Chapter 115— The Therapy Session

Kidnapped By The Alpha

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Abruptly as the bleeding started, it stopped but the pain didn't. Jacob had ordered everyone not to even think of helping me, I was in agony for almost an hour with no help or anything. When the bleeding stopped, I pulled

myself up from the floor looking around for something to clean the dry blood on my neck. I went into the bathroom to take another bath, I checked the closet in the room and it contain clothes my size which freaks me out.

A maid walked in unannounced to clean the floor while another brought me lunch, my stomach grumbled at the sight of the food reminding me I hadn't eaten in a while. If I was going to escape this nightmare, I need to eat to have enough energy. I still couldn't believe the fact that my cousin would betray me, the only person I actually thought might help me also want me to live this nightmare. My whole life was a mess, not only did I fuck up my own life but I had to drag innocent people into it. Jet pack would never accept or forgive me for what I did to their Alpha.

I blink back the tears threatening to spill from my eyes as I shove the dry slightly burnt toast down my throat. It doesn't taste bad and even if it did, I had no choice but to eat it. My neck throbbed with pain making me frown as I recalled Jake's words, he obviously knows what's wrong with me and I don't.

Could it be a sign that Jet was still alive? My heart race at the thought of that. A knock on the door had me turning towards the entrance. Judging from the way they were dressed, I couldn't decide if they were entertainers or stylists. Jake and Katie strode in before I could question them, the excitement on his face made me realize that whatever those people were here for can't be good.

"Here she is" Jake announced pointing towards me. "I want you to turn her into the most beautiful bride ever. We will be getting married tonight" He declared making my eyes go wide.

"Nothing you do will help her plain Jane looks but you can try your best" Katie taunted smiling smugly in my direction, I ignored her as I glared at her boyfriend.

"You cannot force me to marry you Jake, I'm mated to Jet and you know that!" I yelled, aware of the way the stylists were staring at me like I have lost my mind. According to them, who wouldn't want to marry Jacob Xavier? One of New York's finest most eligible bachelors and an under 30 CEO in the Forbes list. Only if they know the kind of monster he was.

"Excuse us ladies" He said in a charming voice, making them blush as they left the room leaving me alone with him and Katie who just contend herself with glaring daggers at me. It was obvious she wasn't happy about Jacob wanting to marry me but decided to go along with the plan because she love him. Plus I don't really care much if they were betraying Dane Grayson, he deserve it and one day they were all going to get what was coming their way, I will make sure of that.

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"Do you think that bite on your neck is going to stop me? In our world such thing does not exist, you were mine before and you are mine now! I paid for you" He snarled at me, his face a few inches away from mime.

I stepped back putting some distance between us. "I don't care if it means nothing to you. I'm not yours! You and my father are sick disgusting bastards who deserve to rot in hell..." I barely finish my word before Jake hit me so hard that I staggered and fell across the bed.

"What you need is a therapist because clearly, that animal has messed with your head. You have what they call Stockholm Syndrome, you need help and I'm going to get it for you" With that, he stormed out of the room in anger.

"Katie" I called out to her before she leaves, now that I managed to observe a little from her relationship with Jacob, I realize she was eager to please him allowing me to know where to strike. "Do you really think Jacob has feelings for you? I mean wake up! He's trying to get married to his ex-girlfriend! I mean what guy would go through the troubles of rescuing a girl he hates and then plan to marry her" I asked watching the confused expression play on her face for a while before she mask it.

"Shut up Emma, do you really think you can manipulate me? It's not going to work. Jake and I have been hooking up before he even dated you. You are just a means of business that is going to end soon, you have much bigger problems to worry about instead of my relationship with him. Like how miserable life is going to be for you if you marry Jake, and how you are going to fight the demons from the abuse you went through with that animal" She finished rolling her eyes at me.

I took a deep breath trying to get a grip on my emotions. "Katie, what happened? What have I done for you to hate me so much? You were my best friend... You were so happy for me the day I almost married Jacob. How could you fake all that? Have you hated me all along?"

"I'm sure you will figure it out. I mean the abuse you went through has made you a little smart, I will give you that. Now I gotta go help you make an appointment with a therapist" She replied over her shoulder as she exit the room.

The phone rang somewhere in the room and I rushed over to answer it hoping it was Jet calling. God, I miss him so much. Each time I think about him, the pain in my neck intensifies and my chest feels heavy. "Hello?" I said eagerly into the phone so if it was him on the other end of the line, he will know it was me who pick up the phone.

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"Emma" Came the weak voice of my Mom, I was a little disappointed but relieved to hear her voice.

"Mom...are you doing okay?" I cried softly imagining the worse thing Dane was probably putting her through right now.

"Emma please if you love me as you claim and I know you love me dear and I love you very much which is why I'm doing this. You mean too much to me and I cannot watch you suffer, I want you to do anything in your power to escape marriage to Jacob" Her voice cracked and I could tell she was crying.

"I don't wish to marry him Mom but I'm helpless, I don't know if Jet is alive or dead...." I trailed off realizing I wasn't sure how she feels about him." I promise you, he is a good man, he never torture or abuse me like everyone claimed. He protected me mom, put his life at risk for me too many times" I closed my eyes briefly allowing the tears to roll down my face. "Only Jet can stop this wedding, I'm so scared" I admitted bursting into tears.

"Shh Emma, you are a strong girl and I believe in you. I will rather prefer you die trying than not try at all. I don't want you to end up like your mother, I don't want you marrying into a world where women have no voice, a world where women are oppressed...." The line went dead abruptly and I swear my heart stopped for a second as I feared the worse.

"Hello? Hello? Mom!" I yelled trying the number again but it didn't even ring. I jerked away from the phone when the door opened. I quickly wipe my tears as Katie approached me with a professional looking woman beside her who I'm guessing is the therapist.

She stretch out her hand to introduce herself but Katie chided in. "Cut the crap, you are not here to bond with her. Ask her a couple of questions and make sure she is fit for the wedding tonight"

"That is not how it works... Ma'am" The woman answered but the death stare Katie gave her had her shutting up. Wanting to get this over with, I gestured for her to seat then I sat beside her. By the time this session was over, they are going to realize how wrong they are about Jet and the fact that they are the real monsters.

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The discussions were light at first before they started to get deep real quick, it was as if she was trying to force me to admit to the abuse I didn't experience in the first place and it was pissing me off. "I have told you, I was not abused! The only abuse I faced in the past few days was caused by Jacob Xavier" I repeated for only God knows how many times now, I stopped counting after the fourth time.

"That is exactly what a victim with Stockholm Syndrome would say, you would blame everyone else including yourself but not the abuser. Can I ask you a question, Miss Dane?" She asked.

"Freya" I corrected. "Just call me Freya, I don't know who the hell Miss Dane is" She exchange a puzzled look with Katie before paying attention to me.

"You said he didn't torture you or force you to do anything but were you allowed to leave if you wanted to?" She inquired staring at me.

I stared back at her. "No, and....." She interrupted.

"You are doing it again Miss Freya, you are defending your abuser, the fact remains that you are a victim, and he forces you to stay in a place you clearly don't want to. He forces you and you developed a coping mechanism to deny yourself the reality of the fact that you were a victim, you adjusted and try to find some peace, he manipulated your emotions in favour of what he wanted. That is abuse too Miss Freya, and you are a victim suffering from Stockholm Syndrome, it's not love!" She declared and I sat there staring at her dumbly and for the first time ever, I started to question everything.

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