

His Kickass 161

Chapter 161

Karl

It's almost midnight when I put my car in park in the dimly lit alleyway, and I can't believe I'm here right now.

"Abby will see how much you care once you get these for her," my wolf says, satisfied.

"Yeah," I answer out loud as I cautiously get out of the car. "We'll see about that."

Two days ago, I finally found a lead on those truffles for Abby. I found the dealer through a sketchy website, but he seemed legitimate enough. I just hope that it goes well, and like my wolf said, that Abby sees how much I care after this.

My eyes dart around, taking in the cracked asphalt and graffiti-covered walls. The shady location couldn't be further from what I expected when it comes to cooking ingredients, but desperate times call for desperate measures, I guess.

But I've already lunged forward, grabbing the collar of his shirt and pulling him close, my other hand snatching back the money from his pocket. "Bad move," I say through clenched

His eyes widen with what I finally recognize as fear. "Okay, okay, take it," he stammers. "Just—just let me

I shove him back, my eyes still locked onto his. "Don't let me see your face

My heart is pounding as I walk back to my car, the adrenaline gradually dissipating, leaving behind a surge of disappointment. All of this... over truffles? What kind of weird black market shit is this?

But most importantly, I can't go back to Abby empty-handed. Not after everything. I promised that we'd get those truffles for her, and I'll find them if it's the last thing I do.

I lean against my car for a moment, taking deep breaths to steady myself. The failure stings, a harsh reminder of how much I've screwed up, not just tonight, but in so many ways, for so long. I have to set this right, not just for my sake, but for Abby's.

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"Karl?" Adam's voice catches my attention, and I whip around to see him standing in the doorway of the kitchen. "What are you doing here?"

I swallow my pride and walk up to him, trying not to show my embarrassment. "You've got a minute? I need to ask you something."

Adam nods and gestures for me to follow. "Of course I've got time."

We find our way to a secluded corner, both keenly aware that this isn't a casual catch-up between friends, but rather something more.

"Hey, I've been trying to get in touch with you," Adam begins, his tone slightly lowered. "Have you gotten my emails?"

"Oh, I've been getting them," I answer. "And actually, that's why I'm here. But I have a favor to ask before I give you the name of my supplier."

Adam raises an eyebrow, but doesn't seem too surprised.. It's clear that he expected that I would be making some sort of request. "I'm listening."

"I need truffles. Rare, high-quality black truffles." I lean in, my voice almost a whisper. "I've been to every supplier, Adam. No one's got them. Not even

Adam's eyes narrow, but there's an understanding there, a mutual sort of recognition of what it's like to be in the culinary game. He sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose, and thinks for a minute.

"I know a place," he finally

“Good,” I answer, whipping out my phone and opening the notes app to take this down.

“But it’s risky, Karl,” he continues. “It’s basically the territory of a poaching ring. They dominate the market for extremely rare ingredients. Actually, it’s near here.”

My stomach tightens. I’m no stranger to taking risks, but something about the way that Adam is framing this makes it feel different. A poaching ring? This could be more dangerous than I thought. But then I think of Abby, and how much hangs in the

“And for the record, those guys would probably charge you the cost of an entire house for a single truffle,” Adam adds, as if reading my thoughts. “Trust me, I doubt you wanna do business with them.”

“Listen,” I say, my voice steady. “Whatever it is, I can handle it. It’s for Abby.”

At the mention of Abby’s name, Adam’s face softens. “How is she, by the way?” he murmurs. “I hope she’s doing okay.”

I pause for a moment, then nod, offering Adam a tense smile. “She’s... good, actually. Really good.”

There’s a moment of silence between us. I can sense that there’s more that Adam wants to say, but he doesn’t.

“So, we have a deal?” I finally ask. “You tell me this location, and I’ll give you the name of my supplier.”

Adam’s gaze meets mine, the weight of the decision hanging heavily between us. Finally, he nods.

My heart soars as I scribble down my supplier’s information on a piece of paper, my hand barely able to keep up with the tsunami of relief flooding through me. “Here,” I say, handing it

He takes it, studies it for a moment, and then carefully folds it and slips it into his pocket. “I hope this is worth it.”

“It is,” I assure him, my confidence back in full force. “And the

He leans in closer, drawing out a map of the location where the truffles might be found. I take it from him, knowing that now, I’m just one step closer to redemption in Abby’s eyes. Hopefully.

“I’m trusting you, Karl,” Adam says, stepping back and breaking the intensity of the moment. “Don’t make me regret giving you that information. And stay safe.”

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Abby

“Okay, John, pass me the truffle oil,” I call out, my focus entirely on the pan in front of me.

“Got it,” John replies, handing me the small, dark bottle.

The kitchen is close to closing time, and John and I have been spending every free moment today trying to get this recipe right. We don’t have the truffles, but I’ve settled on some substitutions, figuring that it’ll be better to at least get practice on the dish rather than nothing at all.

I drizzle a few drops over the mafaldine, my eyes narrowing as I try to capture the elusive essence of the dish in my mind. “It has to be perfect. The competition won’t allow any room for error.”

John smiles, a flash of warmth in his eyes. “You’re doing great, Abby. We’ve got this.”

But as I stir the pasta, incorporating the oil into the sauce, I know something isn’t right. It’s good, but it’s not perfect. The aroma of the truffles fills the air, but it’s missing that rich, deep scent, the kind that lingers on your tongue and in your nostrils.

Still, that doesn’t mean that it’s a total failure.

I toss in the sauteed mushrooms, watching as they combine with the mafaldine. “Okay, let’s plate this and give it a

John hands me two white plates, and I spoon generous portions onto each, taking care to get the presentation just right in preparation for the cook-off. We sit down at the makeshift tasting table, and I watch as John takes his first

His eyes light up, but not with the brilliance I had hoped

“It’s... good,” he says cautiously. “Really good.”

I pick up my fork and take a mouthful, letting the flavors play across my taste buds. “But it’s not perfect,” I say, setting down my fork with a sigh.

John meets my eyes, concern etched into his features. “What’s missing? What do we need to make it perfect?”

I shake my head, frustration building. “It’s the truffles, John. These truffles just don’t have the intensity, the depth that black truffles have. Without the right truffles, we can’t get the flavor of the truffle butter just right.”

“Could we try a different brand? Maybe it’s the supplier?” John suggests.

I shake my head, exasperated. “I’ve tried three different suppliers already. Unless a miracle happens, I don’t see how we can get our hands on European black truffles in time.”

John’s eyes meet mine, unwavering. “Then we’ll have to just keep practicing with what we have. We’ll make it as perfect as it can be. And when the time comes, you’ll be ready for the cook-off.”

His words are meant to comfort me, but all they do is make me even more frustrated. How can I be ready when the missing element to this dish is what is supposed to make it so unique?

I stand abruptly, my towel clenched in my hand. “I think I need to take a break,” I mutter, tossing the towel onto the counter.

John watches me, concern evident on his face, but he doesn't push. "Take all the time you need. We've made good progress today, even if it's not

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"You know," I chuckle, wiping the sweat from my brow with the back of my hand, "when I first went to culinary school, I thought I would be facing all of these obstacles. Older men not taking me seriously, financial issues, critics."

"And you have faced all of that and then some," John teases.

I nod. "Yes. But now, it's..."

"Truffles."

Another chuckle escapes my lips. "Yep. Truffles."

...

The sizzle of the grill, the clinking of glasses from the bar, and the incessant ring of the phone in the background merge into one big cacophony, making my head spin.

I'm metaphorically knee-deep in murky water, mentally ticking off a never-ending list of things that need to get done, and Karl is nowhere to be

"Abby, the Rosé keg just tapped out," shouts Ethan from the front, his soft voice barely audible over the din.

"Dammit," I mutter, throwing down my order pad and darting behind the bar to switch the kegs. Chloe would've handled this if she hadn't walked out on me. So much for

As I'm securing the new keg, my phone vibrates in my pocket. It's a text from the front-of-house staff: "Table 5 is demanding to see the manager. Again."

“Great. Just great,” I grumble as I wash my hands and hustle over to Table 5. I paste on my most customer-service-friendly smile. “Is everything all right here?”

“Not really,” says a middle-aged woman, glaring at her pasta as if it had personally insulted her. “This is the worst linguine I’ve ever had. It’s dry and there’s too much

I take a deep breath. “I’m so sorry you’re not enjoying your meal. Can I offer you something else?”

The woman huffs. “I want this taken off the bill.”

“Of course,” I reply through clenched teeth. “Again, I apologize for the inconvenience.”

I rush back to the kitchen, my patience wearing thin. “John, we need to remake a linguine. Customer complaint.”

John rolls his eyes. “You’ve got to be kidding me. Where the hell is Karl, anyway? I need help.”

I glance at the clock. It’s nearing the end of the dinner rush, and I still haven’t heard from Karl. I pull out my phone and dial his number for the umpteenth time today.

Straight to voicemail.

He was supposed to show up today, but he bailed. No call, no show. Just an empty spot where he belongs, and the rest of us are scrambling to make it work, on a Friday night no

“Here, John,” I say, throwing my apron on and washing my hands. “I’ll help.”

Each hour that John and I work together on the line seems to stretch on for an eternity. All the while, my own managerial duties pull at me from every angle, like one of those Medieval torture devices that stretches your limbs. I feel caught in the middle, like an unsuspecting peasant who got caught stealing a loaf of bread.

When the last patron finally leaves and the door locks behind them, a heavy sigh escapes my lips and my shoulders visibly slump.

John looks at me sympathetically. "Thanks for the help, Abby. I appreciate

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Abby

The shock of seeing Karl drenched and out of breath still hangs in the air as my mind races, trying to piece together why he's in this state, why he's been missing all day.

"Karl, what happened? Where the hell have you been? Do you have any idea how worried I've been? We needed you today!"

The words tumble out in a rush, fueled by anger, annoyance, and although I won't admit it, maybe a hint of relief at seeing that he's here and that he seems okay.

Karl looks at me, his eyes apologetic. "I'm sorry, Abby. I know I messed up, not showing up and not answering your calls, but it's because I was trying to do something for you."

My brows knit together in confusion. "For me?"

Karl exhales, as if weighing his words carefully. "I went to find those black truffles you needed for the

My eyes widen. "You what?"

With a deep sigh, Karl begins telling me his story: about the sketchy dealer that turned out to be a scam artist, about Adam, and finally...

"So I went to the place that Adam told me about," he says, still drying his soaked hair with a dish towel. "Turns out, Adam wasn't kidding about those guys. The whole place is crawling with security guards

armed to the teeth. It's close to where we were mushroom hunting the other day. In fact, those were the gunshots we heard. Maybe they caught a trespasser, or maybe they were warning shots... for us."

A chill runs down my spine after hearing this. Suddenly, I don't care so much about the truffles anymore, but rather about his safety. "Karl, are you insane? That's dangerous! What were you thinking?"

"I almost got caught, Abby. Had to jump into a creek to escape."

My stomach twists into knots, both from relief and the sudden realization of how close I came to losing something—or someone—important. "You could have been hurt, Karl. God, you could have been killed."

Karl shrugs, his eyes downcast. "Yeah, but I wasn't. I'm here. And I'm sorry I couldn't get those truffles for you. I really wanted to bring them to you, but I failed."

It takes a second for his words to register, for me to process the depth of what he's saying, the lengths he went to. But when they do, I feel my heart leap, even for just a moment. "You... You went to all those lengths for me?"

Karl nods. "Yeah, I did. But like I said, I failed. I couldn't find any truffles."

The disappointment on his face is palpable, and it breaks my heart to see him like this. Suddenly, all of my frustration, all of my anger toward him throughout the day dissipates, and I'm left with nothing but pure, unadulterated admiration.

As much as I've been frustrated about those elusive truffles, seeing Karl standing here, wet and

Without thinking, I find myself crossing the distance between us and hugging him tightly, my head resting against his damp chest. I can hear his heartbeat, warm and steady against my ear.

For a moment, I'm thrust back into the days when we were married, when we were always beside one another for times like this. And for a moment, I almost miss those days.

“So, what now?” he asks softly. “About the competition, I mean.”

I sigh, my mind racing back to the hours John and I spent in the kitchen, the relentless pursuit of a perfection that now seems so utterly... pointless.

“I think I just have to accept that I can’t practice this recipe the right way,” I finally murmur, taking a step back as I try to ignore the racing of my heart. “I guess not everything can be perfect.”

...

I fumble with my keys at my apartment door, finally managing to unlock it and step inside for the first time since this morning.

The weight of the day presses down on me like a ton of bricks. ‘Exhausted’ doesn’t even begin to cover it. And the frustration over the truffles—or the lack thereof—is the cherry on

“God, what a day,” I mumble to myself, tossing my bag onto the coffee table as I collapse onto my couch. I kick off my heels, letting them thud unceremoniously onto the floor. For a moment, I entertain the thought of just falling asleep right here, still in my work

As if agreeing with me, my eyelids grow heavy and I start to drift, the stress of the day fading away into the welcoming arms of

But just as I’m about to finally nod off into the sweet embrace of sleep, a sharp ding pierces the air. I jolt awake, my eyes snapping open.

My phone’s screen is lit up on the coffee table, a notification glowing. Rubbing my temples, I sit up and reach for it, my eyes narrowing as I see it’s an email. At this hour?

The sender and subject catch my attention immediately.

It's from the cook-off judges. My heartbeat quickens as I open the email, thinking they must have reached out to discuss some detail about the competition. But as I skim the content, my eyes widen in disbelief.

"Hey, Emi," the first email in the thread reads. "I'm thinking that we should do the truffle dish after all, don't you think?"

"100% agree," the judge named Emi replies. "The mafaldine will pair well with the dessert we've chosen, and I think it'll be a good test of the contestant's abilities to work with rare ingredients."

Finally, there is one more email in the thread... The one that made my phone light up a moment ago, and which definitely should not have had me included. It's from Mr.

"Very well. The mafaldine truffle dish will be the entree. Let me know if any of you have any changes to make as we continue!"

My hand instinctively claps over my mouth. They're going to pick the truffle dish after all? The one dish I can't practice because of those elusive, expensive truffles?

My mind starts racing, my heart pounding in my chest like a drum. I quickly check the recipients of the email. A bunch of internal addresses and... me. My name is there, clearly added by mistake. Someone's going to have a fun time explaining this slip-up, but right now, that's the least of my concerns.

Chapter 167

Abby

The morning sun is barely peeking over the horizon, casting a soft glow on the deserted streets as I race toward the restaurant.

Despite my exhaustion, I couldn't sleep, and am currently running off of several cups of coffee. My mind races, replaying last night's accidental revelation like a broken record.

I need to find Karl. Now. And even though it's early, something tells me that he's already in the kitchen.

I burst into the restaurant, my eyes scanning the empty tables, the bar, and finally landing on the kitchen door, where a dim light is shining through the small window. Pushing it open, I find Karl, knife in hand, chopping vegetables with a newfound kind of precision brought about by his apprenticeship under John.

“Karl, we need to talk. Now.”

He looks up, his eyes meeting mine, widening for a moment before narrowing with concern. “Abby, what’s wrong? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“I wish it was that simple,” I mutter, brushing a stray strand of hair out of my eyes from my mad dash across the city. “We need to find those truffles. The

“I told you, it’s not happening,” he interrupts, his voice taking on a stern tone. “That place is dangerous. I’m not going back, and I’m certainly not taking you

“Karl, you don’t understand. I got an email last night.”

He pauses, placing his knife down on the counter. “An

I nod, my heart pounding so hard I think it might pound right out of my chest. “From the cook-off judges. I wasn’t supposed to see it, but I did. They’re picking the truffle dish for the main course. If I don’t nail that recipe, I’m screwed.”

His eyes search my face, as if trying to decipher whether I’m lying or not before he finally sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Abby, as much as I want to help you, I can’t. That place is the headquarters of some dangerous people. They have guards, cameras...”

His voice trails off, lost in memories from last night that I can only imagine.

“Do you think I don’t know that? I know the risks, but I also know what’s at stake here.”

He leans against the counter, his eyes shadowed. "You might know, Abby, but you don't understand. I nearly got caught. I had to jump into water just to escape. Whatever they're hiding there, they don't take kindly to people poking around."

My mind conjures up a terrifying image of Karl, drenched and running, evading all kinds of danger. My stomach churns at the thought, but I can't let that stop me. Not now, not when I'm so

"I get it, okay? I get that it's a life and death situation," I say. "But I have to do this. Winning this competition

Karl's face tightens in annoyance. "I know how important it is to you, Abby. But it's dangerous. You could get

I lean against the counter across from him, my fingers gripping the edge till they turn white. "So what? We just give up? Let go of this whole competition? I'd basically be accepting failure at that

He looks up, his eyes meeting mine. I can see a sense of regret in their brown depths, but there's something else there, too. A warning. "Abby, I know it sucks. But I just can't let you throw your life away over a mushroom."

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His eyes are intense, unwavering as they lock onto mine. "If getting close means putting you in danger, then yes. We have to let it go. I'm sorry, Abby."

I exhale, a shuddering breath that does nothing to quell the turmoil inside me.

The tension between us could be sliced with a knife. Part of me considers letting Karl win this round. But I can't let this go. I just can't.

Instead, I reach into my bag and pull out a crumpled piece of paper, holding it up in front of him. It's water-stained and a little tattered, but clearly a hand-drawn map.

"Recognize this?" I ask, my voice filled with a challenge.

Karl's eyes widen, and for a moment, he's the one who looks like he's seen a ghost. "You pickpocketed me? Last night, when I came in here soaking

I smirk, my heart pounding with a blend of victory and trepidation. Memories of last night flood back in: of hugging him, of noticing the slip of paper sticking out of his pocket with suspicious writing on it, of taking it and slipping it into my own pocket, just in

"Of course I did. I saw this map sticking out of your pocket, soaking wet. Thought it might come in

He exhales, half in disbelief, half in amusement. "Some things never change, do

"Nope," I grin, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear. "Especially not my knack for

He shakes his head, staring at the map then back at me, realizing there's no way he's going to change my mind. "You're going to go, aren't you? No matter what I say?"

"You know me too well," I reply, my eyes not leaving his. "I have to try, Karl. I can't let this slip away."

He gazes at me for a long, excruciating moment, and I can almost see the gears turning in his head. He's weighing the risks, weighing the importance of my dreams against the dangers ahead of us.

Then, he takes a deep breath, as though mustering the courage he needs for what he's about to do.

"Alright," he says, finally. His eyes search mine one last time, as if making sure this is what I want, what we both want. "If you're going, I'm going with you. There's no way I'm letting you go into this alone."

My heart surges with relief and newfound courage. For a moment, I feel like we're a team again. "You're sure?"

"I've never been more sure of a bad decision in my life," he quips, but his eyes are serious. "Let's do

My heart is doing somersaults in my chest as I watch him grab his coat from the hook by the door. He pauses for a moment, then snatches his car keys from the counter.

“Alright,” he says, looking at the clock hanging on the kitchen wall. “It’s early. Let’s go before the restaurant opens. The less people who know about this, the

I nod, folding up the map and tucking it back into my pocket. “Agreed. Less explaining to do if things go

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Abby

My heart’s practically pounding out of my chest as we park the car, hidden behind a veil of trees. The forest feels even more thick and suffocating now than it did on the day that we came here to go mushroom hunting, now that I know what actually lies behind the mist.

Karl takes a moment to study the map I had snatched from him last night, his fingers tracing the uneven, ink-smearred lines.

“Ready?” he asks, his eyes meeting mine.

“As I’ll ever be,” I reply, grabbing my bag from the backseat. Karl locks the car, and we head off, stepping into the dense foliage, guided only by the soft morning light filtering through the trees.

For a few minutes, we walk in complete silence. The stillness is comforting in its own eerie way, but I’m too focused on our mission to let my mind wander too far.

“Okay,” Karl whispers at one point, stopping in his tracks. “We have to be extra careful from here on out. We’re nearing their territory. If you want to stop, now’s your chance.”

I’m suddenly aware of every single sound around us, every whispering leaf, every chirping bird, as though nature itself is warning us to turn back. But I can’t; not now. Not ever. I shake my head, leveling my gaze with

“I want to do this. Let’s

Karl, after shooting me one last worried look, moves with a stealth I didn’t know he possessed. I follow closely behind, treading lightly, taking care not to snap a twig or rustle leaves too

“Cameras, at 2 o’clock,” he hisses, gesturing with his chin. I glance in that direction and see the telltale signs: small black domes, almost camouflaged against the greenery. My heart skips a beat.

“We can skirt around them,” he whispers, taking the lead as we adjust our path. “Keep low.”

I lower my body, feeling the damp earth seep into my jeans. We creep forward, the weight of our every move amplified by the silence. I hold my breath as we cross the camera’s line of sight. Once past, I exhale softly, my breath quivering in relief.

We haven’t taken more than ten steps when Karl abruptly halts. I nearly crash into him. He turns, finger pressed against his lips, and points. My eyes follow the line of his arm and I see them—guards, two of them, wearing dark uniforms, patrolling the area. And they have guns.

“Dammit,” I mutter under my breath.

“We can’t turn back now,” Karl whispers, his eyes scanning the woods, calculating. “There’s a cluster of bushes to the right. We can use them as cover.”

“Are you sure?” My voice is filled with doubt. The path Karl is suggesting skirts dangerously close to the guards.

“Do you have a better idea?” His eyes meet mine, a hint of desperation in them.

I shake my head, defeated. “No. Let’s go.”

Like a pair of wolves, we stalk through the underbrush, our eyes never leaving the guards. We’re so close I can hear their footsteps, the soft murmur of their voices as they talk and laugh, blissfully unaware

of our presence. With every step, my pulse quickens, my body tensing for a burst of movement, a desperate dash for freedom, if it comes to that.

We reach the bushes Karl pointed out, huddled low, concealed by the thick foliage. I peek through the leaves, watching the guards as they make their way further down their path, finally turning a corner. A shaky sigh escapes my lips.

“That was close,” I

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I look at Karl, his face pale but determined. “This is it,” he says softly.

“Okay, so where do we even start looking for the truffles?” I ask, my eyes darting from rock to bush to the roots of trees. “Inside the building, right?”

Karl shrugs, almost embarrassed. “Adam only told me it's somewhere near the waterfall. That's as specific as he got.”

“Great,” I mutter. “A treasure hunt to top it all off. What fun.”

We watch the building for a little while, and the whole time, I find myself fascinated by the security measures.

“What could they be hiding?” I murmur, watching a couple of guards walk across a rope bridge that crosses the massive ravine.

Karl shrugs. “They're poachers, Abby. Could be anything from fancy truffles to endangered animals. Maybe even humans, for all we know.”

I shoot Karl a sideways glance. “Humans?”

He nods. "You never know. There's a market for everything. Either way, let's stick close to the walls, where the vines are the thickest. We can work our way down, keep an eye out for the truffles, maybe look for the entrance if we need to."

"And if we almost get caught, we can hide behind the vines," I respond.

The waterfall cascades in front of us, a constant, deafening roar that seems to amplify the absurdity of our situation. We're risking everything, tiptoeing around guards and surveillance cameras for some expensive fungi, and we don't even know where to look.

Karl nods. "Let's get moving."

Slowly, we begin working our way down the ravine. There's a clear path with steps built into the side of the rocks, one upside of it all. As we go, we keep low, hiding behind vines when guards turn our way and all the while keeping our eyes peeled for the truffles.

But we don't find anything. As we get closer and closer to the waterfall, it becomes clearer to me that the truffles, if there even are any, are hidden away somewhere—likely in the HQ building. The realization that we'll either need to turn back and go home once and for all or risk everything and break into the building washes over me, and I'm not sure which outcome I'd prefer.

We're close to the waterfall now. The sound of the water rushes through my ears, nearly drowning out everything else.

But then, as we're crouched in the shadows searching for truffles, the sudden sound of footsteps crunching leaves emanating over the rushing water freezes us both. I peer through the foliage and spot a guard, maybe fifty yards away but getting closer. My heart pounds in my ears. There's nowhere for us to run, and there's barely anywhere for us to hide.

"Karl," I hiss, pulling him down behind a bush. "Guard. Coming this way."

His eyes widen. "We can't be caught, Abby. If we get caught—"

“I know, I know. Think of something!”

We both crouch lower, our eyes meeting for a moment. There’s desperation in his eyes, something telling me that he’s going to do something completely and utterly insane to keep me safe. I grip his hand, my eyes widening, urging him to just stay put and not try anything.

That’s when it happens—a strange, magnetic pull that I can’t explain, tugging at the wolf inside of me. It’s coming from the waterfall. I can’t resist; it’s as if some invisible string is pulling me

“What are you doing?” Karl whispers, alarmed, as I start to crawl on all fours toward the waterfall.

“I have to go there,” I say, not even sure why I’m so certain.

“Are you insane?” Karl hisses, reaching for me, only for me to yank my hand

“I don’t know... I feel like my wolf is being... pulled. I can’t explain