

Chapter 104 - Denying the Alpha

KYLE'S POV

"Mitchell. A young man is waiting at the door for you. The doctor said without so much as looking up at us.

"Tell him to go away. Whatever it is it can't wait." Mitchell stared at his daughter as if he was willing her to wake up. I knew the feeling, I desperately longed for the moment she woke.

"He says that it can't wait." The doctor gave an annoyed huff.

"I'm sorry Mitchell but this is distracting to the doctor. Go and deal with it." I ordered him.

He looked pissed as he stormed out the door but he did it anyway.

"This better be a matter of life and death" I could hear Mitchell yelling through the door.

"How is she?" I asked the doc. I have been as patient as I could be. But I couldn't keep quiet any longer.

"It's hard to be certain of anything this early. But in my opinion, she's going to make it. She is severely dehydrated and completely malnourished but we're giving her fluids. Soon I'll insert a feeding tube, known as a nasogastric tube, we don't want to overfeed her but we should give her little bits of liquidated nutrition. Once she wakes up and can eat on her own, we will remove the tube."

The doctor explained he sounded optimistic at least.

"And her wounds?" they smelt and looked horrible.

"Once she's cleaned up. I will cut away the dead flesh and dress her wounds."

"And her wolf?" I dared to ask. Duke and I haven't been able to sense Sapphire at all.

"I'm afraid only time will tell. But Faith is a fighter, I bet her wolf is too. Give her time." He's got that right I thought proudly.

"And the baby?" I looked at Faith's pale face sick with worry. If I know faith, and I do, I bet knowing that she was pregnant was the reason she held on.

Total Isolation had driven stronger men to insanity, on top of that she was barely fed and had gone without water for too long.

"I will have someone bring in an ultrasound machine, but I will be honest with you. I am not hopeful. Her body has been through a lot, I'm not sure the fetus could have survived it." he stared down at my mate with such pity. I wanted to punch him. She didn't need his pity, just his help.

"Maybe the baby is as strong as their mom," I said not willing to give up on it just yet.

"Well, she is stable for now. I'll have someone come in and clean her up and once we have that machine, we will get an ultrasound done. Hopefully, there is good news." he walked to the door.

"Doctor wait." I stopped him.

"Yes, Alpha?" The doctor replied.

"Bring in everything she needs, but I will be the only one bathing her," I instructed.

Washing someone is an extremely intimate act. I would be the only one to bathe her.

"Of course, Alpha." he smiled politely and left the room.

"Did you hear that baby?" I cooed. I sat carefully on the edge of the bed and traced her lips delicately with my thumb before planting a sweet gentle kiss to her lips.

"I told you that you were going to be okay." I kissed her forehead carefully to avoid the smears.

"I'm so proud of you. So so, so proud." And I was.

"Alpha," a girly voice called out followed by a gentle knock at the door.

"Who is it?" I asked. I assumed it was whoever the doctor sent with the supplies and machine but you could never be too careful.

"I'm a nurse, my name is Catherine. I'm just here to give you some supplies so that you can wash your mate." She replied politely.

"Come in," I answered.

She wheeled in a large trolley, there was a soapy clean bucket of water, some washcloths, hair care and a change of clean clothes.

“Thank you. Leave it and leave please.” I shooed the girl away. It was rude I know but the fewer people who saw my mate in this condition the better. I don’t think she has anything to feel embarrassed about, after all, it is not her fault no one gave her a place to relieve herself. But still, I know I wouldn’t want anyone to see me like this.

“Just call me if you need anything.” She smiled gently.

“Oh, and make sure none comes in here. I’m not responsible for what I’ll do to them do them.” I warn her.

She simply nodded and left the room.

I carefully stripped Declan's pants from her and threw them straight in the bin. At least I could be rid of those damn things. I found his scent more insulting than anything else.

“You’re still the most breathtaking thing I have ever seen,” I promise her.

Her ribs were visible beneath her skin, just like her hip bones. Her wrists were badly blistered and burned. And one side of her body was covered in rashes and other disgusting sores, she must have been stuck in one position for too long.

Why haven’t we killed Declan yet? Duke growled.

Faith's condition was upsetting for the both of us.

Because we had our mate to focus on. But don’t worry it’s coming.

“At least you’re unconscious for this. Hopefully, that way you won’t be in pain.” I said feeling morbid as I dipped the washcloth into the warm water and began dabbing gently at her skin.

I didn’t want the bucket of water to get dirty so I kept running off to the ensuite bathroom to rinse out the cloth between each dip.

“I can’t wait to give you a real bath” I sighed as I continued to dab at her skin.

It took me a long time but eventually her skin was completely clean.

“Maybe I can even take one with you.” I talked to her as I washed her.

I found a small cup and scooped some water into it from the tub and poured it over faiths hair and repeated until I was certain it was all wet.

I was making a hell of a mess with all this water on the floor, Faith would need to be moved after this. It was disgusting, the water was so brown it was almost black.

I squeezed more than half a bottle of shampoo into her hair just to be safe and began to lather it in. Her hair was almost completely matted, getting to her scalp was almost impossible but I took my time. Slowly I combed through her hair careful not to pull too much out.

Then I left it to sit for a little bit before I began rinsing it, again I just used the cup to scoop water from the bucket. Even more clumps of dirt and other gross stuff fell from her hair.

I washed the comb out as it was feral with the stuff that came out of her and began the process again, but this time with hair conditioner.

After three attempts to wash everything from her hair, I was confident we could save it. She may need to cut it and style it a little, unfortunately, a little more hair came out than I would like but it was unsurprising given the condition it had been.

Just as I finished dressing her Mitchell knocked on the door.

“You ready yet?” He asked.

“Yes come in.” I invited him in.

“Oh rank,” he said as he swung the door open. I scowled deeply at him.

“Sorry. I didn’t mean to say that.” He apologized profusely.

He was right, it was putrid, but I was trying to be careful about saying such things out loud in case Faith or Sapphire could hear us.

I wanted them surrounded by nothing but positive things right now.

“Grab those” I gestured to the machines Faith was attached to.

“Sure thing.” I scooped Faith up and carried her out of the room.

Luckily the room across from us was empty and I took Faith and set her down on the bed in there. Mitchell helped me set her down making sure she wasn’t laying on any of the cords.

“We will have to have someone go in there and clean that up. In the meantime, she can rest in here.” I explained.

“She’s looking better already.” He smiled but it didn’t reach his eyes.

I took gently laid on the bed beside Faith, careful of her cords and pulled her to my side. I don't care if it makes Mitchell uncomfortable it's hard being apart from her.

"What was all that about?" I asked.

He sighed deeply and sadly.

"Connor was Samantha's mate." He said.

I blinked in surprise. That was well, unexpected.

"Was?" I asked not missing the fact that he used past tense.

"He rejected her. Made her accept it and then turned her rogue. She has until sundown to leave. It's almost time." He explained.

"I hope you're not going to ask me to take her." I cut him off. There was no way in hell I would ask Faith to put up with that scheming, backstabbing cow.

"Of course not. I'm tempted to make her lay in the bed she made, to be honest, but she's my daughter and although I don't agree with her, I love her. I made a few calls, no one has offered to take her yet, but they at least agreed not to kill her if she crossed into their lands. Hopefully, she can find a place to stay. Heather is with her now, saying goodbye and trying to prepare her. I should be there with them but I couldn't stay away any longer." His face fell.

I felt bad for the guy.

"Look I'm not making any promises. But as a favor to you, I'll ask my brother. Maybe he can take her in. That way she isn't rogue. And you know she's in a good pack, and Faith doesn't have to see her sister and your whole family can leave crescent moon in the past." I offer.

"Thanks, Kyle. I appreciate that." Mitchell said genuinely.

"But if she messes that up too, she is on her own," I warn him.

If James does give her a chance, he won't give her a second.

"Understood." He replied.

"Hello." The nurse Catherine knocked on the door.

"Come in," I said.

She wheeled in the ultrasound machine beside the bed and busied herself setting it up.

No one said anything as she hurried around the room.

“Okay, that should do it.” Catherine gestures to her handiwork.

“It’s all set up. I have someone cleaning her old room and the Doctor should be in shortly. Is there anything else?” Catherine offered politely.

“Something to eat please,” Mitchell asked her.

“And something for me too please.” My stomach rumbled.

“Certainly” she smiled and left the room.

“About time you ate,” Mitchell commented.

I chose to ignore him. What I did or didn’t do wasn’t his business and I wasn’t about to get a lecture from him.

“Alright let’s take a look here.” The doctor said as he entered the room with a cart full of bandages and other things. He took a pair of rubber gloves and snapped them over his hands.

“Do you want me to hop out for this?” Mitchell offered and I appreciated it.

“No, it’s okay,” I said.

The doctor wheeled the machine over.

“I’ll do the ultrasound first. It won’t take nearly as long as dressing her wounds.” the doctor commented.

“I need to lift her shirt up a little and apply this gel.” The doctor explained holding up a small blue tube.

“Okay, doctor,” I said but I tugged her shirt up for her. Call me overprotective but I don’t want him touching her more than necessary.

He squeezed a big glob of gel onto her tummy. Guilt welled up inside of me as he went to place the wand onto Faith's belly.

She should be awake for this. She should be able to share in this moment with me. I’ll never be able to give her this back. I almost want to tell the doctor to stop, but I can’t go on not knowing. And if the baby has passed, then, it might be better that she was unconscious.

“Should I proceed?” The doctor asked. He must have realized my uncertainty.

“You think she will forgive me?” I ask Mitchell still feeling torn.

“I think when I tell her, that you considered her she will feel loved. And that she will understand that you were just looking out for the baby and for her.” Mitchell assured me. I’m glad that I asked him.

“Go ahead doc,” I said.

He placed the wand gently onto my mate's exposed tummy.

The doctor quickly turned the screen away from me and that was all I needed to know.

“Just give it to me straight doc.” I grimaced.

“Alpha. I am so sorry but there is no heartbeat.” He said regretfully.

“Can I see?” I don’t know why I asked. Maybe I’m just a sucker for pain. But I wanted to see my baby. Even if he or she was gone.

Hesitantly the doctor turned the screen to face me.

There in the middle of the screen was a tiny grey silhouette of my baby.

“He was real” I whispered devastated that this is all I would ever get.

“Yes. Alpha, very much so.” I’m sure the doctor meant to be comforting but he wasn’t.

“Could I get a picture please?” I asked. I may not be able to take Faith back to this moment. But I could capture it for her. If she never wants to look at it then that’s okay. But at least I would have it if she did.

“Yes, of course,” he said sympathetically.

“Thank you, doctor.” I stammered. The grief I felt for a life I never really knew was immeasurable.

“Sure thing.” The doctor took some shots on the computer and removed the wand from Faith's belly and wiped away the jelly.

“I’ll just go and get these printed. I am sorry for your loss.” He said respectfully.

I know he still wanted to take care of her wounds, he was just giving me a moment of privacy and I appreciated it.

I rested my head as gently as possible on Faith's tummy.

“I am sorry that I failed you. I am so so sorry that I was too late to save you. I would have given anything and everything to protect you and your mom. I’m sorry baby.” I whispered to my little angel.

“How could the moon goddess take him from us.” I looked at Mitchell looking for answers.

“I don’t know son.” He said solemnly. “I don’t know.”

“How do I tell her?” I fretted. How could I give her one more thing to survive?

“Together son. All of us. We tell her together. And then we be there for her.” Mitchell Placed his hand on my shoulder. I was glad I asked him to stay.