

Chapter 14 - Denying the Alpha

FAITH'S point of view

"Ready to go?" my mother asked me from the door.

I was finally discharged from the hospital. My father and sister had tried to come along too, but I had kicked them out. Samantha spewed some more of her lame apologies, and my father tried once again to force me to accept them. As far as I was concerned, she was apologizing to alleviate her guilt, and it had nothing to do with actually being sorry for what she did or how it affected me.

As for my father, how did he expect my relationship with my sister to go back to normal if he forced me to pretend that I was accepting when I wasn't? Because, at least for now, that's all it would be was acting. I wouldn't be able to accept anything until I had been given the time to heal emotionally. He should leave it alone before he makes everything even worse.

"Never been more ready for anything in my life." I replied.

I was well and truly sick of this place. The constant beeping of machines was enough to deprive me of my sanity. Staring at the same four bland white walls was no better. If my mother hadn't brought me my iPhone and my sketchbook, I surely would have lost my mind. Bored didn't even begin to cover it.

"The doctors are coming in for one last check-up, and then we can leave, okay?" my mother seems a little anxious. I wonder why.

I slip my jeans on under this itchy paper like hospital gown before discarding it. I rummage through the bag my mother brought me, and I pull out a plain white crop top and finish it off with a cream cardigan. It was a nice outfit. My mother had excellent taste.

"Where are my shoes?" I dig a little more through the bag, assuming they must be in here because it was the only thing she carried in here with her this morning.

"I knew I was forgetting something." she frowns. "do you want me to mind link someone to bring you some?"

She's careful not to mention anyone in particular, and my heart clenches. I have been snapping at everyone these last few days. It wasn't their fault, and I would have to make it up to them.

"No, Mother, it is fine, I promise." I walk across the room and pull her into a hug. She sighs deeply as she rests her head on my shoulder before hugging me back. I could feel the tension she was carrying. It made me feel guilty that she was carrying this burden with me. She shouldn't have to. None of this was her fault. I hate Declan, with every fibre of my being right now.

"Faith, before we leave, I should probably tell you."

The door swings open, and my mother bustles out of the way, forgetting whatever it was she was about to tell me.

I sit on the edge of the bed and cross my ankles behind me, using my arms to steady myself and wait.

"Good morning, Heather." he smiles gently at my mother.

"Good morning, doctor Charles." my mother nods back.

He pulls the little swivel stool he carried in with him to where I'm sitting before plopping himself down. He flips through my chart, and his eyes wander over the pages with such speed there is no way he can actually be reading anything.

"So Faith, I have reviewed your chart." he says, flipping it closed. His fingers curl over the edge as he drops it in his lap and looks up at me. I wish he would at least try to hide the pity in his eyes.

"And it seems your good to go. I just have a few questions, if you don't mind." A gentle smile tugs at the corners of his lips.

"She doesn't mind, Charles." my mom butts in before I can even answer for myself. I shot her a quick glare.

"Ask me anything." I lean forward and try to act casual when the truth is I'm a little nervous. What could he want to know? Was it appropriate to ask me in front of Mom?

"First of all, I assume you know what brought you in here?" His eyes bore into mine, and his question was obviously loaded.

"Yes, I do. My mate was active with another female." I want to sound calm, cool and careless, but in reality, my throat was clenching, my heart was breaking, and the mere

thought of it made me want to break down and cry again, but I won't. This won't last forever, I tell myself. I tell Sapphire too. She may be quiet right now, but I know that she is still there, still listening.

"Do you know what will happen if it continues?" He looks saddened, like he doesn't want to be the one telling me this. I wonder what he could possibly have to say to me.

"No. It's extremely rare for a mate to behave like this. We don't even go over it in school."

Our education system is seriously lacking. We don't mix with humans because it's too dangerous, but our school won't even teach us anything about them. I feel like it's a safety concern to think that way, but whenever I brought it up with anyone, it fell on deaf ears, so eventually, I just stopped bringing it up.

"You're right, it is rare, and there is a reason for that. As you know, our mates are specially designed for use by the moon goddess. A mate is a blessing, and rejecting that blessing can have severe consequences. If your mate continues to mate with other she-wolves, it will eventually kill you both. First, the process would slowly torture your wolf. The higher rank of the wolf, the more it hurts. Once your wolf can't take it anymore, they always take over the host human body and kill themselves to end the pain, the ones that don't simply die of constant heat break. Once your connection snaps to your mate, your mate dies too. See, when your connection to him snaps, his connection to his wolf will snap too, and it will kill him instantly."

That is the most messed up upload of Polly Waffle I have ever heard in all of my life.

"So, you are telling me that I will die slowly and painfully while he gets his rocks off, then once I die, he gets a quick, peaceful death? Nope, that's just not okay. I do not have it."

How was it fair that I, who was innocent in all of this, was to be the only one to slowly torture themselves to death?

"What do I do, doctor?" I beg. There has to be something. The moon goddess wouldn't leave us without any option, right?

"You have only two options. The first option is simple, make him fall in love with you, mark you, mate you, and live with him peacefully without them indefinitely. The second option is you reject him."

Dr Charles was an excellent doctor, but neither of those was a good option. How can he even say that any of this is simple? I don't know what it is, but it is not simple.

“But what about rejecting your mate? That’s risky right? What would happen to my wolf? To me,” It saddened me to admit it, but I couldn’t make Declan love me. Maybe rejecting him was the only option.

“You are absolutely right.” Dr Charles sighed deeply, and I knew I wasn’t going to like what he said next.

“There’s a higher chance of surviving by rejecting your mate. It really depends on the strength of the wolf half. There is no easy way to say this, so I’m just going to say it. If rejecting your mate does kill you, it won’t take longer than 24 hours. It will be torture, but then it will be done, and you will be gone. If the bond remains and your mate continues to cheat, the death will be equally as painful, but it’ll be drawn out over months rather than hours.”

For the thousandth time, I found myself wondering, why? Why was Declan doing this to us?

“So that’s it then, rejecting him is my only option.” I summarise.

“Not if you can work out your problems. If he quits cheating, then I don’t see why you can’t live your lives like any other mated pair.”

Yeah, sorry, doctor wasn’t that easy. I would have given anything to live a happy life with my mate, but Declan had to be on board, and he wasn’t.

“Do you mind my asking, who exactly is your mate” I could tell the question made him uncomfortable, and so it should. It was none of his business.

“It doesn’t matter.” I snapped harshly.

“I am sorry for asking.” he blushes slightly. I imagine this isn’t something he often does in his line of work. I am glad that he feels embarrassed. Maybe the next person he may show a little more sympathy to.

“I was only asking in case it becomes medically relevant.” He looks me in the eyes, his face stony and serious once again, any trace of the momentary remorse gone.

“Medically relevant?” What on earth did that mean?

“If you reject the other wolf, they like you may die. It would be beneficial if I knew who to watch out for.” he had a point, a really good one, but I couldn’t bring myself to tell him. I may not even end up rejecting Declan.

“Can we go, Mom?” I ask her. I haven’t paid her any mind since Doctor Charles walked into the room. She looks as bad as I feel. I have never seen my mother so pale, so sick with worry.

“Mom?” her eyes snap to mine, but she still looks so far away, I wish I could take some of her worry from her, but selfishly I feel like I already have enough to deal with right now.

“Yes, dear, we can go.”

Dr Charles holds open the door for us. Mom carries my bags out, and I drag my heavy body out behind her, or maybe it’s just my heart that feels heavy. I can’t help but feel an impending sense of doom looming over my head.

“I should probably tell you, dear, I told Cassidy.” my mother barely whispers, but I still catch it.

“YOU DID WHAT?!” I screech.