

## Chapter 4 - Denying the Alpha

After my fruit, I was still feeling quite hungry. It was unreal how much I could eat right now, but I couldn't stand the idea of sitting here with Declan and Samantha any longer. She kept shooting me pitiful glances, and Declan was doing a fantastic job at pretending that I didn't even exist.

It was the most uncomfortable breakfast in my life. If I didn't get out of here soon, our parents would surely notice.

"I'm so tired still. I'm just going to go lay down." I tell my parents, feigning exhaustion the best that I can. It wasn't exactly hard as it was true.

My parents and Alpha Jackson all look at me with sympathy in their eyes. It would be rude not to do so, I smile back at them and give a small wave, but before I can escape

"feel better soon, honey." my dad says and pats my elbow.

Mom hops up from her seat and pulls me into a hug. "Get well soon, baby." she croons.

"Good night, everyone." I say to the table.

Everyone wishes me the usual get well soon, and I'm finally able to leave. I stop by the buffet table where everything but the fruit is served, and I grab a bottle of water and the largest blueberry muffin that I can find and hurry from the dining room as fast as I can before I risk running into any of my friends. I just wanted to be alone.

I'm about halfway up the staircase when a firm hand grabs me by the wrist and jerks me around, tingles dance along the skin where his hand touches and my traitorous heart flutters. I hope he can't hear it. Unfortunately, the suddenness of it causes me to drop my food.

"Aw, my muffin!" slips out before I can stop it, I sound childish and ridiculous, but I really wanted that. It was still warm. Didn't he know warm muffins were close to heaven? Not to mention blueberry was my favourite. What he did was almost criminal.

He looks me dead in the eyes, and with the coldest sneer I have ever seen, he stomps on my muffin and drags it across the stone step with his foot for good measure.

Was that really necessary I wasn't going to eat it once it was on the floor? I wasn't a dog. Okay, I kind of was a dog technically, I guess, but still, I wouldn't eat from the floor.

"What do you want, Declan?" I sigh and pull my wrist from his grip, I'm almost saddened by the loss of contact between us, but I know that it wasn't really how I felt. It was the mate bond. I didn't want to have to deal with him and his crap just yet. I wish he would go back to his breakfast and leave me the hell alone.

He grabs me by the neck and slams me against the wall. My head bounces harshly against the brick, and for the briefest of moments, stars dance across my vision. Both our eyes widen in shock as we stare at each other. I can't believe he would ever get physical with me like that.

He drops me to the floor, I stagger to catch my feet, but I don't miss the way he stumbles backward like he can't believe he's behaving this way. He wasn't the only one taken off guard by his sudden jerkiness.

"Sorry." he barely mumbles.

If he can't even look me in the eyes and say it, then to me, it means nothing to me. I hate the way their mate bond is making me feel right now. My rational brain is telling me, no, screaming at me to WALK AWAY FAITH, but my feet are rooted to the spot, my heart is constricting, and images of Declan's hands around my throat change to sexy ones, the things I want him to do to me, but I can't let myself go there, I don't even understand how I could be attracted to him right now, what was wrong with me? The back and forth between being rational and feeling the lust from the bond is maddening. I shouldn't be thinking bedroom thoughts. He's already doing all those things with someone else, with my sister, no less. I didn't want her seconds. I go to walk away, unable to stand how close we are. I'm afraid of all the things I might do while the mate bond has me under its spell. If I leave, I can break it.

Still, as I go running, he blocks me, forcing me back up against the wall using his strong arms to cage me in. His arms are so thick I just want to STOP IT, I yell internally at myself before I get carried away any further.

It doesn't help when I notice how his eyes drag themselves up and down my body in a very suggestive manner. It was almost like he was undressing me. His stunning sea blue eyes lock onto mine, and my breath hitches in my throat. I'm fighting against every fibre in my being not to lean in and kiss him right now. How is this so easy for him? I want him to want me and only me. I'm so mad at myself for wanting him still, for being desperate and sad.

I hate that Samantha has what's mine. Couldn't she wait for her own mate? I guess I will have to fight this bond as long as I can. They haven't left me any choice. I wish I could at least have one kiss though. I just wanted to experience what everyone else did when they were with their mates at least just once. I hope that's not too pathetic of me. I, however, won't succumb to the desire. If I indulge in even a single kiss, then there's no telling how far I'll start to let this thing go.

As if he can read my mind, he becomes really close, so close that the tips of our noses are touching. He was trying to act as menacing as he could be. He wanted me frightened, but Faith huntress was nobody's pushover.

"I Don't want you Faith, not now, not ever!" he growls and spits at me.

My wolf whimpers quietly in the back of my mind. I can feel her recoil as the full effect of his words sinks in. Aw, poor thing chose the worst possible time to wake up. I wish I could do more for her, but I couldn't make Declan love and respect us.

"What makes you think I want you?" I snap at him. I do want, mate. My wolf whines, but I choose to ignore her for now. We can lick our wounds later.

"Oh yeah, why did you run off like a heartbroken little B\*\*\*\* yesterday then?" he's so smug I think about punching him. I wonder what I have ever done to make him so mad at me. He had never been like this with me before yesterday. I didn't understand it all, and the mate bond was supposed to make him want me and yet it was like it had the opposite effect on him.

"Heartbroken." I chuckle, even though I don't find it funny at all. "I wasn't heartbroken. I was caught off guard to see my sister naked, that is all. I ran off because I was so embarrassed to have caught the pair of you in such a compromising position, nothing more." I lie easily. This seems to anger him more. What a wanker.

"Don't think Samantha didn't tell me all about how you locked yourself in your room." He sneers.

What a prick. If he didn't want me, there wasn't anything I could do about that. He should just reject me and take Samantha as his chosen mate. Why torture me? If he didn't want me, why did he want me to pine for him? I am defiant though. I can't help it.

I stare straight into his eyes and chuckle once again. I can see him struggling to keep control of his wolf. Alphas didn't like to be challenged, even by their mates.

“Again, I was embarrassed.” It stings to know that when she left my room yesterday, she went straight back to him, but what else did I expect?

'He doesn't want us.' My wolf whines. I feel bad for her. We haven't even had a chance to talk to one another, and because of me, her mates already rejecting her, and I can't even tell her why.

The breeze picks up slightly, and the smell of sour cherries makes me want to shift on the spot. Declan drops his arms quickly and flees, leaving me standing there all on my own.

“Oh faith, I thought you'd be in your room. Can I talk to you?” Samantha asks when she catches me on the stairs. So he doesn't care if I catch her bouncing on him like a cheap hooker, but he doesn't want her even to see us talking? Figures.

“Honestly, I would be happy if I never had to speak to you again.” I snap at her. I spin quickly on my heel and march up the stairs as fast as my legs will carry me away from her. I hate her.

“FAITH!” she calls after me. I can hear her chasing me up the stairs, but I'm faster than her, and I shut myself away in my room.

I didn't want to keep hiding out in my room like some damsel, but if I saw them together, I would shift and kill Samantha. I knew I would, I could barely contain my wolf, who was doing her most damn to claw her way out, and all her rage had one target.