

Chapter 27 - Denying the Alpha

FAITH'S point of view

I watched, transfixed as he moved around the desk. His beyond tight white button-down shirt was tucked neatly into his black dress pants. The shiny leather belt he wore had to be for show because the clothes fit him so well it was as if they had been perfectly handcrafted for him. I was sure they had been hand stitched on him this morning. I have never seen an item of clothing fit someone so perfectly.

Once he reached the other side of his desk, he placed his hands cautiously behind him as he leant back a little, so it appeared he was sitting on the edge of the table. He was so casual about it all. I was left wondering how because I felt like I was going to burst. He settled carefully on the desk and began rolling his sleeves methodically to the creases of his elbows. The silence swallowed the room.

Why did I find the way he moved so damn mesmerizing. Although I tried, I just couldn't peel my eyes off of him as he tucked and rolled the material into place.

His hand ran through his shortish brown hair and fisted it for just a brief moment. As if he was frustrated, he dropped them back into his lap. But why would he possibly be frustrated? We have only just met.

"Are you going to reject me too?" I found myself asking. The insecurity caught me off guard, I hadn't planned on meeting a second chance mate, and I certainly hadn't expected it to be so soon. He knew that Declan had rejected me and that he was an alpha too. Maybe he feared I was defective or something. It's possible he thought Declan had a good reason to believe I wasn't fit to be luna.

His gorgeous dark green eyes stared at me, and I was taken by surprise by what I saw there. Pain, confusion, anger, apprehension and most surprisingly, of all, lust.

"No Faith", my name rolled off the tip of his tongue. I never imagined that I'd enjoy the way my name sounded so much again. He sighed deeply, like he was tired, not of me but of life.

“You’re not?” I asked dubiously. It’s not that I felt unworthy of love. I know that I am as worthy as anybody else is. It’s just his sad demeanor wasn’t instilling much confidence.

“No. I would never reject a gift such as a mate. And you,” his eyes dragged themselves up and down my body appreciatively. “Are a sight to behold. You're gorgeous. I could never reject you.” he stands up straight and stalks towards me. I don’t move. I don’t even think I can. How does someone walk across a room and still manage to move so dang smoothly? It’s like he’s gliding.

I had been holding my breath since I first stepped into the room, but I couldn’t keep it in anymore. My chest was tight and uncomfortable. I exhaled quickly, almost like a pant, I couldn't help it, and I inhaled deeply immediately after. I was pleasantly surprised. I just couldn’t believe it. He smelt like the one thing that had always made me feel the most secure. He smelt like the pages of a book. Like parchment. It was entirely unique. It made me think, did he love a good story like me? I hope so. It would be so romantic to cuddle up and read with him. What did I smell like to him, I wonder?

Kyle stops so that his chest is so close to mine that the fabric of our two shirts dance off of each other without actually touching. I didn’t need the contact to feel the spark between us. It cackled all around us like lightning in a storm. Maybe love at first sight was real, not that I would ever say such a thing to this man.

His finger delicately rested on the bottom of my chin and tilted my head up towards him. I had been avoiding eye contact from the moment I feared that he might reject me. I couldn’t let his gorgeous eyes haunt me too, but it was too late now. I may never look away again.

Kiss him!!! Sapphire whispered. She wanted him, but she was also afraid to have him. I know how she feels because I, too, felt that same way.

And as if he could read my mind, his hands dropped away, he turned his back to me, and he walked quickly back to his desk. His breathing was a little heavier, but other than that, he looked unaffected, and that made me sad because I definitely had been.

“Please sit down.” he gestures to the one of the two leather armchairs across from him. Should I just leave? I pout. Self-doubt was a curse.

Can we give him a chance, please? Sapphire begged of me.

What if he hurts us like Declan did? I know she feared it, too, even if she wasn't prepared to admit it. It worried me that Kyle doesn't exactly seem thrilled about finding us.

Please? Just one. Just one chance, if he blows it, we will leave. Her determination was greater than my own. I could feel it. She would never let a man mistreat us again.

Okay, but just one. I mean it, Sapphire, there won't be any more than that. When Kyle didn't jump for joy upon learning, I was his mate; a seed of doubt planted itself deep in my heart, but this wasn't just my life. Sapphire should have a chance, too, and as long as my wolf and I had an understanding, I would give him a chance. But only one.

"Faith?" He asked again.

I gingerly rested on the armrest of the chair. I was giving him a chance, but I could still get up quickly should I need to.

He must understand because he doesn't say anything about it.

"So, what happens now?" I ask, but I don't look at him. I should be able to hold my head high, what happened with Declan wasn't my fault, but I was too afraid for my heart. So instead, I just stared at the floor.

"Can you please look at me?" His voice is sweet like a melody, and I can't help but obey it.

"I want you Faith, I do. I have been through a lot very recently. I know you have to. I want you. I just need to be able to tell you a few things before you decide whether you want to reject me or not. I want you to have all the information, or I haven't been fair to or even to myself. I hope you can be patient with me. I just need..." Kyle trailed off almost like he didn't know how to finish his sentence, and his voice was pained when he spoke. Amelio did say that Alpha Kyle had been through a lot lately, but what could possibly make me reject him? Did he have a chosen mate? No, that can't be it. His neck was unmarked.

"I just need time", he exhales. "And I would say you do too. I promise though that I'm not cutting you out. I'm just asking that we take this slow? Please?" I couldn't speak for his heart, but mine was damaged. He wasn't rejecting me, simply asking for patience, and he was right. I did need to heal. Maybe taking things slow would be good for the both of us. What was the harm?

“Will you tell me soon?” I didn’t know him, and he didn’t owe me anything, but I felt like everyone was keeping secrets. He did say he would tell me but after how long? It wouldn’t be fair to pressure him to trust me right away, but it wasn’t fair to ask me to live in the dark either.

“How about we discuss this more over a date?” He suggested like a date wasn’t the biggest deal in the world. I have never been on one. Oh, my goddess, I can't believe he is actually asking me out.

“A date?” I'm surprised by how level my voice is because, on the inside, I am all over the place. On the one hand, I'm more excited than I have ever been. An actual real-life date, I can't believe it. But on the other hand, I was terrified. Terrified that it could go well and scared that it wouldn't.

“Yes, a date. Will you go on one with me?” he smiled. But there was a nervous energy behind it. I can’t believe I was making a man like him nervous.

“Absolutely. When?” I couldn’t wait to go home and tell my mom. I would have to ring her, of course, I hope she’s home and that dad is out of the hospital.

“This Sunday night? We can go to dinner and maybe a movie?” That sounded like such a typical first date, and to others, that might seem silly, but I always wanted to experience a regular date with my mate. It was perfect.

“How should I dress?” I asked eagerly. I don’t care if we go to a diner and wear jeans. I just want to look appropriate for the evening. I wonder if we will kiss.

“Smart casual. Nothing too fancy but fancier than you would for pizza.” He must have a place in mind.

“Okay, I’ll see you Sunday.” I needed to get out of her so I could squeal. It was an embarrassing habit, but I was an excited dancer, just a little on the spot flailing arms kind of thing, but I would die if he saw it. I practically leapt from the armchair.

“Wait, faith”, he chuckled. “I still need to induct you into the pack” he raised his eyebrow and flashed a cocky smile.

“Oh right,” I stopped in my tracks. How could I forget the point of this whole meaning like that?

He stood and reached for something high on the shelf behind him. That when I saw it, a bit so firm you could bounce a nickel off it. I think I just caught a glimpse of heaven.

Please give my number to the artist who sculpted that thing. I should send them a thank you card. Moon goddess, you have a prayer coming your way tonight.

He pulled down what looked like an ancient, very special silver goblet.

“Do you know how the ritual works?” Kyle asked as he placed the intricate cup onto his desk.

“No”, I replied, my eyes glued to the object. I almost felt drawn to it. What the hell.

“It’s pretty gross, but the bond between an alpha and a pack member is a blood bond. You would have made one to your last Alpha at the time of your birth, so you likely wouldn’t remember it. “He explains. My parents made me drink Alpha Jackson’s blood as a baby? How bloody disturbing.

I didn’t know that’s how it worked, but then again, no one I knew had a baby.

He pulls open a small draw under his desk and pulls out a silver knife.

“IS THAT A SILVER KNIFE?” I panic. Did he not know silver could kill us? And he just keeps it in his office?

“I know what you're probably thinking.” He drops it on the desk and raises his hands. “But I don’t just keep weapons on me. This is the only piece of silver allowed on these grounds. We keep it only for initiating pack members. It’s not a deep cut, but we do have to keep the wound open long enough to fill half the chalice. The wound with a regular knife closes too quickly. Once we are done here, it will go back into its safe place. A place only I have knowledge of. Not even Beta David knows where the ritual blade is kept,” Kyle explains. I can’t say that I felt at ease, not while that thing was in here, but I understood.

“Okay,” I said, my voice held hesitation that I didn’t permit it to, and I didn’t like it. I wanted Kyle to think I was brave, even when I wasn’t.

“Are you ready?” He asked with thinly veiled concern.

“Yes,” I answered, better get this over and done with.

“Okay, I’ll go first.” He picked up the knife. He was so fast I barely saw it, but he sliced the palm of his hand and held it over the silver cup.

“I, Alpha Kyle Vasey, pledge to protect you, to lead you and to support you to the best of my abilities at all times. I welcome you, Faith Huntress, to the waning crescent pack

should you choose to accept me as your rightful Alpha” I didn’t know he had to pledge anything. How fantastic.

“Okay, Faith, I have to cut your plan next. Just hold it over the cup until I tell you to stop. You will also have to recite a pledge after me, do you understand?” He explained. To be honest, I wasn’t paying much attention. I was staring at the gash in his hand. It had a blue hue around it that I found alarming. He followed my gaze, and when he saw what I was staring at, he quickly wrapped it in a thin white bandage from the draw.

“Faith?” he asked.

“Yes, I, uh, I understand.” and without further hesitation, I held out my hand to him.

I gasped when to take it. I knew all about the mate sparks, I had even felt them before, but still, they took me by surprise. It felt like something more spiritual connection when we touched, like our souls were humming in delight at finding their missing piece.

“Okay, repeat after me,” and he sliced my hand. He was so quick it didn't even hurt at first. After a few seconds, it did begin to sting a little. I knew it was my skin reacting to the touch of silver.

“I FAITH HUNTRESS”, he began.

“I Faith Huntress”, I repeated after him.

“Do solemnly swear my allegiance to you, Alpha Kyle of waning crescent. I promise to uphold the beliefs and values of my pack and always show respect to my fellow members. I vow never to put myself before the good of the pack or knowingly place another member in danger. I recognize you as my one true alpha” he could have broken it down a little for me, but I managed to keep up and recited every word.

“That's enough for now.” he took another piece of cotton and wrapped it around my hand to stop the bleeding.

“What happens now?” I knew what happened. Next, I drank the blood, I was silly for asking, but I hoped I didn't have to.

“Your drink it” he handed me the cup with our combined blood.

“Cheers”, I grimaced as I threw back the vile liquid in one big gulp. I wish I could say it was nice because it was my mate's blood, but nope, it was regular disgusting metallic tasting blood. Not to mention how sticky thick it was.

I expected something magical to happen, like a gush of wind that blew my hair around or something, but there was nothing.

“Is that it?” slipped from my mouth before I could stop it.

That's it. His voice echoed in my mind.

I had mind linked my whole life; I was used to it. But that felt incredibly, and I mean incredibly intimate.

“So uh, I guess I'll be going then.”

He nodded.

“I'll be seeing you soon”, he promised just as I clicked the door shut behind me.

Thank you for the second chance, moon goddess, I prayed.