

Chapter 12

Kylie's POV

It takes an embarrassing amount of strenuous effort to push myself off the ground and into an upright position.

My body seems to literally ache, almost as if in some sort of physical response, to both Mr. Van Kerr and Dean's departures. But that makes absolutely no sense whatsoever.

A sound that is a mix between a laugh and a snort of disbelief spills out of me and I quickly cover my mouth and look around me to make sure that no one is nearby to have witnessed that unattering sound.

Am I losing my mind?

It seems very possible.

Am I just being overly ridiculous and obsessed over the men here, like Staci seems to be?

Shaking my head, I tell myself that I am not crazy.

Something very weird is happening here.

Something that Dean, if not Mr. Van Kerr as well, know about, but have not shared the reason with me.

Which doesn't seem fair, I have a right to know. And I am going to find answers to explain my mad behavior.

Well, I glance at my watch, I do have some free time now that Mr. Van Kerr cancelled his lesson.

It's decided. I am going to go back to the house and see if I can't find Dean and force him to explain why I am acting like some lust led animal that cannot control herself.

Putting my phone in the front pocket of my skirt, I decide to leave my heavy bag behind, and start the long trail back to the house with a determined stride.

At least it's a pretty walk, even if it is long.

When I reach the part of the path lined with bushes that hold the secret and intimate coves, I purposefully keep my eyes straight ahead and stomp a little louder to make sure anyone that might be making out hears me coming so that I don't accidentally see anything that I shouldn't again.

I am almost through the bushes when, with a jerk, I get yanked roughly into one of the coves.

With a small yell, I swing my elbows in defense when someone puts their over-sized hand roughly over my mouth.

"Shh. I'm not going to hurt you, Kylie. I just want to talk."

A gruff, deep voice whispers in my ear, sending shivers down my spine when he says my name, and not the good ones like I had from Dean.

With a grunt, trying to look braver than I am currently feeling, I shove away the muscular arm and turn around to face an amused looking, huge beast of a man with scraggly black hair and a rather wicked looking grin.

There is a long, dull red, jagged and angry looking raised scar running from his left ear all the way down and across to the right side of his neck. His wide chest is bare, showing more scars scattered about, and wearing only black athletic shorts slung low on his hips.

He doesn't even have shoes on.

There is also a large tattoo of what look like fangs, with blood dripping from them, on his bicep.

Swallowing nervously, I take an unconscious step backwards, away from the man who is making me want to scream out for help.

His hand wraps around my wrist and I feel the scream bubbling up, but he just laughs and shakes his head.

"I told you that I wasn't going to hurt you." He leans down closer. "Now why wouldn't you believe me?"

His eyes are nearly black as he looks into mine, and up close I can see more faint scars across his eyebrow and his nose.

He laughs again and jerks me forward so that I stumble against a small bench, that he pushes me onto.

He glances behind him, and I follow his gaze to see two more men step in front of the hidden cove, blocking us even further from the view of anyone passing by, as if they are some sort of security guards.

Okay...how do I get out of this?

Telling myself to remain calm, I try to shut out my fear like I had to do so many times growing up.

I have faced bullies before.

Bullies like to pick on the weak, the frightened.

None of the bullies I ever encountered were quite this massive before though. Nor did they look as if they just escaped from a prison fight and could easily, and probably happily, murder me with his two bare hands.

Inhaling through my nose, pushing the fear down as far as I can, I tilt my chin up deantly and meet his eyes, determined not to seem weak or frightened of this bull of a man.

"What do you want?"

He raises the scarred eyebrow, looking further amused.

"You got a little fight in you, eh? I like it. Glad my son didn't mate with just some regular ole boring human. What a waste of an Alpha that would be." Chuckling, he shakes his head and leans closer to me, his eyes moving up and down, hesitating slightly at my neck. "But you aren't any regular human, are you? You will be a nice little mate for my boy. Very enjoyable." His voice is a whisper as he narrows his eyes, moving his hand towards my hair as if to touch it, but I push it away.

Human?

Mate?

Alpha?

What the f**k?

Clearly, this person is insane.

"I don't know what you are talking about, but I am going to be missed if you don't let me leave from here right now. I am expected any minute for a lesson and if I do not show up, they will come looking for me."

He throws his head back and laughs again.

A loud, aggressive bark of a laugh that makes goosebumps erupt over my arms, which I fold across my chest to hide.

"Clever, but that won't work." He gives a sigh and plops onto the bench beside me, making it creak in a way that makes me ready for it to give out at any moment. "I want you to help me, Kylie."

My stomach gives a little ip of terror when he says my name again.

"I need to see my son, and I need you to bring him to me."

"I don't know who your son is."

"Oh, I think that you do. You were just with him...feeling all those weird feelings that you don't understand." He gives another harsh laugh.

I study the side of his face closer, there might be just a very, very slight resemblance underneath all those scars...

"Got there, have you? Yes, I need you to bring Alec to me. We need to have a little chat, in private."

"I...I don't know him that well. I don't think I can do that."

"You will. You will know him very well. And he will trust you too. Do anything for you. Which makes you the perfect person to help me."

Yep. This man is insane.

I look around again for an escape plan. Maybe someone walking by.

I just need to get out of here and away from this man.

"I am sorry, but I think you should talk to someone else. I cannot help you."

I try to stand up, but he puts his hand on my shoulder and painfully pushes me back down.

"You will help me, because you want answers, and I can give you those answers."

I frown.

Yes, I want answers, but I don't need them from him.

I shake my head, "No. I am sorry."

The man glances towards his men, frowning, then leans forward earnestly. "I don't have much time. I will come find you again. In the meantime, tell no one about me."

"I-"

He shakes his head, "You want answers, about where you came from. About who you really are?"

His eyes widen in emphasis, "I can give you those answers, you just have to help me in return."

He stands up, "I will see you again soon, Kylie, very soon. In the meantime, try to get to know Alec a little better, gain his trust, have some fun with it."

He gives a grin and another bark of a laugh, then he and the other men disappear.

I stare after them, feeling a little dazed.

Um...did that just really happen? And why is there a crazy man running around half-naked with no shoes on in such a fancy club?

After a minute, I stand up and leave the cove, feeling even more confused than before.

Does that man really know anything about where I came from?

Impossible. Right?

What does he think that he knows about me? And what the hell did he mean by 'regular human'? Is there any other kind?

And how did he know about all those weird feelings?

Rubbing my pounding forehead, I lean against the opening of the cove.

"Kylie!"

The voice seems to make my headache disappear and lift some of the heavy weight that I am feeling as I turn to see Dean driving up in the golf cart, his eyebrows pulled together in a worried expression.

He jumps out almost before it stops and rushes toward me.

"We need to talk, now."

I nod, "I agree."

He grabs my hand and I marvel at the tingles that it immediately sends coarsing up my arm.

"Come on, let's go back to the house."

Anywhere you want.

As long as I can get answers.