

## Chapter 42

Ivy

“I need to teach you how to read. Try and read that,” he says, and I peer at the screen in concentration. I recognize Abbie’s name this time, and I recognize the letter’s but can’t make sense of how they fit together.

“I can tell Abbie’s name,” I answer, my face heating up that I am unable to do something that is so basic to others.

“Why. Isn’t. Abbie. Answering. Her. Phone.” Kyson says, pointing to the words. Kyson leans forward before reaching into his bedside drawer and pulling out a bigger phone.

“This is a tablet, like my phone, but bigger,” he says before scrolling through it. “I had some reading apps put on it for you. It will help you identify different words. Kind of like a game. I want you to use this when you aren’t doing anything, but it also has a voice to text,” he says, opening an app. He clicks on the

little microphone picture in the center of the screen before speaking into the tablet.

“Kyson loves Ivy,” he says, and the words he spoke flash across the screen before reciting them back to him in a robot voice.

“You can also type words into it, and it will read them to you. Copy the text on my phone into it,” he says, bringing up a small keypad on the screen. He hands me his phone, and I place the tablet on my lap before copying the letters when Kyson leans over my shoulder to peer at the screen.

“You need to put spaces between the words,” he murmurs, his breath warm on my neck as it fans over me. I shiver involuntarily, and he purrs softly at my reaction.

“I don’t know how,” I tell him before he hits a long blank button on the keypad.

“That one. Now redo it,” he says, deleting everything I just painstakingly typed into the screen. Remembering to use the space button this time, I type his text message again into the tablet. When I finish, Kyson presses the speech button, and the phone reads out what I wrote, and I smile that it said what Kyson read from his text message.

“Good, you will get the hang of it, and I will read to you at night, so you should pick it up quickly with some help.” I glance at the bookshelf, since he finished reading *Treasure Island* last night. I am eager for him to read me another book.

His phone vibrates in my hand, and I glance at the small screen. “He is going to mind link her to get her phone. He said he isn’t with her right now, but they have the mind link now that he has marked her,” Kyson tells me, and I nod before typing his new message into the tablet to read it to me again while he watches behind me. A few minutes later, another message comes through.

“What does it say?” I ask him.

“Says to try her now,” he answers before pulling me back against him and fiddling with his phone. It starts ringing, and he turns the camera thing on, and my face pops up on the screen along with the king’s chest behind me. It rings a few times before she answers.

“Finally, you called,” she squeals excitedly, though her face never pops up on the screen. Kyson has to talk her through how to do it before finally I get to see her. She cries excitedly, waving to me and gushing about how much she misses me.

“Where are you? You look like you’re outside?” I ask her, gazing at the scenery behind her.

“At the cabin, I was hanging out washing and didn’t hear my phone. Plus, I ran out of credit. I have been trying to reach you for days; I have been so worried about you. Kade said the king caught you before you could get to the bridge,” she says.

“And someone could have told me how to hang up, too. I rang the castle phone, but it went to some message machine and ate all my credit,” she explains.

“Your mate hasn’t put credit on it for you?” Kyson asks her over my shoulder. She squints at the screen, and her eyes widen. “Sorry, My King. I didn’t see you in the background,” she says, becoming a little nervous now she realizes he is behind me.

“It’s fine, Abbie; I’m not angry with you,” Kyson tells her, and she chews her fingernail and nods but doesn’t say much, knowing he is behind me. I sigh.

“So, do you like it there?” I ask her.

She shrugs.

“Yeah, it’s not bad. He comes during the day, but it has been two days since I saw him last. He says he is always busy with work and sleeps there sometimes.”

Kyson growls behind me, and I peek over my shoulder at him, but he shakes his head, and his hand goes to my stomach, tugging me back against him.

“What about the people in his pack? Do you like them? Did you make any friends?”

“I haven’t met any of them yet; he said soon, but I need to stay inside first. He thinks I will go into heat soon because I keep getting the worst stomach cramps. I ask him to take me to see a pack doctor because I don’t think it is that. My chest feels really tight, and it hurts. I actually thought I was having a heart attack last night. It’s not just my stomach, and I feel fine on days when he does come here,” Abbie says while she moves around. The king growls again, and I peer over at him, wondering why he is becoming so angry. Afterall, he gave me permission to talk to her.

“I like it other than that, but I’m hoping he will take me to visit you soon. He promised I could,” she tells me, and excitement bubbles in my stomach at the idea of seeing her.

“If he can’t, Abbie, I will send Gannon to come and pick you up to bring you here,” Kyson tells her.

“Really? I never got to say goodbye to Gannon; he walked off,” she says excitedly, although I notice her face fall when she mentions Gannon’s name.

“Yes, if he can’t bring you here, I will send Gannon. I will put your phone on my plan, so you don’t run out of credit, too. That way, you can call Ivy whenever you like,” Kyson tells her.

“Oh, oh, I hear a car. I think he is here.” Abbie babbles excitedly. “I love you, but I have to go,” she says.

“Love you, too,” I tell her.

“More than life,” she says.

“More than life,” I reply before she hangs up. With a sigh, I hand the phone back to him, and he glares at it.

“Everything okay?” I ask him, wondering why he is angry.

“Yes, it will be,” he says, kissing my shoulder.

“I need to go speak with Gannon,” he says abruptly, and I hop up, wanting to get out of the room myself.

“What are you doing?” the king asks when I also climb off the bed.

“Going to help Peter,” I tell him.

“No, you aren’t leaving....” he pauses before pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Just stay away from the water and take Dustin with you, please,” he adds, coming over to me. He presses his lips to my forehead before taking my chin in his hands, gently forcing me to look up at him.

“Don’t wander off,” he says, and I nod. Not like I have anywhere to go, anyway.