

Owned by the Alphas |

The Curse

The Curse

“Negotiate? Are you fucking kidding me? You wanted a winter born. Here’s your chance. If you turn him, he goes with you. You get what you want, and I get my brother alive,” I argued, refusing to negotiate with a vampire.

Especially when they were already getting something out of it.

Silas narrowed his eyes at me, striding around the crypt, his chin high, his eyes assessing everything in a critical manner, but I held my ground, refusing to let him close to my brother before he had agreed to my terms.

“I suppose you would have some conditions then,” Silas said, turning to me in a dramatic way that flared his cape out, “assuming I was to turn your brother.”

“You’ll turn him because you want his power on your side of the border. This I know. What I don’t know is what you plan on doing with him once he is over there,” I said, needing some detail before putting my brother’s life in Silas’s shady hands.

He smirked at that and came closer, kneeling down to my brother. I drew his cold body closer to mine.

“Despite what the savages of this side of the border would have you believe, we are not ones to murder just because we get the urge. We maintain our blood supply, and we are remarkably close to humans.” He shrugged.

“Oh yeah, you’re the Bradys. Still tells me nothing.”

“It means we don’t kill our own and we don’t kill without our own consequences.

“We have a hierarchy, we have rules and laws we must abide by, and if your brother is to become one of us, he will fall under those too. Including their protection. We cannot harm him, unless provoked, of course,” Silas explained.

It sounded like a load of bullshit, but then again, I had been raised as a human, raised to be terrified of everything vampire, so my bias was a little strong.

"I have your word? He won't be harmed?" I demanded, and Silas nodded.

"We are not the savages here, trust me, sweetheart."

Silas smirked, and I narrowed my eyes at him. I hated it when he talked down about wolves like that.

"Will he be allowed to see me?" I asked, and Silas nodded.

"Provided your wolves let you see him, of course."

"They will."

"Are you so sure?"

I was. I nodded, and he gave me a doubtful expression before looking down at my brother.

"How many more questions do you have? Because any longer and my bite will not save him," Silas reminded, and I sucked in a breath, grabbing my brother's hand in mine.

It was limp and cold, but the pulse was still there. Just.

"I'll see you soon, Lucas. You'll be better. I love you," I whispered, kissing his hand, then stepping back and nodding at Silas.

The wolves wanted me to wait but I couldn't, not when my brother's life could slip away in that time.

"Do it," I said, and Silas nodded before sinking his fangs into Lucas's wrist. I clenched my eyes shut, and when I opened them, Silas was scooping him up in his arms.

"Don't hurt him," I said, and Silas nodded.

"I won't. I'll let your wolves know when he has been turned, the winter born balance restored," Silas said before his wings spread out from his back.

He turned away and walked from the crypt, a whooshing sound a few seconds later letting me know he was gone. And so was my brother.

I had no idea how that was going to go down, how Lucas was going to feel about it all, but I had to hope he would understand that it was the only way to save his life.

I was pretty sure he wouldn't mind, as long as he wasn't a werewolf. At least I hoped so.

Tears welled in my eyes as I thought about my brother waking up without me in the Vampire Territory, but I had no other option.

He still hated the wolves and waking up with them in his face was the worst option, but that's exactly what would have happened.

The wolves would have made him pay for the treason, and then the humans would have demanded retribution for the lives he took under Elias's influence. And maybe he deserved that.

But I didn't want to be the one to decide it. I couldn't; he was still my brother, even if he still hated the wolves when he finally woke up.

A growl came through the mouth of the crypt, interrupting my thoughts as my alphas raced in. I turned to them, Brax in wolf form, Derik and Kai as humans, their clothes torn, their bodies as bloody as mine.

I ran to them, their strong arms wrapping around me, folding me in as I finally let out the tense breath I had been holding.

Comfort and safety flushed my body as they held me and I closed my eyes against them. But there was one missing. I broke through Kai and Derik to where Brax was standing. I stepped forward, but he stepped back, and I frowned.

"Brax?" I asked, my voice trembling at the rejection.

He whimpered and stepped back. I stopped moving toward him and looked over at Derik and Kai.

"Your scent is a little different. Your shadows are different. His wolf is wary," Derik explained.

I nodded in understanding, trying to push past the hurt. I swallowed it back and looked over them. They looked as bad as I did.

“What happened?” I asked, and Kai gave a little growl.

“A curse. The pack went into a frenzy, the effect of the full moon hitting them all hard. We had to lock down the city and help Cain fight them back.

“Back from what?”

“From getting to the humans,” Derik admitted, and I sucked in a breath.

Silas’s words about savages rang in my head. I forced them out quickly, but the hurt was in Derik’s eyes; he had caught my fear, my wariness.

Kai scoffed and came over, brushing his finger over my face. “We would never hurt you, Little Human.”

“And the other humans?”

“Every creature, human or not, is capable of hurting others in the right circumstance. A curse and the full moon just happen to be the circumstances for werewolves.”

Kai shrugged, and it did make me feel better. After all, my brother wasn’t innocent. Neither was Elias, also a human.

“I missed you,” I sighed before moving back into the comfort of his arms, but the warmth hit me like a brick and I stumbled, my eyes trying to close as my head swam.

Kai picked me up, kissing my forehead. “Let’s get you back, Little Human,” he soothed, holding me against his chest as he carried me from the crypt.

Derik followed, with Brax behind. My head still ached, swimming a little as I tried to fall asleep.

“I beat him,” I whispered, letting my alphas know the danger was gone before I passed out.

Kai chuckled as Derik smirked.

"We know, beautiful. We felt it when he left. His threat left our wolves' instincts and the curse was broken," Derik explained.

"We knew you could do it." Kai kissed my head, and I smiled as he loaded me into a carriage. He climbed in behind as Derik nodded toward Brax, who waited back.

I met his gaze, and he turned away. I reached down the link, but he shut me out.

"Brax, don't," I whispered, but he didn't turn back.

"I'm going to run with Brax. We'll see you back at the estate. We'll send a healer to attend to your concussion," Derik said.

I frowned, leaning into Kai. "How do you know I have a concussion?" I asked, and Derik smiled softly, leaning in to kiss my lips before stepping back out.

"Because we are linked and it is making me dizzy. See you soon, beautiful. You did amazing tonight," he said, and I smiled back at him, snuggling into Kai's hold as Derik left the carriage.

It started moving, and I was asleep within seconds.

When I woke, the room was mostly dark, only the bedside lamp lighting my familiar suite. I didn't get a chance to appreciate being home though because my head swam as soon as I opened my eyes, and my stomach turned.

I leapt from the bed, banging into the doorway as I dove for the toilet.

I got there just in time for my threatening stomach turning to become real. I emptied my stomach contents, hugging the bowl as my skin beaded with sweat, my eyes watering.

When I finally stopped heaving, I wiped my face and grabbed some water with mint to rinse my mouth out. I leaned against the vanity, my head still spinning.

I tried to catch my breath but I was too scared to breathe too deep in case it wasn't just another breath that came out.

I waited until I could see straight, then dragged my feet back to bed with my water. I sank into the mattress, pulling the blankets over me, which came easily because my alphas weren't with me like they normally were.

I curled into my blankets, my head throbbing, my stomach still threatening another round in the bathroom, and that's when it hit me.

All the blocked emotions over the last few days came flooding out with tears I couldn't stop. I sobbed into my pillow, holding myself in a ball as I tried to control myself.

But I couldn't. I was a mess.

I had been pushing it all back. Every thought and emotion I was supposed to feel I had ignored—because what did it matter?

Elias had been the priority, and now that I had killed him, I could finally unleash the storm inside my body. And it was in full force.

My brother had teamed up with a werewolf-hating winter born. He had killed humans! Yes, he had been under the influence, but I was still so mad at him. Not mad enough to want him dead, but I still wanted to rip into him.

How could he do something so stupid? Force me to face him like that? Did he not care? Had he known it would go that way?

And the wolves. They were my everything, I had made them my whole world, and now Elias was gone, so where did I fit in their lives? Brax was obviously done with me.

The thought made me sob harder.

The shadows I had taken in were obvious; they were a little darker, a constant heaviness, but they were loyal, they were mine now. I could feel them adapting within me, listening to my intentions and switching allegiance.

It didn't hurt, but it was different, and I didn't know what that meant. I was so out of my depth now. How was I meant to know where to go from here?

I cried and cried, the emotions making my head and stupid concussion hurt like a bitch, but I was apparently a sucker for punishment because they kept coming.

Until warm arms wrapped around me and Brax's body curved into mine, holding me tight.

"Shhhhh, Spitfire," he soothed in a soft voice, like he was talking to a skittish child.

He patted my head, brushing my hair back and kissing the top of my head as I cried.

I moved back into his hold, the sobs getting worse thinking about his earlier rejection and the "what if I hadn't been able to beat Elias?" questions that had stormed my brain.

"Shhhhh, I do care. I won't leave you," he whispered, kissing my head, over it, grabbing my hand so he could press his lips to that too.

I sniffled and turned into him, wiping away my gross salty tears mixed with snot from my ugly crying. "But my shadows are different."

He pushed my hair back from my face where it stuck to my cheeks, then kissed them each.

"Different, but I will get used to them. I just have to convince my shadows," he said, then grabbed my hand. "Here," he said, pushing his fingers through mine. "Let me in."

His shadows pushed against mine, and I let him in instantly. His shadows on mine were so comforting I sighed, my eyes closing as his caressed mine. They felt just as good as before, maybe even better, the potency sharper.

"See? We're okay, Spitfire," he said quietly, before his lips pressed on mine.

I kissed him back, letting his mouth send away those negative thoughts that had been building. He took them all away in a searing kiss that had me moving tighter into his body, wrapping my leg around his, my arms around his shoulders.

He kissed me back, his tongue against mine as heat moved between us. His shadows swirled with me, making the kiss that much more intense, until he chuckled, pulling back, kissing my cheek again.

Not the direction I wanted things going in.

I moved my hips, my thin nightgown barely a barrier against his hard length in his gray sweat shorts.

"You have a concussion. Kai would kill me if I ignored the healer's advice and gave in, Spitfire," Brax said, his fingers running down my back making me shiver.

I sighed irritably and kissed him again. "Kai won't be able to abstain either. He has no willpower." I laughed, and Brax chuckled again.

"He does when it comes to you. We all do."

I huffed and sank back into the bed, but he collected me in his arms again, holding me against him.

"What did the healer say exactly?" I asked, and Brax tensed a little.

"That you needed bed rest. That your concussion was severe," he said, but I felt the omission in the link and leaned back to look at him.

"What aren't you telling me?"

He sighed, then kissed me before looking me in the eyes.

"You've been asleep for the better part of two days, Spitfire. That's not a good sign. Neither is vomiting. The healer thought you would have been better by now," he admitted, and I frowned.

"What does that mean?"

Brax smiled and kissed me deeper. "It means no giving in for a while longer and as much bed rest as we can force on you," he said, but I felt the worry beneath the lighter turn he tried to take, and it made me just as worried.

I turned away from him and let him curl back into me, spooning me with his big body, trying not to let it get to me, but it was hours before I was finally able to fall asleep again.

Even then, I fell asleep still not sure whether I was going to wake up better or not.