

Chapter 110 - Denying the Alpha

FAITH POV.

"This room is a mess" I frowned.

The bed was unkempt. The dust had settled on the furniture and I could see not to mention smell the pile of dirty laundry sitting in the ensuite.

This was so unlike, my usual clean, tidy, punctual Alpha.

"Yeah, I know sorry." Kyle apologized. I could tell he was upset that I came home to this.

"You know what? it's okay" I rubbed his shoulder and hugged him.

I shouldn't be so critical.

"Since you were taken, I tried to avoid this room as much as possible. It just felt wrong without you in it. I came in to shower, some nights I would get maybe an hour's sleep, but mostly I just hung out in my study." Kyle explained, and I didn't miss the haunted expression on his handsome face.

"Usually, I would have an omega come in and clean it regularly, but I was afraid, that your scent would fade away and that's all I had of you, so I wanted to hold onto it for as long as I possibly could."

The scent of the laundry was starting to mask my own, but the sentiment was so sweet that I wasn't going to ruin it by saying anything about it.

"We have both been through so much," I said sadly. Sometimes I find myself wishing that I had been given an easier life. One like most people had. But then I feel guilty for being ungrateful. Because although I have had to survive so much in such a short amount of time, I have also had a blessed life. My childhood was amazing. My parents are supportive and I get to spend the rest of my life with a man who is not only handsome but also, kind, generous and thoughtful.

"It's not an excuse. I should have had an omega clean it up before I brought you home." Kyle needed to learn even to give himself a break sometimes.

“Baby. Please don't do that. There is no need to be upset with yourself over this or any of it.” I hug him even tighter as if somehow, I could shove how I felt onto him by holding him even closer.

“How about I take you to get something to eat, while we wait for the room to be cleaned.” Kyle offered.

It is nice of him to offer, but I have been surrounded by people who love me since I woke up. And although I appreciated it immensely. I kind of just wanted some time to myself.

“No. I want to stay in.” I said probably a little too quickly to be considered normal.

“Are you okay?” Kyle pulled back but kept his arms wrapped around my lower back and looked deeply into my eyes.

“No. No, I'm not. Not even in the slightest. But you know what I will be.” I said truthfully. There was nothing in this world that I wanted to keep from this man. Not even my ugly raw disgusting, painful emotions. If this man could massage feces out of my hair while I was unconscious and then still kiss my head the way he does, then I knew he would love me through anything.

“Do you want to talk about it,” he asked sweetly.

“No. I will but not right now. Right now, I just want to see my box” I knew he would know immediately what box I'm referring to.

“Of course, baby.” pain filtered through his eyes. He must be thinking of our baby too.

“Thank you,” I said to him. My voice was thick with all the emotions I honestly didn't know how to express. Sometimes wounds hurt deeper than you had words for.

I let him go and went and sat on the edge of our bed while I waited for him.

He went to our closet and returned moments later with a small but very beautiful white marble box.

Baby Vasey was stamped on the top in gold delicate writing.

My hands shook as I held the box.

“You don't have to open it if you're not ready. No one expects you to take everything on at once, and it won't change how much you loved our baby.” Kyle tried to comfort me.

“There will never be a day, that I will feel ready to have lost my baby,” I say knowing that it's true. “Even if people are right, and time somehow takes away this pain, it would still never be something that I would choose.” I looked up at Kyle and felt guilty for saying such things. He looked so sad.

“I'm sorry. That was uncalled for.” I said. I didn't mean to make him feel worse.

“No baby. You have nothing to feel sorry for. If anything, I'm grateful.” he kneeled at the foot of the bed and placed his hands on my knees.

“I would never choose this for us either. It's why I fought so hard to break that curse in the first place. This is never something I wanted for us. But it has shown me one thing. It has proved to me how much you would sacrifice for our pup. How much you would fight for them, endure for them and most importantly. It has shown me how deeply and profoundly you would love and care for our baby.” he said, and I wanted to appreciate it, I did, but my mind was suddenly sucked far far away from here.

The curse. Suddenly I was laying on my side. Stinky and sore and listening to Connor. It was like I was living it all over again.

Connor gave me food, of course, I know now that he had never asked Declan what food I liked. That was just a lie to get me to eat it... But that's not what upset me. He was telling me all about how they were going to trick Kyle and kill my baby.

“Don't trust her Kyle. It's all a trick. The curse isn't broken.” I cried desperately.

“FAITH? FAITH?” I could hear someone screaming my name desperately but I couldn't respond to them.

I sobbed miserably. “Kyle please don't trust them. Don't listen to her.”

“I love you Kyle please save us,” I screamed with all my heart. He would never be able to hear it, but maybe just maybe there was enough of our bond left that he could feel it.

Splash. Freezing cold water chilled me to the bone and I jumped startled and gasping from shock.

“What the hell” I screeched surprised and freezing, my clothes stuck to my skin.

“Honey, I had to, you were freaking out and you couldn't hear me. I didn't know what else to do. I needed you to snap out of it.” Kyle apologized as he scurried off to the bathroom. He returned quickly with a towel and wrapped me tightly in it before tucking me tightly under his arms.

For a while he just let me sit there and come undone in his arms while he rocked me gently.

“You can talk to me about it you know.” he soothed me by rubbing my back.

“I'm sorry.” I shuddered.

“Hey don't do that. Don't you apologies.” he crooned.

“I just. I was here one minute and then in my mind, I was back there, but it didn't feel like it was in my head. It felt like I was right back in that hell hole with Connor.” it was hard to talk about. Impossible almost but it was coming out still, like word vomit I couldn't stop myself from pouring my heart out to him right now.

I felt his body tense, but his hands never stopped stroking my back tenderly.

“What did he do to you?” Kyle asked as sweetly as he could, but I could tell it was faked for my sake. He was afraid of what I was going to tell him. I could sense it. I know where his mind was going and I could only thank the Moon goddess that it never went that far. Not even close.

“He didn't touch me.” I wriggled my arms free so that I could cuddle him.

I felt the tension leave his body.

“Thank goddess” He sighed.

“He brought me food. I was terrified to eat it of course. I mean what if he poisoned it? but if I starved myself, then I starved our baby. I didn't know what to do. He lied and said Declan told him how I like my food, I don't know why he thought that would make me feel better. I mean surely, he knew what Declan did to me. But that wasn't, I don't know why I'm going on about that. That's silly. No. He told me about Ingrid. He said there was a way to break the curse, but that Ingrid wasn't going to help. Instead, she was going to trick you, make you believe that you had broken the curse so that you wouldn't be prepared for it when our baby died. She was going to keep me jailed and miserable until I went into labor and then she was going to have you find me, Declan was going to be there too, but only so he could take the fall for all of it and you'd kill him. Then I would deliver and we'd get a few minutes together before our baby died.” Not that Ingrid's plan would have worked, I thought bitterly. They left me in there to rot and as a result, my body broke down, and I wasn't strong enough to keep my baby alive. I guess Ingrid would have just killed me instead.

“She did that part.” He said.

“Wait what?” I wasn't expecting that.

“Yeah. Well, except I wasn't fooled. But she came to me with promises to break the curse. The whole thing was pretty silly but I went along with it. I went along with it because there was already a plan in motion to save you, and I had to keep her distracted. But if I wasn't already on to her, then I might have believed her. Since she did her little trick, I haven't felt the curse.” He admitted a little bewildered.

“What even now that she is dead? It hasn't returned?” I didn't know how to feel about that. What if he had no way to know now? What if the only way we ever found out was if our baby died in our arms?

“Hey, hey, hey. I can feel your anxiety rising. Calm down. Calm down. I have had the same thought too. We will figure it out.” Kyle soothed me.

“Wait the box” guilt clutched my heart. It wasn't in my hands anymore. I can't believe I would drop something so important like that.

“I took it from you the moment I noticed you zoning out. So, I placed it down here.” Kyle said as he grabbed the box and held it out in front of me.

“Thank you,” I said reaching for the box. Kyle pulled it back just a little.

“Are you sure? You just had a pretty strong PTSD like reaction before. Maybe it's too much too soon. We shouldn't push it?” Kyle was so concerned.

“It wasn't the baby. It was when you mentioned the curse. Besides I'm fine now. “ I assured him as I took the box.

I let my fingers trace the gold lettering on the box, appreciating the delicate letters.

“The baby Vasey” was a nice touch. I smiled sadly.

“Well, we didn't have a chance to name them so.” I don't know why he felt awkward, what he did was perfect.

I took the lid off and gently placed it on the bed. At the bottom of the box were three little photos and a bracelet. I picked up the photos first.

“They were so tiny,” I muttered. So tiny they didn't look much bigger than a bean.

“I'm sorry bean.” I kissed the photo. “I loved you. Thank you for being there for me when I needed you.” It's important to me that my baby knows they were the reason I survived. The reason I fought.

“Thank you for being there with your mom, when I couldn’t,” Kyle said as he lifted the bracelet from the box.

“You don’t have to wear it if you don’t want to.” He held it up to me.

“Of course, I want to.” I held my hand out and waited for him to clasp it around my wrist.

“It’s so beautiful” I admired it.

“Thank you,” I said putting the photos back in the box. It hurt to keep looking at them. I would come back to them another time.

“Can we order that food now?” I changed the subject, I just needed to think about something else for at least a minute.

“We sure can. Anything you feel like in particular?” He asked.

“Anything hot and greasy.” there was nothing quite like comfort food at a time like this.

“Burgers?” He questioned. It was like he could read my mind.

“That sounds perfect.” I got up and put the box away.

“I’ll order the food you choose a movie and we will just sit and watch something together.”

It didn’t take me long to find a movie I knew I would like.

It was supposed to be based on a true story, and although their struggles looked a lot different than my own, I felt the story was perfect for how I was feeling right now

“What did you pick?” Kyle asked as had settled in the bed next to me.

“The vow,” I said as I pressed play.

“You’re the only person I’ll watch a chick flick for.” Kyle joked.

I snuggled into his side; all pulled the blanket up around us.

“You have no idea how good it feels just to do something so normal,” I admitted.

“I can imagine.” I could sense through our bond that he felt the same as me.