

Chapter 37 - Denying the Alpha

Present day Kyles office.

“Just get on with it, Declan”, I finally snap.

“First of all, I would like to apologize again for acting like an ass just a moment ago. I saw you with him, and my jealousy it just. It got the better of me, Faith.”

Jealousy, why would he be jealous? He made it more than clear he doesn't have any feelings for me, that I disgusted him, so why should I believe that he's suddenly so jealous.

Stand your ground! Sapphire huffs. But she doesn't need to worry. I plan on doing exactly that. We made a promise to each other after all.

“And secondly,” I ask, completely ignoring his apology. I see no reason to comment on it when I don't accept it.

“Can we sit down?” He gestures to the two chairs on our side of the desk. I feel like if I agree to sit, that means I'm saying I'm going to be in here with him for a while. I feel torn between my need for answers and my desire to make it back to Kyle, we were having such a nice date, and I felt like we were making some breakthroughs. If we don't get some answers, we will always wonder. Find out, so we can heal and move on. But do not forgive him, no matter what he promises. I still want Kyle and Duke. Again, I decide to listen to my wolf. She has had some great advice so far.

“Fine, I'll sit” I dragged the chair back a little so that I was at least out of his arms reach. He cocked an eyebrow at my small act of defiance but was at least smart enough to keep any comments on it to himself.

“I don't even know where to begin.” He speaks. He leans forward and rests his elbows on his knees. I notice some angry red marks around his wrists. They must be from the silver he was chained in.

“I might be wrong, but every story usually has a beginning, middle, and an end. Maybe we should start with the beginning.” I drool sarcastically.

“Or maybe we can start with why you threatened my dad in the hospital the other day.” I snap.

“Your dad? I haven’t seen him?” Declan lies. All he does is lie.

“Oh yeah? Then why would he say he saw you?” I argued back. I wasn’t ready to let more lies slip by me.

“Honestly, Faith, I haven’t. You are going to have to ask him. I woke up yesterday, and I saw exactly two people. My mother and your sister.”

Of course, the first person he went to go and visit was Samantha. I’m not even surprised.

“Oh yeah, good thing I severed the bond then. At least I didn’t have to feel that little visit” I was being hostile, I know, but after everything he’s done to me, he can feel a little bit of what I do.

“Nothing happened, Faith.” His blue eyes weren’t as cold as they had been recently. They looked sad. If I were the old unbroken me, then I would have been naive enough to ask about it. I may have even tried to fix it. But I was aware of the kinds of games people could play now, and I wasn’t about to let him back in because he knew how to pout.

“Can we just get back to the point, please? Why are you here exactly? Because I’m not coming back.”

I am so very proud of you. Stay strong.

If it weren’t for Kyle standing right outside that door, I would never be able to do any of this. I just want to get up and bolt from the room. I admit to her in shame.

Being afraid and still doing it anyway is so much braver than not being afraid at all. Look at all you are facing right now. You are incredibly strong. Please believe me when I tell you that. Words could never describe how much her encouragement meant to me.

I just thought that I would have a lot more time before I ever had to see him again.

“Well. As I said, I want you back. I can never begin to say how sorry I am for what I did to you. I hurt you. Physically, mentally. I hurt you worse than anyone probably ever has, and I know that. I understand that you probably hate me now, but I would like you to know that I will live with this guilt for the rest of my life.” He adjusts himself in his chair. His back straight, and his arms are no longer resting lazily on his knees. “I want to make it up to you...” I feel like he's repeating himself with no real explanation, and it was so incredibly frustrating.

“Is that supposed to make me feel sorry for you?” I ask condescendingly.

“No, Faith, it isn’t. I’m just trying to be sincere.” He offers.

The more I talk, the angrier I get, so I don’t bother to respond. He waits a minute, hoping that I would but finally realizes that it’s not going to happen.

“Okay, I guess I’ll just get to the point then, as you said.” He rubs his hands and lets out a deep hurried breath like he’s trying to work up the courage. I’ll admit I have never seen this nervous side of Declan before. If I were still his mate, I might find it refreshing, but I don’t feel anything for him anymore that isn’t fear. For a glorious few days, I allowed myself to believe there was nothing left that this man could take from me, then I went on this date with Kyle tonight, and now I have this urge to protect him, and the only danger to us I can see is already sitting right in front of me, in my home.

“I should never have pushed you away, Faith. You will probably never believe me, considering all the things that I have done. But I have loved you since I was a child. It seemed impossible at the time, but every day, I found something new to cherish about you. I remember one day, you read a fact, and supposedly you couldn’t keep your eyes open when you yawned. I laughed for weeks every time I saw your eyes stretch open as wide as you could to avoid losing them when you did eventually have to yawn, it was the smallest act of defiance, but still, it was one of the most innocent things that I had ever seen. I loved your innocence so much. I can’t stand that I have taken some of that from you. I adored you the way you took care of everyone. You didn’t give a shit about what they could give you in return, and yet you were never a pushover either. You are kind, compassionate, stubborn, strong, determined. You’ll make a better leader than I ever could. You are already a better person than I already am.”

“I’m sorry, but memory lane is closed. It’s too painful,” I cut over him. I knew how much history we had. It’s not something I wanted to think about. It hurt my heart too much even to try.

“Faith, it isn’t much of an excuse.”

“Let me stop right there. Isn’t much of an excuse?” I repeat disbelievingly. “There is never any excuse for abuse. Not a single one.” I say firmly.

“Your right. I’m sorry. My words are coming across all wrong. I have never tried to talk about my feelings like this. I can’t seem to do it right, but please bear with me. I’m trying so hard.”

He has to be the first Alpha that I have ever heard beg.

“Okay. I'm sorry, go ahead.” I flick my hand lazily.

“Phhhheewwwwww. It seems so silly now that I'm here and about to say it out loud to you. I was such a fool, but I thought you were too good for me. I believed that there would come a day when you realized I would never make you happy or fulfilled. I already loved you, and I didn't even have yet, and that fear was already bringing me so much pain. I knew that once I had you, I would only love you more. Once you rejected me, well, I was sure it would kill me. So, I pushed you away, but it was like once I started doing that, I started losing my mind. I had all this anger inside of me, and I couldn't control it anymore. I made excuse after excuse. It was for my mom, and then it was because of Connor. Really it was because of me, because of how much insecurity I had. Everything in my life I have control of, everything except for how I feel about you. And how I react to it.” He drops his head into his hands, and his shoulders sag. I could see he was remorseful. I could, but as he just admitted he couldn't control himself around me, how could I trust that he wouldn't hurt me again.

We can't! Sapphire was quick to agree.

“Who is this, Connor?” I keep hearing this name, but who is he? And why did he matter?

“He was my brother. My older brother. He died”

He stared at me thoughtfully. I blinked in surprise. He had an older brother? No way, I don't believe it. I would have heard about it, at least. I grew up with his family, and I have never seen any photos, never heard of his name. There was just no way that could be true.

“You expect me to believe that?” Maybe I shouldn't have said, if he wasn't lying, then that was horrible of me, but if he was lying, then he was awful for trying to guilt me like that. Once again, I feel conflicted.

“Ask my parents, ask yours, ask Samantha.” I don't see any doubt, and he was right. I could ask. Maybe he did have an older brother. But then why is this the first time I heard about him. When I mentioned his name to mom, she knew it, but she said she couldn't talk about it?

“What happened to him?” Was it okay to ask it? He was the one who brought him up, so maybe it was?

“He was killed. He was a blessed wolf. He was born with the mark, word spread quickly, and everybody wanted him for his gifts, we didn't even know what they were yet, He was only ten when they breached the border, and he was killed.” That must have been

horrible. I can't even imagine. Poor Luna Cassidy. I never knew that she and Jackson had been living with that pain or Declan.

"I want to say that I am so sorry for your loss first of all. But why? I mean, I don't understand what that has to do with me."

"You and I, we were there. We were both too young to remember it, of course. I wasn't even a year old. You were only two months, so barely more than a newborn. Samantha was with our dads somewhere, and we were with our mothers when the rogues breached the border. My mother handed us off to yours to help my father. Heather was on her own with three young pups, two of who couldn't even walk yet. She handed you to Connor and told him to run. She hid me and killed as many rogues as she could. One got past her and went for you and my brother, who was trying to make it to safety. My brother was killed protecting you. My mother feels if he had just dropped you and ran that he could have made it to the shelter, he was fast enough, but he wasn't going to leave you in danger, and they killed him."

That had to be one of the most horrendous stories I have ever heard. They murdered an innocent ten-year-old boy.

"I don't get it. If they wanted him for his powers, why kill him?" Poor Connor. I felt so much sorrow for the Smiths but also a little anger. If this boy died for me, I had a right to know. I should have been given a chance to pay my respects to him somehow.

"They were just trying to capture him, but he was fighting. They didn't mean to kill him. It just happened. We managed to capture one of the rogues. The one that killed Connor, he is the one that told us about their sick twisted plans for my brother, and all the ways they were going use him, and then we tortured him to death."

I can't say I support torture, but at least he was dead. The world was better off for it.

"I can't say how much I appreciate what he did for me. But did you say your mom blames me?" I feel disgusted with myself for asking so many rude questions after such a sad story, but this might be my only chance to get answers. To get closure.

He doesn't say anything, but his slow, sad nod is confirmation enough.

"I was two months old." I'm angry that I could be at blame for this. I would never hurt another person. And I would never expect someone else to be put in harm's way for me. "I couldn't even sit up. I was handed to him. I didn't ask him to carry me. How is any of what happened my fault?" My blood boils over.

“I know, I know. I don’t blame you. I should never have said I did. I can’t say it enough, I was hurt, and I was acting out. But I see all that now, and I’ll spend forever trying to make it up too.”

I still don’t feel like any of this was an excuse, and it didn’t feel like the closure I was looking for.

“If that’s all, I’ll be going now,” I say. I didn’t want to hear this anymore.

“Won’t you even give me a chance?” He begs.

“I did.” He was not going to guilt me. “I gave you multiple. Even after you put me in the hospital, I was still going to give you a chance. I went to you, ready to forgive you and look what you did to me” I jumped to my feet as I shouted. “You told me you just wanted a breeding dog. That you didn’t care if I withered away and died a slow horrible death.”

He leapt for me to pull me into a hug as the tears pulled over but shoved him away as hard I could have

“Don’t you touch me” I yelled. “Don’t you ever touch me again? I have Kyle now. You lost your chance.”

His face was stern and Stoney once more. I knew I was right. He could be in here begging me for forgiveness, and he still didn’t have it together.

“So, you’re just going to hook up with the first alpha that will, have you? I thought you were better than that. Do you need a man so much that you’ll take anything that comes along” he spits at me?

I cross my arms angrily across my chest and stare him down the best I can. He is 6ft 8, after all.

“How dare you! I don’t need a man. Do I want a man? Yes, I do. I want someone I can share my love with, but I do not need one. I have not taken the first thing that will come along.”

Kyle was the first man after Declan. Yes, there wasn’t any time between them. But I had never even kissed Declan. The only time I felt the bond between us was when he was hurting me, and Kyle was also my mate, so it was different, and not that it was any of his business, but we were taking our time.

“That’s exactly what you have done.” He accuses me.

“Where do you get off? What makes you think you have a right?” I scoffed. He was unbelievable.

“Are you really going to try and tell me you want him more than you do me?”

“that’s exactly what I am saying.” I don’t care about being abrasive anymore.

“So, I was right? You never really loved me” I cannot comprehend how he thinks he has the right to talk down to me right now.

“I did. I loved you so much. But what you did. You threw that away.”

Come back in. I mind link, Kyle.