

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 6

"You are mine." His deep voice announced, growing deeper with each word.

I resisted the urge to laugh hysterically and look behind me, as if he were talking to some other girl. If it was any other man, I would have taken off running on the spot. From the cold and detached look in Alpha Killian's eyes, I was afraid he would enjoy the chase far too much. In that moment I sent a silent prayer to the Moon Goddess, asking her what the h**I was going on. Not only did I not want a mate, I was given the most dangerous mate in our history.

My heart sank to the floor as I realized my story would not have a happy ending.

I watched frozen in place as Alpha Killian closed the distance between me and him. He came to a stop a foot in front of me and looked down on me. It was then that I noticed the two men who had followed him all the way over to me. They looked nothing like what I expected the Blood Moon Pack to look like. In all accounts they were attractive men, but they had this energy about them that set your hair on end. Something about them triggered our survival instincts and told you clearly; run.

I felt my eyes scanning their way up Alpha Killian's muscular body until my eyes had met his own. In a motion that looked extremely graceful and smooth, Alpha Killian took a step away from me and let his emotionless eyes roam my face. I couldn't help but wonder how someone so large could move so smoothly. I didn't dare take my eyes away from his own as I watched his gaze run over every detail of my face. Excruciatingly slow, he let his eyes travel down my neck and onto the rest of my body. His eyes nor his face never once conveyed any emotion.

I felt as though I was on display, as if he were looking for the perfect cattle to slaughter. I could feel my face heat up and I cursed silently as I knew my entire face and neck were most likely tomato colored.

"What is your name?" Alpha Killian asked in his deep voice, each word enunciated clearly. The lack of emotion in his voice only fueled my fear.

I hadn't even noticed that the music had not yet resumed, and every person at the ball had remained frozen, watching our exchange take place. I couldn't force myself to bring my eyes away from Alpha Killian's and look into the petrified eyes of those who attended the ball. I found myself wondering where the h**I was Hazel, Brandon, Jake, Sabrina, my mother and my father. Wouldn't anyone come and help me? I knew the answer to that before I even asked the question. No one would dare come in between Alpha Killian and his mate.

"Don't be afraid of him, he's our mate!" Sierra spoke in my mind, but her tone was uneasy. Her instincts too warned her about the danger of this man.

At that moment in time I made a decision, I would find some way to suppress this intense fear I was feeling. If there was any way for me to have a happy ending, I would have to be rid of this fear. The fear of being hurt again lingered in my heart as always, but I forced my fear of Alpha Killian far away. What kind of man would hurt his mate?

"I asked you a question, little mate." Alpha Killian's voice boomed, his tone sounding impatient. Everything about this man radiated danger and confidence.

"Claire, my name is Claire." I replied, finally finding my voice. I was surprised that my voice came out calmly. The fragile sound of my voice was nothing like the deep commanding voice of Alpha Killian. While my words came out clear, I couldn't help how small my voice sounded in comparison to his huge figure.

"Claire," Alpha Killian repeated, as if tasting the word on his tongue. "Do you know who I am?" His deep voice asked, his storm colored eyes burning into my own. I found myself looking deeper into his eyes, wanting to see some spec of who this man truly was inside. A mate was supposed to know you better than you know yourself. A mate was supposed to see every bit of who you were as a person. As I looked into Alpha Killian's emotionless gaze, I wondered if there was honestly anything there to find. Either he was extremely skilled at hiding every trace of emotion, or he was truly empty inside.

"I do." I found myself answering, despite my urge to stay quiet. Out of habit I brought my bottom lip into my mouth and nibbled anxiously, allowing myself to be momentarily sucked into Alpha Killian's stormy eyes.

At that moment, I watched as his eyes flicked down to my lower lip that I still happened to be chewing on. While his eyes and face remained emotionless, his grey eyes grew darker, as if there were an impending storm on it's way. After what felt like minutes, his darkened eyes finally made their way back to my own.

In another fluid movement, he turned his back to me. His head turned toward me far enough so that he could see me from his peripherals."Follow me." He told me, his tone leaving no room for argument. Taking a single deep breath, I bottled all of my fear and forced my feet forward. It took me quite a few steps to catch up to him, my short legs had to work much harder than his long ones.

I noticed quickly that he drastically slowed his pace so that I could catch up. I also noticed how the two men who had followed him to me, were also following closely behind us. We made our way through the crowd of shocked bystanders, but the only thing I could focus on was the close proximity between myself and Alpha Killian. His masculine scent of sandalwood, citrus and nature infiltrated my nose and somehow managed to relax me. I knew this was the mate bond's doing, but it affected me nonetheless. I resisted the urge to look up at him, while my wolf begged me to steal a glance.

I eventually gave in, not admitting that I hadn't tried very hard to resist, and looked up into his strong face. I noticed the light stubble that ran across his cheeks and chin. As my eyes made their way higher up his face, I noticed he was looking down at me. His grey eyes were yet again locked on my own, a mask of indifference pasted onto his gorgeous face.

I couldn't deny that he looked like a g*d walking the earth, his dominance and confidence radiating from his very being, but that didn't mean I was attracted to him. I couldn't be attracted to him.

We made our way through the shell shocked crowd to an extra long table that I had somehow missed before. Alpha Killian made his way to one of the empty chairs and took a seat. Even sitting, he was somehow still taller than me. I found myself standing rather close to where he sat, my eyes locked on his face, taking in every curve, dip and angle. Some part of me wondered what he thought of me. Was he disappointed? Did he want someone else...did he have someone else? That single thought sent my wolf into a jealous rage. The words 'little mate' ran through my head, and I couldn't help but feel somewhat possessive of them.

I could feel my crystal blue eyes grow darker as I was pulled into the pit that was Sierra's jealousy. I would deny that the thought of him with someone else made me jealous, but I would be lying. I could feel my thoughts and my wolf's merging together, a stream of pictures all wondering if Alpha Killian had someone else. I couldn't imagine, someone looking the way he did, and still resisting a females advances. I scowled into my hands and didn't notice when Alpha Killian's gaze met my own. I was still scowling, and I could feel that my eyes hadn't resumed their typical clear blue color.

I watched as his full eyebrow raised ever so slightly, and a flash of curiosity formed in his grey eyes. In what felt like an instant, his mask of indifference had taken back over, making me question that I had seen anything to begin with.

"We will be traveling to my territory tomorrow morning." Alpha Killian spoke to me, his voice yet again void of any emotion. The tone of his voice was beginning to frustrate me. Obviously he could tell I had been terrified, but I can't tell anything about him. Is he angry? Happy? I needed some indicator that this entire thing wouldn't end up miserably for myself. I thought about what he had said for a few moments. My parents would never help me escape, neither would the Alpha of our pack. I couldn't see Hazel or Brandon successfully helping me escape Alpha Killian and the giant men that seemed to follow him. I had absolutely no other choice but to leave with Alpha Killian, the thought both excited and terrified me.

I scrunched my eyebrows together as I thought over what he had said. I hadn't realized that his grey eyes were glued to my face the entire time. I knew I needed some fresh air, and I needed the chance to say goodbye to my family.

"I'm going to say goodbye to my family and friends. I'll be back shortly." I said to him, doing my absolute best to keep my voice strong and steady. I could feel the blood rush to my cheeks under his strong gaze, but I kept my face neutral.

I stood silently as his eyes burned holes into my own. I realized I was getting better at suppressing my fear for this man, the man who is supposed to be my mate.

"Do not stray too far little mate." He replied in an amused tone, his eyes growing darker with each word. I wondered what was up with his eyes constantly changing colors. I remembered what Hazel had explained to me. Our eyes only change colors when our wolf is trying to take over, and multiple things could cause that. I knew he had no intention on letting me go too far, as indicated by the looming man that began to follow behind me.

Reluctantly, I peeled my eyes away from Alpha Killian. I'm sure he could feel my reluctance to leave, but I didn't care how he chose to interpret that. At this point the music had resumed and most people were back to chatting and dancing, still throwing anxious glances my way. It finally dawned on me that most of those anxious glances were due to the fact that Alpha Killian was my mate. It was as if they were afraid to bump into me, in fear he would k**l them. I wondered how valid their fears were.

After what felt like ages, I finally bumped into a familiar face. Hazel was gazing adoringly into the eyes of a handsome brown haired man. I could tell by the look of pure awe on his face, she had found her mate.

"Hazel.." I choked out, surprised at how uneasy my voice sounded. At the sound of my voice her eyes widened and she was snapped out of whatever trance had come over her. Her eyes quickly roamed my face, looking for the source of my distress. How could she not know what had happened?

"Claire? What's wrong? Did something happen?" Hazel snapped, her eyes narrowing as she searched the area around me.

"I- I found my mate." I said solemnly, the same tone I would use if someone had died.

"Oh my goodness, who is it! You have to introduce me to them!" She squealed, ignoring my obvious discomfort. Her mate gazed at my face in confusion, obviously wondering why I sounded so sad.

"Hazel, it's him. Alpha Killian." I croaked out, the words forced and uneasy.

In that moment Hazel's face froze in shock, and her mate made a move to pull her away from me.

“N-No please. I would never let him hurt Hazel.” I choked out, my pleading eyes on the face of her newly found mate. I could tell by the concern in his eyes he meant me no disrespect, he just wanted to keep Hazel safe.

“She wouldn’t let him hurt me Garret, it’s okay.” Hazel smiled reassuringly at her mate, but I noticed her smile didn’t reach her eyes.

“Are you sure about this Claire?” Hazel asked, all traces of her smile removed from her face. Her hands gently gripped my shoulders as she looked into my eyes.

“I’m positive Hazel. I’m leaving with him tomorrow.” My voice came out in a whisper as I looked down at the floor.

“Claire, do not let them treat you badly. Like it or not, you’re going to be their Luna now. If he hurts you...” Hazel trailed off, knowing I would understand her meaning. If he hurt me I could always reject him. I most likely wouldn’t survive very long, and what was left of my life would be miserable. But what could be more miserable than being hurt at the hands of your mate?

“I’ll do my absolute best, you know that. I’ll always stay in contact with you Hazel, I’ll even visit if I’m able to. I’m going to head outside for a minute, I desperately need some fresh air.” I sighed as I began to walk away. I needed to get away from their looks of absolute sympathy, as if some tragic event had happened to me. Something tragic had happened to me tonight, but I didn’t want any more looks of pity. I needed to at least try and be strong. I couldn’t let these new people walk all over me, or force me into this pathetic submissive house wife role.

“We will be Luna. We will never be submissive.” My wolf chimed in, but I knew how attached she already was to Alpha Killian.

I managed to find the entrance we had come in hours ago, and I hastily made my way outside. I walked further across the clearing and around the side of the tent until I knew I was alone. With a huff, I leaned against the nearest oak tree with my eyes closed, trying desperately to slow my racing heart.

“Be strong Claire, we can make it through this.” My wolf soothed, filling me with confidence.

“I thought you’d be out here.” An amused voice called out. I watched as Jake’s form walked up to me looking slightly disheveled. I stifled my groan, wanting nothing more than to just be by myself for a few moments.

“Yeah, I needed a break.” I sighed, turning my head and gazing into the forest. I would love nothing more than to run into those woods and never come back, but I knew what my fate would be if I did that. I wouldn’t survive very long on my own. Or worse, Alpha Killian would find me.

"I didn't get the chance to tell you, but you look absolutely amazing tonight." Jake smirked, taking a few more steps towards me. I could smell the alcohol rolling off of him, but I doubted he was actually drunk. It took much more to intoxicate werewolves, especially ones who already had a high tolerance to begin with.

"Thanks." I replied, my voice sounding unsure. I kept my gaze on the forest as I let my arms fall at my sides. The cool breeze swirling around me cooled my warm skin and chased away some of the confusion from my brain.

"I gotta tell you the truth Claire. I didn't come here looking for just any mate." Jake said, slurring his words somewhat. Something in his tone caused me to tense up, I didn't like how close he was getting to me. Typically it wouldn't bother me, but this was too close.

"He's drunk Claire, get the h**l out of here." My wolf urged, not trusting Jake any more than I.

"I gotta get back to Hazel." I trailed off, attempting to step around him.

"And Brandon?" Jake snapped, grabbing my wrist and pushing me back against the tree.

"Jake, what are you doing." I wanted to demand angrily, but my voice came out in a frightened whisper. What was going on with me tonight? Since when have I been afraid to stand up for myself? I had been pushing people away all year, and now was the time where I was frozen in fear.

"Finally showing you how I feel." Jake slurred, messily grabbing both of my wrists with his hand and pinning them above my head. Everything seemed to be happening in slow motion. Memories from last summer merged with what was happening to me at this current moment. I was hyper aware of everything going on around me, and yet I couldn't focus, I couldn't fight.

"Jake get off of me!" I screeched, finally finding my voice. I thrashed against him, using all of the force in my body to try and get him off, but it did no good. I was too small against his large frame. I began to hyperventilate, knowing exactly what was about to happen to me. I didn't have much left to give, and there was no way I could lose it this way.

"Shut up! Don't act stupid, you know it's always been you all these years!" Jake snapped, using his free hand to strike my face.

For the moment everything went still, black spots clouded my vision and I knew that soon the worst would happen. The one thing that would send me crashing over the edge, never to come back, never to heal. I felt Jake messing with the bottom of my dress, most likely trying to pull it up when something happened. I could no longer feel Jake's weight on my body. I held my sore wrists out in front of me, knowing there would

be bruises in the morning. Slowly, I reached my hand up to my cheek and winced at how sore it felt. I wondered what that would look like in the morning. Only then I was able to look at my surroundings.

The first thing I noticed was the smell. Sandalwood and citrus. It flooded my nose and helped ease the stars that circled my head. Jake was on the ground, his back lying in the wet grass. Standing above him was none other than my rescuer. Alpha Killian stood above Jake, his eyes a murderous shade of black. My wolf wanted to approach Alpha Killian, but the waves of absolute fury rolled off of his body made us keep our distance. Despite what happened, I couldn't help but feel terrified for Jake. To have all of that rage directed on you, from the most vicious Alpha to ever exist.

"Claire, are you alright?" Alpha Killian asked, turning his head ever so slightly so he could look at me. His eyes remained black, glowing with fury. His voice was incredibly calm, which made him sound even more deadly.

I wanted to speak, to tell him I was alright physically. But I couldn't speak. The dam inside of me that held back the worst, had almost broken. I wasn't sure when I would be able to speak.

Instead I nodded, trying to blink away the tears that had sprung to my eyes. I kept my eyes on his face as his black eyes flickered to my cheek, my wrists, and back up to my eyes. Without another word, he turned his attention back to Jake. At this point a crowd had gathered outside, wanting to see what the source of the screaming was. I looked on in horror as Brandon, Sabrina, my mother and my father made their way into the crowd. I watched my family's face as they took in what had happened and who I was outside with.

"What is going on here?" A balding man spoke up, making his way through the crowd and to Jake's side. I recognized this man as Alpha George, the pack Jake belongs to.

I kept my back against the huge oak tree, my eyes flitting to each of my family members and finally back to Alpha Killian. He didn't spare me another glance as he spoke to Alpha George.

"This pup, tried to rape my mate." Alpha Killian spat, using the word pup as if it were the lowest form of life. I tried not to cringe at the authority that had taken over his voice. I noticed some of the onlookers had cringed at his tone, taking a few steps back as if they could escape his rage.

"Is this true son?" Alpha George frowned, leaning down to get a good look at Jake's face.

"I didn't do anything she didn't want." Jake spat, his eyes locked on my face. I noticed the blood running down his nose and wondered if that was Alpha Killian's doing.

"It would serve you well to keep your mouth shut." Alpha Killian spat, his voice sounding like it's own weapon.

"L-Let me deal with him." Alpha George spoke up, trying to sound like he had some shred of authority. It sounded like a pathetic imitation of Alpha Killian.

"Would you like to make an enemy of me?" Alpha Killian asked calmly, his eyes staring into the other Alpha's. I watched as Alpha George's face began to pale, and he shot a glance full of pity at Jake.

"What would you have me do?" Alpha George asked, fear snaking it's way into his voice.

"Let me decide his fate." Alpha Killian replied in his deep, calm voice. I couldn't help but realize that his calm demeanor made him that much more frightening. I wondered what it would take for him to truly show how angry he was. Somewhere deep inside, my wolf couldn't help the smugness she was feeling. She loved the fact that our mate was ready to k**l for us, I on the other hand was undecided.

"Very well.." Alpha George trailed off, giving a petrified Jake one last glance full of sympathy.

Without another word towards Alpha George, Alpha Killian turned to the two men who were following him and gave them a simple command.

"Grab him." Alpha Killian ordered, his voice deadly calm. I knew if I looked into his eyes I would be able to see the rage within them, the rage that had been the end of so many wolves.

The men grabbed Jake, who attempted to fight out of their grasp, but it was useless. These men were twice the size of him, and five times as vicious. I kept my back against the oak tree, afraid that if I stepped away I would collapse. I watched cautiously as Alpha Killian turned towards me and began to walk in my direction.

Without saying a word he stopped in front of me, his eyes were still midnight black, but I couldn't feel any of his anger directed towards me. I watched cautiously as he slowly lifted his hand towards my face. His dark gaze met my own and never once left. I felt myself wince as he lifted his finger to trace down my bruised cheek. I watched the anger flare in his own eyes, but again I somehow knew it wasn't directed at me. The sparks that made their way down my cheek caused my eyes to widen in surprise. It was like touching a livewire to my b**e skin. The sparks didn't hurt, if anything they felt good, relaxing almost. As quickly as he had traced down the side of my cheek his hand was gone, back at his side.

I took a step from the base of the oak tree and quickly realized I had made a mistake. Memories both from tonight and last summer flashed through my head. The smell of

alcohol and sweat flashed through my brain, the sound of my own scream ringing through my ears was next to follow. I now understood what the term 'tunnel vision' meant. I could hear people speaking, maybe even Alpha Killian, but at the same time I couldn't understand what they were saying. Every sound was foreign in my ears. The only sounds I recognized were the ones in my memories.

The face of two guys flashed through my head; a chipped front tooth, cocky laughter. Jake's face made it's way into my memory, joining the other two. The two faces I had spent an entire year trying to forget. I felt the walls of the dam inside of me flex and groan, memories threatening to spew at any moment. I looked around frantically as darkness began to cloud my vision. And for the first time in my life, I fainted.