

Chapter 102 - Denying the Alpha

“Oh baby” I dropped to my knees beside my angel. My poor baby looked so broken.

“Kyle?” she murmured my name. It was so quiet that I almost missed it.

“I'm here baby. I'm here.” I said panicking as I scooped her fragile form and cradled her against my body. I started to believe that I would never get to hold her again. I have never been so fucking delighted to be wrong.

“I knew you would come” A single tear fell from her eye and she turned her face into my chest. Her nimble little fingers fumbled to grasp my chest.

“That's it baby, keep talking.” I encouraged her.

Then I felt her body go slack and I lost my mind I was so afraid for her.

Holding her as gently as I could I ran.

I didn't stop as I passed my men who were waiting for me. I just kept going.

I could hear the others following me.

Mitchell called my name frantically, but I ignored him, I ignored them all. There was no time to waste.

Heather waited for us by the plane, David was with her. Her eyes widened in shock once she saw Connor running toward the plane with us and her hand flew over her mouth. Her fingers shook. I guess she still didn't believe us that he was alive. Her eyes however didn't linger, on him for long.

“Faith” she cried grief stricken as she too fell to the floor. She must think Faith is dead, she sure looked it.

“She's alive,” I say harshly as I shove past her onto the plane. I didn't mean to, I just couldn't bear the thought of losing Faith, especially now that I have finally found her again.

I run straight for the small bed in the back and lay Faith gently upon it. Her body was so frail she didn't even look like herself anymore. All her muscles had faded away to

nothing, she was pure skin and bone. Her cheeks were hollowed out and her skin was a blueish purple.

"I can help heal her a little" Connor approached me.

"Over dead body will I ever let you touch her again!" I grabbed the hand he offered and snapped it back breaking his wrist.

"Touch me like that again. And I'll snap your neck next" he sneered shaking out his hand and walking off.

If she dies ill beg him to break our neck. Duke whimpered.

She won't die. You're not to talk like that. She hasn't given up and neither will we.

I lay down beside Faith careful not to hurt her. I wanted to rip Declan's pants off her. His scent on her body made me feel feral, but she didn't have enough meat on her to keep herself warm, she needed them so I sucked it up.

I didn't care that the whole plane was watching us Cuddled in the back. All I could care about was my beautiful mate. I placed my nose in her hair. It smelt so terrible it almost made me puke.

"Oh, my love what did they do to you." I cried. I finally let it all out. Everything I had been feeling but fighting back for weeks, I just let it all take over.

I heard the whispers around the plane. Some were concerned murmurings, and others were planning. Heather was wailing in Mitchell's arms. But I ignored them all.

"I'm so sorry baby. I tried to find you. I failed you." I choked.

Mate. Duke howled alongside me in sheer agony.

"Hold on baby. Just hold on." I begged her. "We're going to get you to help." I cooed; I wasn't even sure she could hear me.

"Maybe. Maybe you should let Connor help." Heather hiccupped.

A growl ripped from my chest before I could stop.

"He is the reason she is like this. He is not to go near her." I snapped.

"I don't care what type of boy he was when you knew him. But that boy is dead. He did this. He snapped his own father's Neck and is only returning to Crescent Moon to banish his mother. I don't trust him. He is not to come near her."

"I'm sorry." Heather whimpered.

I did feel bad. I know all she wants is to help her daughter but I trusted Ingrid to help her, and look what good that did us. Who knows what Connor's real motives are? It was best to just keep him away from her.

Eventually, I was able to get it together and stop crying. Most Alphas would be embarrassed about breaking down like that, especially in public, but I wasn't.

"We're close now baby." I cooed as I stroked her hair. She was still out of it, but her steady hummer of a heartbeat kept me from giving up.

I only hear one heartbeat. Duke whimpered worried for his pup.

Shut up! Duke just shut the fuck up! You don't know. I lashed out at him. I never speak like that to him but I couldn't fathom what he was implying and I needed him to shut up.

"We will get you some hope" I continued to promise Faith.

"We're close, aren't we?" I asked the others; I haven't been watching the time. I have been too absorbed in my mate, but we should be close.

"I'll go ask." Mitchell carefully pulls his arm out from behind Heather. I don't know who cried more. Me or her, but I think the whole plane breathed a sigh of relief when Heather fell asleep. I cried for the guilt I felt, for the horror, my mate endured, and for all that she will still have to overcome because of this. But Heather, her tears and her screeching heart wrenching wails were pure grief, it was like she has given up and accepted that Faith had died.

I'm glad that Mitchell hadn't. Like me, he knew how much of a Fighter his daughter was.

"Thank you." I nodded at him in appreciation.

I still couldn't get my mind around today.

I expected this big fight. it felt almost anticlimactic. Not that it isn't good we won, and with minimal losses. And I was grateful to have Faith back but it just felt unreal somehow. Like there was another shoe just waiting to drop.

"Where is David?" I asked only now realizing I had seen him by Heather when I got on board but I haven't seen him since. Maybe that's what's felt out of place.

"He stayed behind to burn the witch's body," Amelio said. Amy wasn't going to be happy when she saw the state of him. Connor tossed him well. Hopefully, he sounds heal before she saw him.

“What why?” I asked bewildered. she didn't deserve a sendoff.

“Don't know” Amelio shrugged.

Hey David. I mind linked him relieved I could still feel him. At least he didn't abandon us for killing his mate.

Yeah. Just burning that bitch's body. He said with anger that surprised me.

Are you okay man? I couldn't help but ask.

Yeah, just making sure she stays dead. David replied bitterly.

I almost gave up everything for her and some stupid mate bond. I get that it might seem bizarre but I need the closure man.

Although it did sound strange to me, maybe because I always thought of a proper disposal as a sign of love and respect but I guess I got it. He suffered at her hand for a long time now, and if this helped him move on then good for him.

“What would you have me do with your father's body?” I asked Declan.

I don't know why because I didn't want to, personally I don't think I owed Declan or his brother anything. And Jackson he was a power abusing narcissistic pig. He didn't deserve squat; he was not even worth the time it would take to spit on his body.

“Nothing. Just leave him there to rot.” Declan replied causally.

Hmm. I expected that from Connor but I had sort of expected more from Declan, he did raise him. Oh well probably more to the story than I give a fuck about.

Okay. Well, when you're done, can you organize the transportation of Cameron's body back home? I should have made sure it was on the plane with us but the mind can only worry about so much at once.

Of course. And Jackson? What do I do with him? David asked.

Just leave him there. His sons don't want him and he isn't our responsibility. And I wasn't about to go out of my way for him.

Okay, boss. And with that David shut the link off.

“Only about fifteen minutes out.” Mitchell approached the bed.

“Do you mind if I sit and hold her hand?” He asked tentatively.

I managed to subdue the growl rumbling in my chest. My wolf and I hated the idea of letting anyone near her. But Mitchell was her dad, and he probably just needed the change to make sure his pup was okay. I could understand that.

Besides I was the only one who hadn't taken the time to put clothes on. I should do that before we land.

"Sure. I'll just go put some pants on." I mumbled and got off the bed.

Mitchell sat on the edge of the mattress carefully and pulled one of Faith's hands into his. A single tear slipped from his eye as he gently kissed her hand.

"I'm so sorry my pup." He cooed as he kissed her hand again.

"You're with people who love you now. And we will make sure you get all the care that you need. You'll see, you'll be better in no time." Mitchell made her all the same promises that I was.

If only she could see how much she meant to us.

I was only gone from her side long enough to put pants on. I know I should give Mitchell more time. I can see how much he is struggling emotionally as he brushed her hair back with his fingers.

"I hope we don't have to cut it off. She would look great no matter what of course. But I don't think she would take it well." I comment as I slide back onto the bed with her and take her in my arms.

"No, she wouldn't." He stared at her matted hair with dread. "But at least she is alive. Hair can grow back."

"She's is going to make it Mitchell." I had no doubt. There was no way she would fight this hard for this long and give up at the finish line.

"She has fought this whole time. Now it's time we fight for her." I said.

"I'm glad she found you," Mitchell said with such sincerity it touched my heart.

"She saved me. Now it's my turn to save her." And hopefully our pup. I would take the loss if I had to, but I don't want Faith to lose another thing.

The plane touched down at crescent moon. I was still pissed at agreeing to this, but we were here now.

“Everyone out of the way” I bellowed and they all scrambled to get out of my path.

“Deal with your shit yourself,” I said to Connor as I pushed past him. His pack or his family were no concern of mine.

“Mitchell where is the hospital?” I snapped.

“This way. “He caught up to me and I followed him as we raced towards the hospital.

“I DON’T CARE WHAT YOU ARE DOING. YOU STOP IT IMMEDIATELY AND YOU HELP MY LUNA. OR I WILL KILL YOU WHERE YOU STAND.” I yelled as I crashed through the hospital doors with Mitchell at my side. I don’t care if they were my wolves to order around or not. They would help me whether they liked it or not.

“Right, this way Alpha Kyle.” A male doctor ushered me down a long hall and into a spacious empty room.

“Place her on the bed let’s get a good look at her.” The doctor instructed.

It felt like physical torture parting from her but I laid her on the bed anyway. The only thing getting me through it was knowing how much she needed the help, and unfortunately, I didn’t know what she needed, that was the doctor’s job. So, I didn’t fight him.

“Okay, but you’re going to have to work around me.” I snapped as I placed her on the bed. I would set her down but there was only so much space I could take. He was out of his damned mind if he thought I was leaving.

“I’m staying too,” Mitchell said stubbornly over my shoulder.

“Understood.” He replied already busy checking on my mate. “Just make sure you keep out of my way so I can work.”

“Also, she’s pregnant,” I told the doctor hoping that was still true, even if she wasn’t, it was something he should be aware of.

“Okay, we’ll I’ll check on that later. First, I need to worry about your mate.” He said as he prepared a large needle.

“What’s that for?” I wanted to snap his hands off, I was being ridiculous I know but my wolf and I were in full protective mode.

“Well, she needs fluids. The fastest way to do that is an IV bag.” He said.

“Now please be quiet. I’m happy for you to stay in here. I know what it’s like for your wolf, and it will help hers to have you so close by. But I need to work and I can’t do that and chat to you.” He snapped at me.

“Sorry doc.” Mitchell apologized for me which pissed me off. I was just concerned for my mate and I was certainly not sorry about that.