

Chapter 171: Holden's Report

Claire

The following week, Tereshan and I return to the hospital. The time, Dr. Baron is able to confirm what Magnor already knew. We're having a boy.

I'm so excited that I don't even realize I have tears running down my face until Tereshan leans over and begins kissing them away.

"We have to think of a name, now," I tell him.

"We will, but not until you stop crying, love. Even if these are happy tears, I hate seeing you cry," he says.

"Alpha, you may want to prepare yourself. Pregnant she-wolves have a lot of hormones in their system and things that never made them cry before, may make them cry now."

I frown. "Like what?" I ask.

The doctor shrugs. "My mate cried because I bought her a red rose instead of a blue carnation." He looks at Tereshan. "I didn't even know there was such as thing as a blue carnation."

"That makes no sense," I tell him.

"That's my point, Luna. But Alpha should know that it's your hormones. It has nothing to do with him and there is nothing wrong with you. Your mate may just need some

extra TLC, that's all," he says to Tereshan.

"I can do that!" he says, smiling at me.

After the doctor cleans up, he turns to us. "Beta Holden is awake. He's still not completely healed, but the pins are out of his ankle and knee and the stitches are out as well."

"Can we see him?" Tereshan asks.

"Yes, he's been asking for you."

After the doctor leaves, Tereshan helps me to clean the goo off my stomach and then helps me to get dressed. The doctor escorts us to Beta Holden's room and as soon as we walk in, I can see that he looks much better than the last time we saw him. However, his body, including his face is still covered in ugly bruises.

"Alpha, Luna," he says, inclining his head to us. He's talking but his teeth remain together.

"Beta Holden's jaw hasn't completely healed yet. I'm hopeful that by tomorrow, we can take the pins out of his jaw. For now, his speech is limited to what he can say with his teeth sealed together," the doctor tells us.

We walk in and stand beside his bed. Tereshan looks down his body. "I'd ask how you're doing, but I'm guessing I know the answer, even though you look a lot better than you did the last time I saw you."

"I'm alive," he says, making Tereshan's eyes flash back to his.

"I sent my men out to look for the others. There were no

other survivors, I'm sorry."

"I'm not surprised."

"I know you may not be ready to talk, but I need to know what you know about Roman. Is he planning to attack? Who in the pack is willingly working with him? Who is being forced? Anything you can tell me."

"Very few are willing, especially after what he did to the pack members who fought him." I watch as he looks up at Tereshan. "You know why he wants your land?"

"Yes, gold."

Holden gives the barest nod of his head. "He has machines."

"They've been disabled."

"Tunnels."

"He's going to attack through the tunnels?"

Holden nods.

"Do you know when?" Tereshan asks him.

"Soon."

"Thank you. Get some rest. We'll talk more soon."

I reach out and take his hand in mine. "Do you need anything?" I ask him.

"No, thank you, Luna," he says.

"Let Dr. Baron know if that changes."

He nods and I'm pretty sure he's asleep before we get out the door.

I look up to see Tereshan's eyes go unfocused.

When they refocus he looks at me.

"Weston?" I ask.

He nods. "The traps are in place and so are the bombs. I don't want to kill innocent people, but I will protect this pack no matter what the cost."

He turns, taking my face in his hands. "I will protect you and our little boy, no matter what the cost."

I reach up, taking his face in my hands. "Let's make sure that 'the cost', is something we can both live with and live through." I tell him.

Bryson POV

It's late when I hear the knock that I've begun to crave. It's her. Nita. My mate.

It's taken me a while to get used to the fact that the Moon Goddess has given me a second chance mate. But Nita is nothing like Ivy. If anything, she's probably more skittish of the mate bond than I am. But the more she's come to me, the more I crave her presence, her smell, her taste.

The first couple of times, she was nervous and after helping her find her release, she'd duck out of my room quickly, going back to hers. But the last couple of nights, she's stayed. She's curled up with me on the bed and we've talked.

She and I have had some tough conversations. I want to kill Franco all over again for what he put her through, and I think she feels the same about Ivy.

She has started to become sexual with me, but I'm nervous. I don't want her to feel like I'm one of the men that abused her or for her to think that I'm taking advantage of her. For whatever reason, the Moon Goddess has brought the two of us together and this time, I want to make sure that it's the type of bond it was meant to be.

Nita never had a mate, so she doesn't completely understand the betrayal of your mate cheating on you. But she's suffered enough at the hands of others to know about pain. And that's where we've bonded. Finally, last night, I finally let her go down on me. Her mouth was unlike anything I've ever felt before in my life.

Not to compare, but unlike Ivy, who acted like she was going through the motions to get through it, Nita actually acted like she enjoyed it. After I had the strongest orgasm in my life, and my mate insisting on swallowing everything I gave her, I had asked her if she was faking it.

"No. For the first time in my life, I'm not."

She had been laying on my chest afterward and I was stroking her arm.

"Would you tell me? I mean, would you be honest if you didn't."

She had propped herself up on her elbow and looked at me. "Are you faking it when you tell me how delicious I taste? When you say that you could stay between my legs all day

and never get enough?"

When she puts it like that, it's hard to argue. I COULD actually spend the day between her thighs and never get tired of the sounds she makes, of her scent, of her taste.

I go to the door, opening it and standing back, waiting for her to come in. I turn, closing the door and the moment I turn back, she's leaping into my arms, kissing me.

I don't question it, I walk her to the bed, laying her down as we continue kissing. The moment I begin moving down her body, ready to give her the pleasure I know she wants, she stops me.

"Not tonight," she says, looking at me. I can see her struggling to maintain eye contact.

I stroke her face. "What do you want, my mate?"

"You, Bryson."

"Mmm, you have me. I'm right here, Nita."

"No, I mean, I really want you. I want you inside me, I want your canines in my neck. I want you as my mate."

I pull back, looking at her, making sure that she's serious, that she means it. I've been thinking about it more and more, but I didn't think that she'd ever agree.

She looks away from me. "I know I'm not her, not Ivy..."

"No. You're not," I say, and I watch her swallow hard, watch her fight her tears.

"You're so much better than she ever was," I say and her eyes snap back to mine. "You mean so much more to me than she ever did. I know you will never betray me, just as I will never betray you."

"I would never betray you, Bryson. I....I love you," she says quietly.

I lean down, kissing her, softly at first, then slowly deepening the kiss, until raw desire unlike anything I've ever felt before flows through me.

I pull back, looking at my sweet mate. "I love you too, Nita."

I spend hours making love to my mate, finally getting to enjoy her body, letting her take her time to explore and enjoy mine.

In the early morning hours, my canines extend. I let her mark me first, making sure she feels my love and adoration for her before I sink my canines into her neck, loving the sound of her scream of pleasure, her love flowing through me, while feeling her body contract around me as I explode inside her. .

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I will never be yours

The truck comes to a halt and my body rolls into someone else besides me, I'm too weak to move and can hardly open my eyes from the swelling in my face. Hearing some voices I know it's the king's men and I'm guessing we have arrived in his kingdom.

The doors back in the truck open and I hear some screaming before bodies are dragged out of the truck, hands comes and grab me, lifting my body up and tossing me to the ground. I hit the hard concrete with a thud, biting my tongue to prevent myself from making any sound.

I feel blood oozing out of my tongue and spit it out in front of me, blood pouring down my jaw. Trying to take in my surroundings with my ears, I know we were about fifteen people on the truck and I heard more than one truck when we arrived here.

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