

## Chapter 9 - Denying the Alpha

FAITH'S point of view

The burning started in my stomach. At first, I thought I was having cramps. I knew my heat wouldn't be far off, I was a shifted wolf, and I had met my mate. It was only natural that it would start so soon. Still, I always knew that your heat was, well, exactly, a very intense, excruciating heat. It was undoubtedly painful, but it was a different kind of pain than what I was feeling. It was like a sharp knife to the stomach, stabbing and twisting as it tore through muscles and organs alike. Did I mention, the blade was on fire?

The cramping continued to get worse and worse with every passing second. It was seizing each of my muscles. I collapsed heavily on the floor of my room. With all the effort I could muster, I rolled onto my side and began to vomit.

My whole body was heaving as the force of it consumed me, my hands shifted to paws, and I began to scratch and tear at my chest. It was my heart that hurt the most. Maybe if I could pull it out, I could rid myself of this unbearable pain.

'FAITH, STOP!' Sapphire cried and howled.

I knew that if I succeeded. If I clawed my own heart out that I would die. I didn't want to die, but I couldn't think that logically. I was reacting to my basic instincts, removing what hurt.

'What's happening to me?' I whimpered.

Somewhere in all my thrashing, I must have bitten my tongue. All I could taste was my own coppery blood, or maybe it was just that I had started to vomit blood. I couldn't be sure. I was in so much excruciating agony that it was hard to get a sense of where it was all exactly coming from.

'Declan, he's mating.' She roared.

The sound echoes through my ears, strange since she's just a voice in my head, but the heartbreak in her poor voice was so profound. It repeated over and over again in my mind, Declan mating. It bounced around my thoughts like a slow poison until I was so bitter it was almost overwhelming.

If this is what they are going to do to me, they could at least witness it.

I used my paws to dig into the carpet. I managed to drag myself slowly and painfully up the stairs to Declan's room. Honestly, how long could they keep this up?

Eventually, I made it to his floor. My clothes clung uncomfortably to my body, wet with sweat. By the time I made it to his door, I was barely conscious. Still, I was determined, I had made it this far, and nothing was going to be able to stop me now.

I threw the door open with the very last of my strength. Declan was on his knees behind my sister, who had her ass in the air. He smirked at me as he grabbed her hips and slammed into her again and again.

Samantha gave me that same stupid surprised look she had when I caught them doing the deed the first time.

'WHAT A BITCH!' sapphire roars.

That's the last thing I heard before my body collapsed, and I started to have a seizure from the pain. Everything went black, I couldn't see the blood and spit running down my neck and stain my clothes, or the way my unconscious body shook and convulsed, I could not hear the force of which my head banged into the ground every second that passed, but they could, they could see it all, and I hope the sight haunts them forever. I hope this is what they see every time they mate with each other. If I die, I hope this is what they see every time they think of me. I hope this image haunts them every moment of every day.

Two weeks later.

"Baby, please, come back to me." a broken voice cries beside me.

"Mom..." my throat is so dry that it feels like I'm swallowing fire.

"Water..." I gasp. I still haven't managed to open my eyes. I'm too afraid too. I don't want to see the look on my poor sweet mother's face. She must be so worried. I don't blame myself for what happened to me. I was going to lay that where it belonged, at Declan's feet, but still, I felt sad for her for having to see me like this.

For a few minutes, we both sit quietly while I sip on water, it barely takes the edge off, but it keeps my mother from smothering me. I'm pretending not to notice, but I have seen her opening her mouth and closing it again. She obviously wanted to say something to me but was struggling. She looked like a damn goldfish, honestly.

"I'm fine, Mom." I croak.

Her eyes soften, and little tears gather in the corners of her eyes.

The door creaks open, but I can't help but stiffen when I see Samantha poke her head through the door. Declan is right behind her. Either the floor is the most interesting he has ever seen, or he can't bring himself to look me in the eyes.

“What are you doing here?” I snap at the pair of them. How could either of them think that I would want to see them? Then again, they probably didn't think about me at all. They probably just wanted to save whatever face they could. Well, I wasn't interested.

Mom flinches beside me. “Honey, they found you and brought you here”, My mother pleads with her eyes.

“Found me?” I ask, looking Samantha dead in the eyes. Of course, they wanted to play the heroes.

“Faith, I just want to make sure that you are alright.” my sister lies through her teeth, more like she wanted to make sure I wouldn't broadcast their dirty little secret.

“Don't you have somebody else's mate to screw?” every eye snaps to me, Declan looks furious, and Samantha and my mother both stared at me wide eyed. Their faces were practically mirrors of the same shocked expressions. Neither of them had ever heard me speak like this. I couldn't care less. Declan could throw me out if he wanted. I hate them.

“What are you talking about?” Samantha cries.

What an actress.

“YOU ARE SCREWING DECLAN, AND HE IS MY MATE. DROP THE DUMB BIMBO ROUTINE!” I screamed at her. My head was pounding. Screaming only made it worse, but I couldn't help myself. She frustrated me so damn much.