

Chapter 10

IVY

I leave Kyson in the bathroom; feeling terrible for scratching him and hoping it will heal quickly. I close the bathroom door and make my way back to the bed. Trying to clear my head, I snatch the phone from where I left it earlier and try to call Abbie again. Something must be wrong with Kyson's phone because it won't even ring, just beeps in my ear before hanging up. My anxiety about not knowing what is going on with her starts making me itch, an involuntary reaction I've always had to anxiety. Seeing Gannon that upset keeps eating away at me... what does he know that I don't?

I call her again, no luck. My gaze moves to the bathroom, wanting to ask him to fix his phone, but also not wanting to argue with him again. So instead, I walk to the door, growling as I open it and realize I can't walk past the damn threshold, like some barrier or force field prevents me. I growl angrily at his command and my inability to fight it. Dustin, noticing me, comes over.

"Something is wrong with it. Can you fix it? I want to call Abbie," I tell him, and he takes the phone from my hand. He fiddles with it and then tries to call her, but the same thing.

“Her phone is off. It isn’t the king’s phone, but Abbie’s,” Dustin says, and I furrow my brows worriedly.

“Try her again,” I tell him, but it is the same result.

“I’m sorry, My Queen, but her phone is definitely turned off,” Dustin tells me. Why is it off? Nodding, I take the phone from him before closing the door. Nausea rolls over me, and I don’t know if I want to throw up or throw something. My instincts are all over the place, fear, and anger at Kyson, anxiousness—all of it bubbling up and beginning to spill over. Before I even register what I’ve done, I throw the phone, my hands clenching into fists and fur growing up my arms. I try to stop it and regain control.

Kyson opens the bathroom door at the same time I toss the phone at it, his reflexes are so much quicker and more controlled than mine, as he snatches it from the air before it smashes into the bathroom door. He looks at the phone, and I notice his face has healed, but has surprisingly left a faint scar down his face. Kyson growls, pocketing it while I try not to shift.

My wrists and ankles crack as the urge becomes overwhelming, and I have no idea how to stop it. “You need to calm down,” Kyson says. That is easy for him to say, another thing entirely to actually do, especially when it comes to Abbie. I am out of my mind with worry.

Clutching the dresser, my claws slip out of my fingertips, scratching into the mahogany-stained wood. “Azalea, do you want help, or are you shifting?” Kyson asks, while I try to breathe through my fingers, stretching and growing longer. It is so odd hearing him use another name for me, but I prefer the name. Ivy is weak. I no longer want to be Ivy, but I also don’t want to look weak by asking him for help because I really don’t want to shift. It took ages for me to shift back last time.

“Such a stubborn little thing, you are,” Kyson growls just as the heat of his body presses against my back. My claws slice through the wood of the dresser, and I feel my canines elongate painfully. The stretching and moving of bones grosses me out but is nowhere near as painful as my first shift, but it is still unpleasant.

“Do you want help?” Kyson asks as his hands fall on my hips, and he tugs me flush against him. I growl and nod.

“Please,” I grit out through clenched teeth, knowing I will be stuck in my Lycan form without his help until my body shifts back on its own. So, I allow it and melt against him when he purrs, the calling washing over me, making goosebumps rise on my flesh, and every nerve ending begins to buzz, as the urge to rub myself all over him becomes overwhelming. The urge to shift leaves as he holds me against him.

“Breathe, Azzy, come back to me baby,” Kyson purrs, his hands rubbing along my ribs. My head rolls back on his chest.

“That’s it, love, let go. Just breathe,” Kyson soothes while I turn to putty in his arms.

“We will get Abbie back. We just have to be patient,” Kyson purrs next to my ear.

“You should have told me,” I snap before purring, anger and lust mingling and blurring the lines between both emotions, fighting a war within me.

“So you could be like this and worry about something you can’t control?” Kyson asks, and his hand slips beneath my shirt to my stomach.

“You’re the king, you can order him to return her.”

“And start a war for the abuse of power? Just because I can, doesn’t mean it is allowed. I may be king, Azalea, but we live by the law, and the werewolf and Lycan council members would look for any reason to take down a Lycan Royal. I can’t break the laws that I created. She needs to leave on her own.”

“But is she safe?”

“You spoke with her the other day,” Kyson answers with a sigh.

“Then why is Gannon upset?”

Kyson growls, his arm tightening around my torso before tugging me toward the bed. “Alpha Kade has a wife and kids that Abbie doesn’t know about, also a few girlfriends on the side,” Kyson tells me.

“And you let her go with him!” I snarl, turning in his arm and shoving him off.

“Gannon tried to tell her, but she wouldn’t listen.”

“Then you should have told me. I would have convinced her. She would have listened to me,” I yell at him, my anger spewing over, and fur grows over my arms, my neck cracks. Kyson’s calling grows stronger, and I close my eyes, trying to catch my breath and calm down.

“You can speak with her on the phone. If she says yes, I will send Gannon to go get her, but until then, love, my hands are tied.”

“You’re the fucking king. Order the council to be okay with it!”

“I can’t do that. I will have every pack breathing down my neck if I do. Just because I am king doesn’t mean I can make my own rules as I go, Azalea. Do you think I don’t want to do that? Gannon is one of my best friends. I don’t want to see him hurting just as much as you don’t want to see Abbie hurting, but my fucking hands are tied.”

“Hurting? What do you mean, Abbie is hurting?”

Kyson sighs and pinches the bridge of his nose.

“The chest pain she feels, her pain is caused by his infidelity, not something being wrong with her. The mate bond can feel it, but you two girls were never taught any of this sort of stuff, so she thinks there is something wrong with her, but it’s because Kade is screwing other women who aren’t his mate.”

I growl, my anger emblazoned and so hot I want to hurt something.

“Shh, calm down. You can convince her to come home. She only needs to reject him, and it is all over. She can come home then. I promise we will get her back,” Kyson says, his hands sliding up my arms and rubbing them as he steps closer.

“Her phone is off,” I tell him, and he sighs.

“I will call Kade and ask him to get her to call you,” Kyson says. He steps away, pulling the phone that I threw from his pants pocket. I follow him over to the bed as he climbs into it.