

Alpha Maximus The last lycan Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Alpha Tate rejected us. Hurt us! He must be playing with us! I don't like Alpha Tate, or his wolf, Grey, who is always trying to argue with me. Storm says.

I know. He can't expect me to run into his arms after the way he has treated me all these years. He rejected me!

It's getting dark and cold out here. We should head back to the attic. I say.

On my way to the house, pack members are scouring the area for me. *They must be searching for us.* Storm says.

I sneak around to the back of the house and climb up the lattice, onto the roof. I crawl low, so no one can see me.

Above the dining room, I hear Alpha Tate through the open window below me, speaking to other people. I crawl closer to the edge of the roof to hear him clearly.

'I am telling you now, she isn't an ordinary wolf. I saw it with my own eyes. She has the power to heal,' he yells.

'Even if she does have this ability, what are your intentions with her?' Sam asks.

'If she can heal, we can use her to take over other packs, and become the strongest, most-feared pack in history!' He says.

'How would she help us do that? She can't heal them to death,' Ava says, sarcastically.

'We fight during battle, and she will heal us as we are wounded, so we have no chance of losing,' Alpha Tate explains.

'What if she refuses to heal us?' Sam asks.

'She will heal us. She is my *mate* and I am going to *mark* and *mate* her, and make her the *Luna* so she is obligated to help the pack,' he explains.

'No!' Ava shouts. 'You promised you'd mark me and make me Luna!' Ava snaps.

'You're nothing but a whore on the side,' he says, and she runs out of the room crying.

I was excited about having a mate and being marked, but the thought of Alpha Tate marking me makes me shudder in repulsion.

'We have another problem. We have Alpha Maximus coming to stay in a few weeks,' Alpha Tate says.

'Alpha Maximus, the Lycan Prince?' Sam asks, startled.

'Yes,' Alpha Tate answers. Everyone in the room gasps and chats among themselves.

'Silence!' Alpha Tate yells, slamming his fist on the table.

'I'm aware he is feared, but with Hope healing us, we can kill him, and then the Blood Moon pack will be ours! The other packs will never trouble us again!' Alpha Tate explains.

'What business does the lycan have here anyway?' Someone asks.

'He hasn't found his mate yet. He is travelling through every pack, until he finds her. Rumour has it, it's not just on a full moon that he loses all control over his lycan. His lycan has become more aggressive and stronger as he has gotten older and takes over any time,' Alpha Tate explains.

'You're risking the safety of this pack allowing him here,' Sam says.

'I know that. I declined him, but he won't take no for an answer. He requested one of the cells in the dungeon to be made available for him in case he is here during a full moon. His pack members will chain him up until the full moon passes. This will be the best time to kill him; while he is locked up behind bars. Everyone fears him. We would be heroes if we killed him,' Alpha Tate explains.

Coward! I tell Storm.

Just goes to show how weak Alpha Tate is, that he has to lock an alpha up before he attacks. Storm says.

He is an unworthy alpha. I say.

Crawling along to the other side of the roof, I push the window on the attic but it doesn't open. I scrape all the ice off around the edges, and the window opens, I climb in, and close it quietly behind me.

I huddle up on my mattress in the corner, and blow into my clasped hands to warm them up. I hear footsteps coming upstairs. I rush over to the window, open it, and am halfway out when someone's arm wraps around my waist and pulls me back in. I squirm and try to wriggle free.

'You're coming with me,' Alpha Tate says, carrying me downstairs. I try to break free of his hold. I don't want him to mark or mate me.

He takes me to the dining room, where everyone waits and watches in anticipation. He sits me on the chair next to him.

'Sam, your knife,' Alpha Tate says.

Sam stands and pulls a small knife from his belt, and hands it to Alpha Tate, who takes the knife and cuts the palm of his hand.

The she-wolves gasp, and he flings the bloody knife across the table and plonks his hand in front of me. The blood pools, and drips down his wrist, and inbetween his fingers. I look at him, confused.

'Heal me,' he says, and everyone leans in closer to watch. I sit there, remain silent, and don't move.

'Damn it, Hope! Heal me!' He snaps, making me jump.

Shaking my head, he aggressively takes my hand and puts it on his hand, before grabbing my other hand, and putting it on my other hand.

'Now. Or you'll go a week without food,' he says. I look at my hands covered in his blood. I don't know how to do it.

I entwine my fingers in his, both of us flinching from the sparks between us.

Our audience remains silent as I stare intently at our hands, and my hair begins to float, my skin glows, and my eyes become a bright silver.

Hearing the excitement in everyone's voice, the glow fades, my eyes turn normal again and my hair falls down.

I stare at our hands, intertwined, covered in blood, for a moment, before I let go. Alpha Tate stands and wipes his bloody hand across his chest to show the wound is healed. Everyone stares in disbelief at his hand, then at me.

'See?' Alpha Tate says, smiling, before pushing over a full plate of food towards me.

'Eat,' he says, smiling at me. Everyone begins eating, speaking about my ability, and about the lycan.

Hesitant to eat, I eye the plate of food, feeling nauseous after healing him. I run out of the room, and don't go to the attic because I know he will find me there.

I go into the library, and crawl into a low cupboard, and close the door behind me. It's much warmer than the attic.

Storm, we need to leave. Tomorrow I'll sneak into one of the she-wolves' rooms for warmer clothes, and when everyone is asleep, we will run. I say.

Where are we going to go? Storm asks.

I don't know. Just as long as we get as far away from here as possible. I say.

Won't Alpha Tate come after us? Storm asks.

Most likely. But we have to at least try and get away from here. I spoke.

Let's get some sleep. Hopefully it's our last night in this packhouse. Storm says.

What if he catches you? He might kill you for running away. Storm says.

He won't kill me if he wants to use me for my healing ability. I say.

Making myself more comfortable, I nestle my head on my arms, like a pillow, and drift off to sleep.

A few hours later, I'm woken by Alpha Tate tearing the place apart, looking for me.

'I can smell your scent Hope!' He yells. 'Come out, come out, wherever you are,' he chants, like it's a game of hide and seek.

Keeping still, I peek through a crack trying to see where he is, when suddenly his eyes are in my line of sight and are inches apart, with only the thin wooden cupboard door between us.

'Found you!' He says, with a smile.