

## Chapter 91 - Denying the Alpha

Faith POV

“Hello faith”, Connors' voice echoes through the small dark space.

I don't bother to respond. I'm too tired, I just lay pathetic on the floor, waiting for sleep to claim me.

“Declan's been here.” He commented angrily.

“Did you say anything to him?” I'm not sure if he was genuinely asking me or accusing me. Either way, I don't care. I don't owe anyone anything just for visiting me.

“I know that you can hear me, Faith.” Connor smacks the cage trying to startle me.

“Faith” he smacks the cage again. “I can hear you breathing, so I know you're not dead.” Connor exclaims.

Oh, he thinks I'm playing some game to lure him in here. I hadn't actually thought of that. The only problem with such a plan was that I was still chained in silver, the constant contact with my skin had completely drained me of any energy. I couldn't physically fight back right now and win, even if I put everything, I had into it. I just wasn't strong enough at the moment and I didn't want to risk hurting the baby.

“Answer me.” Connor smacks the cage once more.

“Can you stop that?” I complain. “It hurts my ears.” I flinch as the last rattle of the old bars makes my ears ring painfully.

I was used to the quiet. To use to it, in fact.

“What did Declan want?” He demanded again.

Honestly, I don't get why he needs to shout like that, it's a small space.

“What he always wants, for me to take him back.” I sighed. I really didn't feel like talking, I just wanted to rest, but it was probably the fastest way to get him to just leave me alone.

“Sure.” he grunts, it's obvious he doesn't believe me. “And what did you tell him? Did you mention who I was?” He growled.

“No. Why would I?” I groaned, honestly his hostility was just a little too much for me to deal with right now.

“Why should I believe you?” He asked dubiously.

Connor is a puzzle, he is usually distant and yet still strangely kind. Well, as kind as anyone who keeps prisoners in this state can be. I wonder what has got him in such a mood today. Oh well, what do I care? If his life is going to crap, well then good, I think rather snidely.

“Does his scent smell old to you?” I asked, knowing that it would.

He sniffs the air before answering.

“A couple of hours, yes,” he admitted reluctantly.

“If I had told Declan, you were brothers, and that you hadn’t died all those years ago. Do you think he would have remained composed?” I didn't wait for him to answer.

“No, He would have either beaten me for lying to him, and in this state let’s be honest, it would have probably killed me, or he would have marched right up to you or Ingrid or anybody he could find and demanded answers, fangs out and claws drawn. Has he done either of those things?” I pointed out, annoyed that I even had to.

“No, he hasn’t,” Connor answers grudgingly.

“Well, it's like I said, I didn’t tell him. It doesn’t help me anyway, so why should I bother?”

I mean I did tease him a little with the hint of it, but that was just for my own amusement, it’s not like I was lying to Connor.

“HmMMM.” He murmured to himself.

“What?” I hate it when people do that! Why make any sound at all if you’re not just going to come right out and say what you’re thinking?

“Nothing, I just find you rather interesting.” He mused. “I don't know what I expected, but you aren't it.” I can't tell whether he is complementing me or insulting me, either way he could shi.t.

“Well, I find you repugnant. Could you leave me alone please.” I sneered, but the truth is, I would beg him to leave if I had too. I always felt my worst after a visit.

I wish I had my wolf. I miss her so much; she knows how to comfort me right now. I hope all this silver doesn't kill her.

"You find me repugnant?" He cackles like it was funny.

"Yes, I do." I said curtly, trying hard to keep up my facade.

"Have you smelled yourself lately?" Connor fired back.

Honestly, I wish that I couldn't smell myself. It was the most horrid thing I'd ever dealt with.

"Yeah, I smell. I have been treated disgustingly. I haven't had a choice in this. You, however, have, and you're participating in it willingly, so I argue that makes you the one truly disgusting." I know I shouldn't antagonize him, if he were like Declan, it could be very dangerous, but I control my bitterness.

"Oh, you would, would you?" he laughs, but there is no humor in it.

"What are you doing here anyway?" I'm out of patience.

"Ingrid wasn't happy that I told you who I was. I didn't think you were dumb enough to trust Declan with the truth, but now I'm not so sure." I am surprised to hear him admit it.

"Oh, so that's what you're doing down here. You're just being a good little doggy so your owner won't be mad." It was extremely offensive to an Alpha wolf to be degraded to a common pup a human might adopt, but I don't really care, if he truly is worried about impressing Ingrid, he's not going to hurt me, not when she wants me alive for her sick little plan, I might as well get to say what I want.

"You know you can't tell Declan who I am. Not yet anyway," his tone changes, he sounds almost evil. It was so creepy and unexpected that it made the hair on my arms stand up.

"Blah blah blah do you want anything else?" I tried to keep my voice from shaking, he truly rattled me. I have never felt so threatened in my life. Something about the way he spoke literally made my blood run cold. How he managed to pour so much blood lust into so few words was staggering.

"One more thing." How quickly he went back to his warm and casual self was somehow even worse.

I could hear his keys jangle and then the cage creak open. I could feel the heat radiating from his body at my feet.

I wish it was Kyle, and not Connor. I'd bask in his heat. Connor just made me uncomfortable; I would shrivel away from him if I had enough energy to actually move, but I couldn't.

"If you don't eat, you'll die, and I haven't fed you in a while. Here. It's just water and sandwiches again. I can't stay to chat or play your games today. If you want to eat, eat, if you don't well, you're just going to have to starve, nothing has been poisoned." He says, matter of fact, before dropping the tray beside me. I hope nothing has fallen from the plates. The ground was covered in things I didn't want to think about. Eating it would only kill me faster.

"Connor?" I asked.

"Yes?" he replies as he moves back out of the cage and begins locking it again.

"I don't know what's happened to you. But I'm sorry you didn't get a family. Please don't take away my chance to have mine." I sniffled. I don't know if it's the pregnancy or if I'm losing my mind down here, was I really feeling sympathetic for Connor? No, I can't be. That would be stupid, but

His gesture of food did catch me off guard. I had spent days trying to move as little as possible just to conserve all my energy, just hoping and praying to the moon goddess to keep my baby safe and healthy. Maybe if I showed him that I appreciated the food at least, he could bring me more. That's it. I tell myself; I'm just being smart; I don't really feel bad for him.

I wiggle towards the tray using most of my energy and weakly flop my hand onto the tray. My hands shake the more I try and use them but I manage to grapple the bread. I wanted to cry. I was so relieved but I wouldn't, it may taste like dirt because of my condition, but at least it was some sort of nutrition.

"Good bye, Faith." He said with genuine gentleness. I don't know who was more unsettling, to be honest, Declan or Connor.