

Chapter 94 - Denying the Alpha

Any moment now, David and that wretched Witch will be standing in front of us. I can feel it, Duke. That same rage led us to kill Eliose the way we did. But we can't. We can't harm Ingrid. I said to my wolf. This was going to test us.

He doesn't say anything, but I feel him, and I know that, just like me, he is doing his best to calm down. We couldn't attack her. If we missed and it wasn't a killing blow, she could transport herself right back to faith and kill her on the spot. She may even have check in times with Connor, and if he didn't hear from her, he could kill her just as easily. Declan never mentioned that she had more help, so hopefully that meant it was just the three of them. But I will double check with him later.

She won't be holding all the cards for long. Duke laughs evilly.

I cannot believe I am saying this. But I wish Declan was there with her. Then maybe we would stand a chance of getting her out tonight while I have Ingrid distracted. This is the worst situation to be in. I could feel the mate bond starting to ebb away, which means. Which meant, oh my goddess, I can't even bring myself to say it, because it can only mean that Faith or her wolf is slowly dying. I've been having this thought more and more lately and every time I do, I am brought to my knees all over again.

She is bound in silver. She's not dying, she's just suppressed for now. Duke says, he always says this. But it's not so convincing anymore. In fact, it was the silver that was killing her.

"I'm here brother." James walked right in. But dad isn't behind him.

"Is he not coming?" I started feeling a little bit of panic. I needed him to be here. My whole plan rested on him showing up.

"He is. But he's not happy about it." James frowns. "When I suggested he helped, I honestly didn't think he would have a problem with it."

My relationship with my parents has always been rocky, so I'm not surprised, but James and my father have always been close, so I can see why James is.

"Tell me everything." I said, taking a glass and a bottle of my best scotch and pouring James and me a glass. I leave the bottle on my desk, as I am sure there will be more drinks to come.

“Well, as you know, I have been back and forth between here and my own pack. I hate to leave you until we get your luna back, but I can't just leave all my work to dad and my beta. My Beta is good, but he's not an Alpha and dad's cracking on in age.”

“It's okay James. I know. I appreciate all your help.” and I sincerely did.

“Well, I told dad all about what's going on here. And as you know, the man loathes Witches. They can't be trusted. But when I told him your mate was pregnant, taken and your heir could die, he decided for the sake of his grandchild and, well you know Dad, it goes without saying, he wants strong male heirs to continue not only this pack, but ours as well, so he reluctantly agreed.”

There is no guarantee it's a boy. I thought bitterly. I myself couldn't care about gender. A healthy baby was all that mattered to me. It angered me that gender was always so important to my dad.

“What's wrong James?” I could tell something about that upset him.

“Nothing, Brother. I just wish the family wasn't so strained. You and dad have always butted heads. But uncle was always going to need someone to take over here. He didn't have anyone else and, as family, either you or I were the best candidate, and yet dad has always been so angry that you left. Taking over his job was supposed to be your destiny or whatever. But all you would do was fight at every opportunity if you stayed. Then there's us. You and I have hardly spoken these past few years and it took your mate to go missing to put our crap aside.” James said as he threw back the scotch and poured himself another.

“I'm sorry James. I let my problems with dad cause a rift between us. I always just assumed you were on his side, you two were always very close. That is my fault, and once all this is over, I'll try harder to be a good brother to you.” I promised him. And I meant it.

“Enough of this though. What's your plan? I assume you wanted dad because you're going to do what Ingrid suggested?” James asked.

I smirk to myself. How typical of us. We start getting a little too emotional and we have to change the topic. Oh well, at least we were comfortable enough with each other now to talk honestly like this in the first place.

I battled within myself. The whole point of calling David, Ingrid and my father to me, was so Ingrid could perform her little ritual on us. I was no longer foolish enough to believe it would work. And the more I thought about it, the more it seemed like a load of crap she

fed me. But still, if I let her do this, she would be distracted long enough for Declan to get home and we needed that time. On the other hand, if my brother and father found out that I let a witch perform something unnecessary on him, he would be furious, and he would be right.

“I know that look, brother.” James watched me.

“What’s going on in that head of yours?” He asked.

Just be honest. Duke said, as he shifted through my thoughts. We were both concerned with saving Faith at any cost, but we were uneasy about being dishonest. Plus, James hasn’t failed me yet. Maybe I should give him a little more credit.

“Declan contacted me this afternoon.” I answered honestly.

Not even attempting to hide his shock, James gasped a little.

“No way. Really what did he say? How did he make contact? Did he give you a ransom? If so, how much? Were you able to confirm that she is still alive? What about the baby? Is that why you’re rushing this thing with the witch?” He didn’t even take a breath as he rattled off all his questions.

“He just showed up at my border. You were right James. I took a real dumb ass risk. I just wanted to protect Faith and any pups we might have had and instead, I Fuca-king handed them over to the enemy on a silver platter. I convinced myself, that because she helped others, that she would help me. That, because she was a green witch and green witches are supposed to be all about peace, love and earth, that it would all be okay” I have tried hard to remain composed since Declan confirmed Ingrid’s involvement. But I couldn’t any longer. I threw my glass of scotch in a fit of frustration and it shattered against the wall. Golden brown liquor ran down the wall and glass shattered everywhere. James didn’t even flinch. He simply walked over to the door, yanked it open, and yelled into the hall.

“Can we get a dust pan and Broome in here please?”

We waited silently until a quiet omega ran up to him and handed him the equipment.

“Thank you?” I left a pause hoping she would tell me what her name was.

“Tiffany, Alpha.” She smiled politely but shyly.

“Thank you, Tiffany.” She bowed her head in respect, smiled at James and left.

“Now,” James said, thrusting the dust pan at me. “This should keep your hands busy and, hopefully, your mind just distracted enough to get through what you need to tell me.”

I could care less about the glass strewn across the floor, it’s not like it would hurt more than a split second and then heal. But I took it out of his hands anyway.

“Declan’s admitted to taking Faith. But he had help, which I suspected but doubted at the same time. I don’t know. Anyway, he says Ingrid helped him. She wants vengeance for her daughter. And while I do believe I’m the main target, I think there may be more to it than that.” I didn’t share that with Mitchell or the others, but I’m sure they had come to their own conclusions as well after what Declan had revealed.

“And why do you say that?” James asked curiously.

I brushed a few pieces of glass into the small bin while I took a moment to think back on the conversation I’d had this afternoon.

“Because, and I’m a little iffy on all the details about it all, but Declan has an older brother. His name was Connor and apparently, he was supposed to have died many years ago. It’s one of the reasons things went so badly with Faith and Declan, apparently. Anyway, Declan is convinced that his brother isn’t really dead. And is in fact also a victim, taken by Ingrid. Just seems weird to me that she would so deeply involve both of Jackson’s sons’ lives in this if he hadn’t pissed her off somehow. She has kidnapped Connor and convinced everyone he’s dead, and she’s set Declan up as a fall boy for Faith’s kidnapping. Ingrid knew that I would kill Declan for this, but she still chose to get him involved. There had to be a reason why. Jackson is the only one, or their awful mother, I suppose that is truly connected to both of them.” I finished sweeping the glass up and I was surprised at James. “Your right keeping my hands busy allowed me to think a little clearer instead of just reacting. Thank you, brother.” I said genuinely as I dumped the glass into my bin and tossed the dust pan and broom onto the empty chair.

“I don’t know. Maybe you’re right. Maybe this does have something to do with that turd. But Declan was Faith's first mate, maybe he was just an easy target?” James suggested. He was right. That could be true, but something in my guts told me there was a little more to it than that.

“Hold on.” I said to James with my hand up. I listen carefully and take a sniff of the air.

“They are almost here. I wish I could talk about this with you some more but I can't risk them hearing us.” I whispered.

James simply nods to show he understands me.

Moments later, there was a loud knock at the door.

“Come in.” I invited David and his mate into the room. I lay my eyes on Ingrid and wonder how she could do something so disgustingly horrible and still have the nerve to act like a woman who is simply concerned.

“What is this about?” David asked.

“Calm down David. I have simply decided to go ahead with Ingrid’s plan.” I could see her smile already forming, but she quickly replaced it with a neutral expression. I wanted to call her out on it. But I had to play the game just like she was. So, I ignored it.

“It really is the only way,” Ingrid replied sympathetically.

“When would you like to do this?” She asked.

“Tonight,” I replied, trying not to sound desperate.

“Tonight? That’s not enough notice. How about tomorrow morning?” She was flustered.

So, she does sneak away at night. Duke growled lowly in my head.

I think so too.

For someone who’s plotting so much crap, her prissy attitude is pretty brazen. Duke remarked. I agreed with him, of course. There were many times that I thought of tossing her away, but I let her treat this pack like a joke because she was David’s mate and I believed her poor me, I was unnecessarily victimized by Wolves crap.

“It has to be tonight.” James backed me up. “It took some convincing as my dad is a busy man. Tonight’s the only night in a long while that he is available.” James makes excuses.

“Sorry Ingrid, I would have given you more warning but James has only just come to me with this information. We can either do this tonight. Or I will start asking someone else for help. All you have managed to do is waste my time for weeks. If you continue to do so, it will be too late to save my mate.” I called her bluff. I know she will do it tonight. For whatever reason, it was important to her.

“I just need a few hours rest, and to collect everything I need.” She lied. I’m sure that’s all that comes out of her mouth.

“James, would you tell father than I’m sorry I have needlessly wasted his time. That I will no longer need his services. Ingrid that goes for you too. I no longer need your services. You have had more than enough time to explore the mate bond. It is not my fault that you kept a good caring man waiting. Maybe you will think twice before punishing your

next mate, if there is one, for crimes he didn't commit against you. I hereby revoke." But before I could finish my sentence.

"Wait. Wait. Wait." Ingrid cut over me.

"Yes?" I asked. I knew that was a dangerous game I played just now, but I'm glad it paid off.

"I'll do it tonight. I said that I will make this right. And I live up to my word. David, would you accompany me home? I need help setting up, Alpha Kyle please come by in an hour, with your brother and father and I'll do it." I could see the flames of a dangerous anger dancing behind her eyes but again I decided to pretend I hadn't noticed it. I was now convinced that she was as involved as Declan said she was. I hope he makes it home before anyone notices he has been missing.

"Sure Ingrid." David reaches his hand out to hers, but like the cold bitch she is, she doesn't take it. David sighs, drops his hand and follows her out of the room.

I desperately want to link David and tell him everything. I want him to reject her. Second chance mates were hard to come by, I know, but not impossible.

You can't risk it. He might confront her and then all is lost. Duke says. And I feel guilty because I just let David walk off with the enemy. But Duke is right. He will confront her and then she would leave.

"Dads just linked me. He is pulling up now. Are you going to tell him?" James asked.

"Yes, of course. He deserves to know what he's getting involved in. I just hope he still agrees." I say to James worried about that last hurdle.

"Are you sure she's not just going to inject you with something to kill you? Is dad safe?" James raised a valid point.

"She's not going to harm either one of us. Ingrid wants me to suffer the same way her daughter did. She wants me to watch my mate die in front of my eyes while I stand by helpless, just like Eloise had too, and then she will brutally take my life just like I did her daughters. I'm positive that even after tonight I won't even feel the curse anymore." I say, sure I'm right.

"Well, at least your baby will survive. Nothing is going to happen to you Brother. But I swear if it does, I'll take care of the pup like it's my own. And then one day they can take over this pack just like you did."

James' promise touched my heart. He really was trying to mend bridges. I will one day find a way to repay his kindness, I swear it.

“No James. I’m sure it won’t. She wants to cause as much devastation as possible. She is a very powerful witch. She’s had time to plan this. I’m sure she will only make me think the curse has been broken, so I let my guard down and give her my trust. But don’t worry, I’m aware of her now. She’s smart but so am I, and I can see through her now.” James' face paled a little bit. I could tell that he actually thought the same thing I did and was just trying to offer me a bit of comfort.