

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 14

Kira's p.ov

I left Claire to go change for dinner and made my way to Killian's bedroom where I'm sure he was busy sulking.

I knocked on his bedroom door a few times and finally decided to let myself in when he didn't answer. And there my brother

was, the big bad Blood Moon Alpha, sitting on his bed brooding over a hundred and ten pound girl.

"Was me not answering not a good enough reason for you to go the f**k away?" My brother snarled, which would scare most

people, but he didn't fool me.

"Look, me and Travis are taking Claire to dinner with us." | rolled my eyes at him. As big and scary as he looked, he sure acted

like a kid sometimes.

"I didn't make this pack the strongest in the world by being nice." My brother snapped, sarcasm shining through in his voice.

Well hes showing one emotion at least, that seems to be a start.

"She isn't just anyone though, she is your mate." | sighed, knowing this conversation was going nowhere.

"Look, I'm gonna take her to dinner. I'm gonna talk to her and maybe she will forgive you for being such an a*s, but you need

to meet me halfway here." | crossed my arms. My brother was seriously beginning to frustrate me. | know my brother is smart,

but sometimes he has no idea how to use his brain. "You'll do no such thing." He snapped, standing up from his bed as he glowered at me. My annoyance with him continued to

reach new heights.

"Oh | am. She already hates you for locking her up for three days, which was a d**k move if | do say so myself. Taking her to

dinner will give me a chance to try and fix your mistakes.” | huffed at him, placing my hand on my hip as | glared back at my

brother.

Sure, Killian had more issues than | did, but that doesn't mean our monstrous parents didn't s*w me up too. That didn't

matter though, | wasn't the one in charge of an entire pack.

“She needs to learn some respect.” Killian spat, sounding just like our disgusting father did.

“She's a seventeen year old girl who was taken from her home by an a*****e of a guy who is supposed to be her loving mate.

Did you ever think maybe if you were nice to her she may actually like you?” | exclaimed, trying to get my point through his

thick skull | knew he wouldn't listen to what | was saying at the moment, but he still needed to hear it. Maybe someday he'd

realize | knew exactly what | was talking about.

Things weren't always peaches and cream when | had first met Travis. But that was it's own long story. My goal at the moment

was to try and make sure my brother's story had a happy ending. “And if she tries to escape again? | should come with you.” He snapped again, his eyebrows mashing together in a scowl.

“No, you're going to stay here and wait for us to get back. And she won't escape. Travis and | will be with her, we won't let her

out of our sight at all.” | reassured him, and by the look on his face | could tell he was warming up to the idea.

“I still don't think this is a good idea.” Killian grumbled, his voice not nearly as frustrated as it once was.

“Look, she hasn't eaten in three days and she needs to get out of the house for a little bit. It'll make her feel better.” | pouted,

knowing he wouldn't be able to resist my plea and the chance at making his mate happy. Regardless of how my brother acted,

I knew he had always wanted a mate.

“Fine. Don’t leave her side, even for a second. And don’t take her anywhere else, just dinner and come back here.” Killian

replied, his voice giving no room for negotiation.

“Thanks bro.” I smirked at him, and being the awesome little sister I am, I had to irritate him as I made my exit.

“Oh and by the way, I see why she was paired with you. Who knew a little girl could make you so angry.” I taunted as I ran from

his bedroom.

The last thing I saw as I made my retreat was Killian’s face contort in anger and his mouth open to yell who knows what. “Claire’s POV”

As I picked out what to wear, I couldn’t help but feel relieved at an opportunity to leave the house. My stomach was grumbling

horribly and I was just about ready to eat anything.

I decided on something I wouldn’t normally wear. A short black dress that came mid thigh, along with a pair of simple black

flats. While I wasn’t against wearing skirts and such, I wasn’t used to dressing up. The only times I would ever dress up was for

the Moon Ball, and now I’d never be attending one of those again.

H#, I’d go to a million more Moon Balls if it meant Alpha Killian wasn’t my mate.

After taking a shower, drying my hair, and applying some light make up, I finally slipped on my dress and flats. I felt so much

better after showering, it almost erased the fact that I was locked in a damn basement for three whole days.

I slung my black matching purse over my shoulder and stuffed my phone inside. I padded down the stairs quietly and waited in

the living room for Kira to show up.

“You look great!” Kira stated as she made her way down the stairs. I couldn’t help but feel self conscious standing near Alpha

Killian's sister. | definitely felt more comfortable around her than Alpha Killian, but her sheer beauty was intimidating.

"Thanks, and so do you." | gave her a small smile, gesturing to the red dress she was wearing. "Travis is outside waiting for us!" She beamed happily as she stuffed her phone back in her purse.

I followed Kira outside and into a light colored sedan that was pulled up to the side of the house. | looked away as Kira and

Travis kissed and looked at each other as if they were the only people in the world who mattered. The display of affection only

brought my mind back to my jerk of a mate,

"Hi Claire!" Travis gave me a smile through the rear view mirror as he pulled away from the house and toward wherever we.

'were going for dinner.

"Hi" | chimed in, feeling slightly uncomfortable but definitely grateful for an afternoon free of hot headed Alpha's.

We pulled into the parking lot of a fancy looking restaurant and headed inside.

"Reservation for Desmond. Were adding another person if that isn't an issue." Kira smiled brightly at the young employee and |

couldn't help but notice Travis's arm tighten around her waist.

"N-No, not a problem at all for the Desmond's. Give the Alpha my best." The guy stuttered as he ushered us into the dining

room area. | wonder if everyone acted that way with Alpha Killian's family.

We each took a seat around a giant circular table. | found myself playing with the napkin as Kira asked me questions. "So what do you think of the pack so far?" She smiled up at me, obviously proud of her home.

"Um, | really haven't seen anything other than the inside of the house... and the basement." | added sarcastically.

"He didn't even bother showing you around? How typical." Kira huffed and rolled her eyes. Travis placed his hand on her

shoulder and gave her an intimate smile. | couldn't help but feel as though | were intruding on what was supposed to be a

romantic dinner.

"I'm sorry if | butted in on your guy's dinner. | could've just stayed back at the house. I'm just thankful for you getting me out

of that h**l hole." | frowned at the two of them, really just wanting to retreat under the covers of the fluffy white bed in my

room. My stomach continued to rumble but at the moment | didn't really care. | was feeling depressed and alone at the

moment and just wanted to sleep.

Sierra had gone silent awhile ago, most likely from the lack of food and water, and the stress on my mind and body. For the

second time in my lie, | felt more alone than ever. "Nonsense, you needed a night out after what my d**++d of a brother did." Kira grumbled, taking a sip of the water that was

placed on the table.

"Are you all ready to order?" A perky blonde woman asked with a huge smile, and | had realized that i hadn't even looked over

the fancy menu.

"We'll take our usual, along with three bottles of your best red." Kira smiled back at the woman as though she knew her.

"Are you ready, hon?" The perky blonde woman asked, her chocolate gaze turning to me. "Um, I'll just take whatever she's having." | gave her a small smile and gestured to Kira.

"Alright, your food will be out momentarily. Did you want the wine now or with your food?" The woman, who | now realized 1

was named Rachel, asked.

"We'll take it now, thank you. Oh and put it on ice please." Kira smiled back at Rachel. | wondered how often they came to this

exact restaurant. §

As if she read my mind, Kira answered my unspoken question.

“We actually came here on our first date, so we tend to come here quite often. Doesn’t hurt that the food is amazing.” Kira i

laughed, looking so much like Alpha Killian that it hurt. | wondered what a full smile would look like on his face. | couldn’t even

imagine him genuinely smiling, he probably just had that emotionless mask on his face all of the time. 1

“Yknow, Killian wasn’t always the way he is. Maybe someday he’ll tell you about it.” Kira smiled softly at me and | resisted the

urge to tell her exactly how | felt. | didn’t want to know what caused him to be so heartless, | didn’t want any form of 1

attachment to him.

“Maybe... | trailed off, forcing myself to give her a small smile in return.

After a few moments Rachel brought out the three bottles of wine and set them in the middle of the table. | watched her with

interest as she poured the red liquid into each of our glasses. I’d never had alcohol before, that was one thing my mother would never allow.

It was unladylike to drink alcohol, especially in front of other people. | watched Kira cautiously as she began to down her glass

of wine.

I knew it took a lot of alcohol for werewolves to feel any effects, so | wondered why she even drank any to begin with. | wasn’t

sure that three bottles would give her anything more than a small buzz. 1

Timidly, | lifted the glass to my lips and took a few sips. | could easily taste the grape flavor, but beneath that were sweeter

fruity notes along with a strong and slightly bitter earthy taste. | found myself downing the cup as fast as she had, and refilling

it even faster.

I took notice at how the wine made me feel warm and eased the knot that had been forming in my stomach ever since Alpha

Killian had threatened me. I had hardly noticed when our food finally arrived, as we were already on the second bottle. The more fuzzy my mind felt, the

more | opened up and talked to Kira and Travis. After awhile | could see what a good little sister Kira was. She was just trying to

look out for her brother in the only way she knew how. §

I picked at my food without really paying attention to what | was eating. My mind felt kind of floaty and the only thing | could §

actually taste was the wine. After a handful of glasses, | couldn't even taste the alcohol anymore. All | could taste was grapes. "I think you should give Killian another chance. | know he screwed up, but you don't know how badly he's wanted a mate.

That's all he'd ever talk about as a kid. How pretty she'd be, how shed be the most amazing girl he ever met." Kira spoke to

me, and it took me a second to process what she was saying. Did Alpha Killian really think that way about me?

"I don't think he likes me." | blurted out to Kira, my words slurring together.

"What, why would you say that?" Kira frowned, glancing at Travis and back to me.

"Well'p he basically said he just wants to use me as a d**n baby incubator." | scowled. Part of my mind wanted to drift to the

specific memory that always haunted me, but the wine made the memory blurry and just out of reach. | would be eternally

grateful for that fact.

"He said what?!" Kira snapped, causing a few people to jump and look our way.

"Shhhh." | drunkenly hushed her, taking another gulp of my fuzzy grape juice.

"Um, Claire?" Kira asked, her tone sounding somewhat suspicious. | noticed her eyebrow was raised, and | tried to copy her

expression, wondering if | could get my eyebrow as high as hers.

“Claire?” Kira asked again, pursing her lips as she locked eyes with an equally confused Travis.

“Huh?” | replied, frowning in defeat. There was no way my eyebrow could go that high. “Have you ever had alcohol before?” Kira asked slowly, her voice trailing off at the end.

“Uh no, my mom wouldn’t let me have any. Alcohol isn’t lady like.” | replied, trying to sound stern as | stuck my pinky out and

took another gulp.

“Well, 5+*, Killian’s definitely not gonna be happy,” Kira groaned, but a small smile played on her lips.

“Mmm. He’s always so grumpy.” | groaned, causing Kira to cover a giggle by coughing.

“You know he’s gonna chew your head off.” Travis muttered, looking between Kira and my obvious drunken state.

looked on at Travis in absolute h**+*r, “He bites peoples heads off too?” | choked out, my voice getting higher with each

word.

This time Kira did laugh.

“Claire he doesn’t mean literally.” Kira cackled, obviously not concerned about her head eating brother.

“She needs to drink some water.” Travis stated, cutting off Kira’s laughing fit.

“Doesn’t the fuzzy grape juice have water in it?” | looked at him, raising my eyebrow as | took another gulp.

“It does but you need actual water.” Travis sighed, looking at Kira for help.

“Fuzzy..Grape Juice...” Kira howled, falling into another fit of laughter as | looked on at her silently.

Kira was nice enough to let me finish the rest of the juice in my glass before we left. | tried to stand up from the table, but |

think my legs were asleep, so | nearly toppled over. It was Kira who wrapped her arm around my waist and led me to the

sedan.

"I'm back b*++s." A familiar voice in my head spoke and | felt myself fill with joy.

"Friend!" | cried out in my head, missing Sierra dearly.

"Girl, two days without me and you're shitfaced." Sierra sighed, retreating to the back of my mind.

I didn't quite remember the drive back to the house but for some reason | really wanted to see Alpha Killian. Any other time |

would deny this, but | kinda missed my moody mate.