

Chapter 59 - Denying the Alpha

Declan POV

I began to stir as we approached the border, I seriously considered forcing them to continue to carry me just to be difficult, but I also didn't want to continue to appear as if I was so weak that I couldn't possibly walk.

"Get your filthy paws off me", I snapped. I should kill them for treating me in such a way, and I would. But Kyle, if he were worth his salt, would have contacted my father already. I was in enough shit as it was. So, it was probably best not to launch an all-out war.

They chucked me to the floor with a glare. Do they dare think they can glare at me? As if I am beneath them?

"I don't give a shit about Kyle and his pathetic threats, change your tone or die", I warn them.

Neither of them apologized, of course, but their attitudes changed immediately.

"Get out of here. We are close to my border, and I will order my wolves to harm the trespassers." They didn't hurry, which pissed me off, but they did turn around and leave. I didn't move until they were already long gone. I wasn't going to risk stumbling in front of them. Kyle only won that fight because Amelio and Amy had already got their shots in first. If I had not already been bleeding, I would have killed him quickly, and I would have Faith by now. What was it about Faith that destroyed people or had them ready to destroy themselves, I wonder? All I know was that I ready to stop playing her game. What good was a marked wolf to me?

My knees threaten to buckle that first step, but luckily, I gain control and push myself forward. I'm close to the line that marks our territory when I see my mother and Samantha waiting there for me. Samantha, huh, that was a surprise. But here she was, as concerned as ever. Maybe I was right the first time. Perhaps I should have stayed with Samantha. I don't think she's here for love. I'm just not that foolish. I feel like she's up to something, but what does that matter? As long as I got what I want who cares if she did or not.

“Help me.” I barked at them.

Both my mother and Samantha rushed to help me.

“Get me to my room without anyone seeing me,” I order. The last thing I needed was more questions. I was sick and tired of the constant scrutiny.

We made it to my room with virtually no trouble. I didn’t even have to see my dad.

My mother dropped me into my bed, and I groaned as my wounds felt the pressure. Now that I was home and could have some food and water, they would be healed in an hour, so no biggie.

Samantha returned from my ensuite with a small tub of some warm water. It smelled strongly of disinfectant. That was going to hurt like a mother fucker when they pressed it to my wounds.

My mother took the water from her quickly.

“Go make him some food”, my mother demanded. Samantha frowned at her disapprovingly but didn’t argue as she hurried towards the kitchen.

My mother pressed the warm cloth to my skin and silently began to wipe at the dried blood. I hissed as it leaked into a wound but quickly suppressed the sound.

She repeated the action a few times before she could hold it in any longer.

“What on earth were you thinking going over there like that. Do you even know the trouble you have caused?” My mother fussed. Things have been up and down between us these last weeks. She didn’t like me confronting her, but I felt I was right to do so. Our relationship had unfortunately met a tense stalemate. But at least she is still here for me while I’m wounded. That’s got to count for something. I tell myself.

“It wasn’t supposed to go like that,” I complain. If the bitch didn’t go spreading her legs for the first man outside of the pack to show her attention, then I would have been able to keep control of myself.

Yeah, cause it’s Faith’s job to live her life in a way that will suit your every whim! She’s not responsible for your feelings or your actions. Grayson rolled his eyes.

That wolf was more bipolar than I was. He was begging me to shift and kill Amelio back at that sorry excuse of a house, and now he was defending Faith. What a hypocrite.

Samantha returned to my bedside with two sandwiches and a glass of orange juice.

I cocked an eyebrow at her curiously, unless it was something as simple as a spread, then that didn't take her very long.

"I made them about an hour ago. I knew you had to be getting close, so I put them into the fridge." She explains.

"And you just let yourself into my room?" That was ballsy of her. I hated anyone but my mother near my room. I didn't even like having my mom around it, but she was persistent, and I gave up trying to stop her.

"I didn't think you would mind. It's not exactly the first time I have been in here." She winked. I couldn't get a read on Samantha. At first, she was all over me, I just had to look at her, and she'd be up here for sex, then she pushed me away and acted all crushed when she found out her sister and I were mates. Then she even tried to help me reconcile with Faith, and now here she was in my bed Flirting with me. I was right earlier. She was up to something.

"I guess that's true." I winked back. Why not.

"So why are you here exactly," I asked as I picked up a sandwich half.

"Samantha and I have been talking, and we think you two should take each other as chosen mates." Ah, there it was, at least they came straight out with it, I suppose.

"Any why should I do that?" But I was feeling considerably calmer than I had been.

"Because like I said, you have caused a lot of trouble, and we are in damage control mode", my mother pursed her lips.

"Your father spoke to Kyle already. He knows that you Attacked his Luna. Kyle is refusing to sign any more trade agreements with us, and our peace treaty with them is nonexistent." She glares at me. Damn, dad was going to be pissed, but I still don't see how mating Samantha was the solution.

"The worst of it. Mitchell and Heather have left. Your father said some unpleasant things about that girl, and while I agree with them, I would never tell them to her parents. Your father wouldn't either, but Kyle, the sneaky dog he is, had Mitchell in the room for the call, and he overheard everything. That's beside the point. The point is, we have lost our beta, a genuinely respected man. Samantha chose to stay out of loyalty to us.

The pack will start to ask questions. They will wonder why Mitchell and Heather would leave. Their presence was so significant here that we have no chance at hiding their departure but what we can do is spin it our way. If you take Samantha as a chosen mate,

then we can still pretend like we didn't do anything wrong. That Mitchell and Heather couldn't bear to be apart from their youngest and chose to live with her. As I said, we are in damage control mode, and this is the best we got. We are just lucky Samantha thought of it." My mother smiles with a small amount of affection towards Samantha, which for my mother was rare. She never outwardly showed affection to anyone but dad if she could help it.

"How thoughtful of you, Samantha. Are you sure you're willing to give up your true mate like that?" I raise my eyebrows in question.

"If it's what's best for my pack." One would think she is noble, sacrificing for her people like that, but I get the feeling this is the outcome she'd be hoping for all along. I couldn't prove that, of course.

Besides, she was beautiful, good in the sack, and she made a mean sandwich. What she couldn't do for me, others always could, and if Samantha wanted to keep her spot at the top, well, then she wouldn't complain.

"So, your fully prepared to reject him?" I observe her, waiting for even an inclination of hesitation.

"Yes", she repeats immediately. She didn't flinch or pause. She was confident, Damn that's cold. She and I may just make a perfect couple after all. Not to mention that it would be the ideal middle finger for Faith.

"Okay, I'll do it." I smile wickedly. "We will do it the traditional way, in front of the whole pack. I'll announce Samantha as my true even. Send out the invites immediately. I want them out by tonight. And Samantha, make sure everyone in your family gets one." I can see she is actively fighting off a victory smile, but I see through it.

"If you insist", and she rushes from the room.

"Faith was never coming back, and she was never going to do this pack or you any good. You are making the right choice." my mother patted my hand.

I wonder if she saw it for all that it was? Either way, it wasn't changing anything, so who cares, right.

I hope Faith's parents force her to come, and I hope it's painful for her to watch me sink my fangs into her sister. I hope it twists her stomach as I claim Samantha as my true mate.