

Chapter 16 - Denying the Alpha

FAITH'S point of view

I am relieved to say that after I left Mom outside the packhouse, I managed to make it all the way to my room without bumping into a single soul. It was still quite early in the morning, and most of the pack would either be at breakfast or training. At the thought of food, my tummy began to rumble.

Tacky hospital food did nothing for my almost insatiable appetite, maybe I could get Mom to bring me something, Alpha Jackson and Luna Cassidy never missed breakfast with the pack. It was wise to avoid them for now.

It felt good to be in my room again.

First things first. I have hospital breath and my hair. Let's not even get into that mess. I have been showering at the hospital, of course, but it was hardly suitable. The cubicle was too small, and the shampoo wasn't my own. My hair was sensitive to those types of things. I have used only one brand of product for as long as I can remember.

Thirty minutes later, my teeth were brushed, my hair washed and lively, and I was shaved from head to toe. I felt like a new woman, which is exactly what I needed to confront Declan. This decision felt like a now or never sort of thing.

Mom had brought breakfast in for me while I showered, and I ate it while I rehearsed my speech in my head. In the end, I couldn't decide what I was going to say. I felt like if I went in there and it was all about what happened and what was going to happen that it would all go downhill very quickly. I guess I was going to give up to wing it. Did he know what he was doing could literally kill me? I think that's what bothered me most. That's what would be the deal breaker for me, because why would I beg someone who didn't care if I lived or died to love me? If he didn't, then if he could tell me why then I would work on forgiving him.

I wonder what it would be like to wear his mark. Would Sammie actually be able to step back? She did say that she loved him. Could my heart take it if he loved her back?

I could sit here forever and wonder and feel sorry for myself, or I could get up, find Declan, and do my utmost to work this whole mess out. I hope he is in a good mood. If

my mom has said something to Luna Cassidy, there is no telling what she has said to Declan. If she's said anything, that is. She was a good person, and I believe she cared for me, but she never told Declan off for much.

I didn't want to go overboard trying to impress Declan, but I didn't want to show up with any effort at all. The last time he saw me, I was in the hospital, and although he was the one who put me in there and should feel very guilty about it, I mean, I could have died. It still looked weak. If I was going to be the next Luna of this pack, weak was not a word I wanted to associate myself with. It was important to me that he knew that I had endured all that he put me through, and that I had come out on top and that I was still here, fighting and that I will continue to do so every damn day.

That I was stronger for still being willing to give him a go after what he had done and that I wasn't just going to run away, tail tucked between my legs.

It didn't take me long to apply some BB cream and setting powder to my face. Applying eyeliner was always my least favourite part of the process, but I looked incomplete without it.

I curled my eyelashes and swept some light mascara over the top to make my eyes pop. Being locked away in a hospital room and away from any sunlight had done my complexion no favours, so I touched up my cheeks with a bit of blush to add colour and life back to my face. I penciled in my lips with a light pink and filled them in with my favourite lip gloss.

My hair had dried perfectly, so I didn't have to do anything more than add a spritz of moose to keep it all in place.

The outfit was always the hardest part. I wanted to look nice, but I didn't want to appear desperate either. I wasn't going further than the packhouse, and so if I went all out, Declan would know that I had purposely dressed up because I intended to see him. I know that that's exactly what I was doing, but I didn't want him to know it. Luckily I had the perfect thing.

A brand new red t-shirt dress that I brought from a cute little boutique a few weeks ago, I hadn't had the chance to wear it yet, but it had done wonders for my figure when I tried it on in the store. It hugged my body in all the right places and accentuated my curves quite nicely. It had a low cut front that exposed the top of my breasts enough to appear flirty and yet modest.

I didn't really feel like wearing shoes, but no outfit was complete without them. My strappy black sandals would do. Black was such a versatile colour and essential to any wardrobe, you could pair it with literally any other colour, and it would still match.

One quick one over in the mirror, and I felt like I was finally ready to confront him.

'Are you ready, Sapphire?' I hope she was. The girl was my backup, and I needed her on board with me.

'I was born a ready girl. Let's go and show that boy exactly what's what.' I wasn't sure things would go our way, but I appreciated her enthusiasm none the less.

After fifteen minutes of searching through the packhouse and I still hadn't found him anywhere. He wasn't in his room, the games room, or the breakfast hall. I was on my way up to the library when I finally bumped into him on the stairs. Why was it I always seemed to find him on the stairs?

He stopped dead in his tracks the moment he saw me. His eyes roamed over my body, and I couldn't help it. Mine did the same. He looked leaner, if that was possible. How much time did he spend in the gym while I was in the hospital? I wish that when he froze, it was to drink me in and appreciate me, but judging by the dark and annoyed expression he sported, I highly doubted that that was the case here.

"What do you want?" he grunted.

When I stared into his blue eyes, I didn't feel myself getting as lost as I used to. They were incredibly beautiful though.

"To talk." to hug, to love, to kiss, to mate and mark one another, the list goes on, but for now, I would settle for just talking.

"What do you want, Faith?" he repeated. I know he heard me, so I don't understand the question.

"Please, Declan." I felt pathetic.

"What is there to talk about?" He walked to the last few stairs to reach me at the landing. His tall 6'8" frame of solid muscle didn't seem so comforting to me anymore. I almost found him frightening. He was so much bigger than me.

"Why do you hate me so much?" Maybe if I could figure out where we went wrong, I could fix all of this.

He didn't say anything at first. He just stared past me like I wasn't even there.

“Why do you hate me so much?” I grind my teeth.

I hated being ignored. He didn't have to be a douche. I wasn't an entitled person, but I was owed at least this much. I deserved to know why he was fighting the mate bond so much. I earned more than all of this. He was the one who didn't deserve me, not after anything. Why was I here again? I should just reject him and be done with it.

“I hate you because I can't have you.” he growls, but not at me. He can't even look at me. He is seething mad. His hand flies out before I can stop it, and he grabs me by the neck. Once again, I find myself pressed against the wall with nowhere to go. The grip he has around my throat is so tight that I'm left seeing stars.

Why does he always have to go for the throat? I only just got out of the hospital for crying out loud.

Just as I was about to pass out, he dropped his hand and set me gently on the floor. He loomed over me, sapphire was screaming at me to get up to run, to protect myself, but I was frozen. I couldn't move. I flinched when I saw his hand moving towards my face. I didn't want him to hit me.

When his hands gingerly pushed the hair back from my face, I didn't expect it. His warm lips pressed against my forehead.

“I'm sorry.” he whispered. Then suddenly, I dropped the rest of the way to the floor. Thankfully it didn't hurt. My body was cold, and his hands were gone. When I finally opened my eyes, he was gone.

What the fuck was that all about?

I didn't have time to sit and wonder. I could hear footsteps coming this way. Before anyone could see me so down, I pushed myself up on my shaky legs, and I ran