

Chapter 25 - Denying the Alpha

FAITH'S point of view

"Hey, honey, would you like something to eat?" Amy asks as I enter the kitchen. I was starving, but there was something I needed to do first.

"Please? But can I call my mom first?" My mom would worry until I called her, and I needed to know about my dad. Should I tell Amy? He was her brother after all. I'm sure she would want to know. Then again, what did I actually tell her? That I think dads been seriously injured, but I'm not sure?

I'll wait until I have spoken to mom. Why worry her until I actually know something. Who knows, he may even be fine. I pray he was fine.

"Sure, baby, you know where the phone is. I'll fix you up something to eat while you call your parents. Does that sound good?" She cupped my face and kissed my forehead. My aunt was amazing.

"That sounds perfect Thank you, aunty", I sigh.

Werewolves could mind link, so we didn't have a use for mobile phones, so we still had those outdated landlines, the ones that stick to your wall and have a cord. The only time they were ever used was for long distance calls such as this. What was the point in texting a person when you had a more direct link? Plus, messages could get lost, intercepted or misunderstood. Plus, I didn't see the point in wasting money on a plan for something I would hardly ever use. I stared at that plastic heap of crap stuck to wall for must have easily been ten or more minutes. Could I handle it if my father didn't make it? Did I want to know what happened to Declan? Now that I had left, were he and Samantha going to be together? Would I be able to stay here knowing that my mom needed me? In the end, it didn't matter how long I stayed here staring at the phone, putting it all off. I was still going to get all the same answers, it was inevitable, and I might as well get it over with, even if it was hard.

I dialed the home phone, silently cursing the lack of privacy. The number was easy enough to remember. It hadn't changed since before I was even born. My mother, who must have been waiting by the phone for me to call, answered on the first ring.

"Faith, baby, are you okay. Would you please tell me you're okay? Did you make it to your aunt's house safe? Please tell me that you are doing alright," she sobbed hysterically. She didn't take a single breath. It was so good to hear her voice. I have never missed my mother so much in my entire life. It's hardly been a day since I saw her last, but these weren't normal circumstances. I missed her so bad my heart almost couldn't take it.

"I'm okay, momma, I promise you. I'm fine. I'm with Aunty Amy, and that I'm safe." I console her. I hear a few more sobs through the line, and it makes me sad. Quite frankly, it scares the hell out of me, was she just worried for me, or did something happen with dad. Was she all alone right now?

"How is he," I asked with bated breath. We could talk about me later. I needed to know how my dad was doing.

"He lost a lot of blood, and he may have a nasty new scar, but he's fine. He's with Dr Charles at the moment, and they are giving him a transfusion. I wanted to stay with him the night to make sure he was alright. I hated leaving him there. I haven't spent a single night without him since we met. I have always been the one to take care of him. But the nurses kicked me out as soon as he was stable. I think they are tired of having me there. I feel like I live in that place. We just got you out early this morning, and now your father is in there, and it's all because of that stupid wretched little boy," she wails. I had never heard my mother say a bad word about anyone before. She was a gentle soul. She had been through so much lately, and she was right. It was all Declan's fault. I don't get it. He was fine a month ago. Even after his birthday, he was good to us. To me, he didn't snap until I ignored him at breakfast the day after I caught him with Sam. What I didn't understand was why. What about my birthday changed him. It was his choice to be with Sam, not mine. I wish I could be there to comfort her. I feel like she needs me. I hope Samantha was home, at least. Mom needed someone. She was struggling.

"Mom, what happened after I left..... Is he?" I couldn't bring myself to ask about him, not after all the trouble he has caused, but I knew my mother would understand. She always does.

"Alpha Jackson, your father and Dr Charles managed to knock him out with a heavy dose of wolfsbane. Cassidy is beside herself with worry." I scoffed. I could hardly care about

the Luna at the moment. I usually Loved Cassidy, but she's been cold lately, and that's worried me.

"They have had to chain him with silver", my mother explains. That surprised me.

"So, he's in the dungeons?" I'm baffled. I mean, he totally deserves to be there. He was out of control today, but I can't imagine they would ever chain the future Alpha in the Dungeons. For one, Jackson and Cassidy never had so much as grounded their son, and trust me, there were a few times he could have used some tough love, and for two, they would be the talk of the pack. I couldn't comprehend them staining their image like that, especially Cassidy. Appearances were everything to her.

"No", she spat rather bitterly down the line. "Of course not." she sighed. "He is in his room. He's been chained to his bed, I was told."

It may not be in the dungeons, but still, at least he was chained. As long as he remained that way, he wouldn't come looking for me. I could sleep safely at night At least for now.

"How long for?" I chewed the inside of my lip. I was debating how much I should fear him at this point. It was his wolf that fought for me, not Declan. Surely they wouldn't unchain him until Declan had Grayson back under control, right?. Declan didn't want me in the first place, so why would he care where I was now? He'd probably be happy even. He was free of me and the bond, and isn't that what he wanted? So I can't imagine that he will come looking for me.

"I don't know. Indefinitely at this point." She sighs.

We both sat silently on the line for a while. I didn't know what to say now, and I don't think she did either.

"Did he at least tell you why?" My mother eventually whispers. It was so quiet I wasn't sure whether or not she was asking me or if she was talking to herself. I know she would want to ask, but mom was never one to pry. What's the harm in telling her? Maybe she could make more sense of it than I could. She may even know who the hell this Connor was because he was a total mystery to me.

"He did, but it didn't make any sense" I purse my lips. How should I ask her? I wanted answers, sure, but she has been through a lot today. I didn't want to put her on the spot or risk pushing her over the edge. Declan did mention my parents though, so she must have some idea. Did she know? If she did, would she come clean? I detested secrets.

"What did he say" she encourages me.

Only one way to find out. Besides, mom always said the only way out is through. I figured if her little rule ever applied, it was now.

“He said something about a boy named Connor. And you and dad.”

I knew right away by her sharp, shocked intake of breath that she did indeed know who this Connor was. What was it that they were all keeping from me, and how was this boy involved?

“I can't tell you” she sounds incredibly disappointed and yet resolute in her decision. I was surprised at first, but I quickly found that I wasn't. What I was, was angry. Here I was in the once dark again. Why did I always feel like this lately? Like some outsider looking in. Then I realized it felt that way because I was. Well, if that was the way it was going to be, then good riddance, Crescent moon. Maybe waning crescent really was the better place for me.

“What's that supposed to mean” I snapped. However, I instantly felt guilty for being so short with her. I can't believe these moods swings I was having.

Calm down, faith. Deep breaths. I tell myself. Maybe there's more to it. You know your mom better than this. Give her the benefit of the doubt. Calm down.

“I'm sorry. But I disagree. If you know who this Connor is, then I feel like I deserve to know how or why he wanted to keep Declan and me apart?” it wouldn't change anything. I meant it when I said there was nothing that could make me go back to Declan. So, I don't know why it matters to me so much to have all the answers, but it does.

“I want to tell you, baby, I do. I think you deserve to know. I think it's a shame that you, of all people, don't know who he is. I think it's wrong that he has been kept a secret. He should be talked about, celebrated. He was a wonderful boy. But I physically can't. I can't even say his name. The Alpha commanded it.”

What the hell was Alpha Jackson trying to hide? And what did it have to do with my family? What the hell does she mean by me of all people?

“You could tell me just use a different name or none at all.” I don't understand why Declan was able to use his name, but my mother wasn't. There had to be a way around it.

“I want to, but I can't,” she says.

“I’ll call you tomorrow” I’m frustrated, and I want some space to think. I’m about to hang up the phone, but before I can click the receiver, I hear my mom’s voice still calling me.

“Yes?” I didn’t mean to sound so snippy, but I was done with all the secrets. One way or another, I was going to get to the bottom of this, and all their lies and schemes would have been for nothing.

“How did it go with Alpha Kyle? Was he nice to you?” She asked.

“I haven’t met him yet, Mom. I had a shower and called you as soon as I got in. I’ll meet him in the morning. I’ll ring you all about it and tell you everything tomorrow.” I promise. Hopefully, I can convince her to tell me then. I just needed to find a way around that silly little block Alpha Jackson has put up first.

“Oh, okay. Good night then, baby. I love you.”

We talked for a few minutes more about before I finally managed to say goodbye and hang up the phone.

I walked into the dining room, where Amelio and Amy were waiting for me to join them for dinner. I thought she was just going to whip up something small. This was amazing. I had at least two servings of everything. There was roast pork with roasted veggies and gravy, garlic bread and pasta.

Amy didn’t take her eyes off me as I found my way to my seat. Wait a minute. She had been a part of my old pack a long time. She may know who Connor was. Alpha Jackson wasn’t her Alpha anymore, and his commands wouldn’t apply to her.

“Can I ask you something?” A small glimmer of hope rears its ugly head.

“Sure, baby, what is it?” She pops a piece of roasted potato in her mouth.

“Who is Connor?”

I see her eyes widen only a fraction before she clears her throat.

“I don’t know who that is. Why?”

She was lying. She was surprised. But why.

“No reason”, I shrugged.

There was no point in starting a fight. Not on my first night here anyway.