

Chapter Nine

King Nathan

It's been a week since I locked eyes with her and I still haven't been able to track her down. She's a ghost. I have all my men looking for her but everyone they nd who resembles her is not her. I feel like I'm going insane. I can't eat or sleep knowing she is out there. And she knows who I am and she still hasn't come to me. Why hasn't she come for me?

The castle is still giving me this feeling of uncertainty, so today, Gabby and Mason are coming to the kingdom so we can both get a kitty. Well, hopefully, anyway, they chose us, not the other way around. Standing in the foyer, I had that same feeling of being watched. Goosebumps covered my skin as I looked around my surroundings, nding nothing out of place.

"Uncle Nathan," Gabby rushed in, throwing herself into my arms. Mason walked in behind her, as I lifted her into my arms.

"There's my favorite girl," I exclaimed, spinning her around as she giggled. I put her down and shook my brother-in-law's hand.

"Mason, always good to see you." I greeted him.

"You too, man. Any luck?" he asked me. I have enlisted the help of my brothers-in-law. There is too much ground to cover and not enough of my men to spare. This would be easier if I was a shifter. I could just sniff her out.

"No luck so far. All the women who look familiar to her are not her." I answered. But she might not even be in any of the mystical kingdoms, she could be in a human city or town.

"You'll nd her, Nathan. And as soon as she sees how much of a great guy you are, she will be begging to keep you," he chuckled.

"Maybe she doesn't want to be queen?" I shrugged. He clasped my shoulder.

"She could be overwhelmed by the fact her mate is a king. If you've never seen her before, she must not be from royal blood," he said. Mason is probably right, but it doesn't do anything to help the ache in my chest. It has me questioning if I'm a good king. Is that the reason why she doesn't want to rule by my side?

"Where did Gabby run off to?" Mason questioned, looking around for his daughter.

"I would use a tracking spell but I'm sure she is around here somewhere." I chuckled.

"I swear she is going to be the death of me. She is always running off." He scoffed.

"I'm right here, Daddy," she jumped out from behind a wall leading down a hallway.

"Told you she was around her." I shrugged.

"You ready to nd a kitty?" I asked her, holding out my hand. Her face lit up and I couldn't help but smile at her. Gabby had a way of brightening even the darkest of days. She let out a squeal as she rushed over to me, taking my hand in hers.

"And then, after, we can get an ice cream," I told her. She looked up at me, nodding her head.

"No wonder she loves coming to see her uncle so much," Mason chuckled, as we walked out the front door.

"Oh, would daddy like an ice cream too," I cooed and he smacked me in the arm.

"Daddy loves ice cream," Gabby said, innocently.

"I'm sure he does, sweetie," I chuckled.

The drive to the adoption place was quick. It's not like we have an abundance of cats running around. Those who are lucky enough to be born again as a cat, come to us here. They don't remember their old life but they can feel it when someone needs them. It's kind of like a friend soulmate. I've never been lucky enough to be chosen, but maybe today is the day.

I parked my SUV outside the building. Mason was riding shotgun while Gabby was in the back singing the song on the radio. She is such a carefree spirit.

"Ready?" I asked her, turning around in my seat.

"Ready," she exclaimed.

"Remember, Gabby Bear, you may not get one today. But it doesn't mean we won't try," Mason reminded her.

"I know, Daddy. I'm here to watch Uncle Nathan get his kitty," she giggled, looking out the window. Mason and I looked at each other, both equally confused. How does she know I'll be getting one today?

Mason and I got out of the vehicle. I went to the back door to help Gabby out before we walked into the front door. A few people were waiting to be shown into the place where the cats were kept. Mostly it's this big outdoor area in the middle of the facility where they can live and play. They have their own space at the end of the day, where they are warm and fed.

Gabby let go of my hand and rushed over to the massive sh tank in the waiting room.

"My king," a woman bowed her head to me.

"I called earlier about me and my niece seeing the cats," I told her.

"Yes, of course, King Nathan, please follow me." She motioned towards the doors behind her desk.

"Come, Gabby," Mason called to his daughter, and we all walked through the doors.

The space was beautiful. There were trees, owers, different-sized waterfalls, and rivers. It was a truly magical place as we walked further into the space. I didn't see many cats, but most were lounging in a big oak tree in the middle.

"My king, I'm sure you are aware of the rules. No cat leaves here without a familiar bond. But you are welcome to play with them." I gave her a nod.

"I'll let you all have some time," she said before leaving us.

"Wow, we are never bringing Mommy here," Mason breathed out and I chuckled. Ashlyn would take all of them home, regardless of the rules.

"Uncle Nathan, I found him. I found your kitty," Gabby exclaimed, rushing over to her father and me. She was carrying a small white cat with big green eyes.

"Gabby Bear, the cats pick the person not the other way around," Mason scolded her. I kneeled in front of her, looking at the little bundle of white uff. I ipped over his caller tag, reading his name.

"Dream? That's an interesting name," I said out loud.

"It is, my king," a voice lled my head. My eyes went wide as I stared at the cat. My cat.

"I told you, Uncle Nathan."