

## Chapter 171

I was still in full control but the urge to shift was there. I could feel her clawing at my skin. I had never lost control to her before but there was a first for everything.

"Hey". He spoke softly to me his hand resting on the lower of my back.

My eyes connected with his through the mirror. My heart was racing, I could hear how fast it was beating in my chest. She wanted out but I wouldn't allow that to happen.

I never wanted to lose control to her.

"Just breathe baby. Control her. The more you do the easier it becomes".

"I can feel her. She's strong". I whispered.

"You're strong. Remember she is you".

I closed my eyes and concentrated on my breathing. When I opened my eyes again a sigh fell from my lips when they returned to their normal colour. I didn't like that. For a split second I thought I was about to lose control.

The power from her, the clawing at my skin. The burning deep within my stomach. I made the decision there and then that I would make the effort and learn more about my wolf.

"I don't like that". I spoke.

"It gets easier I promise". He kissed the top of my head before disappearing into the bathroom.

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I couldn't understand one thing. If my wolf wanted to take control she could. So, why hasn't she? I had no idea what I was doing. I still didn't feel like a werewolf.

A sigh fell from my lips. I hadn't been talking much tonight. I would speak when spoken to and make sure I had a smile on my face, but truth was I wanted to go home.

But like always Charlotte had made enough food to feed a village and I wouldn't be rude by going home early. Jake had been talking with his dad a lot tonight. Always hushed voices and lots of different facial expressions.

Obviously pack business. But I chose not to listen. I was too busy with my own bizarre thoughts.

"You're quiet tonight sweetheart". Charlotte placed her hand on my arm. "Are you feeling, okay?".

"Will my wolf die?". I had no idea why I said it. It was more an inside thought that slipped out. It also caused the room to fall silent.

All eyes on me. The silence was deafening. Pulling my bottom lip between my teeth my eyes landed on Jake. He looked worried. Should he be worried? Was I giving him a reason to be concerned?

"It's just I don't feel connected to her like I believe I should". I had to break the silence even if I was embarrassed by it.

"Your wolf isn't going to die Leah". Jacob spoke. "And as for not feeling connected to her you need to let her in".

And how was I to do that?

"Your wolf is powerful even I as Alpha can feel it. For you to get the connection you want...".

"Don't". Jake got to his feet. "She doesn't need to do anything. Come on we're going home".

"She needs to know Jake. It's the only way she'll fully understand and maybe then she won't feel like she doesn't belong".

I glanced at Charlotte, but her focus was on Jake. She was worried. We all know that Jake had a temper, and it didn't take much to break it. His hands were balled into fists by his side. His teeth bared.

I didn't understand why he was acting like this? Surely, whatever his dad was going to tell me wasn't that bad?

"No". He growled. "We're leaving".

"You're her mate". His dad hissed as he got to his feet. "Instead of keeping her in the dark you should be teaching her, showing her what

an incredible gift she has. Instead, you're keeping her locked away and telling her nothing".

"Jacob". Charlotte placed herself in front of her husband. "That's enough". She clasped her hands around his whispering something only he could hear. "I think dinner is over. I would like you both to leave".

I was at a loss for words.

"I'm going for a run". He spoke as we reached our house. "I'll be back soon".

"So, we're not going to talk about what just happened?". I asked.

"We'll talk once I get back. I need to run Leah".

In other words, he had to let his wolf out.

"Fine whatever". I headed inside closing the door behind me.

I wasn't waiting around for him to come back. I ran a bath, washed my hair and was tucked up in bed watching a movie. This is what I was talking about when I said I had nothing to do. It wasn't late and here I was spending a Sunday night in bed alone.

Shoving the duvet off I grabbed my housecoat and made my way downstairs. I was bored. Grabbing the ice-cream from the freezer I took a spoon from the drawer and made myself comfortable on the couch.

Who knows when he would be home.

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My eyes were sore, and I could barely keep them open. He hadn't returned yet and it was almost midnight. Instead of going to bed I grabbed the blanket from the back of the couch and wrapped it around myself.

Dimming the lights, I turned on the tv and rested my head against the cushion. Just as I thought I tossed and turned until a frustrated sigh fell from my lips.

Where was he?

I wasn't sleeping anytime soon so I grabbed my car keys, slipped my

shoes on and went to get myself a milkshake. The street was empty, but I expected as much at this time of night.

Passing Jake's parents' house, I noticed the living room light was on but there was no movement. It still didn't sit well with me on how tonight ended. Charlotte basically threw us out.

There had been many disagreements with Jake and his dad before but never once had his mom stepped in. I wasn't even in the car 5 minutes and my phone started ringing.

Carter.

Answering it I hit speakerphone.

"You're out late bear".

I rolled my eyes. I swear you couldn't do anything in this town without one of them knowing about it.

"You're up late". I replied.

He chuckled. "I'm on patrol".

"But you're leaving tomorrow". I frowned.

"How come you're out so late?". He asked.

"Couldn't sleep".

"Jake cool with you being out this late?".

I rolled my eyes. "Do I need Jake's permission now?".

"Bear".

A sigh fell from my lips. "Jake isn't even home. He went for a run hours ago and hasn't returned".

"I still don't think you should be out this late on your own".

Why wasn't he commenting on Jake not being home? Unless. I chewed the inside of my cheek. He knew where he was.

"Where is he?". I asked.

"Did you guys have a fight?". He asked.

"Where is he Carter?".

"He's at the bar on the edge of town".

My stomach dropped. Instead of coming home to talk about what happened he decided to go get drunk instead.

"Leah".

"Is he drunk?". I turned the car around and headed back home. If he didn't have the decency to come home and talk to me then I wasn't going to talk to him at all.

"Bear".

"Bye Carter". I ended the call throwing my phone onto the passenger seat.

I already had a plan forming in my head. I knew what I was going to do. Pulling into the driveway I turned off my engine and went inside.

He wanted to act like he didn't care then I was going to do the same thing. Heading upstairs I grabbed a small carryon bag and started filling it with my clothes.

I was going to the cabin, but I was going alone.