

# The Challenge Two Alphas, One Girl Chapter 15

## Chapter 15: Family Feuds

### Maze's POV

I had been in the common grounds with some important pack members. My father was amongst them. He was not pleased about the challenge. He thought to even fight over a wolf-less girl made no sense.

“What has gotten into the young alphas these days?” He had said, throwing his hands in the air exasperatedly. My father had rejected his mate because she had been a rogue, not belonging to any pack in particular. She eventually moved to Marigold after my father had already married my mother whom he had no mate-bond with. His mate ended up marrying an alcoholic, my father's own beta, and developing herself. Yes, Friday's mother and my father had been fated and had walked away from each other. The news made me want to destroy this whole pack house. I had watched my father criticise my mother's every move my whole life and now I knew why, he already had a mate in mind.

“You can always, you know, spend as much time with Friday as you like and care for her financially, but not as your official Luna. Pick a proper girl for that,” he had said, basically admitting his wife was his showpiece and his mate was his mistress.

I wanted to get out of this place. I walked upstairs, crushing part of the wooden railing to dust when I gripped it. I heard muffled voices on the Beta floor. Fang and...a voice that soothed me...Friday!

Before I could break down Fang's door, Friday ran from the room and into my arms. I embraced her like it was the first time I had ever laid eyes on her, scooping her up into my arms, breathing in her scent, tangling my fingers in her tousled waves. She seemed shell-shocked but she allowed it. I turned away from her. I knew something inappropriate had to have happened. The Fenestra family was even more dysfunctional than mine.

Thaddeus appeared, seeing an out of breath Friday, an angry me and a guilty looking Fang. I could feel his alpha aura immediately ignite with anger.

“Fang, what was Friday doing in your room?” I demanded, before Thaddeus could say anything.

“Nothing,” said Fang coolly. “Brother, sister talk.” Thaddeus snorted.

“I doubt she just stopped by,” I said, raising my voice.

Thaddeus looked surprised and so did Friday. Did I seem so uncaring to them? Like I wanted to see Friday hurt, and by my own beta, her own brother?

“Did you force her to come into your room?” I demanded. Fang was quiet, his eyebrows raised. “ANSWER ME!” I bellowed in my alpha voice.

The din of noise from the common grounds below stopped. Everyone within a mile radius of me was quiet.

Friday’s POV

I creamed my underwear a little when Maze yelled like that. Why was he defending me? I was not sure where this sudden passion for my well being had come from but it was arousing me. Thaddeus had just returned from the woods, all sweaty, his long hair tangled. He eyed me. He was furious at Fang too but he was smelling my arousal and knew that this time it was directed at Maze. I felt so guilty. I pleaded with Thaddeus with my eyes.

”I saw inadaeus all over ner last night. I wanted to make sure sne coula nanaie nerseus.”

“She’s not mated,” said Maze. “I’ve been inhaling her scent all day. I’d have picked up on it.”

“Yes...but,” said Fang.

Maze jacked Fang up against the wall. I gasped. He had his forearm pressed against my brother’s throat.

“If you man handle my mate again, I will strip you of your title!” Snarled Maze. He released Fang who crumpled to the ground, scrambled to his feet and ran downstairs.

“Are you ok?” Asked Thaddeus and Maze in perfect unison, stopping to glare at each other.

“I’m ok,” I said. “Thank you for standing up for me, Maze,” I said, my eyes watering.

Maze seemed like he wanted to hold me. I really hoped he wouldn’t, not in front of Thaddeus. I took a deep breath.

“Let’s go upstairs,” said Maze.

I went to shower. I did have some bruises on my shoulders. Ugh. Thaddeus would find these tomorrow and he might react more intensely than Maze. I knew he wanted my brother dead or banished not simply demoted like Maze had threatened. I was in a

plush robe, detangling my messy waves when there was a knock on the door. It was Maze. He said he had something important and difficult to tell me.

“Friday, I’m just going to come out and say it,” Maze said.

“Your mother is...or perhaps, was...my father’s originally fated mate,” Maze said.

“Neither of our parents ended up in fated mate marriages. They all just married for prestige or convenience!”

Maze sniffled a little. He was extremely upset. I had never seen him show raw emotion like this. His hair was wet too, like he had just gotten out of the bath. I went over to him and started brushing it instead

ked at me like I was a lunatic but I wanted to comfort him and I needed time to think as well. He allowed me to brush and dry his hair. I smoothed it with my fingers. I sighed.

“I know my parents aren’t real mates,” I said. “I didn’t know who my mother’s real mate was but I felt like she had one. It was this wistfulness she had. I’m shocked it’s your dad and now years later, his son and my mom’s daughter are fated. Fate repeats things until she gets her way.”

Maze was relaxing as I played in his hair. He grabbed me and pulled me onto his lap.

“I don’t know how to be the kind of guy you would like if not for the mate bond. I don’t know what to say to you, how to touch you,” Maze said, seeming frustrated.

He thought those things because he was comparing himself to Thaddeus. Everything was easy with Thaddeus but that did not mean I was unaffected by Maze. I just hugged him, shocked that Maze who had filled me with more insecurities could feel insecure.

I wished I could split myself in two, one me for Thaddeus and one me for Maze. Maze lifted me as easily as Thaddeus did. All of these alphas were so strong. He placed me on my bed and tucked me in. He turned off the light. He sat on the edge of my bed, stroking my hair, detangling the curls and waves with his fingers. I sighed happily. Maze crept into bed with me and pulled me to him, inhaling my scent deeply. I wondered if he was going to get as up close and personal with me as Thaddeus had last night. My stomach clenched in anticipation. My heart was racing.

“Your heart is beating so fast,” he murmured. “Are you ok?”

“Yes, Maze,” I whispered.

He repositioned us so that we were both on our sides, head on the same pillow, facing each other, noses close together.

“No,” I lied.

“So if I search your body, I won’t find any bruises?” He asked matter-of-factly.

I did not think Maze would search me for bruises too. I expected that more from Thaddeus. I really couldn’t hide anything from these alphas.

“Answer me, Friday,” he said, not using his alpha voice. He never used his alpha voice with me, not even when he had rejected me and banned me from the pack house.

“No, you won’t find any bruises,” I said.

Maze sat up, at the edge of the bed.

“Come, stand in front of me,” he instructed.

I did as he said, trembling a little, nervous about what came next. “Take off your robe,” he whispered.

I took it off slowly, letting it fall to the floor. I was completely exposed in front of Maze. His eyes were black with lust. The moonlight streaming in from the windows lit the dark room. His eyes trailed over me carefully. My cheeks burned.

“Now, turn around,” he said.

I did as I was told, relieved to look away from his gaze.

Maze sighed. “Put your robe back on.” I quickly snatched up my robe and covered myself. “You’re dishonest, Friday,” Maze said, sounding disappointed.

I could not say anything.

“You have bruises on your upper arms that I know are from today,” he said. They were from Fang squeezing my shoulders and arms. “Am I in trouble?” I asked, genuinely wondering.

Maze broke into laughter, seeming shocked at my question.

“No, Friday,” he said as though that were obvious. “I’m sorry for lying,” I said. “I just don’t want my brother to get hurt.” “Even though he hurts you?” Asked Maze incredulously.

“He’s not a good brother. I know that but...I’ve always thought that was his choice and my choice is to be a good sister, within reason. I don’t have many opportunities to do anything nice for anyone. I don’t have power like you and Thaddeus...but I can at least spare my brother significant punishment. I can give the gift of forgiveness,” I said, fumbling with the ties of my robe.

Maze chuckled. "You don't have power like me and Thaddeus yet you've brought both alphas to their knees to beg for your hand," he mused.

I was quiet. Maze was so tall that even though he sat on the bed's edge and I stood in front of him, we were still practically at eye level with each other.

"Pretend you're seeing me for the first time, realising I'm your mate. Tell me what you would have told me had you not been alpha and could be with whomever," I suggested.

Maze smiled sadly, "I wouldn't have said anything," he said.

"At all?" I asked.

Maze shrugged. "I would have just done this," Maze said, cupping my face in his large hands and pulling me into a gentle kiss. His arms to my waist. He leant back until he was lying on the bed and I tell with him on top on him. He stared at me in silence.

"Do you think my mom and your dad still feel anything for each other?" I asked. "If your mom accepted the rejection, the mate-bond might have been severed," Maze said.

I wanted to ask my mom about it. How could she have never mentioned this? In all fairness, she avoided me as a general rule so I supposed it was not that unusual for her to exclude the information from me.

"It's almost midnight," Mumbled Maze. The clock showed it was half past eleven. I was actually sad to be parted from him.

"I'm surprised Thaddeus isn't waiting outside the door for it to be 12:01am, the technical start of his next day with you," said Maze dryly giggled. "Both of you are actually pretty great, you know," I said sweetly. Maze shrugged. "You would be friends, if not for me," I mumbled. "No, Friday," he said. "You don't get to blame yourself for everything. Share some of it around."

He kissed my lips and then my would-be marking spot on my neck. He kissed my eyelids, my forehead, the tip of my nose, my cheeks, my bruised palms and even the soles of my feet like I was a queen. I found myself wanting to request he stay the last thirty minutes with me but he was already gone.