

## Alpha Maximus The last lycan Chapter 7

### Chapter 7

Hope

I wake up in the cold of winter, and my breath fogs up the attic window. I slowly sit up, trying not to disturb my wounds. I stand and stare at the broken mirror in front of me.

My white dress, not so white anymore, is covered with grime, dust and dirt. The edges are tattered with the odd rip, and the material is thin in places, and has over time, frayed.

My eyes are an unusual bright silver and blue. My hair used to be white, almost platinum blonde, but it has been years since I have had the luxury of using soap in my hair, so now it looks ash blonde.

Freezing, I grab the only other piece of clothing I have, and wear it over the top of my dress. It is a tatty old cardigan with no buttons, so I hold the front of it closed with my hands, which are shaking from the cold.

The sound of birds outside my window captures my attention, and I turn my head to look out the window at the birds, hopping around in the fresh snow. It's beautiful and calming to watch but does not bring me any warmth.

I am about to speak for the first time in years. I approach Alpha Tate and ask him for a blanket, and some warmer clothes. The whole pack freeze in shock at my words as most have never heard me speak.

'Please. I might freeze to death one of these nights. Just one blanket, or warmer clothes, is all I ask of you,' I beg.

Alpha Tate is twenty-two, and mateless. He is handsome, with light brown hair, and brown eyes. He is masculine and six foot tall.

He stands, stomps over to me, and holds me up with his hand, wrapped around my neck. He stares deeply into my bright silver and blue eyes. My hands are on his hand, trying to loosen his grip. I can't breathe, as he yells in my face; his breath

smells like cheese.

"You dare ask favours of me, Hope? After we already let you sleep in the attic, and eat our leftovers? You are the pack slave and nothing more, which means you get nothing more!" He yells, and throws me across the floor. I whimper in pain.

I'm sorry. I won't ask again. Please forgive me,' I say, keeping my eyes on the floor. Alpha Tate scoffs, walks back to his plate, lifts it up, and walks over to me.

'It seems Hope is hungry!' He says cruelly, and tips the remnants of his dinner over my head, and a warm liquid drips down my face. I look at the sauce dripping onto the floor in front of me. The room roars with laughter, and I dare not move.

'I think she is still hungry,' he chuckles. Anyone else want to give her something to eat?' He asks, and the pack members throw scraps of food at me.

A soft-boiled potato hits my head. I keep my eyes down on the ground, not wanting anyone to see the tears I'm holding back.

'Get out of my sight!' Alpha Tate shouts, and I stand up and race out of the room and down the hallway.

Instead of running back to my room, I run to the forest to my favourite spot. Although I'm half frozen, I step into the lake, and wash all the food and sauce from my hair and body. As soon as I'm done, I run back to the pack house completely drenched, and sneak back upstairs to the attic.

I remove my wet cardigan and dress, squeeze the water out of them, and hang them over a broken chair to dry.

I curl up naked on my old mattress in the corner of the room and fall asleep. Not long after, I'm woken to the door being kicked open.

'I think your cook has made something with apples for dessert,' I observe.

What makes you say that?' Alpha Tate asks.

Ever since I arrived, I've been able to smell warm apples and caramel. Whatever it is, I'm looking forward to it,' I say.

Alpha Tate chuckles.

"Yes, I have some of the best cooks here,' he says, and Nathan sniffs the air

"I can't smell it,' he says, shrugging.

It's quite the feast and the pack speak happily to me and ask questions. It's quite refreshing to feel included and not be in a room full of people who are terrified of me. We drink plenty of wine, and tell many dumb jokes and stories, and have plenty of laughs at the table.

I'm excited and distracted when dessert is brought out, but it isn't the caramel apple or apple pie I thought it would be. It's banana fritters with cream.

It's strange I'm so disappointed about dessert. Normally, I wouldn't care.

My frustration and anger builds, so I quickly mind-link Nathan; Chaos might make an appearance.

I excuse myself, needing the bathroom as the reason, but go outside and hop into the limo.

I'm fighting Chaos for control. Chaos! Stop trying to take over! You'll have all tomorrow night! I growl at him.

Nathan opens the car door and hops in.

"Do you need some wolfsbane?" He asks.

"I think I'm okay. I got angry over dessert, of all things," I chuckle, and Nathan laughs.

'Well, it was overcooked and sloppy,' he says, laughing. Before going back into the house, I inhale the air.

"That smell of hot apples and caramel is so calming," I say.

'The only thing I smell is the fart I just released,' Nathan says, laughing, and I shove him playfully.

'Gross, man. Right in front of me too!' I say.

Alpha Tate insists we join him for drinks before we call it a night, and he takes us into a gaming room where we play poker and drink whisky.

The next morning, I get myself dressed and bang on Nathan's door.

"You ready?" I ask.

'Just a little more sleep,' he says.

I open the door and let myself in; he is still in bed,

"Come on. Get up. We're going to meet... what's her name? Ava? Ava.'

Nathan sits up holding his head. I fill his glass with water from a jug on his bedside table and hand it to him.

'Drink this, shithead,' I say, laughing.

'I'm not a shithead,' Nathan retorts.

"You were twice as drunk as me last night and were shitfaced, so, yeah," I say, shrugging my shoulders. Nathan skulls the

water.

'Go have a shower. I'll wait for you,' I say, walking over to a bookshelf and picking a book to read.

Sitting on the couch, flicking through the pages, I throw the book aside. I get up and wander up the hall.

The smell of cooked apples and warm caramel hits my nose again; the scent becoming stronger as I head in this direction. I stop in front of an old staircase below an attic.

Walking up the rotten and damp stairs, I turn the door handle and push the door open. The door creaks, and I step into the room. There's a really old thin mattress in the corner, a broken chair in the other corner and a full-length mirror missing half its glass.

T001

Corner

It's so cold up here, I exhale fog. Has someone been sleeping in here? I suddenly feel overwhelmed with sadness. The only comfort is the sweet smell.

'Alpha Max,' Sam says, behind me.

'What are you doing up here?' He asks.

'Sorry, I got lost. I was heading to the dining room,' I explain, innocently.

'Yeah. It's a big place. I got lost a few times when I first moved in,' he explains, leading me out of the attic.

"Can I ask you something?" I ask.

'Sure,' he says.

'Does someone sleep in there?'

No. That would be barbaric and cruel. That room is used for storage,' he explains.

Funny, since there's nothing stored in it. He has lied.

Nathan is in the hallway, waiting for me.

'Alpha. You said you'd wait for me,' he says.

'Yeah, sorry,' I say.

'Shall we head downstairs and meet Ava?' Sam asks. I nod and follow him.

A woman with dark, brown, shoulder-length hair, and dark brown eyes, stands waiting in the large dining room.

She isn't too bad-looking but I don't like her scent. She smiles and winks. I've never had a woman wink at me before...

"You must be the famous Lycan Prince, Alpha Max," she says, bowing her head. "I'm Ava. Happy to help you in any way you need," she says, seductively, and I give a nervous laugh.

"Thank you, Ava." I feel nothing for her. Nathan coughs.

She isn't my mate. I tell him.

Well at least she hasn't run off screaming. He replies.

Jerk I add.

Alpha Tate won't be having breakfast with us this morning. He has matters that need attending to,' Sam explains, and we nod and sit down for breakfast.