

## Chapter 105 - Denying the Alpha

Declan's point of view.

I sat in my mom's room holding her as she sobbed. It was hard telling her about dad's past. It was terrible watching her cry for him.

"Ah good, there you two are." Connor walked into the room.

How dare he. This was still moms' room and she clearly needed the time. Did he not have any compassion for anyone?

"Oh, good you stayed. I thought well I didn't know what to think." My mom hurried to his side as if she hadn't just been in pieces.

"Mom stop." Connor put his hand out and she stopped.

"Please Connor." she reached for him and he slapped her hands away.

"Can we at least talk?" she pleaded with him. I wanted to scold her for stooping to begging, but it wasn't my place.

"Fine let's talk then." He agreed.

"Thank you." my mom exhaled. I on the other hand could see what was coming.

"How could you?" He asked angrily. "You never looked for me!"

I mean I get that he would be pissed if they thought he was alive, but come on, what didn't he get? They thought he was friggin dead.

"I cried over your body. It took three full grown men to pry me from you. I would still be out there holding onto you even now if I had not been removed by force. I thought you were gone." My mom screamed and cried.

"I couldn't hear your name without absolutely falling to pieces." She banged her hand hard on her heart as she sobbed.

"I missed out on the first two years of Declan's life because I couldn't get out of bed. I was drunk and numb all the time. I died on that lawn that day with you. If I thought there was even an inkling of a possibility that you were alive, I would have torn this

world apart to find you. Nothing and no one would have stood in my way." My mother wailed.

The way she cried, it was the realest and most raw emotion I have ever seen my mother have. It was like watching her watching him die all over again.

"The face was yours. The smell was yours." she wept as she ran to a white polished box on top of her dresser. The box had always been there but I had never looked in it and never asked about it. After all, it was just a box.

"The clothes were yours." she cried as she ripped the lid from the box, she pulled out the shirt of a young boys. It was tattered and torn and covered in blood.

"It stopped smelling like you years ago." she sniffed it and sobbed.

"I never let you go," she promised him. "If I had known about your father, about Ingrid about any of it I would have killed them both for what they did to you. My only regret is that it was you who killed your father and not me because it's his fault she was after you. His fault she took you. His fault that I missed out on almost your entire life. Those ten years that I had with you were not enough."

My mother's speech was moving. I don't know Connor or how he thinks or feels but even I could tell he was affected by her.

"I would give anything, and I do mean anything to change it. What can I do to show you, to prove to you that I loved you, that I still love you." my mother demanded.

"Nothing. There is nothing that you can do." Connor shouted.

"I cried for you, day and night for over a year. Ingrid wasn't kind. Every time she looked at me, she saw Dad. She always managed to find new and impressively cruel ways to punish me every time I reminded her of him. Which was almost every time she looked at me. It wasn't until I stopped crying for you that the punishments started to stop. Then my powers started getting stronger and she began to train me how to use them. Our magic was different and there were a lot of hiccups along the way but she did her best. In time she started treating me like a son, and I eventually saw her as a mother of sorts. I have many conflicting emotions when it comes to Ingrid. I hate her, really hate her for how she was those first two years and then there is the part of me that loved her, because well since I was ten. She is the only person I have ever known. Sure, I met a few people here and there along the way but never more than twice. I never got to go to school or just be a kid. Even now that she's dead I don't know how I feel about her, all I

know is that when it comes to Ingrid, I feel conflicted. But I do know how I feel about you.

I feel angry and abandoned. I know that I hate you and that I loathe him." The asshole jabs an angry finger at me. What the hell did I ever do to that prick?

"What the F...ck?" I cuss at him.

"You got to skate through life man. Mom and Dad gave you anything you ever asked for. Your mate was your best friend from the time you could walk. The pack loved you. And you did nothing but fuck it up. Started banging your mate's sister. Then you started hitting her. Kidnapped her. And you. never thought of how any of that would affect your pack even once. You didn't lose anything. You just gave it all up. Bet you judge Dad too, but have you asked yourself how you're any better." Connor mocked me.

"You think you know everything. But you don't. So why don't take your tiny violin and shove it where the sun didn't shine." I argued.

"You want me to shove a musical instrument up your ass?" he replied dubiously.

"That's it," I growled and charged him but Mom threw herself between us.

"Stop it. Just stop it." She flapped her hands. "All I have wanted for the past eighteen years. Eighteen very, very long years is to have both of my boys in the same room. It's not supposed to be like this." She lost her mind on us.

"And what do you blame her for exactly again?" I ridiculed. I thought he felt something for her before. She poured her absolute heart out and he couldn't care less.

"Huh." I tried to shove past Mom but she blocked me.

"Who doesn't recognize their own son?" Connor bellowed. "She held onto my body and cried? Really and she still couldn't tell?"

"Ingrid was a witch for crying out loud. You don't think she was strong enough to cast something to mess with their heads." I shouted in disbelief.

"I know all about the spell she placed on that kid's body. So what? Who cares. A real mother would know!" Spit flew from his mouth as he screamed. His face was so red I thought his head might pop off.

"Are you just determined to be a jackass?" This time I did push past Mom. I felt nothing but pure satisfaction as my fist connected with the side of his stupid smug face. Without flinching he tackled me, lifting me by the hips and slammed me into the coffee table. I

managed to buck my way out of it pretty. I rolled him over, clocking him another good one. I went to strike again but he managed to block the second punch and head butted me. I fell back a little stunned. But recovered quickly. Then my mom jumped on my back and started to scratch and punch and slap and pull on my hair.

“Stop it Declan.” She shouted desperately. “Stop hitting him.”

“Mom” I shouted and shook her off.

“What are you thinking, getting in the middle of two Alphas like that? Are you crazy?” I asked her bewildered.

“I’m not going to stand by and let the two of you fight like this.” She wept. “Please don’t hit him again.”

“No need to worry about that. I was on my way up here to turn the two of you rogue anyway, so you won’t have to worry about the two of us fighting anymore.” He wiped his mouth.

Like hell, I was going to let him turn me rogue.

“I Declan Smith reject Crescent Moon as my pack. I reject you Connor Smith as my Alpha and hereby declare myself rogue.” I sneered. I felt the snap of the bond immediately. My mother reached for me and whimpered. I took her hand and kissed it. Knowing this was likely going to be the last time I ever saw her again; I decided it was time to let everything go.

“I forgive you, Mom, for everything. I love you. I know that you did your best, and despite it all, I’m glad you’re my mom. And I’m sorry for everything that I have put you through. And I know you’re going to be angry at me for leaving but you and I both know this isn’t the home for me. Not anymore. I promise that I will be okay. Don’t you cry for me?” I touch her cheek with a kiss. She hugged onto me for dear life.

“As for you,” I said to my brother. “If you turn her lose you are an even bigger idiot than I am. A blind man could see she loves you. She is as much of a victim of what Ingrid and Jackson did to each other as you are. You’re angry, and to a point I get that, but it shouldn’t be at her. I have watched her grieve you my whole damn life. She didn’t do that for show or for pity. She grieved because she loved you, and missed you. You have the chance to connect with her now. To take back what Ingrid took from you. Besides if you turn her rogue, the pack will likely turn against you. An Alpha without a pack isn’t much of an Alpha. This was Mom’s pack long before it was Dad, I know where their

loyalties will lay. I'll be paying Faith a visit on my way out and then I'm gone" And with that, I gently pulled my mother off me turned and walked out of the room.

If he did turn my mother rogue, I'd find her and look after but I got the feeling he wouldn't. I know that hurt. He just wants her approval. Little does the dumb fucker know that he already has it.