

Chapter 57 - Denying the Alpha

Amy helped me back to my room. I felt terrible for lying to her about needing to lay down, but seeing Amelio lying there wounded and unconscious, knowing that it was all my fault, was too much. I didn't want to keep her from him, so I shooed her out of the room.

What drama will happen next; I wonder. I felt lucky to have Kyle. If I didn't have him here to ground me, I would probably go on the run right about now.

If Samantha had never told Declan where to find me, none of this would be happening right now. Why would she do such a thing? If Amelio doesn't make it, then I hope that she feels responsible. Without her big mouth, we could have all been safe and happy. It's not like she wasn't aware that he was dangerous.

My father burst through the doors, his face tomato red. I wonder what could have made him so angry.

His phone rings in his pocket. He was one of the very few wolves that carried a mobile and only did so for work emergencies.

"What" he snapped as he held the phone to his ear.

I wish desperately that I could hear the response on the other end because my father's face was so red it was turning purple.

"There is no excuse, Jackson. None." He growled lowly.

Oh damn, I wonder what Jackson said to upset him so much. He probably blamed me for Declan's behavior. I mean, why would you hold the psychopath responsible for his actions.

"And what if I don't believe you only said those things to upset Kyle? I should have seen it sooner. But there is a reason why Declan turned out the way he did. His parents, behind closed doors, are rotten people. I will be coming to collect Heather and our things tonight."

Wow. Just wow. That's all I could say. He loved being a beta. He complained about the responsibility from time to time, but it was all a show. I can't believe he's speaking to Jackson like this. I have never heard my father refer to the man without his title before.

"Are you serious?" he roared.

Wait, he said, pick up Heather. Does that mean, nooo, it couldn't possibly? Oh, but I hope it does. I really hope they are moving here.

"You are not going to allow me to cross the lands to help her move?" He snapped.

Was Jackson truly going to be so petty about this?

"I am a good man, I work hard, and I always try my best to find a peaceful solution, you know as well as I do that, I never go around making empty threats, hoping that I can bluff my way through things. So, you know this when I say it if you harm her in any way. I'll do the same to you, tenfold." And he hung up the phone.

"Woah, dad, what was all that." I gasp. I can't help it. I'm shocked.

"Nothing for you to worry about, dear. Just some old man being a bitter wanker. Your mother, Samantha and I are moving here. I haven't told your mother or your sister yet. I'll have to step out and do that now. Then I have to call some friends and hope they are loyal enough to help. Jackson isn't allowing me back onto his land to help with the move. So, I'll get some other wolves to help her pack and drive to the border. I'll meet them there and drive the rest of the way. If she receives no help, I will just tell her to grab what she can and come anyway. Things are replaceable. Family isn't."

Kyle walked into the room with a folder of paper in his hands. He smacked them gently down on the bed next to me.

"Come here." He scooped me up and placed me on his lap, I cuddled in, and he rested his chin atop my head.

"Thank you for allowing me to move here." My father thanked him with the shake of a hand.

"Your family." Kyle let go of my father's hand and wrapped his arm back around me.

My father's face was slowly returning back to his standard color.

"Well, if you two don't mind, I have those phone calls to make." My father did a slight shake of his phone and left the room.

Finally, some alone time with Kyle.

“How do you feel?” Kyle asked me immediately.

“Like this.” I pulled him in and smashed my lips to his. With everything going on, I needed a moment where I could just forget. I was terrified of having Samantha around Kyle, afraid he’d become her next target. I just wanted to be reminded of how good we felt together.

His hand slipped under my shirt, the under my bra, his thumb skimmed my nipple back and forth, and it sent tingles through my body, those tingles we're turning me on more and more with every stroke.

I adjusted myself so that I was straddling him, we were so close to the edge of the bed that my knees didn't have a good place to rest, but that didn't matter. His strong hand splayed across my lower back was offering a lot of support.

I could feel his erection growing beneath me. I wanted nothing more than to feel that inside of me again. I started grinding against it, the friction sending waves of pleasurable excitement throughout my entire body.

“More,” I moaned. I grab at the bottom of my shirt, but his hands stop me.

“What” I pout. His hooded green eyes stare back at me.

“Not here, baby. Anyone can walk in, and I don't want my luna being caught naked and bent over the bed, besides what I have here.” he picked up the papers “are your discharge forms.” he pecked the top of my nose with a quick kiss, why did I find that so cute. “Let's go.”

I climb down from his lap and giggle with glee as I watch him fight his erection back down.

“You think it's noticeable?” he asked boyishly.

“Babe, a family of four could sleep under that tent you’re pitching.” I laughed harder as he blushed.

I wanted to check in on Amy before we left. I crept into Amelio's room, careful not to look because I was afraid, I would start crying all over again, but Amy had fallen asleep. I found a small cushion in the room. It was only small and decorative, but it was better than nothing, and tucked it behind her head, she was so out of it that she didn't even stir.

“Are there any blankets?” I whisper to Kyle.

He steps out of the room for a moment with a thin blanket. I tuck it around her and leave a soft kiss on her forehead. I find a pen and paper in the room and jot down a quick update for when she wakes up.

As we leave the hospital on our way up to the packhouse, we spot dad on the lawn. He looked so troubled. I can't help but wonder why then again, he is moving. It can't be easy, he's always worked, and now he didn't have that.

"Hey, dad," I wave.

His eyes snap to us, and he plasters on a fake smile.

"I'm glad to see you're okay." dad says.

"What are you doing out here?" I ask.

"Oh, it's nothing." but it's not nothing. I know it isn't.

"Are you sure?" I tried again.

"It is silly," he murmurs.

"I assure Mitchell that it isn't. How can we help?" Kyle offers, and the love I have in my heart for this man doubles.

"I just realized. I don't know where to go, is all. Amy's place is a wreck, I won't want to intrude in Amelio's room, and I don't have a place in the packhouse yet." he shrugged.

Do something. I fret over the link. My poor dad.

"Mitchell, why don't we go to my office, see what houses are available? You can have your pick of any. We can't have you and Heather not feeling at home. Also, if you are up for it, I have a job I can assign you, or you can always choose to retire." Kyle offers.

This man was perfect.

"I would prefer to keep working." my dad says. I knew he would.

Kyle starts walking again, and we all follow his lead.

"When are mom and Samantha getting here?"

I tried not to say Samantha's name so bitterly, but the girl left a sour taste in my mouth.

"Actually, Samanthas asked Jackson if she could stay. She has to move out of our old home, but he's granted her permission." He Sighs.

I wonder what that sneaky dog is up to.

“Oh, okay.” I try not to sound too relieved just in case it hurts my father's feelings. But I do notice the question side-eye from Kyle.

I don't trust my sister. She's nothing but a two-faced liar. She's up to something. I say over the link.

Maybe she just wants to stay with her friends? Kyle tried to make me feel better.

You don't know her as I do. Trust me on this. Samantha is nothing but trouble.