was to fight fair, about honor and all that. But that isn't a fair fight. We outnumber him thirteen

to one. If we all attack him at once, at least one of us is bound to land a few hits. On the count of three.

I heard my team count to three and watched proudly as they all charged at once. I took a moment to myself to allow the dizziness to subside.

Mitchell and Amelio led the charge. I tried not to watch as they too were sent catapulting through the air like mere rag dolls.

I entered the charge once more as one of my warriors landed at my feet. I only just managed to jump over him in time.

Connor was able to fight off more men than I had expected, he made it look effortless as he tossed each person into the air but I knew otherwise. I noticed how he was slowing down; he couldn't throw them as far. It means that we are wearing him down mentally.

At the same time, me and one of my warriors lunged for Connor. He managed to fling me once more but my warrior latched onto his arm. His teeth sunk so deep into Connor's bicep that he would tear his own arm if he flung the wolf now.

Finally, an opening. I sighed to myself in relief.

But that relief was short lived. I watched on in horror as Connor shifted completely. The shift was so quick and so brutal that it tore my man's jaw away from his face. He would bleed to death before I could get him help.

That's it. Duke roared in a rage. He charged Connor once again this time with Mitchell's help. Duke and I came in from the front and Mitchell from behind. It took Connor a split second too long to decide which attacker to face first and Mitchell and I used that to our full advantage. I managed to sink my teeth deep into his left shoulder and tore with all my might, it didn't take long before I heard a loud sickening pop, one I knew meant that I had managed to dislocate the joint. Another sickening crack and his right back leg was broken, meaning he couldn't use either side to defend himself properly.

I dropped the wolf and went to attack again.

But Mitchell jumped in front of me, shifting back to his human form.

What the hell are you doing Mitchell? I mind linked him.

"Connor please." He begged as he stood between us. "I don't want to hurt you. It broke my heart when we lost you. You were so much like a son to me. Heather and I, we loved you and we truly grieved your loss. And Sammy, she was so lost without her partner in crime. But I can't let you hurt Kyle. I know Faith is still alive. I can sense her and so can

he.” Mitchell gestured to me. “But if you kill him, you kill her, she won't survive losing him and she's innocent. I don't care what happened in the past. None of you were involved in it. Don't let yourself get dragged down by it.” Mitchell pleaded with such empathy it could only come from the heart.

As if to say screw you Connor looks past Mitchell. It seemed he didn't care he couldn't physically do much, he would once more fall back on his powers. His eyes zeroed in on me angrily and in that instant, I felt pain like I never had before.

Duke howled in agony, as my legs buckled from under me. I was embarrassed that I couldn't stop myself from writhing on the ground in sheer agony. The pain was so intense I couldn't manage to stay in my wolf form and I was forced to change back to my human self.

“Connor that's enough,” Mitchell warned.

“You can end this. You can go home. You can dethrone your father and you can run the pack. Find your mate, have your own family and write your own destiny. But if you choose to continue this ill fight you until the death.” Mitchell threatened him.

The pain thankfully stopped; I literally thought the agony would have been enough to kill me. It hurt so much that I couldn't move. Thankfully Mitchell had Connor's attention so I needn't worry about fending off an attack right this second.

But the surprises continued.

Connor spoke in his human voice still in his wolf form. I thought it was impossible. We had to be in our human forms to speak.

What kind of powers did this freak really have? Because so far from what I have seen he goes against almost our very nature.

“I hate my father I have no interest in being in his pack.” Connor snapped back.

“Then exile him. The pack would stand with you.” Mitchell bargained.

“And Declan? Isn't he Alpha now? he is eighteen! what would you have me do with him?” Connor growls.

“I don't know what Ingrid told you but no he isn't the Alpha. There was a party, and he was supposed to introduce his mate and as a surprise at the end of the night Jackson was going to pass the title down but Faith wound up kidnapped, Declan was missing and your father was held and tortured by the closest thing we have to leaders.”

Hearing Mitchell explain this felt strange. It wasn't all that long ago that I sat in the back of that car with Faith on our way to that party, but it felt like a lifetime had passed since.

"Why should I? Why should I go and lead a pack that has forgotten all about me?" he grunted.

"They haven't forgotten about you." we all turned shocked.

Jackson had finally arrived. I had almost forgotten about him. But what angered me was, unlike promised, there was no backup. He had come all alone.

"Your mother and I, we may have put a ban over the pack to stop them from speaking of you but there was nothing we could do to stop them thinking of you. We only did it because we thought, maybe if your memory wasn't so present all the time it would help us grieve your loss but we were wrong son. So very wrong. We have lived with that grief every day; we miss you constantly." Jackson approached his son. But one serious growl from Connor and he stopped in his tracks.

"Please you grieved me about as much as you grieved your dead daughter," Connor sneered. Like the flick of a switch, all sincerity disappeared from Jackson's face and in its place was a deep ugly, angry frown. Guess he didn't like the way his son was speaking to him.

"Daughter?" Mitchell gasped in shock.

"I will make you a deal Dad. You tell everyone here how you knew Ingrid, what you did to her, and how you did nothing to avenge the death of Eloise." Connor said smugly.

"After that the choice is yours then to make me Alpha or fight me for it, should you choose to live and forfeit the title, I will spare your life but you, Mom and Declan can all consider yourselves rogues from now on."

"That was you?" I got up from the ground, not willing to let yet another person see me like that.

I know that I shouldn't be surprised, not after all I knew Declan was capable of, and Jackson had always given me the creeps but in all my research I never traced it back to the Alpha responsible for Ingrid's past. He just kind of disappeared and I didn't think it mattered enough to keep digging.

"That's not much of a deal son. You are a poor negotiator." Jackson chuckled darkly.

"The alternative is, you can keep your secrets but I kill you right here and now," Connor replied unfazed.

“You think you have something over me?” Jackson smirked wickedly at his son.

“But you don't. I don't care who finds out.

You know already Mitchell that I only took over as Alpha of Crescent Moon because Cassidy couldn't as Female. She needed an Alpha. What you don't know is, that we aren't fated mates. That was just a lie that we told everyone. Ingrid was my Fated mate, but she was a witch, which was nothing short of an embarrassment. I despised her from the moment I scented her, but my wolf wanted her around. They don't care about anything more than the mate bond. Still being at war with my wolf constantly was agony and pain, which I naturally blamed Ingrid for. I tortured her day and night, and when I was done, I'd let my wolf have his way with her, and let's just say she wasn't a willing participant and he wasn't exactly gentle with her. She probably would have killed herself if she hadn't become pregnant. But the idea of a baby kept her going, so I let her have it. My wolf needed her alive to feel strong after all.

Eventually, I met Cassidy. A strong Alpha Female, worthy of being my mate. We fell in love and told everyone we were mates; I merged my smaller pack with hers and I officially rejected Ingrid. She had after all outlived her purpose. From there I moved on with my life mostly. I was even granted a son with gifts, a son everyone could be envious of and believe me they were. Gifted wolves are so rare they are almost unheard of. I didn't want Declan but Cassidy did so we had another.” Jackson shrugged.

It disgusted me the way he spoke of his past like it was nothing. He was literally admitting to torturing and brutally sexually assaulting a woman because it made him feel stronger, he was so untroubled by it, it was like he was commenting on how mundane the weather had been. He made me sick to my stomach.

“I took Eloise and raised my daughter in secret with the help of one or two of the most trusted members of my former pack. While Eloise was powerful in her own right, she was still a shameful blight on my reputation. She was still half a witch after all, and everyone knows werewolves hate witches. I visited the girl when I could and we sort of bonded. In my own way, I loved her very much and I spoiled her whenever I got the chance.

In time Eloise became obsessed with joining our world but I rejected her time and time again. She knew if she outed me, I would kill her and so she chose to find a mate of her own. Kyle was a powerful Alpha in a pack close to mine, and his was just a little bigger, she thought she would finally have the upper hand against me, being his Luna. But Kyle then killed her. I was angry about it at first sure, but not guttered or anything and I couldn't avenge her without outing my past, which at the time I wasn't ready to do yet

so I let it go. Honestly, I thought Ingrid was dead, the last time I saw her she was so close to death she was as good as gone, when I took the baby from her that she was so desperate to have, I assumed she would give up and die. Elio the power-hungry bitch never told me that she was still alive or that they were still in contact.” Jackson grunted.

Jackson's story wasn't exactly as all my sources reported. But it was close enough that I believed him.

It wasn't strange to me that a few details weren't the same. It had been years since all that happened and Ingrid probably tampered with some of the information so that I would feel comfortable approaching her. Besides, when you tell a story from two sides, they are rarely the same.

“Dad what the fuck” Declan spat.

I hadn't even noticed that he had begun stirring.

“Like your any better son?” Jackson chastised him.

“If I recall you didn't exactly greet Faith with loving arms.” Jackson was so condescending.

“I'm not perfect. Hell, I'm not even a good man. But I would have come for you Connor. If I had known you weren't dead. I would have rescued you. Your mother hasn't been the same since. The pack is yours if you want it. I'm ready to retire. But there is no way in hell that I will stand by and let you turn me rogue.”

“Then death it is.” Connor shrugged. A loud and sickening crack rang throughout the small space. Jackson's lifeless body dropped to the floor. His head was turned at such an angle I knew that his neck was broken.

“And you?” Connor turned to his brother “You want to challenge me too?” Connor confronted him.

“I don't care. Take the pack, don't take the pack I don't give a rat's arse. But you leave Faith alone.” Declan growled.

Everyone stood still tensed just staring at one another. I had no idea what was going to happen next. I know that Connor can't kill all of us, even with his powers we could still beat him. Question was, was he going to make us kill him or not?

Finally, Declan broke the ice.

“Mom isn't Dad. She is a little twisted in her own way but she isn't Evil. Dad wanted you for your power. Mom just wanted you because you were her son and she loved you. Make her rogue if you want, but I think you would be making a mistake. As for Faith you and I both know she doesn't deserve this. I don't know the full story of what happened between Kyle and that other chick.”

“That other chick was our half-sister.” Connor cut over the top of Declan. Declan however chose to ignore it mostly.

“Right. Well, I don't know the full story. But If I did, I'm sure I would say she deserved it. Kyle seems like a good guy. Besides you are outnumbered. We can keep fighting if you want, you may kill some more of us, or possibly seriously injure us but we both know you can't kill all of us. No matter what, but we will kill you. Faith is going to be rescued and that's all any of us are here for. So, we can kill you or we can go home.” Declan may have said it, but I know we were all thinking the same thing.

“Truthfully. I like the girl. She's got spark.” Connor shifted back into his human form.

“I won't fight you on one condition.”

I want to tell Connor to shove his conditions up his arse. But one of my men was dead already, a few were injured and Faith was still missing. As long as his conditions weren't stupid, I would agree simply to get this over with. There was no need to continue to subject my men to a fight if it wasn't necessary.

“And what is your condition.?” I spit through gritted teeth.

“We can collect Faith first. But We go back to Crescent Moon, not your pack. There is a hospital there that can treat Faith. Then we can finish sorting out everything there and then you go home simple.”

“Why? Your pack has nothing to do with me. Sort it out yourself.” I don't care if he makes his mother rogue or not. But I do know Faith won't be happy returning to that awful place.

“I died 18 years ago. I could use a little help keeping the peace when they find out the truth. When they learn I'm taking over, I've killed Jackson and I'm banishing Cassidy they may rebel. You know wolves don't like surprises.” Connor explained but I wasn't buying it.

“Still doesn't seem like my problem,” I growled.

“What are you doing? Do you want to fight?” Mitchell snapped.



“Fine. We will go. Mitchell can help you with all that crap. I won't be leaving Faith's side.”

I deadpan.

“Where is she Declan?” I ask.

“At the last checkpoint, I sent you. I'd lead you straight there but I'm embarrassed to say, I can't. I haven't healed, I'm all sorts of fucked up. I'll just slow you down.”

“Right. Everyone stays here and keep an eye on that prick. I'm going to get my women.”