

Alphas, chapter 20, Fight, Fight Between Alphas

Lana's POV

Getting dressed Tate walks in, I was only standing in jeans and a bra. He steps closer and I raise an eyebrow at him, and he drops his hands to his side before looking away.

"You're still angry?" He says and I don't bother answering, instead pull my shirt on over my head. Tate sighs looking to the bathroom door as it opens and Drake steps out.

"I'm going to c**k breakfast" I tell them, stepping out of the room. I hear Tate say something to Drake that earns him a growl before hearing Tate follow after me. He perches himself on the stool while I grab ingredients out. Looking in the fridge, I see both their plates sitting in the fridge and look over the door at him.

"You two didn't eat your dinner I made," I tell him, a little upset.

"We didn't know you were making us anything, we can heat it up for lunch" Tate says, and I continue to rummage around before finding my second favourite food, Bacon. Grabbing a frypan, I turn on the element, letting it heat up while I grab the eggs and bread.

"Are you angry because we looked in your bag, or because of last night?" Tate asks, making me look at him.

"Both and I am not angry, just done with the conversation, you and Drake need to sort out your problems" I tell him, opening the bacon and placing some in the frypan.

Tate sighs but adds nothing instead watches me c**k.

"Something smells good" Drake states walking in and sitting next to Tate. Tate turns facing him, and Drake stares back at him.

"How was your run?" Drake asks him trying to stop the tension building between them even though they literally just argued again when Tate came back.

Tate doesn't answer, instead ignores him and I roll my eyes at their childish behaviour.

"So, what do you want to do today?" Drake asks getting up and pouring coffees, he hands one to Tate who accepts it and gives him a nod.

"Are there any towns close by?" I ask, wanting to get out of this place for a while.

"Yeah, you can take my car if you want," Tate says but I shake my head.

"I don't know how to drive" I tell him, and he stares at me like it was the most ridiculous thing he has ever heard.

"You can't drive?"

"Never needed to, we have buses and trains where I come from or I would just have Ryker or Arial drive me" I tell them.

"We can teach you how to drive, we definitely don't have buses out here" Drake answers. I scrunch my nose up at the idea. I didn't like driving, failed miserably in school so didn't bother after that.

"I'm good, can one of you take me in town?"

"I can tomorrow, I have business to take care of today" Tate answers and I nod knowing he would be busy with his pack.

"I told my brothers, I would go see them" Drake says, and I huff knowing I was going to be housebound again today.

"You can come with me to the packhouse" Tate says, and I could feel through the bond he really wanted me to go with him.

"Yeah okay" I tell him, and he smiles. I put their plates in front of them before grabbing my own and walking to the table.

"What did you want to get in town anyway?" Drake asks.

"A sat phone so I can ring my sister" I tell him.

"You can use my phone; I have reception out here" Drake says and Tate nods.

"You could have also used mine, if you wanted to speak to her" Tate adds.

"Can I ask you something?" Drake asks, and I see Tate look at him with a worried look on his face before he looks to me.

"Why didn't you tell your parents?" Drake asks, though I could see the guilt in his eyes. Tate stares and I could tell he also wanted to know why.

I shrug. "My mother would have went off her brain for one and secondly I may forgive you but that doesn't mean they will if they knew. So, Arial was the only one I knew and that's because I couldn't hide it from her seeing as we shared a room" I tell him.

“I thought you didn’t believe in the mate bond?” Tate asks before spearing a piece of egg and popping it in his mouth.

“I never said I didn’t believe in it, just that I didn’t feel it like you two do. I don’t know why; it wasn’t their business, our relationship or non-existent one. I needed to know I wasn’t throwing it away. Mum always said mates were blessings, that if I rejected you, I may not get a second chance mate or may not recognise him” I tell them. They seem to think for a second and I continue to finish my breakfast.

“So, you accept the bond completely then?” Tate asks.

“I’m here, aren’t I?” I answer and he nods.

“But do you want to be” Drake asks, grabbing his empty plate and placing it in the sink. He kisses the top of my head and I see Tate smile at the gesture.

“Yes, but not one without the other, either fix it or I will go. I will not be forced to choose” I tell them. Drake looks at Tate nervously like he doesn’t know how to answer. Tate however raises an eyebrow at him, letting him know everything was riding on him as he folds his arms across his chest.

“Look I am not saying you have to f**k each other though I wouldn’t mind, but at least mark each other” I tell Drake.

“You wouldn’t mind?”

“Why would I, we are mates aren’t we?” Drake nods but I could see his father really did a number on him and messed with his head.

“I definitely wouldn’t mind; my b***s are so blue” Tate adds, making me snort.

“What it’s true, there is only so much Miss Palmer and her five daughters can do” He states.

“Miss Palmer?” I ask, raising an eyebrow. He waves his hand and I shake my head.

“I need to go, I told my brothers I would meet them at 9” Drake says, grabbing his keys and heading for the door.

“You know they can come here Drake” Tate sings out, making Drake stop and look back at him.

“I know but dad has been watching them closely, I don’t want to make things more difficult having them cross borders” He says.

“Where are you meeting them?” Tate asks.

“The highway between borders”

“Take Elias with you” Tate says and Drake growls.

“I don’t trust your father. Take Elias, he likes your brothers”

“Fine, but I am not your b***h to order around” Drake growls at him before walking out and shutting the door.

“You think his father would do something”

“I know he will, once he realises Drake won’t fall to his demands, he will start a war” Tate says running his hand through his hair.

“But he banished him?” Tate nods getting up and taking his plate to the sink.

“His father would use any excuse to start a war with my pack, he used to be friends with my father, thinks I betrayed him when I killed him” Tate says, and I was shocked by the burning hatred I felt through the bond toward his own dad. I knew he killed his father, knew something went down but surely it couldn’t all be bad.

Getting up, I walk into the kitchen to start washing up when Tate pins me against the bench trapping me with one hand on either side of me.

“Thank you for breakfast” He says, his face inches off mine. He moves pressing his bare chest against me and forcing me to look up at him.

“You’re”- He cuts me off his lips coming down on mine, his tongue brushing along my bottom lip before he sucks it into his mouth, his hand tangling in my hair as he pulls me against him, deepening the kiss. I kiss him back, my hand going to his chest and I feel him shiver as sparks rush over his skin and my palms. Gripping my hips, he places me on the bench. pressing himself between my legs as he grabs my breast palming it through my shirt.

His lips are hot against mine before I pull away needing air, but his lips keep travelling lower to my neck as he nips and sucks at my skin. “Tate, you are not marking me” He groans, pressing himself closer and gripping my hips.

“I won’t, just let me touch you” He growls before nipping my chin. I run my fingers through his hair, pulling his mouth back to mine and wrapping my legs around his waist. His e*****n pressing against me and he grips my hips rubbing me against him before picking me up, I grip his shoulders to stop from falling backwards as he devours my skin.

“Tate” I squeak out when he places me on the dining room table, his hands gripping my shirt and peeling it off me before sucking on the parts of my b****s that aren’t covered by my bra, my nipples hardening from the contact of his mouth.

“Tate” I tell him again and he stops, pulling back his breathing hard, he drops his head into my neck and kisses my collarbone, his nose trailing across it before he looks up and kisses me softly, before pulling away and kissing my head.

“We should go” He says before standing and walking toward the stairs heading for our room.

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