

Chapter 5 - Denying the Alpha

DECLAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Six months ago.

I'm running late for my own birthday. My moms are going to have a fit. I have been training hard all day. I couldn't shake this nervous energy I had and was trying to beat it out of me. I jump through the shower. I don't stay in here long. The hot water doesn't even have the time to heat up properly. It's just enough to wash and hop out.

I slip on my usual black v-neck and dark blue denim jeans. They are a bit lost. I have been slimming down a lot these past few weeks despite the fact that I have gained almost twice as much muscle, so I slip on a belt. I'll have to go clothes shopping soon. I throw a slight touch of gel to keep the hair from my face. I need to get it cut soon, but I kind of like the jet black shaggy look.

My first shifts tonight, will my wolf be as dark? I hope so, a jet black wolf would look fierce, and an Alpha wolf had to be threatening. It was our job to keep our people safe.

The party has been in full swing for about two hours now. I'm at least 15 drinks in. I feel so good. I'm finally 18. As soon as I find my beautiful Luna, I can take over as Alpha. I have been training under my father for years, and he is getting older now. He was still a strong man capable of leading, but he had been alpha for more than thirty years now and deserved the chance to enjoy a little time with my mom.

Some chick strolls up and loops her arms around my neck, she's trying to be seductive, but I can sense how nervous she is. She is an attractive wolf, about 5'9, with long blonde hair, full pink lips, crystal blue eyes, nice round ass.

"Care to dance, alpha?" she whispers in my ear, and she slides one of her long nails down my chest. She wants to do more than dance, that's for sure. She would have to beg me for it. It's a real turn on when they do that. She is incredibly sexy. I wouldn't mind a Dance.

We walk hand in hand towards the dance floor. I pulled her flush against my body so I could feel her large breasts pressing against my chest. I couldn't wait to shoot my load on them later. I can feel my dick twitch as the images of her naked and begging for it come to mind.

“Do you want to get out of here?” she discreetly brushes her hand against my penis and blinks her eyes bashfully. That saucy little minx is becoming quite bold. It's so hot. I love it.

I snake my fingers through hers and start to drag her back towards the packhouse. She's almost jogging to keep up with me. I almost trip in surprise when my senses are bombarded with the intoxicating smell of lilacs and jasmine. I won't have my wolf till midnight, but I can feel everything in me, screaming MATE. She's here. My mates actually here. I hope she's 18.

I feel the slut from earlier bump into me. She hadn't anticipated me stopping so abruptly. The thought of her is offensive now. I shove past her and follow the scent through the crowd like some crazed maniac. I can hear she wolf desperately calling my name, but I ignore her. There was only one woman for me now, and that was my Mate.

That's when I spot her, the angel in the crowd. Faith. She has always been beautiful, but she looks positively mouth watering. Even in her floor length deep blue dress, you could see how good her body looked. Her chestnut brown hair is pinned back nicely, leaving her bare neck open. A few loose curls frame her face nicely.

Why did the moon goddess curse me like this? For a year, I had been secretly crushing on Faith. Who wouldn't look twice at a woman like her? She had the most stunning brown eyes I had ever seen. In the right light, they look like honey, but she was the one woman I could never accept. I want to howl out I'm in agonizing pain. Why her? Out of all the she wolves. I want to tear her head off. This is so unfair.

What people my age didn't know was that I wasn't the alpha's only son. I had an older brother. He was dead now, and whether Faith knew it or not, she played a part in that.

My mother and Faith's mother, Heather, had all been out one day shopping. When they crossed back into the territory, my father, the Alpha, sounded the alarm about an attack. Filthy rouges had managed to breach the boundary line. My mother left Heather with me, Faith and my older brother Conner. I have no memory of it. Fortunately, after all, I was only eight months old at the time.

Conner was ten, and Faith was barely more than a newborn. Heather took me from my mother's arms, and Conner had Faith. They ran as fast as they possibly could towards the safety of the packhouse, but rouges cornered us.

Heather was stuck with three small defenseless children while surrounded by feral, ferocious wolves who wouldn't think twice before killing babies. She told Conner to take

Faith and run. He wasn't going to be able to carry us both, and Faith was smaller, so she would be easier for a small ten year old boy like Conner to run with.

She hid me in the hollow of a tree close by and shifted, she managed to kill three of the four rogues on her own, a very impressive feat if you ask me, but one managed to slip past her. She ran after it, sure I was safe in my hollow, but before she could get to him, the rogue had already killed Conner, who gave his life trying to protect Faith despite the fact he was far too young to shift.

Heather managed to subdue him without killing him before he was able to get to Faith. Heather almost died from blood loss herself but managed to pull through after a few days in the packs intensive care unit. The rogue was captured and slowly tortured to death over many months for his crimes.

I didn't exactly blame Faith for Conners death. What could she have done? She was barely two months old. It could have been me that Heather thrust onto Conner and told him to run. My parents didn't blame her either. She was defenseless, but I couldn't bring myself to mate her and prance her around in front of parents who missed their son dearly.

My mother had once admitted to me that she found it hard at times to look at Faith. Conner's birthday would come around, and he wasn't here to celebrate it, and she would resent her a little for the day. She always felt immensely guilty about it after, but some feelings were impossible for us to control. She would try too for me, and even for Heather, who she still loved dearly, but I couldn't ask my mother to welcome Faith into the family or my father, who still grieved the loss of his. They had been like best friends. I wish I could have known him. My parents were so saddened by his loss that they ordered the pack not to speak of him. But as a family, we still celebrated his life and spoke of him often, and even though they couldn't brag about it, I knew the pack thought highly of him for his sacrifice.

I don't know how I'm supposed to fill those shoes, but it couldn't be with her, never.

I feel so bittered by this. I spot her sister across the party pouring herself a punch from the large crystal bowl. I sneak up behind her and snake my arm around her waist.

"You look beautiful tonight." I chance a kiss on her neck, and her body shivers in delight under my touch. Perfect.

"Why don't you look handsome?" her scent of arousal surrounds us. I know I shouldn't, but I don't care. I can't have who I really wanted anyway.

“Do you want to come away with me?” I nibble on her ear, and she moans. Her body melts into mine. I was turning her on, and I knew it.

“Mhm...” she groans. I can't wait to feel that mouth wrapped around me.

We waste no time breaking away from the party and going straight up to my room. I throw her roughly on my bed. I usually like to take my time with a woman, but lustful thoughts of Faith are driving me crazy. Her sister was the next best thing. They even almost smelt the same.

I kiss my way briskly up her legs. When I get to the spot that smells like sweat paradise, I rip her panties off in one sweet motion. I thrust two fingers straight into her. I suck her clit into my mouth and tease her. It is not long before she's dripping wet. I know Samantha isn't a virgin. She had a bit of a reputation for being a naughty girl.

As soon as she's wet enough, I pull back just long enough to strip. I'm stiffer than wood already. I pull her roughly to the edge of the bed. She's begging me to take her, and I almost go soft. I have to pretend it's Faith begging me to keep me hard. I plunge my throbbing dick into her warm spot.

We take each other over and over again until it's almost midnight. I would love to keep this going until the sun comes up, but ill shift soon, and it would probably kill her if I shifted inside her. I'm definitely coming back for more of this every chance I can get that you can bet on.

This chick is a freak in the sack. She keeps sucking my dick the way she did earlier, and I might even make her my Luna one day. I just have to wait till Faith turns 18 first so that I can officially reject her.