

Chapter 26

Kyson

His words make me think of Ivy when I found her in her closet, and the den she had made. I swallow, suddenly feeling guilty, before shaking the feeling off.

Around 6:30 PM, after everyone has dinner, I make my way downstairs. Alpha Kade is coming to retrieve Abbie, and I need to thank him for his recent help. I wait out front on the stone driveway when his BMW pulls in.

Abbie waits, sitting on the step. She has a small bag with her that Clarice had made up for her, so she has a few things to take.

She smacks into his chest the moment he gets out of the car, and he wraps his arms around her, burying his face in her hair before pecking her lips softly. I turn my gaze away, giving them some privacy. Also, it disturbs me to see how doting he is with her, especially with knowing his home situation. It is all a façade, we just couldn't convince her.

It is the only thing I don't like about the man. He is alright other than that, as far as I know. Though nobody truly knows what goes on behind closed doors.

“Get in the car, my love; we need to head home,” he whispers, cupping her face in his hands. Abbie comes over and bow to me, and Damian gives her a brief hug before she peers around.

“Where did Gannon go?” she asks, looking a little disappointed. Alpha Kade grips her shoulder.

“You said goodbye to your friend?” he asks her, and she looks up at him, nodding. He inclines his head toward the car, and she slowly walks back to it before climbing into the passenger seat and clipping her belt.

“Let me know if you need anything, My King. Now to go home to my wife and introduce this new one to her. I'm sure she will kick up a fuss but not to worry,” he clicks his tongue and shakes his head with a laugh. “Lucky, I am Alpha, right?” he sighs. I say nothing on the matter; it sickens me how he treats women as mere objects to please him. I only hope he's discussed this with Abbie.

“Thank you for your help; I will be in touch,” I tell him, glancing at Abbie, who is peering out the closed window up at the castle. Alpha Kade glances over his shoulder at her before staring back at me.

“Now, please don’t be upset, My King, but in order to get her to come with me, I may have made a deal with her,” he says, and I tilt my head to the side, observing him.

He has a slim face and beady eyes, a smirk on his lips like he thinks it’s funny he had to cut a deal with his own mate to get her to agree to go with him. Only Abbie and Ivy are very similar. The only time I had seen her ask for anything was when she asked to go with her mate. Other than that, she never asked for anything unless it was for Ivy. Ivy!

“I told her I would, but I have no intention of stopping. I thought I should let you know your mate, Ivy?” he says. I nod, wanting to know what it is he agreed to for Abbie.

“She is supposed to meet us at the bridge leading out of town; I was supposed to smuggle her out. I agreed, of course, but I have no intentions of taking your queen. I thought I should let you know, we can’t have a runaway queen now,” Alpha Kade

murmurs while looking back at the car like he is worried Abbie may overhear.

I growl and glare at him before clenching my jaw. I hate the way Alpha Kade smirks, as if I can't control my own mate. Damian's hand falls on my shoulder, warning me not to lose it with Abbie present. Not to alert Abbie that we know of Ivy's plans.

"I suggest you leave, Alpha Kade. You never should have made that deal; you have potentially put my future queen at risk," Damian snarls while I fight the urge to shift and kill the bastard, fucking foolish werewolf.

"Where is she?" I ask the Alpha. He flinches away and quickly answers.

"She is probably along the river somewhere, My King. She was meeting us there at 7 PM," he answers, and I nod. Alpha Kade quickly rushes back to the car. Abbie glances at us nervously and waves and we play along, waving back to her, trying to keep my fury in check.

I watch them leave and go out the gates. The moment they do, I turn on my heel to go find her and drag her back. Damian grips my arm, making me come to a stop, and my entire body trembles with the need to track her down.

“Calm down,” he says, but I shrug him off.

‘Fucking find her,’ I bellow through the link. The forest air is thick with tension as I barrel through the underbrush, my paws thudding against the damp earth. Each stride is fueled by a tumultuous mix of anger and concern. How could she think of running away? The very thought tightens my chest, a mixture of hurt and bewilderment coursing through me. As I run for the river and shift mid run, Damian explains what had happened, and howls filled the night sky.

‘Kyson!’ Damian bellows through the link.

‘How fucking dare she try to run from me,’ I say, seething.

‘You need to calm down,’ he says before I see him shift, racing to catch up to me.

‘I will calm down once she’s back locked in her room. Who was supposed to be watching her?’ I snarl and I hear Dustin whimper through the mind link. I growl at him before shutting the link.

‘We will find her, but please be rational about this, My King. You don’t want to scare her.’

‘She will be lucky if I don’t chain her to my fucking bed. Enough with your chatter, Damian. Fucking find my mate,’ I snap, and he nods beside me.

Damian keeps pace, a silent, solid presence to my left. His occasional glances speak volumes - concern, caution, but he knows better than to voice them now. My mind is a storm of emotions, thoughts swirling chaotically. The betrayal stings sharply, but beneath that, there’s an undercurrent of fear - fear for her safety, fear of losing her.

We’re nearing the river, the sound of its rushing waters growing louder with each step. I pause for a moment, lifting my nose to the wind. Her scent is stronger here, intermingled with the damp earth and the crisp river air. It’s unmistakably Ivy - a mix of her shampoo and something uniquely her, something soothing that usually calms me. But now, it only fuels my determination.

As we approach the riverbank, my eyes scan the area, every sense heightened. The sky is a canvas of darkening blues and grays, the impending storm mirroring the turmoil inside me. Lightning flashes in the distance, followed by the low rumble

of thunder. The atmosphere is electric, every nerve in my body on edge as I search for her.

She will regret running from me.