

Alphas, chapter 19, Fight, Fight Between Alphas

Lana POV

Opening my eyes, I was not in the room I fell asleep in, I was also very aware of the body pressed against mine and the warmth their skin offered. Rolling over I find Tate, he rolls onto his back and I lay my head on his chest, tingles spreading along my cheek and across my arms as I snuggle into his warmth.

I notice Drake laying beside him snoring softly, Tate moves, and I can feel through the bond that he is awake, as his mind comes alert to his surroundings and me laying on top of him. I half expected him to move me off him after last night, but instead he plays with my hair that is scattered over his arm and chest. I prop my chin on his chest looking up at him.

“What time did you two get home?”

“Not sure” He says brushing my hair behind my ear.

“Are you still mad at me?” I ask. Tate shakes his head leaning forward and kissing my head.

“No, not mad. I was”- He doesn't finish what he was going to say instead looks to Drake asleep beside him.

“I didn't mean, I didn't want to mark you” I tell him, and he looks back at me, his eyes darkening, and I could feel his anger resurfacing before he shoves it back down.

“Then what did you mean?” He asks his voice coming off harsher than I think he intended.

“That you would be stuck with me, tied to me even if you get bored of me and no longer want me” I tell him. His brows furrow and he lets out a breath.

“That won't happen Lana, you're bonded to us we won't be able to throw you away even if we wanted to”

“I just thought that if you got bored you would regret being marked by me because you can't break a mate bond once marked” I tell him.

“No, I will never regret being marked by you, I want to mark you, but I can wait” He says.

Drake stirs sitting up on his elbow before rubbing his eyes and looking at us.

“What are you two talking about?” He asks sleepily.

“About yesterday, Lana thought we would get bored of her and we would regret her marking us” Tate answers.

“Why would you think that?” Drake asks, laying back down on his back.

“Because you can’t break a mate bond, what if I am not what you want?” I tell him.

“Technically you can break a mate bond, but we want you Lana, that won’t ever change” Drake says.

I sit up and I feel unease hit me through the bond from Tate.

“Why would you tell her that?” Tate snaps at him.

“What was I supposed to lie to her” Drake retorts. Tate says nothing but what he said makes no sense you can’t break a mate bond.

“I don’t understand, that’s not possible. You can’t break a mate bond”

Tate sighs loudly, clearly annoyed with Drake.

“You can, it’s hard to do and you need a witch. Drake’s father broke his mate bond to his mother” Tate answers and I hear Drake growl.

“But why?” I ask, looking over at Drake who was staring at the ceiling.

“My mother killed herself, when a mate dies the bond sends the other one crazy or they die too, my father saw a witch who helped break the curse so he wouldn’t be driven crazy and do the same” He states.

“But the woman in the picture”

“At my fathers?” Drake asks, I nod.

“That’s his second chance mate, Chase’s mother. I have three half-brothers” He tells me.

“I am shocked honestly, I didn’t think you could break a mate bond”

“It’s taboo that’s why, she only broke it because my father was dying, and he had me to look after. I doubt she would do it for anyone just looking to break a mate bond” Drake answers.

“So, you know her?” I ask, and he nods, eyeing me suspiciously.

“I don’t want to break our bond Drake, I just thought you two wouldn’t want to be mated to someone like me” He nods, but I could feel Tate was getting angrier about this line of conversation.

“Yes, I know her” Drake answers and Tate growls low in the back of his throat. Making me look at him.

“I went to see her and asked her to break our bond, she refused even after my father offered to pay her” Drake admits. He tried to break their bond? The thought sickened me.

“Why?”

“Because my father wouldn’t let me take over the pack if I were mated to another man, not that it matters now. Nor do I care, I rather be with you pair now. I see how foolish that was” Drake says, shocking not only me but Tate who’s head whips to the side looking at him.

“Hey don’t get any ideas Tate, let me get used to the idea of being with you first or I may just go beg Avery to break it” He chuckles, and Tate nudges him.

“Avery?” I ask.

“The witch who broke my fathers bond, she lives in Avalon city” I nod in understanding.

“Well, I am glad she wouldn’t break your bond” I tell them. Drake nods and I sit up.

“Where are you going?” Tate asks, watching me.

“To c**k breakfast” I tell him about to hop out of the bed when he wraps his arms around my waist dragging me back.

“I could always eat you for breakfast” He purrs climbing on top of me and between my legs. My face turning scarlet at his words as I push on his shoulders.

“Don’t act so innocent, we seen what’s in your handbag” Drake says, raising an eyebrow and Tate chuckles.

“What you went through my bag?” I ask worried about what they may have found in it.

“Yes, and you have a few things to explain, Tate and I have realised we barely know you. Going through your bag raised more questions though, like why are you on anti-depressants?” Drake asks. I say nothing shocked they went through my stuff but also embarrassed.

“How long have you been on them?” I shake my head not willing to answer or talk about the circumstances around why I was put on them.

“Lana?” Tate says looking down at me. I push on his shoulders wanting to get up.

“Don’t go through my bag” I tell them when I get up throw my legs over the side of the bed. Getting up, I head for the bathroom, but Drake follows opening the door as I try to close it.

“You don’t need to hide things from us”

“Really because I know you’re hiding s**t from me” I tell him.

“Like what?” He snaps.

“You’re a hypocrite, how long have you known Tate was your mate huh?” I ask, suddenly angry. Tate sits up on the end of the bed watching us.

“Eleven years” Tate answers when Drake says nothing.

“So, you whinged about waiting two years for me, yet you made Tate wait Eleven? Eleven years he had to feel you be with other people” The thought horrified me.

“Tate and my relationship prior to meeting you has nothing to do with you” Drake snaps at me.

“Nothing to do with me? Of course, it does because I have suffered for two years. I know Tate wasn’t the one s*****g around, you know we can feel it. You may not have marked us, but we could still feel it” I scream at him, poking him in the chest. He takes a step back and I realise how angry I have become when I feel my fangs sink into my bottom lip.

“What are you talking about?” Drake says.

“Look I get it, I don’t blame you. This is exactly why I didn’t want to mark Tate, have him tied to me when clearly you have had no problem being with someone else” I go to shut the door in his face when he grabs my arm. He honestly looked like he had no idea what I was talking about. At first, I didn’t understand it either, understand how the mate bond could let me feel when they were unfaithful to the bond. I thought at first it was just terrible period pain, yet I couldn’t explain the hollow feeling in my heart.

“What are you talking about?” He says and I look to Tate, I have no doubt he could feel it too if I could.

“Every time you have been with someone else, I could feel it” Tate answers and Drake looks at him shocked and also horrified.

“But I haven’t marked you” He says exasperated.

“It doesn’t matter, we have met. I haven’t been with anyone since I met you Drake, yet I could always tell when you were with someone, I couldn’t bring myself to do that to you” Tate says looking away.

“But you were with Melinda” Drake yells at him. Tate shakes his head.

“I was with Melinda, but I never f****d her Drake, we fooled around but I never stuck my f*****g d**k in her” Tate snaps at him.

“Then why didn’t you say anything, how was I supposed to know” Drake demands angrily.

“You want to know why I am on anti-depressants, because I couldn’t live with it, I tried to kill myself because I couldn’t handle the pain anymore, didn’t want to feel you with someone else. Look I get it I was sixteen, I didn’t expect you to not look elsewhere at first I welcomed the idea until I realised how badly it hurt once I figured out what it was” I snap at him.

“You should have told me, is this why you never wanted to speak to us? Why didn’t one of you tell me, I wouldn’t have done anything if I knew it would hurt you” Drake says turning to glare at Tate.

“Just let me go please, I want to have a shower” I tell him, he reluctantly lets go turning to Tate. I shut the door, embarrassed and angry. I felt so many emotions, yet I couldn’t blame him. He was a grown man when we met, I didn’t believe they would remain faithful, so I was shocked when I found out Tate had been and knew it was Drake, yet Tate has put up with it for over a decade and yet I could tell he still loves Drake, loves him enough not to tell him he hurt him. How lonely those eleven years must have been for them, loving someone from afar and not acting on it, so was I any better denying them?

I turn on the shower and could hear them arguing on the other side of the door. Shaking my head, I step in grabbing the loofah and washing myself. Washing my hair, I hear the door open trying to wash the soap out so I could see without burning my eyes out of my skull from the soap.

Drake was sitting on the sink basin; I turn away from him not that he was looking anyway, his eyes glued to the floor.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know Lana. If I did, I never would have, you have to believe me” He says, making me look over my shoulder at him.

“Why didn’t your mother tell me, geez I am surprised she didn’t come to kill me” He says rubbing his hand down his face.

“Only Ariel knew” I tell him, and he looks up at me, his eyes trailing down my body before he looks away.

“You never told them?” I shake my head, grabbing the conditioner and pouring some in my hand.

“Where is Tate?” I ask changing the topic.

“Went for a run, we had an argument”

“I heard” I tell him scrubbing my hair when I hear the shower screen open. Drake steps in and I move over turning my back so he can't see me.

“Don't do that please” He says.

“Do what?”

“Turn away from me, I really had no idea Lana. I thought I had to mark you, for you to feel that. I never wanted to hurt you” He says, and I feel his hand trail down my back to my hip. I wash the conditioner out before I feel his hands replace mine rinsing it out.

“You have really long hair” He says, as I feel his hand run down the length of it to my a*s. I nod, I did have long hair, my mother always loved brushing our hair and would rarely let us cut it.

I feel his fingers trail along my hips, and I turn facing him, his eyes going to my b*****s before trailing down the rest of me. He smiles and I raise an eyebrow at him.

“I swear on the moon goddess I didn't know” He says, grabbing my face.

“So, you swear on my great however many greats grandmother?” I ask my lips tugging up, at how strange that sounds.

“Yes, I suppose that would be correct then” His eyes softening, and I could see the guilt in them, he truly didn't mean to hurt us. I nod not knowing what else to say.

“I'm still not letting you mark me till you have marked Tate” I tell him, and he sighs.

“You made him wait eleven years. Don't you think you owe him, owe yourself? What's stopping you now? You said you don't care anymore that you want to be with us, then prove it” I tell him before getting out and grabbing my towel.

“It's not that simple Lana, we have years of history”

“It is that simple Drake, he wants to be with you, even after what you have done, don't make him wait any longer” I tell him before walking out and shutting the door.

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