

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 8

Alpha Killian's P.O.V

Without a word I followed Claire's parents to their home. I was thankful for the silence, even though him and her mother continuously exchanged nervous glances. I sat Claire's unconscious body in the passenger seat and buckled her in, making sure my skin hadn't come in contact with her own. The drive to her modest and aging home was short, which gave me some time to think.

I couldn't help but steal a glance or two at her peaceful face. For the short time lapse had known her, I had only seen three expressions on her innocent face. Frightened, embarrassed, and frustrated. Watching her sleeping face, you could truly see her innocence shine through. I took a mental image of the peace on her angelic face, as I knew her innocence would not last long in the Blood Moon Pack. I almost felt sad at the thought of my little mate suffering the Blood Moon Pack, but I quickly set myself straight, expelling all emotion for this little creature fated to spend her life with me.

I followed her mother up the stairs and into Claire's bedroom. I looked around her bedroom, trying to get a sense of who this little girl was. Her walls were b**e, but the furniture in the room consisted of different pastel colors, fitting for a teenage girl. Using my free hand, I pulled the blanket on Claire's bed back and placed her down, letting her chocolate curls spill down the pillow. I glanced one last time on Claire's sleeping face, committing it to memory, and followed her mother down the stairs.

I looked around the small yet modest living room and found myself trying to picture Claire in this house, different years of age. I made my way to the far wall in the living room, letting my eyes roam over the pictures. I ignored the anxious stares from her mother and father. I hadn't a clue who the other people in the room were, but they mattered little to me as well.

My eyes flickered from photo to photo, instantly noticing the little girl with chocolate hair and blazing eyes. I watched as she grew older, the childlike smile on her face slowly being replaced with intelligence. I knew Claire was the ideal mate, or she would not have been paired with someone like myself. I knew my heir would exceed my very reputation, and build one of his own. The sound of someone clearing their throat drew me out of my thoughts.

"Derek, Amber, Sabrina... could you guys go upstairs and give us a minute?" Her mother spoke hastily, her anxious face looking between the three tense people that stood by the dining room. Just from looking at the curly haired blonde girl, I could tell she had to be related to Claire, as well as the blonde boy who looked somewhat older. My gaze only lingered on them a moment, wanting to see the fear flash in their eyes as they caught my gaze. I couldn't care less about who those people were, and my curiosity was not peaked by any means. The terrified look on her parents faces amused me, and I wondered what they had to say to me. Would they try to stop me from taking

their daughter? I don't believe Claire would warm up to me if I m*****d her entire family, but some things must be done. No one was going to come in between me and what was mine. With reluctant and frightened looks, the three individuals scurried upstairs like frightened little rodents.

From the looks on their faces they wanted me to deny this, claim it was some big mistake and explain how I just happened to be a hero tonight and saved their daughter. I wouldn't indulge them with lies. I wanted to see the loss flash in their eyes when I told them how I would be taking their daughter away. The worst Alpha in existence would claim their little angel's life and body for his own.

"I am." I confirmed their greatest fears, "She will be leaving with me tomorrow night. Have her ready by 7pm." I left my explanation short, looking into their eyes, daring them to defy my wishes.

"She will be ready." Her father nodded, his voice not sounding as strong as it once had.

Without another look in their direction, I made my way from their home with thoughts of the future running through my mind.

Claire's P.O.V

The last thing I remember were storm grey eyes and the memories of the past and present suffocating me as I fell into darkness. Somewhere in the mix of memories and unconsciousness, I could feel the sparks that enveloped portions of my body.

I opened my eyes to sunlight streaming in through my window. For just a few moments, the events of last night were clear from my mind. If I pretended hard enough, I could simply imagine myself skipping the ball, sneaking home to watch movies with Derek and Amber. I slowly stretched my limbs, noticing I was wearing the same over sized t-shirt I had on the other night. I had almost convinced myself that last night hadn't happen when I noticed the purple bruises encompassing my wrists.

It felt like a bucket of cold water being dumped over my head. All at once the events from last night replayed in my head. I felt my breathing hitch as the realization of me leaving home with Alpha Killian finally came into my mind. I would be leaving home today, to the most feared pack in existence, with no one to protect me other than Alpha Killian himself. I would have no friends in this strange place, no family. I would truly be alone for once in my life. I kept my eyes on the ceiling above me, refusing to let tears plague my vision. This wasn't the time for crying, this was the time to remain strong. There wasn't anything could do about my current situation, there was no running. I could only hope the Blood Moon pack was nothing like the rumors I had been told my entire childhood.

Finally, after what felt like hours, someone began to knock on my bedroom door. For just a second, I felt my heart squeeze in panic, wondering if it was Alpha Killian here to

drag me away without a single goodbye. My door slowly opened and my mother peaked her head inside. For once in my life, my mother's eyes were bloodshot, as if she had been crying. I couldn't imagine her crying over me, I had never seen her this upset before.

"You're awake... Come downstairs after your dressed, we need to have a talk." My mother spoke, blinking at me slowly as she looked over my face. The way she gazed at me felt as if she were memorizing my features and mourning for me at the same time. I opened my mouth to speak, but my voice refused to function so I simply nodded. Who knew today would be the day that my mother and I finally got a long. The day she would lose me. I tried to remind myself that there was always the chance of me visiting, but I didn't hold onto that fleeting thought.

I tried to completely still my thoughts as I got myself out of bed and slipped on a baby blue v-neck t-shirt and a pair of ripped denim shorts. My eyes roamed my face as I combed the loose curls out of my hair. I didn't seem any different. I looked into my own eyes, trying to see if I had changed since finding my mate. I still looked much too young for my age, my baby face and pouty lips remained the same. I was surprised to find my face impassive, almost tired looking. I slipped on a pair of white sandals that tied around my ankles and reluctantly made my way downstairs. I knew once I hit the bottom step, and had this dreaded conversation, there would be no going back. I would officially be moving out.

I walked into the living room and took in the faces that had met my own. Each one tinged with sadness and fear. My mother with her bloodshot eyes, my father with dark circles lining his own. Even Sabrina's slim lips turned down in a frown as she looked at me sadly. Derek and Amber sat on the couch, their arms around each other, gazing at me sadly. Even Hazel and Brandon were there, somber expressions on both of their faces. I resisted the urge to sigh loudly and stomp back up to my bedroom. Everyone was looking at me as if I had died.

"You know we have to let you go, right?" My mother's soft voice chimed in first. I felt my eyes widen, I haven't heard her speak to me that softly since I was a child. She typically reserved that voice for Sabrina and young children.

"I understand, I really do." I nodded at them all, letting out a sigh of contempt. What really could any of them do? Saving me would put all of us on the run, which wouldn't last long.

"I should've helped you skip out on the ball when you asked me." I heard Derek speak up, his eyes glazed over as he pulled me into a hug. I breathed in his earthy scent, not knowing when I would see him again.

"It's not your fault. It's not any of your guy's faults." I shook my head at them all, refusing to place the blame on anyone other than myself. I should have tried harder, I should have listened to my gut and avoided the ball at all costs. I could feel my wolf

mentioning the positive aspects of the night. She mentioned how attractive Alpha Killian was, how neither one of us had ever met someone so radiant and g*d-like. I didn't want to agree with her, but I never could lie to my wolf.

"I'm gonna miss you Claire-bear." Sabrina whispered, pulling me into a surprising hug. I couldn't remember the last time I had hugged my younger sister. I couldn't even remember the last time we had a real conversation.

"If things go well... I'll make sure to contact you all." I assured them, trying to put a smile on my face for their benefit. The meaning of what I said hung in the air like a sticky fog. If things go well... Meaning, if I survived. If I wasn't locked away and kept from the world.

I nearly gasped in surprise when my father pulled me in for a hug. My family has never been very touchy-feely so this was entirely new to me. Some part of me regretted not hugging them sooner, not showing them that despite all of the bickering I wouldn't know what to do without them.

"I love you kid, don't forget that." I heard my father grumble, his voice steady and strong like it's been my entire life. I found myself smiling into his dark eyes, trying to blink the tears that began to form.

"Hazel, Brandon, would you go to Claire's room and help her pack? I need to have a word alone with her." My mother chimed in, shooing everyone from the room with a single look.

"What's wrong?" I asked cautiously once everyone had left the living room.

"Come over here." My mother ushered me to the backdoor, ensuring no one could hear us.

"I need you to listen to me for once. I know I've always wanted you to be obedient and submissive, but you need to be smart about this Claire." My mother warned, her hands gently grasping my shoulders as she stared into my eyes.

"What- what do you mean?" I questioned, frozen in place by my mother's urgent words.

"You know the rumors Claire, you know the things your mate is capable of. If he harms you, if he forces you into anything, you will need to make a decision. You can't run, you won't get far even if you manage to leave their territory." My mother continued, her lips pressed in a thin line.

"I'm not understanding your point." I stated, my sentence trailing off as I tried to decipher the hidden meaning in her words.

“Claire, think of all the horrific things they could do to you. What I am saying is there may only be one way out of that situation.” My mother spoke softly and patiently, watching my eyes as what she said clicked in my head. The knot of fear that had once been dormant in my stomach roared to life.

“Y-you’re telling me to k**l myself?” whispered harshly, now understanding why she had sent everyone away. My eyes widened in shock at what my mother suggested. Could she really encourage this?

“Claire, my mother went through this. Her mate abused her, raped her, forced her to have me. Pain inflicted at the hands of your mate is so much more than just physical. There was nothing left inside of her, it was like she had died while her body continued living. So yes, if he shows you that he intends to harm you, to rape you, then yes my Claire, I am telling you to k**l yourself.” My mother choked out, a stray tear running down her face as her cool hand came up and cupped my cheek. I could see the sadness lodged deep in her eyes, and for once in my rebellious life, I understood why she acted the way she did. I understood the preaching about obedience and being submissive to your mate. Minimize the damage, and pray for a kind and loving mate.

I needed to be strong not only for my mother, but for myself. No one was coming with me to the Blood Moon Pack, I needed to defend myself in any way possible. I wasn’t very strong, nor was I very fast. But I couldn’t let them see how afraid I truly was. My mother held me tightly for a few moments, and I relished in the comfort. With one last kiss to my cheek, my mother sent me off to my room where Hazel and Brandon waited to help me pack and to say one final goodbye. As my foot hit each step on the way to my room, my mind flashed back to what my mother had said.

“There may only be one way out of this situation” Swirled through my head, each letter sending a sharp pain to my temples.

“...Yes my Claire, I am telling you to k**l yourself.” Embedded itself into my brain, along with the sorrow written on my mothers face.