

Chapter 163 – The Curse I

FREYA

I was full of smiles as Kale lead me through the sea of people, the guards were also there, preventing them from getting too close to me. I was a bit embarrassed by all the attention I was getting, I wasn't used to it and the fact that they were treating me like a celebrity feels overwhelming.

"Would you stop flirting for a minute?" I tugged Kale away from the sea of ladies reaching for him when he started to lean towards them. "You are here to escort me, remember" I reminded him, incase he seems to have forgotten.

"It is during times like this I blame myself for being too irresistible" His tone of voice almost had me convince and that made me giggle.

The smile on my face soon faded when I started to feel my skin crawl against the clothe I was wearing, knowing what was coming, I scan the crowd for Hazel. My dress didn't come with a pocket so I couldn't keep the medicine with me at all time which was why I had given it to Hazel.

I let go of Kale's hand as I hurried towards the entrance, I bumped into someone who turned out to be Hazel. We left the ballroom and then she handed me the medicine, I took a sip then waited for it to begin working.

"Is something wrong?" I spun around at the sound of Kale's voice.

I took another sip. "Nothing serious, just something..." I trailed off, almost dropping the medicine if Hazel hadn't

catch it on time. My eyes widened as the itch begin to worsen and the realization that the medicine was no longer working sent me into a panic mood.

"Find Jet!" I cried to no one in particular as I raced up the stairways to our bedroom, I brushed past Camille in the hallway before making it finally to the room.

I took off my gloves first, reaching for the zip of my dress but my hand couldn't reach it. I groaned in frustration as I desperately attempt to reach there. My skin felt hot, like my clothes suddenly developed teeth and it started chewing on my skin.

A knock on the bedroom door had me looking over my shoulder to see who it is. "Camille?"

"I saw the way you hurried past me in the hallway, are you alright?" She asked, her voice laced with concern.

"I will be, as soon as I get out of this dress" I present her my back so she could help me with the zipper.

When the dress fell like a pool around my feet, I felt relief washed over me. The door opened behind Camille and Jet strode in with a woman I have never seen before.

Despite the large scar running from the side of her upper lip to her cheek, she was very beautiful with green eyes, her chocolate skin seems to glow.

"Are you alright?" Jet asked right away as his gazes ran over my body.

"Most of the itchiness has gone down. The medicine didn't work so I had to leave the party. I hope I didn't ruin it " I felt so terrible, why must something always go wrong at any party I decided to go or host? To be fair this is the first party I hosted but still!

"I don't care about the damn party" Jet growled, as if realizing how much it meant to me, his eyes softened. "The party's almost over anyway and I have Hunter, Claire and Kale making sure everything end smoothly"

I smiled at his explaining feeling better about my abrupt leaving. I turned towards the woman, who has been watching me the entire time. I look uncertainly at Jet, wondering if he was going to introduce us.

"I do not trust Kale's judgement, I better go now" She announced before excusing herself out of the room.

Even though I couldn't see Hazel, I could smell her scent from the living room and it was lace with fear, worry and concern. The fact that I could get all this from her scents made my eyes widened and I glance at Jet. *How much does he know?* I wandered. I made a mental note to ask him later.

Jet took my hand and led me towards the bed, he made me sit on it before going down in front of me to help me remove my heels. "Do you recall my witch friend from New Orleans I told you about?" He asked me.

"I told him to stop calling me that ages ago. My name is Trisha" The woman introduced. "You must be Freya, the Lady I have heard so much about"

Jet straightened up so now I can properly look at her. "I can only hope they are good things" I replied.

"Oh, they are. Like the first human Luna in history? That's huge. How is that even possible?" She mainly asked Jet but he was glaring at her. "I already told your men I will only help if I'm guarantee protection" She told him.

"You will have our protection" Jet assured her.

"Not enough" She came towards me. "I want your protection Alpha Jet. Witches have become preys to the councils, I cannot take any chances and besides, words got to us about what happened to the last witch who came here. I'm not blaming anyone of you, I'm just proving my point. I will need you to escort me back to new Orleans, yourself" She explained.

"Leave us" Jet ordered without looking at her. She huff before doing as he commanded. Why Jet's command might be somehow to me especially when he orders a stranger but then I had to remind myself he is an Alpha. It doesn't matter, they obey him and are happy to do so.

"We need her help, there is no question about it..." I cut him off, reaching up to touch his face.

"Then let's do it, being like this is very uncomfortable and about you escorting her to new Orleans, it's fine. I will be here with Hunter, Kale and a bunch of other guards trained by you. Don't worry so much" I went on a tip toe to kiss him but the itching started again and I jolted away from him as if I was stunned by a stunt-gun.

"Trisha! Get in here" Jet shouted.

"Please, be a little nice to her" I pleaded through the pain.

"Don't worry about me Freya, I'm quite used to his arrogant ass. Too bad you are stuck with him for life" Despite the pain, I laughed a little before another sharp pain made me twice.

No doubt that whatever that is wrong with me has now transform from being itchy to full blown pain. Trisha made

me list out all the symptoms I have been experiencing as she examined me like a doctor.

After what feels like forever, she straightened up and turned to Jet. "I'm sensing a new unfamiliar aura around her human scent. You mentioned something about healing her with your blood, correct?" She inquired and Jet nodded in response.

"Remember I once told you, your blood is very different from other werewolves? It's very powerful, A normal werewolf blood might have heal her if the damages were not fatal. In short, what I'm trying to say is, she's in transition"

"Transition? Are you saying I'm becoming a werewolf?" My eyes grew so wide with shock and I glance over at my mate, his expression almost mirrored mine.

"Transition," He repeated looking away from me. "Is there anything we can do to stop it?"

"Why would you want to stop it?" I interrupted before he goes further.

"Your blood is already mixed with hers and it changing her system so I'm afraid it's too late unless you plan to drain all of her blood which will kill her of course" She chuckled at her own words, earning another glare from Jet.

"You are a witch Trisha, I'm certain there is something you can do to stop the transition. A spell? A ritual? I will fucking provide it" He carried on, ignoring my objections.

"You can't make that decision for me" That got his attention and he stare back at me in confusion.

"Is that not what you want?"

"I will be in the living room, call me when you've decided on something" Trisha told us before leaving the room.

"Why would you think I don't want it? Jet, I once asked you for the bite but you refused saying it will kill me. This is a chance for us to be together longer, there is no reason for you to cut your life short for me. Or is it me? You wouldn't want me as a werewolf?" The thought horrified me.

"What? No!" He looked at me as if I was crazy. "I would want you no matter what you are, human, werewolf, witch, shape-shifter and—" He smirked. "A mouse" I smack him playfully at that, relieved to know I was wrong.

"I want you to be certain its something you want. This is not about me because my feelings will never change, I did not give you much of a choice when I fed you my blood. All I wanted to do was keep you alive and I will do it all over again, so is this what you want?" He asked me again.

"My hair looks so much healthier, my skin glows as if I have been doing some skincare routine, I also get to know how people are feeling from their scents and most importantly I get to be with my mate longer than I ever imagine so...heck yeah!" I giggled, forgetting about the pain for a moment.

"Awwwn I bet, I could melt just by listening to you two but enough already. Time is running out" Trisha announced, breaking our lovey-dovey moment. "You have to complete your transition fast"

"So...how do I complete my transition?" I asked, trying to tone down my excitement. If someone had told me a day was coming where I would be a werewolf, I would have recommended them a good psychiatrist.

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I felt Jet squeeze my hand just as Trisha begin to speak. "You will have to trigger the curse, every werewolf have to trigger the curse for them to shift the first time so they can continue to transform at will. You will have to kill someone" She declared casually.

My eyes widened—not in a good kind of way 'cause every excitement I felt started to leave my body.

TBC



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