

Alphas, chapter 12, Fight, Fight Between Alphas

Lana's POV

I just got out of the shower and was halfway through getting changed when the bedroom door opened. Drake walked in, a strange look on his face before noticing me.

"S**t sorry" He says shutting the door. I quickly get dressed, confused as to why he was back already. My clothes are sticking to me from not being able to dry myself properly, nothing worse than squeezing into tights while wet.

"You can come in, I am decent" I call out to him and he opens the door sticking his head in before opening it wider.

"Sorry, I didn't realise you were about to get dressed, Tate said you haven't come out of the room. Are you hiding in here?"

I shake my head and point to my suitcase. "No, just unpacking," I tell him standing there awkwardly. Why does this have to be so weird? I ask myself. Drake sits on the end of the bed before laying down.

"I thought you had to speak to your father?"

His eyes snap to mine a worried look on his face. He runs his hand down his face before sitting up and bracing his elbows on his knees. Tate walks in, looking at Drake.

"So, what happened?" He asks Drake.

"It doesn't matter. Can I stay here for the night?" He asks, looking at Tate.

"You don't have to ask Drake, you know this" He says.

"What did your father say?" I ask, intrigued as to why he didn't want to go home.

"My father wants to meet you tomorrow," Drake says nervously. I shrug not understanding the big deal about it, I was bound to meet him anyway. Tate growls and I look at him over my shoulder.

"That's fine, I will end up meeting him anyway" I tell him, before grabbing my brush and trying to detangle my hair.

"That's not all Lana and I understand if you don't want to go. I am not trying to pressure you" My brows furrow wondering where he is going with this.

"My father wants me to mark you tonight before I bring you to him" He is kidding right? Like he wouldn't. I take a step back, my heart pounding against my ribcage at his

words, his eyes tracking my movement before he puts up his hands in what I guess was supposed to calm me.

“I won’t mark you without permission Lana, calm down” Drake says before sighing. He looked tired as he laid back down on the bed. Tate shakes his head at what he said before storming off, slamming the door behind him.

“What’s wrong with him?” I ask, looking nervously toward the door. I was nearly tempted to chase after him, worried Drake might mark me now that he was gone.

“He hates my father,” Drake states. I nod in understanding.

“What happens if I don’t see your father tomorrow?”

“Doesn’t matter, I will deal with it; you don’t have to go Lana”

“I will go, it doesn’t bother me” I tell him, it didn’t, I could handle his father. Though, it made me nervous seeing both their reactions to him.

“What about Tate?” I ask, looking toward the door and back at him. Drake shakes his head

“My father won’t allow him on the territory, not when he knows he is my mate”

“Then how will he take it when you mark him?” I ask confused on how their relationship was going to work.

“I won’t be marking Tate Lana” He says, and I could see the sadness in his eyes. He may deny wanting to be with Tate, but it was obvious to me how much that was actually hurting him.

“Well in that case then, neither of you are marking me until you have marked each other” I tell him, he looks at me shocked before standing.

“I can’t mark Tate, Lana; it is out of the question”

“Why is it? Because your father won’t approve?” I ask, he says nothing but I watch as his fists clench and unclench at his side.

“You can’t just come here and expect us to wait again, we waited two years already”

“I’m not saying you have to wait. When you mark Tate, I will let you mark me, but until then I am not letting either of you mark me”

“You know what, f**k it. I am done, if it isn’t my father giving me orders it’s you” He says walking out. He slams the door so hard the handle snaps off falling to the floor with a thud.

I figured he would come back but he didn’t. I was starting to get hungry so I decided to go downstairs to see what I could make to eat. I was rummaging through the fridge when Tate walked in. Besides beer there wasn’t really much in here.

“I usually order dinner, I’m not much of a c**k” He states. I managed to find some eggs, placing them on the bench.

“That explains why there is nothing but eggs, got any bread?” I ask. Tate walks over to the pantry and pulls out some bread. I checked the date on the eggs seeing as I found them up the back behind all his beer.

“Toaster?” He shakes his head. Grill it is then, I think to myself turning around and turning it on and placing some bread in it.

“Why do you have a modern kitchen if you don’t use it?” I ask. He shrugs.

“Scrambled eggs? I would make you something else, but you only have eggs” I ask.

“I can order something from the Packhouse” I shake my head not wanting to meet anyone right now.

“If you write a grocery list, I will have someone go get everything for you tomorrow” I nod before another thought hits me. How was I going to get blood around here?

“Don’t suppose you have a blood bank here?” He shakes his head which was understandable not much use of blood bank when you have supernatural healing abilities.

“Hybrid’s can go without blood, can’t they?” He asks. I stare at him; he really expects me to go without blood.

“We can but not long Tate. I will attack someone without it” Tate scratches the back of his head. Werewolves naturally hate vampires even though I am part Lycan, I could tell this was already going to become an issue.

“Yeah, I don’t think any of my pack will let you have their blood Lana. You might just need to make do until I get into the city. How long can you go without it?”

“Maybe three days, it’s already been two” I tell him worried. If his pack feels this strongly about vampires, it made me wonder what Tate feels about me being a hybrid. I cooked dinner for both of us, but I was suddenly no longer hungry and had to force

myself to eat it. I honestly didn't think me being a hybrid was going to be a problem because they knew what I was before I came here. I had been here not even 24 hours and we were already going to have major issues.

We eat in silence, then I wash up while Tate grabs a beer and walks into the lounge room flicking the TV on. I sat with him for a little while, but it was clear our earlier conversation didn't sit well with him. Giving up on trying to start a conversation that only led to short answers I gave up and headed to bed.

I just didn't understand, all this time they knew what I was. All this time of Tate trying to convince me to come see him, yet I am meant to deny what I am? Why didn't they just reject me? And why was it only now that he suddenly has a problem with what I am.

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