

Chapter 74— Taking Charge

Kidnapped By The Alpha

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Hours later almost when everyone had left my room leaving only Hazel and Claire behind. I was too weak to even stand up on my own and Hunter had ordered me not to leave the bed, catching Claire by the arm as she made to leave. "Could you please mind link him? Tell him I have regained consciousness, he will come" I pleaded not believing Jet would decide to stay away even though he feels guilty. I wished he understood I would never blame him for something that wasn't totally his fault.

"He blocked us all out when we tried to" She answered giving me a small smile. "You do not need to worry, he shall be back soon" She reassured me before walking out of the door.

I looked around the room wishing they had taken me to Jet's room instead where his scent seem to linger around, I could have that until he decided to show up. "That would be all Hazel, I'd like to lay down for a while" I lied, I wanted to be left alone.

"Alright Milady, if you need me I will be here" She replied, once the door shut behind her. I sat up staring at every corner of the room like Jet was going to magically appear out of nowhere. Perhaps when I have regained enough strength by tomorrow, I will look for him myself, that was the last thing on my mind before finally drifting off into a dreamless sleep.

I woke up suddenly from the sound of someone opening the door of my room, I was on the verge of reminding Hazel I hadn't called for her when the familiar scent of Jet filled my nostril, don't even ask me how. Werewolves exist so that should be the last thing you are worried about. I lay still, keeping my eyes closed as I felt him approach the bed. It took everything in me not to stand up and fling myself into his arms.

Only that I couldn't do it, aside from being weak, I didn't want to send him away. I felt the bed dip when he sat down at the edge. The silence stretched for a couple of minutes until he stood up, fearing he was leaving, I opened my eyes about to call out to him but instead, the light was turned on.

And Jet stood a few feet away smirking at me. "I'm very pleased to know you have given up your pretence" He murmured closing the distance between us, he leaned down to kiss him but I turned away from him. When his lips landed on my cheek instead of lips, he growled angrily, the growl must have come out unexpectedly from him judging by the way he jolted away from me as someone shot him.

"What was that all about?" I asked referring to him disappearing for over a week and growling when I refuse to kiss him. Did he really expect me to let the whole thing go? I waited for his reaction but none came so I pressed on. "This is not okay Jet, will you just look at me?" I snapped, now it was my turn to be angry.

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Hating the fact that I was having this conversation, resting laying down, I gathered all the energy I could muster to get up, he walk over to help me but I stopped him. While his back on the overboard, I tried catching my breath. "I woke up from a coma, expecting to see you only to find out you've been gone for over a week. I actually thought you cared about me" I muttered the last statement under my breath.

"Fuck Freya!" He groaned running his hand through his hair, my eyes widened in surprise when I realize he was nervous. "I cannot bring myself to look at you, seeing the evidence of the pain I inflicted on you...it is too much. I cannot bear it" He finally answered in a pained voice.

"You can't keep blaming yourself for something you really didn't do. You weren't in the right frame of your mind, don't you think you have tortured yourself enough?" I blink a couple of times in an attempt to stop the tears that clouded my vision.

"I did that!" He insisted. "It was me, Freya, I was that monster, I hurt you" He reached for me, pulling me against his chest so he was carrying most of my weight. "I tried so hard to stay in control, but I couldn't. I went away because I needed to get back in control" Breaking our sort of embrace, he grabbed me by the shoulders not enough to hurt though.

"I'm afraid nothing has changed yet. I get furious quickly, I have become more aggressive, my emotions trigger me to shift at any given time and I have no control over it. I never want to hurt you, sweetheart His eyes slide down my arm, and not wanting him to feel more guilty, I hide it behind my back taking a few steps away from him.

"You should rest," Jet said immediately noticing the way my legs wobble. "We will continue this conversation in the morning"

"I don't want you to leave again please" I begged to reach to hold his hand, I laced my fingers with his. "We will figure it out together, and if you go all Lycan mood on me I'm here to help out with my blood" I teased trying to lighten up the atmosphere, however, I didn't think he find it funny as he backed me against the wall.

Going on tiptoe, I crawl my fingers around his hair, smiling when he groaned in response. "So...." I said battling my eyes innocently at me. "Claire told me something about Lycan"

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He tensed. Staring at me, his expression guarded. "And what is that?"

Before I could respond to his question, someone knocked on the door interrupting us. Jet growled in annoyance and I could feel him starting to get angry, following my instincts, I rubbed his chest in an attempt to smooth him.

Once he calm down, he carried me back to the bed and then went to answer the door, Hunter walked in a few seconds later not at all surprised to see Jet in my room. "What the bloody hell is going on?" He asked Hunter impatiently.

"Seth just called me from the border, there's an army heading towards the pack and it is lead by Darren" He announced cursing my eyes to widen. When Jet frowned in confusion, Hunter quickly launched into an explanation. "Darren escaped three weeks ago, we searched for him everywhere with no sign, I have concluded that someone in the pack must have helped him get out" He backed away as Jet growled angrily, making the whole object in my dressing room vibrate, some fell on the floor.

"Jet, calm down please" I cried getting up from the bed, I didn't even know where the strength came from nor did I care. Jet was getting angry which mean he would no doubt shift.

"I'm trying!" He yelled clenching his head as he fell to the ground fighting the urge to shift, Hunter and I exchanged worried looks.

"He cannot fight in this condition, can you keep an eye on him? Kale and I will handle Darren" He asked, in a trusting tone. How could he trust a human like me to keep someone as powerful as Jet in control? I had no idea but I nodded anyway.

"He is an Alpha, can you take him down?" I questioned worriedly, Darren wasn't just an Alpha, he was a member of the councils, a crazy psychopath Alpha whose escape is still a mystery if someone in the pack was helping him then that can't be good.

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"Do not worry about us, just look after him for us" He gave my shoulder one last squeeze before dashing out of the door. When I turned to look at Jet again, he was still fighting against the urge to shift, his claws were out tearing through the arm of the couch he was holding on it.

"I cannot... Fuck....." He trailed off as he saw me approach him. "Get away from me Freya" He groaned out himself, he couldn't move away from me or what I planned to do to him unless he wanted to hurt me which I don't see happening.

"This is for your own good. I'm sorry" I cried pushing the knife into his stomach, as soon as the object disappeared inside him, it triggered an emotion. I quickly cover my mouth to stop myself from screaming as I watched Jet lose the battle. With a growl that shook the entire room, he began to shift.

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Note: Hi guys! Guess what? I have opened a Facebook page to interact with my readers under the name "Summer Starr" I'm currently in the process of changing my pen name. Follow my linkers the page to help me, as I will be releasing pictures of how each characters look, chapter highlights and so much. You can even get update about my previous and new book. See you there.