

Chapter 64 - Denying the Alpha

I knocked lightly three times before I peered cautiously into the room.

“Hey”, I whisper, “you up for visitors?” I ask hopefully.

“I’d love the company.” Amy Smiled sadly at me as her haze slowly drifted back to Amelio.

Kyle and I walked into the room. Kyle took one of the three seats at the back so that I could take the only spare one next to Amy.

I pulled her hand into mine and gently kissed the back of it before holding it in my lap. I was hoping she found the touch of a loved one somewhat comforting. It always helped me feel better, at least.

He looked so much better than he did the last time I saw him. He was still a touch paler than usual, but all his wounds had healed. There was nothing more than a few tiny scabs here or there. I kept it to myself, of course, as not to offend my aunt, but Internally I sighed with relief.

“Has the doctor said anything about his condition?” I ask, but I can’t peel my eyes away from my uncle.

“They say he is doing much better. It is no longer a case of if he will wake up but when.”

“Oh Amy”, I grin at my aunt. “I’m so happy. That’s great news.” I quickly rubbed the tear from the corner of my eye. I had dreaded my visit the whole walk down here. I was so afraid that we were going to lose him. If it weren’t for Kyles steady hand keeping me sane as we made our way down the eerie corridors, then I may have turned around and bolted.

“I’m still scared for him,” Amy admits with grief and uncertainty so heavy you could almost feel it in the air.

I wrapped her quickly into a tight hug.

“Oh, Amy”, I cooed. “We are all here for you. Would you like to tell me why?” Talking about it with her was frustratingly about the only thing I could do. If I could wake him

up, I would. If I could shoulder her burdens, I would gladly carry that weight for her. But none of that was possible. Feelings of utter uselessness and despair enveloped me.

Kyles's eyes softened as he watched us. I could feel his concern for me through the mate bond.

I will be okay. I mind link him.

I'm worried about you. He confesses.

I love you so much baby. Kyles support is everything to me.

I love you with my whole heart. He promises, and just a sliver of the guilt that I have been feeling slips from my heart. Almost as if that tiny sliver created a leak, more of those feelings slowly began to trickle away.

Its Kyle. He's using the mate bond to absorb some of your pain. Sapphire whispers in awe.

I didn't know that we could do that. I respond. I knew we could feel the other's emotions, but I didn't realize we could siphon them off.

It's because he is an alpha wolf. He's stronger than most.

I had so much happened inside of my head right now, but Amy must have felt the same because, for a time, we continued to sit in silence. I wouldn't push her to answer my question she could when she was ready.

Thank you. I linked Kyle again. Because of him, I felt like I could breathe a little easier now.

"I still feel him", Amy whimpers breaking the silence that had settled over the room once more. "Buts it's different now. It's not as strong. It's like he's fading away." She begins to ugly cry, like the damn on her emotions had finally broken.

"Hey", I tightened my hug a little.

"Deep breathes", I encourage her.

It takes her some time but eventually, she breathes slower, and they become deeper before she huffs them back out again.

"Do you think it's because of the coma?" I ask her softly.

"I... I don't know. I suppose, I mean, it's possible, but it is still alarming. I think if I could just feel him, then I would finally be able to believe what everybody keeps telling me.

That he will be alright, but I'm frightened. Frightened, he won't ever wake again." her lip trembles. I can see real fear in her eyes, and it breaks my heart.

"I understand that. It would terrify me to be in your position. I couldn't live without Kyle." even though I had only known him a short time, he was the light at the end of a genuinely dark tunnel. He was both my weakness and my strength. He was more than just my other half. He was the very center of my world.

"He's, my anchor." Amy sobs. "He grounds me."

"Promise me, Amy, you will link me anytime you need me. I do not care what it is I am doing. When you need me, I'll be here." I say with unwavering determination.

"I promise." She utters.

We will have to leave soon. Kyle links me sorrowfully.

I know. We had a dinner to get to, but my father wouldn't mind us being tarty. We were here with Amy. Hed understand.

Dr Linda enters the room, her eyes scanning over the folder of paper in her hands.

"Good evening, everyone." She says politely.

The three of us offer some variation of a greeting back.

"I'm here to take Amelio down for another scan if that's okay?" She asks Amy.

"Scan?" It slips out before I can stop it.

"We have been taking scans of Amelio's head injury every 24 hours so that we can track his progress." Dr Linda explains.

They had an MRI here? Wow, impressive.

"Now is as good as time as any." Amy hops from her seat.

"Faith, I think we should leave them be," Kyle calls me, and I walk over to him and slip my fingers through his.

"Is there anything I can bring you on my next visit?" I ask my aunt.

"A book would be great." She replies.

"I'll bring a few." I leave a quick kiss on her cheek and blow one to Amelio as Dr Linda prepares his bed.

I walk with Kyle hand in hand from the hospital, feeling both lighter and heavier than when I first got here. Kyle was still pulling what emotion he could from me, and that was helping, but I feared for Amy. I hope she can remain strong. I believe her bond with Amelio will be as strong as ever once he is awake. Amy just had to hold on until then. I hope the brain scan brings good news.

“Thank you”, I praise my mate.

“For what?” He squeezes my hand affectionately.

“For just being you. You never pushed me away, and after all, you have been through.” I admire him.

He smiled happily down at me.

“I feel the same, you know. I was able to read a lot of your emotions in there. And I feel the same. It was like I was slowly dying, and you walked into that room like a breath of fresh air and saved me. Amy couldn’t have used a better way to describe how the bond feels. It’s like your anchor tethering me to everything and anything I care about.”