

Chapter 98 - Denying the Alpha

DECLAN'S POV

I can't believe it. I have finally made it back. I sneak up to the house and get a good look at it. The place is just as quiet as it was when I left.

I managed to get a nice run up and Grayson spectacularly makes the leap into my room. He's so big it's a miracle we didn't knock anything over and an even bigger one that we managed to fit through the window in this form. I spit the phone out onto the bed. Honestly, it was disgusting and it oddly triggered my gag reflex more than once having to carry it with my mouth ajar for so long but I had no other way of carrying it. Hopefully, it still worked and I haven't wrecked it with my drool.

I shift back into my human form and I could feel Grayson immediately retreat to rest. Poor fella, but he should be proud of himself.

I send a quick message to Kyle letting him know that I had finally made it home and that I didn't think anyone had noticed that I was missing.

I am so tired. There is not a single part of my body that doesn't ache. Every muscle scream in agony, I have been running as fast as I could for a solid 24 hours. My head feels like it is going to split in two. I don't know if it's because of the way I hit my head on that rock, or how hard I pushed myself with no food and no water, or the sheer amount of stress that I found myself under. But even having my eyes open felt like torture. It was too bright and there were too many sounds. I needed sleep desperately. I know that after a good rest, I would feel so much better, and a large very selfish part of me wanted to just collapse on my bed and sleep. But I should check on faith first. I chuck on a loose pair of track suit pants and slipped the phone into the pockets. I stared at my bed with the same longing that I once stared at lingerie models with but I managed to pry my lusty eyes away and drag my heavy feet out of the door.

I listen intently to the house around me and I hear nothing but a light snore coming from the other level. Must be Connor sleeping because I'm sure Ingrid is stuck with Kyle, but for all I know it could be anyone.

I don't normally do this, for fear of pissing Ingrid off, but if we are going to bust Faith out then she is going to need all the energy she can get so I stop by the kitchen to prepare her some food. I open the fridge and frown at the lack of choices. There is some cheese and apples and a few sodas but not much else.

I cut an apple into pieces and get rid of the core, and then place it on a plate followed by a few slices of cheese. I open the pantry hoping for more but I am just as disappointed. There are some salami sticks, chocolate cereal and a few muesli bars. I unwrap the muesli bar and snap it in half. I grab a handful of the cereal and drop it on the plate. I unwrap the last of three salami sticks snap them in half and place them neatly on the plate as well. It wasn't a feast that's for sure but I did the best that I could, at least everything was in simple bite size pieces for her.

The familiar smell hits my nose as I approach the underground cells that Faith has been trapped in. The smell is so bad that it makes me vomit, thankfully not on the food. I open the door and do my best to pretend that I was unfazed by the rotting stench, it wasn't her fault she was like this and I didn't want to make her feel insecure.

No, not her fault. Our fault. Grayson whimpers.

We couldn't have done a worse job at being her mate.

"What do you want now Declan?" she chokes out feebly.

My chest swells with pride. She is staring directly into death's door and she was still strong. She would have been the best Luna my pack had ever seen, but now because of the mistakes that I made she belonged to another.

"I brought you food," I say not sure how to get into all that's happened. Would she believe me when I tell her that Kyle is coming? I hope so but I could understand if she didn't.

"Don't bother. I'm sure it will just taste like dirt and feces." my stomach revolted when she said this. She had been forced to eat that way? Oh, my poor girl.

"I'll feed it to you. My hands are clean I promise." I offer hoping she will take the food if it doesn't taste so bad. She needn't worry about her pride; I was more than happy to help.

"Why are you suddenly being so nice again? You can't still possibly want me. I'm disgusting. Besides I'll be dead soon enough anyway so your efforts are wasted." she sneered.

“Faith, I will always want you.” I began to say, but I stopped myself knowing this wasn't what she needed right now. She was right, she would be dead soon unless she had something to fight for and I could give her that.

“But truthfully Kyle is on his way. Well, he will be as soon as I let him know where we are. He will be here by the end of the day.” I tell her. Honestly, I should have texted him where I was earlier but in my tired state, I could only focus on one thing at a time and that had been checking on Faith.

“Why are you being so cruel?” she sobs sounding broken and wounded. It genuinely hurts my heart to hear her like this.

“Faith. I took you because I thought I could beat Ingrid. I thought we would be here for a day or two tops and then I would get you free and we could be happy together. But it's been difficult. And then yesterday morning, I found out about Connor. I know you know about him, otherwise, you wouldn't have been so coy and cocky during my last visit. Anyway, it was the push I needed to do something. I found Kyle, I couldn't tell him exactly where you were because honestly, I wasn't sure, I was just following Grayson's instincts. But he has given me a phone. I can simply pin drop him my location now, it'll take him at least a few hours to get here, but he's coming. I'm telling you all this so that you will hold on. It's almost over, don't lose your belief in him so close to the finish line” I explain and to my horror she bursts into tears, her whole body shaking with the weight of her grief as she cried and cried.

“I don't trust you.” she wailed. I kind of wish she could physically lash out at me the way I knew she probably wanted to but the poor thing was still chained.

I set the plate of food down next to me and kind of awkwardly patted her back hoping to soothe her.

Finally, her body stilled and her whimpers quietened.

“Can you eat?” I asked her gently, hoping that I wouldn't set her off again.

“Will you stop trying to torture me if I say yes?” she asked me sadly.

“Yes,” I lied. I would definitely be bringing Kyle up again, but not until after she had eaten.

“Okay then, I will eat.” she resentfully agrees.

“Sorry, there isn't much but it was all I could manage,” I say feeling crappy and inadequate.

"It's fine," she grumbles sounding even more annoyed.

"Here." I offer her the salami sticks first. I always like to start with my favorite thing on my plate, then eat whatever I dislike the most and finish it off with my second favorite.

It takes almost an hour to feed her. She struggles with eating this much food because of how little she has had since she has been here. I try hard not to think about it as I hand her the small pieces of food. I'm glad I had the sense to make everything bite size for her.

"Thank you," she says after she finishes her cheese. I could hear her struggling to swallow the dry substance. I kick myself mentally for not bringing something with me to give her to drink. I should have thought of water.

I place the plate down and sigh heavily, disappointed in myself yet again. I lied with good intentions but still, I lied, I was going to try and bring up Kyle again. I just hope she takes it better now.

"Don't" she groans as she knows already what I'm going to say next. In her defense, she probably does.

"He is coming Faith. I promise." I say earnestly.

"I swear on my heart Faith. It's almost over." I cooed.

"I don't believe you." her voice begins to crack again, the telltale sign of impending tears.

"I understand faith." I was ready to launch into another long and winded apology that she probably didn't want to hear when an idea struck me.

"Would you recognize Kyle's phone number?" I asked her hoping that she would.

"No. I don't need a silly phone. No one really does." she gripes. I see her point we did use them so rarely. They were mainly only for situations like this one, where we needed to communicate with someone over a great distance or from a different Pack. But I wouldn't let that deter me.

"I'm going to show you something okay." I reach for the phone that I thankfully had the good sense to take with me. I notice a few messages from Kyle and curse myself for leaving the stupid device on silent.

Nevertheless, I hold the small screen up for her. When she hisses and shields her eyes I curse.

“Damn it, Faith. I'm so sorry. I should have thought of that. The light must hurt your eyes.” she's been down here in the dark for weeks and like a fool I didn't think to give her time to adjust I just shoved the phone into her face.

“Take your time. Look at it when you're ready.” I cooed gently.

After some time, she finally looks at the phone.

Her eyes squint as she tried to make sense of it all.

“Where are you? I'll get my jet and my team together and leave now. Mitchell is trying to contact your dad still. But I'm sure he will send a few men of his own.” she reads the message aloud followed by the next one.

“How is she” Her bottom lip begins to quiver.

“Don't mess with me Declan. Please don't lie to me. I couldn't take it. Please is that really Kyle or is this a cruel joke please?” she begs and sobs.

“It's Kyle. He's really coming.”

And like a great damn burst tears flood the small moldy cell.

“Hey. Hey.” I tried to calm her again but I was just making it worse.

She just cried even harder and before I knew it, she was struggling to breathe as she cried.

“Faith. Faith.” I tried to call for her, but she was losing it. It was like she couldn't hear me.

“Faith,” I screamed panicked as she begins to vomit. Oh, dear goddess please help her calm down. I pray for her.

I feel a fear that I have never experienced before once her body starts to convulse.

Is this what a panic attack looks like? I asked Grayson. I have never seen one before but it would make sense.

No. I don't know what this is. Shock maybe? We need to get her out before she dies.

Grayson snaps frantically.

“Hold on Faith. Just please, hold on,” I beg her even though she's too far gone to notice me.

I send Kyle a quick message so he knows my intent and a pin drop of my location, I hope he's smarter than I am and checks his messages.

Why a pin drop? If we're moving, he will be coming to the wrong place? Grayson spouts doubtfully.

Because it gets him going in the right direction. I'll update him on our new location as soon as we're safe. I say frustrated that I have to even explain.

I shine the phone around the small space hoping and praying for anything that I can use to wrap around the silver but as luck would have it there was nothing.

I grab the silver, not caring to hide the hiss of pain I let out as I rip it from her wrists.

"I'm going to get you out of here" I try my best for soothing but I can't hide the fear in my voice as she continues to fit in my arms.

Do you think Connor heard you snapping the silver like that? Grayson asked fearfully.

I'll deal with it as it comes. I snap harshly back. There was nothing more than that I could do anyway.

Just be alert, use your hearing. I demand of my wolf.

I try my best to cradle Faith and use my knee to prop her up a little as I opened the cage door single handedly.

I want to feel relieved as we rush out of the underground cells, but as soon as we meet the sun Faith wails uncontrollably no doubt in pain. The phone wasn't enough to properly let her eyes adjust to the light and here I was thrusting her right into the sun. But I had no other choice. She would have died shaking and choking on her own vomit had I not done something. All I could do was worm my arm around so I could use the hand supporting her head to cover her eyes and let her head rest in the crook of my arm instead.

Her screaming thankfully immediately stopped. I just hope that no one else had heard it. It was still early enough in the morning that I could hope everyone was still sleeping.

Just get to the trees. Just get to the trees. I repeat to myself over and over again until I finally hit the cover.

My three main concerns now were. Had we been seen? If not how long till someone noticed that faith was gone? And thirdly, I was exhausted, how long could I keep this up?

Don't think about it just keep running. Grayson urges me.

I would feel a whole lot better if I could shift into my wolf. But faith was too weak to hold on and it's not like I could drag her.

Your right. I say determined to save Faith.

I tuck her into my arms a little tighter and just focus on putting as much distance between myself and that house as fast as possible.

CONNORS POV

“What was that.” I spring up from my bed with a start. It was very distant. So distant I almost missed it but I could hear the faint cries of what sounded like a woman. But no one should be around. We were secluded in the middle of nowhere and Ingrid was stuck with David.

I look out my window and to my surprise I see Declan disappear into the tree line with Faith wrapped securely in his arms.

“That fucker” I growl.

You were kind of hoping for this. My wolf calls me out on it instantly.

He was right. A part of me couldn't shake the boy I had once been. When my mother told me she was pregnant with Declan I had really wanted a little sister, when he was born a boy, I was disappointed. Angry even. I didn't want another strong Alpa wolf strutting arrogantly around like a little twerp all the time.

So, I was excited when Heather had Faith a few weeks later, and then there was the odd pull to her family that I started to feel that I couldn't explain. Even as a boy, I felt protective of them.

But then there was the present me, the one Ingrid raised. Sure, she kidnapped me first, but over time she had become like family.

“You have an hour little brother,” I say to his retreating form. “And then it's hunting time.”

He wouldn't get far in his human form, Faith in her condition would slow him down immensely, so I wasn't worried. But I was still giving them Better to let him think he was going to get away with it.