

Chapter 7

Peter

I frown, trying to think of the right words. This kid will burn the kingdom to the ground to find her if he thinks that she's truly in danger, and she probably is. But for it to happen over and over again for an entire year? The girl is likely being tortured.

"Long ago, as a young man, I was at an Alpha training with Molly's adoptive father, Randall. He experienced something so similar to what has happened to you. It happened once, and we didn't know for years what it was."

"Something happened to Mrs. Celeste?" he asks.

I nod. "When she was fifteen, her entire family was slaughtered. She ran for her life. It wasn't a full moon, but her wolf took over, and they shifted the first time to escape."

He nods slowly, looking at his hands. "Could he feel the pain or her fear?"

I shake my head. "No clue," I tell him. "I don't know if Randall ever told her he felt it. We knew what had happened to her, and when he realized they were mates, I remembered that night. I've heard of rare occurrences, but I've never seen it happen again until now."

"It happens often," he grinds out. "She's... she's not safe."

"We'll find her," I try to reassure him. "I'll require every Alpha to let us into their dungeon."

"And if they won't?"

"We'll get Molly and Seth involved," I vow. "You need to sleep."

He shakes his head slowly. "How am I supposed to sleep when I know my mate isn't safe?"

I sigh. "Abusing shewolves isn't much of a thing at the next pack. You won't be able to find her if you're exhausted."

He looks so mad that I think he may explode, but his face softens suddenly as another attack hits him. He clutches his chest, but this time, there is sheer horror on his face, knowing what it is.

"Try to send your aura to her," I suggest, taking his hand. "I don't even know if it's possible, but it's worth trying."

He nods quickly and closes his eyes, doing the best he can. "I don't know if it worked."

"If it happens again, just try," I tell him sadly. "You're doing what you can to find her, but it will take time."

He nods and lays back down, turning away from me once again.

When I wake, I find myself alone in the tent and can hear the closing of car doors. I smile slightly. I'm surprised he let me sleep this long. I pull on my jeans and a sweatshirt and climb out of the tent, greeted by the sight of Calvin making breakfast for us.

"You even used a pan," I joke.

"F**k off," he grumbles.

I nod. I should have known better than to joke with him after last night. I doubt he slept at all.

"Did you feel it again?" I ask.

"No," he mutters, pulling a kettle from the coals and pouring it into two mugs for us. "I guess I should be glad they only hurt her twice."

I furrow my brow. "Does this usually happen more than twice?"

He shrugs. "Sometimes," he tells me. "Sometimes I won't feel anything for weeks, and I'll be up all night suddenly."

I listen intently, taking in every detail. If there's anything we can do to get him to the poor girl and help her, we should.

"Know of any Alpha's traveling?" he asks.

I nod. "When was the last time you felt it like that? I need to know when they returned. Alpha's are required to report to the King when they leave, and since Seth was busy with his family, they reported to me."

"It's been a few weeks now," he tells me. "Around here, I think."

"When we get to the next packhouse, I'll look at the records immediately," I try to reassure him. "You should still sniff around the pack in case we're wrong, though."

"Fine," he grumbles, handing a plate of food to me.

Calvin eats his food in about three bites and begins to pack everything he can. He's smothering the fire before I even finish my food. He turns to me expectantly, anxiously waiting for me to join him.

"She's somewhere out there hurt, and you're just dicking around," he growls.

"It's not like that," I try to explain. "If we show up at the pack now, they'll drag us straight to their dining room. Do you want that, or do you want to go to my computer and see who returned from a trip five weeks ago?"

His breathing is hard as he stomps off. "I can't do ANYTHING to help her. She's hurt or scared, or maybe both. I'd have gone to look for her if I had realized."

"I know," I tell him gently. "And she'll understand that, too. Right now, though, we have to be patient until we can work out the best places to check."

Calvin sighs and sits on a rock, placing his head into his hands. "I just need to get to her."

We pull up to the packhouse. It's not nearly as big as the last one, but it's still bigger than anything Calvin experienced before Molly found him. Benjamin's pack was well off financially, but he was never one for huge buildings.

"I'm going to wait here," he mutters. "I can't be polite right now."

I smile at him sadly, knowing that I'd feel the same way in his shoes. "Alright. I'll go talk to him."

"No balls, no f****g fancy s**t," he growls.

"No," I tell him, shaking my head. "There's a ball planned tonight, and you WILL be there. You will still need to smell every shewolf in this kingdom in case we are wrong. We can't miss anyone here because of something we think may be happening but have no firm proof of."

"Fine," he mutters. "But I'm sure it is happening. Now that you've said it, I know it's true. Mace is sure."

I nod and climb out of the car, knowing that if his wolf thinks we're correct, then we probably are. An entire year of it. That poor girl. She may not be able to handle having a mate, and I'm not sure Calvin has considered that.

"Welcome," Alpha Adrian says with a smile. "You brought the young man?"

I nod. "Yes, though we've had a rough morning and have some business we must attend to immediately. It would be most appreciated if you could show us to our rooms."

"Of course," he says, his face serious.

I turn back and wave for Calvin to follow me. He gets out of the car and slams his door shut. He doesn't make any move to grab bags this time. I'm sure it's not because he remembers what I said before, but it has more to do with the fact that my laptop is in the bag on my shoulder.

Thankfully, Adrian doesn't insist on a tour and takes us straight to two rooms, side by side. Calvin follows me straight into mine, sitting on the small couch against the wall.

I sit at the desk, pulling out the computer and connecting it to the Internet to retrieve the Alpha travel records.

"There's no record of any Alpha returning five weeks ago," I tell him. "There's nothing really even close."

He shakes his head. "I've thought about it a lot, and I'm sure that's when it was." He crosses the room to stand over my shoulder, looking at the calendar and pointing to a day.

"It was this day. I'm sure of it."

I lean over to allow him access to view the screen. "There's nothing here," I show him. "There's no guarantee that it was an Alpha. It was just an idea to check."

Calvin exhales slowly, pushing his hair back with his hand. "I have to find her. She's not safe."

I look back at the computer, clicking through for anything that could help us, but the fact is that anyone could be hurting the girl, and there isn't much we can do to speed up the process of finding her.

"I'm going to call Seth and talk to him," I tell him, trying to give him a little hope. "Maybe he can think of something to help."

Calvin nods and walks back to the couch, placing his head in his hands as he rests his elbows on his knees.

"Let me know when you feel it again," I tell him. "I'll keep a record of it all, and maybe that can give us some clues. Tonight, though, we'll go to the ball, and you'll sniff around. Hopefully, we're wrong about it, and you meet her tonight," I tell him, though I am sure we are correct in our thoughts. We need to find this girl, and fast.