

## Fight B Alphas 27

### Chapter 27

I didn't see what his problem was, Lana was well within her right to attack Melinda, what I wasn't expecting was for him to become so defensive over it, honestly it shocked me, left me completely speechless. His emotions were of pure anger like Lana had just killed someone.

I saw the shock on her face when he punched the wall, when he told her he would make her submit, yet I could tell he hadn't realised what he said until after he said it, as I grabbed his arm. He shook me off. I watched Lana run upstairs.

"Lana, I didn't mean it like"- He sighs, and I hear the door slam.

"What was that?" I demand, he turns on me.

"Don't you start" He growls.

"She did nothing wrong, Melinda started that s\*\*t you would realise that if your head wasn't so far up your own a\*s"

"I lost my temper, that's it" He says stalking off into the kitchen and grabbing a beer. I was starting to wonder if he was developing a drinking problem, the last few months when my wolf would take over and I would find myself here, I noticed he was usually passed out drunk. I would leave before he found out, but it always made me curious as to how much he did actually drink.

"What's gotten into you, you're usually not like this especially with her" I tell him, and he shrugs while sipping his beer.

"Nothing it's just Melinda is my friend you know that, I want them to get along and that won't happen if Lana doesn't give her a chance" He says with a sigh.

"She is going to be Luna, she doesn't have to get along with anyone, they just need to obey. Maybe you should tell Melinda that"

His rage explodes as he tosses his beer across the room narrowly missing me. His entire body shaking as he grabs me, hurling me into the table and it hits the wall. I get up when he attacks me again, this time though I punch him in the side of the face. My wolf screaming at me that I shouldn't put my hands on him, that he is our mate. Yet I wasn't going to submit to him.

"Tate, stop this s\*\*t before I hurt you" I tell him kicking him in the ribs. He stumbles back falling on his a\*\*e. He growls before getting up and running for the door, shifting instantly. I barrel out after him. I pick up his shredded clothes placing them in the bin before stripping mine off and shifting, chasing after him, following his scent as he darted into the forest.

I find him by a stream laying in his wolf form. I nudge him with my nose and Archer whines back at me. I was hoping they would shift back but when he doesn't, I drop next to him putting my head on his, Titus loving the closeness with his wolf.

We lay for a few hours, not saying anything yet I could feel something eating at him even though he tried to mask it away from me. I didn't understand what was going on with him, but he was at war with himself that much was clear. I knew he loved Lana, needed her like air to breathe, the same as me. Yet I didn't understand his anger over Melinda. I shift back hoping he will tell me, but he doesn't.

Archer gets up though before flopping down in my lap and I run my finger through his fur. "Can you make Tate come back please" I tell him, and he looks up before licking my chin.

"Archer said give him time" Titus says in my head.

"Can't you ask Archer he might tell you" I tell my wolf. My wolf shakes his head back at me and I sigh, knowing Archer is keeping his lips sealed too. Suddenly Archer takes off leaving me sitting on the ground.

"What's up with him" I mutter. Titus growls in my head.

"I think he thinks he owes Melinda" Titus growls not liking the idea.

"For what?"

"No, idea but that's all Archer would tell me" I shift heading home, only when I do though I notice a different scent in the house, and a lingering smell of blood. I hear the shower running upstairs, before I hear the washing machine's little jingle it makes when a load has finished. Walking to the washing machine, I pull out the load about to chuck it in the dryer when I notice an article of clothing I haven't seen before. It was a blue shirt, I know Tate's clothes as I have been wearing them and never once have, I have come across this shirt, and I know sure as hell Tate doesn't wear shirts with band logos on them. Digging through the pile, I don't find any more clothes that aren't his, but I do find the shirt Lana had on earlier, but it had blood stains on it. Looking between the two pieces of clothes I notice a small, faded stain on the blue shirt. I hear the shower cut off, making me look at the roof.

I sniff the blue shirt but can only smell the washing detergent. I know she hasn't been with anyone we would have felt that I know now. But it left me a little puzzled.

"You don't think?" Titus growls in my head.

"That she feed on someone, when was last time she had blood?" I ask him and he shrugs his shoulders unsure himself.

The thought of her feeding on someone else irked me, yet at the same time I was little more worried about Tate finding it in his bad mood. I chuck the clothes in the dryer, If I could smell the faint scent, I know he could, only difference is he would recognise the person, and, in the mood, he is in. I worry for Lana but also the person she was with. Titus was growling in my head. He wanted me to demand to know who she was with, but I didn't want her to think we were both against her.

"Titus knock it off, I will ask her tomorrow" I warn him as he growls. Walking into the kitchen I grab the glen 20 out from under the sink spraying the house. Clearly if she had done something wrong, she

would have hidden the scent and tossed the shirt, so it was making me think I initially jumped to conclusions.

“Or she doesn’t care if we know or didn’t think to spray the house. Go demand an answer Drake” Titus snaps at me.

“No” I tell him placing the can under the sink, I start walking up the stairs when the front door opens. I hold my breath when Tate walks in; he scrunches up his nose at the strong scent of the glen 20.

“F\*\*\*\*\*g over did it, b\*\*\*\*\*y eyes are even burning” He says closing the doors.

“Farted, was really potent” I tell him, Titus covers his head with his paws at my words embarrassed at what I said. Tate looks at me strangely before shaking his head a silly grin on his face.

“Real smooth,” Titus mutters.

“I didn’t know what else to say” I tell him,

“Well not that” Titus says laughing as he walks to the back of my mind. I walk upstairs, Tate following behind me. Lana was on the bed, she looked up sitting up on one elbow watching Tate cautiously as he walks into the bathroom, he doesn’t even look at her, but I could feel his guilt, he knew he f\*\*\*\*\*d up. Climbing on the bed, I am hit with her scent though it was slightly different, she smelt of the forest and something else, it was very faint without my wolf I wouldn’t have noticed it, only would have noticed the strawberry scent of her shower gel. I pull her against me, Titus growling in my head at the change in her scent. I roll her over me, so she will be on my side instead of the middle.

“What are you doing?” She asks, as I rub her arms. I say nothing, not trusting myself and demanding to know, last thing I wanted was another fight to break out. She shuffles down snuggling into me and I wrap my arms around her, smothering her in my scent and hiding the change in hers, so Tate doesn’t notice. Titus pacing in my head and I feel my skin ripple as he presses against it. A growl escaping me.

“Are you alright?” She asks, and I dip my head in her neck, gritting my teeth as I let the sparks calm me. “mhmm” I sigh before relaxing against her.

“Ask her” Titus growls but I shove him out, letting myself slowly drift off, I feel the bed dip behind me, Tate’s hand going across my waist as he presses against my back.