

## Alphas, chapter 13, Fight, Fight Between Alphas

### Lana's POV

I woke to someone climbing in the bed, the bed dipping behind me, the light just breaking through the window indicating it was rather early in the morning. I knew instantly it was Drake, that he came back. His scent hitting my nose as he pulls me flush against him, his face pressed to the side of my neck. I can't help the shiver that rushes over my body from the sparks bursting on my skin.

"I know you're awake, I heard your heart rate pick up" He whispers before kissing the side of my neck, his arms tightening around me.

"Where is Tate?" I ask and he sighs

"Downstairs, passed out" He mutters. Nestling in closer to me before his hand moves underneath my shirt making me gasp as his fingertips trail gently over my abdomen.

"Do you still want me to go to the packhouse and meet your father"

"Only if you want to go" He answers, and roll over to face him, his hand moving to my hip while the other is still underneath my pillow. His face was so close barely an inch off mine and I instantly regretted moving, his scent was intoxicating making my gums tingle which was only made worse from his hand on my hip drawing circles with his fingertips, sending sparks moving over my skin.

His breath fanning my face and I lean in involuntarily. "And you think you are immune to the mate bond" He says, making me snap out of my trance and pull away.

"Why do you do that?"

"Do what?"

"Pull away when ever you feel drawn to us"

"I'm not, your scent can be overwhelming"

"You're worried about wanting to feed on us" I nod about to roll away when his hand tightens on my hip stopping me from turning.

"Why is that a bad thing?" He asks.

"Because I feed on you, I mark you and I don't think Tate likes that part of me" I tell him.

“What makes you say that?” He asked and I could see he thought what I said was odd.

“I asked Tate if there were any blood banks around here and he seemed to get angry, asking if hybrids could go without blood” Drake chuckles, shaking his head.

“You think he doesn’t like your vampire side” It wasn’t a question more like a statement.

“What?”

“We already had this discussion, it’s not that he doesn’t want you drinking blood Lana, he just doesn’t want you drinking anyone’s blood that isn’t us”

“Huh”

“He knows if you feed on him you mark him” He chuckles.

“It also changes your scent, we noticed it when we first met you. You smell different”

“So, he doesn’t hate vampires?” He laughs.

“No, of course not, we knew what you were before we brought you here. You being hybrid doesn’t bother us Lana” He says. Suddenly the door opens and in stumbles a very sleepy Tate, he climbs in the bed rolling over half asleep and spooning Drake.

Drake looks over his shoulder at him before turning back to me with a silly grin on his face.

“You seem more comfortable here” I tell him. Drake seems to think for a second but doesn’t remove Tate’s arm that is wrapped around him instead pulls me closer before sitting up on his elbow looking down at me, his eyes darting to my lips for a second and he hesitates before leaning down and kissing me, his lips were soft on mine and I felt him pause for a second when I kissed him back before feeling his tongue run across my bottom lip wanting access.

My lips part and I feel his tongue slip into my mouth playing with mine before he takes control of the kiss fighting mine for dominance and I let him have it, not fighting against him and it felt good, felt right until he moved, and I felt his e\*\*\*\*\*n against my thigh as he moved between my legs making me tense before I relax, his lips go to my neck sucking and nipping at my skin where his mark would be. I feel his teeth graze my neck and pull away from him.

“Sorry” He mutters, and it was like someone chucked cold water over me when he climbed out from between my legs, my body instantly missing his touch, his warmth.

“Will your father be mad if you don’t mark me before I meet him?” I ask, wanting to cover my reaction to the loss of his warmth, he settles beside me staring at the roof. Tate suddenly rolls into him chucking his arm over Drake again making me chuckle. Tate’s head snapping up and groggily looking over at us before realising he had his arm draped over Drake.

“Sorry” he mutters, before he goes to move his arm when Drake grabs his arm pulling it back in place. Tate is unable to mask his shock but doesn’t pull away instead laying back. His fingertips brushing my side and I notice Drake still hasn’t answered.

“Will he?” I ask Drake again and he turns his head looking at me.

“I will deal with that, it is fine Lana, we won’t force you” He says. I nod thinking, trying to find a way to help him, it was clear to me he didn’t like disappointing his father, like he was seeking his father’s approval.

“What if I mark you?” I ask, his face snapping in my direction and Tate suddenly sits up looking over Drake and at me.

“You would mark us” Tate asks.

“Don’t look so shocked, besides, I am pissed off with you” I tell him.

“What did I do” Tate asks, shocked. Drake looks at him.

“Any discussions about blood yesterday?” Drake asks him, raising an eyebrow at him. Tate seems to think for a second.

“Yeah, I told her we don’t have blood banks” He answers, and I could tell he really didn’t think he did anything wrong.

“She thought you hate vampires, that you wanted her to go without blood” Tate looks horrified by his words, his eyes snapping to me.

“No that’s not what I meant; I don’t hate vampires I just”

“Don’t want me drinking a stranger’s blood” I offer, and he nods before looking away guiltily.

“It changes your scent, if you’re going to smell of someone else I would rather it be me or Drake” he says.

“Well next time say that, I thought you had a problem with what I am, and I thought your pack hates vampires” I tell him, but now also feeling stupid I jumped to conclusions, but it wasn’t entirely my fault, he could have just come out and said that instead of making out his pack would be against it.

“My pack don’t care, they already know about you, I told them to keep their distance for a bit but saying that I still don’t want to put them in that position. They may not care what you are Lana but around these parts it is uncommon to run into vampires. They are more common in the city”

“There is a city close to here” I ask, not having seen any signs for one on the drive here.

“Yeah, Avalon City it’s about two hours away” Tate answers.

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