

Chapter 53 - Denying the Alpha

Kyles point of view

“Throw me some pants,” I ordered some young wolf. I needed to do better with their names, I thought to myself. The young warrior quickly threw me a pair of pants from one of the many hidey holes we keep around here for instances such as this. I laid Faith down gently on the moist forest floor, just long enough to pull them on. I scooped her up as if she were the most fragile thing I could ever hold because, to me, she was. I tucked her comfortably into my chest and held on to her as tight as I could so that when I ran towards the hospital, I didn't jostle her so much. After a stumble or two, I decided that it was better to walk than to continue to risk dropping my mate. I am relieved that I beat that sob, but that didn't mean he didn't draw blood. I was tiring much too quickly. I'm not sure how much further I can carry her. One thing was for sure, however, and that is I'll be ringing his father later, and I will be tearing up our peace treaty and our trade agreements; Declan had made that all too easy when he tried to kidnap Faith, and they needed it more than us.

Before long, I stumbled through the hospital entryway, barely able to hold onto Faith anymore.

“Someone get me a damn bed,” I shouted.

“Alpha Kyle, please place her here.” Dr. Linda rounded the corner with one of the many transportable beds.

I lay Faith down on the hard white bed and frown. Why did we put sick people on such hard beds, weren't they already uncomfortable enough as it was.

Dr. Linda grabbed the rail of the bed, but I stood in front of her.

Don't you dare let this she-wolf lay her grubby paws on my mate! Duke growls at me.

“Where are you taking her” I narrow my eyes at the doctor.

“To a room so I can work on her, might I remind you, Alpha, that while you may be the boss out there. I am in charge here. You can follow me if you must, but if you get under

my feet, I will have you removed immediately.” Dr. Linda pushes the bed, and it hits my toes. I grunted at her in annoyance. I was going to move. That was unnecessary.

She pushed the bed past me, and I followed her into the room just ahead.

“Why is she still out of it?” honestly, I am glad that Dr. Linda is on the call today. She was the best doctor I had ever seen, and I had ended up in my share of pack hospitals over the years. She was a little rough around the edges before you got to know her, but if I had to guess, I would say it was just a defense mechanism. She was twice the doctor any of the men around her were, but she had to work three times harder than any of them to prove it.

“I don't know yet, alpha. I haven't had the chance to look at her yet. Sit down”

I don't want to, I want to be by my mate's side, but I sit down anyway for dear she may kick me out if I don't.

Just as I lower myself into the seat, the door flings open, and in walks David. Crap, I forgot that he mind linked me.

“Alpha,” he addresses me.

“Can it wait?” I ask hopefully, but I know David. If he were here, then no, no, it couldn't.

“I'm afraid not,” he purse his lips.

I stare at faith. My heart longs to see her with her eyes open again. How can the world be so cruel to someone so kind?

“You mind link me the moment you know anything.” I snap at Linda. His eyes brows shoot right up, and she doesn't have to open her mouth for me to know she is calling me out on my attitude.

“Drop the face, Linda. That's my mate. You work extra hard on her.”

And I storm angrily out of the room.

“This better be Good David.” I snap at my beta.

“Amelio is in a coma. Amy's alive, but she's beside herself, and” his voice stilted. Whatever was coming next, I hated it already.

“And?” I goad him.

“Faith's father is in your office. He picked a heck of a time to come and visit.”

Faith's father was here? Did he know about Declan, or was that just a coincidence?

"Tell him to come here. Faith will appreciate having him here. As for Amelio, take me to his room." I follow David to the end of the hall.

I entered the room. David informed me it was my friend. He looked awful, hooked up to so many machines.

"How's he doing," I asked Amy as I edged closer.

Her large eyes looked at me full of tears, and she hiccupped.

"You know when something traumatic happens, and your mind just can't cope, so" she pauses to sniffle and hiccup again. I notice a box of tissues on a stand in the room and pass her a box. She pulls out a handful, and I settle the box down again.

"So, it just focuses on the absurd things. Things that you don't care about, well my mates possibly dying and all I can think about is the holiday we won't get to take now. If he doesn't pull through, I don't even want to live. My Amelio is everything to me, and if he lives, we won't have the money. All that furniture that we had, well I know it wasn't much, but we worked hard for it, now it's all smashed to pieces. The money has to come from somewhere." She dabs at her eyes again and hiccups, the poor thing.

"I'm such a poor excuse of a woman. That should be what's on my mind right now."

I pull up a chair in front of her. Both of my knees are touching as we face each other. I take her tiny hands in mine in hopes that I can provide some comfort to her in her time of need.

"You, Amy, are everything a mate should be. You are generous, kind, loyal, protective of your family. There is absolutely nothing wrong with you, okay. Nothing at all. Your response to the trauma is normal. I'll pay for all repairs; don't you worry about it." I assure her.

"Did you get my niece back?" His bottom lip quivered. I could already see how afraid she was of my answer.

"I did. I really must be getting back to her. Dr. Linda must be close to done. I'll let you know later what she says." I offer. I stand from my chair, but Amy grabs my hand.

"And Declan, what about him?" The fear returns to her eyes.

I sat back down in my chair once more.

"What exactly happened, Amy?" That should have been my first question.

“Faith came home, and we were talking about her mark when there was a knock at the door. I wasn’t expecting anyone, but I also didn’t think too much of it. I opened it, and without an invitation, he just strolls into the house.” She glares at the floor.

“Why didn’t you mind link me?” I would have dropped everything. I would have been there.

“He was so calm. At first, I didn’t think it was necessary, and then it all turned on a dime. It happened so damn quick I didn’t have the time. He tried to hurt Faith, and Amelio jumped in front of him. We fought him, all three of us fought him as much as we could, but his strength and his skill were out of our league.” Her lip wobbled once more, and the glare was replaced with even more tears.

“Amelio, he got the worst of it. She’s going to hate me.” She cried.

“Who? Faith? Why would she hate you?” I puzzled.

“Because,” her eyes drift to her mate. “I had a choice keep fighting or save him. And I chose to save him, in fact, and this is worse. It wasn’t even a choice. I just went to him, and Declan was able to grab her. I should have fought harder, but he wouldn’t have made it without me.” Her shoulders shook as she cried. I pulled us both to our feet, and tucked her petite frame under my chin, and just hugged her.

“Faith will understand. He was your mate, and he was dying. Please do not fret about her. All I want you to focus on is getting better. I don’t know if you are up for it just yet, but your brother is here, he came to visit Faith.”

Amy’s eyes widen in surprise.

“Does he know about her yet?” She asks sadly.

“Beta David us on his way to get him from my office.”

“If faith doesn’t hate me, he will. Mitchell expected me to keep her safe, and I failed. I failed them both” I hated to see her beat herself up this way. It wasn’t her fault, but she was the only one who couldn’t see that right now.

“Come on, I am going back to Faith's room. We will handle it together, okay?” Hopefully, Dr. Linda has some answers for me already.

“Okay.” She uttered under her breath.