

Chapter 3

Peter

It's the right thing to do, I remind myself as Audrey continues to pack more for me.

"It shouldn't take that long," I tell her.

"What if she's at the last pack?" she asks, undeterred.

I sigh. What if she IS at the last pack? I take a slow breath. It's the right thing to do. Truth be told, I'm a dead man walking. He'll probably kill me as soon as he finds her, and I deserve it. I think being the one who killed Jacob earned me a small amount of respect from him, but probably not enough to save my neck.

"You understand that I won't stop him from killing me, right?" I ask.

She freezes, slowly turning toward me. "He won't. I have faith in him. He just needs to acclimate to... everything."

I shake my head. I'm glad she has faith because I have absolutely none. I deserve it, and when my time comes, I'll take it.

"I should go pack for him," she says, clearly worried.

"He's a grown man," I try to remind her.

She shakes her head. "He is, but he's not. Be gentle with him. He doesn't know how to be around people. I tried to give him lessons on society and dress him up, but that won't help with how nervous he is."

I sigh and lay back against the headboard. "I've got my work cut out for me, don't I?"

"You do," she nods. "Help him and be as nice as possible."

I stand outside at the large SUV, watching a few omegas load luggage into it. Calvin didn't join us for breakfast this morning, and I slightly hope he's changed his mind, but I turn to find him walking out of the packhouse with a dirty old duffel bag on his shoulder. He's wearing worn faded jeans and a t-shirt. Audrey may die when she sees him.

He walks up and looks at the luggage, then down at his bag and to me.

I smirk. "Don't worry. She packed half of that for you."

He blinks a few times before looking back at his bag. "I'd hoped I wouldn't have to wear a tie if I didn't bring one."

I laugh at that. "She'd never allow it."

Slowly, he hands his bag to an omega, who takes it and places it inside. "Is that all, sir?"

"I hope so," I say, dismissing them and turning to Calvin. "Do you need to tell anyone goodbye?"

He shakes his head. "No."

No. There is no explanation, just a simple answer. He's never had to explain himself, locked away with a woman who raised him, who knew him well enough he didn't have to explain himself. I realize now what Audrey was talking about. He really is going to need some help.

"Well, I guess we can be off, then," I say, walking over to the car and climbing into the driver's seat.

Calvin looks around and comes to the passenger side hesitantly. "Is your security following us?"

"There's no security," I explain. I thought he had realized this. "I'm not the current king, and the threat is gone."

"So it's just us two?" he asks, taking a seat and closing the door as I nod. "Good. The fewer people, the better."

We drive a bit, still inside Lunar Falls property, heading North. "The rest pack isn't far," I begin to explain. "Alpha Chris is young, but he's a good man. I think you'll like him."

He sighs. "I don't care about the Alpha. I just want to find her."

"I know," I tell him. "But you have to be polite. He can deny you access to the pack. You'll have to have Molly and Seth take you in if they do."

He swallows hard. "I didn't know they could do that."

"They can, and while Alpha Chris probably won't, others may. There are some real assholes around."

"Like my father," he says, staring out the window.

"I didn't say that," I say, though he's not wrong. Benjamin was terrible to work with. "He was a good Alpha to his pack, but he wasn't easy to work with. He didn't like to follow the rules."

He doesn't say anything else, and that's probably for the best. To be honest, I'm not sure what to make of him. He's abrasive and awkward, but he asks some of the most challenging questions. I just hope we find his mate quickly.

We pull up outside the large packhouse where Alpha Chris awaits us. I had called and warned him that we were coming and why, but I won't for most other packs. I wanted the rest to be easy for Calvin, though.

Calvin looks out the window, blinking up at the house. I don't know what to make of the expression on his face. He doesn't appear nervous, nor does he appear excited. There's SOMETHING there, though.

"Are all packs this wealthy?" he asks as I'm about to open the door.

"No," I clarify for him. "Benjamin's was about as well off as this one when you were a kid, and Lunar Falls is the wealthiest. Others do well, but others are very poor. It all depends on the Alpha."

And in typical Calvin fashion, he doesn't say another word. He opens his door and steps out, shoving his hands in the pockets of his jeans as the wind blows into his messy hair, making it even messier. I consider snapping a photo for Audrey, but I don't think he would appreciate it.

"Welcome," Alpha Chris says, walking down the stairs. "It's so nice of you to come visit."

He reaches out and shakes my hand, then does the same to Calvin, who squeezes a bit harder than necessary. To anyone who doesn't know him, you'd think he's asserting his dominance over them, the too-rm handshake and his Alpha aura rolling off him. If you do know him, though, you know that he doesn't realize how firmly he's shaking someone's hand, nor does he know how to control the aura, for he's never had to.

"Thanks for having us," I tell the young Alpha. "This is Calvin, Queen Molly's brother."

"It's an honor to meet you," he says, slightly stumbling over his words. "We heard how you helped in saving the kingdom."

Calvin shakes his head. "I didn't do anything. I stood on the porch."

I laugh. That's nothing I could have expected to come out of his mouth. "Calvin did more than that, though he was on the porch during the battle. He was instrumental in gathering information and forming plans, and he may be Princess Cora's favorite."

He smiles a little at that, and it's good. If he can relax a little bit, it would be better for everyone.

"I'll show you to your rooms," Alpha Chris tells us. Calvin turns to get his bags, but I stop him.

Let the Omega's get them. I know you don't like how it feels, but it is their job.

He nods once and follows Alpha Chris inside as he leads us through the house, giving us a detailed tour that I don't think either of us wanted. Calvin keeps his mouth shut, though, and I realize as we near our rooms that he's been snoring throughout the house.

"Anything?" I ask him as we're finally left alone. Our rooms are next to each other, but I want to be sure he's settled before I leave him. He shakes his head, looking around.

"This room is bigger than our entire house in the Rogue lands," he says softly. "I shared a bed with my brothers that was smaller than this."

I swallow hard. Their too-small house and lousy living conditions- and they were all my fault.

"I never meant to punish children," I try to explain. "I hadn't expected your mother to follow him there."

"I know."