

Chapter 27

AZALEA

Pushing the door open, I pop my head out before wandering over to him. He instantly straightens. “Everything okay, My Queen?” he asks.

“Do you know where Alpha Kade’s pack is? I want to post a parcel to Abbie,” I tell him.

“You want to post a parcel?” he asks. I nod, biting my lip. He takes the map from me.

“Ah yeah, here, but you need her address, not just the suburb. Do you know the address?” he asks me.

I shake my head.

“You can use street view; I can show you if you want.”

“Street view?”

“On Google, you type an address in the maps on the phone. You can pull up a street view of it. You would be able to see the pack house.”

“The phone has maps?” I ask, incredulous. He nods, holding his hand out for the phone.

“Yep, like a GPS, it will even tell you how to get there, may I? I will show you,” he says. I glance at the phone in my hand before passing it to him. Trey fiddles with it before pulling up some apps, and maps pop up. He then types in the address and goes to some link, and I see a picture of the packhouse, which is a huge white mansion with fountains out the front.

“That’s where Abbie is?” I ask him.

“Technology is pretty cool, huh,” he laughs.

I nod. “Oh, Dustin told me he will be up soon. He got permission from Damian to return to his post,” Trey tells me.

“I hope he slept,” I mutter.

“Yes, hopefully, he will be in a better mood,” Trey laughs, and I nod, wandering back into the room. I lock the door before racing around the

room. Rummaging through the closet, I grab a jacket while casting a nervous glance at the door, being careful not to bump the phone and get out of the address. Stopping next to the door, I listen for any movement while moving to the window.

I nudge the window up and peer out into the setting sun. Looking at the side of the window, I notice vines and give them a tug to see if they will hold my weight. Briefly, I wonder what my chances of not breaking something are if I were to fall when I notice a drainpipe at the next window over. Closing this one, I move to the next. I put the phone in my pocket before throwing a leg out the window.

My heart pumps frantically as I pull myself to sit on the edge of the windowsill. I gulp, glancing at the drop. My hands shake as I grip the copper pipe. Minutes pass, and I finally manage to build the courage to let the pipe take my weight. When the pipe doesn't pull away, I sigh and slowly climb down it until I get a safe enough distance from the ground to jump.

Once down on the ground safely, I do a happy dance, staring at the window from which I escaped, which is cut short when I hear a guard's voice and race around the corner out of view.

I know the road Trey mentioned, but I thought it was a dead end. Making my way to the garage behind the stables, I peer in the glass window to see if anyone is in there. Finding no one, I twist the handle and rush to one of the cars. Tugging the handle, I am relieved to find it unlocked and quickly climb in before looking for the keys, which are

tucked under the visor. They fall on my lap, and I take the steering wheel.

“I can do this; I can do this!” I whisper, trying to figure out where the key goes. Finding the ignition, I jam the key in and twist, the noise of it making me jump when it makes a weird noise from holding the key on for too long. I duck behind the steering wheel, worried someone might have heard. After a few moments, I sit up, putting my seatbelt on when no one comes.

After a few seconds, I push my foot on the accelerator. The car goes nowhere. I push on it harder, still nothing, before I glance down to see what I am doing wrong, I find something strange between the seats.

I briefly remember seeing the driver once fiddling with it. I squeeze the button and move it, forgetting my foot is still on the pedal, and the car flies backward and hits another vehicle behind me when I jam my foot on the brake.

“Whoops.”

The alarm blares, and I panic, moving the stick thing again, only for the car to jerk forward. How do people do this? I growl, pushing it forward again, only to hit the car again. On the plus side, the alarm turned off with the second crunch of metal on metal.

Moving it again, I take my foot off the accelerator and slowly press it, and the car moves forward toward the open roller door. As I put my foot

down, my heart lurches into my throat, and the car plunges forward. I take it off, easing it on and scraping the brick wall as I leave the garage. I clench my teeth at the noise. The phone person on the GPS tells me I am off route and to move back to a road as I follow the dirt track at the back.

My hands shake as I move out into the open to see guards running in my direction, and I floor it only to jam on the brake, trying to navigate the dirt path. Hearing a tap on the window, I jump and see Dustin walking beside the car. He points to the buttons on the door handle. I press them, the roof opens up, and the window rolls down.

“This would have to be the worst getaway I have witnessed, also the slowest; I can walk faster,” he laughs, and I growl, ignoring him, the car moving at a snail’s pace.

“Azalea, stop the car.”

“I am going to get Abbie!”

Dustin glances toward the guards, but waves them off. He clicks his tongue, walking beside the slow-moving car.

“He’ll kill me, anyway. Stop and move over. He will be home long before you leave the driveway at this speed,” he says, and I look at him, wondering if he is trying to trick me.

“Seriously? You’ll take me?”

“Hurry before I change my mind,” he says, and I jam on the brakes.

He reaches into the window, moving the thing in the middle, putting it on the P.

“Move, climb over then.”

“Really?” I ask him.

“Well, you will keep trying to leave, and if you are going to, I would rather be with you,” he says, opening the door.

“The guards?”

“I will tell them I am teaching you to drive. Clearly, you need teaching. Kyson will murder you. This is his favorite car. It never leaves the garage,” he laughs, and my face falls as he peers up the side of the car.

“If he is going to kill us, might as well be for something worth dying for, right?” I nod, and I climb into the passenger seat. He gets in and glances at me.

“Put your seatbelt on,” he says, and I do. He shakes his head before continuing along the path but at a quicker pace.

“We have an hour before one of them mindlinks to find out I am full of shit,” Dustin says as we reach the road far from the castle view. He floors it, shoving me back in my seat, and whistles as the engine screams as he tears onto the street.

I laugh, even though the speed he’s driving terrifies me.

“Now, let’s find Abbie,” Dustin says with a wink.