

Alpha Maximus The last lycan Chapter 6

Hope

Alpha Tate rips the cupboard door off and flings it across the room. He crouches down and stares at me.

'What are you doing in here?' He asks, pulling me out. I hit and whack him, and he frowns.

'Feisty, I see,' he says, and I land on the floor.

I stand, and try to run past him but he grabs me, and pulls me back.

'You're actually fun to play with. I have things I want to discuss with you,' he says, scooping me up.

He carries me into his office, and kicks the door shut behind us. He sits in his chair, and holds me in his lap. He grabs my face, forcing me to stare at him. We remain silent and stare at each other.

He leans into me, presses his nose into my neck, and inhales my scent. He puts his hand on my lap, caressing my thigh. Stiffening, I recoil.

'It's okay. Just relax. This will only hurt a moment,' he whispers; his fangs protrude, as he is about to mark me. I punch and kick him and he lets out a vicious growl.

'Keep still,' he says.

'No!' I yell, removing myself from his lap, and falling on the floor.

'You're about to be Luna and my mate! Get back here, so we can do this!' He shouts.

'No!' I yell, standing up.

'No?' He asks, confused and angry.

'I don't want to be your mate or your Luna!' I say, quietly.

Alpha Tate frowns.

'Any woman would do anything to be in your shoes right now. To have me as their mate, and be the Luna of this pack!' He explains.

'You rejected me,' I explain.

'Yes, I did. But I'm taking that back. You should be happy I'm making this right,' he explains.

'This doesn't feel right,' I explain.

'Let me mark you and I will make it feel right. I will mate you straight away, and you will feel better,' he explains, smiling. I take a few steps back.

'No. I don't want to be with you,' I retort. He stands and walks towards me, annoyed.

'I, Hope, reject you, Alpha Tate, of the Blackwood pack as my mate.' He falls to the ground in agony, clutching at his chest.

That's strange. I'm not feeling the pain. He crawls towards me.

'Get back here, Hope!' He yells.

I run out of his office, down the hallway, and Sam and the others run towards me.

'Why is Alpha screaming?' Sam asks, angrily.

Not wanting to stop, I run past them, and outside to the lake, feeling liberated and shocked.

I just rejected Alpha Tate! I actually did it. I didn't know I had it in me. What's going to happen to me now? When he has recovered?

The pack members yell out in the distance.

'Hope! Come back here now!' They yell.

We have to leave tonight! Storm agrees.

We sneak around the back, climb up the lattice to the attic, go through the window, and tiptoe down the corridor to Ava's room. I take a coat and shoes, put them on and exit back through the attic window.

Waiting until it's clear, I run through the trees.

The pack members shift into their wolves and howl to let me know they're after me. I run for a while until I have to stop from exhaustion.

Storm! You have to shift. I can't outrun them.

I can't. I'm too scared to come out.

If you don't shift, we will be caught and taken back to Alpha Tate.

I hear the pounding of paws against the ground coming up behind me. A large brown wolf lunges at me, and I fall backwards. It growls and drools all over me.

Sam shifts into his human form, grabs me by my hair and drags me back to the house.

Being dragged, I lose the shoes, while I try to free my hair from his hands. Inside the house, he throws me on the floor in front of Alpha Tate's feet. Alpha Tate is furious and hits me across the face.

'If you ever try to escape again, I will kill you,' he yells.

grabbing my arm, standing up and pulling me behind him as he walks back outside. I have no idea where he is taking me.

We walk down the road to a small, grey, brick building. He unlocks the iron-barred door with a key and pushes the gate open to reveal a staircase that leads into complete darkness.

Sam approaches with a lit torch and walks downstairs, where it is wet and cold. I worry I'll be left down here alone.

Sam opens one of the iron-barred doors and Alpha Tate throws me in, I land on the ground, and sit up.

'I think a couple of days down here will do you some good!' He yells, walking away, leaving me in complete darkness. Sam follows. I burst into tears and huddle in the corner.

The next day Sam puts a plate of stale bread on the cell floor for me to eat. It's starting to mould in places. He doesn't say anything and doesn't look at me. After he has left, I grab the bread and take a bite.

My eyes adjust to the darkness, and I break bits of bread up and throw them to the rats, and hope they don't bite me while I sleep. I pray to the Moon Goddess and ask her to save me. All I get is silence.

The next day Sam lets me out of the cell and leads me inside the pack house. We go to Alpha Tate's office where he is waiting for me. Sam pushes me into a chair and stands next to me, making sure I don't run.

Alpha Tate sits in his chair with his arms crossed.

'If you are declining my offer of being my mate, then you will remain a slave here,' he explains. 'You will also be put to use, and heal whoever I say, when asked. I will need your healing ability in a few weeks' time,' he explains.

'What is happening in a few weeks?' I quietly ask.

'We have an unwanted guest, a lycan, who is a pest and a threat to the werewolf community. I plan on killing him and you will heal me and any pack members.'

'You mean Alpha Max?' I ask, and Alpha Tate glares at me.

'How do you know his name?' He asks.

'I heard someone talk about him when I was cleaning,' I say.

'That makes sense,' he adds.

'There is one problem though,' I say.

'What might that be?' He asks.

'I'm not going to help you kill another man,' I say.

'You won't be killing him. You will be healing me or anyone else who needs healing,' he explains.

'Healing you is still killing him. I won't do it,' I say, looking away, and Alpha Tate slams his fist on his desk.

'You will do as you're told!' He yells.

'No. I'm not going to let you use me like that!' I say.

'Sam, take Hope back to the cell, and rough her up a bit. I'm sure it will convince her to obey me,' he yells.

Sam grabs my arm, and yanks me from the chair, and leads me back to the cell where he beats me until I'm unconscious.

I lose track of how many days and nights I've been kept down here. My guess is nine or ten. Alpha Tate comes to see me a couple of times, but I refuse to help him.

Storm has been quiet for days now. I have been given only a small bit of bread and half a cup of water every few days. My stomach grumbles with hunger, and my lips peel and flake from dehydration. I talk to the rats, and reassure them they will be okay and they will be free of this place soon too.

