

## Chapter 167— First Transformation

\*JET\*

I have only ever felt like dying twice, first time being the death of my parents. I was hardly a teen then when it happened and the second time being when Freya had bravely but foolishly went after Morgana. I almost lost her then, I'm still not over it no matter how much I tried to reassured myself.

This was a fear I never mentioned to anybody, not even her and certainly not to Hunter. I'm an Alpha, I'm supposed to be brave, fearless, strong and yet when it comes to her, I feel both strong and weak at the same time, if that makes sense.

I'm a man of very few words, I do not talk about my emotions simply because I'm not very good at being expressive. I try though and I'm still going to keep trying until I get there because I know how much it upsets my mate when I keep things from her.

I never gave it much thought until she didn't come to me immediately the symptoms started manifesting. It enraged me to think she didn't trust me enough to tell me those things but then I realize it had nothing to do with trust. I also do not intentionally keep things from her, I didn't want to burden her and it occurred to me she might feel the same way.

Having someone cared for me in such manner was humbling. I would die for her, kill for her, take all the pain in the world for her but as I stood there watching helplessly as Trisha laid her down on the cold ground

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realizing there was nothing I could do to help her. This was a battle she needed to fight alone!

It enraged me! She doesn't need to do it alone, I'm her mate. I should be able to trigger the curse for her but deep down I knew that was impossible and this made me more angry. I hate when something is beyond my control, one could argue about the fact that being such a control freak was one of the traits that makes me a good leader.

My stubborn mate on the other hand might disagree. I'm controlling and she's as stubborn as a but if not more. The only place she seem to like my controlling side happens to be in the bedchamber, anywhere other than that, it was a fight.

I love fighting with her, rough playing with her, messing with her and all of those things. I painfully look away from the scene before I was forced to do something that would make the whole process harder.

"She will be fine." I turned to Hunter as he gave me a consoling pat on the shoulder.

On the verge of thanking him, I heard Freya whimper painfully and all thoughts about thanking him flew far away from my mind. I hurried towards her immediately, ready to do whatever I can to ease her pain.

"Stay back!" Trisha ordered holding me off. "There is nothing you can do to help her so, let me handle this."

I growled angrily at her, not just because I'm an Alpha I do not take orders from anyone but because she was preventing me from getting close to my mate. My animalistic side was struggling to get out and snatched my mate from her even though I knew she was helping.

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Hunter pulled me back having glimpse the fear in Trisha's eyes. "Why don't you take a walk with me? We will be within earshot just in case we are needed." He suggested cautiously, being aware of the that I was on edge.

"I'm not going anywhere Hunter, I cannot help her. Being here is the only help I can be to her right now and you want me to leave?" I snarled angrily at him.

He grimace nodded slowly in understanding. "Then calm down while you are being helpful. Scaring the witch isn't probably a good—" He was cut off by a painful howl from the rogue we tied up a few feet away from us.

I made sure Hunter weaken the monster to the point of death but just barely breathing so that way it would be much easier for Freya to take him down. It still doesn't mean he was too weak to not be a potential danger, rogues unpredictable behaviors are part of what made them very dangerous to any packs.

"It's all done, time to proceed." She announced stepping back enough for me to glimpse the odd circle with several lines inside it. I had no idea what it meant but I knew it's a part of witchcrafts and rituals.

"Untie the rogue please," She told Hunter as she turned to look at me. "Help your mate up Alpha."

I immediately went to her side not waiting to be told twice. Her body felt cold in my arms when I carried her up, leaning most of weight on me. Her gaze roam around my face for a few seconds, causing me to think of a lost pup.

"I'm here." I whispered into her ear once her eyes regain focus.



She looked past me and I followed the direction of her gaze until it rested on the rogue approaching us with a blood thirsty look on his eyes. Her terrified eyes came back to me and I was itching to kill him myself.

"You remember your training right? I have faith in you." It surprises me that despite the tumor of emotions going on inside me, my voice was able to remain calm. I pressed the cold blade she had chosen in the training room into her hand before forcing myself away from her.

Trisha glance at me with a sympathetic look in her eyes. They might have an idea how hard it is for me stand there and do nothing, words couldn't even begin to described how vulnerable and helpless I felt in that moment.

I watched as my mate stance shifted, gone was the woman trembling in my arms a few minutes ago and replaced by a brave look on her face. Probably the same look she had when she went after Morgana.

The rogue wasted no time going for her now that I was out of the way. While Freya was merely fighting him because she had to trigger the werewolf curse, rogue on the other hand was venting and directing his anger at her because I captured him. After all she is my mate and the closet he could get to me.

It doesn't matter to him if he die because he was going to die anyway. His goal was to take her with him to make me pay. Curse or no curse, I'd be dammed if I'll stand here and watch him kill my mate.

I clenched my fits as he made the first blow, cutting through her arm with his claws. Something inside me jump —I'd jump forward to intervene but I didn't realize this until

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Hunter held me back, stopping me from taking another step.

She staggered for a second but recovered quickly enough to dodge his next attack and swing the knife at him. For someone who has never handled a weapon before, I aim was so perfect and straight. It went directly into his neck.

I was aware of the two people gasping in surprise at the scene. The rogue also cried out in shock not believing what had happened. I was so impressed it took every self-control I had not to hurry towards her, kiss her and swing her around in my arms.

But the fight wasn't over, she pulled the knife out of his neck, flinging it at her. My body went rigid but once again my amazing mate dodged it and jumped on him, knocking them both on the ground.

Her opponent thrashed around, crawling at her everywhere with his claws and Hunter held me tighter as if not trusting me not to intervene. Although she might not have made a single sound but I felt her pain through our bond and it was killing me.

Finally he stopped thrashing about and went limp all of a sudden. Hunter released me and we all hurried to the scene, my beautiful, brave, foolish, idiotic, courageous, smart mate took the risk of choking her opponent to death using his own vomit, a technique I didn't even teach her.

The triumph was short lived as she positioned herself on all fours and started to scream in pain, the sound of bone cracking could be heard from a mile away and when she looked at me, frightened out of her mind, her eyes had changed colours.

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What was once hazel in colour has now change into a very light brown colour that glows. I went on my knees in front of her, determined to do everything possible to make this easy for her.

"Don't fight it, relax and let it happen, the more you fight it the harder it becomes. The first shifting might take hours if you resist it... I know it painful but sweetheart try to relax." The words just kept coming out, even though I wasn't aware of half of what I was talking about.

"I'm trying!" She cried out. "Please make it stop! Make it stop!" She shouted, her body breaking and twisting in every direction but no sign of her fully transforming.

"What the hell is going on? Why isn't she shifting?" I demanded grabbing the witch.

"Give it time Jet! I know seeing her this way hurts but you of all people should know that first transformations are quite painful." She pointed out.

Of course she was right and I hate it. I didn't want her to be right, I want my mate to stop hurting. I flinched away from Hunter when he tried to console me, I didn't need that. Freya needs that the most and yet there was nothing I could do.

Thirty minutes passed like a blur and she was still screaming, begging me to make it stop. I was going after my mind, it was too late to stop and if I stop it, she will slowly and painfully die. There was no other option but to wait until she was able to do this on her own.

"Is there any spell you can cast to make this less painful?" This time it was Hunter who asked, his voice filled with agony.



"There is nothing I can do. However I feared something like this would happen, she is human meaning she might be too weak to transform on her own. Do you have any idea how many humans die in the council's attempt to making greater weapons? The truth still stand that humans are too weak to survive the wolf gene in their system. Only few survive and they are the shape shifters which is by only fair luck." She paused licking her lips nervously as she looked at me.

"What are you saying?" I demanded calmly.

Hunter looked at me sharply and pushed the witch behind him, using his body as a shield. "Jet please, you need to calm down. You know you're not fully in control of your lycan state yet." He reminded me.

I pointed at my screaming mate. "Fix her or I swear to the moon goddess..." She didn't let me finish.

"I started the ritual incase before she triggered the curse." She gestured towards the odd circle. "There is a way, I can perform a ritual that will make her a vampire and bind it to the moon. This will strengthen her human side and she will be able to fully transform!" She declared in a shaky voice.

TBC