

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 15

We pulled into the driveway and I stumbled through the front door of the house, refusing Kira's help.

"I got this, I got this." I slurred, my finger pointed at her chest. She raised her hands in defeat and tried to stifle her smile.

As we walked through the door I frowned when I didn't see Alpha Killian in sight.

"We're hooome!" I sang drunkenly, placing my hand against the wall to steady myself.

I smiled to myself as I heard Alpha Killian's heavy footsteps coming down the stairs.

Alpha Killian's p.o.v

I spent an hour or so dealing with the fresh batch of rogues my Beta had brought in for questioning.

For a month now there have been attacks on people in my pack by a large group of rogues, and the people in my pack looked to me to make sure these attacks were stopped.

After spending the better half of an hour torturing a couple rogues, only to get a single f****g name, I headed back to the pack house.

The entire time Claire was away from me, Titan did nothing but whine and howl. My head was pounding at his incessant pining for our little mate. This was his way of punishing me for locking Claire away for three days, that and he hasn't spoken to me since.

I would've appreciated the silence, but Titan knew that. So every waking moment he spent howling for Claire.

While Claire was locked away the emotions I kept hidden were eating me alive. I found myself looking for excuses to go into the basement just to be near her and to smell her sweet vanilla and honey scent. Each time I went down into the basement and looked into her crystal eyes, I had to fight the urge to pull her from the cell and drag her up to my bedroom. Fighting Titan was hard enough, but fighting myself felt almost impossible.

Each time I went down and visited Claire, she hurled a new insult at me, her big blue eyes burning with anger. The sound of her voice alone sent sparks shooting down my spine. Everytime I looked into her eyes I had to fight the urge to beg for her forgiveness and give her whatever she wanted.

And again, each time I left I would rebuild my walls and tell myself that this little girl would not be my downfall. I felt as though the two sides of me were constantly at war since I had met her. The side of me molded by my cruel father had long ruled the pack with ease, but my little mate was threatening to bring out an entirely new side of myself. Aside I wasn't sure if I wanted to meet.

I was in the bedroom when I heard the front door swing open and a small voice call out into the living room.

"We're hooome!" The little voice called out, and Titan's ears perked up as he heard the voice of his mate. She sounded happy.

I had to resist Titan's insane urge to bound down the stairs and take our mate into our arms.

I made my way to the living room where Claire, Kira and Travis came into view. As my eyes roamed my little mate's face, I could instantly see something was wrong.

"We're back!" Claire squealed, and I wanted as she stumbled her way over to me and wrapped her arms around my waist.

I felt myself freeze as my little mate hugged me for the first time, the sparks shooting up and down my spine as Titan howled pleasantly. For the first time in my life, butterflies swarmed in my stomach as I felt my mate's little arms wrap around my waist.

"Mate!" Titan yelled in joy.

"So, now you decide to speak." I grumbled at him, still having a headache from his three day long protest.

"Shut up, I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to mate." Titan growled at me, causing me to mentally roll my eyes.

My eyes went from Claire, who happened to still be hugging me, to a wide eyed Kira.

It was then that I smelled the alcohol rolling off of my little mate.

"Claire..." I let her name fall from my lips as she stopped hugging me and looked up into my eyes.

I felt my heart stopped as her crystal eyes met my own and for once her expression wasn't angry. Her pink lips were pulled into a small smile as she looked up at me, her face still flushed.

"Your eyes are like silver." She slurred, tilting her head as she looked at me. I felt somewhat shocked at the compliment. I wasn't exactly used to receiving them.

"Claire?" I asked again, trying to pull her attention from my eyes.

"Hm?" Her eyes wandering over my body, her attention was obviously elsewhere. It was then I could smell the sweet flavored alcohol rolling off her lips. Anger rushed through me, not at Claire, but at my sister.

"Claire, are you drunk?" I raised my eyebrow at her, taking her little face in one of my hands as I leaned in and smelled her breath. I could definitely smell the grapes that rolled off her tongue tainted by the smell of alcohol.

Her blue eyes grew wide as she took in how close I was to her face, and her cheeks burned as the blood rushed to them. I could feel my eyes darken as she licked her chapped lips, definitely a habit of hers.

"You're squishing me." She pouted, using her little hands to try and pry herself away from me. I couldn't feel any force behind her touch, and I honestly wondered why she wasn't as strong as other she wolves.

Finally I let go of her face, instantly missing the feel of her smooth skin under my fingertips. I watched her silently as she staggered over to the couch and plopped on one of the seats. With anger blazing in my eyes I turned to Kira.

"She's drunk." I stated the obvious, letting anger flood through my tone. Travis looked away from me and showed his neck in submission, he knew well enough to not interfere.

"Hey, I had no idea she never had alcohol before!" Kira snapped, running her fingers through her hair.

"You still thought it a good idea to let her have alcohol?" I snapped back at her, regretting letting Claire spend the afternoon with my sister.

"Killian, she had wine. It wasn't like she was throwing back shots left and right. What wolf gets drunk from two bottles of wine?" She exclaimed, throwing her hands up as if that would get her point across.

"You see how small she is. Is it any wonder she got drunk?" I rolled my eyes at her.

A giggle snapped me and Kira out of our argument. I listened intently to the beautiful sound, realizing that I had never heard Claire laugh before. Deep down, I wanted to hear it again. I wanted to be the one who made her laugh, sigh, and smile.

We all turned our heads to where Claire sat on the sofa and I felt my eyes widen as Claire was sitting on the sofa taking drinks from a wine bottle.

“You let her take the bottle home?” I asked Kira, pinching the bridge of my nose as my headache increased.

Kira looked shell shocked, “Um, no I didn’t. She didn’t have anything on her when we left.” Even Travis looked on at Claire in surprise.

We all turned back to Claire who was watching us all intently as she drank from the bottle of wine. It was then that I noticed what she was wearing. A little black dress that was slowly riding up her t**h as she sat on the couch. I could feel Titan press to come forward, his urges making themselves known.

“Claire?” Kira frowned, speaking a little louder than usual.

“Kira?” Claire smiled at Kira inbetween sips, stopping a few times to let a little hiccup out.

“Where did you get the bottle of wine?” Kira frowned, placing her hands on her hips as though she was about to scold a child.

I watched Claire with hidden awe. The only sides I’ve seen of Claire were silent and angry. I wondered if she was usually this cheerful.

I watched her almost with anticipation. Her blue eyes widened and she leaned in as if she were going to tell us a secret.

“Shhh, I sneaked it. Don’t tell anyone.” Claire whispered, her blue eyes darting back and forth as if someone were about to walk in.

I resisted the urge to laugh at Claire’s face, the feeling strange and foreign. I wondered when was the last time I actually laughed. Kira let out a cackle at her response, but cut it short when she saw the look on my face.

“She must’ve snuck it from the restaurant. Don’t look at me like that, I helped her into the sedan and she didn’t have anything on her.” Kira shrugged, but didn’t bother trying to hide her smile.

“It’s not her fault, Killian. Don’t eat her head.” Claire pouted. I couldn’t help the rush of ecstasy that ran through me as I heard Claire speak my name. This was the first time she hasn’t called me ‘Alpha Killian’, just ‘Killian’. I loved the way my name sounded

falling from her lips, and wondered what it would sound like when she screamed my name in pleasure.

My eyes widened as I took in what Claire had said.

“Eat her head?” I asked, glaring at Kira as I waited for an explanation. Once Kira finally stopped cackling like some kind of disheveled wench, she caught her breath enough to speak.

“Travis said you were gonna chew my head off for letting her get drunk, she’s the one who took it literally.” Kira manage to force the words out as she continued laughing.

I found myself looking at my little mate incredulously, wondering if she actually thought I’d eat someones head.

Grabbing Travis’s arm and bounding up the stairs before I could say another word Kira called out, “She’s all yours bro!”

Resisting a frustrated growl at my irresponsible sibling, I turned my attention back to Claire. She was looking at me with that little smile on her pink lips as she drank from the bottle of wine.

When she caught me looking back at her she patted the seat beside her, “Sit with me!” She called out.

Physically unable to resist, I sat down beside her and let my eyes wander over her face. For once the worry that plagued her light eyes was gone, but I knew that was only because of the alcohol.

“Want some fuzzy grape juice?” She smiled at me proudly, stunning me for a moment. The way her eyes sparkled when she smiled would be stuck in my mind forever.

“Claire, that’s wine.” I raised my eyebrow at her. I hadn’t expected my mate to be so strange, Cute, stunning, beautiful, but not strange. Claire was full of surprises.

“Mm, no I’m pretty sure that’s not what it is.” She slurred, frowning at me as she took another drink.

I reached out for the bottle of wine and set it on the table, far from her reach.

“No, I need that.” She frowned, her pink bottom lip sticking out ever so slightly as she looked at me with big eyes.

“Tell me why you need it.” I found myself asking. Her vanilla and honey scent swirled around me and I let myself enjoy the smell. Deep down, I was enjoying being this close to her, whether she was sober or not.

She frowned and shook her head 'no' at me as she grumbled something I couldn't make out. I grabbed her wrist gently as she tried to stand from the couch. The pleasurable sparks crawled up my arm and I found myself wanting to pull her close.

"If you tell me why you need it, I'll give it back to you." I promised, feeling relief as she sat back down on the couch.

I watched as her dark hair shifted over her shoulder enticingly and she whispered to me, as if it were a secret she didn't want anyone overhearing.

"It keeps the bad memory away." She whispered, her fruity breath washing over my face. Titan wanted nothing more than to close the distance between I and our little mate, to taste the wine that lingered on her lips ourselves, but I resisted.

The thought of taking advantage of our little drunk mate invoked a bunch of unpleasant emotions within me. She was too innocent and fragile to simply take what we wanted while she was incapacitated. I doubted she would even remember what happened in the morning.

"The bad memories?" I questioned, feeling intrigued. Maybe there was much more to our little mate. A whole world of secrets behind those crystal eyes. I already found out for myself that she could resist an Alpha command, something no one else could do.

"Memory. Just one." She slurred, clarifying for me. I let my mind drift and wondered what bad memory she could possibly have. Who or what could've hurt something so innocent. I felt guilt swell inside of me as I remembered the threat I had given her when she first arrived here. As always, I kept my emotions under control, tightly bound so they wouldn't show.

"Will you tell me what the memory was?" I found myself asking involuntarily, the thought of someone hurting her picking at the back of my brain. I handed the bottle of wine back to her and she smiled happily as she took another drink.

"Maybe someday. It's my turn to ask you a question." She slurred, taking her little finger and poking me in the chest. I felt Titan rumble happily at our mates touch.

"Ask away." I nodded, still allowing my eyes to roam her angelic face.

"Why are you always grumpy." She frowned at me, tilting her head to the side. I watched as the movement caused her long chocolate hair to fall behind her back, giving me a clear view of the creamy skin on her shoulder. Titan whimpered at the sight, wanting to feel her soft skin beneath our teeth as we finally marked her.

I felt my eyes widen in surprise, letting the emotion only slightly show on my face.

"I'm not grumpy." I frowned, my eyes widening as my little mate broke out into a fit of giggles. I watched her face in stunned silence as her little giggles emerged from her lips.

"Are too," She drunkenly giggled, contorting her face into a bad attempt at a glare, "You're all like grrrr. I'm Killian and I'm grumpy."

I raised my eyebrow at her horrible attempt at mocking me. This little thing didn't have a cruel bone in her body.

Claire let out a big yawn and rubbed at her eyes, signaling that it was definitely time for bed. "Come on, lets get you to bed."

I nodded at her sleepy face, standing up from the couch.

"Carry me?" She pouted, standing from the couch but nearly falling over in the process.

I let a smirk form on my mouth as I placed my hands on her hips and lifted her, letting her wrap her legs and arms around me. As much as I had anticipated the sparks, nothing could fully prepare me for the emotions they invoked. The sparks slammed into me full force, and probably would've caused me to stumble if I wasn't holding onto the railing of the stairs.

I carried a silent Claire to her bedroom and placed her gently on the bed. I pulled the covers back for her and pulled them up to her chin. Then I slipped the tiny flats she was wearing off of her feet and tossed them across the room. Yet again, Claire caught me by surprise as she slipped her dress off under the covers and tossed it on the floor. Titan practically clawed at the walls of my mind to get a glimpse of our beautiful mate.

"Stay." She pouted, completely catching me off guard. Her blue eyes were wide, and I swore I could see fear lingering in them. I knew my eyes were black at this point, as she was tempting Titan in ways he had never felt before.

"The nightmares won't let me sleep." She frowned, her voice almost a whisper. Titan happened to be ecstatic, I on the other hand would be fighting my temptation for most of the night.

"Fine, but you need to change. I won't be able to control myself if you're not wearing anything." I grunted, slipping off my t-shirt and handing it to her to throw on. I could've easily found something she owned, but I wanted my scent on her.

"Okay." She giggled, sitting up. I turned around just in time, as she wasn't in the right state of mind to care what I saw.

"I'm covered." Her tiny voice rang out, and I turned around. I then decided that I had never seen any woman as s**y as Claire had looked right now. Her long hair was

slightly messy and she wore nothing but my black t-shirt, her long legs resting on the bed. Looking at my little mate, I couldn't remember the names or faces of any of the women I had ever been with. Now that I had Claire, none of them meant anything to me. No other woman could invoke the feelings Claire has within me.

Keeping my eyes locked on her own, I slipped my shoes off and climbed into bed next to her.

"You better not flip out on me when you wake up." I raised my eyebrow at her.

"I wont." She nodded with a smile.

I fell back on the pillow and felt myself stiffen as Claire turned and curled up into my side. She draped one of her legs over mine and nuzzled her head into my chest breathing deeply. It seems my scent affected her as much as her's affected me. The thought made me and Titan feel smug.

Feeling the best I have in a long time, I listened to my mate's tiny breaths until sleep finally claimed me.

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"Clair's POV"

From the second my eyes opened my head began to split. | didn't dare open my eyes, the last thing | needed was the sun

enhancing my miserable headache.

et my mind wander, rying to place last nights events. While my memory was unusualy foggy. | 6id remember being invited

to dinner with Kira and Travis. Step by step, | tred to go through the events thatled me to where | was now. | could easily

remembersitting at the round table with Kira and Travis astrange fruity liquid sioshing in a glass a5 | brought it to my lips.

Everything ater that became incredibly fuzzy. My spitting headache made it harder to think, shrouding my memories e 3

biury picture.

I found myself remembering lashes of different faces, and for some reason Alpha Killan's was brought into the mix. His

expression wasn't what I remembered, his features looked soft somehow. His silver eyes glinted in amusement as his

pulled into a small smirk

I rolled off of the bed and stumbled into the bathroom, cringing away as I flicked on the light. My mother's voice played in my

head, warning me about drinking alcohol, if only I had listened. Maybe, if I had paid more attention as I stood from the bed, I

would've realized I wasn't alone. While I was grateful for the lack of nightmares, the "killer" headache was definitely a negative. I stripped off the black t-shirt I

must've thrown on last night, my senses too battered to realize how strongly it smelled of Alpha Killan. I stepped into the

scalding water, letting out a sigh as it ran down my spine, soothing my muscles. While it did absolutely nothing for my

headache, my body felt much better.

I wrapped a fluffy towel around my chest and walked back into the bedroom. Finally my brain registered the giant human.

shaped lump under the covers of my bed. And like any completely rational person, I clutched the fluffy towel around my body

and opened my mouth to let loose my best girly scream.

Whoever was sleeping in my bed shot up at the sound of my high pitched wail and looked around frantically. I felt my jaw

slack open as my brain registered the familiar dark hair and silver eyes.

"What the hell is wrong?" Alpha Killan barked, shooting up from the bed in a crouch as though he were searching for a threat.

"W-What are you doing in here?" I sputtered, my startled gaze locked on his messy bed head. I felt my cheeks flush red as I

took in his shirtless torso. He looked so much better than the perverted images Rhea enjoyed putting in my head.

The tattoos that ran up his arms flowed onto his chiseled chest in what looked like a tribal pattern. His dark hair that was

shaved short on the sides and long on the top sat on his head in a messy yet incredibly attractive style. For being started out

of bed he looked good. Well better than good. He looked like a d**n g°d. As he registered my startled words, he straightened up from his defensive crouch and looked at me with a single eyebrow

raised, The sunlight streaming through the c*****s caught his hair and made it look like the feathers of a raven, his skin was

creamy and flawless.

"You asked me to stay." He spoke slowly, each word rolling off his tongue, I could see the slight amusement in his silver eyes,

which quickly darkened at the sight of the short towel that was wrapped around my body. The towel came just below my butt

and luckily covered the important bits but my legs were on full display.

Before I could open my mouth to deny ever having told him to stay, a familiar voice rang through my head.

"Mhm, it's true. You did ask him. That'll teach you not to get shitfaced." Serra taunted me. "You didn't want to stay anything when I woke up?" I snapped at her, my head pounding at the same rhythm as my frantic I

Part I

I wanted to see how you'd react. Did you think you'd scream out your mate awake though Sierra cackled in my head, replaying I

the scene of me screaming as though it were the funniest thing she's ever seen. §

I

"Gee thanks for that" I snapped at her, shaking the scene from my mind. I

I

"You could've said no. I was drunk after it. I frowned at him, trying to keep my eyes on anything other than his glorious body.

I tightened the towel around my body as his eyes traced over my bare skin. My cheeks continued to flush in embarrassment, I

but I felt my skin warm under his dark gaze. 3

"I wanted to say." He spoke so quietly, I wondered if he had heard him right. My eyes shot over to his face to see his eyes locked I

on my own. §

Resisting the overwhelming urge to approach him and run my fingers over his creamy skin, I said the first thing that came to 1

mind. I

"Why does my head hurt? I grimaced, pinching the bridge of my nose as though my headache would magically go away. 1

I

I

"You have a hangover, idiotic mate." His lips pulled up in a smirk. 1

He began to walk towards me and as my body stiffened, my heart rate skyrocketed in anticipation. Much to my wife's dismay, I

he stopped a few feet in front of me and reached out with his hand over I

Rhea was practically jumping with joy at the possibilities, while I watched his hand reluctantly. With his eyes on my shoulders, 3

he felt it before he felt it of it that he tucked it over my neck. 1 As the sparks ran along my neck, settling in the extremely sensitive area where his mark should be, I could feel my legs

threaten to buckle.

As if he could feel my reaction to his light touch, his smirk deepened and he pulled his hand away from me. Even resisting the

mate bond, I felt disappointed at the loss of his touch.

“Get dressed and meet me in the kitchen, I’ll make you something that should help your hangover” He said almost gently,

looking down at me.

Not trusting my voice at the moment, I simply nodded and let my eyes glue themselves to his chiseled back as he left my

bedroom.

Taking a few steadying breaths, I managed to force myself from the spot I was standing in and searched for some clothes.

After sipping on some comfortable leggings and a simple sweatshirt, I made my way to the kitchen. I felt my eyebrows raise as

I watched Alpha Killan flipping what looked to be an omelet.

“You can cook?” I found myself speaking the words before I even thought them through. Clamping my mouth shut hastily, I

tried to remind myself what happened the last time I pissed him off.

“Surprised?” He turned his head slightly and smirked at my stunned face.

“Actually, yeah I murmured, watching him cut an avocado.

“Can’t you cook?” His silver eyes twinkled as his smirk deepened. My mind went back to the numerous cooking lessons my mother had tried (and failed) to give me.

“Um, not really..” I trailed off, feeling the blush creep to my cheeks.

“Why’s that?” Alpha Killan asked, turning his back to add some ingredient to the sizzling pan.

“It’s not my stuff, sometimes stuff catches on fire.” I shrugged, trying to tame my reddening cheeks. All of my life I fought against

my mother’s idea of what ‘perfect mate’ should be. And now I find myself disappointed that I hadn’t lived up to that

expectation. What would Alpha Killan think of his little talent-less mate?

I grimaced to myself at that absurd thought. I could care less what he thought of me, I lied to myself. I forced my brain to.

remember the horrible things he had done since bringing me here. The scene of Alpha Killan threatening me as he first

showed me to my room, played in my head. Only it wasn't him who was threatening me, it was an all too familiar face that I had

desperately tried to forget.

The wine had wiped the memory from my mind for the time being, but I was sober now and the memory resurfaced with a

vengeance.

As if punishing me for dare attempting to forget, I felt myself being sucked into the past.

I could practically feel the sand in between my toes as the smell of fresh water flooded my senses. This was always how the

memory returned, always bits and pieces. I was thankful it wasn't reiving the memory I full

The smell of beer and sunscreen filled the air. The scent could've been pleasant, if it wasn't for what happened later on. That

disgusting combination of beer and sunscreen always triggered something inside of me since that day, the smell would

instantly make me sick. The memory shifted, and I could feel the scratchy sand against my back as I was held still. The warm summer air turned so cold

as the blade that was pressed against my exposed skin. Cruel laughter filled my ears as soft, beer flavored lips were forced on

'my own, hard enough to bruise.

"Claire?" A voice called out to me, one that didn't quite fit in my memory.

'Something rough gently grasped my wrist, ripping me from the memory as my head snapped towards Alpha Killan, My eyes.

'met his own and I couldn't fathom why I could see concern swimming in his gaze.

"What?" I choked out, cringing at how raspy my voice had become. I watched his gaze fit down to my clenched hands, only

now realizing I had been digging my nail into my skin hard enough to draw blood.

"Where did you go?" Alpha Killan spoke softly, softer than I had ever thought possible. My insides clenched at the knowledge

in his tone, and my mind desperately clawed at the fuzzy memory of last night. What did I say to him? What did he know?

"No where. I cleared my throat, wiping the blood on the sides of my black leggings absentmindedly. It always took me a few

moments to come back when I was sucked into a memory. But Alpha Killan's touch had ripped me from the memory

instantaneously.

"Do you know what post traumatic stress disorder is?" Alpha Killian asked me, his eyes locked on my own. I could feel myself

squirm under his knowing gaze. The strange tone he had used made me feel uneasy. I was used to him sounding cold, cruel

and even emotionless. This tone held some hidden emotion that wanted to make itself known, one of promise. That frightened

me.

"Yes I forced the word from my lips, wondering if it would've been smarter to lie. Knowing how erratic my heart rate can be, I

decided to keep quiet "Have you talked to anyone about this?" He frowned, the concern in his eyes jolted me. I felt my walls slam up angrily, hating

myself for letting something slip while I was drunk.

"I don't know what you're talking about." I clenched my lips together and forced my gaze away from his. My foot began to tap,

and I desperately wanted to retreat back to my bedroom. I blocked Rhea from my mind, knowing she would only encourage

me to spill everything to my mate.

"Claire-" Alpha Killian began to speak, but the anger and embarrassment burning inside of me overruled my emotions.

"No." I snapped at him, fighting the tears that glazed over my eyes, I don't know what the hell I told you last night, but it's

none of your business. I'm handling myself just fine. | don't need help." | practically spat.

I wanted him angry, hateful even. Anything to replace that concerned look on his face. | didn't want him caring for me, | didn't

deserve it

I looked away from his face and felt my lip tremble as the tears threatened to overwhelm me. The dam inside of me quaked.

'and groaned, and | knew if | didn't leave this d**n place, the dam would explode. | slowly took a deep breath, then another,

and another. | had no clue how long | sat there for, simply calming my breathing as Alpha Killian remained silent.

I felt myself cringe as a rough hand was gently placed under my chin, the familiar sparks flowing through my face. | fought

against the comfort that his touch seemed to bring. | didn't deserve comfort.

"I will drop the subject, for now." Alpha Killian spoke as he forced me to look into his eyes. His full lips were tightly pressed into

a frown, but his eyes shined knowingly. The "for now" hung in the air around us, weighing me down with a sense of urgency.

I made my decision as | found myself lost in his silver eyes. I would escape this place. Run as far as | could. And if that didn't work, then there was always plan B.

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Alpha Killian remained silent as I slowly ate the omelet he had made me. I was grateful for the silence, but couldn't stand the concern in his flickering gaze.

Part of me wanted him to go back to being cruel, so I didn't feel so terrible about trying to escape.

Rhea detested the thought, but this wasn't about her. I knew no matter what, she would insist we needed to remain with our mate. I didn't have the heart to tell her, but I knew I didn't deserve a mate, not after what had been done to me. Even a year later, I still felt disgustingly d**y.

Once I had finished, and my headache began to subside, I retreated to my bedroom. I sat on the plush bed as I contemplated how I would escape this place. I knew Alpha Killian would leave the house to work in his office for most of the day.

My chances of escaping were so slim that I almost knew I would have to go with plan B, but I owed it to my family to try and escape first. At Alpha Killian's mention of my past, the walls had become much too small. As I sat on my bed gasping, I could feel myself suffocating in this place.

I set my plan in motion, deciding today would be as good a day as any to plot my escape. I wasn't sure what triggered Alpha Killian's strange concern for my well being, but it wasn't enough to heal the rift inside of me. As a child, I was told that the mate bond could heal almost anything. As an adult, I knew that wasn't the case. Some things were so horrifically broken, that no amount of tending would fix them.

I didn't bother packing any clothes, any bags would simply weigh me down. I planned to escape into the forest on foot until I was far enough to shift undetected. From there I would simply run until I collapsed.

I waited for a few hours, sitting still on the bed. Rhea continued to place unwanted pictures of Alpha Killian in my head, trying to sway my decision by any means possible.

"Claire, don't do this." Rhea pleaded.

"Rhea, I can't be here. I'm drowning in this and I can't give Alpha Killian what he wants. He deserves a better mate." I replied, blinking back the tears that tried to force themselves from my eyes.

"He can help you..." Rhea trailed off.

"I don't believe that. I can't stay here and look at his face, knowing I'm not what he needs me to be. I don't deserve a mate. I'll just drag him down with me. He has an entire pack to look after, and I can't even look after myself." I choked out, a single traitorous tear falling from my eyes.

"...Then I guess we both need to do what we think is right." Rhea's sad voice echoed in my head before I felt nothing but silence. I could feel her retreat into the darkest corners of my mind.

"I guess we do." I heard my broken voice whisper, giving into the waves and allowing myself to drown in my tears.

I let myself fall apart for a few moments, careful so the dam inside of me wouldn't break. Every so often my thoughts would flash back to the past, and another crack would

spread throughout the dam. I forced the feeling of foreboding from my mind, sooner or later the dam would come crashing down. I needed to be away from here when that happened.

I looked out of my bedroom window and breathed a sigh of relief as I noticed the forest line was a mere ten feet away from the house. I forced my bedroom window open and took a few steadying breaths, jumping from the window as quietly as I could manage.

My feet landed with a silent thud, and I let my adrenaline fuel me as I took off in a sprint towards the forest. I leaped over fallen trees, ducked under low branches, and barreled through patches of tall grass in my desperate escape. The burning in my lungs was welcomed feverishly, driving away the lingering depression that settled in my bones.

A pang of terror flooded through me as I heard rustling beside me, just far enough away for my hearing to reach. I pushed myself just a little farther, finally skidding to a halt when it was time to shift.

I closed my eyes and tried to bring Rhea forth, but was welcomed with nothing.

“I can’t let you do this, Claire...” Rhea’s sad voice echoed in my mind.

Rage, sorrow, disbelief, denial, sadness. All of these flooded through me at Rhea’s words.

I didn’t bother answering her, I could feel her retreat back into the depths of my mind. Feeling hopeless and abandoned, I resumed my sprint, tears blurring my vision as I frantically ran.

I wasn’t sure how long I had been running for when a giant grey wolf jumped out in front of me, blocking my path. It’s knowing brown eyes looked me up and down.

I skidded to a stop, looking hastily at any other possible direction I could take. Just as I tried to move to the left, a multi colored wolf stepped from the tree’s and blocked my path. A sand colored wolf stepped from the right and looked me up and down. I knew from the scent that these weren’t rogues, these wolves knew exactly who I was.

Each wolf sat on it’s hind legs, knowing they had me trapped. The only direction I could turn was where I had come from, where I was trying to escape.

I heard a rustling behind me and tried not to cringe as the familiar scent of sandalwood and citrus flooded through my nose.

“Claire.” An all too familiar voice growled from behind me. I locked my gaze on the grey wolf who had been the first to stop me, resisting the intense urge to turn around and face my mate.

“Claire.” This time his voice was deadly. I felt a warm hand wrap around my wrist and spin me around, the sparks running down my arm confirming my fears.

I turned to lock eyes with a hostile Alpha Killian. His typical silver eyes were fully black, and I knew it wasn't with lust this time. His full lips were pressed together so tightly I wondered if they'd bruise. I knew he had recently shifted back into human form due to the pair of black sweatpants that hung low on his hips, and his shirtless torso that threatened to draw my attention

I bit my tongue until the familiar coppery taste filled my mouth.

“What do you think you are doing?” Alpha Killian spoke each word slowly, filling every syllable with his deadly tone.

As much as I wanted to remain silent, the words spewed from my mouth like vomit.

“I never wanted a mate. I still don't.” I tried to match his hostility, but he had years of practice whereas I had none.

His gaze darkened even further at my words, and his grip on my wrist tightened. He wasn't hurting me, but it was a grip I wouldn't be able to pull myself from.

“Will you walk, or do I have to drag you back.” His voice took on that eerie calm sound that meant his wolf was teetering on the edge of his mind, a second away from springing forward.

“I'm not going back.” I growled, taking a step backwards.

A small shriek left my mouth as Alpha Killian tugged me into his chest, throwing me over his shoulder as though I were a sack of flour. Much to my dismay, he made sure to sling my face over his back, so I had nothing to latch my teeth onto. This was the second time I was left without a choice. The thought of his basement cell came into my mind and I couldn't help the fear that accompanied it. There was no way I'd be able to attempt plan B in that stupid cell.

“You are mine, whether you like it or not.” Alpha Killian growled, his grip on my body tightening as he made his way through the woods.

My frustration, depression, anger, sadness, all of these emotions reached their tipping point and I found myself releasing them, taking them out on my captor.

I let my fists pound against his back, my feet kick at his chest as I screamed and thrashed. I'm sure the other wolves following us thought I was losing my mind.

“Let me go!” I screamed, pounding away at his hard back, “I don’t want you! I don’t deserve you! Find someone else, anyone else and let me go!” I hardly noticed the tears streaming from my eyes, or the fact that Alpha Killian’s stride had halted at my words.

“Is that what you think? That you don’t deserve a mate?” His voice was quiet, so quiet that I hardly heard him over my own screaming. He continued walking, and after what felt like hours, I simply gave up. I let my body slump over his shoulder in exhaustion. The point behind my eyes was throbbing, and my tears had finally dried on my cheeks. I tried to s****w and flinched at my sore throat.

I looked away from the gazes of the three wolves that were following behind Alpha Killian, not wanting to see what they thought of their supposed ‘Luna’. How could any pack have a used and broken Luna?

I kept my eyes closed until I was gently placed on a familiar fluffy bed. Prying my eyes open, I looked into the face of Alpha Killian. His eyes had returned to their bright silver color as they took in my horrific looking face. I didn’t need a mirror to tell me my eyes were red and puffy from all of the tears I had failed to hold in.

“Is that what you think, Claire?” His deep voice asked, a hand running through his already messy hair.

“I don’t want to talk about this.” I hissed, flinching at how hoarse my voice sounded. I could feel my heart clench at his concerned tone, and I wanted nothing to do with it. The urge to run into his arms and spill all of my baggage was there, ever so present in the front of my mind, but I forced myself to remain seated. Alpha Killian deserved more than a damaged mate.

“You need to, you’re not going anywhere and this is obviously eating you alive.” He stated, his silver eyes roaming every crevasse of my face.

Far from my control, my face flushed under his gaze, and I let my gaze trail over to the window. His hand reached out and gently cupped my cheek, lifting my face until my gaze met his own. The sparks that ran down my face instantly soothed some of the turmoil that was going on inside of me.

“I nearly lost my mind when I heard you left.” Alpha Killian spoke under his breath, his full lips turning down in a frown that for once wasn’t a part of his usual grimace. I tried to not let his confession get to me, but my heart clenched at the words that left his lips.

Just when I thought my eyes had fully ran out of tears, I felt another escape and run down my numb face. Alpha Killian’s silver eyes softened as he looked at the tears that ran down my face, and in a gesture that was completely unexpected, he pulled me into his arms and hugged my shaking torso.

My body was stiff as he wrapped his arms around me and pulled me into his chest, but my mind was on overdrive. The sparks caressed my skin greedily, sending warmth and comfort into me. Instinctively, I inhaled his scent and let it rush around in my head.

After a few moments, he pulled away from me, his face a mere inches away from my own. I could taste his breath as it rolled past his lips and into my own. Sweet peppermint danced across my tongue and attempted to draw me closer, to taste the source.

“Stop crying, Claire.” His pink lips spoke the words softly, sending a jolt spiraling through my body.

“Stop crying, Claire”

Instantaneous. That’s how fast the dam inside imploded. The reinforced steel, the concrete walls, all of it shattered. A tidal wave crashing cold and sharp, washed over me, buckling my legs and letting them collapse out from under me.

“Stop crying, Claire.” The cruel voice sneered.

This repeated in my head, even when the black spots began to take over. Even when I was sucked into the memory so violently, even Alpha Killian couldn’t save me.

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 18

The smell of sunblock hung in the air, a telltale sign that summer was in full effect. The sounds of teens splashing in the cool water could be heard, along with the sound of laughter and chatter.

Summer was finally here, and I found myself excited to spend it with some human friend’s I had made from school.

I slung my beach bag over my shoulder, feeling relieved that I had remembered to pack a towel and some water. Beer and other fruity drinks could be smelled with the passing breeze.

I turned to a pretty blonde girl, Maria. I had met her only two months prior, becoming friends instantaneously. Brandon and Hazel came to the forefront of my mind. I could’ve invited them, but I didn’t.

Maria was one of the more popular girls at school, and I felt lucky to have been the target of her friendship. Brandon had graduated already, and Hazel happened to be

home schooled. I had neither of them to help get me through the monotonous days of high school.

Maria began to peel off her short tank top and shorts, leaving herself b**e except for a scanty pink b****i that she wore. Typically I wasn't so self conscious about nudity, living in a pack and all, but these kids weren't from my pack. I slipped my t-shirt over my shoulders dropping my shorts around my ankles. While Maria's b****i showed how confident she was, I was glad mine offered some protection.

Maria and I laid out on our towels, Maria insisting she needed to work on her tan. I simply agreed with her, not bothering to mention my porcelain skin refused to darken in even the slightest shade. I lathered on sunscreen religiously, not wanting to suffer another horrific sunburn.

Maria caught the eye of one of the most popular boys in school; Damien Jackson. Typical gorgeous bad boy. A well placed smirk in our direction sent butterflies swarming around my stomach.

I had never had a boyfriend before, only rarely catching the attention of the other males in our pack. I couldn't help the insane thought that fluttered through my head, fueled by a teenage crush. "What if he's our mate?" The question accompanied the butterflies swarming in my stomach.

"I think Damien's into you." Maria smirked, flicking her radiant blonde hair over her shoulder. Her statement sent a blush forming throughout my body, disbelief clouding my features.

I looked nothing like Maria, with her slender body and long legs. Maria had this model-like quality about her, she radiated with confidence.

"You think so?" I found myself asking her, both of our eyes locked on a shirtless Damien. Damien was by far one of the most attractive males in our highschool, and I found myself surprised that he was simply a human. The chances of a werewolf having a human mate were extremely rare, but there's still that small chance.

"Look at him, he practically can't keep his eyes off of you." Maria purred, shooting me one of her sly smirks.

I met Damien's honey colored eyes, reigning in my excitement as he sent me a smirk and a half wave. His sandy blonde hair was still semi-wet and tousled from swimming in the pond. The pond was conveniently nestled in the woods, just on the edge of town. These human's had no idea, but the pond was a mere fifty feet from the pack's border.

I listened to Maria's usual chatter, my mind still on the topic of Damien. While Maria gossiped about some of the other girls, I simply nodded my head and added a few short responses to keep her occupied.

“Claire...” A deep voice I had only heard a handful of times came from over my shoulder, sending excited waves down my back.

I felt my head turn on its own accord, locking eyes with Damien Jackson, Maria smirked at my bewildered expression, sending an elbow gently into my rib cage.

“Uh, h-hi.” I smiled up at Damien’s towering frame. In a move I had watched many times, he raised his hand to run his fingers through his already drying hair,

“Do you wanna come swim with me?” He smiled down at me, his athletic build open for me to see.

I’d be lying if I said I hadn’t had a crush on Damien for quite some time. He was the first guy I had actually noticed, and took a liking to. He was a troublemaker when he wanted to be, getting in a few fights at school. For whatever reason, I found myself attracted to him.

“S-sure!” I choked out after a pointed look from Maria. I stood from my towel and followed Damien to the water, turning my head to see Maria flash me an encouraging smile.

I followed Damien into the water and swam for what seemed like hours. I found myself growing more comfortable with Damien, splashing him and jumping on his back when he wasn’t looking. I had that same feeling all girls do when they begin to have the best summer of their lives, that feeling of prospective romance lingered in my bones, filling me with joy and excitement.

“Follow me, Claire.” Damien gave me his lopsided smile, his honeycomb eyes urging me to follow as he led me down a small path into the woods.

Any sense of urgency left my mind, my legs carrying me to where I wanted to go.

“Where are we going?” I found myself asking. My voice was free of unease, simply curious. I was too innocent to notice the mischievous glint in his eyes, or the small metal thing he concealed in his hand. If my wolf had developed before this day, all of this could have been avoided. My wolf would’ve warned me of the dangers that remained just out of my reach.

I followed him down the trail for another two minutes, until we came to a small clearing, a large oak tree sitting off to the side. Damien led me over to the oak tree, gently pushing me against its base as he wrapped his hands around my waist.

Butterflies swarmed in my stomach at his cool touch, and I found myself giving him a small smile, my eyes locked on his own.

“I’ve been wanting to do this all day.” He breathed, his face leaning towards mine in what seemed like slow motion. I had time to ponder the situation, to internally freak out over what would be my first kiss.

I let my eyes close, anticipating his lips on my own. I felt his lips brush mine, once, twice, and then settle on my own.

Beer lingered on his breath, making the kiss equally sweet yet bitter at the same time. We stayed like that for a few moments, our lips gently moving together. The kiss quickly became harder, his fingers digging into my hips with a sense of urgency.

The butterflies that swarmed merrily in my stomach turned into a nest of wasps, angry and swarming as they stung my insides.

Damien pushed his hips into my own, deepening the kiss until I winced at the pressure on my lips. I moved my hands until I was pushing against his chest, mumbling against his lips frantically. The excitement had vanished, and his touch was cold, much too cold.

“What took you so long?” Damien smirked, turning his head at the sound of someone else coming down the trail. My heart clenched and my stomach rolled, threatening to spill its contents.

“Run, Claire.” A distant voice in my head urged, but it was so quiet, so meaningless against the fear that froze me in place.

Another guy, someone I recognized as Damien’s best friend, came down the trail, his eyes taking in the scene before him. For a split second, I thought he would notice the fear on my face and come to my aid. I felt my hope c***h and b**n as an ear splitting grin came over his features.

Blake Luck made his way into the small clearing, and by the glint in his eyes, I felt like a trapped animal. Blake was just as good looking as Damien, but he had never caught my eye. His dark hair was long and shaggy, but his body was just as athletic as Damien’s. Something about Blake had always set me on edge.

“Look what you’ve got here, looks like a little kitten.” Blake smiled coldly, his amused eyes flicking from Damien to me.

“Run, Claire!” The voice in my head spoke a little louder this time, loud enough to snap me out of my terrified trance. I felt my eyes flicker between Damien and a quickly approaching Blake. Without any control over my own feet, I took off in the direction of the forest line. All I needed to do was get onto pack territory, everything would be fine if I did that.

A sharp pain radiated through the back of my head, slamming me down on the forest floor. The impact shot through my back forcing black spots to cloud my vision as I struggled to breathe.

When the black spots faded, and I could s**k in a sharp breath, I noticed a smiling Damien standing over me, in his hand was a clump of my hair.

A whimper escaped my parted lips as Blake's face came into my line of vision. My ears were still ringing from being pulled to the ground, but I knew from the slight movement of their lips that they were talking about me.

"...Take her in..." Damien said something along those lines to a smirking Blake.

"Still...have fun with her...until then." Blake smiled cruelly at Damien, who shrugged.

Slowly, Blake bent down and pulled out something that seemed to glint cruelly in the sunlight. With a flick of his finger, a silver blade popped out of the handle.

My throat constricted in fear, as I locked eyes with Blake. His eyes were so unusually flat, so empty. It was like my body and mind were working on overdrive, I found myself noticing everything. I could smell the sunblock on our skin, a smell I had once enjoyed assaulted my nose. The sun beating down on us felt hot and welcoming, but then why did I feel so cold? I felt like someone had dunked me in an ice bath.

"Now now, kitten. Were just going to have some fun before were done with you." Blake grinned at me, letting his knife trace over my stomach in a slow pattern. Just when I thought I couldn't get more afraid, his words sent another wave of terror rushing through my body. The silver from the knife scorched my skin, and from the widening smile on his face, he knew the blade would effect me this way.

I ground my teeth together, each wave of agony rolling over me until I wanted nothing more than to pass out. From Blake's smile at my reaction to the silver blade, him and Damien had to know what I was. What they wanted with me, I had no idea.

Blake began to press harder, using the tip of the blade to draw blood just above my navel. Another wave of pain rushed through me, freezing cold yet somehow burning my skin as the scarlet drops seeped through the slice on my stomach.

A whimper escaped my lips, prompting Blake to press harder with the silver blade. Blood ran off the side of my stomach in a stream of crimson, it's coppery scent filling my nose as I tried not to gag. Blake's other hand began fumbling with my bathing suit bottoms, trying to force them down my hips while he used my stomach as a canvas for his cruelty.

The cold encompassing my body was becoming unbearable, but the sight of Blake trying to remove my bottoms sent a jolt of awareness through me. I lurched my body

into a sitting position, trying to claw my way to my feet when something ripped through my abdomen. I swore I could hear the tearing of my skin as the knife sunk into my hip. The same freezing yet burning sensation rushed through the wound in my stomach, only this time it was so much worse. Black spots lingered at the edges of my vision, threatening to pull me into the darkness at any moment.

Something or rather someone had grabbed a hold of my ankle, yanking me down as my head bounced against the forest floor. I could hardly feel the pain in my head, as it was nothing compared to the wound in my stomach. I watched helplessly as Blake continued his task of removing my bottoms, my scarlet blood watering the earth as if to mark what had happened here today.

Somewhere deep in the back of my mind, I remembered a conversation my father had with the Alpha of our pack.

Something about hunters, werewolf hunters. That small part of my mind that was safe from the searing pain, wondered if Damien and Blake were hunters. I'm sure I wouldn't have the chance to ask.

"I'm surprised the little wolf isn't fighting harder." Damien commented, watching as Blake lifted the blade and traced another line down my stomach. My quiet whimpers filled the clearing, and each of the boys fed on the sounds of my pain and fear. I felt the knife being lifted from my skin, just long enough to cut my top off of me. I held in a sob as I felt cold hands grab at my b****s, tugging and pulling at me.

This wasn't how I wanted things to go. I felt stupid in that moment, as if this entire thing was my fault. My stupid crush clouded my judgement. Was I to blame for all of this?

I could hear Blake snicker as he fondled my b****s, bending his head down to leave beer scented kisses on them. I turned my head away, not wanting to see what was going to happen next. I couldn't help but pray I would have one of those moments where my soul disconnects from my body, shielding me from the pain I was about to be put through.

I wasn't sure which I heard first, Damien mumbling "s**t" under his breath, or the feminine gasp from the edge of the trail. I lazily turned my head towards the source, and found a horrified Maria watching the scene unfold. With her wide eyes glancing between me, Blake, and Damien she bounded into the forest.

"Go after her." Damien snapped at Blake who shot him an incredulous look.

"You always get to have fun with them. I wanted this one." Blake glared at Damien who stood his ground.

"If you catch the other b***h you can have her." Damien snapped, shoving Blake toward where Maria had ran.

“See you next time, kitten.” Blake smiled at me, his eyes gleaming wildly with the thrill of the hunt as he bounded into the forest after Maria.

“Such a shame, Claire.” Damien sighed apologetically, kneeling down to where my bleeding body was. His honey eyes held no remorse as he pulled my b****i bottoms off my crumpled body.

“Y’know, I think I’ll do you this one favor.” Damien smirked, untying the string on his shorts.

“Typically I wouldn’t f**k one of your kind, but you’re too tempting to pass up. What kind of wolf doesn’t even fight back.” He smirked, his voice coming off as gentle, while his eyes roamed me hungrily. He forced his lips down on my own, and I wondered if I would see the bruise the next day. The bitter taste of beer flooded my mouth, and this time lyrics did gag.

Damien picked up where Blake had left off, trailing his mouth down my neck until his lips reached the sensitive skin of my b*****s. I let out a sob as I felt his hand travel the length of my body, settling on my most sensitive spot. The tears I had been too terrified to release, came pouring from my eyes as I felt a finger push its way inside of me. Damien’s eyes were clouded with lust, his knife sitting just far enough out of his reach as his hands continued to roam my body.

“Now, Claire! This is your only chance!” The voice in my head screamed, and what felt like adrenaline rushed through my body. The sensation was unlike anything I had ever felt before, and I knew without a doubt that my wolf had finally surfaced.

Another consciousness flooded through my mind, along with it’s strength and courage.

In one fluid movement, I brought my knee up and used all of the strength in my body as I jammed it into Damien’s most sensitive area. Without waiting to see his reaction, I jumped to my feet and took off into the forest, heading towards the pack territory.

The blood ran from the wound in my abdomen, but the adrenaline pumping through my veins fueled me. While I still felt freezing cold, and my shredded bathing suit was back in the clearing, I barreled through the woods with no mercy.

I nearly cried out in relief as I passed into the pack’s territory. The sight of a little house came into view and I used what remained of my strength to force me forward. A few feet in front of the house my legs finally gave up on me, coming out from under my body as though they were made of cardboard.

The black spots continued to dance around my vision, but I wasn’t afraid anymore. I let out a sigh and gave into the darkness that was clawing at me.

The last thing I remember was hearing the voice inside of my head,

"You're safe now, Claire. My name is Sierra."

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 19

The memories of the past finally began to fade away, leaving me stranded in the middle of an ocean.

The first thing I noticed as my consciousness was pulled back to the present was the fact that I was no longer standing. I could feel the hardwood floor under my bottom and legs. The sparks shooting through my face came next. As my eyes began to adjust, I looked into the concerned face of Alpha Killian.

I could see his lips moving, but my ears hadn't caught up quite yet.

"Claire?" Alpha Killian murmured, "Claire can you hear me?"

I tried to ask why he was so close to me, but the words came out in a disgruntled jumble.

Finally, when my brain was completely caught up, I took in my surroundings. Everything looked the same, minus me sitting on the floor. Then I realized how close alpha Killian actually was. I was sitting on the floor against the bed, his body crouched between my legs as he held my face in his hands.

Another wave crashed over me as I yanked myself from his hands, staggering to my feet, desperate to put some distance between us. While the mate bond, paired with Sierra's unwavering faith in our mate, muddled my thoughts. The walls were much too small now, pressing on my lungs, depriving me of breath.

"Claire, just breathe!" Sierra pleaded, feeling the onslaught of emotions that battered and bruised me.

"Don't tell me to f*****g calm down, you knew this would happen." I screamed at her, my voice drowning out as another wave crashed over my head.

Alpha Killian had his silver eyes glued to me, watching me try to cope with whatever turmoil was going on inside my head. Forcing the conflicting emotions of the mate bond aside, I focused on one emotion I was sure belonged to me and only me.

Resentment.

"I-I was fine until I met you!" I sputtered, my chest rising and falling rapidly as I struggled to breathe inbetween the crashing waves.

While Alpha Killian's gaze hardened, his silver eyes remained concerned. I stumbled backwards, nearly tripping over my own feet as he tried to approach me, his arms out as though he were going to pull me into an embrace.

He's trying to use the mate bond to calm . us down, my intuition told me. The waves crashed around me, throwing my body in every direction, threatening to rip me apart.

"Claire, we can get you help." Alpha Killian's unusually soft voice angered me. I wouldn't need help if it wasn't for him. Him and the stupid mate bond. Each of them demolished my emotional dam, leaving me drowning.

"I was fine before I met you. I didn't need help!" I yelled at him. I wasn't sure if it was due to my flashback muddling my senses, or the waves of emotion that crashed through my ears, but my voice sounded so far away.

"Claire, this was bound to happen at some point." Alpha Killian tried to reason with me. You couldn't reason with the violent ocean I was drowning in. Couldn't reason with the icy waves that crashed over my head, or the thick water that lodged itself in my lungs, sucking the oxygen from my body. What made him think he could reason with me? What made him think I could believe anything he said?

Flashes of the past continued to berate my senses, confusing me. Is this what a mental breakdown felt like?

I clutched onto the resentment like it was a boat offering me salvation. I could taste the salty tears running down my face, the realization that I was crying meant nothing to me.

I placed all of my blame, hurt, anger, and fear on Alpha Killian.

My lips spoke the words before my brain even knew what I was doing.

"I, Claire Miller, -"

H****r, the first real emotion I saw on Alpha Killian's face.

"reject you, Alpha-"

Sparks shot through my mouth as Alpha Killian shot forward, slamming my back against the wall, his hand covering my mouth before I could utter the words that would sever the mate bond that tormented me.

The sparks that radiated through my covered lips fought against the freezing emotions inside of me, warming me, but also clouding my mind.

I stared into his once silver eyes, seeing my broken reflection in his black orbs.

“Don’t Claire.” Alpha Killian’s voice was low, his sweet spearmint breath hitting my nose in short puffs.

My heart clenched at the foreign emotion in his eyes. I wondered if he ever felt that way before, then he could understand a fraction of what I was feeling.

The mate bond pulled me one way, soothing me, telling me my mate was the key to healing.

The crashing waves pulled me another way. Anger, shame, guilt, and resentment bouncing around inside of me, feeling like small blades piercing my insides.

Slowly, Alpha Killian removed his hand from my mouth, his dark eyes slowly returning to their normal silver. He looked at me cautiously, searching for any inkling that I would pick up where I left off.

“I need to be alone.” The words fell from my lips in a whisper. I needed to get away from him for the time being. I needed to sort through my memories, my emotions, everything that had been unleashed by myself. The mate bond would only confuse me, lull me into a false sense of safety and security.

“Claire...” Alpha Killian trailed off, but I wasn’t listening anymore.

I trudged over to the bed, throwing myself down carelessly as I curled into a ball. I shivered slightly, the cold waves washing over me. Each flashback, each buried emotion, chilled me to my core.

Mistaking my shivering for me being cold, I felt a soft blanket thrown over me. The citrus and sandalwood scent of Alpha Killian lingering on the blanket.

“Let me know if you need me.” Alpha Killian broke the silence, the soft click of the door shutting informed me that I was finally alone.

I could feel his reluctance to leave, feel his intense fear for me, his h****r at the thought of my rejection.

The mate bond was strengthening. Before long, there would be no way to sever it. Not even with my d***h.

I listened to his footsteps fade as he walked down the hallway. I knew he wouldn’t stray far. He’d respect my wishes and keep his distance, but he’d stay close in case I needed him.

I stayed curled in my fetal position on the bed, the blanket doing nothing to stop the shivers that ran through my body.

Finally, trusting that I was alone, I let my anguish take over. Sobs racked my body and instead of fighting the cold waves that pulled me down, I simply stopped fighting.

I wasn't sure how much time had passed. At one point I was sure I had heard a quiet knock on the door. The unappetizing smell of food wafted from under the door, reminding me that someone actually had been knocking.

As I let the waves rip me apart, shoving me into the dark water, only to throw me back out again, things slowly became much clearer.

The blame and resentment I once had for Alpha Killian diminished, and finally I realized whose fault it had actually been.

It was entirely my fault.

If I had just been smarter, paid more attention, last year would have never happened.

"Claire, I know what you're thinking. If it's anyone's fault it's mine. I wasn't there for you when it counted. Blame me, send me away." Sierra pleaded, but her sad voice didn't reach me.

"It's my fault." My voice echoed around in my head.

Tormenting myself, flashes of what could have been ran through my head. Last year never happened, I stood happily by Alpha Killian's side, a smile lighting up his face as he looked down at me as if I were the most important thing in his life.

Sharp stabbing pangs of sadness embedded themselves in my skin at what could have been. Instead I was left with this; reality.

I suppose this is what happens when you brush something like that off, locking it away and burying it down deep, only to meet your soulmate and realize he has the key and a shovel.

While rejecting Alpha Killian would most likely lead to a short life plagued with pain, followed by an equally painful d***h, there was another option.

I could simply remove myself from the equation; permanently, Alpha Killian had yet to mark me, and the mate bond wasn't strong enough to cause his d***h following my own. If I did it soon enough, he could still live a full life. He could find someone new, and still raise an heir for his pack.

This thought was the first shred of comfort I had since the dam inside of me imploded.

Peeling myself up from the no longer comfy bed, I trudged into the bathroom like a zombie. I opened the medicine cabinet, and looked under the sink, searching mindlessly

for anything that could help me. I wasn't sure what I was looking for. Something metal and shiny caught my eye, and I knew I had found what I was looking for.

I picked up the pack of straight razor blades, the metal gleaming as though it were taunting me.

'Aren't you happy to see us?' I could practically hear them snickering.

But I wasn't happy. The cold waves didn't feel so cold anymore since I succumbed to them. The water flooding my lungs didn't hurt so bad since I had started to breathe it in feverishly.

Gently, I picked up one of the blades from the pack, looking at my deathly reflection though its shiny surface.

My face looked raw and red, while my once crystal eyes looked almost white.

I turned the faucet to the bathtub on, wanting the water to wash away the blood that would flow from my body.

If I was in my right mind I would've thought of the people I'd be hurting with my d***h. But I wasn't in my right mind. The only thing I could think of was ending the pain, the blame I placed on myself for being in that situation to begin with, and the relief I would feel when it was finally all over with.

I didn't bother taking off my clothes, I hardly noticed them anyway.

I sank myself into the hot water, almost surprised at my complete inability to feel its temperature.

I looked down at the blade, my reflection looked emotionless, like I hadn't just been sobbing into a blanket.

It glinted at me as if to say, 'there's no turning back now, Claire.'

I could swear it was Damien's voice egging me on, telling me to finally end it all. In the back of my mind, I could hear Blake snickering, telling me it really was all my fault.

"Claire, stop this now!" Sierra begged, but she sounded so far away.

I pressed the blade on my arm vertically, shivering at how cold it felt, and looked away as I dragged it down my arm.

The coppery scent hit my nose, but the memories of the past had already surfaced.

Repeating the same thing on my other arm, I let out a relieved sigh. It may have sounded insane, but it felt like all of the turmoil and excruciating pain was flowing from my wrists, draining from my body along with my lifeblood.

I laid my head back, tiredness washing over me like a warm blanket. My heartbeat pounded in my ears so loud I could hardly hear the c***h that came from just outside the bathroom.

“Claire!” A deep murderous voice bellowed, “Why do I smell blood!”

My slowing heartbeat d*****d it out.

Another c***h sounded, this one much closer. I didn’t flinch as the small pieces of wood scattered in the tub and clung to my sopping wet clothes.

I let my eyes flutter, unsure what force inside of me was fighting the urge to sleep.

“Come on, just a few more minutes. Stay awake for a few more minutes.” A familiar frantic voice inside my head chanted.

“Killian she’s d***g.” A girl’s voice practically screamed. The voice sounded familiar, but instead of raking my brain for the face and name of the girl, I let my mind wander. I embraced the black spots that clouded my vision.

“No she’s not!” That same deep voice growled, sounding like an animal.

“She’s not going to make it to the hospital.” The feminine voice sobbed.

My mind was hazy as the urge to sleep overwhelmed me, but I swore I could make out three familiar figures that crowded the bathroom I was occupying.

“That’s it Claire. Stay awake. Focus on them. What are their names?” The feminine voice inside of my head urged, and I felt what tiny amount of strength that voice had flow into my body.

A sound must’ve escaped my lips, cause low caught the attention of one of the people in the bathroom with me. My hazy vision continued to focus and unfocus, giving me a slightly blurry picture of Alpha Killian. Off to the side was Kira and Travis.

My foggy mind wondered what they were all doing in here. Why were they all in the bathroom together?

“Claire? Claire? Baby, hold on. Stay awake.” Alpha Killian pleaded, his arms pulling me from the bathtub and setting me on the floor.

The sparks that had once been so strong, were now so weak. They felt like tiny little pinpricks, so insignificant.

“She’s not going to make it,” Alpha Killian’s voice was so low I could hardly hear it. “G*d d**n it!” He shouted animalistically, and I could hear multiple somethings being smashed.

“Alpha...If you mark her, it could sustain her long enough to get her to the hospital.” Travis snapped, I could hear a warning growl rumble from Alpha Killian.

I could feel the pinpricks again as Alpha Killian lifted my torso. My head fell back, but he used his hand to support it.

“I’m not letting you d*e.” His voice was strong, certain. But his eyes were full of fear. I resisted the insane urge to laugh. First I made the big bad Blood Alpha bleed when I bit his arm, and now he was feeling fear for what would probably be the first and last time.

“D-Don’t” The word escaped my lips, my voice cracking and weak. If it wasn’t for their hearing, I doubt they would have even acknowledged my word.

“I have to, Claire.” Alpha Killian replied. I could feel his regret, his anguish. I could feel how angry he was at himself for leaving me alone. I could feel his apology for marking me against my will, but I could also feel his urgency at keeping me alive.

The numbness spread throughout my body, and I rushed to welcome it. Wanting to end it before Alpha Killian sealed my fate.

I didn’t feel the pain when his canines sank into the soft flesh of my neck.

My mother always spoke of the pain, but I couldn’t feel it.

I felt warmth. Warmth flooded throughout my freezing body, originating from the wound on my neck.

“W-Why” The word slipped through my lips as my eyes rolled in the back of my head and my entire world was engulfed in darkness.

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 20

Heaven was nothing like I thought it would be.

No family members welcoming you home, no pearly white gates. No sense of peace and happiness.

Heaven was floating in the darkness, wondering how the h**l you got there. Slowly being tormented by memories and mistakes you had made.

The worst of it was over, I had come to find out. I wasn't drowning anymore.

I would've embraced my pitch black darkness if it weren't for the constant beeping that was emanating from everywhere.

Beep, Beep, Beep, Beep.

A steady constant sound.

A strange sensation came over my body- if that's what you'd call my spirit or whatever. Something I thought I would never feel again. Sparks.

All at once I was blasted in the face with memories, each one embedding itself into my skin as I began to plummet through the darkness.

Finally, I landed.

The only way I could describe the feeling was comparing it to running headfirst into a brick wall.

I could feel my fingers twitch, followed by a soreness radiating up my arm. My toes followed next.

Reality began to set in and I realized something.

I had failed.

My only chance at escape and I royally screwed it up. I prayed my vague memory of being marked by Alpha Killian was all a lie. There would be no option of ending my life if I were marked.

While I was willing to carelessly throw away my own life, I wasn't willing to do the same to him.

I laid on the soft surface, keeping my eyes shut as I let my other senses take in my surroundings.

"I know your awake, Claire." The deep melodic voice sent chills down my spine, pulsing into the depths of my mind and awakening my sleeping wolf.

I could feel Sierra stir at her mate's voice, but she kept her distance. I could feel her shame, her sadness. She blamed herself for not protecting me.

At the sound of Alpha Killian's voice, my eyes shot open. Instantly regretting my hasty decision, I cringed at the light that flooded the room. While it looked to be in the late afternoon, the light gave me an instant headache.

I let my eyes wander the room, noticing we were still in Alpha Killian's house. I knew we weren't in the same bedroom because the layout was completely different. Must've been one of the multiple guest rooms he had.

Trying to prolong the inevitable, I let my gaze wander to Alpha Killian. He was sitting on an armchair, his arms crossed against his chest while one leg was pulled up and rested on the other.

I could feel so many different emotions from him. Anger, rage, sadness, anxiety, stress, joy, longing...

If I didn't focus on the details, Alpha Killian was his typical g*d-like self, But I couldn't help but look closely at him. Dark circles embedded themselves under his eyes, while his hair looked greasy and tangled. I wondered how many times he ran his hand through his hair in frustration. His clothes were crumpled, as if he had been wearing them for days.

How long had I been out for?

"A week, seven days." Alpha Killian's deep voice captured my attention. My eyes flickered to his chapped lips. He looked stunning, handsome, and awful. All at the same time. I was positive I hadn't asked that question out loud. Is he some kind of mind reader now too?

His lips twitched, giving me all the indication I needed,

"I can't read your thoughts. We can pickup some of each others thoughts from the mark. You aren't really attempting to keep your thoughts to yourself. You're practically throwing them at me." Alpha Killian tried to sound amused, but the emotion didn't reach his eyes. He looked tired, really tired.

Alpha Killian shifted forward, resting his elbows on his thighs, and his face on his hands while he watched me intently. I scowled at him as the blood rushed to my face. His eyes on mine were enough to make my blood boil, and my fingers twitch with the urge to touch him.

The stupid mark had done it's job. Our bond was stronger than ever, despite the fact that we weren't even in love. H**l, I wasn't even sure if I liked the guy.

We sat like that for a few moments. His silver eyes locked on my face while I waited for the inevitable string of questions.

“Do you know how deep you would have to cut to end a werewolf’s life?” Alpha Killian asked, any amusement gone from his tone. I squirmed under his gaze, knowing he didn’t expect an answer to that question.

Instead, I chewed on my chapped lip. Hoping my eyes could give him answers that I couldn’t.

“Why?” He asked slowly, his tone telling me he didn’t just want an answer, he needed it.

“Give him something, Claire, Anything.”

My wolf whispered, pleading with me.

“I just-” The sound of my voice made me cringe, my tongue feeling like sandpaper against my teeth.

Silently, Alpha Killian placed a glass of water in my hands and watched as I downed the entire thing.

“I couldn’t take it anymore. I had it all shoved away inside of me. The closer you got, the more it would come to the surface. It all came back, Killian.” I whispered, feeling ashamed.

As much as Alpha Killian pretended not to care, my decision sure caused him a lot of pain.

He sat there silently, his face a mask, but I could see something happening in the depths of his silver eyes.

“You know you can’t try that again, right?” His full lips turned down ever so slightly as his eyes roamed my face.

“I know.” I whispered back, my eyes locked on my hands.

“Were going to get you help, Claire. Whether you like it or not.” Alpha Killian’s deep voice sent a tremor of both fear and longing down my spine. His command sounded that of an Alpha, full of power and authority.

My shoulders slumped, and a tired sigh came from my lips. I wasn’t sure what I wanted anymore.

What were my options? I couldn’t k**l myself and risk ending Alpha Killian’s life. But what chances of happiness did I truly have? Even if I somehow managed to get better, there was no way in h**l Alpha Killian would still want me. Why on earth would the biggest, baddest Alpha want a emotionally disturbed, suicidal mate?

My self loathing thought hung in the air around us, like a question begging to be answered. I wondered how much of my thoughts he really could hear.

As usual, his face gave away nothing.

“Kira wants a word with you once you’re feeling up to it. Just a warning, she’s extremely upset.” Alpha Killian stated, his face the same emotionless mask as before.

I could still feel some of his own emotions lingering in the air around us, but it was hard sort between his and my own.

“There is someone you need to talk to though,” Alpha Killian scowled, like he didn’t agree with the idea, “I won’t be far, I’ll be back as soon as she leaves.”

I could feel Alpha Killian’s reluctance at leaving me by myself. My eyebrows knitted together in confusion. Who would need to talk to me? I was almost positive he hadn’t told my family what happened.

As Alpha Killian opened the door to leave, he turned back to me one last time.

“I like when you call me Killian, little mate.” His deep voice was unusually soft as he gave me one last look, and left the room. The butterflies I had grown so familiar to, swarmed to life in my empty stomach. In the back of my mind, I could hear Sierra whimper.

My breath lodged itself in my throat as Alpha Killian left the room, and a familiar face entered.

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“Maria.” I felt my jaw drop as my eyes took in the girl I was once friends with.

Not much about her had changed. She was still gorgeous, her hair long and blonde. She seemed to be trying to place her own emotionless mask on her face, only letting it drop when Alpha Killian had finally left the room.

“Claire.” Maria smiled sadly, sinking into the armchair that Alpha Killian had once sat in.

My mind reeled at the sight of her. After what had happened to me, I could only assume the worst. She had never returned to school that year, and neither had Damien or Blake.

“Claire?” Maria’s soft voice sounded concerned as she leaned forward.

“Oh u-uh, sorry.” I sputtered, “I just- I didn’t know what happened to you. I should’ve made sure you were okay.” I choked out, feeling my heart clench at the sight of her. More things to regret.

“Do I need to come in there?” A familiar deep voice echoed through my mind, startling me.

“Killian? No- everything’s alright. Just a surprise.” My voice sounded strained, even in my own head.

“She was there wasn’t she? When it happened...” I could feel his reluctance to ask swirling in my head.

My voice sounded small, “Yes.” I kept my reply short, ignoring the pain that swirled in my chest.

“I don’t blame you, Claire.” Maria’s face softened as she gave me another sad smile.

“Y-You don’t?” My voice came out unsure. I never went back for her, I never even tried to call for help. I was so concerned with my own survival, and dealing with what had happened to me, I never even considered what happened to her.

“Not at all...” Maria trailed off, taking a deep breath as if she were readying herself for what she was going to say next, “I saw what they were doing to you... you could’ve come back without getting caught again.” She sounded so much older, even though she happened to be the same age as me.

“Did they...” My voice trailed off as I tried to force the words from my lips. The words tasted like acid on my tongue, but I managed them as well as I could, “Did they... hurt you too?” My voice sounded so quiet, I’m surprised she even heard me.

“No, they didn’t” Another sad smile, but her eyes twinkled softly, giving me some hope that her ending was happy.

“I didn’t know it at the time, but I stumbled onto a pack’s land. Me being human, I had no idea. I was surrounded by wolves, and they all started turning into weirdly attractive, naked men.” Maria giggled, and even I couldn’t resist giving her a small smile. “That’s how I met Devin. I’m his mate.” She radiated happiness at the mention of her mate, and some tiny part of me envied her.

“How are you here then?” I frowned, knowing the Blood Moon Pack wasn’t anywhere near the swimming hole we had went to.

“Devin is from this pack, he was visiting for the Alpha.” Maria smiled, a blush creeping up her cheeks at the mention of her mate. While it was unusual for a werewolf to have a human mate, sometimes it did happen.

"I'm really glad you were safe Maria," My smile was sad, but I felt relieved that she wasn't harmed.

"When I ran into the wolves, I was screaming for help. I told them about you. By the time they made it there, you were gone." She frowned, her eyes looking oddly glossy.

"I got away." I tried to give her a reassuring smile, one that said "I'm alright", but she knew what I had tried to do to myself. She knew I wasn't alright.

"You did, you got away." She smiled back at me.

"Before I go, I just wanted to say" She took a deep breath as she walked up to the bed and sat by my side. Her lips were pressed in a tight line, and her eyes showed she meant business, "I know that I can't possibly understand what they did to you, but you can't just give up. They- they were going to k**l you weren't they? Don't do the job for them. Try and work through what happened to you. You have people here that care about you." Her voice was soft, but had an edge to them.

"And it may not always seem like the Alpha cares for you, but he did save your life." Maria pointed out, giving me a playful smirk as she took in my blushing face.

"I'm not sure he had a choice in the matter. His wolf would've never forgiven him for letting me d*e." I huffed, trying to laugh, but it caught in my throat. I know it was stupid to think that way, but I was caught in a game of tug of war. The mate bond yanked me one way, while my pride, trauma and ego yanked me in another direction.

"Mm, I don't believe that," Maria smirked at me, "If you couldn't tell, he's been sitting at your side for a week straight. He's hardly eaten, hasn't slept, and definitely hasn't changed his clothes." She crinkled her nose, but her eyes twinkled playfully.

"I'll come visit again soon, I promise. I live right in town." Maria gave me a genuine smile, patted my hand gingerly, and made her way to the door.

"Oh and I'll send your mate in." She lightheartedly taunted me, sending me a wink as she closed the door behind her.

Almost instantly, Alpha Killian came back into the bedroom. I had a sneaking suspicion he was listening in on the conversation, but I didn't care enough to ask him that. My gaze was solely focused on how tired and worn down he looked.

"He helped you...lets help him for a change." Sierra's quiet voice sounded from the depths of my mind.

"I'm not helping him in that way." I growled at her, sounding like the emotional wolf while she sounded like a sane human.

“I didn’t mean ‘help’ like that. He sat with us for an entire week. You can obviously see he hasn’t slept or changed his clothes...” Sierra trailed off. She could feel my reluctance, but I could also feel her desperate need to thank her mate for saving our life. As much as I would deny this, I felt horrible for causing him so much distress. The dark circles under his eyes filled me with guilt.

I had so much healing to do, but would I never be able to forget how he looked when I first woke up.

“Fine.” I sighed, feeling lonely as she retreated back to the depths of my mind. I reminded myself to have a talk with her before bed. While I held no blame for her, that didn’t mean she wasn’t blaming herself.

Always quick to help others; reluctant to accept any help.