

Chapter 20 - Denying the Alpha

DECLAN'S point of view

"The doctor said that if you continue to cheat on me that I'd die. Did you know that?" She asks me.

Honestly, why she's still fighting for us, I don't know. What will it take for her to see that we're no good together? That I didn't want her, but still what she said took me by surprise.

Could she die? I knew that fucking around with other women behind her back would be torture for her and her wolf, but I didn't realize that it'd literally kill her.

"Yes," I don't know why I lied. I guess it doesn't matter what I knew or when I knew it because even now that I do know, I'm still not willing to let her in, and I still wouldn't give up other women.

I know by the tremble of her bottom lip that she's about to start crying. I have known Faith my entire life, and I can count on one hand the number of times that I have seen her cry. Almost all of them have been because of me, so why is she still here? Why does she still want me? Why fight?

"Connor." I'm not surprised when I see doubt and confusion cloud her eyes or even anger. Of course, she didn't know. Why should her parents tell her about the boy who saved her life? It's not like he mattered to anybody, right? It's not like my mom hasn't been suffering the loss of her child for 18 years or anything.

'This isn't about your mother or Connor, for that matter!' He snips at me.

'Shut up, wolf! Yes, it is. What would you know?' And before I can throw the wall back up that separates us in my mind, he does. I hate that because it means he's the one who controls when I come back down again. Whatever, I'll deal with him later.

"I don't know any conners." she shakes her head at me like it was going to shake something in her memory loose. Apart from me wanting to wipe the tears away for her,

another part of me liked that I was able to make her feel this way, good emotion or bad emotion I could make her feel.

I had to bite my tongue to stop myself from lashing out at her when she began hastily wiping them away. What was she trying to hide anyway? I've already seen them.

"Exactly. You don't even know his name. You took something from me. Something from my whole family, and you don't even recognize his name."

'Your parents ordered the entire pack that no one was to speak of him, no one was allowed even talk about what happened. How were her parents supposed to tell her?' Grayson drops the wall long enough to say his bit before he slams it up again. Typical.

I do know that my parents did do that, but to this day, it doesn't make any sense to me.

She didn't even say anything, she just stared at me with that same dumb confused expression, and it angered me. I don't know why, but it does.

'You do know! Quit lying to yourself and me.' Would this mother fucker just stay gone?

'Shut up, Grayson, you lousy mutt!' I'm sick of this fucker thinking he knows everything. He wouldn't know his ass from his elbow.

'You know as well as I do that Connor was a blessed wolf. You know that's why the rogues came. They wanted him for themselves. Your parents ordered the pact not to say anything because they were afraid that there would be others out there who believed you were the same. They didn't want them coming for you the way they did your brother. They kept who he was a secret to protect you, don't pretend you are so ignorant that you didn't know.'

How dare he? Who does he think he is? This is my life, my body, my decision. He's just a sideshow.

'Want to know the real reason your panties are in such a bunch? You worried that Faith was his intended mate and not yours! Why else would a ten year old boy give his life to defend her? Most boys would abandon the baby and save themselves. Not Connor though, he felt the bond already, and he chose to die so that he could save her! He was a blessed wolf. After all, he was different from the others, faster, stronger, better, your sick of coming second to the boy who died. Mother was no more than a shadow of herself after losing him. She gave you everything you ever wanted except her full attention. Faith was

never intended to be yours, but that changed. She is now. She's our mate. She wants us, and I want her! Only her. I'll kill anyone else you choose over her.'

He has no idea what he's talking about. I never came second. Mom was a good mom, and she loved me. The only thing he was right about was that Connor died for her. Whatever his intentions were, he died so she could live. I was rejecting her for mom. She needed me to protect her. There is no other reason for it.

'Lie to yourself all you want, pup! I can see your heart. I live within your soul, and I am a part of your subconscious. I know it all!'

Like hell he did, he's just an animal. What does he know?

I'll show him. I'll never accept Faith.

"You should be dead. I don't want you." I say to faith, for no other reason than to dig the knife in a little deeper.

Grayson wanted to wind me up. Well, two can play at this game. Let's see how he feels when I crush her.

"But my mother says I have to accept you. She doesn't want me to either. But she accepts that it's what will give me the strongest heir. Children conceived outside of the mate bond, if they even survive, are sickly and weak. We can't have a sickly Alpha. I'll stop cheating until you give me an Heir but only until then. You mean nothing to me, and I'll move on. I won't even wait until your out of the hospital."

My mother has warned me to accept her, but it had nothing to do with pups. Rejecting the bond could kill a wolf. She was worried that I wouldn't be strong enough to survive it, but I was an Alpha, I would be fine.

"Not unless I reject you." A hundred emotions crossed her face in seconds. I wonder what she's thinking.

That moment of weakness was all it took for Grayson to push forward.

"You will be my mate!" he roars as he rushes her. I see my hands grab her, but I'm somewhere in the back seat. I watch in shock and horror as he throws her body down the stairs. She's like a broken rag doll. I mean, I have wanted to hurt her, I have hurt her,

but there's something different about watching someone else do it, I can't explain it, but it seems sinister and sick.

Is this how he feels when I hurt Faith?

'Grayson, stop!!!' Not only am I fighting Faith, my mate, myself, now I'm even fighting my damn wolf. He should be grateful that she rejected us. Now we can find someone better suited to us. Someone who won't cause us heartache, someone more submissive to us.

She is ours. I will not settle for another.

If he wants her, why is he mistreating her? That's what doesn't make any sense to me.

He gnashes his teeth at me and roars. The pain brings me to my knees, but it's not the soul-bond breaking that's causing me to double over. It's the fight for control from Grayson. I still don't understand how someone who doesn't have a real voice can make my ears ring when he shouts.

I think I am about to win control back until I make the mistake of looking at Faith crumpled and broken at the bottom of the stairs where we threw her. In one moment of weakness, he manages to throw me to the back of our consciousness and lock me away. I'm forced to watch through his eyes as he runs at her. I don't like her chances. She can't even stand right now, and she won't survive if she can't even fight back.

I sigh in relief when my father and a couple of warriors intercept me, or should I say, Grayson. I wonder how he knew I needed him right now. That didn't matter. He was here. It was a good thing, too, because I had completely lost any and all control. I can see and hear everything he's doing, but I'm trapped in the passenger seat.

Mitchell appears in the hall at the same time. I don't miss the look of disgust he appraises me with before he makes his way to his daughter.

He's talking to her, but I can't hear over all the fighting. She must be at least somewhat awake because she was trying to help him as much as she could as he dragged her away.

I was hoping that Grayson would give up on her once he couldn't see her anymore, but it only made him even worse. Our hands shift to claws, and before my father can stop me from doing so, I grab the throat of the warrior on my left and tear it out. Blood splatters everywhere, a lot of it directly on me, but Grayson doesn't care, he actually likes it. Gross.

My father makes the mistake of catching his friend's body before it hits the floor, and I slip past the other pathetic warrior Greg I think his name was.

I leap the entire flight of stairs before they even start scrambling after me.

I reach Faith's bedroom door. I run into it and slam my shoulder into the door.

'Grayson, stop. Stop it before you do something that you'll regret.' I try and reason with the savage, but there is no reasoning with him right now.

Greg and my father have finally caught up to me, and they try once more to stop me. Grayson immediately turns on poor Greg, a young warrior who is just starting out. He plunges his hand straight into his rib cage and yanks. Greg drops to his knees as blood drips from his mouth.

The gurgling sound churns my stomach. As an Alpha wolf, I understood that at times I would need to take lives, and I was okay with that, as long as they deserved it, but poor Greg didn't deserve that. As his body dropped, my hand, or rather Grayson, he's who's in control, slipped out of the hole he made in his chest. His heart is a mangled mess.

'Do you want to kill Faith? Huh? How does that get you what you want?'

I wasn't behind the idea of Faith and me as mates, but I didn't want to see her end up like that. I cared for her, cared for her whole family. They'd never forgive me if Grayson killed her. My mother would, but my father, I'm not even sure he'll forgive me for the two warriors outside. He was a man who put the good of the pack above all else.

My father grabbed my collar and ripped me back, I spun, and as I did so, I elongated my teeth so and sunk them into his arm, we both jerked away from the other at the same time, and a large chunk of my father's skin tore away.

I spat the bloody flesh at his feet, grabbed him by the wound, and swung his body with all my might into the door.

"Sedate him." my Father orders Dr Charles. Have I cracked the door just in time to see Faith drop from the window sill.

My father manages to pin me while I am distracted for a split second it takes Faith to disappear. Mitchell is on top of me next. I can not see who administers the shot. My money is on Charles. He is the doctor, after all.

The moment the sharp prick punctures my neck, it sends Grayson into overdrive. I didn't even know that was possible. He is already a killing machine. His claws come out and

pierce Mitchell's lower abdomen and slash out in an X style fashion. He tosses the bleeding body.

I lunged for the window, I could not believe it, but Mitchell actually tried to follow me. My mother, who I wished would leave the room while she could, rushed to the window with Faith's mom.

Luckily they managed to catch him before he fell to the ground. I hope he lives. My fathers through the window next, and as I drop to the grassy earth, he lands on top of me. His knee catches me in the side of the face, and he drives it further into the ground.

Faith is only meters from the tree line if she gets away.

Whatever Dr Charles stung me with is finally working. Grayson finally succumbs, and I manage to get control back just in time to blackout.