

Chapter 51 - Denying the Alpha

Kyles point of view

I was sitting in my office, going through pack finances and collecting invoices, when my beta walked in.

“Hey, man,” I said, leaning back in my chair dropping the documents. “Make it back, okay?”

“Yeah.” He sits in one of the armchairs. I watch as he fiddles with his clothes a moment before he dares to ask me. “Are you sure bringing her here is a good idea? You know, considering her history with wolves and all?” I could tell that David was hesitant to say anything, but I am glad he has raised his concern nonetheless.

“Man, I’m sure she would despise the idea of being around us.” And I meant it. If anyone had earned the right to hate wolves, it was Eloise's mother, Ingrid.

“That is why I extended the offer to meet her of pack lands if it was necessary.”

“Why her anyway?” David asks. “Why not another good witch?” He wasn’t this defensive of her when he left. What changed, I wonder.

“What’s up man, are you sure you’re, okay?” I actually look at him properly for the first time since he sat down.

He looked stressed and judging by those dark circles under his eyes. He hasn’t been sleeping well. His face was a little thinner than it was when I saw him last. Had he not been eating properly?

“You can tell me”, I promise him. “It won’t leave this room. You have my complete confidence.”

David was a man who kept to himself, I’m sure he hated the idea of confiding in another wolf, but he should know that he could if he needed.

I can see a swell of feelings in his eyes. Not all of them were so easily discernible, but the main one was doubt.

If he didn't want to tell me, I wouldn't push him. As long as his secret wasn't a concern to the pack, then it really wasn't my business.

"She is my mate." He dropped his head into his hands and stared at the floor.

I had not expected that at all, not to be rude, but she was so much older than he was. I know we live much longer lives, sometimes into the hundreds, but dang, I had never seen such an age gap, especially with the younger wolf being the male.

"And what happened?" I tried to hide my shock and remain diplomatic about it. If he accepted her, that's all that mattered in the end.

"I promised her that anything and everything was her decision to make. She wasn't comfortable coming here at first. Her daughter made some enemies in this pack, and in her experience, wolves haven't been the most forgiving of creatures. But she agreed to come here because of me. I don't know what to do." He admits. "I mean, do you know how hard it is to look at her, she's regal and beautiful, and I just want to hold her, but she just looks at me with pure fear. She doesn't have any longing for me, I look at my arms, and they just feel empty." His voice breaks on the last word, but he manages to somehow contain the sob. I could see how torn my poor beta was. I felt terrible for him.

"No, David. I couldn't imagine. I feel horrible for you, man." Declan had left a scar on Faith's heart, and he damaged her trust, but she wasn't afraid of me, and she had given me a chance. I didn't even want to think about the idea of her being scared of me.

"Look, man, all we can do for her, while she's here, would be to shower her with kindness. and to show her the best that we can, that we don't hold anyone but Eloise responsible for her actions." But that, unfortunately, wasn't my biggest concern. I hated that this was a fear of mine, that I had to even ask him of this, but a horrendous thought had just occurred to me, and I must ask, for the safety of my pack and even for the good of my beta, even if at first, he doesn't see it that way.

I leaned forward on my desk, trying to think of an easy way to put my concerns forward to him, but there wasn't one.

"David. Are you sure she is your mate? We will welcome her, but it would be remiss of me not to ask first. After what happened to me, we can't be too careful, and although I hear good things about her, there is still cause for concern. Eloise was her daughter, and maybe since her death, her feelings have indeed changed about her. You are my beta, and that means that you are nice and close to me. Are you sure you're not just an opportunity for Ingrid to get her revenge on us?"

I expect him to fly off the handle, to yell, to be upset in some way, but to my great surprise, he doesn't.

He remains calm and understanding, and I appreciate it.

"I thought that too at first. It just seemed too convenient to me. But Conan is certain of it. She is our mate."

Conan was David's wolf, I hadn't had the chance to really get to know them on a deep level yet, but I did know how seriously he took his role. He would have been more suspicious of this Ingrid woman than even David or I was. If he trusted that she was indeed his mate, well, then I did too.

I stood from my desk to congratulate him, even if it was a mess, but before I could make it around the edge of the table, I felt fear, pure unadulterated fear strikes my heart like an arrow. I was safe in my office here with David. This wasn't my Fear. I swallowed the lump in my throat as I came to the only possible conclusion.

Mate needs us. GET TO MATE. MOVE IT FAITH NEEDS Us. Duke thundered,

I faltered in my steps, crippled by not only my mates fear but the added Intensity of my own.

"Somethings wrong, follow me", I ordered my beta as I charged for the door. I had to get to Faith before something happened to her.

The moment I hit the open air, I shifted into my wolf, and my clothes tore, bits of Material fell straight to the floor, and others carried away in the wind, but I could care less about my clothes, Duke was faster than I was and I needed to get to her NOW.

Conan was hot on my heels as he pushed our wolves to their limits.

A sharp pain tore through my shoulder, and it caused me to stumble. It wasn't just her fear I could feel now but her pain too. What the fuck was happening. Why hasn't anyone so much as mind linked me that there's a problem? When the next pain tore my leg, it gave out. I managed to roll out of it and keep going. Conan yipped in concern, but I ignored it. I wasn't actually hurt; I could keep going.

When I finally got to the house, my heart stopped in my chest. The front door was hanging on only by a single hinge. Small puddles of blood spilled from the stairs and continued into the trees.

I shifted back immediately. The only thing that kept me going was that I could still feel her. She was still alive. What concerned me was what condition would I find her in.