

Chapter 28 - Denying the Alpha

FAITH'S point of view

"What was that all about."

Amy pounced on me the moment I stepped out of the room. My heart pounded, and I flinched a little. I wasn't expecting her to be here waiting for me, and she had caught me off guard.

Amelio was with her still, and they both looked at me with extreme concern.

"Uhm. I'll explain once we get home," I said. I don't know if Kyle wanted to tell anybody that we were mates yet, and I didn't want to risk any wolf overhearing our conversation. I wasn't sure if I was ready for anyone to know either. I wasn't entirely sure that Alpha Kyle wouldn't reject me either, and I didn't need two packs thinking that I was no good. Imagine being rejected by two Alphas in less than a matter of months. I could only imagine the rumors that would spread. I don't think another pack would take me in. I also didn't believe that I would find another mate after this, and honestly, if I was rejected again, I certainly didn't want one. Maybe I would be better off with a chosen mate anyway. At least then I could weed out the weak.

"Did he at least initiate you into the pack" Amy fussed. Amelio but his thumbnail as he looked towards the door and then back at me. He did this a few times. I think he was trying to decide whether he should go in there and say something or not.

"Yes, he did. Everything's fine." I tell them. "Can we please just go back to the house?" I beg.

Amelio dropped his hand and looked at me again. He was still concerned, but I wasn't screaming and crying, and I think that helped put his mind at ease.

"So, everything went okay then?" He questioned.

"Yes, but a heads up about drinking his blood would have been nice. I just about had a heart attack when he pulled out that silver knife. It would have been nice to know what I

was in for,” I half-heartedly scold them. It was disgusting, but it was over now, and whether I knew beforehand or not, I still would have done it.

“You didn’t know?” Amy asked, surprised.

“No”, I shrug it off.

“I promise I would have said something. I should not have just assumed. Was it terrible?” She fretted.

“Amy is fine. Okay, I promise, it's no big deal” I try and give her my most convincing everything is fine smile, I don’t think she bought it if that frown was anything to go by.

“Are you sure that you are, okay?” She asks yet again.

“Yes, I’m fine. Can we go?” I felt like a weirdo just loitering outside of his office. What if he thought we were spying or something equally as creepy.

“Okay, then let's go.”

Neither of them tried to ask me again as we walked home. I would notice a nervous glance or two here and there, but they didn’t speak. I wonder if they were mind linking about me? Probably but I hope not.

The moment we got in the door, they pounced.

“Okay, spill”, Amy demanded over the sound of Amelio slamming the door half hazardly behind us.

“Calm down,” I warned gently. “Amelio, you said something about Kyle this morning, that he was going through some stuff. What did you mean by that?” I know I should wait for Kyle to tell me. There must be a good reason that he didn’t, but I want to know. I can’t help it. Maybe if I have time to process whatever it is before I see him again, it’ll be better. Perhaps I’ll be able to react better when he tells me.

“Nope! No way spit it out” Amelio moved away from the door and into my personal space. He didn’t raise a hand or tense a muscle or do anything remotely threatening, but I still felt afraid. I didn’t mean to, but I recoiled from him. I hurt it. I could see it in his face. He backed up a couple of steps. I couldn’t look at him, not for now. The last man that came into my space like that, I was thrown down the stairs and had to flee my home. It was Amelio's fault, but the flash of movement like that brought it all back.

“Faith, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to frighten you.” He said remorsefully. His hands raised in surrender.

I put my hand on the wall to support me. I took the moment that I needed to steady myself with a few deep breaths. I was pleased with myself for not crying.

We are strong. Sapphire reminded me. She's right. We are. I push myself off the wall and look my uncle straight in the eyes.

"No. It's fine. You did nothing wrong." I assure him. Sometimes we all do little things without thinking, myself included. I couldn't hold that against him. He was just worried about me and a little protective of his Alpha, all normal.

We're safe with Amelio. Sapphire soothes me.

I know we are. And I did.

"Did you just want to go to your room?" Amy offered.

"It's fine. Honestly, please don't pity me." I didn't mean to sound rude, but pity was the last thing I wanted. I had a moment, and that was normal. Trauma took time to heal, I remind myself, but I don't want to hide behind that. I want to keep pushing forward.

"We don't pity you, baby. We're just worried," Amy cooed, she tried to hide it, but there was a sadness in her voice.

"Don't be. I'm okay." I promise.

"Did you want to talk about what happened back there?" Amy asked as her thumb jerked behind her. She was gesturing towards the packhouse, so I knew she was referring to what happened with Kyle and not Amelio.

"Only if both of you can promise me something?" I trusted them, of course, but I didn't want this getting out.

"Yesssssss. We promise" I could tell by the way she dragged her words out that she didn't like the direction this was taking, but at least she promised.

"You didn't promise" I stare Amelio down. He better not think I didn't notice.

"I promise, Faith," he said a little reluctantly, but I knew Amelio, if he gave you his word, then he meant it. My secret was safe with him. They were both staring at me curiously. It was time I put them out of the misery.

"The reason I asked is . . ." I let out a shaky breath. Why did this suddenly feel so hard to admit to them? But they took me in. I owed them my honesty at the very least. Besides, he was taking me out on Sunday. I didn't want to sneak out, that would be a betrayal of

their trust, and I wasn't willing to play with that. Not when I knew they wouldn't do it to me.

"Because he is my mate", I rushed out. That felt really weird to say out loud. Now that someone else knew, it felt more real than it was before. And it was terrifying.

"Faith . . . Faith, calm down. You need to sit" I was starting to panic all over again. I thought I was, okay? I don't understand it. How can I feel okay with this one minute, then a total mess the next? What was wrong with me?

"Nothing is wrong with you." Amy smooths my hair back and cuddles me close to her. Did I say that out loud?

Yes. Sapphire sighs sadly.

I'm sorry. She was so strong, and I was so weak. I felt terrible for her. Being stuck with me must be hard. If it weren't for me, she wouldn't be going through any of this. Declan rejected me, not my wolf, but because she was a part of me, it was, unfortunately, the same thing. She had her heartbroken, she almost died, but I wasn't good enough.

Hey. Hey. Faith. Don't you dare!! We aren't going to pity ourselves, okay. It wasn't your fault. It was Declan's. Stop putting this on us. The blame doesn't lay out feet! Sapphire was so confident. She was resolute. She wasn't saying those things to make me feel better about myself, she actually believed them, and that made me feel better than anything could have. It helped being able to feel her emotions. If anyone else were to say those things, I would think they were simply being kind to make me feel better. But not with Sapphire, not when I could feel her.

Thank-you. I was talking to Sapphire, but also the moon goddess. I would always thank the moo goddess for my wolf. She was perfect in every way.

"I'm sorry. I'm better now" I pull myself out of Amy's grasp and take a seat on the couch

"Does he know your mates?" Amelia asked. That confused me.

"Yes, why?" why wouldn't he know. Did Amelia think Kyle didn't have a sense of smell, or did he believe I was making this up?

"No reason" he brushed me off.

"Don't do that", I warned him.

"Do what?" I can't believe he is going to look me in the eyes and stand here and fake it.

"You know bloody well what," I spring up off the couch.

“What did you mean?” and I poked him hard in the chest. Amy may have frowned at my behavior, but she didn't stop me.

“If Kyle hasn't told you, then it's not my place. He will when he's ready.” Amelio gently took me by the wrist and removed my hand from his chest. I let it drop by my side, but I didn't take my eyes off him.

“Fine, don't tell me, but at least let me know. Is there a chance that whatever it is may haunt me later?” He didn't have to tell me everything, but what I was asking was for.

“Yes and no”, Amelio answered, but I could tell he didn't particularly want to.

“Was it that supposed to mean?” I snap. Deep breathe, Faith, I remind myself. Not his fault.

“It means he's been through a lot. Like you, but that doesn't mean he's a lost cause. If someone asked me the same question about you, I would say the same thing. That she's been through a lot, and she might not be ready to open to herself up like that again, and the more you hold onto her, the more vulnerable you are. But I would still encourage them to give you a chance. Give Kyle a chance.” He reasoned.

“So, he's been rejected too?” I pry. Why would someone want to reject an Alpha?

You did! Sapphire reminds me. And I'm proud of you for it.

Yeah, but I didn't really, did I? He fucked my sister, knowing it would kill me. I saved my life. I didn't want to reject him. I had to. I honestly only did what I had to. Had Declan not been with Sammy my birthday morning, I would have thrown myself in his arms and said, ‘Carry me off into the sunset’ okay, not really, but I would have been happy to accept him, I would have bragged to my family, and I would have marked him.

“It's more complicated than that. Stop pushing. I'm not going to tell you.” Amelio said, and that was the last of it. He left the room. I assumed so that I couldn't question him further.

“You won't tell me either?” I ask Amy. But I doubt it. If Amelio didn't want to tell me, then she would side with her mate. I would do the same in her position.

“Honestly, Faith. I don't even know the whole story.” She shrugged, her eyes longingly staring after her mate.

“Can I call my mother?” Amy wouldn't say no, but it was always polite to ask.

“Any time you want”, she smiles at me.

“Thanks, Aunty,” I say.

I hope she picks up. I could use my mom right now.

The phone rings only three times before my mother answers.

“Heather speaking”