

His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 2

Azalea POV

My nose tickled as his scent invaded my nose. My entire body was overheating, and I wasn't sure if the heat was radiating from him or me. His skin was blisteringly hot while my blood felt like it was boiling and bubbling in my veins. Lifting my head, I found Kyson asleep beneath me. His heady scent made my mouth water, and everywhere his skin touched tingled and buzzed like a live wire was running beneath my skin. My titties were drenched, and I groaned, knowing I was in heat again. But why was Kyson so hot? lyrics wondered, about climb off him and run for the bathroom to have a cold shower.

"Remain where you are. You can't move even if you wanted to." Damian's voice made me look over my shoulder. A growl escaped me; logically, I knew it was Beta Damian, yet my body reacted to the intruder near my nest. A nest I don't remember building in my sleep. The thin sheet covering me falls slightly, and Damian averts his gaze to the far wall and clears his throat, making me look down to find myself n****d. Why was I n****d? And who undressed me? My eyes widen, and I scramble to tug the sheet back to cover myself, only to feel Kyson move under me. No, he didn't move. I was handcuffed to him, my wrist cuffed to his. My movement made Kyson purr in his sleep while I figured out what had happened.

I stare at the handcuff before glancing at Damian. "Why am I handcuffed? Did you undress me?" I asked him, and Damian sat back in his wooden chair that I knew was from the small office behind the door on the far wall. He folds his arms across his chest.

"Yes, I had no choice. You are in heat! I need to talk to you, and you will listen to me, my Queen," Damian states and I could tell he was not going to leave until he did. I roll my eyes, and Beta Damian growls.

"Un-cuff me," I tell him, but he presses his lips in a line. "No!" he says, earning a growl from me. I wanted to check on Dustin and Abbie. Although I wasn't sure if that would be possible because with Kyson's skin touching mine, I was barely holding it together, wanting nothing more than to roll my hips against him and claim him.

"I have been with the King for as long as I can remember, and he can be a stubborn idiot at times. However, you are also just as stubborn. You put yourself in unnecessary danger and put your life at risk, and that of Dustin. You put my King at risk. Your mate!" I s****w, looking down at Kyson. Tugging the blanket higher, I go to move off of Kyson when he speaks again.

"Remain where you are. Kyson's life depends on it. You move and could die, and I did not carrying him here and undress you for him to drop d****d on me now!" Damian snaps, and I freeze. "What?" I gasp, wondering what he is talking about.

"Kyson asked me not to say anything, but I will not watch him die when you can save him. Both of you are too stubborn to see your own flaws or each other's side. Now you will listen to me," he snaps, and I could see his frustration clearly by the tight clench of his jaw and how white his knuckles were as the skin stretched over them when he gripped the armrest of the wooden chair.

Damian was usually calm. Although, right now he looked ms, and I wasn't sure if he wanted to m****r me or the King, maybe both? So I figured it probably best to listen and not p****s off the Lycan who looked like he could snap in half like a twig.

"I'm listening."

"About time, my Queen. Now let's get one thing straight. Everything I do and don't do is for yours and the King's safety, just like me handcuffing you to him, is for his safety." I sigh, wondering what he is getting at.

"You never grew up amongst Lycans. You are poorly educated by no fault of your own and very young, so please do not take offense, but there are things you now need to be made aware of, so you can understand the meaning for all of this!" He says.

Was this what it was like to be scolded by a teacher because I imagined so. "When Kyson had your heat stopped, it didn't stop for him. Lycan men suffer the same as women during the heat. Now, why did Kyson stop your heat, Azalea?" Damian asked.

"So I wouldn't die." Damian nods, leaning forward in his chair and bracing his arms on his knees.

"It is the same for Lycan men. You denying him wasn't just k****g you, it is k****g the King. Male Lycan's heat can not be stopped like a woman's. Just because yours has doesn't mean it did for him, which is why he is like that," Damian said, nodding toward Kyson beneath me.

I peer down at him. His skin was scorching, and his heart racing in his chest. I could feel it thumping beneath my palm resting on the center of his chest. "Right now, your skin contact is the only thing keeping him from boiling alive, so you will remain in those cuffs until he is better."

"But that means I would have to mate him. You just said his heat won't stop even if mine does."

"Exactly," Damian says, his eyes flickering onyx, as he swallows before crossing his legs.

"What?" I murmur horrified.

"I am not asking you to have s*x with him, Azalea, but I am not letting you out of those cuffs until you have at least marked him, which will buy him a few more days. His life depends on it, so you need to put your issues aside and save your mate. I have watched King's and Queen's fall from war. I will not watch them fall from something that could be avoided, all because of a lack of communication because both of you are too stubborn to admit when you're wrong."

I open my mouth to speak, but he gets up. "No, you will do this. You need to realize being Queen comes with responsibilities, responsibilities you do not understand, but your King does. You will do without him and him you. Before you find another excuse, Abbie is mine, Dustin is mine, but your mate is not.

He messed up by not believing you about Abbie, but he can not make up for that mistake if he is d****d. So it is time for my Queen to grow up and take responsibility for her own mistakes. You are both at fault for this, and now you need to fix it before another kingdom falls. Only this time, it would fall because of stubbornness and ego. And that is not worth d****g for!" Damian says before storming off toward the door.

"Wait!" I shriek, scrambling to turn to face him without either exposing myself or climbing off Kyson. I only manage to tangle myself in the sheet. However, Damian stops and turns back to face me.

My face heats, and Damian purses his lips impatiently. "You don't expect me to um...he is asleep! And I don't know what to do!"

Damian sighs and glances around, his eyes stopping on the bookcase.

"Don't ignore your instincts. Your body knows what to do. Its basic instincts. Listen to them. And think of it as sleeping beauty, you know that story?" he asks, and I nod. Kyson had read that and few other princess books, one that even had a frog in it.

"Good, think of him as sleeping beastly then, but mark him instead of kissing him, though you can do that too. Just make sure you mark him first. It will help him heal enough to complete the other part."

"So I only have to mark him, and he will wake?"

"Maybe not right away, eventually, once his temperature goes down, and effects abate" he tells me, and I sighed, looking down at Kyson. My anger toward him was not worth his life; Damian was right about that. I hear the door click shut and lock as he leaves.

Readjusting myself, I sit up untangling the sheet, my legs straddling his waist, yet his arm was d****d weight and b****y heavy as I moved. Using my free hand, I turned his face to the side before feeling my mark on my neck, wondering if it mattered where I marked him, yet I had two marks from him and could feel they overlapped each other, so I figured anywhere between the neck and shoulder must be OK. My gums tingled just at the mere thought of marking him.

His b**e chest was inviting, and I wanted to run my tongue over it; however, marking first, I tried to remind myself, shaking my head. I kinda wished Damian was in here. It was easier keeping my thoughts straight and fighting the urges rolling over me.

Leaning down, his chest brushed against mine, making my skin electrified, and I moaned at the feeling as it raced toward the apex of my legs. sniffed his neck, his scent making my mouth water, and I felt my canines elongate when I ran my tongue over his marking spot. My canines buzz as they graze his flesh and p****k his skin. The moment his blood touched my tongue, I sank them into his neck. I intended to be gentle; however, my body had a mind of its own as I felt them slide through muscle and tissue before bottoming out when I bit him like a d****n savage.

I briefly thought I did it wrong when I was smashed with his aura and essence, felt it roll over every inch of me, filling every atom and making every nerve come alive. My pupils dilated and I felt them expand, blowing wide and clearer. The feeling of him was bleeding into me, his life force moving through me and connecting to mine, it made me gasp and choke on his blood as it filled my mouth.

My entire body buzzed and warmed as our bond forged and sealed a sense of wholeness enveloped me. I pull my teeth from his neck, running my tongue over his mark, and he shivers but does not wake. With a sigh, I lay down on him, burying my face in his neck and inhaling his scent. Please wake up.