

**Rose's P.O.V.**

The rest of our day consisted of watching movies and cuddling. Soon after 5:00pm he got a call for some alpha duties. He said it was something about rogues on the borderline which scared me.

a<sup>3</sup>

I sat alone in the house bored as ever. There was nothing to do but just sit here. I decided I'm going to spend my time watching the clock. After an hour of waiting for him to come home I started getting worried.

a<sup>1</sup>

I walked around the house looking for something to do and found a mysterious door. I know I have never been in it before so I slowly and quietly open it.

Inside was workout equipment. I saw a punching bag, weights, and some cones for running.

Walking over to the punching bag, I decided I needed to let some stress and anxiety out. I punch the living life out of it and just let all of everything go.

I hear a crack and then the punching bag falls to the floor. There is wet teardrops on it and that's when I notice I'm crying. My knuckles are bloody and I shrink back into the wall. I sob hoping he comes back. He has been gone for three hours, please come back, Jake.

Please, I plead in my head. He can read my mind, let him read these thoughts.

I sit there and cry into my knees with my head down. My hair falling over my body as it shakes. Five hours. It ten o'clock at night and he still isn't home.

The door slams shut and someone is home. I perk up but still hide in the darkest corner. Shocked from fear and disappointment.

I didn't even try to go find him. I'm supposed to risk my life for him, just like he has for me. I didn't even move.

"Rose! Where are you? Sweetheart? I'm back where are you?" He yells out. Jake yells out. He is home.

I can't find the courage to move so I just thought of where I was. Within seconds Jake is in here with me.

"Rose! What's wrong?" Jake asks and comes to sit by me.

He wraps me in his arms and I just sob into him. I take his scent as we sit there. **I d-didn't come to look for you. I st-stayed here and w-waited here instead of r-risking m-my life for y-you.** It even possible to stutter in a mind?

a<sup>5</sup>

"Oh, Rose, I didn't want you to come. You could've got hurt and I wouldn't be able to live with myself if you got hurt." He says as a tear falls on my head.

We sit there as I sob into his shoulder. "What happened to the punching bag? It looks like someone beat the life out of it." he asks.

a<sup>3</sup>

**I kind of, got mad... I wanted you here and I blamed myself so the punching bag took my pain.** I reply still not looking at him.

a<sup>7</sup>

"Woah. Where did all this strength come from? Even if I try to do that, I can't." He exclaims and pets my hair.

a<sup>30</sup>

I nod my head, eyes dropping. After a few moments my eyes get too heavy and I just fall asleep in his arms.

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