

Chapter 69 - Denying the Alpha

Faith POV

“We can go back in now,” Kyle says. I take my ear off the door. It wasn't my business, but I was dying to know how it went. I really, really wanted Ingrid to accept David. But Kyle's whole office was soundproofed, and I hadn't gleaned a single thing from beyond the door even with my super werewolf hearing.

It's rude to eavesdrop anyway. Sapphire scolded me.

Get off your high horse. I felt you listening, your nosey nelly. I remind her.

I am a wolf. I would never ride a horse. Sapphire scoffed, missing my point completely.

“Did he sound like a man who was devastated beyond belief, or did he sound chipper, like all of his dreams had suddenly come true?” I ask nervously. To be honest, I didn't particularly want to walk into the room if he'd just been rejected. I'm sick of small spaces filled with despair. I have seen enough lately to last me a lifetime.

Kyle shrugs, and I get the feeling he's enjoying leaving me in suspense. What a cruel jerk.

“I guess we will just have to go in and find out, won't we.” He teased me. Yep, he was defiantly enjoying it.

“She accepted him.” I smiled Triumphantly. Thank goodness for that. Oh, I was so happy for him.

“And how would you know?” Kyle asked incredulously.

Because if he were rejected, you would be acting all sensitive and sorry for him, I think it myself.

“I just do,” I say instead.

Kyle shakes his head with a smirk. Yep, Ingrid has definitely accepted David.

I wonder how his wolf feels. Sapphire comments with intrigue. I find myself surprised by it. Why would his wolf feel anything but overjoyed? Was it because she was old enough

to be his mother? But surely that wouldn't matter. The moon goddess would not have paired David with Ingrid if age were going to be a concern, would she?

Why? I can't help but wonder. Because she is a witch. Sapphire says like I'm missing the obvious. But still, I don't understand what she is getting at.

So? I ask, feeling sillier by the minute. What was I missing?

Don't get me wrong. There is nothing wrong with Ingrid being a witch. I'm just curious, is all. David is the one who has a mate, he has Ingrid, but his wolf technically doesn't. I mean, his wolf will still feel connected to the witch, like I do with Kyle, but still, it's different. Duke and I, we're mates, we are the same, we have a special bond. I have just always wondered how wolves who get mated and marked to a person but don't get a mate of their own feel about it. Personally, I think it sounds rather lonely.

Hmm, she had a point, I guess, I never thought of it like that before, and now I found myself wondering the same thing. How did a wolf who didn't get an authentic wolf-mate feel about it? I would ask David, but I'm afraid of offending him, so I won't.

I walk into the room behind my mate with a lot more confidence than I had earlier. If Ingrid had truly accepted David, she would move here, and Kyle would become her Alpha, and more than that, he was David's friend. She wouldn't betray her mate and his friend. It eased almost all of my previous doubts about asking her for her help, making me feel much freer.

David remained in his chair, and Ingrid was still at the window. I was hoping to walk into something a little more romantic than this, like Ingrid nestled in David's lap while he played with the loose strands of her hair or him embracing her from behind while she enjoyed the scenic view out the window. It may not have been the loving scene I had pictured in my mind, but still, there was some change. David looked better already. He wasn't slumped over in his chair anymore, and although he still had bags under his eyes, they were not quite as dark as they had been. His wolf must be trying to heal him. His eyes had life back in them. It was nice to see his spark returning. They were so sad and dull earlier.

"Alpha Kyle." David stood and shook Kyle's hand,

"Ingrid has agreed to give me a week to win over her affection. As long as she has your permission to stay on our lands, I have offered her the spare room in my home, and she has accepted. You know her history with our kind, and understandably, she's not ready

to seal her fate to a wolf without getting to know him first.” David explains as he stares at the beautiful witch in the window with such affection. He very reluctantly drags his adoring gaze from her to seek Kyle’s approval.

“I plan on spending every moment I can showering my love with all my attention and proving my devotion to her and our bond. But she has asked to speak to you and your mate alone concerning this curse. Conan and I both feel like we can trust her. I say that for your benefit and not hers. She has nothing to prove to me. I have already accepted her. I’ll leave you three to it. Please let me know if you grant my love’s request to stay.”

“Of course, it’s granted. Would you like the week off?” Kyle offered. Aw, my love was so considerate. He made me so proud of him every day.

“I’ll take you up on that. I would love the week off, but please, if it is necessary, call on me, and I’ll come right away.” David’s eyes locked with the witches and something silent seemed to pass between the two of them. I wonder if they could communicate unmarked, given that she was a witch.

“I will.” Kyle agreed.

David seemed to really struggle to leave Ingrid behind, but eventually, he left the room even if he was dragging his feet a little.

“So, this curse?” Kyle wastes no time. He asks the moment David is out of the room.

“Yes, I can sense it. It’s very dark magic indeed. It saddens me greatly to know that Eloise was capable of such things. I feel like I failed her, but I didn’t know how to be around her after what happened.” Ingrid sighs, and I believe her. She genuinely seemed upset by it. I couldn’t imagine being in her shoes.

“Tell me everything you understand about it.” Kyle almost begs of her.

I slip my hand in his to offer my support to him should he need it. The moment our skin touches, I feel stronger. I only hope that he feels the same as I do. He squeezes my hand, and I hold his a little tighter in response. It’s like just by holding each other that we can make it through anything.

“May I” Ingrid approaches us with a raised hand. I instinctively wanted to yank Kyle away from her, but she wasn’t a threat to him, and so I fought the urge much to Sapphire’s displeasure.

“Explain yourself first, please.” I don't know if Kyle was asking for himself or me. I'm just glad that he did. Knowing would certainly help settle both Sapphire's and my nerves.

“I can tell that the curse is dark magic, but that's it. I want to get a real feel for it. I can't tell you things that I myself don't even understand.”

“So what? You're just going to reach out and touch it.” Kyle asks a little disbelievingly. I admit, even I thought it sounded a little made up, but then again, what choice did we have? We were just going to have to trust her whether we liked it or not.

“More or less,” Ingrid replies casually with her hand still raised, she took one step closer to Kyle, who I expected to take a step back, but he didn't.

“Okay, I guess,” Kyle says, but I can sense his reluctance through the bond, but if he wasn't going to say anything, then I sure wasn't.

I bite down nervously on the inside of my cheeks as Ingrid places her open palm against Kyle's forehead. My gaze never wavers as I stare at her, her eyes snap shut, and I can see her eyes flicker and flinch under her closed eyelids. It's almost like she is searching for something, something that only she can see. Who knows, maybe she can see something that we can't.

Time drags on, and I feel like I have been waiting for a short eternity, and the silence is killing me. Just when I was about to cave in and ask,

A tiny shocked gasp drops from Ingrid's barely parted lips and her whole-body flinches, she immediately drops her hand, and her eyes fly open. My stomach churns at the look she has upon her face.

“Oh my, that's very dark magic indeed.” She whispers as she rubs her other hand over the palm she had pressed to Kyle's forehead.

My mate's eyes are still clasped tightly shut, and his face is contorted like he's in pain. When his hand clutched at his chest, I felt sapphire, and I begin to lose control of our temper. What was happening to him? Instantly I feared the worst.

“What did you do to him?” I snap at her angrily.

“Kyle”, I shake his shoulders.

“I had to touch the curse,” Ingrid said defensively.

“You should have warned us that it would hurt him,” I growl at her, barely hanging onto my patience.

“You asked me for my help. This is me helping you. Stop your snarling, or I’ll leave.” Ingrid huffs.

Sapphire retreated, and I stopped growling immediately, but I still felt tense and annoyed with her. She should have warned me that it could have caused him pain.

“It’s okay, Faith. I’m fine.” Kyle stutters.