

Chapter 27— Not yours

Kidnapped By The Alpha

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FREYA

Everyone's attention was on Morgana after she killed her first deer. I gotta admit she was good but I couldn't stop speculating about what they were keeping from me. Okay they were withholding a lot and this shouldn't make any difference, I shouldn't care but I do which appeared to be the worst part.

Morgana unexpectedly looks in my direction. "I believe Freya has grown wearied, am I right?" She commented settling her crossbow back in place.

I sigh. "I'm just exhausted actually, Kale?" I called out to him. "If you don't mind, I'd like to go back home. I'm tired" Which of course was a lie, there was no way I'm going to confess not being comfortable around Morgana especially now that I found out they are keeping something about her from me. Something I plan on asking Jet about once he comes back from wherever he went to.

Kale darted a look at Morgana and then me. "Guess we would have to call it a day then. Recall the warning ladies, no informing anyone about where we have been" He prompted.

Whatever the stare Morgana flung in my direction before she rode away meant, I refused to dwell on it, particularly now that I've made up my mind to question you know who about it. Luckily for me, Hazel doesn't seem to be in a haste to go home cause she rode unhurriedly, we were the only ones in sight, The others already disappeared out of view.

"I hope you are still aware that we are riding on a horse" I joked and she jerked unexpectedly like she was startled, she ride to a stop and then darted a look around.

"We lost the others?" I could feel she was starting to panic which made me worried too, I mean we are not lost, are we? I couldn't assist in having a mini flashback at the time we had gone for a picnic in this same wood and the report of rogues piling up around the place or whatever they called them. Now it's just me and Hazel.

"Are we lost?" I inquired getting off the horse since I didn't know how to ride, if something was going to pop out of nowhere and chase me, it should be where I can run with my two legs.

"You do not need to be afraid. I will pursue the other scents" She assured me.

I was half paying attention to her as a bare-chested Jet stalked towards us with a furious expression on his face. Holy molly! I know my mouth was hanging open as I stared at him but I couldn't bring myself to close it. I have never seen Jet shirtless before, my God! He was beautiful.

Beautiful? I'm not sure it's the word I could use to describe the greek god standing in front of me, my fingers played with the end of my top blouse nervously as I blushed. I wish I could look at him without turning red, I toss a look over my shoulder wanting to use Hazel as an escape, only to see her riding off in the distance leaving me alone with him!.

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"Hunting? Seriously?" He snarled at me.

"I don't see you growling at the rest" I hissed brushing past him, I didn't make it past him before he yanked me back, the action had me all plastered against his chest resulting in me instantly jerking away from him. An odd expression cross his face at my reaction but it was gone before I could even grasp it.

"They are not mine. You are mine" He started looking at me like I was some dumb teenager.

I decided to ignore how hot that sounded. "And Morgana, don't forget to add her" I taunted before correcting him. "Plus...I'm not yours! Not now, not ever!"

"Morgana?" He asked suddenly looking interested, the anger on his face fading a little and that in return bothered me. *what the fuck is going on in that head of his?* I marvelled keeping my eyes on his face because I advised myself not to look at his chest, I badly want my eyes to wander down to his packs. I wanted to count them with my tongue and then lick them.

Ewww Freya! Where the fuck did that come from?

I glared at him. "Would you please put on a fucking shirt!" I cried turning around so my back was facing him.

"Do not curse" He cautioned then I felt myself being dragged backwards until I bumped into the hard wall of his chest when I tried pulling back, one of his grip circled my waist stopping me from moving away from him.

Despite whatever that was between us, I wanted to stay there even if another part of my brain was screaming for me to move away, especially when his fingers wandered deep into my nickers. The hunting jean Claire had lend me, I was pretty sure they weren't named jeans but I had no idea what they're called.

"Jet!" I cried out when I felt him pull a string of my private part hair. Who the hell does that? More importantly, why was I so turned on?

"Now speak to me of what you wish to know about Morgana" He whispered the words in my ear while playing with me down there.

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"I don't want to know anything" I lied jolting away from him, disappointed when he let me go. I almost begged him to continue until I realized that was his game, he wanted me to beg him to fuck me, something that would never happen.

He raise an eyebrow at me in question but said nothing as his expression turn serious and hungry, I opened my mouth to ask him the question I have been dying to even though I just denied it, but with the way he was staring at me, I was pretty sure I wasn't likely to get any words out.

"Come here Freya, I have been dying to kiss you" He said making goosebumps spread over my skin, my heart felt like it was trying to jump out of my chest.

"If I let you kiss me, will you tell me a little bit about werewolves and Morgana?" I bargained taking a step towards him.

"I shall tell you about Morgana" He grunts impatiently.

Well, I guess that was enough for now. Closing the distance between us, because I wanted to be the one who take the lead this time around. I went on a tip toe, circling both my arms around his neck, my body melted against his then I leaned in and kiss him.

I knew he wasn't the type of man that give away control and I was proven right when he took charge of the kiss, kissing me so hungrily as if he was starved.

I moaned into the kiss, a few seconds I was having a hard time keeping up with him, I whimpered, moan, and made all sorts of sounds I didn't think I was capable of until now. His hands grip my ass, afraid to let go like someone wanted to snatch me away from him.

There was something so possessive and hot about that. I gasped when he finally pulled away from the kiss, I only manage to catch my breath for a second or so before he goes back to kissing me.

Apart from his hand squeezing and palming my ass, he made no further move aside from kissing me, his lips left mine to pepper kisses down my neck, and abruptly he pulled away from me. I glanced uncertainly at him wondering why he stopped all of a sudden then I became aware of footsteps heading in our direction, a few seconds later Hunter appeared in sight with an extra horse.

"Did I interrupt anything?" He asked looking from one face to another which is enough for me to physically distance myself from Jet.

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"Yes"

"No," We both said at the same time making Hunter laugh.

"Yes" Jet repeated glaring at me, I resisted the urge to laugh at the look on his face before nodding my head in agreement to what he said.

"I should have let the both of you walk home" He grumbled kicking his horse before riding away and once again Jet and I were alone.

He groaned. "I do not wish to stop kissing you. You taste so delicious" He murmured as his eyes continue to stare at my face.

I flushed at his words. "You have something to tell me Jet, I'm listening," I said gesturing around the place in a whatever manner.

"Shall I help you on the horse before I do tell you what I am about to?" Since I was dying of curiosity I decided to do what he wants without any argument.

Once I was safely on the horse, he slide in behind me and like the first time we had gone riding, I relax against him smiling inwardly. I felt happy just by being close to him.

"Morgana and I grew up together, she was my lover for a short period of time" He said casually making every fibre of my cells to freeze in shock.

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