Have you heard?

THE ALPHA SOULMATE

PART TWO

(The Alpha's Mate and his Mistress)

EPISODE TWENTY-ONE

THEME: Have you heard?

(Avery's Point Of View)

I woke up to a loud beeping sound that aggregated the ache I was feeling in my head. It was from a phone which I thought was very much close by. And without opening my eyes, I reached out to the spot I always keep my phone right under the next pillow but it wasn't there and I was stopped by the pain I felt in my right arm which I just moved. I uttered a profanity as my eyes flared opened and I withdrew my right arm quickly and back under the bed cover.

I stayed still for some minutes until the pain reduced. The phone had stopped ringing but the sound came again causing me to sit up on the bed slowly. I tried to find it but it wasn't on the bed. I hopped out of the bed to check the bed side drawer where the green light in the alarm beeped 10: 30 am. The phone wasn't there neither was it on the dressing table. I touched my forehead but retracted my hand as if it had burned me. That spot was so hot, with the soreness in my throat and I knew that I was coming down with fever.

I turned without looking at the mirror, knowing that my reflection would be a total mess. I traced the sound using my wolf's hearing and I found it at the door where I had slipped down on to cry last night. I crouched

down and sat in India style to pick the call but it stopped ringing. Five missed calls from Elena, one of my ex roommates in college. She has a huge crush on Freddie and had once asked me to set up a date for her with him. I did tried to convince Freddie to meet Elena but he wasn't interested. And thinking about it now, I figured it must have been because Freddie likes me that's why he didn't agree to go on a date with Elena.

The thought of Freddie and everything that happened last night almost brought tears to my eyes but I sniffed and blinked it back. How do I face my mate after what happened between us last night? Telling my parents about this abuse would definitely cause a riff between both packs. So I made it a last option in case Kayden tries to hit me again.

My mind drifted to Freddie. Well I hope he is fine. I truly hope that his mom is doing okay. And lastly I prayed for the punches and hard fall against the wall not to affect him so he won't file a lawsuit against Kayden which might reveal our identities as wolves.

A beep from the phone jolted me out of thoughts. I looked down at it and Elena was calling again. I clicked the screen to accept the call and put it on speaker. I cleared my throat to hide my croaked voice from shedding too much tears last night.

"Hello Elena," I said. No response came from the other end.

"Elena," I called her again but was greeted by the sound of sobs on the other end.

My heartbeat accelerated. "What's wrong, Elena?" I asked. Silence.

"Elena! Tell me what's wrong?!" I demanded in a slightly raised tone.

Elena sniffed. "Have you heard?"

I furrowed my eyebrows. "Heard what? Do we have an emergency test again?" I asked.

"No..no..have you seen the news?" Elena said shakily.

"No your call woke me up just now." I answered.

"Avery—" Elena's voice trailed off.

"Tell me what's wrong...please?" I mumbled, trying to calm my heart rate.

Elena sobbed loudly. "Elena—" she interrupted me.

"Freddie is dead." She blurted out in a tight whisper.

"What?!" I gasped out in shock as if I had heard wrongly.

"Freddie is dead." Elena repeated.

It seemed like I had just lost my hearing. "How?" I whispered.

"I first saw the news on the school group that Freddie's car got hit by a drunk truck driver on his way to see his mom at the hospital after she collapsed at home last night." Elena narrated.

A tear strayed down one of my cheeks as I tried to comprehend her words. "Freddie...can't..be..dead..." I stammered, feeling my body starting to tremble at the news.

"Freddie is dead." Elena said again.

And I knew that I wasn't dreaming. "Freddie can't be dead." I mumbled

as the tears that had threatened to spill streamed down my face and I couldn't control it.

"I am still finding it hard to believe. News have it that his mom is still in coma and has no idea that her son is dead. His elder sister revealed to the news after he was confirmed dead. Avery, did you see Freddie yesterday?" Elena asked.

The incident from last night came into my mind. "Yes..I was with him yesterday..till late night until he left to see..his mom." I couldn't mention it that my mate had injured Freddie before he left last night.

"Freddie can't be dead. Elena, he can't be dead." I sobbed.

"He is dead. We need to attend his funeral once his family announce the date. It pains me that Freddie is dead. It shouldn't have been—" Her voice broke off and when I looked down at the phone, the call already ended.

I completed Elena's words in my head. It shouldn't have been Freddie. The words Freddie can't be dead, I chanted it in my mind. Slowly I stood up, switched on my data to check the news. Several headlines about Freddie broke me completely.

"Rightful heir to Jordan motors, Freddie Jordan confirmed dead after being hit by a drunk truck driver." His death was trending the search of all sites and media houses. I played a short clip of Brenda Jordan.

"I called my brother last night to inform him about my mom's condition and he promised to be right here with me." Brenda had an handkerchief in her hand to wipe her tears.

"My brother didn't make it to the hospital to see me and our mom. I am

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heartbroken because none of us has seen him in weeks and we have been planning his birthday party secretly to surprise him. My mom is in coma while my brother is dead. I can't believe this is happening to my family." Brenda cried before she continued.

"Freddie...I want justice for my brother. The drunk driver is in the hospital receiving treatment while my brother's body lay in the mortuary. I want justice for my brother." The video ended.

I believed the news that Freddie was indeed dead which caused me to cry out in agony.

"Freddie!" I recalled how he had tried to convince Kayden last night.

Guilt crept up in my heart, eating deep into my soul and all I could think of was blaming myself for his death.

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