

## Chapter 79 - Denying the Alpha

“Wow, faith. Just wow,” Kyle gushed. “You should wear red more often. You. Phewww.” He whistled.

My mother had packed this dress for me as a surprise, and I am glad that she did. It was simple but elegant and stunning all at the same time.

“You don’t think it’s too much?”

Tonight’s dinner was a welcome BBQ buffet in the back gardens. It was supposed to be a casual setting for all the packs to mingle before formal celebrations began tomorrow.

“I’m having trouble keeping my hands off you,” Kyle smirked.

“You always have trouble keeping your hands off me.” I giggle. I wanted to look respectable, hence the evening dress, but I was worried that I may have overdone it. That can say more about a person than not dressing nice enough.

“Baby”, Kyle’s hands rested on my shoulders, and his chest brushed against my exposed back.

“You look amazing.” His fingers toyed with the thin straps. “That split at the side exposes so much leg that I’m tempted to ask you to change. So that I don’t lose my mind, all the Alphas will be jealous of what’s mine tonight.” He whispered sensually in my ear.

“Yes, but is it too much?” I repeated. I would be embarrassed if I showed up tonight and the rest of the women weren’t wearing more than simple cocktail dresses.

“No. This is perfect. You’ll fit right in.” Kyle promises.

He has already been down to the barbecue area. He must have seen other guests already. I trusted his word.

“Okay then. Let’s go.” I grabbed my matching clutch on the way out.

It was a relief to be out of that room, I constantly felt myself slipping back into that terrible memory, but Kyle was there every time. His soothing voice, and strong hold, were everything. He was truly the only thing keeping me together right now. He didn't stop asking me if I wanted to change rooms, as he was concerned for me, but he didn't push it once I said no.

Over the years, I have seen many parties here at Crescent moon, but nothing compared to this. Cassidy and Jackson have gone all out to make this a respectable and enjoyable event. I hated that even I was impressed by the extravagance. They had managed to turn what was supposed to be a simple barbeque buffet dinner into a sophisticated event. A small dark part of me wanted to trash it. Show everyone here what was underneath all the pretty lights and behind all the beautifully decorated garlands. Money could only hide so much, and this place was rotten to the core. Still, trashing such an event would only make me look silly and immature. Or worse, jealous and petty.

"This is your first event as a Luna representing our pack. How do you feel?" Kyle asked as he led me towards the food tables. Of course, he was hungry.

"Here," he offered me the China plate.

"Thanks." I smile politely while I choose how I want to respond.

"Honestly, I'm a little nervous. I look around, and most of the other Lunas are already happily chatting with one another and are all a little older than me. They have established groups already, I can tell. Do you know how hard it is to break into that? But don't worry. I'll charm my way in." I said with a level of confidence, but it was somewhat fake.

"That's my girl." He patted my butt.

"Kyle," I whispered sternly.

"Sorry. I told you. I was going to have a hard time keeping my hands to myself tonight. Your fault. You know how much I love your ass and in that dress." He whistled again.

It did do an amazing job of accentuating all of my curves, but still, I wanted to look respectable tonight. As much as I was tempted to allow him to, I was worried Kyles wondering, gropey hands would send the wrong message about what type of couple we were. If we couldn't control our urges, how could we run a successful pack? I could practically hear the gossiping now.

"I am sorry, Kyle", Samanthas cuts in. Gosh, how does she keep springing up on me like that?

"But you don't mind if I steal my little sister for a moment, do you?" She asked sickeningly sweet.

"Faith is a grown woman. She doesn't need my permission." Kyle responded casually as he continued to fill his plate. My tummy rumbled. All this food looked delicious. I

desperately wanted to sit down and eat something. Having felt Nauseous most of the day, I hadn't yet eaten anything.

"Come on, Faith." Samantha, for the second time today, took my arm and looped it with hers. Seriously what was with all the touching? She is never like this with anyone.

"I would love to." I lied.

I will have my eye on you the entire time. So will David and the others. Whatever you do, do not leave the party. Okay, do not let her get you alone. She may try and trap you. Kyle Mind linked me. I could hear and feel his deep concern for me, but to everyone else, he was just the guy casually stealing all the chicken wings.

I won't. I promise him. I wouldn't put it last, Samantha to try something.

"Luna Eleanor. Have you met my younger sister Faith?"

I had never heard of Luna Eleanor before, but I could tell she was a woman my sister was desperate to impress. She was an elderly lady. Her hair was pulled tight into the neatest bun I have ever seen. Not one hair was out of place. She was a gorgeous woman, with her high cheekbones and deep blue Oceanic eyes. Her form fitting black dress embodied her nicely. I could tell she was not a fighter but still a respected leader. I wonder what pack she was from.

"No, I haven't. What a pleasure." Her tight lips twitched. I think she was trying to smile.

"No, please, the pleasure is all mine," I say politely.

I barely had the opportunity to talk to the women as I was already being dragged away by my hag of a sister again.

Samantha continued to introduce me to Luna after Luna. We moved on after minimal conversation, which I found to be very rude. I wonder if this was her idea or Cassidy's. I was not going to allow Samantha to continue with this lie any longer. I couldn't. I felt like I was going to explode.

I grabbed her by the arm as she tried to drag me toward another group and roughly walked to the party's edge. I was still where Kyle and the others could see me. But far enough away that we could talk privately.

"What the hell are you doing?" I hissed.

"I'm just trying to help. I don't want you to make a fool of yourself. You and I both know that if I left you alone, you would end up in the kitchen, mingling with those beneath us, a mess." Samantha said, rolling her eyes.

Did she believe that was an insult?

"Cut the crap, Samantha. You have never helped anyone a day in your life. Either tell me what you want or leave me the hell alone." I snapped at her.

"I don't know what he sees in you." she glared at me.

"Aww. Is Declan not the man you thought he was. Now that he knows you're an easy lay, he's been losing interest, has he? Would you like my help?" I mock her.

If we were alone right now, I am sure she would slap me. I could see it in her eyes. Maybe I could push her too. How undignified would that make her look?

"You and I both know how interested Declan is in me. He was willing to kill his own mate slowly and painfully, just for a chance to get in bed with me. No, I meant Kyle. He's handsome, smart, charming, and you are, well, second rate." she scoffed. "I feel sorry for him. What was the moon goddess thinking when she saddled him with you."

Kyle is all of those things, but how could she know? She hasn't spent more than three seconds with him. "Have you been watching him? What are you, jealous that for all your underhanded dirty work, you still got the prize with the least value."

I wonder does she ever regrets it. She was giving up her mate, family, dignity, and all for a man that would never truly love her. I imagine it must be a cold lonely existence. Why would anyone want that? Is a tiny bit of power really worth it?

"Declan will be an amazing Alpha. Just you watch. He's going to make this pack bigger and stronger than it's ever been." she seethed.

"I seriously doubt that." I scoffed.

I notice at this point that we have gained the attention of one or two wolves on the skirts of the party, but Samantha hasn't. I wonder, could I get her to admit everything.

"You don't know what you are talking about." Samantha huffed. She started me down, arms folded across her chest. She wanted me to back down, that much was obvious, but I wasn't going to.

"Are you enjoying being Cassidy's little puppet? Is it uncomfortable having your head shoved that far up her ass?" I tease.

“You weren't good enough to be our leader! I did what I had to.” she sticks her nose high in the air and looks down on me.

“And what exactly was that? Because to me, all it seems you did was take your panties off, if you were even capable of that much on your own.” I taunt her. Samantha's biggest weakness was her pride. One or two more insults, and she would spill her secret just to shut me up, I am sure of it.