Book 1 Chapter 13

AXEL

I woke with a start, and a horn honked as a car drove past. I stared ahead, trying to gure out where the hell I was.

I looked toward the side and noticed Verity's at. It was still in darkness. I leaned back in my seat and looked at the clock on the dashboard. I let out a sigh as it read ve am. I knew I needed to leave soon.

I could feel Mace in my head and stepped closer, yawning.

His eyes stared out at the at and grunted. "No sign," he murmured. "I want to see the little human."

I knew how he felt.

I stared hard at the at. I guess we could go and try the door again.

"I think we should," Mace said, thinking the same thing as me.

With my keys in hand, I exited the car and locked the door.

I walked over to the at building and walked inside. I stepped right in front of Verity's door and knocked.

There was no movement or sound.

I listened in with my werewolf hearing, but there was no such luck.

I sighed.

I knocked again, but there was no reply.

"She's not there," muttered a man. I looked up and noticed a man walking into the building. I knew who he was; I had seen him a few times around the building.

The man looked at me and frowned. "She left last night," he said. "Her father's ill, and she needed to leave. She told me that she probably won't be back."

I stared at him, feeling slightly confused and hurt.

Mace growled. He didn't like the sound of what the man said, and neither did I.

"What do you mean she left?" I asked. "Her father's ill; she never mentioned a father to me."

The man looked at me, and his frown deepened.

Verity never talked about her family. I assumed she would tell me when she was ready, but she never did.

"I don't know what I can tell you," he said, pulling me from my thoughts. "That's what the message she sent me read. I'm here to check out the at and see what she left behind. Who are you anyway? A boyfriend?"

I stared at him as he stepped closer. I stepped back and watched as he placed a key in the door. He turned it and opened the door.

"Well," he muttered as he looked at me.

"A friend," I murmured.

The man looked at me but gave me a knowing look. "A friend, huh," he said. The man turned and walked into the at. "Can I look around?" I asked as I followed him inside.

The man looked at me and shrugged. "I guess," he said as he looked around. The man walked around while I stood rooted to the spot.

I looked around. All the furniture was still there, but I noticed a few things missing.

I could hear the man pottering around somewhere.

Mace came forward and looked. "She's gone," he whined.

I didn't say anything. I looked around, but my eyes landed on something on the oor. I walked over, and there was her phone, smashed.

I frowned as I picked up the pieces and placed them in my pocket.

No wonder I couldn't get hold of her.

Mace was close, but he whined.

I looked around, but my heart sank.

Verity had left, but why?

"Because of us," murmured Mace in my head as he moved back further.

I didn't say anything. I stood up and ensured I had all her mobile pieces.

I glanced around.

The man stepped out and looked at me. "She took all her belongings," he said. "I have to make sure she hasn't left anything behind."

I looked at him.

"If you do have to send her things back," I said, thinking I could only ask. "Could you pass on her information to me so I can check in on her?"

The man stared at me. "If you were a friend," he said. "As you said you were, she would have given you her details."

I frowned and pulled out my wallet. I pulled out a business card and handed it to him. The man took it and looked at it; his eyes widened as he looked at me. "You are the one who is placing new stores around the town," he said. "I know the man you are working with."

I nodded.

"Please let me know if you hear of Verity or even if you have to send stuff to her," I said. "I would like to know how her father is and make sure she is alright too."

The man nodded.

I turned and walked out of the at.

I walked out of the at building and headed to my car.

I climbed in and started the engine.

Verity left.

No word, just left.

What the hell?

My mind was racing, but a growl erupted in my head.

Before I could drive away, I looked back at Mace, now bearing his teeth at me. "You did this," he sneered. "You always leave without a word when we spend the night with her. You had to open your big mouth about mates. You should have told her today before we had to leave."

I stared at him, taking in everything he had just said.

Did I do this?

Did I make her leave?

I had to tell her about us nding our mate. It's one of the things that happens to werewolves.

I didn't want to give her false hope.

I guess telling her today was the best idea, but I didn't want anything hanging over my head.

I could feel my chest tightening as everything fell into place.

I looked at Mace, but he turned his ass up at me.

Great, stupid wolf, I thought.

I looked back and turned on the engine. I drove away, but my mind was racing.

I drove back to the hotel in a haze.

I knew I could be an arse sometimes and never meant to.

I wanted to spend one more night with her.

As I approached the hotel, I pulled into the back car park and parked next to the cars from the park.

I switched the engine off and climbed out. I locked the car and headed inside, and ran up the stairs to my oor.

I walked to my room and opened it.

I stepped inside, only to be met with Dixon.

Dixon sat on the chair but looked at me. He looked behind me, and his eyes went to mine

with concern. "Where is she?" he asked.

I stared at him for a few moments, but I sighed.

I told him everything, explained what the man had told me, and said I slept in the car while waiting for her.

Dixon's eyes widened.

"She left?" he said. "Where to?"

I shrugged.

"I don't know," I said as I sat on the bed. "She never messaged me back. I thought she was asleep or something, but to be told by a stranger that she left and to leave due to a sick father too."

"Did she ever mention her family?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"No," I said. "I did ask a few times over when I tried to get to know her, but she always changed the subject whenever I brought it up."

Dixon stared at me.

"That's weird," he said. "Did she leave a forwarding address?"

I shook my head.

"By the sound of it," I said. "She left and gave no information about where she was going. She told the man that she would contact him with an address if he found something hers, but nothing seemed to be hers anyway."

Dixon nodded.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

I placed my hand in my pocket and pulled out the broken phone, putting all the broken pieces on the bed beside me.

I looked up at Dixon. "Do you think your brother would be able to x this?" I asked.

Dixon stared at the pieces and looked at me. He shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "He's good with phones and computers, but I don't know if he is that good at xing broken ones."

I sighed. "Can he try at least?" I asked.

Dixon got up from the chair and picked up all the pieces. "I will take it to him and ask him to try," he said.

Dixon placed all the broken pieces in a bag, which I only now realized was with him. I looked around and realized that all my bags were packed, even though I didn't have much.

I looked back at Dixon as he placed all the broken pieces into his bag and zipped it up. He looked at me. "What?" he asked.

"How come my things are packed?" I asked. "I was going to ask my father if I could stay. I was going to search for Verity for another day or two."

Dixon looked at me, but his face hardened.

"Ax," he said. "We need to go back to the pack. Your father contacted me to ask if we were heading out last night. I told him we would head out this morning as the meeting dragged on, and you must rest. I didn't mention Verity, but I thought I could give you a night with her. Well, that's what I thought I was doing."

His face softens slightly.

"We need to go back," he said. "Your parents have a party for your birthday and want you back."

I stared at him.

I wanted to tell him no, but I knew my father would ask questions, and I couldn't tell him about Verity, not while I might have a mate out there.

"When do we leave?" I asked.

Dixon sighed.

"Now," he said. "We can grab some food on our way back for you."

I nodded.

"You should get ready," he said.

I frowned.

"I'm staying as I am," I said. "Let's get going. We don't want my father to be concerned."

I felt pissed.

I didn't want to leave; I wanted to search for Verity.

Dixon looked at me and sighed.

"Look," he said. "We will be back up here in two weeks. We can look for her then. Besides, you can nd out if any pack members are your mate before we do. If no one is, we can begin searching for Verity."

I stared at him.

He's right, but I wasn't going to tell him that.

"How's Mace?" he asked.

"He's upset with me," I said. "He thinks I was an ass toward her."

"You were," he muttered in my head.

I frowned.

"What do you mean, being an ass?" Dixon asked, confused.

I told him what I did and what I was like with Verity when we were together.

Dixon's face said it all.

"Yeah, you were an ass," he said. "That's no way to treat someone you like."

I sighed.

"I know," I said. "I never thought I would like her this much."

Dixon stared and sighed.

"Come on," he said. "We should go now. Don is already in the car with his things."

I nodded.

We both grabbed our bags and headed out the door. I closed the door behind me and made our way to the elevator.

We headed to the receptionist area and handed our keys to the lady behind the desk.

I didn't acknowledge her and walked away.

Dixon and I walked through the door, where our pack cars were waiting.

I handed Dixon my bag and walked to the back of the car. I opened the door, slid inside on the back seat, and closed the door behind me.

I ignored everyone as I stared out of the window.

After a few seconds, I heard Dixon open the door to the passenger side and climb in.

I let Dixon and Don talk as Don climbed into the car.

I wasn't in the mood to talk.

Mace was now not talking to me, so I had peace in my head.

I stared out of the window; my mind was lled with Verity.

I knew it was the right thing to do: wait till after my birthday.

At least I would know if I had a mate, but part of me was having a panic attack as Verity's image slipped into my head, showing off her brown hair, brown hair, and gorgeous body.

I needed to know what the hell was wrong with me. Why was I feeling like this toward a human? Who may or may not be my mate?

I started as Don started the engine and drove away.

The hotel was where we stayed every time we came here, and it would be our home for a few months in two weeks.

The only thought that slipped into my mind was I could be bringing my Luna with me or searching for the one who ran away from me.

My mind was hoping for the rst, but my heart was aiming for the second.

This was going to be a nightmare in itself; I thought as I watched as the hotel went out of view and we headed toward the other town nearby.