

Denied by Destiny: Trapped in the Shadows of the Mate Bond

C 281 - 290

- Knox ~

The music was loud, but not too loud that I couldn't hear what the peacock dick was saying to Red. Trying to self-invite himself back to hers, what a tool.

I feel my phone vibrating in my back pocket of my jeans, pulling it out to find Jaxon calling me.

"Yep?" I grunt, avoiding any pleasantries, he's just left me babysitting a group of drunk teenage girls, who so happen to be surrounded by horny males. Werewolf and human.

"I'm sorry Knox man, something's up with Jace. I'm taking him home...can you make sure the girls are safe. Especially Josie?" He sighs apologetically down the phone.

"I think she can look after herself." My eyes turn to her as she pushes George off her slightly, rolling her eyes as he tries to pull her back into him...her eyes catching me watching. "Just...make sure she gets home safe. Cleo as well, otherwise I'll have two alphas after me, Dad and Alpha Orpheus."

"Fine." I cut the call, placing my phone back in my jean pocket.

I hail down the bar tender, changing my shots now for soda as I prepare to sober myself up. This night having just gone south for me.

As I take a sip of my drink, a brunette walks up to the bar from the dance floor, she leans over the bar almost spilling out of her top.

"What's good to drink here?" She moves her head closer to mine to help me hear her, not that I need it.

""Not a regular?"

"No I'm visiting a friend, you?" If I couldn't have smelt already that she was human as she approached me, then her attempt at a chat up line told me everything I needed to know.

There were plenty of other bars in this city, ones run by humans...but they still come here. Must be something in their DNA that draws them in... an unknown danger that gives them secret thrills.

"Working." I respond, without enthusiasm. I've been with human girls and each time I'm left still wanting.

It's not their fault, I'm a werewolf male built to have a female werewolf satisfy me that's all. They have a different stamina for what I need.

"What do you do?" She tries to keep the flow of conversation going and a part of me is tempted to flirt back...especially with those silvery grey eyes watching us.

"Surveillance." I smirk out, my eyes holding Red's as I take another sip of my drink. The human girl follows my line of vision to the fiery red on the other side of the bar, before grabbing her drink and thankfully realising she didn't have a chance. "Well, have a good one." The human girl says to me as she picks up her drink and moves away from me back towards the dance floor.

"You too." I rise my glass to her watching her walk back towards the dance floor to her companions.

"Fine, if you won't dance with me...maybe another girl will?"

"Be my guest." I turn to find Red placing her hands out towards the room filled with primed females, not battering an eyelid as he follows through with his threat and walks towards the dance floor. Leaving her alone at the bar. What a dick.

I close the distance between us, her back resting against the bar top...watching him move in on a group of females. The human girl one of them. I'm watching Josie carefully, for a hint of a reaction...but she really does seem unbothered.

"You don't seem all that bothered of him flirting with other females?"

"Because I'm not."

"I thought he was your boyfriend?"

"No..."

"Then why do you let him hang around?"

I have itches at times, he scratches them, that's all." She shrugs, as if it was the most obvious thing.

Her comment doesn't go down well with my wolf, his fur threatening to bristle as he demands to shift. He could be somewhat irrational at times, like expecting me to grant him power in order to shift in front of humans and piss off a club full of werewolf security. In fact, as I glance around the décor of the club...this place seems familiar.

"Drink?" She turns signalling for the bartender as she sits back up on a bar stool.

"Shot?" She offers out to me as the bartender walks over to us.

Denied by Destiny: Trapped in the Shadows of the Mate Bond

I look at my glass, the soda isn't going down as well as the shots but I promised Jaxon I would keep an eye on her and the others. I can't do that to the best of my ability downing more alcohol.

I could already feel the strength of the shots I had already consumed tonight burning off, it wouldn't be much longer until I was fine to drive us all back to the Dark Phantom pack.

"I've promised Jaxon I'd keep an eye on you girls."

"Why, where's Jaxon?"

"He's left, with Jace."

"They've left?" She turns to the door, her body swinging on the stool so fast that she almost falls off. My hand reaches for her lower back to keep her on the stool. I step closer, that frenetic pull to her only intensifying. Shit, maybe I had more shots than I thought.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure you get home safe...even without lover boy, if that's what you want." My lips tease from behind, my free hand snaking the hair from her ear and pulling it behind her shoulder.

"Sorry, I missed that. What did you say...it's so loud in here." She turns, her body now in-between my legs, I was that close to her again.

I don't miss the way she sniffs the air around her, inhaling my scent that makes her body shiver for a moment. Watching her take pleasure from my scent awakens my wolf immediately. A desire to have her here on this bar top. Her eyes that are focused on mine drop to my lips, waiting for my response.

"Can you not hear me?" Yes, it was loud in here, but not for the werewolf species...she should have heard everything around us tonight, I know I have.

"I can, if I can see your lips."

What the...

"Are they okay?" She waves her hand away as if telling me to bypass what she had just said about reading my lips.

"Who?"

"Jace and Jaxon? Do I need to follow them?" She leans forward towards me, my eyes darting to her voluptuous cleavage in this outfit, my eyes soaking up the view.

Now it was my turn to inhale that alluring scent of hers, the one that seems to send my wolf into a frenzy.

"I'm not sure. Something about your blonde friend seems to have put Jace in a bad mood."

"Cleo? Really?" She turns to the dance floor to find Cleo and Maya dancing away, turning back to the bar she holds a frown on her face. I go to ask her what is wrong when I notice his movement in my peripheral vision.

My jaw tenses as George heads back towards us, my body determined not to move from beside her. In fact, as he approaches she doesn't seem to notice, her knees still touching my thighs.

"So, am I coming back with you?"

"It's meant to be a girl's night George. I promised the girls..." I'm surprised she gives him the time of day, she clearly isn't interested in him so why doesn't she cut ties with him.

"No worries it's just that girl there....she's ready to hook up with me." He points to the brunette human girl that had come up to me only moments ago.

I mean, it doesn't say a lot about his charm that she seemed hell bent on hooking up tonight as it was.

"Then hook up with her George, I've told you...we aren't exclusive." Her response has bite. A response that doesn't go down well with the peacock.

I'm about to move aside, to give them some privacy just before my blood starts to boil.

He grabs her by the arm, his jaw tensing as he pulls her into him, his lips by her ear.

"You keep forgetting that I'm the only werewolf male prepared to be with you Josie." He snarls at her.

I...see...red.

I pull him off her, spinning him around and whacking his head against the bar before pinning it there, crushing my hand down driving it into his skull. Just a little harder and his skull will crumble under my touch. "What the fuck did you just say to her?" I growl out, not giving two thoughts to the growing audience around the bar.

Denied by Destiny: Trapped in the Shadows of the Mate Bond

- Josie -

Blood is sprayed across my neck, jaw line and even my cami top from George's split lip as his head is held against the bar top by Knox's firm hold.

"What the fuck did you just say to her?" Knox growls out, his body heaving with anger as George tries to fight against his hold. His head being held with force against the bar top.

I should be concerned for the male being held down, the one that against my better judgement I have allowed formed some kind of attachment to, something I never wanted, something I don't want. He was right, no other male of our species will want me, but I've known that since turning 18, something I have grown accustomed with, the reason I keep myself busy.

I should be helping him, defending him, but all I can do is stare at the bulky biceps of the male pinning him down, the material stretching across his upper arms as his lips curl over his teeth, seething out at George.

A small cluster of an audience as formed, the bartender waving security over and as I place my hand not on George, but on Knox to calm him. Something I do without even realising...it seems to snap him out of his angry haze long enough to notice the incoming of security. Knox reluctantly releases George, taking a step back and running his hands through his hair as he tries to control his breathing. He hadn't finished, I could sense the out-of-control fire radiating off him, his leather and sandalwood scent tripling in potency as anger exhumes out of his pores. Something within me was concerned more about him than the actual bleeding male next to us.

"What's your problem?" George growls, stretching his spine up to meet Knox in the eyes. He was taken by surprise, but George is an impressive fighter, he won't give Knox a chance to pull that over him again.

"Watch your tongue around the Alpha's daughter." Knox's chest growls.

"When I'm with the Alpha's daughter, I'll say what I like."

"Not around me you won't." Knox snarls showing no sign of stepping down.

"Knox, its fine...just leave it." I murmur out, not wanting to cause any more of a scene in Uncle Jude's club. Mainly because I don't want this to get back to Uncle Jude, who will inform Dad.

His eyes turn from George on to me, his anger dissipating slightly but not completely.

"You heard what she said." George smirks arrogantly. I can't believe I ever thought he was attractive. I mean he is, but his arrogance leaves an unpleasant taste in my mouth, to the eyes. I can't believe I ever needed to scratch that itch that badly. We are done, his behaviour tonight has just confirmed that I want nothing more to do with him.

George is an impressive fighter but the way Knox is acting right now, he could finish George off in a few blows, I know this, but I can't help my hand as it reaches for his and firmly pulls him away from the situation.

His dissipating anger was returning from George's arrogance, a volcanic eruption just waiting to erupt. I needed to remove him from the situation completely. Before the security reached us and made it ten times worse.

My legs move for me, and I haven't realised what I have done until I have yanked him away, leaving a dumbfounded George watching after us, and push Knox into the privacy of the cloakroom.

"You need to calm down." I state out as I close the door behind us, locking it. Knox pacing the red plush carpet in-between wracks of jackets.

"Why did you pull me away." He paces like a lion trapped in a cage.

"You were about to blow..." I start but he cuts me off.

"Damn right I was." He stops turning to face me from the other end of the cloakroom.

"Why the hell do you let him talk to you like that?"

"It's...complicated." I know how it looks; Maya has been telling me for months. But I can't have George causing issues for me between Mum and Auntie Alora.

Denied by Destiny: Trapped in the Shadows of the Mate Bond

I'm also not innocent in this, I am a bitch to George, completely using him for one purpose only. I'll finish it, but I need to do it on good terms, I can't have tension between the two packs.

"Complicated how?"

"He's from my Mum's pack..."

"You are the daughter of the alphas, no one gets to talk to you like that."

Yes in any other pack, and yes this is true for my pack but I've overlooked George's behaviour in the past because of a leniency on my part.

"It's different with me.."

"Different how?" His jaw tenses, his eyes burning into mine from anger.

He doesn't get it, George knows all about me, even if the entire Clear Waters pack doesn't, I believe him when he says he does care. That he would still give me a good life.

But is that what I want, a good life... most likely a boring life? Or, do I want to feel the full richness of being with another male? The passion and pain of love, which I think Knox is capable of doing... he has already hurt me, twice.

With a sigh I close my eyes, forcing my spiralling mind to calm down.

"You've got to give me something Red..." He pants out as I open my eyes to find him watching me.

"Just...leave it." I yell, my hands scrunching into tiny balls as I lift them up to by the side of my face. He doesn't know anything about me, doesn't know the fight I've had to get where I am within the pack, the fight I am having to start all over again now that my brother's are back.

He was already made, he was in his prime...maybe he is too old for me. Maybe the age gap is too much, that he wouldn't understand.

Just watching that brunette approach him tonight at the bar, I was more jealous of him talking to her than George threatening to hook up with her. What does that say about me...

"Just leave me alone..." I murmur out, trying to protect myself.

"Something about you won't let me." His words travel the length of the cloak room, silencing me instantly. Does he feel it too, this gravitational pull to one another. The inability to keep apart, even though I have tried to stay away from him, to not think of him.

But in not seeing him, it's only made me think of him more. Even at the bar before the commotion, his scent sent me into a euphoric state...my muscles trembling with desire.

He closes the distance between us with long heavy strides, a true predator. His hand reaches at my neck before his other lets his thumb run across my jaw line.

"You have blood on you."

"Well splitting a lip will do that." I chide out.

"I should have broken his nose for good measure as well. I wanted to do a lot more..." He looks away from me, rage returning back on to his face. I reach up, cupping his face and moving it back to face me.

His hands also move to now cup my face in his, tilting my face up to look at him tower over me. His dark brown broody eyes staring down at me. If I thought I held any power in this moment, I was wrong. He held all the power, and I'm starting to see this now.

"Why?" I ask out, my tongue running across my bottom lip in anticipation.

"You know why."

"I don't, tell me.."

"Not only should he not be talking to you like that, he shouldn't even be touching you like that." His eyes flash dark to that of his wolf. I've never had a male possessive over me, I've never sought it...never thought I would have it.

"Then who should be touching me...you?" I say with a challenging look.

"Is that what you want, for me to touch you Red?"

I pause, freeze under his question. Hell yes, that's what I want.

"You don't remember, but you've been to this club before."

"I thought it seemed familiar...how do you know?" He keeps his eyes trained on me.

Denied by Destiny: Trapped in the Shadows of the Mate Bond

"You've told me I was too young for you before, here...when I was 16...then at the cabin." My eyes drop down to the floor.

"That was you? Shit...I had no idea." His eyes widen I. Shock. At least he remembers me amongst his many of conquest I'm sure he's had. He's got an entire decade ahead of me in sleeping around. "You were my first kiss." I look back up at him through my eyelashes, the memory of him kissing me for the first time stirring.

A lifetime ago.

"Then I am right..." He starts but stops, leaving his sentence incomplete.

"What's that?" I press.

"...these lips do belong to me." He claims with a hunger in his voice before his lips crash into mine, my body igniting with a full charge of frenetic energy as my hands cling onto the back of his neck before moving through his hair and pulling at the ends. He groans from my actions before deepening the kiss even more, his tongue striding into my mouth and tasting every inch of me.

He pushes me against the closed door, my body pressed firmly as his hands roam across my body...snaking up my top to grasp at a breast.

I pull my lips apart from his, letting much needed air fill my lungs. His sultry eyes stare down at me as he pulls the material of my bra cup down, rolling my nipple between his thumb and forefinger... the motion sending butterflies down into my lower core.

I wanted him, I needed him.

Pulling my silk white cami top strap down he reveals my now bare breast, and I look down to see my nipple still within his thumb and finger.

He sinks down, bending his knees as his tongue runs a line from my neck down to my breast, his mouth taking my nipple with no hesitation.

My head rolls back as I moan out in pleasure from his touch, the memory of his fingers bringing me to climax in my cabin only a few days ago.

I brush aside the disappointment and warning of his rejection at the time, what if he repeats it...but like a drug, I needed more and he was fast becoming my new addiction. Those tingles only he seems to create dance poetically across my skin. His teeth gently bite down on my nipple before he pulls away, standing back up straight.

My eyes dart back to his in frustration from his abrupt pause, my hands still moving upon his until he takes a step away from me. He hurt more than I thought...that rejection again.

"We need to stop!" He pants out, his chest struggling to contain his lungs.

My heart pounds at his words, that unwanted feeling of rejection returning...taking me with it into a dark place. He seems to pick up on my body reacting to his words, of my arms reaching around my chest almost as a protective layer of armour. "Just for now, more security are here looking for us...looking for you in particular. Word must have gotten out that you are here."

"Oh, okay." I can feel the crease in my forehead, my eyebrows furrowing.

"Trust me, not that I want to stop." He takes a step back towards me, his hand stroking the side of my face before he places a kiss on my lips. As soon as his lips are off mine he pulls my cami strap back, taking it upon himself to readjust my bra. "But they are outside, about to kick this door in."

Who was outside...

I look at him with uncertainty before he moves me aside, unlocks the door and opens it to a group of security guards standing outside. By the look of things they were indeed about to knock the door through.

"Miss Josephina, are you alright?" One of them asks me, my eyes turning back to Knox. He must have heard them outside, something that I didn't. My eyes scan the group of them to locate Cleo and Maya standing to the back of them, looking unimpressed with their night being cut to an abrupt end.

Denied by Destiny: Trapped in the Shadows of the Mate Bond

- Josie ~

The club security offered us a ride back to the pack. I had planned to stay at Maya's for a few days but with Cleo now here I couldn't leave her with my brothers for entertainment.

Sitting in the back seat with the girls, my eyes keep finding Knox's in the rear-view mirror as he sits in the front directing the driver. I don't know how he has become accustomed to these dark narrow roads; he isn't from around here. Approaching the pack gates, we have to wait for access, not one of us have access to the pack link to inform the guards ahead that we were arriving. Which means they need to check, frustratingly, that I am in fact in the car. Knox winds down his window to speak with one of the guards, the guard's eyes falling upon me before nodding in acknowledgement.

"The alphas have their mind blocks up, as soon as..." The guard starts but is swiftly cut off by Knox.

"Surely you recognise the alpha's daughter?"

"Of course, but...." His voice trails off as a car approaches the gates from the inside...wanting access out. It was the middle of the night, who would be leaving the pack grounds now... Then I see it...a white car...my white VW beetle car.

I open the car door, standing up to see over the roof of the car.

Why was my car leaving?

As the gates open, I move to block the car from leaving, standing in the middle of the path. Knox also exiting the vehicle to get a better view of the driver.

Jace.

"Jace, what are you doing?" I call out to him, the brightness of my own car's lights shining into my eyes. I lift my hand to my eyes, trying to block out some of the harshness of the light. "I'm leaving..." I just make out his low rumble reply.

"Leaving?" Leaving for where, he had only just returned. His training was over, he now had to start preparing to take over the Clear Waters pack from Mum and Auntie Alora...he can't just leave. "I'll get the car back to you as soon as I can."

"Jace, get out of my car...now." I move to the driver's side, trying to reach for the car keys by the steering wheel. This was beyond funny now; I don't know what he was playing at but he certainly isn't taking my car with him. This was mine...he and Jaxon shared a car, why can't he use that one.

Reaching in, he knocks my hands out of the way, his eyes moving past me to the male now standing behind me.

"Take your own damn car." I yell out in anger as I move forward again to take my keys and cut the engine when I stop, finally taking in his dishevelled appearance.

Something was severely wrong.

His eyes move to the car behind me, Cleo and Maya both sitting in the back seat with their window now down. He runs his hands down his face, before shaking his head.

"Stay save Josie..." He pushes at my torso, pushing my body back out of the way of the car, pushing me straight into Knox's firm chest.

"Jace." I cry out as he floors the gas pedal, the car burning rubber as he zooms away. I start to chase after him but as the car speeds away into the night, I have no hope in catching up with him on foot. I needed another car.

"What was that about?" I ask out as my hands lift to hold my head in astonishment, this wasn't Jace. He didn't just run out...what the hell has happened.

"Drive." I order at the driver as I rush back into the security car, desperate to get back to the alpha house to find out where my brother has gone and how I can chase after him. Something was wrong, I could feel it through the triplet bond we share... thinking of it, he's been off all night, but my mind has been elsewhere with George and Knox.

He had been drinking shots at the bar with Knox, both starting the night in a foul mood...Knox's mood lifting after the cloak room.

I shake the images of our secret kiss away, my brother needs me and I've been too preoccupied.

The car pulls up outside of the alpha home, my parents both standing outside arguing with Jaxon, Uncle Orpheus and Auntie Rosa standing outside in their dressing gowns.

Denied by Destiny: Trapped in the Shadows of the Mate Bond

As we exit the vehicle, I move in...demanding to know what has happened.

"What has happened, where has Jace gone?"

"We don't know sweetheart, that's what we are trying to find out." Mum responds to me, her arms crossed as she looks at Jaxon expectantly.

"I told you; I don't know what is going on...he has told me shit." Jaxon growls out, his temper getting the better of him.

"Watch your tongue when speaking to your mother." Dad growls in warning, taking a step forward towards Jaxon, his aura tightening the night air around us. Making it that little bit more difficult to breathe effortlessly. "We've got to go after him, Jaxon get your car keys."

"He made it very clear he didn't want anyone to follow him." Jaxon's eyes look past me as Maya and Cleo exit the car. "Jaxon, I mean come on." I look at him expecting him to move. When his feet remain where he stands, I turn to Knox.

"We can take your bike; we can't just let him leave."

"No Josie, just leave it...he made his decision clear...he'll be back when he is ready."

"Can't you feel it, through the sibling bond. Something is seriously wrong. I've got to go after him."

"I said leave it." Jaxon roars at me, his anger completely misdirected, his aura rushing out on to me.

Like Dad, Jaxon is a powerful alpha, for the most part keeping his real strength hidden. But in this very moment I get a snippet into how potentially strong he truly is.

It takes my breath away, my mind stuck within an immobilised body. All control disappearing, as pain shoots throughout my body from fighting the call to submit.

"Drop it, now." Dad growls, as he speeds to my side, his hands holding on to me preparing for my legs to give way as soon as Jaxon lifts his command. Mum takes a step forward, her growl feral as her usually green eyes start to bleed out into blue...a sign her wolf is coming forward.

She raises her hand to touch Jaxon but stops when Dad places his own hand out, telling her to stop whatever she planned to do.

We are frozen as a family in a state of power struggle, not one of us prepared to pack down until Knox takes a step forward...his eyes watching me with concern.

"Jaxon, wolf...now!" Knox orders, stripping off his clothes before my very eyes. He moves towards the vast fields and woodlands that surround us, dropping his clothes as he moves.

Surprisingly, it's Knox that Jaxon listens to, his body turning as he also starts to remove his clothes before shifting into his black large wolf.

As soon as he shifts, he drops the command, my legs falling under me as my exhausted body fails me.

Dad lifts me up, holding me upright as he watches Jaxon's wolf howl to the moon before running into the shadows. Knox turns to look at me, my dad's grip on me tightening before the air shimmers around him and he shifts into a large brown wolf, more like a bear. He follows Jaxon into the darkness.

"Josie?" Auntie Rosa rushes up to me, clutching at my face, fear for my wellbeing written all over her face.

"I'm fine Auntie Rosa." I smile out softly to her, she's always struggled with male dominant behaviour over females.

"Let's give you all some privacy, shall we..." Uncle Orpheus wraps his arms around Rosa as he moves her towards him, placing her firmly by his side. His head whips to both Cleo and Maya to follow them back inside. "Dad? Mum? We need to go after him."

"Let's give Jace some space for now, after he has had a chance to cool down, he will return." They both move to be either side of me, wrapping their arms supportively around me, their heads resting against mine as we move as a trio towards the front door. As I walk into the dimly lit hallway of our house, I can't stop myself from thinking what the hell has happened that Jace needs to cool down from, what he needs space from. What would make him steal my car to make a fast exit.

Denied by Destiny: Trapped in the Shadows of the Mate Bond

- Knox ~

A handful of times Jaxon has let his anger get the better of him in my presence, I thought he was on top of it.

The alpha training programme teaches the future leaders to navigate around pack business, handle political influence from other packs and from even within, and most importantly improve their self stamina...prepare them to defend their title.

I noticed Jaxon's aura the moment he arrived, the most powerful to date that I have come across. Jace was also a strong alpha male, but Jaxon was different.

I've never seen his aura aimed at his own though, aimed at his family. A family member that didn't battle back with her own aura.

She will have it, she is the daughter of the most powerful alphas in existence today. So why didn't she use it, and why was Alpha Hector by her side, preparing to catch her.

My mind was spinning again with theories, of why I can't get a straight answer from pack members when I ask about Red. What were they hiding.

I follow his wolf, letting him bash against trees, break branches as if they were twigs, letting him chase after that never-reaching destination. He just keeps running and every time we run the length of the pack grounds towards a border, he turns and changes direction just as we reach each guard look out point.

After countless hours of running, he takes us to a clearing, his wolf slowing down...his stamina starting to show signs of finally letting up. I seize the opportunity.

"Remember your breathing techniques!" I order at him as soon as I shift, his wolf's response an aggressive snarl aimed in my direction. His wolf was in control, Jaxon having given over to that primal need.

"You need to let Jaxon take control back." I demand at his wolf, preparing to shift at any second. There's a reason you don't let your guard down in front of a beast like this.

Picking up speed he bounds towards me, his paw swipe at my face, my body moving quickly enough as I jump back into a shift, my wolf coming forward just in time.

We fight...I'm blocking and he is attacking. I don't want to harm him, his anger is misplaced. He's angry at his brother for leaving, not at me. I try to remember this with each painful slash across my torso.

Our wolves tumble into a large tree trunk, his landing on top of me...the wind being knocked out of my lungs.

He was unstoppable, I've known this for some time. I take each claw strike, each bite because I can...I'd rather take it than the anger be aimed at a certain red head.

He mauls my side flank, blood free-flowing out of me as I manage to detangle his sharp teeth from me...the removal of his teeth stinging more than the bite itself. My wolf's painful howl echoing through the woodlands.

My wolf stands back up on his four legs, preparing for the next attack when he sniffs the air....wolves are incoming. Led by a large black charcoal furred wolf, the aura unmissable...this was Hector's wolf.

The warrior wolves position themselves around their future alpha, closing him in. Hector shifts, his human form standing under the moonlit sky... monstrous anger clear in his tone.

"Stop this now. Your mother and I will be waiting in the office. This is unacceptable behaviour of the future alpha of this pack." Hector snarls before turning, the air shimmering around him as he shifts back.

The warriors remain, watching Jaxon's wolf with keen eyes. If he makes even the smallest of moves towards them I have no doubt they will lunge for him. He might be their future alpha, future ruler...but these are the notorious warriors of the Dark Phantom pack. Warriors that are still under Hector's command.

He shifts, panting out as I take in his injuries through the eyes of my wolf. I've managed to get plenty of blows into him, the best a large slash across his chest that was already healing.

He leans over slightly, his hands going to his knees as he takes in deep breathes. His eyes fall upon my wolf just as I shift back...my wolf conscious that the threat has now gone, that he can give me back control.

I shift, holding on to my side as blood continues to free flow out of me.

"Shit, Knox...I'm sorry." He takes a step towards me, remorse written all over his face. Jaxon was always remorseful afterwards...he just needed to get in control of the anger that makes him act out like this.

If I hadn't of stepped in, then who would have...Red? Jace isn't here now to do it...and I'll be damned if I let her wolf get mauled like I have just been.

In silence, we are marched back by the warriors to the alpha house, my bleeding starting to slow down as the core buildings of the pack come into view.

Denied by Destiny: Trapped in the Shadows of the Mate Bond

Entering the house, Hector is waiting for us in the hallway, I move to go upstairs when he requests that I also enter the office.

Both alpha's sit behind their desks, giving off that thick sense of power. Alpha Kaia's eyes land on her son, before looking at me. Her eyes widening as she sees the mess he has made of my ribbed area. "You need to go to the hospital." Kaia insists.

"It's nothing that I can't heal myself Alpha." This isn't the first time this has happened, unbeknown to them.

I am capable of fixing this myself, besides the less questions the better. They don't need the hospital staff asking questions, Jaxon's future leadership shrouded with uncertainty from pack members.

"Jaxon, what the hell were you thinking? This isn't what we expect from you as future alpha? Especially releasing your aura on Josie like that, what were you thinking?" Hector's stern voice exudes from him. The atmosphere in the room heavy, like dark clouds before a thunderstorm.

He wasn't thinking clearly, he never does when he gets that bad.

"I've got my pack's future alpha missing and now it seems you aren't ready to take on this pack. I don't know where we have gone wrong." Kaia's disappointment fills the office, her own aura only mixing into Hector's.

"You haven't gone wrong, I was just angry at Jace...I'm fine, I'll make it up to Josie." Jaxon's responds, his head hung in shame. I forget that he is only 19 sometimes.

"Our pack members look to you for complete faith, complete protection and tonight I find you attacking your own mentor." Hector growls out, his hands slamming down onto his desk.

"Knox, I really think you need to get some help, you are bleeding all over the carpet." Kaia states as she stands up from her desk and moves around me to leave through the door.

I presume to get something to help gather the blood dripping through my hands and onto her plush office carpet. The blood stains won't disappear, they'll need to replace the carpet completely.

"Now that your mother has left, I'm going to ask a question and I want a truthful answer to. Judging by your quick response Knox, that this isn't the first time this has happened.

Where you have lost control?" Hector might be talking in a low voice but I know this isn't because his own anger is calming, he's mindful of his mate still being in earshot.

"No Dad." Jaxon seethes out through gritted teeth, his jaw was tense. Self punishment kicking in.

"I see, then I have no choice but to delay my retirement."

"What? No, that's not fair."

"Not fair? Let me talk to you about fair! Is it fair that your sister felt the wrath of your anger, when you know very well she can't fight back. Think of the pain it caused her to not submit. I expect more from you Jaxon." "I'm..." Jaxon's hands run through his hair as he digests his father's words.

"Let me make this very clear to you son. You may be a powerful Alpha, you remind me of myself...but if anything like this happens again don't think I won't act accordingly." Unlike Jace, Jaxon is a male of few words...he'll use three words whereas Jace will take full advantage of ten to get across the same point.

"I understand."

The office door reopens, I'm expecting to find Kaia holding bandages and cloths but instead Josie steps in...her eyes still sleepy until they fall upon me.

"What happened." She is at my side immediately, pushing against the wound to try and stem the bleeding. Tingles dance upon my skin, skin that was numbing progressively.

"Knox is refusing to go to the hospital, can you help him from here?" Hector turns to his daughter yet his eyes remain upon me, watching me...as her finger tips prod at my wound.

She's creating a heavenly-hell mixed reaction...her scent, mixed with her touch, wanting me to groan out in pleasure. Yet, the prodding of her touch at my open wound wanting me to scream out in pain.

"No, he needs to go to the hospital, especially after the backlash Doctor Abel and I received from not sending the warriors to the emergency room." She quirks an eyebrow at her father before her eyes settle upon me. Her hands moving to my forehead I think to check my body temperature. It takes all my strength not to roll my head back.

"I will handle the doctors, but I really don't want word to get out of this. Can you treat him from home Josie?"

"Yes, I just need some supplies. But..."

"But what, can you do this?" Hector looks at her with a hard stare, her eyes look up at me... my focus starting to wane from the blood loss. "Yes, I can do this."

Denied by Destiny: Trapped in the Shadows of the Mate Bond

- Josie -

Good cop, bad cop.

It's always been that way with Jaxon and Jace growing up. We may be triplets, but for the most part they are known as the twins...because they are identical.

I look so different from them that in passing, you wouldn't really think we were related. They are identical in the face and their build, but Jaxon has a darker look about him, whereas Jace has always had the sun's glow on his side. Jace the summer to Jaxon's winter. For most of our youth, I seemed to be the only one that could tell them apart, even our parents struggling when they decided to play switch up for the day.

They took it in turns, the whole bad cop, good cop routine...on the pack...and on me. When it was a day both were on bad cop form, well it didn't rain...it poured. Mostly their flying fists.

Then there was a shift, a change. They both organically maintained their roles, Jace the good cop, Jaxon the bad cop. Jaxon the eldest, the fiercest of them both taking on that responsibility as the eldest.

But I've never seen him like this. Never has he turned his aura on me like that...or attacked a friend to the brink of death.

Yes, death usually follows an injury this severe... the sheer loss of blood alone resulting in the internal organs starting to shut down. Even for werewolves. But Knox still breathes, his heart stills beats. His strength is remarkable...he almost has the healing ability of an... alpha bloodline.

His eyes remained on me as I dressed his wound, his hands gripping onto my hips as I straddled him to control his body from moving, from destroying my progress. It's the hardest I've had to work in a long time, keeping my own mind in control from his touch...from his closeness.

The bleeding has completely stopped now and his body is in recovery as he sleeps. That was the easy part. Now his wolf needs to fight a potential infection.

I don't leave his side, I watch his chest for hours for the sign of difficulty in breathing.

My eyes trained on his rising bare chest for a change so that I can act upon it quickly. Each muscle tensing to help him inhale as much air as possible.

As the rest of the house sleeps, I remain awake, undoing the damage my brother has done. Both my brothers have done.

Jace has never not been by Jaxon's side, his callous decision to leave has played a key part in Jaxon losing control. So, I blame Jace just as much.

I watch the moon throughout the night, sitting by the window...my eyes darting back and forth. I even pray to the moon for his recovery, pray to moon goddess to bless him, even though she had forgotten me.

As the sun starts to rise, Knox starts to stir, pain setting in as my herbal ointment's power starts to weaken. I'll need to redress the wound.

I'm unable to hide the relief that erupts upon my face as his eyes focus on the room, as he slowly grips at his side before sitting up.

Moving off the windowsill I move back to the bed, sitting on the edge and reaching over to touch his forehead. Checking his temperature the only reason, I let myself believe.

"You've been up all night?" His hand grips mine and lowers it, as he scans the room for others.

"Someone had to watch you, to make sure you didn't break out into a fever. You wouldn't go to the hospital after all." I quirk an eyebrow at him before reaching to the side table for a pair of scissors.

"It wasn't worth the issues it would cause within the pack...trust me." Wasn't worth... his words make me stop in my tracks before I snip at the tape keeping the bandages tight.

"You shouldn't have got involved." I start peeling away at the dressing, gently pulling it off to check the wound. Guilt washes over me as his body flinches from my actions.

"It worked didn't it?" His charming smirks hides the grimace upon his face. A flash of irritation at his reckless behaviour causing me to not be as gentle as I had been throughout the night.