

Chapter 48 - Denying the Alpha

Faith's POV

I left, and mind linked Amy in a hurry. She's again the only one that could help me right now. I grew extremely hungry, and I am sure that Kyle was too. It was dinner time, but I didn't have any recipes to follow, and although I enjoyed spending time in the kitchen, I was only good at baking. Cooking was a whole other story. She mentioned that Amelio had slipped out for a minute. Apparently, it had something to do with a friend needing some help or something, so she was free to come to see me. She didn't have to do much, but she did take me down to the kitchens and introduce me to a few of the omegas who worked there. They seemed like lovely people. And with their brilliant help, they managed to help me select all of Kyle's favorite foods and had them delivered to his room for me on a cute little cart with trays.

The door to his room was luckily unlocked, so I let myself in. Amy helped me set the table and light a few candles, but then Amelio mind linked her that he was on his way home, and she said goodbye for the evening. I was lucky enough that she had also thought to bring with her a change of clothes for me and a matching set of sexy bras and panties. Again, I made a mental note to ask my mother for access to my account. I wanted to pay her back for all she had done. She has spent too much money on me considering it's something she could put towards her holiday.

I shut myself in the ensuite and ripped off the maxi dress. I tied my hair out of the way so it wouldn't get wet and quickly cleaned myself in the shower. I didn't want to take too long for fear that everything was already going cold and shut the water off the moment as soon as I was fresh again.

I found myself standing alone in Kyle's room, it was my plan, but still, I felt incredibly nervous. Would he mind that I was in here without him? Thank goddess, I shaved my legs this morning before our run.

Calm down. Mind link him, ask him to come home before you psych yourself out. Sapphire was right. I was wearing a hole in the carpet with all this nervous pacing about.

Are you done with work? I reach out, I feel the link connect easily, and I test the waters. I want him home before dinner goes bad, but I had taken a lot of his attention away today, and he may just have more pressing things to attend to.

Yes. He responds almost instantly. The eagerness in his voice does more than he could ever know to reassure me, that he was as enthralled with me as I was with him. That's all I ever wanted from him was to feel like an equal, and I know it hasn't been long, but he's always made me feel worthy.

I'm in your room and...

I'm on my way. He cuts me off. I was just about to tell him that dinner was ready, but I suppose he would see that when he got here.

I pulled my chair out and took a seat at the small table. I didn't have to wait long at all before Kyle walked into the room. He looked much better than he did when I saw him earlier, as his eyes were no longer puffy and red, his hair was a little messier than usual, but I liked it that way.

"Oh wow," Kyle said as he realized there was food at the table waiting for him.

"You thought to bring me dinner" he looked down at the spread on the table and back up at me with a smile. "That's great. Thank you."

We were quiet for a moment as we pulled what food we wanted from the trays the kitchen provided. It all looked so delicious.

"How did your phone call go," I ask casually.

"It uh, went well, actually." His eyes flickered between me and his food nervously.

"What is it?" I hope not another Declan issue.

He sighed deeply. He was a little tense, I could tell. I wish he wouldn't worry. We already knew the worst of each other. I'm sure whatever it was couldn't be that bad.

"For months, I have been sending my beta, David, out on these little missions for me. I have asked him to find me all the good witches he can, but unfortunately, so far, witch after Witch has failed. It's upsetting because I feel like they have the answer. I know they do, actually. They just don't want to share it. But I don't trust any of the dark witches to help. Then I had an idea. One that you're probably not going to like."

He dropped his knife and fork and leaned back in his chair a little as if he was assessing me.

“And why won’t I like it?” I raise my eyebrows at him.

“The good witch is Eloise’s mother.”

Was he kidding me?

“You can't be serious right now,” I exclaimed. “You killed her daughter. Don't get me wrong, I understand why you did it, but still, you tortured her, and then you killed her. What if her mother curses us all over again? What if she tries to kill you? Or me?”

I understand he wants to break the curse, but I worry he is being too risky. We agreed that we could adopt; I just don't see the need to put his life on the line.

“Relax, baby. I know what you are thinking. I understand. But there's a lot of history between those two that you don't know about.” He tried to assure me, but it wasn’t going to be that easy.

“Explain it to me then,” I remark, frustrated. “Eloise practiced a lot of dark magic. Her mother only works with light magic. They never exactly saw eye to eye.” He explains, but it still doesn't sit right with me

“What history?” why was I entertaining this?

We return to our plates of food as he decides how to tell me.

“Well, it all starts with her father. He fell madly in love with her mother, but they weren't mates. He made all kinds of promises to reject his mate when she came along. But he didn't. He rejected Eloise’s mother instead. She found out she was pregnant days later, and of course, she tried to tell him about the baby, but it was already too late, he had marked this other girl. And that's where it all starts to go downhill for Eloise and her mother.” He Clicks his tongue. “Eloise's mother was going to leave and raise the baby on her own despite the many pleas she received to stay. When she disagreed, she was wrongfully imprisoned until she gave birth. She was kept in deplorable conditions. It was a miracle she even survived. The moment she had her baby girl, she was ripped away. Her mother was then tossed aside like garbage. For year's her mother did everything she could to get her daughter back, but it was hard. She was a lone witch in a literal den of wolves. When Eloise's father found out that she had been visiting her mother in secret at night, he became enraged. With Eloise’s help, he captured the witch. He tortured her and even had his daughter help” I gasped in horror. This story was making me feel sick. She tortured her own mother? And it was her father that made her, do it? I feel terrible for these two women. Eloise was a right piece of work, but still, she was a child then.

“Even then, her mother still tried to help her, but Eloise was too far gone. She started to find her powers, and instead of choosing light magic, well, she went the other way with it, started hurting those around her to get what she wanted. Her mother tried to persuade her towards light magic and offered to help train her. But Eloise used her dark magic on her just as a way to make her No as painful as she could. Her mother disowned her and has been helping her victims ever since, but only those of us who seek her out.”

I was still skeptical about accepting her help. But if what Kyle said about her was true, then maybe it was worth at least meeting her.

“How do you know all of this?” I asked. I couldn't picture that it was Eloise that told him. It was too cruel, and Kyle was a good man. He wouldn't accept such darkness. I just know he wouldn't.

“After I killed her, I couldn't drop it. I become drunk and obsessed. I hired a few people to do some Investigating. I went to the pack she grew up in myself. In time I pieced it all together.” He didn't look proud of what he just admitted, but I was glad he'd done the research.

“Let's meet the witch.” I conceded.

He smirked back at me, but the usual joyous spark wasn't there.

“I don't want to talk about my ex anymore.” He stands from the table. I follow him. He opens his arms for me, and I all but jump straight into them.

“What do you want to talk about then.” I purr.

“Would you like to watch a movie? Have dessert or cuddle in bed?” He offered.

“Why not all three?” I had noticed a tv in his room when I stayed the other night.

“Alright, let's go.” He kissed the top of my head. “I'll get dessert. You go pick a movie. There's Netflix all setup.”