Chapter 88— Foreplay Kidnapped By The Alpha **ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT** ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT *FREYA* **ADVERTISEMENT** ADVERTISEMENT **ADVERTISEMENT** ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT Morgana stopped what she was doing altogether and then stared at me probably thinking I was pulling a prank on her so she is waiting for me to crack but the tears flowing down my face must have assured her that I meant it. I didn't miss the surprise that flickered across her face as the realization drown on her. "Why should I help you?" She asked darting a quick look around us to make sure no one was coming or listening, well I take that as an interest to help me. "Because you want Jet and I'm the only thing standing in your way, I remembered we both said we want each other gone. Well, here is your chance" I answered wiping the tears away from my eyes, I hated the fact that for all the people my emotions could have broken down on, it choose Morgana who is no doubt relishing in it. "Very brave and noble of you to think you are preventing me from making Jet my mate, just you wait. After we get Camile back, it will not take long for him to realize he does not need a human. You are not even capable of being a proper mate to him" She taunted and I tried not to get angry since she was my only hope of ever getting out of there. "Can we not do this, please? Do you want to help me or not? In return I could give you information about the

"It's fine, other there, over here, what does it matter? I'll see for myself" I left to check out my new room, it was designed and decorated exactly like it was before. My finger graze the dry paint on the wall as an idea occurred to me. I hurried downstairs immediately hoping the shifters would be here for another meeting, it was empty and I figured out they might still be having a meeting.

"Looking for something?" I spun around at the sign of Hunter surprised to see him, mainly because I thought he would be inside with the rest.

"More like waiting for someone" I answered managing a small smile in his direction.

"I'm glad you have decided to talk things out with him, he has been in a crappy mood since last night. You know

how controlling he can be, but he does care for you" I tried not to scoff at his words, talking about Jet happened

"I know, thank you" I replied absently, the look he gave me made me realize he didn't believe a word I said,

"I will speak to you later Freya but for now duties call" He patted me on the shoulder before walking away. The

I scan the room until I spotted Jared, noticing Jet was coming in my direction, I immediately made a run for it. I

"I thought about what you said," I said hurriedly glancing over my shoulder to see if Jet was coming, luckily

someone already got him hooked in another conversation. "Do you know your way around here? What if you

help me get back home and I'll give you the information you needed? My father is very rich" I felt silly saying

that. "He has contacts and connections, I'll help you provide the information you need about the Mafias and

"What!" Jared half shouted. "I apologize but are you insane?" He leaned towards me speaking in a calm voice.

"I do not know my way around here and even if I did, I cannot help you. That is a death wish" Looking around

I saw Jet coming from the corner of my eye. "Forget I said that, and don't tell anyone" I made a run for the

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"Easy," Claire said as her hand reach out to steady me before I bumped into her. She looked over my shoulder

"I'm not ready for the conversation I dread we will be having" I replied stepping towards the huge bar area with

and sigh. "Are you running from your mate?" She chuckled dragging me into one of the rooms. Only that it

nervously. "Why not tell your mate to take you there.....unless you are running away" He grimaced.

didn't want to be around him, pulling Jared away from the crowd much to his own surprise.

door again closes with no one coming out and when I thought I would die of waiting, the door opened again

shrugging my shoulders I was about to convince him when the door opened.

New York Mafia" I volunteered even if I had no idea how to go about that, I'm desperate here.

answer to that is no" She declared focusing back on what she was doing before I interrupted her.

need to help me, I don't want to be here anymore" I cried out desperately.

to be the last thing I wanted right now.

their connections to the councils" I blurted out.

stairs like someone being chased by a ghost.

wasn't really a room but a living room.

she is this shy to even talk about it.

replied stepping deeper into the room.

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at her.

multiple drinks, some that I haven't even heard of or know existed.

quickly poured myself a glass of wine and drank it in one gulp.

"Don't worry, none of that will happen" I reported bringing out another glass.

and people begin to leave.

minutes trying to think about my next move now that Morgana has refused to help me.

"I do want to ask why you suddenly changed your mind but I find that I do not care about helping you. My

My eyes widened in shock, not believing she refused. "Morgana please..." I reached for her, pulling her towards

me. She snatched her arm away from me before snarling her fangs at me which I translated as back off. "You

"Leaving so soon? I think not. At least be here when I take back what is rightfully mine. Do not worry, you shall

They might enjoy lying and keeping things from me but I doubt none of them will want me to leave. Absently I

had been fixed, I paused by the doorjamb trying to make sense of what the maids were doing in my room.

"Milady" Hazel gushed as she emerge from the bathroom, her smile vanished when she saw the look on my

face. "Your old room has been fixed, so I was thinking you would like to move into it immediately," She said

strode back to the castle, glad I didn't bump into Jet or anyone. The door to the guest room where I was staying

find our mating ceremony enjoyable" She responded blocking me out of her view. I stood there for several

"You cannot drink that, one glass will make you drunk in no time. They are not human wines you are used to, between you and me do not run from your mate. You see...er..." She flushed, her voice trailing off.

I stared at her curiously. "What happens if I run from my mate?" I asked sarcastically, spitting out the word mate like it was a dreadful poison. Deciding that getting drunk was probably the best option for me, I eyed the bottle of wine before picking the one that cut my eye.

"It is considered as foreplay" She finally changed to get out, and I froze for a second as I twirled around to look

My eyes were slightly wider than normal. "This is not foreplay, I'm avoiding him because I'm mad at him and

don't want to talk to him" I corrected ignoring the way my heart raced in excitement. No! No!! I don't want this! I

"Wolves' favourite foreplay is chasing down their mate, it gets them excited and it is part of their love language

so there is a chance that if Jet catches you...er..you know you guys will clearly mate" She choked out picking

the wine I had poured for myself. Her whole face was red as a tomato, I wonder how she does it with Hunter if

the place and judging from your scent alone, I can tell you are aroused" She laughed as my face reddened.

God! I wanted to die.

"I better vacate the room before he burst in here and takes you like a caveman" She winked at me before

Ignoring all lightheaded I was feeling, I finished another glass, I was pouring the next one when the door

strolling out of the door and leaving me to wonder where the shyness go all of a sudden.

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"I bet he knows where you are already but want you to think you get away, remember your scent? It is all over

head.

"It's empty" Came his response, I could detect the anger in his tone and something else I rather not think about.

"I think I'm drunk" I giggled once again, I set the glass on the table but instead it landed on the floor. "Oops!"

"Good, it is said that people talk best and honestly when they are drunk. You have made my job easier" He

opened behind me, and I didn't bother turning around to look. "Wine?" I giggled holding up the glass above my

"Stay away from me, I'm not telling you anything" I hissed as best as I could in my foggy drunk voice, why wasn't he throwing me across the sofa and tearing my clothes off? Oh right! Control freak, I wonder what will happen if I tear his clothes. *Geez Freya!* I mentally scolded myself.

"Even while drunk you are still as stubborn as ever. I shall enjoy making you talk" He sneered as he took a threatening step towards me and I made the stupid mistake of trying to run past him, coursing me to run right in his arms.

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