

Kidnapped By The Alpha

Chapter 140— The Change Of Heart

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FREYA

The following day, I was still crawled up in bed with no desire to move talk more of getting up, food was out of the question as I didn't have any appetite. I longed for those early weeks experience that happened to me before I found out I was pregnant, and anyways beggars can't be choosers.

Hunter and Kale made sure to check on me every now and then, if my calculations were right then Jet should be here by noon or in the evening. I was torn between wanting to see him and not wanting to see him because I knew seeing him will make everything hurt more, I had imagined our child would look exactly like him. And if it was a girl, I wanted her to have his eyes and that beautiful jet black hair.

It was hard being in my own world especially with the going and coming happening every minute, I'm convinced they were doing it on purpose, trying to distract me from what was happening so even though my mind was somewhere far away, I was pulled back to reality every now and then.

"At least tell me she has eaten something. I have never seen her this way before and I'm very worried" I heard Hunter say to Claire.

"We are all worried about her, how many more hours before her husband gets here? I believe it will be easier for her to have him by her side" She replied then lowered her voice, thinking I wouldn't hear what she was about to say next. "You are already aware of the fact that, I have lost a great deal of my memories. Can you tell me anything about the two of them?" She asked.

"Maybe some other time" He answered and a few seconds later, I heard the door shut. I sighs and then close my eyes, hoping sleep would claim me soon. I have no desire to live in this reality anymore.

Jet had called a few times but I pretended not to hear the phone ring and when Claire had given it to me, I turned away from her making it clear I didn't want to speak with him, I wasn't mad at him or anything but accepting the fact that no matter what he says, it won't make me feel better about what happened.

"I understand you have no desire to eat something but will you at least get up and take a walk with me? You have been laying in that same position for more than twenty-four hours now" Claire said and I felt the bed dipped a little as she sat down on it.

"You promised not to disturb me" Came my own response hoping that would make her back off. That worked because a few seconds later, she left the room and I was finally able to sleep without any distraction this time around.

Way before I was fully awake, I noticed something odd about my sleeping position, brushing it aside at first until it's become too real to ignore and I was forced to open my eyes. A pair of familiar arms were wrapped around my upper body, my head rested on his chest and our legs were entangled with one another.

"Jet" My voice came out weaker than I intended as I looked up at him, however he refused to meet my gaze cursing me to frown a little. "Will you look at me?" The only response I got was his arms squeezing me. "When did you get back?" I asked trying a different approach.

"About an hour ago" He answered in a small voice before finally meeting my gaze. "I'm sorry" He told me and I rolled away from him breaking our embrace then sat down next to him on the bed. I have nothing to say to him, despite how I was feeling, I wished there was something I could say to make him feel better but I got nothing. I mean, how do you console someone when you are in a shitty mood as well?

"I want to blame you" I admitted, saying the first thing that had been on my mind since the doctor announced the devastating news. "I even regretted being in love with you but I have to be honest with myself, what happened isn't our fault, it was beyond our control" I reached out to cup his face, forcing him to look at me as he made to look away.

"Come here, let me hold you please" He barely finish his sentence before he pulled me unto his lab, hugging me like I was about to melt away. I wrapped my arms around his neck and then finally break down once more. This time, crying felt so much better because I have him to hold me, smooth me and assure me that everything was going to be fine.

"I wanted to have our baby so badly Jet, I want it too much, maybe that's why we lost it" I said between sobs. Minutes turned into hours and we sat there holding each other, he didn't have to say a word for me to understand how much he was hurting, I could see it in his eyes, feel it in the way he held me. I hugged him tighter, fully understanding that he needed the comfort as much as I do.

A knock on the door had us looking in that direction, a second later Claire and Hazel stepped into the room with two trays of food placed on a cart and was being wheeled towards the bed.

"Listen to me both of you" Claire ordered, her voice sounding strict. "I'm aware that I do not remember a lot of things but that does not mean I shall stand by and watch you two starve yourself. Go inside the washroom, take a bath then eat. Have a made myself clear?" She demanded and I watched as Jet's eyes narrowed down at her angrily.

Poor Claire, she clearly doesn't remember that Jet hate being told what to do and he seems to have forgotten that she doesn't remember anything. I cleared my throat as I climbed out of bed. "Yes ma'am, we will do as you wish but we need privacy to do that" I replied.

"Really?" She sounds genuinely surprised, perhaps because she wasn't expecting us to give in that easily. "Of course, we shall be out of your hair" She concluded as she exit the room, followed by Hazel.

Anyways when I turned to speak with him, only to see him glaring at me. "What did I do?" I asked, approaching him.

"I know this is difficult but please do not ever starve yourself again" He pleaded as his gaze roamed over my body. Despite myself, I smiled and then begin to take off my dress, Claire and Hazel had managed to put it on me last night insisting I would catch a cold in the bathrobe I was previously wearing.

"Wait" He said then stood up to help me take it off. "Let me take care of you" He dropped a kiss on my forehead before he proceed to carry me into the bathroom, where he wash both my hair and body. After he was done washing me, I offered to help him but he refused.

"I know you're trying to be strong for me and I appreciate that but I also want to take care of you. I'm not made of glass you know?" I collected the washcloth from him as he stood up to take off his clothes. Despite how much of a moody sack I have been these past few days, Jet's presence alone was enough to make me feel a lot better. I was still sad about the miscarriage but having him here with me, helps a great deal.

About an hour later, I sat on his lap as we feed each other the food brought to us earlier, after that we retired back to bed with our limbs tangled as we cuddled. Needing to break the silence so I wouldn't think about the miscarriage, I decided to ask about his journey.

"So tell me, were you able to track down your old friend?"

"No" He answered. "After Hunter's call, we had to drop the mission and came back home. My only regret was leaving in the first place" He lace his fingers with mine. "I'm certainly not happy about the miscarriage but however, I'm relieved that it was not you" He admitted, that made me happy but the feeling was soon replaced by guilt.

"We might never get to have children of our own, are you okay with that?" I asked, staring at him.

"Two of my men did not return with me, they will be in mystic falls tracking her down. I do not want you to lose hope but no matter what the outcome may be. You are more than enough for me, as long as I have you, I do not care" His words brought tears to my eyes.

"Since when did you get so cheesy" I teased, because it was a better option than bursting into tears. I'm tired of crying already and at this point, I was convinced there weren't any tears left in my eyes to cry.

"Since I met you" He responded with the same level of teasing but when he spoke again, his voice was dead serious. "I meant every word I said"

Before I could reply to what he said, someone knock on the bedroom door. "Come in" I instructed thinking it was Claire or Hazel but when the door opened, Camile stepped in with a small smile on her face. My eyes darted to the flowers she was carrying and I couldn't help but wondered why she was here, being the last person I was expecting.

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