

Kidnapped By The Alpha

Chapter 137— Dear Friend

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FREYA

As Claire continued to stare at me, waiting for me to give her an answer. Staring blankly back at her, I was dimly aware that she couldn't tell if I was lying or telling the truth but I don't feel comfortable laying to her. It looked like the universe was on my side cause just as I open my mouth to make up a lie, the telephone rang from somewhere in the room.

"That must be Jet, I have to go and get that" Not waiting for her to respond, I turned to leave but stopped. "You do trust me right?" I asked her.

"I do not know why but I do. You seem to be the only person here I can trust which is why I need you to tell me the truth, I cannot sleep well at night, I feel like a huge part of me is missing. I feel so empty and I fear I would never go back to normal" She explained, I forgot all about the phone for a moment.

"We will try our best to make sure everything gets back to normal, Jet has gone in search of a solution for us and I pray it ends up being a positive journey, in the main time, try to get along with everybody. You don't need to trust them yet or lock yourself in your room all day" I suggested, I must have said something she didn't like because she frowned slightly.

"You are the only one here who speaks differently, the rest speak formerly and mine are mixed. Some of the things in my chamber, if not all, suggest that I have been staying here for a long time. I trust you Freya but I know everyone is hiding something from me, including you" She paused when the telephone rang again. "You should get that, we have a lot to talk about but we can always do it later" She concluded and then went inside her room.

Still thinking about what she said, I went inside looking around for the telephone only to find out it has been moved from its usual position and the ringing was coming from the bedroom. Immediately figuring out that Jet must have moved it, to make sure I didn't miss any of his calls or answer late. The thought made me smile.

"Hello" I said uncertainly. It took me a while to answer the phone, so I couldn't tell his current mood, especially after he moved the phone to the bedroom. Well, he can't expect me to stay all day staring at the phone, can he?

"I was starting to get worried there" His voice came over the line. "How is everything? I do trust Hunter but with Claire's new condition, I'm beginning to doubt if it was a wise decision to put him in charge. I'm worried" His voice sounded tired and I wished he was here so I could give him a hug and stroke his hair.

"I get what you are saying. You don't have to worry, focus on locating your witch friend. Kale and I will keep an eye on Hunter, although I think he is handling it quite well" Well, I don't think avoiding the subject altogether is handling it but I was trying to assure Jet so he wouldn't worry so much.

"By avoiding her?" He asked, there was a pause between us and my hand consciously move over my stomach. "You and the baby are doing alright?" He asked in a small voice and I almost didn't hear him.

"I can't feel it yet...." He didn't let me finish before interrupting me.

"Is that a good thing? I should call the doctor!" I could hear the slight panic in his voice and it made me smile. He wanted this as much as I do, probably more than me but he was scared for me, he didn't want to lose me. The thought brought tears to my eyes and I blamed it on the fact that I was pregnant.

"Jet!" I giggled, yup! Totally weird for someone about to cry a few seconds ago. "I'm fine really, what I meant to say was that, it was too early. I don't think there is a heartbeat yet but I planned to see the doctor tomorrow" I explained cursing him to exhale in relief.

"There is no need for you to visit the doctor, she will be coming to see and check up on you regularly" He said and I let him have it, not wanting to argue with him. "I have to go now, I will check in, in few hours" Before I could respond, the line went dead.

I felt so much better now that I have spoken to him, I stood up from where I sat down with the intention of taking a quick shower when I heard a knock on the door. Thinking it was Hazel, I told her to come in but the person turned out to be Kale and he looked very worried.

"Is something wrong?" I asked, joining him at the entrance where we went back to the living room. If it wasn't a case of emergency, I don't recall any time they've been in our bedroom, they only stopped at the living room. I guess it has something to do with respect.

"Not yet but very soon" He answered. "Hunter is currently assembling some men to go in search of the bullets, his goal is for them to track and report any clue back to him. And who else has access to the weapon than the councils? I tried to talk him out of it, telling him to at least wait for Jet to bring the witch and if it does not work then, we can find out more about the weapon as plan B"

I sighed. "Jet was right, he isn't handling this well and I don't blame you. I will talk to him" Kale nodded in agreement and we both went to meet Hunter at the training yard where he was, selecting warriors for his mission. More like suicide, if the councils find out what he's up to then things would go wrong like Kale had said. They don't even need to lift a finger, they have shape shifters, clones and who knows what else they are cooking up in that lab of theirs.

"Hunter, can I have a word with you" I said nodding in acknowledgement to the warrior's greetings.

"Of course" He replied and with step away from them. One look at Kale, I was sure he already knew why I wanted to speak with him. "I can assure you Freya, we are not going anywhere near the council's headquarter" He told me right away, no one knows where the councils stay but having been kidnapped by them once, I knew how heavily guarded their headquarter was, not that I remember much.

"It's still danger" Grabbing his hand and gesturing towards Kale to follow me, I pulled them completely away from the training yard. "I don't want to say this until I'm sure but with this your plan, I think it's important you know we have a spy in the pack"

"What?" Hunter asked in disbelief. "Betrayal is a very serious crime among werewolves Freya, especially within the pack. It is punishable by banishment or death. Are you certain of what you are saying?"

"I think she is right and I fear the spy might be in the castle. I have been thinking about it ever since the Luna ball and I'm certain Jet has been to. Think about it, how did Duncan know where exactly to find Freya? Why did they attack that night?" Kale asked rhetorically.

"Including Dane Grayson's letter to me a few days ago" When they gaped and frowned at me, I almost smiled. "Relaxed, Jet knows about it. I didn't give it a second thought but he said that he didn't send Duncan that night. Whether he was telling the truth or lying, I don't care. But someone within the pack is giving out informations to outsiders and we need to find that person" I concluded.

"Fuck!" Hunter cursed and immediately look at me apologetically. I think they kept forgetting that where I came from, none of those things matters but not singling me out, gives me another sense of belonging.

"That aside, I also have something else to tell you. It's about the farmers, you can check it out yourself when you are less busy, they need workers and I told them we would provide that" I told him.

"I will handle that" Kale chimed in before Hunter could respond. "You can give me more information to work with" He winked playfully at me as he started to walk away.

After Kale left, I turned towards Hunter. "Please, with all we have said few minutes ago, think about it. Don't endanger these warriors' lives unnecessarily. They have mates, Parents, family and so on...." To my surprise, Hunter fling himself at me as he embraced me.

"I feel so helpless and it made me very desperate. I miss her so much" He told me and I hugged him back as I shared in his pain, feeling it tugged at my heart.

"We will figure it out" I assured him and when I felt a tear trickle down my neck, I couldn't stop the tears that rolled down my own face as well.

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