

## Chapter 90 - Denying the Alpha

Declan's POV

Faith knew something, something that made her think of me in a different way, and it bothered me tremendously. Of course, I had considered she was just being annoying because she was upset with me, but she was so smug and that was unlike her. Besides, one would think that being underground would leave her feeling hopeless and perhaps a little forlorn, and while I could sense that she was distressed about her situation, she certainly wasn't feeling hopeless. What could Ingrid be hiding from me? And why did it make Faith feel so puffed up? Whatever it was, it was a mistake to cross me. I would teach Ingrid a lesson about who she is dealing with if I had to. No one disrespects me and gets away with it. She may have some fancy magic, but that didn't scare me. As soon as I found her, I'd get it out of her, even if that meant I had to literally tear it out of her.

Stand still and shut up. Grayson warns suddenly. I don't listen to him, of course. He was more unstable than even I was, especially when it came to Faith. I still remember him kicking my ass and blaming me for everything, only to turn around and be on board with her kidnapping just weeks later.

What's your problem now? I snarl. I am annoyed that he thinks he can speak to me that way, he's been getting worse since we took Faith. To have her so near and yet still out of reach was absolutely maddening. No matter, I will soon free her, this was always just a temporary thing to get her away from Kyle and his goody goody pack. The old hag was simply a means to an end. Once I get her out of here, she'll trust me again. I'll show her how sincere I was that day I came to Kyle's office to win her back. Maybe she will even appreciate me for once. After all, she would need an Alpha around to help raise that pup of hers, and why would she go back to Kyle when he couldn't save her or their unborn baby? What a weak man. All I needed was a chance to show Faith that I was still the right choice for her.

Just shut up and do as you're told. Grayson growled. I could feel him trying to take over. I could fight him on it sure but something told me that, for once, I should just listen to him.

Calm down. I take the reins back from my wolf, but do what he says regardless. I am so still that not even a breath escapes my lips.

Use my hearing, and stay far back enough that they can't smell you. Grayson instructs.

Again, I choose to listen, I give into my wolf senses without giving up any of my mind to Grayson.

It takes me a moment before I hear anything but when I do, I recognize the voice immediately.

"You told her?" Ingrid whispered incredulously. "I leave for a mere couple of days and you tell her? I thought I told you to stay out of the dungeons altogether!" Ingrid yelled.

"Yeah? Don't make a big deal out of it. Who is she going to tell? She's locked in her cell and chained I silver." A male voice responds, Cleary he is unfazed and unapologetic. "And I had to go down. If I didn't feed her, she would have starved to death by now or miscarried and then this was all for nothing anyway," the man argues.

"She could tell Declan for starters," Ingrid responded bitterly.

So, they were keeping something from me, but why tell Faith? She's right. That didn't make any sense.

"Declan's dumber than a doornail. He would never believe her. Besides, it's too easy for you to explain everything away, it's been days since I was down there now, she has barely eaten or had a thing to drink, she is locked away in the pitch black and in a lot of pain. If you told him she had lost her mind and was delusional, he'd buy it. To him, I died when he was just a baby. Besides, even if he does believe her, so what, what's he going to do about it? His parents would think that he was lying. Kyle would kill him on the spot if he went there and so would Mitchell, who has he really got to turn to? If he tries something on me himself, well then good, his biggest weakness is that he's completely irrational. He will react poorly to seeing me for the first time and a man who can't stop and think, is a man who is easily defeated." The male replies nonchalantly. I don't know who this Dick head is, but his cavalier attitude was pissing me off. He didn't know the first thing about me. Easy to defeat and irrational my ass. The only person who could make me a little irrational was Faith.

Who they currently have held in captivity you idiot. Grayson snarled. Crap, he was right. Still, if they thought this was going to be easy, they had another thing coming.

“It was stupid. Reckless. Fool hearty. Thoughtless. I don’t know how much clearer I can be than this, it was nothing short of Anserine. I can’t believe that you told her who you were. Why? Did you just need someone to know who you were or something?” Ingrid continued to scold the man like he was a child.

“She’ll be dead soon enough.” The man countered, but there was something off about it. I could tell he wanted to sound aloof and uncaring and to someone who wasn’t so good at spotting a liar maybe they’d believe him, but there was a certain undertone, like the thought of killing Faith upset him in some way. Curious.

If he tries anything on my mate, I’ll kill him. Grayson growls lowly.

Yes, we will. I promise him. I’m not competing against another male for faith's affection. Whatever this guy's deal was, it was clear that he wasn’t to be trusted.

“Why would you want her to know?” Ingrid pauses. “Perhaps you want her to tell Declan, after all these years, do you still to go back to them?” Ingrid accuses the man.

“And why would I want that?” He scoffed, he sounded genuinely offended.

“Are you loyal to me?” She hisses back accusingly.

“Of course, I am. I’m here, aren’t I? She will be dead soon, as will her mate and unborn baby. And I’ll take my rightful place after I slaughter the Smiths, of course, and you can have your revenge and, with Jackson out of the way, you can finally stop living in the Shadows.” he says like he's bored by this.

Why do they want my parents dead? That was a surprise. Whoever this wanker was had no business chasing my pack.

“Can you kill them?” Ingrid asked rather skeptically.

“Is there a reason you think that I couldn’t” he fired back, clearly annoyed by Ingrid’s doubt in him.

“My plan needed months, you know. Faith was supposed to have her baby.” Ingrid ranted, clearly, she was unsatisfied by the response she was getting from this guy.

“You're making a big deal out of nothing,” he tried to reassure her once again.

“You're an idiot, Connor. If your family find out that you are still alive, then it changes absolutely everything. We will have both wolf packs on us. My whole plan will be ruined.” Ingrid complained.

The word Connor rings in my ears again and again. It couldn't be, could it? Surely it wasn't. He died. There is no way that my parents could have been wrong about that.

“What are they going to do? They are strong, sure, but we have something they don't. Magic.” The man retorts confidently.

Let me smell him. Grayson grumbled, clearly, he was as shaken as I am. There is just no way.

However, I give over that sense to Grayson as well. As quietly as we can, we drew in a long deep breath, trying our hardest for even an inkling of a scent. It was barely there, but still it was unmistakable. He was a wolf. And apparently one with powers, my brother was the only known wolf with a gift and was the very reason he had been hunted. How did he end up here and with Ingrid? Why did he end up with her? Why did he want to murder our parents? My mind is racing, it feels like the whole world is shifting around me. I can't believe this. Had he truly been alive all this time?

Get it together, we need to hear everything. I allowed Grayson to take over for fear I might completely lose it. I never thought I'd say this, but he's the cooler head right now. However, I stay at the forefront of our mind, intent on hearing every word.

“You're missing the point. I put years into this plan. I was meticulous about everything; no single detail was overlooked. Everything was going as exactly as it should and you have put that in jeopardy and for nothing,” she snapped.

“Ingrid, you're like a mom to me. I'd never do anything to hurt you. I don't know why you're so worked up about this. I think you are overreacting. Declan almost cost Faith her life on more than one occasion. He attacked her mate and her family. He screwed Samatha right in front of the girl for crying out loud and smiled as he did so. He is the last person that girl is ever going to trust.” None of what Connor said was untrue, but to hear him speak so callously of something he had no understanding of made me want to rip his tongue out. It was complicated and he made it sound so crass, so black and white, nothing was as simple as that.

“You don't leave things like that to chance, Connor. Don't you know that the enemy you know is better than the one you don't? Sure, she may know that Declan is a horrible wolf, but she still knows him, and has done, for her whole life, he has become predictable to her. She's chained in a basement, and the girl isn't dumb, she knows that we mean her harm, and with her being pregnant she might just decide that Declan is the right card to play. He was willing to help us, and now you may have given her the very

thing that will tip his loyalty back into her favor. If there is one thing your brother wants more than Faith, it's your mother's love and attention, and he knows he's never going to get that with you in the picture, is he?" she argues.

"Oh please. Declan loyal? Please don't tell me you were counting on that. I guarantee you that he was planning on trying to escape with Faith and take her all for himself the first chance he got." Connor chuckled.

"Of course he was. I'm not an idiot, he was never someone I planned to keep around. He's just the fall boy." she said flippantly.

"I'm just angry and disappointed, Connor. I just presented my plan to lift the curse on Kyle, he's actually considering it. David is none the wiser, even Declan did his part. I just never thought it would be you I had to worry about! It's beyond me why this girl is of any concern to you." she sounded tired of arguing with him.

"Speaking of how are you getting in and out without David even noticing. Seems strange, wolves are usually all over their mates." Connor comments.

"I'm telling you I'm getting sick of the damsel act, but I'm still in my own room. When I want to leave, I simply pretend I'm going to bed, then I teleport out for the night. But before I do, I cast a spell on the room and whenever David enters and the bugger does like to try and catch me out, I teleport into the ensuite instantly and pretend I'm in there getting ready for a bath or something silly. I have another smaller spell on the bathroom that traps any of the smoke from my teleporting in too, so he doesn't see it. He's so desperate to be a good little dog and please his master that he's even taken to sleeping on the couch to make sure I don't sneak out the front during the night. He thinks I don't know that's what he's doing, of course, because his need to be a good mate is just as strong, so he doesn't tell me that he doesn't trust me. I do feel kind of bad he's tearing himself in two, but no matter, it will be over soon." she replied confidently.

"You care about him," Connor comments.

"You know that I do, he's my mate, and the bond is hard to resist. Sometimes I want nothing more than to be with him, but my need for revenge is stronger than any need I might have once had for a man."

"So, what's next?" Connor asked, clearly, he didn't really care for David, I'm not surprised.

"For now, I will stick to the plan. It's all I can do. I make Kyle believe that the curse is lifted, once Faith goes into labor, I claim to have found her and I lead Kyle right to her,

where, of course, Kyle will find Declan comforting Faith as she gives birth, he loses his wolfy temper and kills Declan. I watch as they cuddle with their new baby before realizing it's still sickly and the curse was never broken, then I laugh as the baby dies right in front of them unexpectedly while they try hopelessly to keep it alive and then when they are weak and saddened about their oh so devastating loss, I kill them and any other wolf in sight, even David if I have too" she laughs evilly.

That's sick. I have my issues, but not even I had ever considered hurting Faith's baby. It's just a baby for crying out loud.

And to kill your own mate? I mean I know it's happened in the heat of the moment from time to time, but to talk about it so casually like it was nothing? She made me sick.

I have to get to Kyle; I have to warn him. The sooner we get Faith out the better. I just hope he gives me the chance to get a word in before he tears my throat out.