

Chapter 6

KYSON

Ivy is furious, and I can feel Damian sneaking closer, worried I will lose control. Honestly, I am on the verge of snapping and dragging her back to the room, and her following words nearly make me.

“Don’t forget, Kyson, I have other places I can go now,” Ivy snarls at me. Her words make me growl; how dare she think she can threaten me, threaten to leave me over something that is out of my control? I can’t force Abbie back here.

“Excuse me, Ivy?” I growl, trying to keep my blistering, fiery rage under control.

“You dare address the Queen of the Landeena Kingdom so casually, King Kyson,” she spits at me. The words that roll off her tongue are pure venom. Her anger is nearly as hot as mine as she glares at me.

“Is that so, Ivy?” I ask her through clenched teeth. My entire body trembles and I am on the serious verge of shifting again. She only just

learned of her title, and she is already using it against me when she doesn't get her way.

"Queen Azalea," she snaps at me, and I lunge at her, trying to grab her, as Dustin stands horrified behind her when he suddenly rips her back just as I shift, losing complete control.

She dares challenge an Alpha King, her king! My hand grips Dustin's shirt instead of her, and my nostrils flare as I pant, trying to regain some form of control, shocked at myself that I have lost it completely. Dustin remains utterly unmoving, and I feel Damian's hand fall on my shoulder when Gannon groans behind me, regaining consciousness.

"Let him go, Kyson; you hurt him, and I will walk out those fucking doors and out of your life faster than I stepped in it," Ivy snaps at me. Her hand grips my wrist. I can feel the tremble in it, making me look at her. Her eyes are blazing with fury. Staring at her now with her eyes burning with so much anger and fear, she honestly looks like her mother, Queen Tatiana, in this instance. How did I not see it before?

"We will speak in the room. Now go," I tell her.

"No, I want to know about Ab—"

"Room now!" I command, cutting her off, and I instantly feel terrible. Her anger blasts at me as it slivers through me, so cold and cutting like a knife's edge. Yet, she still can't fight the full weight of my Alpha aura, not yet at least. She growls before the command forces her to turn

around and storm off back to our room. It isn't until Dustin sucks in a wheezing breath that I realize I am choking him with his uniform. I let him go, and he exhales, relieved.

"You know where you should be," I tell him, and he hurries off after Ivy. Turning back to my office, Damian takes a step back just as Gannon groans and gets to his feet. Moving around the desk, I grab him and shake him.

"Do you have any idea what you have just done?" I snarl.

"She had a right to know," Gannon growls back.

"You disobeyed a fucking order; I told you not to get her involved," I snap at him.

"And what about Abbie? Ivy may be the only one who can make Abbie see reason. Abbie trusts her," he says.

"That may be so, but now you have just caused me a giant fucking headache. I would rather not deal with this right now when she is so goddamn close to going into heat, and the bond has just fucking forged. I had to fucking command her, Gannon!"

"You didn't have to do anything, Kyson. You chose to command her because you don't like being challenged, so don't blame that on me," Gannon spits at me.

He stinks heavily of alcohol, and I know he isn't in the right headspace, but that doesn't mean he can get away with disobeying me and causing issues with my mate. I get he wants to vent his anger, but he did it the wrong way. We have laws even I must abide by, and until Abbie asks to come back, my hands are tied entirely unless I want a war with eighty nearby packs, and I already have enough enemies without adding them to that list.

"I know you are mad, but we can't afford this crap right now. You want something to do, go back to Silvershadow Pack," I snap at him. Gannon growls at me and tries to shake me off.

"I already got that bitch. She can't walk, for god's sake. What the fuck else can I possibly do to her?" I yank him closer.

"Not Daley, but make sure she is dead before you return home. I have another job for you while we wait for Abbie to come back." Gannon stares at me, something flickering in his gaze.

"No, Kyson, not while he is like this." Damian says, and I smile. They both think this is over. Mrs. Daley's mistreatment, it is, but they still haven't heard the worst of it yet. I look back at Gannon.

"You want revenge, then take it out on the butcher. Daley will know who he is," I tell him.

“The butcher?” Damian asks, and I nod and glance at him over my shoulder.

“Yes, he’s Abbie’s rapist,” I growl, letting Gannon go.

This would distract him until I find a way to legally bring Abbie home. At my words, Gannon roars, his skin ripping off. He shifts so quickly as the monster he can become steps forward. He stands and snarls, his chest pressing against mine.

“He did what to my Abbie?” Gannon snarls.

“I won’t repeat it, it isn’t my place to say, but I was planning to tell you, anyway. Find Daley, and you will know where to find the butcher.”

“I’m not bringing him in,” Gannon warns, his eyes flickering and bleeding so hollow, I know the butcher will wish for death long before he receives it.

“He’s all yours,” I tell him, turning on my heel and stalking out. I am halfway down the corridor when I hear the doors opening. I will have to answer to the council, but at the end of the day, I have immunity and so does my guard for killing anyone we deem fit for execution.

God have mercy on his soul because Gannon won’t show him any; the man is a sadist at heart and is the one I always send when I need information. Just like my executioner, Liam, Gannon loves listening to

their screams. He enjoys their pain, relishes in their blood. This man is about to learn who the real butcher is.

Storming back to my quarters, I growl at Dustin standing guard. The room is silent as I approach, which I'm wary of before I enter. Not seeing her until I shut the door, only to turn around, and her hand connects with my face. Her claws slash at me and I clutch at my face. Her claws have torn into my leathery Lycan skin like a hot knife through butter. Blood gushes from my face and sprays across the door behind me.

"You commanded me!" she snarls at me while I clutch my cheek and eye. My body ripples and my hands clench. "You bring Abbie back here, Kyson," she growls, and I pull my hand from my face to look at her. She takes a step back at the sight of what she did. My face isn't healing quickly, either. It stings and burns horribly.

Her worry hits me like a tidal wave at what she has done and fear of how I will react. She looks at her fingertips, her claws still extended, coated with so much of my blood it drips from her fingertips.

"I didn't mean it, I..." she goes to apologize before her anger returns. "You should have told me about Abbie!" she says as I blink, trying to clear my vision and keep my cool. Ignoring her ranting, I walk to the bathroom and grab a washcloth, wetting it and dabbing the gashes that are bleeding everywhere.

I force myself to shift back, but it still doesn't heal. Fuck!

Ivy follows me in and gasps at the sight of my face. Her claws are still extended, and I know she doesn't know how to retract them. It's difficult when you're angry, and until she calms down, I doubt they will. Her body is foreign to her, and her lack of control over that form seems as bad as mine. Clearly, she inherited her father's temper. Garret also had a filthy one.

"Get out!" I tell her, and she goes to say something.

"Azalea, go! Let me calm down. I don't want to hurt you, so please go back to the room," I tell her, gripping the counter.

She growls but storms back out and closes the door. I have a funny feeling Abbie is about to cause huge issues between us, but for now, we both just need to calm down before one of us does something we can't undo. I'm not about to risk the bond when I only just got it back.