

## Kidnapped

EMILY'S POV

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I can see the white light through my shut lids, I can feel the cool air kissing my skin so gently that a shiver erupts over my skin. I hear whispers around me, but the more lucid I become, the voices get louder, more clear. "Is it healed?" the deep voice sends cold chills down my spine. "Yes, Alpha." a light feminine voice beams, the sound of light footsteps fading until they disappear. I turn my head away from the voices before opening my eyes, the light makes my eyes squint as I try to focus on my surroundings, but there's not much around. A deep hum makes me turn my head, and I stare straight at a tall muscular man, his broad shoulders tense as he stands with his arms crossed. His black hair is combed back, making waves. He has a very sharp jaw, and his green eyes bore into me like he was thinking about ripping my head off. "You're awake," it was his deep voice that I heard earlier. My jaw rolls as I try to think of a way out of wherever I am, but when I sit up, able to move my leg freely without any pain, I'm frozen in shock.

My gaze icks up to the stranger, the color of his hair reminding me of something. Have I met him before? If I did, why can't I remember him? "Where am I?" I look around at the dark bedroom. His head slants to the side, "I'm Nicholas," he avoids my question as if hiding something. "Alright," I throw my legs over the edge of the soft mattress, shifting my weight onto my healed leg as I stand up. "I think I'll be going now," I head for the door, but he steps in front of me, "Going where, Rogue?" his taunting tone brings back the memory of Haten's previous rejection. I no longer have a pack. I no longer have a home.

I stare at Nicholas for a few good seconds, slowly blinking as I wonder where I could even go. "I have a place," I murmur condently. He doesn't have to know where I'm heading, all I need to do is get out of here. I stride towards the bedroom door, only to be stopped by him again, this time without using his words. He body blocks me, his tall frame stopping me from leaving. I stare up at him with narrowed eyes, taking a step back, "Look I don't know you." I start, "But I have to leave.", "Where would you go?", "It has nothing to do with you." I grit out irritably. His eyebrows raise as his eyes widen. His olive orbs are light and gorgeous, luring me in with just one look. He hums, turning his back to me and he fakes a few steps towards the door, and I follow him, thankful that he's showing me out, but the hope of freedom is quickly taken away when he closes the door, locking it. Locking us inside this room. "What are you doing?" I can't stop my voice from shaking as I speak, and I hate how weak it makes me feel. Nicholas slowly turns, looking at me with darker eyes, narrow brows and with thin pressed lips. "I unfortunately can't let you go," he shrugs, acting like he doesn't have a choice- but he does. He has a choice.

I swallow the lump in my throat, wetting my lips, "You have no reason to keep me here." Cold and chipped, that's how I speak, without fear. "Oh, but I do.", "You don't know me," I raise my voice at the stranger in front of me. He does look familiar, but I know I haven't met him. His head slowly tilts to the side, his eyes holding no emotion as he stares at me intensely. "I intend to,", "Keeping me here won't make that happen," I deadpan, hoping that I could convince him to let me go. "Oh, but I think it will." the determination in his tone makes my stomach twist in all sorts of knots. I stare at Nicholas, and his shoulders raise, his chin lifting as he keeps his head held high, "You belong here," he breathes out. Does he really think that saying it will make me believe it? Does he really think that those three words will make me stay? "You are crazy!" I snap, "Why do you want to keep me here? I don't know you!" I go off on him, my heart is beating so fast that it sounds like thunder in my ears.

Nicholas sighs, "Don't you see it? You are strong." he breathes out, and his soft voice makes me calm down, but not enough to make me want to stay here. "I know that." I snort, "I had intense training, so give me your f\*\*\*\*\*g best shot because I will not stay here." I seethe. His low chuckle catches me off guard. He is insane. "I'm not ghting a girl,", "Woman." I correct him. I stopped being a girl when I lost my dad. I grew up faster than I was supposed to. "Woman," he sighs, correcting himself. It seems like he wants to please me, he wants to trick me into staying. "I am not falling for your tricks." I grit out. "What tricks?" How stupid does he think I am? "I am leaving." I inch closer. He stands in front of the door, his eyebrows raising very calmly, yet the tension is everything but calm. It's chaos, it's tight and it's cold, just like him. "Get out of my way." I demand, and when he steps aside, relief washes over me. I stride past him, glancing up at him from the corner of my eye as I reach for the handle, looking for the turning knob to unlock it, but there isn't one, there's only a key. I turn, facing him and he jiggles it in the air, dangling it in front of me teasingly.

I was never going to get out of here. But I have the means to kill this man, I had training to do it, but there's something so familiar as he stands before me. "What do you want from me?" I nally ask the golden question. His eyes lit up, his lips twitching up into a sly smirk. "You."