

Fight B Alphas 51

Chapter 51

### Lana POV

One week later

Tate and I hadn't heard from Drake in a week, his phone not even ringing just going straight to voicemail. Tate wasn't talking to me and I had heard from no one, not a soul. The house is becoming lonely. Tate always left before I got up in the morning and always came home after I went to bed. It was like living with a flat mate you never see because you work opposite shifts. On the seventh day, my depression came back in full swing so I decided to go see the pack doctor. Sitting in the waiting room I wait for my name to be called. A woman walked out with a notepad in her hand, she had long blonde hair pulled into a high ponytail, her glasses sitting on the bridge of her nose as she looked down at the notepad before calling my name.

Standing up, I followed her to her room sitting in the cold green seat next to her desk as she looked at my file.

"What can I help you with Luna?" She asks.

"I need a script for pristiq" I tell her.

She looks at my file before looking at me, "Luna I can't prescribe that for you not while pregnant" She tells me.

"But I need my meds you don't understand"

"I understand you have depression but we won't prescribe drugs like that especially while pregnant, I know your child is wolf but we still don't believe in prescribing such medications, the Alpha would never allow any risk to your children no matter how miniscule that risk is" She says. I feel tears brim, I need my meds, need the pain numbed.

"Maybe I can ring the Alpha and see if he can make an exception?" She says picking up the phone. I shake my head knowing he will say no already.

"I can refer you to the pack psychiatrist" She says but I get up.

"No it is fine Doc, thanks anyway" I tell her walking out of the office and all the way home. Everything was f\*\*\*\*d up, I had no blood and was back to eating rabbits, I had no meds to help control the ache inside, and my mates hated me and I had no one. Deciding to try Drake again, I use the house phone Tate had installed. My heart skipping a beat when I heard the phone ring, what I wasn't expecting was for Chase to answer.

"Hello?"

"Hi chase, it's Lana, is Drake there" I ask. I am met with silence for a few minutes before he speaks.

“Drake is gone Lana, he handed the Pack to me and became a rogue” He tells me and my heart sinks, he left us.

“When?”

“The day after you came back”

“And you didn’t think to ring, or get Ariel to ring me”

“Ariel isn’t here and I didn’t know how to tell you, I told Tate though. I thought he would have said something”

“No he didn’t, it is fine Chase. When is Ariel coming up”

“A few weeks, apparently they are having drama’s at home with Ryker but don’t worry everything is fine they just didn’t want to worry you” He tells me. I hung up unable to hear anymore, my family was hiding things from me, my mates hiding things from me and I had never felt more alone then I did now. Everything became too much and I didn’t see an end to this heartache that has been suffocating me slowly.

Getting up I wipe my tears before walking into the basement. I look at the dry herbs before touching one. Wolfsbane. The plants burn my fingertips as I force the leaves into a bottle. My fingers blistered yet I welcomed the pain, anything to stop the ache inside me.

Walking upstairs I fill the bottle with cold water before putting the lid on and shaking the bottle. Walking upstairs I grab a razor blade from the drawer and the broom from the closet before breaking it and making a stake. The lengths one must go to kill themselves when immortal was ridiculous. Walking into the room. I place the bottle of wolfsbane on the bedside table, eyeing the bottle that would stop me healing knowing I had to drink it and remembering the burn it would cause let alone trying to swallow the s\*\*t down.

I twirl my homemade stake between my fingers before setting it down and grabbing the bottle and removing the cap. I tip the bottle to my lips, my lips sizzling when I hear Tate’s voice in my head.

“Lana what are you doing?”

“Goodbye Tate” Is all I say knowing he is too far to stop me and I had already made up my mind. I swig back on the bottle, the liquid scolding my throat making me gag and spit it out. ‘Come on Lana it will hurt for a second then no more pain’ I scolded myself, Tate’s voice screaming in my head telling me to stop and I could feel him getting closer making me panic as I tip the bottle up again, this time determined to finish the job when I feel it, a fluttering sensation within my stomach. At first I thought I imagined it and decided to ignore it, bringing the bottle back to my lips and grabbing the razor I sliced my wrists, my blood spilling onto the floor as I cut from my wrist to my elbow. I was already weakened from only drinking animal blood, my healing ability already stunted, grabbing the wolfsbane I plan to stop my ability to heal completely. When I felt the fluttering again, only this time I had no doubt of what it was as I stared down at my stomach, I could feel them, I placed my hand on my belly when I felt the

slightest of nudges just as the bedroom door got kicked in. Tate's horrified face as he watches me bleed onto the floor.

"What have you done?"

"What have you done?" He screams before screaming for Elias, my ability to heal slowly letting me bleed to death. Elias comes rushing in and I feel myself fading.

"S\*\*t" Elias screams before rushing over.

"Stay awake Lana," Tate says tapping my face.

"I can feel them" I mutter, regret kicking in as I feel myself slipping into darkness.

Tate grabs me pressing my face into his neck, my body heavy and going limp before running his claws down his skin, I could smell his blood, feel it on my face.

"Feed Lana" Tate says frantically, his hand in my hair.

"If not for me, for them" He whispers but even feeding felt like too much of a struggle, my body too heavy to move when I feel Elias' hand move under my face pulling my head back, he runs his hand across Tate's neck before jamming his blood coated fingers in my mouth. Elias fingers moving in my mouth before I feel my fangs slip out and he jerks his hand back. A growl escaping me as a primal urge kicks in and I sink my teeth into Tate's neck.

Tate flinches holding me there and I feel Elias grab my arms. "She is healing" I hear him murmur before my surroundings become clearer, everything sharpening while I feed on him.