

Chapter 19 - Denying the Alpha

FAITH'S point of view

It was hard for me to tell if my heart had stopped or if it had gone into overdrive. I could feel whatever Dr Charles gave me spurring me on, but I could feel my fear freezing me in place. It was odd, and the sensations crashed and conflicted within me.

'I needed to get up, to get out!' Sapphire was screaming at me to move, but it was almost like I was deaf to her. If I couldn't feel her spirit thrashing hard against the confines of my mind, I'm not sure I would be aware of her at all. Everything sounded like it was underwater, muddled and distant, but I was still at least slightly cognizant of what was happening all around me

"Calm down, love. Block the door, pile up as much shit as you can, barricade us in. It won't stop them, but it will buy us some time. Every moment counts right now." my fathers urged my mother towards my bedroom door, but she was as frozen as I am, and I lock eyes with her. Is she panicking too? She must be.

For a moment, she stands there, white as paper. I really thought she might throw up. I know the feeling. I had the urge myself.

"Mom." I call her several times, but she doesn't hear me. She's just staring at me like I'm already gone. How was I supposed to have hope if she didn't?

"Snap out of it." my father said in her face clicking his fingers to get her attention, it takes him a few beats, but it works. "Baby, you need to move. We need to get Faith out of here before Declan reaches her. Come on." and he shoves her lightly again toward the door.

"Huh." she looks at him, sad and dazed, and despite his attempts to nudge her, she's still not moving away.

"Go block the door." he orders her much firmer this time. Somehow, he manages to get her to listen to him this time. I don't know if it's adrenaline or fear that's fueling her now. Either way, she's moving toward the door.

The commotion is getting closer and closer to us. They'll breach any minute now if we don't do something.

“What should we do, dad?” I whine, but it is drowned out by the sounds of my mother pushing my dresser in front of the door. It’s going to take a whole lot more than that to slow down a werewolf, but it’s a start I suppose.

“Dad?” I yell over the cacophony of noise, what the hell is he doing with curtains? He ignores me.

“Dr Charles, her bedsheet now.” he tied the two ends of the curtains together. What is he doing?

“FAITH GET UP.” he snaps. My muscles ache, but I manage to get off the bed rather quickly, and Dr Charles starts to strip the sheets.

“What are you doing?” My legs are defiantly the worst. Thank goddess for whatever Dr Charles gave me. I have to have a concussion. It has got to be why I can’t think straight.

He throws the mess of fabric at doctor Charles who starts tying the bedsheets to the knots of curtains.

“Dad.” I call again. My mothers loaded anything remotely loose in the room in front of the door. I have never seen her move so fast. Dad quickly runs to her and takes the small stool from her hands. I wish he would answer me.

“Dad, what are you doing?” I finally snap. Why wasn’t he talking to me?

“Faith, I’m going to bust out the window, okay?”

What? I’m stories, STORIES, above the ground. What on earth was his plan?

With as much force as he can, he swings the stool toward the glass. It doesn’t shatter like I thought it would, but spider like cracks spread quickly through the surface. With and swift swing of the stool, the rest of it gives way and shatters all around us.

“You’re going to have to shimmy down the curtains. It will still be a long drop, I know, but nothing that should cause you harm if you drop carefully, Doctor Charles and I are going to hold it steady for you, but you are going to have to go now.”

Was he being serious? One look at his face and the curtains wrapped securely in his hand tells me, that yes, he was.

I couldn’t believe this was happening.

“Dad, I’m scared.” not of the drop. I trusted my dad. He would get me to the ground safely. I was scared of everything else. There was so much that could go wrong. I’d never had to do anything like this on my own before. I’d only just got my wolf, and Amy’s was

so far away, I was not even sure what direction I should be running, and I doubted Declan was going to stop chasing me just because I jumped out of my bedroom window.

Dr Charles hands me exactly three more of the purple vials. I need to find out what these are exactly. I have never heard of anything that could give a werewolf added adrenaline before.

"I know, baby." my dad father cups my face with his hands and places a quick kiss on my forehead.

"Faith, my baby." my mother's arms swallow me up " , call me as soon as you make it to your aunts."

I hear the whoosh of the curtains, and my sheets as there tossed out of the window.

"I will, mom. I promise."

I had so much more I wanted to say to her, to both of them, but I was out of time. There was a sickening crack as something smashed into the door. A few of the bags Mom had stacked against the door toppled away. One or two more hits like that, and Declan would make it through.

'Are you ready, Sapphire?'

'Yes, bitch!!! Let's GOOOO.' I am surprised she didn't fight me harder for Declan, but I would hardly get into that now. I'm just relieved that she's supporting me.

'He's just a man, you're my girl, we have this, but seriously, let's go.'

"I love you, dad."

Crack.

I'm sure I heard some of the wood splinters this time. He's getting through.

"Go." my dad snaps at me. He's been so calm until now, but this time I hear the panic in his voice. That's all I need.

I swing my leg out of the window and make my way down the makeshift curtain ladder. I'm not even halfway down when I hear the door splinter and crack open.

I'm still more than two floors up with only roughly one floor of curtain left. Trying to spider monkey my way down is taking too long. I adjust myself so that I have the curtain wrapped around one wrist, and the material grabbed loosely in my hand, so loose I'm just sliding down it. I grip tightly at the end, and my body jerks a little.

“STOP!” I look up to see Declan’s face hanging out my window.

It’s now or never. I let go of the curtain and dropped to the floor. I landed heavier than I would have liked, and my ankles were pretty sore, that's okay I just have to get past the boundary. I still have three vials. I can use one then if I need to. I just have to get past that damn boundary.

I pump my arms and push myself harder than I have before.

An earth-shattering howl pierces my ears, and it stops me dead in my tracks. I know I shouldn’t look back, but I can’t help it. The small glimpse I was able to get was so horrifying that I almost turned around to go back.

My dad is hanging from my window. He’s covered in so much blood I’m not sure he’ll survive it. My mother and Luna Cassidy are clinging desperately to his arms. If they let go, he would fall to his death. Alpha Jackson is Half shifted on the Lawn holding down a completely turned Declan, his knees to his face, pinning him to the ground, but that’s not doing much to stop the wolf’s violent thrashing. I don’t think Jackson will be able to hold him down for long.

“RUN, FAITH! RUN!” my mother shouts.

Luna Cassidy just stares at me. It’s like she’s looking right through me. What is her problem? This was all Declan’s fault.

“NOW, FAITH!” she screams at me again.

I want to help my father, he did all of this just to protect me, but if I do, this has all been in vain. Mom, right, I need to run.

I need to get to the tree. I need to get my backpack. I need to get to Amelio. If I can get to Amelio, then I can get help. I can get my family out.

As soon as I make it to the tree line, I let Sapphire take over, and we shift mid leap. My red dress is left in tatters like bad confetti, but that is the least of my problems.

'Do it now.' Sapphire demands, we must be getting closer to the border.

"I Faith Huntress, daughter of Beta Mitchell Alaric Huntress of the crescent moon. Reject crescent moon as my pack, I Faith Huntress also reject Alpha Jackson Smith as my Alpha." I will henceforth be known as a rogue.