

Chapter 58

IVY

All day, I work with Abbie around the castle. The place seems to be buzzing with excitement; it has me second-glancing at servants as they pass and whisper excitedly about something. Clarice is in an exceptional mood; we even caught her singing in the kitchen and dancing with the other cooks before she noticed me and ushered me out of the kitchen. Clarice even let Abbie choose her chores halfway through the day, so we spent it outside while throwing the leaves at each other, which led to more raking.

It's the most fun we have had in ages. Both Dustin and Damian follow me like my shadow, but even Dustin and Beta Damian join when we have our leaf fight. It's great spending the day with Abbie, but when Damian finishes mindlinking the King, he calls me over to him. I wander over, pulling leaves from my hair.

"My Queen, it is time to go in. I think a storm is coming, and you should come inside before it rains," he states, turning all business-like again.

"Just a while longer, please?"

"I'm sorry, my Queen, I must insist. The King wants you in bed by 8 pm.," he tells me.

“Fine, but stop calling me your queen,” I say, noticing his lips tug up in the corners.

“As you wish.”

I say goodbye to Abbie, feeling a little sad I must go. That sadness grows worse once back in the room. The King’s scent is everywhere, flooding my senses, and before I can stop myself, I dash to the bed, jump on it, and roll all over it. I roll myself up in the blanket, soaking up his scent, breathing it in. However, pain twinges in my chest that he isn’t here with me.

I’m still squirming and rolling across the bed like a madwoman when Beta Damian walks in with my dinner. I freeze, then growl at him, the noise threatening. It startles me and cuts off abruptly when I realize what I did.

“Sorry, Beta Damian,” I apologize quickly.

“You can call me Damian, Ivy, and don’t be. Kyson was worried you may fret without him. It must be hard to be away from him.” He places a food tray on the coffee table, yet I’m not hungry.

“If you get too uncomfortable without him, call out. I will be in the hall all night, but maybe put some of his clothes on. It will help,” he says before bowing and leaving the room.

Once showered, I get out and put on one of Kyson's shirts. I pick at my food, not tasting it, and my hunger is gone.

All night, I toss and turn, my stomach cramping and pain I can't explain ravages through me. The pain is almost crippling as it writhes through me.

My mind races; I feel manic and delirious, snapping and snarling, pacing the room as I struggle to sit still. I don't know what's wrong with me, but everything is telling me to leave, to go and look for him. Burrowed beneath the blankets, I must have started crying again because the door burst open.

My growl is thunderous, and I tear off the bed, about to attack, only stopping when Beta Damian grabs my arms.

"Ivy, it's me, your Beta."

It takes me a second to recognize his scent. Damian's grip on my arms is tight when I sniff the air while blinking away the savage haze. He remains still as I sniff him, my nose crinkling. "See, just me, Ivy. I'm no threat to you," he whispers, letting me go.

I shake my head and clutch at my chest. Embarrassment washes over me, but it's nothing compared to the pain I feel. The distress and anguish in my chest hurt the most. It burns like a hot poker is stabbed through it.

“What is wrong with me?” I cry, collapsing on the ground.

“You’re fretting. It’s natural. I will call the King. Maybe speaking to him will help ease the discomfort.” I am not sure of this fretting thing; the notion seems odd. But I have no other way to explain this crippling pain.

I nod.

Beta Damian pulls his phone from his pocket and dials the King. I listen to it ring before he steps closer to the bookshelf. They speak for a bit. I can’t quite hear what is said, but the King sounds angry.

“Kyson, she is right here; I will put her on.”

The King says something back to him. “What do you mean?” Damian asks, confusion etched on his face, and I could have sworn I heard him say he doesn’t want to speak to me.

“Can you at least tell me what is wrong?” he asks cautiously. “But my King, she’s fretting. Could you please maybe just talk to her on the phone until she falls asleep?”

“My King?” Damian looks at his phone; then I see his eyes glaze over.

A few minutes later, Dustin steps into the room slowly and watches me warily. By now, I have calmed down and want to know what happened to Kyson. Is he ok?