

Chapter 164— The Curse II

FREYA

Trisha excused herself once again but this time, she casted a numbing spell on me. A spell that numbed my body to the current pain I was feeling until I was able to make a decision. I didn't think I have much of a choice on the matter because according to her, if I don't complete the transition soon, I will bleed out Jet's blood and eventually die in the process.

"Hunter and the rest are coming in to check up on you." Jet informed me, as he help me put on a robe with gold designs around the edges.

"Good. I could use both the distraction and tips on how to go about this," I answered standing up from the bed. "Do you have any tips for me?"

He smiled somewhat sadly before responding. "I'm certainly the last person you should be asking that. If you recall, I had two transitions but I don't think the second time counts since it was evolving." He reached for my hand as we both stepped into the living room where all our friends were waiting for us.

I glance over at Trisha curiously, she was sitting down alone on the floor at the far end of the room. Her eyes close and her mouth moving but no sound come out of it, I assumed it was witchcraft business or whatever.

Even though Trisha seemed very friendly, Sophie made me fear witches than anything. They are unpredictable, powerful, ruthless and power hungry. No wonder they get

Chapter 164— The Curse II

along well with the councils, come to think of it, the councils are still very much a mystery. We know their messengers but what about those calling the shots from the inside?

"How are you feeling now? Jet, told us everything," Hunter asked adding a quick explanation incase I was confused about what he meant.

I look from one face to another until my gazes rested on Claire's, even though she doesn't understand half of what was going on, she still tried to be here. She gave me a little smile.

"At first, I was feeling very excited about becoming a werewolf finally, that was until I found out about the werewolf curse. Why did no one bother to unform me of this?" I rubbed my eyes in defeat, in as such as I wanted to do this, I was beyond terrified.

If I kill someone then I was no different than the councils? Or Dane Grayson who, when he was alive, I judged and loathed him for the shitty things he did. Apart from that, I also don't want to die!

"What if Jet train you? Who you kill does not matter as long as the curse is triggered. We can release one of the rogues from the dungeon for you to slaughter," Kale suggested and for the first time since we came into the room, Jet spoke.

"Rogues are dangerous predictors, it does not matter how much silver has weaken them, they are still a threat."

"I know you are worried about me and you should be but I think Kale is right, this is my best shot. It still doesn't make killing right but at least I will be ending a criminal," I

paused turning my attention to Kale. "Can we not use the word slaughter please?"

"Would you prefer I train her instead?" Hunter offered and Jet looked relieved to hear that. He mentioned earlier that his transition was hard and having witness the second one myself, I wouldn't want him to relive that nightmare again.

This is my battle, There is no doubt about him being there for me as emotional support and in this case that's more than enough. I need to do this alone. "So, when do we start?" I asked Hunter.

"Tomorrow morning, no delay," He answered in a strict voice as he stood up to go, the rest follow suit as if on cue. "By the way, the party is over and it was awesome," He winked playfully at me and then reached for Claire's hand.

I catch sight of the faint blush appearing on her cheeks as she accepted his outstretched hand. It warmed my heart to finally see they were rekindling back their relationship.

I was startled out of my thoughts by Camille's voice and she happened to be in one of their regular arguments with Kale, At this point their fights doesn't surprise me anymore as they always find something to argue about.

"Being where a lot of people are gives me anxieties," Trisha announced joining us.

I was about to respond when Jet stood up and place a light kiss on my forehead. "There is something I have to take care of, I will be back before you know it." After he left, there was a long pause between Trisha and I.

"Why?" I blurted out the first thing I thought of. "I can

Chapter 164— The Curse II

hardly refer to the seven of us as a crowd so whatever it is that made you get those anxieties must be pretty bad."

She took a deep breath. "Bad doesn't begin to cover it. A friend and I were invited to a witch party one of our coven leader hosted which turned out to be slaughter house for witches. I have no idea how much the councils paid her but she casted a trapped spell on the building we were in. We tried everything we could to undo the spell but it was bounded to the moon, meaning we couldn't leave or break the spell until the sun comes up." Her voice cracked, her green eyes glister with unshed tears.

"There were children in that house, there screams and cry for help still haunt me to this day. I tried to save them but I couldn't..." She stopped talking all of a sudden and rolled up her sleeve.

A shocking gasp escaped my lungs when she showed me her right arm. It was filled with burnt scars leading up to her upper arm until it disappeared beneath the rolled up sleeve.

"This isn't the only place I was injured. I have scars on my stomach, my back and legs. How I managed to survive is still a mystery to me, those who got out alive were recaptured thanks to Sophie, the coven leader that betrayed us." She pulled down her sleeve and blink back the unshed tears in her eyes.

I froze at the mention of Sophie's name. It's not surprising that Sophie betrayed them, Jet has told me the numbers she did on him and not to mention the ones she did on me too. What I found surprising was the fact that Sophie used to be a coven leader, which explained the length of powers and a glimpse into the councils shadow lifestyles.

Witches like Sophie were recruited meaning the councils tried to recruit as many powerful people as they could — Jet included. If you turned them down, you die and if you agree, you become their messenger but what do they offer these people in return?

"Is everything okay?" Trisha's voice startled me back. "You kind of went blank on me, is the spell fading?"

"I'm fine. I was just wondering if Sophie the coven leader and the Sophie who works for the councils are the same person."

"Oh, they are. No one knows about my scar or what I personally went through but I told you my story so you could understand and urge Jet to escort me back to New Orleans. I only came here because I owed Jet due to a favour he did for me in the past, I have nothing of value to exchange for asking for his protection because I basically did nothing here. He loves you so much, I see it. And I'm certain he will only listen to you" I felt so bad for being so happy instead of sympathizing with her.

This is ridiculous, Jet and I have been mated for months. He's mine in every sense of way and each time someone points out the way he feels about me, I get all mushy and shy like a high school girl. It's taking every self-control I have not to stand up and dance around or fall on the bed kicking my feet in the air.

"I promise, I will make sure Jet escort you safely back home. Besides, you have nothing to worry about, he is a man of his words," I assured her.

"Glad we've settled that, now tell me everything about how you and Jet met." I couldn't help but laugh at the

memory, I wouldn't call our meet-cute romantic. He kidnapped me and I thought he was a psychiatric patient.

Trisha and I spent the following hours gisting about the not so cute 'Meet cute' until we called it a night and she retired into one of the guest rooms. I, however, couldn't fall asleep so I ended up going downstairs plus I was worried about Jet. He still has issues talking about his feelings and right now, my best guess is, he's probably feeling guilty and blaming himself for what's happening to me.

I cornered into the ballroom, wanting to see the aftermath of the party. I kept it in the back of my mind to personally write a thank you letter to Lady Caroline tomorrow. A big yawn escaped my mouth and I quickly closed my hand over it.

I paused not expecting to see Hunter and Jet, they don't seem to notice my presence yet which can be explained by the conversation they were having with one of the wereshifter's messengers.

"The council is behind this," Growled Hunter angrily.

Hunter hardly got angry, so whatever it is that's making him furious must be huge. My inside went cold at the mention of the councils and I shivered outwardly wrapping my arms protectively around myself, hoping somehow it would shield me from whatever it was causing the cold.

"They are becoming persistent. Just like they saw me as a weapon, they are now targeting Claire because they view her as a project. I will not allow them to anywhere near her." Jet swore angrily and turned to Hunter. "Starting tonight, increase securities. I will take over training Freya myself, I want you to personally keep an eye on Claire, Do

Chapter 164— The Curse II

not let her out of your sight." As if finally sensing my presence, he looked up and our eyes met.

"I do not need to be told twice," Drawled Hunter in response before following the messenger out.

My knees felt weak, things are about to get tensed around here. With Claire in danger from the councils and me training to complete my transition, I was terrified. And with the way Jet and Hunter were acting, I didn't need a witch to tell me the councils have started to abducted people again, hoping that would force Jet's hand into handing them Claire!

TBC



Comments



Vote (974)

