

The Alpha King's Heart Chapter 151

YEAR 1895

The gentle lustre of his eyes lifted to the burning noon sun through the small window. Mathias Icarius Montgomery leaned over and craned to see the outside world through the iron bars of the prison that held him. A cloud of dust flew in and then rushed into his eyes and he drew back irritably but quickly recovered to his earlier position on the window. His last moments of freedom were these. He had been accused of treason and he was on a death row, sentenced to be hanged the following day.

The failing hope that now possessed his visage was owed to the thoughts of being in this state, unable to be with his ailing wife with child. He stood, relishing the pallid scene outside. The people, buried in the turmoil of the usual vending, filled the streets, stretched through every narrow gate and boulevard, and discharged into a stream of many, making their way to this pitiful scene.

In the street swelled diatribes of profanities and muffled chanting and voices of other unfamiliar creatures. Any stranger in these lands was dismissed by the alien customs and the way of the world here.

The smell that ravaged the air was unforgettable. It beat, brewed, and spewed up the waysides, through the brothels that neared the prisons to give it a mystical omening poison and finally landed into the openings, oppressing the inmates, giving them all a farewell taste of the world yonder.

Each four walls held an offender and then another four walls. But the feeling they got here was enough to rob them of sleep all through the night. They would watch the night gaining stars and the moon setting above the clouds and in another moment the sun would rise from the horizon and it was all too quick an experience that life absorbed so much meaning.

The fear of death kept them alive. The fear of knowing exactly the moment of death as if looking at death in its very devouring eye on the gallows.

Mathias Icarius Montgomery was going to be hanged by order of the king. These walls that held him had marks, ancient marks made by many people before him, all numbers and crossed lines marking the many days that had been counted before their deaths. It was like the souls of the many had been trapped here, whispering in low tunes to set them free.

He could hear heavy footsteps approaching the cell and in a moment, an armed guard appeared before his door. And he just stood there, communicating with him with his gaze alone.

And then, spiting in his awareness, he could only say, "You have a visitor," he pulled his hand club and pointed it at him with emphasis, "You have five minutes,"

The guard walked away and a few minutes went by before he could see, no, before he could smell the aura of his lovely wife approaching.

Tear-filled and weary she was. She was carrying a child in her arms and the moment he could catch a glimpse of its animate pure eyes, he echoed his grief and joy at the same time.

"Hello, my love" she moaned under her breath.

He struggled to keep his sobbing at bay. "Hello, there" he managed. "I hate that you hate to see me like this, my love,"

She placed her hand through the iron bars and caressed the side of his face, crying in low tunes. He kissed her there and she drew closer.

"We have a baby girl," she told him.

He leaned over, promising to walk through the barriers if he could just to see his beautiful child.

She pulled away the blanket and there it was, sucking on a thumb and completely beautiful. And he was altogether lost in a feeling of elation with tears streaming down his face and setting a trail over his dust-smitten skin.

"What's her name?"

"Kate," she told him, "Kate Montgomery, after your mother,"

He took a moment, taking her in. "It's perfect," he told her.

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It had been a month since Ethan asked to be turned but Kate refused him, she couldn't subject the man she loved to such a life, a cold life. They part ways, Ethan was angry at her but she couldn't.

Kate was alone and was aware of the terrible memories of her former life, of her father, of Ethan, and herself.

Where would she go from here? How could she find meaning in her life if not by his side? She sidled closer to the window of the restaurant he had been at with his friends, catching a glimpse of him through the transparent glass. Inhaling, she walked in, aware of the looks she got from his elite friends.

Ethan's gaze was on her the entire time. He exhaled and looked at his company. As if he gave a silent command, all four stood up and walked away. She breathed, gathering her strength and she almost placed sat down in front of him but she waited, steeling herself for when he asked her.

"You're back," he said, his words were cold.

"Ethan-" She didn't say what she wanted to as a fair looking blonde, approached his seat and carefully called his attention.

"Mr. West, is everything alright?" she asked, smiling and batting her lashes at him.

"Yes, thank you," he said to her. She walked away after glaring at Kate and now, the awkward silence bound the room.

He gestured for her to sit and she did. "How have you been?" she asked softly.

"You should know, you're the master stalker," he retorted, Kate closed her eyes and attempted to touch his hand but he revolted her. She left him at the hospital and was gone the next day.

His mesmerizing eyes fixed on her, motionlessly and resentfully.

'Bite me,' she thought again. Why would he give up his soul for a life that would become a curse to him? How could he not see that she had done all she could to be able to feel human, even for just a little while.

"You wanted me to turn you, do you know what you asked for?" she hissed.

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"If you're not going to do it, leave me alone," he said bitterly.

"It's a lonely life, full of darkness, Ethan,"

"I don't care, I'll be in the darkness with you," he said firmly, he was an idiot blinded by love for this woman, this vampire.

"Ethan....." she stopped there, lost for words.

"Then we have nothing to talk about," he told her sternly.

"I know you're hurt but becoming a monster is not the way to fix things"

“You know nothing about how I feel!” he barked at her, kicking the whiskey bottle off the table to the ground. A shudder of fear was now racing down her spine at this horrible display of anger.

Ethan slouched back in his seat, calming himself.

“Am sorry Ethan,”

“Don’t say that” he warned. “You don’t feel anything and I’d be a fool to believe anything that runs from your mouth,”

She felt a river of tears welling up in her eyes. She almost started saying something but stopped at the immediate manifestation of an involuntary sob that escaped her lips.

“I feel pain,” she whispered in between her labored breathing. “I feel pain and I know I don’t have the right to. But I know that things will never work out between us and that I’ll never see my father again,” At the mention of those words, she remembered that she had made a grave for him, far from town, and there she had spent the last many hours with a strange pain that now could not be chilled.

“Your father was a bad man,” he added.

“Yes, he was. But he was still my father. He did bad things but no one is perfect.” She took a moment and closed her eyes to stall the tears. “It’s pathetic and agonizing that I spent my whole life running from him. Now, I have become convinced that in his twisted mind.....he did feel something. He felt love, for me,”

“Kate, you need to stop,” he said, “You are right to mourn your father’s death but I cannot be there for you right now”

That pierced her deep.

“Would it be too much,” she began, “if I..... asked you to stay with me tonight?” she reached out her hands and touched his with hesitation and he tensed. Kate looked vulnerable, and he thought back to his parents, she is the reason they died, she’s the reason he had to be raised by a butler and servants. She should have this woman but he didn’t, he stood up and took her hand, he hugged her, soothing and Kate cried in his arms for as long as she wanted. He took her to his home, where they lay in each other’s arms.