

The Omega For Sale

Chapter 13. Missing

It felt like all the air rushed out of me when I stared at an empty room. There was no sound coming from within the room so I knew that Jessy couldn't be anywhere around but I began a mad search around the small space hoping to find my daughter somewhere within the room.

"Jessy! Jessy!" I called out and when only silence met my ears I burst out in tears. The room looked pristine, the beds were untouched like it had not been slept in yet. Zoe said Christie had put Jessy to bed but it didn't look like anyone had even been in the room at all.

It looked the exact way that I had left it in the morning.

Then it flashed through my mind, like a video that had been sourced out from its folder and set to play in slow motion.

Matthew's words to me earlier in the day and then the sly smirk that he had given me when I had been dragged out of the room.

I dashed out of the room as I remembered it and moved to Christie's door knocking as carefully as I could without having to wake up the entire mansion even when my instincts screamed at me to bang down every door until I found my daughter.

A sleepy Christie pulled the door open and when she saw the tears running down my face and the urgency written in it, she did a double take.

"What's the problem Freya?" She asked, looking around the hallway for any signs of danger. "Jessy, she's not in the room. I can't find her." I rushed out, my voice strained with emotion. All I wanted to hear was that my daughter was sleeping inside her room safe but when Christie's eyes widened in horror, it confirmed my fears.

She wasn't here.

"What? I put her to bed myself." Christie whisper yelled, stepping out of the room and rushing in the direction of mine.

I didn't wait for her to come back, She wasn't going to find her there so there was no need to follow her back into the room, instead I began knocking on every door in the quarters, asking if anyone had seen my daughter. The more negative responses I got the worse I felt and soon it felt like I was going to collapse from the effect.

I was in pain mentally and physically and I just wanted my daughter. I knocked on Emilia's door and the raven haired girl was the one to open it. She cut me a dirty look and sneered in disgust when she caught sight of my face.

"What do you want?" She asked, not bothering to hide the irritation in her words. I swallowed thickly. "My daughter's missing, I was wondering if you happened to have seen her." Emilia let out a bitter laugh. "Do I look like her caregiver? Or do I look like I would be wasting anytime keeping an eye out

for your daughter? You're disturbing the entire quarters Freya and some of us actually appreciate a good sleep so take a break."

The door was shut in my face before I could get another word out and that caused a fresh bout of tears to run down my cheeks.

"Maybe you should go to the Alpha, Freya. I tucked a sleeping Jessy into bed and if she's missing and she isn't in anyone's room then it means something is terribly wrong and you need to let him know." Christie said by my side.

She had helped with asking around the quarters for Jessy. I could see the fear dance in her depths and I could tell just how worried she was about the situation.

She was after all the last person that had seen Jessy and if anything happened she would be the first person to be blamed.

"Thank you." I whispered and walked out of the quarters in the direction of the Alpha's room.

I was halfway up the stairs when it settled heavily in my mind. What was I supposed to say to the Alpha? He had just spent the last hour punishing me and who was to say that he wasn't still angry with me and might only dismiss me as a result and whenever he decided to give me a listening ear might be too late. Plus the Alpha really hated when his sleep was disturbed. If it wasn't an emergency that directly affected him then he wanted to be left alone.

Jessy missing was an emergency for me, the biggest emergency I could ever have but that wasn't the Alpha's problem, it wasn't an emergency to him. I didn't understand the Alpha in the least but he didn't look like someone that would jump out of his bed and run out of his room, sacrificing his rest for the sake of one of his slaves.

With that thought in mind I went back down the stairs and headed in the direction of the kitchen.

There was no time to pause to think. The longer I stayed without Jessy, the worse her situation could get. I didn't know where she was but I knew that I did not have a lot of time on my hands. If she had been taken by Matthew then I had even less time. The

kitchen held a door that led out into the garden at the back of the house. We were usually allowed to use it, since we had to pick vegetables from the garden to prepare the meals so there were no guards stationed outside there. Beyond the garden though was a path that led into the woods. I wasn't sure where the woods led to or what could be lurking around in it. We were warned about ever using it but that was my first and only option of leaving the mansion.

The moment I got closer to the line of trees that led into the woods the familiar scent of my daughter settled in the air around me and although it was fading off, like it had been a while that she had been there, I could still pick up on it. And with hope filling me. I dashed into the woods, running as fast as my legs could carry me. The wind made it more difficult to pick out the exact direction that Jessy had gone through but I kept following where her scent was strongest and it led me deeper and deeper into the woods. It was weird that I couldn't pick out any other scent except my daughter's. I knew that there

was no way that Jessy would have left the house by herself and come this far into the woods, but the deeper I went the more I could scent her.

Only her.

Thankfully the moon was full and it lit my path for me. I was scared and the fact that I had already come so far into the woods with no sign of my daughter and no sign of an exit from the woods bothered me. I was already panting in exhaustion and the dizzy spells I felt weren't helping in the least. They both weren't enough to deter me and I kept going. The woods only seemed to go deeper and deeper with no end in sight and no signs of my daughter and that frustrated me. Then I saw it up ahead. The figure of my daughter and she seemed to be tied to a tree.

That gave me the boost I needed and in a few seconds flat I was beside my daughter, kneeling to observe the situation that surrounded her. "Jessy!" I called out but got no response. Jessy's head was hung low awkwardly and at first glance she looked to be sleeping. I began to try to loosen the ropes that bound her and at the same time, try to get her to open her eyes. It became evident soon that my daughter wasn't sleeping and was rather unconscious because after several attempts to rouse her, she remained unmoving, which was very unlike her. The ropes had been tied in a complex knot and I struggled for a while trying to get it to come apart. The more I tried to loosen it the more it tangled.

I heard a branch break just behind me and I whipped my head in its direction.

It happened so fast.

One moment I was trying to turn my head and in the next a searing pain was wracking into it, knocking me unconscious. The last thing I saw was the large looming figure above me.

