

Chapter 88 - Denying the Alpha

Since I have been trapped in this small cell, kept chained like a rabid animal to the dirty floor and left in the never-ending darkness, my senses have increased exponentially, especially my hearing. I can hear the key as it slides into the lock, and the tiny mechanisms inside the door click and groan as it's turned. The handle jerks heavily as the door is thrown open and thuds against the wall behind it. It's so loud that I can't help but cringe. It's been days since anyone visited me and the sudden noise was awful and painful.

"What do you want this time, Declan?" I said with a coldness that both impressed and disturbed me.

I can tell that it's him by the heaviness of his footsteps and the unmistakable smell. Once the smell of vanilla and brown sugar was alluring, delectable even, in fact, it had been entirely impossible for me to resist. It now smelt bad, like a bad bakery, where the food had been left to rot and mold. It was overpowering and off-putting and it made me feel a mixture of fear and disgust.

"I know it's not for anything good." I snap.

I feel so much hate in my heart now that my soul feels heavy. Physically, I don't feel any better. My throat is so dry that it hurts to talk, but a little pain wasn't going to stop me. I hadn't sipped water in what I was sure had to be a few days, but without any sun, time was impossible to keep track of. Was it day or night right now, I wondered? Where was Kyle? Was he in bed resting? Leading a search mission, maybe he was sitting down for breakfast. All I know is that I miss his face. He has no idea how much I long to push my fingers through his thick hair, to grab it and pull him desperately to me, to kiss him with everything I had, only stopping when I needed air. But at the same time, I just wanted to break down and cry, to have him hold me and stroke my hair, to feel his comfort as he whispered sweet nothings into my ear and I'd believe him when he told me that everything was going to be alright, that I was safe now. I wonder if he's thinking of me right now.

"The same reason as always. To see you" Declan replied, irritated, whisking away any lingering thoughts of my beloved mate.

What did he have to be bothered by? He didn't smell of his own feces and his skin wasn't blistering and burning under the weight of constant silver, and he could still wash his hair. I shuddered at the thought of my long beautiful hair caked in blood and filth... Could I save it after all this? I sure hope so.

"Yeah well, not a lot to see here" I indicated pointlessly around me. My chains groaned as I gestured, and so did I. It was a senseless wasted motion that only resulted in moving the silver and irritating what little was left of my wrists.

"Yeah, I know. But still. I wanted to visit. See how you are doing." I could hear his feet slap across the stone until he came to a stop in front of my gate.

"Why?" I shouted, frustrated. It hurt even my ears, but I couldn't help it, he just made me so mad. Why should I be the one chained in here? I hadn't done anything wrong. Meanwhile, Declan, who really was an animalistic torturous pig, got to roam free. He had my sister. He chose her over me. Why couldn't he just forget about me and be happy with her? I thought venomously for what had to be the millionth time.

"Because I love you, Faith. I love you with my whole stupid, confused, messed-up heart". He has been trying to convince me of this every time he visits. But you don't do this to those you love. Kyle would never lay a finger on me.

"Funny, I wonder why I don't believe you." I sneered as I did my best to turn away from him and roll my eyes. Maybe if I just ignore him, he'll go away.

"I have apologized a thousand times, Faith. What more do you need me to say, tell me and I'll say it." He all but shouted.

"You can say whatever you want to, Declan. But actions speak more than words ever could." I huff.

"Kyle is not coming, Faith. The sooner you accept that, the sooner we can be happy. IM BETTER FOR YOU. YOU WERE MINE FIRST." Yet another thing Declan continued to gripe on about.

I know that Kyle is coming, he was a good man and a loving mate. I trusted him completely. I had reason to hope still and nothing this low life said could change.

"For crying out loud, I'm not a thing, Declan. You can't just call dibs on me like that. I'm a living breathing person. I make mistakes, I love, I hurt, I cry, I feel everything, and I have a family who loves me, who needs me, who misses me. I have a baby now, and all I want to do is bring them home safe and sound. To kiss their little toes and smell their newborn scent. If you loved me, truly loved me, you wouldn't be trying to claim me like I

was a pet you found at a pound first. Actually, that's a bad comparison. Pets are wonderful creatures. I should have said like a toy you were gifted at a party that you tossed to the side until you saw some other kid pick it up and play with it and now it looks fun." I was sick of explaining this to him. Was he stupid? Why wouldn't he just listen to me?

"Oh well, I'm sure you will know what it's like to be the toy that got tossed aside soon enough" I sneered.

"I don't think you're a toy, Faith. I think I made a stupid mistake, followed by a few more bad decisions and I just want you back." He pleaded. "Just give me a chance to fix all this."

"Wait" he paused, as if he was only just now hearing my satisfied little jab.

"What do you mean? Soon I'll know what it feels like. If you are talking about Sam leaving me, I really couldn't care less if she does. She's not my mate. YOU ARE." he emphasized the last bit.

"I haven't thought about Sam in a while." I smiled to myself in the dark.

"Then what do you mean?" he tries again.

"Hmmm, I would tell you. In fact, I would love to be the one to rub salt in that wound so to speak, but why don't you ask Ingrid or better yet? The man she's working with."

Cassidy will toss Declan aside like old rotted meat for the chance to see Connor again. He was the true Alpha after all, and he was the gifted one and Declan, after everything that he had done, is nothing but a stain on the family name. Not that Jackson and Cassidy are any better, but they are both delusional enough to think otherwise.

"Spit it out, Faith." I could tell by the tone of his voice that I was frustrating him, boy his emotions were so fickle.

"No. I like a good surprise. I hope I'm there for it." I wasn't lying, I really did want to be there, I wanted to see what happens when the brothers come face to face for the first time. Unfortunately, I was stuck down here.

"What do you know?" he bellowed.

"I know that anyone involved in this is as good as dead as soon as Kyle finds me, and if there is anyone lucky enough to survive, well let's just say this will change everything." I gloated.

“You’re really not going to tell me?” He sulks.

“Nope” I said happily, it felt good to be the one getting under his skin for a change.

“I’ll be back” he stormed off.

“Please don’t,” I called pointlessly after him as the metal frame creaked as he swung the cell door open.