

Chapter 99 - Denying the Alpha

DECLAN'S POV CONTINUED

My phone alerted me to the incoming message.

Did you make it out? Ingrid's coming for you? Message me back ASAP.

"Fuck," I cursed aloud which startled poor Faith. Connor must have noticed that I was gone.

"Sshhh" I hushed her back to sleep. She had cried until she passed out in my weary arms. Honestly, I was glad when she did, her whimpers had been torture. She sobbed almost every time I jolted her the poor thing but I had been doing the best I could to hold her still without crushing her.

I have only been gone an hour or so now. I was counting on having more time than that. If I were alone and in my wolf form, they would have had no chance of finding me, however, I haven't gotten near as far as I would have liked.

It wouldn't take more than half an hour to find me at this rate unless I was smart.

We passed a small river close by here yesterday. Get in it, it will help lose your scent and mask yourself in the mud and the elements. Grayson quickly suggested. It was a good idea but there was a flaw in it.

And Faith what about her scent? It's unmissable, I can't wash her off in the river, she is skin and bones the cold will probably kill her, besides it would take far too long.

Still, it could be of some use. I pocketed the phone to make sure I didn't drop it and I ran to the river with Faith cradled against my chest and began to run down the small stream careful not to cut my feet on the slippery rocks.

After a little more than half a mile I jump back out of the river hoping it at least helped throw off pursuers in my direction.

Then I quickly sent Kyle an updated pin drop. I hope he was close. If not, I was in some serious trouble.

We need a plan. I say to Grayson. We're sitting ducks out here.

I have got it. I say thinking on my feet.

I ran a little more, searching blindly hoping, until I finally found what I was looking for.

I found a small cave in a tiny Rocky Mountain and lay Faith gently down. Thankfully the ground was nice and dry and I didn't have to worry about a ton of moisture and mold making her sick.

I try to be as respectful as I possibly can and look at her at little as necessary as I quickly strip her dirty clothes of her and drop them to the floor. It was painful to see her ribs stick out like that. Her skin was deathly pale and her body was bruised and blistered from constantly being laid on her side. Grayson whimpered in my mind at the awful sight but I shut him down. Now was not the time to make her feel worse about herself with pity and depreciating comments and it would be selfish to allow myself even a single moment to wallow in my shame and regrets. Not that she needed my sympathy. Her wounds meant she was a survivor. I know her baby is why she has held on; I hope she gets to meet her pup.

I quickly strip my pants off and pull them up over her to keep her warm. Thank goodness I was so much taller than her, and that she was so skinny because I managed to pull them high enough to tie them under her arms pits, and over her breasts, leaving very little of her brittle body exposed. It looked ridiculous and if she were in any state to argue she would be pissed that I was putting her in my clothing but I was trying to save her life. I wish I had bothered with a shirt.

I then did what I could to pile a few leaves and medium sized rocks etc. to hide our scents and her small fragile frame from view. I took the phone out of the pockets of the pants and sent Kyle one last pin update. If I couldn't make it back to her alive then hopefully, he could find her. I put the phone back in the pocket of my pants, just in case she woke before he found her. That way she had a way of contacting him herself should she need it. Sure, she was free from the silver now, but getting her wolf back was another story, who knows how long it would take her to recover so I doubted her

Mind linking Kyle would be an option. After that, I took the vile clothing from the cave and ran them back to the stream I had not long stepped out of and dropped them into the water letting the steady current carry her scent far away. Hopefully, any enemies looking for her would find it and follow it leading them away from her hiding place.

At the last minute, I jump into the stream behind the clothes, it struck me that they would notice my scent was with hers and everyone knew she was not fit to travel alone. After I was sure I had led them far enough away from the cave where Faith hid, I grabbed

the disgusting clothes. Poo and mud dripped from the fabric and the scent of urine was still so strong it made me sick.

I shift into Grayson and run until I'm satisfied that I have led Connor far enough away from Faith. I just hope he doesn't realize I ever got out of the river.

What next? Grayson asks.

We go to them. I growl ready to fight.

About time. Grayson growled back bloodthirsty.

I drop Faith's clothes in the hollow of the tree. Who cares if they find her dirty old rag?

I let my wolf take over completely, I stretched out my muscles that still ached, only this time I embraced the pain. It fueled my anger, and my bloodlust, this would help me.

I circled around careful not to cross near the cave but stay close enough to the river to meet My brother and that awful bitch head on.

We don't give up until I take at least one of them down with me. I say to Grayson. I accepted that I would likely die, my life didn't matter as much as Faith's and I was okay with that. But Ingrid and Connor were two magical and very powerful creatures. If I could take at least one of them down then all Kyle had to do was get the other.

We don't give up at all. Grayson roared back.

Do you hear that? I asked Grayson as the sound of running reached our ears.