

Chapter 70 - Denying the Alpha

“Are you sure, baby?” I asked. I couldn’t help it. I was worried about him.

“Yeah, I feel better already”, but I could tell he was lying. I wish he didn’t feel the need, he didn’t have to be brave for me, but it felt wrong to call him out on it in front of Ingrid, so I would let it go for now. But I would definitely be speaking to him about it later.

“I’m glad,” I replied halfheartedly. He knew that I knew he was lying; I was sure of it.

“So, tell me, what did you see or rather what you felt?” Kyle asks Ingrid.

She stares at him sorrowfully, and I can tell that, whatever it is, it isn't good news for us.

“Just say it,” I mutter. I wished that I could say it with detachment or confidence, anything more than the cowardice mumblings falling from my trembling lips, but there was a sinking feeling in my chest, and I could hardly breathe.

“The reason you can feel it like it's a part of you is because, well, it is a part of you now. Eloise has managed to tie the curse to your life force. Unfortunately, for as long as you live, you will be cursed. I'm not sure there is anything that I or anyone can do for you.” I can see the sympathy behind Ingrid's eyes. I didn't want to look, so I turned my head. The sincerity she was showing us at this moment somehow made this all the more real to me.

“So that's it then?” I whisper, “There's no hope? We can't have pups, or they'll die?” I whimper. I don't think the severity of the loss had hit me until now. I had sincerely believed deep down that we would find a way to break it. I was still okay with adopting, but I felt like I was being robbed. I want to grieve what I am losing, but I feel conflicted, was I even allowed to feel grief over the loss of my babies if I never actually had any? I am trying to think of them. In my mind, I try to picture what our children would look like, a little mini-me or a miniature Kyle, but all I can see now is death. I feel like my heart is being ripped out of my chest. Like all of my tomorrow’s will be bleak.

Kyle pulls me into his chest; I stumble over my feet and crash into him. The moment his arms encase me, I finally break, and I think Kyle did too. I felt his tears wet my shirt, but if anything, it made me feel less alone. I didn't want Kyle sad or in pain, but at least we

were going through this hell together. I understood how he felt perfectly, and thanks to the strength of our bond, he knew what I felt in return.

“I am so sorry. I wish I had better news. Really, I do.” Ingrid apologized, but she didn't have anything to be sorry for. She tried to help us, and she wasn't responsible for her daughter's actions. The only one to blame here for all of this was Eloise, but how do you blame a dead girl? It was pointless because no matter how much I hated her, and I did hate her, she was still gone. She wasn't suffering anymore, but we were. I couldn't get revenge or beg her to change her mind and lift the curse. We were simply stuck like this.

“Is there a way we can tie the curse to a different life force?” Kyle begged. It made my stomach churn. We couldn't do that to someone else. That would be despicable. We didn't deserve this, but neither did anyone else.

“Faith, stop.” Kyle implored me after reading the bond. “I didn't mean a person. A Life is a life. We could maybe tie it to a frog or an insect, something with a short life span, something that won't know any different.” Kyle explained hurriedly. And just like that, I felt a glimmer of hope return.

“Is it? Is it possible?” I begged Ingrid myself; I wouldn't subject another person to this, but a tiny insignificant bug wouldn't care, right.

“No. I am sorry, but it doesn't work like that. It's tied to you, Kyle, your life specifically. It's not like its credit. It's not transferable. If I thought it were possible, believe me, I would try.” Ingrid sighed.

But my mind was moving a thousand miles an hour. Kyle was right. We should keep looking. I could feel Kyle's thoughts shift and jump with mine as we both grasped at straws.

“What if we kill him?” I blurt out.

Ingrid's eyes widen to a look of absolute shock and horror as she stares back at me. I feel Kyle tense beside me.

“If he dies, the curse breaks, right? We stop his heart, and he dies, we break the curse, then we revive him? I mean, that could work right.” But even I didn't like that plan. It was stupid and reckless, and I already regretted ever mentioning it. I couldn't lose Kyle. Not even for a minute. He would always be the most important thing to me. I could live without a pup but not him, never him.

“In theory, it could work, yes. But that’s a big risk to take without any guarantee that it will work, and also, I couldn’t promise that.” Ingrid left her sentence to linger in the air between us.

“What? What couldn’t you promise” Kyle asked, unable to let it go.

“Well, if you died, it would break the curse, yes, but also it would mean the mate bond you two share would sever. I would do everything in my power to bring you back, of course, but you should know that even if I were successful and I could revive you, Kyle, that there is a chance that you two would no longer be a mated pair. Are you sure that that is a risk you are both willing to take? I know the mate bond is everything to you wolves.”

“Absolutely not,” I replied instantly. There was no way I was willing to risk it. I didn’t even have to think about it. It was just a stupid, insane thought, that doesn’t mean we had to act on it.

“Why not?” Kyle asked, and the seriousness of his question frightened me.

“What the hell do you mean? Why not? It’s your life we’re talking about! Ingrid may not even be able to bring you back.” I flail. He couldn’t actually be thinking about this. It was just something I said without actually thinking about it.

“If Ingrid could bring me back, and the mate bond was severed, would you still be with me? Would you take me as a chosen mate? Because there is no one, and I mean no one that I would rather be with than you. If I came back and the mate bond wasn’t there anymore, I wouldn’t care. I love you, Faith and not just because of some predetermined bond. But because you are funny and you are beautiful, and you are smart. Not to mention courageous, loyal, and caring. There is not a single girl out there that could make me happier than what you make me. I am in this for the long haul, bond or no mate bond.” Kyle was never afraid to be open with me about his emotions. It was one of the things that I loved most about him.

“Of course, I would. I would choose you a thousand lifetimes over. It’s not about that. I will always love you. But if Ingrid couldn’t bring you back, I wouldn’t survive it. I am not ready to lose you. I’ll never be ready to lose you.” I cried. It was unbearable to even think about.

“Okay baby, okay, I’m sorry.” He cooed as he held me. “But it’s an option. We should at least think about it. Can we at least do that?”

I didn't want to. I never wanted to talk about it again, so I wasn't sure why I found myself agreeing.

"Okay, we can think about it."

"Ingrid, would you mind leaving the room. I want some time alone with Faith. She's quite upset. I think we are done for the day. I can mind link David to come up here for you if you would like?"

"I am sorry that I don't have better news for the pair of you. But I think your plan has some merit behind it. If you'd like me to look into it for you, I can. Just keep in mind what I said. It's risky, and there is no guarantee that I could bring you back or that your bond would remain intact." Ingrid warned again,

"Please just look into it", Kyle agreed.

"I'll see you shortly, I suppose", and in a puff of smoke, Ingrid was gone. I guess she didn't need us to get David for her after all.

"Faith", Kyle tried

"No. I don't want to talk about it right now. Let's just go visit Amy and Amelio in the hospital. I want to see how they are doing, and I could use the distraction right now anyway." And I left the room on shaky knees.