

Chapter 55 - Denying the Alpha

“Faith, what do you remember?”

Kyle asks softly again. I try to shake the terrible memories loose, but they don't budge.

“Everything.” I shudder.

“I remember being with Amy in the family space, her opening the door, he seen my mark and went ballistic; he angers me so much.” I wipe the tears away and blow the snot on the edge of the bedsheet. It was gross, but my clothes were filthy, and there was no tissue paper in here.

“I remember Amy and Amelio trying to protect me and getting hurt, but then everything went black, I got hurt. If you want me to move out, Aunty, then I understand.”

They would be in less danger this way, although I hope it is the last I see of Declan.

“Oh, dear girl.” Amy throws herself back into my arms again. Knocking Kyle to the side a little more, he grumbled something under his breath, but we both chose to ignore whatever it was as we clung to each other for dear life.

“Don't ever say that. We love having you with us.”

I felt a little of the tension ease from my heart, but the guilt was still overwhelming. They got hurt, and I would have come to terms with it, but at least they didn't hate me.

“What happened after I blacked out?” I wasn't sure I wanted to know, but I felt like I had to.

“Well, Amelio and I knew you couldn't fight for yourself in that state, so we fought harder. Declan mostly spared me, he wasn't so kind with Amelio, and he left with you. I wanted to chase you down, but Amelio was bleeding heavily. I was afraid he'd die if I didn't stop it. I should have mind linked Kyle the very moment I saw who was at the door. I'll always regret that I didn't.”

“I was in the office with David, when I felt your fear, I knew that something had to be wrong, then I could feel pain, and I was so worried. I made it to the house, and the door was half off. At this point, I felt I was going to find a body, but Amy and Amelio were alive, barely, but they were. Amy told me Declan took you, and I went after you. I

followed your scent and the added trail of his blood to this tiny little clearing of the woods. We fought, I won, I have wolves escorting him home.”

I tried not to let my face show it, but I secretly felt disappointed that he didn't just kill him. It makes me a terrible person, considering Jackson and Cassidy have already lost a son, and Declan's still a person, but I just don't want to live a life where I'm worried these monsters, they're hiding around the corner all the time.

“Can you take me to see Amelio?” I asked all of them, any would want to be with him, and dad and Kyle would want to be with me.

“We sure can, sweetheart.” Kyle kissed the back of my hand affectionately.

I went to climb off the bed when Kyle stopped me.

“I thought we were going to go see my uncle?” I asked, slightly confused.

“We are, but you have a head injury, my dear. Dr Linda had to step out. You appeared stable, so she left, but she still needs to check you out, and then we can use a wheelchair.”

He was being ridiculous. I felt completely fine.

“But I feel okay, like I don't feel dizzy or anything. Can you not make a big deal?” I groaned in frustration. I didn't want people to see me being shoved around in a wheelchair while I felt like some hypochondriac.

“You should at least let the doctor look, baby girl.” My dad asked, but his tone suggested that he wasn't actually asking.

“Fine, I agree. Dr Linda can take her to look, but I will not be hoping in no damn wheelchair.” I glared between my father and my mate.

Kyle smirks at me, and I can see that I have one from that one little indication alone.

“Fine. I'll go get the doctor.” Kyle concedes, and he leaves the room.

“Do you mind if I stay the next few days, Amy?” My father asks.

“Our place is a little, it's well it's trashed and soaked in blood, and I don't think I can go back there until my Amelio is home. I was going to ask Kyle if I could stay in the packhouse.”

Amy explains in a rush.

“That’s okay. I’ll just ask Kyle if I can stay in the packhouse for the time being too.” My father shrugs.

“Uhm, guys. Have you noticed anything new about me?” I point out the mating mark that I’m proudly sporting.

“I am going to be Luna soon, Kyle and I haven’t talked about it yet, and I’m no rush, but still, I will be, just ask me if you can stay. And the answered yes, by the way, you can both stay.” It felt strange to proclaim my new title like that, but it was true, and I don’t think that Kyle would mind.

“Dad, you were on your way here before all of this, but you didn’t tell me? Why?” I ask.

“Your mother told me that you called the other day and had some questions. I felt terrible that we went about things the way we did, and I was missing you, so I thought a quick day visit would be nice. But now that you have been hurt, I think I’ll stay, plus I miss my pain in the ass, little sister.”

My dad tries to joke, Amy offers him a small smile, but it’s not genuine. I’m sure she’s happy to have a dad around, but I couldn’t imagine what’s she’s going through right now. I know that I wouldn’t be able to find joy during a time Kyle was seriously hurt.

My mate comes back into the room with a little lady trailing along behind him.

“Good afternoon, Luna Faith. It is a pleasure to meet you awake finally.” She gives me a sort of a stiff smile.

“Good afternoon, Dr Linda, likewise.” I stick my hand out, and she shakes it once before dropping it.

“Let have a quick look, shall we. How do you feel?” She quizzes.

“Like brand knew.” I honestly did, physically at least. I wasn’t in any pain.

“Great great.” She jots it down in her little notepad.

“Look here” she holds up her little light wand and points it at my eyes. I can’t help but retract a little. It was so bright. A little concern flitters across her face. Luckily Kyle didn’t notice it. He was too busy staring at me. Since she didn’t say anything, I decided it was best not to comment myself.

“Can you stand?” She asks me next.

I make my move off the bed and try to ignore Kyle's hands hovering around me as if he was prepared to catch me when I fell. Well, I wasn't going to fall so he could quit his worrying.

"You don't feel dizzy or anything at all. You can stand on your own?" She observes.

"Yes, I can stand fine. No dizziness whatsoever, truly I feel fine."

Beta David sticks his head into the room,

"Alpha Kyle, can I speak to you, please?" He asks.

"Is it urgent?" Kyle responds, a little annoyed.

"Alpha Jackson tried calling you." Kyle's eyes snapped to his beta then.

"What?" He growled.

"He was going to call you and ask for permission for my being on your land. He must have forgotten to get around to it. There is no way your two warriors have made it all the way back to Crescent moon with Declan yet. He's too much dead weight." My father explains. Declan was a lot of men, he would be heavy, and it was already a long journey. I have to agree with my father here. I doubt Jackson even knows about his son just yet.

"Well, then we better go tell him." Kyle grinds his jaw. That's if it's okay with you Faith, I can always call him back later." His eyes soften, and I can see he means it. He'd wait for me.

"Again, I'm fine. This is important. You should go." I run his hand, he leans in, and I turn so that his kiss lands on my lips instead of my cheek the way he intended.

"I'll go with you." My father clears his throat.

"Let's go."

Kyle, David, and my father all leave. It's just me, Dr Linda, and Amy now.

"Am I all good?" I want to get out of here.

"I would like to monitor you just a little. Alpha Kyle already asked if you could see your uncle, that's fine with me. Once Alpha Kyle comes back, we can talk about him signing your discharge papers, and then you can go home." Dr. Linda scribbles down a few more notes, none of which are bad, I hope. Before she leaves the room, she bows to me respectfully and leaves the room.

“Come on, Let’s go spend some time with Amelio.” Amy and I link arms. I just feel we could both use the emotional support as we trudge sadly down the hallway.

I was wildly unprepared for the sight in front of me.

Although they were scabbing over already, large chunks of skin and muscle remained missing, the blood had been washed away, but all the cuts and scrapes were still so pink and angry.

“They should have sent Declan back in a body bag.” Amy sniffles.

“I know” I hold onto my aunt.