

Chapter 31

Nicola's POV

I could feel the distress from Zander and his wolf as he walked away from me. I'd seen his possessive side before, but this was really over the top, even for him. Maybe I should have said more or let him explain right there, but honestly, what he did was wrong and I just needed to a moment to myself. Plus, I wanted to make sure Cameron was okay before we talked.

"You alright?" Cameron asks me as we walk to the pack hospital.

"I'm fine." I mumble even though it doesn't feel like it.

The bone in Cameron's arm was set so it would heal properly and he was put on light duty for the next week until it's better. Afterwards, I went back to the pack house and into our bedroom hoping to find Zander, but he wasn't there. Since then, I've been sitting on the bed, waiting for him to come back as the earlier events replay in my head. He had completely lost control of his wolf and I wonder what could of possibly happened to set him off like that.

Now that I've has time to think, I realize I shouldn't have been so harsh and I'm kicking myself for yelling at his wolf. Freya whines in my head, the pain we felt through the mate bond letting us know he was hurting. Tears have stained my face and all I can think about is finding him so we can sit down and discuss it all. I continue to wait for Zander until I eventually wake up on the bed and realize it's now morning, but he never came back.

I spend the entire day searching for him and trying to connect through the mind link, but he has it closed off. I can't even feel his wolf anymore either. Even though our mating is still new, this doesn't seem like him but I decide the best option is to give him the space he needs and hope he'll come find me when he's ready. It feels like there's not enough to do though to keep busy and the wait is terrible.

I've tried mind linking him over and over, along with sending him a few texts, but they haven't gone through and it worries me even more. Surely he isn't rethinking all of this after just one fight?

Right before I'm about to turn in for the night I get a knock on my door. When I open it up, it feels like déjà vu all over again as I see Rivers standing in the doorway, except I'm no longer in my apartment but at the pack house. He gives me a small lopsided grin and I can't hold back my emotions as I throw my arms around him and start to cry. He hugs me tightly and lets me sob into his shoulder for a few minutes before I pull back slightly and wipe my eyes.

"It's okay." He murmurs as he rubs my back.

"Why won't he talk to me? Where is he?" I hiccup.

"He had to leave for a little bit." He says softly. "He said he tried to tell you last night before he left but you were asleep and he didn't want to wake you after everything that happened." He gives me a half hearted smile that tells me he doesn't agree with Zander just up and left.

Makes two of us.

"What do you mean he had to leave?" I ask as my tears suddenly stop.

"I'm not real sure to be honest. All I know is that he packed a bag and said it was an emergency and couldn't wait."

A million thoughts keep running through my head. "When will he be back?"

"I don't know, he didn't say that either." He grimaces. "But he asked me to watch over you until he does so I moved into the room right down the hall for the time being."

Rivers looks unsure as he watches me begin to pace back and forth, taking in the information. He just walked out without even saying anything? No doubt this has to do with the threats from the Fae and my heart starts to race at the thought of him in danger. I literally have no clue where he is, what if he gets hurt? How will I find him?

I suddenly break down again as I wrap my arms around my chest, hugging myself tightly. My body slumps to the floor as I try to suck in the air that has left my lungs. Strong arms wrap around me and pick me up as I feel my body moving across the room to the bed. I silently cry while Rivers holds me tight against him, trying to comfort me.

"What if he doesn't come back?" I whisper.

"He'll come back." He says it with so much confidence I almost believe him, yet worry still tugs at me.

"I think we should go after him."

"And go where?" He asks confused. "Even if I did know where he was headed off to, which I don't, he gave me strict instructions to make sure you didn't leave the pack grounds and were safe. Zander would literally kill me if something happened to you. Slowly."

My wolf doesn't want to hear it, instead urging me to search for our mate, but I have to agree with Rivers. It would be suicide to go after Zander without any idea as to where he went. I just need to be patient and trust him to come back safely.

But it becomes harder to do as the days go on and suddenly it's been two weeks without a single word from him. My anxiety has been through the roof and I can even tell that Rivers is even starting to get nervous as time goes on.

I decide I can't take it anymore as I'm laying in bed, gazing up at the ceiling. I haven't had a good nights rest since we had our fight and it's clear I'm not going to get any sleep tonight either. I kick the covers off of me and make my way to the door, opening it slowly as I peek my head out. The hall is quiet and I glance to my right to see Rivers' door is thankfully shut. Quietly, I make my way out and down the stairs before pushing the door open to Zander's office. I've yet to be in here when he wasn't since "snooping" had already gotten me into trouble once, but at the moment this feels justified. He can get mad at me all he wants later.

I begin to pull open his desk drawers, searching for any clues as to where he might be, but everything is extremely tidy. The papers I find are of normal pack stuff and it's frustrating me that I've yet to acquire

anything of value. I mean, can the guy not leave a map? Preferably with the location to which he's gone circled.

"What are you doing?"

I nearly jump out of my skin as I look up to see Rivers standing just inside the office. I didn't even hear him.

"Errr..." I hesitate.

"Don't try to tell me this isn't what it looks like."

"Okay, this is exactly what it looks like." I try to joke but he doesn't find any humor in it, which is a first.

He stands there with his arms crossed as he stares me down and I let out a long sigh.

"You can't tell me you aren't worried about him."

"I'm sure he's fine." He says as he glances to the side.

"Really? Then look me in the eye and tell me you actually believe what you just said."

This time it's him who lets out a long breath as he steps further into a room and plops down into one of the chairs. He buries his face into his hands as he leans over and I can tell the stress of it all is starting to catch up to him. Well, welcome to the club.

When he finally looks at me, his eyes are worn and tired.

"I am worried."

My shoulders slump and I round the desk to sit on the edge so I can face him.

"What are we doing to do?" My voice waivers as I stare up, trying not to cry.

"He truly never told me where he went."

The hesitation in his voice causes me to look back at him.

< Chapter 31

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"But?"

"But I'm pretty sure Kane knows."

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