

Alphas, chapter 14, Fight, Fight Between Alphas

Tate's POV

I can't believe she thought I hated that she was Hybrid, can't believe I almost f****d everything up. Drake had decided to take her to meet his father although, I could tell she was a little nervous, but she hid it well. We turned down her offer to mark us, it didn't feel right. Like she was doing it out of guilt. Drake and I actually agreed on something, he felt the same and didn't want the pressures of his father on her shoulders, that wasn't for her to bear, he would just need to step up.

Elias brought us over breakfast this morning and I asked his sister if she would do some grocery shopping so when she got back, the house was stocked, though I had no idea what she liked. I never pictured her to be one to c**k but should have known because she is pretty independent considering she was raised so sheltered by her pack.

They were leaving soon and I wanted to go with them, though me being there would make things harder on Drake and her. Besides, knowing his father, a fight would have broken out the moment I stepped across the border. Sitting at the dining table we wait for Lana to finish getting ready upstairs, Drake pacing back and forth nervously stuck in his thoughts.

"Can you stop, you're going to wear the floor out if you keep pacing" He stops, dragging his hand down his face. Concern clearly etched into his expression. He sighs loudly turning toward me. We stare at each other. I could see the longing on his face, it resembled exactly how I felt towards him yet one minute he would almost give into it, the next he would shut down completely. His fathers beliefs weigh heavily on him. I call it genetic upbringing, a family raised on the beliefs of their forefathers yet a lot of the time those beliefs are wrong. You just need to break the cycle of that hereditary thought pattern. How anyone could turn away their own child because of who they love escapes me. Yet Drake has always sought his father's approval and nothing any of his sons have done, has ever lived up to his unrealistic expectations.

Drake continues to stare until I move and his eyes dart away looking toward the stairs. Getting up, I move toward him wanting to give him some reassurance when I see his walls go up and he steps back.

"You need to stop denying us, you are starting to drive me insane" I tell him, he ignores my words continuing to look at the stairs waiting for Lana. Reaching my hand out, I touch the back of his neck and he jumps away like I burned him. Hurt hitting me hard like I have been punched in the gut.

"Don't touch me, you'll leave your scent on me" He snaps. I know it is just the anxiety of his father causing his outburst but that doesn't make his words hurt any less.

“Your father does anything, make sure you ring me, be easier if you would let me mark you because we would have a packlink” I tell him. He nods, not answering about me marking him.

“I mean it, Drake. He touches her I will f*****g kill the b*****d”

“I won’t let him hurt our mate, Tate. Geez”

“Are you sure about that, because you have no problem letting him hurt me” I ask, folding my arms across my chest.

“My father hasn’t done anything to you” Drake retorts.

“No denying me my mate has no effect on me, you are right he has done nothing” I tell him sarcastically. Drake’s eyes snap to mine before he looks away guiltily.

“I won’t let him hurt her” is all he says just as I hear footsteps upstairs. Lana walks down and she’s changed into jeans and a white shirt that was a little too tight for my liking, showing off her curves and ample cleavage. I growl without realising and she raises an eyebrow at me.

“What?” She asks, shocked.

“Nothing you look nice” I tell her, fighting the urge to tell her to go change her low cut shirt. Drake however walks upstairs before returning with a jumper.

“Here put this on, it’s cold outside” He tells her, though it was anything but cold, and I could tell she saw straight through him before looking outside and seeing sunlight, clearly not jumper weather.

“I’m a hybrid. I won’t get sick, is this about what I am wearing?” She asks, looking down at her outfit looking for something wrong with it. Drake presses his lips in a line. Lana’s eyes darting to me.

“F*****g possessive a*s Alpha’s” She mutters stalking upstairs only to return with a normal black shirt that covered her b*****s.

“Better?” She asks, folding her arms across her chest. It wasn’t much better but at least it wasn’t so low cut.

I nod when Drake doesn’t answer.

“If you think, I am walking around dressed as a nun you have another thing coming” She snaps, and I can’t help the smirk creeping on my face.

“What about a burka?” I ask toying with her and she glares, shooting daggers at me.

“We should leave, my father will be waiting” Drake says, and I see nervousness creep over her. Drake walks toward the door, but Lana hesitates before walking over to me and wrapping her arms around my waist. I kiss her head, hugging her back. “I wish you could come,” She says, looking up at me.

“Ring me if you need me, I have no problems starting a war for the pair of you” I tell her, and she nods looking at the door. “You better go” I tell her before she stands on her tippy toes and pecks my lips before pulling away too quickly, shocking me. She was becoming bolder, usually she was shy, but I noticed since she got here, she doesn’t really push us away. To me it was more just inexperience making her question herself, question the mate bond.

I watch them leave my heart tugging painfully at seeing the car go down the driveway. If only things were different, if his father could only see the person he was causing damage to was his son.

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