

Chapter 45

KYSON

The next few days pass by quickly. We are no closer to finding anything about the rogue children, but another woman has been found, and we divert our route to investigate. Like Blaire, we find she was a rogue. Only this one is different. She is found wearing scrubs and appears to be a nurse, rather than the usual sex worker, making it difficult to find any pattern to the killings. Getting ready to leave again, I feel like I have spent hardly any time here lately. I miss Azalea terribly when I am away, usually crawling into bed late at night while she is sleeping, only to leave early in the mornings.

“Azzzy!” I whisper, shaking her shoulder, and she groans, rolling onto her back.

“No, let me sleep. I will do it later,” she whines, and I growl, scooping her naked body up off the bed. The same argument every morning as I haul her to the bathroom and drop her on the toilet. She huffs and glares at me with tired eyes.

“I don’t understand why you have me testing every morning. It’s too early to tell,” Azalea growls but holds her hand out for the pregnancy test. I unwrap it, passing it to her, and she glares at me until I turn around.

“Because Lycan pregnancies are only twelve weeks compared to normal pregnancies or werewolf pregnancies; if you are, we should be able to tell any day,” I tell her, and she mumbles incoherently.

“You know I can’t just pee on demand, right?” she says, and I roll my eyes, turning the tap on, hoping the water facilitates the need to pee; it worked yesterday. I tap my foot impatiently, waiting with my hand out for the test. Only when she passes it to me does she giggle as she drops the test in my hand. It takes me a few seconds to figure out why she is laughing as she dashes off into the bedroom.

She didn’t put the cap on, and the part she peed on is now in the palm of my hand. I blink at my hand, holding her pee, and drop it on the counter, quickly washing my hand.

“Azalea!”

“That’s what you get for waking me,” she laughs, and I growl.

I can still hear her giggling as I wait for the test to show. I growl; inconclusive, nothing appears; this time, the test is faulty. Shit, I rifle under the sink for another and stick my head out the bathroom door to look for her to find her inside her den, still laughing to herself.

“You little brat! It was faulty. You need to do another,” I tell her.

“No can do. I no longer need to pee,” she says as I stalk out of the bathroom. I try unraveling her den, earning a feral growl from her. She swipes at me as I ruin her den, trying to get to her. She frantically tries to put it back together, making me worry. This is precisely why I want her to do the test; her instincts are out of control, and it has only been three days.

She assured me she feels the same, yet her instincts tell me otherwise. I will call the Doc to do a blood test, I think to myself as I help her rearrange her nest, feeling bad I upset her before I have to leave. Leaning over to kiss her, she growls at me, her eyes on my shirt, and I roll my eyes, peeling it off, knowing she wants it for her nest.

My poor bed has been reduced to torn sheets, clothes, and duck feathers as she rips the damn pillows every night. She reaches for it, but I pull it back before she can grab it, wanting a kiss. She growls but leans forward, knowing what I want. Just before her lips brush mine, she snatches my shirt from my hand and turns back, rearranging her nest.

“Brat!” I scold, leaning across the bed and grabbing her hips, dragging her toward me. I nuzzle her neck and purr, letting the calling slip out. Azalea relaxes before turning her face toward mine. Her lips part as I kiss her, and my tongue slips between her plump lips, tasting every inch of her mouth, savoring her taste. With a sigh, I let her go, knowing the others will be waiting for me.

“I will be home as soon as possible,” I tell her, watching her crawl into her den. I stop by my office on the way down to the car to grab a fresh shirt, which is the last one I have left clean in the room. Thankfully, I have a cupboard full in the office. Slipping one on, I step out of my office while buttoning it up.

Walking out to the car, I find Gannon standing beside it. “I thought you had the week off?” I tell him as he opens the door. I duck my head, stepping inside.

“I do, but I wanted to speak to you before you left,” Gannon tells me, peering in the car at me. Trey clears his throat behind him, and Gannon steps aside to allow him to climb in the back with me. I am wary of him, especially since finding out he had, in fact, been around and handled Azalea’s meals. Yet, when I commanded him and questioned him, it was clear he was not the one who poisoned her food, so we are still no closer to finding the culprit at the same time.

After spending the last few days with him, I, too, am getting strange vibes. Or maybe it’s the rumors about him messing with my perception. Regardless, until the person responsible is caught, I trust her with very few people, and Trey isn’t one of them right now.

I turn my attention to Gannon, who looks at me. “What do you need?” I ask him.

“I want to take Abbie away for a few days, but I want to clear it with you first.”

“Of course. Where are you taking her?”

“Don’t know yet, somewhere, but I will be back before my week off is over.”

“Take your time, Gannon. I can manage without you. Besides, when was the last time you had time off, anyway?” I ask, knowing it has been years. Like Damian and Dustin, the man never took days off, usually called back to work before he actually can or sent off on errands.

“Thank you.”

“Just make sure Azalea sees Abbie before she goes.”

Gannon nods just as Damian climbs in the car also. I open the mindlink, observing Gannon stop as he goes to shut the door. He looks at me questioningly, but I don’t want to ask out loud with Trey in the car. Not that he’s paying attention; he seems too busy playing on his phone.

‘Have Doc come to take blood from Azalea for me before you leave,’ I tell him and nod.

‘Still no luck with the tests?’ he asks, and I shake my head.

‘Will do. Anything else?’

‘Yes, enjoy your time off,’ I tell him, and he smirks, shutting the door.