

Chapter 5

Kyson

Gannon never returned all night. I waited for the mindlink to open and tell me she has started shifting. Midnight has come and gone, and the sun rises. I get to my feet and peer out toward the stables in the distance through my window. I see Gannon standing out front, and what's more, I notice Abbie rushing down the dirt path toward the stables.

It angers me that Abbie would defy orders and go to her. I told everyone to steer clear of the stables. She clearly has no issue disobeying what she has been told.

Opening the mindlink, I feel for Gannon's tether when my door opens, and Damian walks in, making me lose concentration. "She never shifted," he says, anger still on his face.

"I figured that much out already," I tell him, my tone clipped in warning. Damian glances around the room and growls at the

littering of bottles covering every surface. He shakes his head before grabbing my bin.

“You’re drunk and clearly haven’t slept,” he snaps disapprovingly.

“I was waiting for her to shift.” I fold my arms across my chest, feeling a headache coming on. Must he be so loud?

“And the bottles?” he asks, picking up an empty one and tossing it at the fireplace. It shatters, making me growl. Yet, he doesn’t seem bothered by my fury as he starts tossing bottles in the trash. I hate it when he does this... cleans up after me like I’m a toddler.

“I don’t need your scolding, Damian,” I answer, stalking over to my bed and lying down.

“She never shifted,” Damian states again.

“I am aware.”

“Gannon said all night she was fretting, trying to nest with the damn horses. You are delaying her,” Damian yells, his face turning red in his frustration.

“I am doing no such thing; I had her put outside where the damn moon is, so don’t blame me for her not shifting. She is probably the oddity that gets the traits but does not shift.” I snarl back angrily.

Damian growls at my words. Though deep down, I know it is because of me. I could feel her distress, but I just couldn’t bring myself to go to her.

“At least fucking heal her hand and stop being a jerk,” he snarls, storming off to my closet. He comes out with some of my clothes in his arms.

“We are moving her to the east wing, your old room. That’s where she will be when you get over yourself.”

“I don’t want her in the castle,” I growl.

“Too bad. I am not having my queen in the fucking stables like some farm animal. You will regret how you are treating her, Kyson, so I’m stepping in before you cause irrevocable

damage, if you haven't already," Damian snaps before storming out and slamming the door behind him.

I sigh and turn over, glaring at the picture of my sister on top of the bedside table drawer.

Maybe he is right, and I am being irrational. However, I can't get the picture of her mother out of my head, the state of my sister, the way her stomach was torn into, and my nephew mutilated in her womb. That day didn't just destroy me, it destroyed all of us, yet everyone else seems to have forgotten the pain her mother caused us.

Feeling the mindlink stir, I let it open, briefly I believe it will be Damian or Gannon wanting to scold me some more, so I am shocked when I learn it is Trey.

'They found more bodies,' Trey says through the pack link.

'Where?' I ask him, needing a good distraction. Perhaps leaving this place will help me clear my head and get myself back in order.

'Two days from here,' he answers.

‘Get a car ready,’ I tell him.

Getting to my feet, I move to my closet and pull on some clothes. I change quickly, stumbling around the room. Maybe I overdid it last night because now that I am up and moving, I still feel hazy and tipsy. Striding out, Dustin stares vacantly ahead. “When did you get here? Shouldn’t you be down with...” I stop, not wanting to mention her name.

“Gannon sent me up late last night,” he answers in a clipped tone. He, too, is mad at me? Is anyone not mad at me?

“Fine, then tell Gannon and Damian to meet me at the cars. You are to remain with me. Send Trey to watch over the mate for me,” I tell him. He nods, and I stumble down the steps, trying to find my feet.

Dustin grips my arm as I lose my footing. “My King, I don’t think Trey is a good choice to watch the queen,” he says, and I glare at him. He drops his head, and I notice him swallow.

“He is part of my guard; he will do the job he is asked,” I tell him, continuing down the steps.

Losing my footing again, I stumble on the bottom step and nearly hit the ground. Guards rush toward me when I collide with someone. They prevent my fall, and I shake my head as I grip the person's shoulder to remain steady.

“Are you okay, My King?” Ester asks. I internally groan. Great. It's Ester. I wave the other men off.

“Fine, just help me to my office.”

“Of course,” she says a little too willingly. I hold back my swear, letting her steer me toward my office.

“I will retrieve some water,” she says, and I wave her off.

“My King, I am not leaving my queen in the care of Trey,” Dustin states, more boldly this time, and I growl.

“Whatever. I don't care. Just leave me and tell Damian to get me when he is ready to leave,” I snap at him, dismissing him and allowing Ester to continue steering me toward my office. Once inside, I fall onto my chair behind my desk while Ester lingers, and I close my eyes, trying to catch a little sleep before leaving, which no doubt would be soon when the mindlink opens up.

‘Roads are closed over the bridge. We need to wait,’ Damian tells me.

‘Wake me when it opens,’ I tell him.

‘Yes, My King. What about Ivy?’

I press my lips together before sighing and pinching the bridge of my nose. ‘Put her in my old quarters, ensure she has what she needs.’

‘She needs you, My King,’ Damian tells me.

‘And I can’t be near her right now,’ I reply with a growl.

‘Kyson, if you leave, what will happen if she shifts?’

‘What do you expect me to do?’ I ask, slightly annoyed.

‘I expect you to stay.’

I growl. ‘We will talk about it when you wake me,’ I tell him, cutting him off before he can say more.

Forcing myself to my feet, I notice Ester is still there. “Leave, I want to rest.”

“I’ll be outside if you need me,” she answers, and I wave her off as I stagger over to my couch, falling heavily into it and welcoming oblivion when sleep finally takes me.

However, I toss and turn from the bond, calling me to go to her, her distress waking me constantly. Trying to get comfortable, I block everyone out. Damian will find me when it is time to leave, and eventually, I slowly drift off. Though, I don’t remain asleep for long when I feel someone touch me.

The feeling of someone tugging on my belt makes me stir and move in my sleep, only to feel my zipper undone. I blink up at the ceiling, confused. Wondering if I dreamt it, I close my eyes again before feeling a hand reach into my pants. I jump at the feel of fingers wrapping around my cock, and I lurch upright, only to come face-to-face with the intruder. A vile scent wafts into my nose.

“I didn’t mean to startle you, My King,” Ester’s faux seductive voice reaches me like someone is drilling into my ears.

I instantly slap her hands away while barely containing my rage at her actions. I want to slap her for daring to think she can touch me.

“What do you think you’re doing?” I growl at her before rubbing my eyes and peering down at her. I blink again when I see she is naked, feeling like I must be dreaming.

She leans forward, placing her hands on my knees, her tits squeezing together as she smiles seductively.

“And where are your goddamn clothes?” I ask her, averting my gaze to anything apart from her. The woman’s desperation repulses me.

“You were having trouble sleeping; I have been watching you. Let me help,” she says while reaching down and tugging at my pants. I grip her hand and growl at her.

“I don’t need your help, Ester; I suggest you leave while you still can,” I warn her. She jerks her hand from my grip, and her eyes well with tears.

“My King?” she cries.

“I am not yours, nor will you ever be mine. Now get out before I have you whipped,” I snarl at her.

“Oh, My King, you must be tired; it’s me, Ester,” she says, now trying to climb onto my lap. I grip her throat, disgusted that she even dared to think she could touch what does not belong to her.

“I said get out; you are not Ivy. You do not touch me,” I tell her before realizing what I said. She stumbles backward when I let her go. I watch as she snatches up her clothes before glaring at me. I growl at her, and she runs out the door, opening it just as Damian is about to walk in.

Great!

“Have you completely lost your damn mind?” Damian snarls, entering and slamming the door behind him.

“I woke up to her touching me,” I tell him, rubbing my eyes again.

“Please tell me you didn’t,” he snarls.

“What, of course not. What do you take me for?” I demand, outraged that he would assume I would cheat on my mate, no matter how disgraced she is.

He sighs, and I re-button my pants before sniffing my clothes. Her stench is all over me.

I tug my shirt off and toss it in the trash with a growl.

“I want her away from my side of the castle. I don’t want to see Ester’s face here again.”

“I will have it arranged. What about what Dustin told us about her?”

I had completely forgotten about that.

“Good, banish her then.”

“My King, she is a Lycan. Where would she go? We are the only Lycan pack left?”

“Then banish her from the castle,” I tell him. I may not be able to be near Ivy, but not even I would do that to my mate. Cheating, in my eyes, is unforgivable.