

# Kidnapped By The Alpha

## Chapter 142— Alive With Him

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\*FREYA\*

I'm not heartless or anything, I thought as I mindedly made my way back to our bedroom after my conversation with Hunter. I still felt nothing, after finding out that the man who fathered me only has few hours left to live. If there was anything I feel, it was curiosity. How did he end up like that? Who did that to him? Of course, the first people my mind wandered off to was the councils.

Jet and Hunter believe he knows something and wasn't planning on keeping his mouth shut, which might have led him to his current condition. This only raise a few questions like why didn't they kill him? Probably they feel there was no use killing him when he can't talk and has only few hours left. So they dumped him at the border where they knew we would find him. They wanted me to see him.

Was that his last wish? I scoffed as soon as the thought occurred to me. Pushing the thoughts of Grayson aside, since I want nothing to do with him. I reached for the handle but was stopped by Claire, who happens to be coming towards my direction.

"Have you spoken to him? What did he say?" She asked eagerly. I tried to convince Hunter to take his things back but he won't listen, he dismissed me by saying if I want his things back in her room then I should be prepared to tell her everything which is absolutely true because Claire is going to ask, sooner or later.

"Yes. The same way you thought it was weird for him to know anything about your missing stuff, is the same reaction I got from him" I lied.

"I do not think it is odd at all. There is something about that man, I was told he is second in command to your husband, correct?" There she goes again with the husband word, at this point, I preferred if she even referred to him as my boyfriend. I guess Jacob made me hate that word for life.

After he kidnapped me, he always talks about being my husband, obsessed with the idea of having me as his wife just to make my life a living hell. Well, guess who's in hell now? The thought almost made me burst into laughter but I stopped myself since I was having a serious conversation with Claire. I wouldn't want her to get the wrong idea.

"Jet is the leader so calling him Alpha is the right way to properly addressed him. And Hunter is referred to as Beta, Kale is also addressed as Gamma. To be fair, that was how you addressed them, except for Hunter. Don't ask me why" I stop her as she opens her mouth to ask why.

"Alpha, Beta and Gamma? Those are completely strange to my hearings. What do they signify?" She brushed it aside before I could reply. "Never mind, although I'm curious. I heard the servants whispering about a bloody man, they said he is your father" My mood went sour as she said that and something inside me snapped.

"I recall warning everyone never to call that man my father!" I sort of yell before slamming the door on Claire's confused face.

I slumped down on the couch hating how I reacted, I shouldn't have taken my anger on poor Claire, she's already going through so much to involve her in my daddy issues. When the door opened, I knew she was the one so I apologized right away. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have spoken to you that way. It is more complicated...." I stopped talking as Jet came to stand in front of me.

"Apology accepted" He replied.

I glared at him. "I wasn't talking to you. I have nothing to apologize for, sometimes I hate the way you treat me as if I were a fragile object. I can take care of myself" I snapped, referring to the way he had dismissed me earlier.

"It is my duty to protect you and I love protecting you. You are my Queen, who else am I supposed to treat like a fragile human being?" He asked, pulling me into his embrace, despite trying to get away from him.

"Very funny" I said sarcastically.

"I don't do jokes" He pointed out and when he spoke again, his voice had gone from teasing to deadly serious. "I know you want nothing to do with this issue which is why I'm trying to protect you from it at all costs. Grayson calls out your name" He paused, staring down at me for some reaction. When he got none, he continued. "I believed he made a deal with the councils to see you as his last wish. He must have been given a potion or something that will ensure his ability not to speak but he called out your name" He concluded.

"That's great for him, I guess?" I answered unsure of what he was expecting me to say.

He groaned and then tugged me more closely into his embrace. "You need to speak with him. Let him see you, he might be able to fight whatever it is that keeps him from speaking" He hardly finish his statement before I broke free of his embrace.

"Talk to him?" I choked. "You of all people know how much I hate that man! How much I want nothing to do with him. I thought you were on my side" I cried stepping away from his grasp as he reached for me.

"I'm on your side, how can you doubt that? If this is not important, you know I would have tried everything to keep you away from him. I still want to keep you away from him. Grayson deserves your hatred sweetheart, but what about Claire? Do this for her" I flinched at the mention of Claire.

"That's not fair! I would do anything for Claire but not that! Why should I speak to him? The man who is ready to sell me off to a man worse than himself? And then tried to use me after driving my mother to her deathbed. You want me to talk to him? He probably knows nothing! The councils wouldn't have kept him alive if he knows something" I cried bitterly, instead of asking me to speak to Dane Grayson, why didn't he just ask me to fight and befriend a lion?

"You are crying" He stated.

"Because I'm angry" I hissed at him.

"Then let me hold you" And when he reached for me again, I ran out of the room. He didn't chase after me but followed closely behind.

I stopped walking so he would lead the way to where Grayson was kept. "I'm only doing this for Claire" Who I still owe an apology for yelling and rudely shutting the door in her face. He gave me a small assuring smile as he stepped in front of me, leading the way.

A couple of minutes later, everyone stepped out of the room when we walked in. Jet stood by the entrance watching as I sat next to the bed Grayson was laying on. With great hesitation, I held his hand and then squeeze it gently, he opened his eyes and stared at me. When our eyes met, tears rolled down his face and for the first time, I felt sadness tug at my own heart.

I didn't know what to say but when I opened my mouth, words just started coming out. "You were a terrible husband and father, you could have done better. But thank you for showing me, I want a man who is nothing like my father. I forgive you Dane Grayson even though, you don't deserve my forgiveness" I blink back the tears in my eyes as I concluded my statement.

He opened his mouth but only air was coming out of it for a few seconds before he finally manages to say one word "Morgana" Before I could push him to say more, his hand still squeezing mine, lost its grip and he went limp in front of me.

Jet was by my side immediately, hugging and leading me out of the room as everyone who had left earlier came back to the room. I didn't cry, I couldn't bring myself to but I was cold and pretty much shaken up. Dane Grayson was dead, both my parents were dead and I lost my child few days ago. Everything just hit me at once and I started to scream as uncontrollable tears poured out of my eyes.

He held me throughout the storm and when it was over, it was then I felt his hand stroking my hair while his other one pats my back repeatedly. After the storm died down, no one said anything for a while. I cried for the people I lost, people who once mattered to me. Jet was right to protect me from knowing the truth from the start, because I wouldn't have known what to do.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get him to talk. I guess in a way that he was a terrible Father, I wasn't an exception when it comes to being a terrible daughter" I said breaking the silence.

"Where is that coming from? I take it as the sadness. Dane Grayson might not have appreciated having you as a daughter but I do...."

"Ewww, that's gross!" I laughed, smacking his arm. "So, you want to be my Daddy now?" It was only when the words left my mouth did I realize how dirty it sounded and that didn't go unnoticed by Jet.

"Absolutely. I will be your daddy, you poor, poor girl" He playfully spank my ass to prove his mouth which just made me laugh harder.

"I thought you don't do jokes" I teased.

"For you, I will do anything" He replied puffing his chest.

I smiled when something Dane said earlier creep into my mind, I couldn't believe it skipped my mind until now. "Grayson did mention something, more like someone. He said Morgana" I said, staring at him and wondering what that has to do with anything. Did Morgana kill Dane Grayson?

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