

Chapter 22

AZALEA

Kyson's refusal to listen only fuels my frustration. He accused me of being unreasonable, insisting Abbie probably just forgot to say it back. But I know Abbie better than anyone else, she always says it back. She knew I would notice, so her failing to do so was clearly a message to me, something only I would understand. Kyson offered to take me to see her on the weekend, but I can't bear the thought of waiting that long. Today is Monday, and I am unwilling to endure days of worry. What if she is in danger? He won't listen.

However, the searing heat coursing through my body leaves me with no choice but to confront the unbearable pain I'm in. It washes over me relentlessly, like a merciless tidal wave, intensifying with each passing wave. I feel crippled by the agony.

"This is absurd, Azalea. You're in pain. Let me help you," Kyson snaps, his voice laced with frustration as he reaches out and grips my shoulder, attempting to roll me onto my back.

His touch burns, lust trying to consume me. All I want to do is bathe in his scent, craving his touch and him like he is an antidote to the crippling agony rushing through my nerve endings and making my entire body burn and ache for him. Sweat glistens on my skin and drenches my hair. My pillow is soaked as I squirm in pain and my core clenches. No matter how I lay, I cannot get comfortable.

His touch scorches my skin, igniting a potent desire within me. All I can think about is immersing myself in his intoxicating scent, craving his touch as if it is the only cure for my agonizing torment. Beads of sweat glisten on my skin, soaking my pillow. I writhe in agony, unable to find any position that offers relief.

“Bring Abbie home,” I snarl, curling up into a ball on my side and turning away from him. My knees press tightly against my chest to alleviate some of the pain, but nothing seems to bring relief. Kyson growls in frustration, but I pay him no mind. My stomach twists with cramps, and his scent continues to drive me to the brink of insanity. I cling to my burning anger, determined not to succumb to instinct until he either sends someone to retrieve her or takes me to her himself.

The bond between us tugs at my chest, refusing to settle, urging me relentlessly toward my mate. It whispers promises of comfort and relief if only I would surrender. Kyson growls, his grip on my shoulder tightening as he forces me onto my back.

I thrash beneath him, desperately trying to resist as he pins me down, his body presses against mine with an intensity that leaves me breathless. His hands tingle where they grip my wrists, his very

presence is a seductive lure that threatens to consume me. His calling rushes out of him, the deep thrumming of it resonates within his chest, as he tries to coax me into submission.

A moan escapes my lips, swiftly followed by a growl as realization hits me like a lightning strike jolting me. He tears my clothes away with a ferocity that leaves them in tatters, and in response, I sink my teeth into his chest, biting down with all the strength I can muster. Kyson growls fiercely as he slams me back onto the bed, my teeth tearing away from his skin. His canines press against my throat, a warning that makes me freeze, my breaths coming in harsh gasps. Anger surges through me at his attempt to force me into submission.

“Stop! Even if you’re my mate, it’s still rape. And I will never forgive you,” I spit at him, defiance burning in my eyes. A whimper escapes his lips, a sound I have never heard before. His tongue traces a path along my neck, and he breathes heavily before burying his face against my skin.

“I would never,” he growls, genuine hurt evident in his voice as I turn my head to look at him. Kyson’s distress over my accusation strikes a chord within me.

“Then get off me,” I retort, and his eyes flicker, his body tensing as he fights against the urge to shift. Jet-black fur begins to sprout along his arms, his skin rippling as he fights the urge to shift. His hardened length presses against me, sending a tingling sensation through my entire body, and my arousal coats my thighs.

“Get off me, Kyson!” I snap when he hesitates. With a reluctant sigh, he rolls off me, only to pull me on top of him. I push against his chest, desperate to create distance between us.

“Stop! If you refuse to mate with me, at least try to ease your own discomfort. Your heat affects me too, Azalea,” he snarls, holding me firmly against him. I squirm and wriggle in an attempt to break free, but he is far stronger than me, his arms acting as restraints. After a brief struggle, I give in and relax against his warm skin, allowing it to offer some relief from the relentless agony coursing through me.

The heat subsides slightly, beads of sweat still clinging to my skin as the fever consumes me. It feels as if my very flesh is scorching hot, while my insides boil like a bubbling cauldron. A sigh escapes me as Kyson’s hand trails up and down my spine, the mere contact causing my temperature to drop ever so slightly.

“We’ll see Abbie on the weekend, I promise. I’ll take you to her, Azalea. Please,” Kyson pleads, his voice filled with genuine concern.

“Not until she’s here. Go get Abbie,” I murmur, licking his skin before quickly realizing what I am doing and clenching my jaw.

“I’m busy. The weekend isn’t far away,” Kyson purrs, burying his nose in my hair as he inhales my scent.

“Then send Gannon!” I plead, knowing Gannon will drop everything to come to her aid.

“Gannon is occupied with another matter; he won’t be available for quite some time. I’ll contact him as soon as he returns,” Kyson states matter-of-factly.

“What about Damian?” I ask, grasping at any possible solution.

“I need Damian here with me,” Kyson says simply, and I curse under my breath.

“You won’t be able to fight the heat for long, Azalea. Just give in. It is pointless. You will mate me, so give in! It doesn’t just make you uncomfortable!” he growls, gripping my hips and rubbing my pussy along his raging hard-on. I moan at the feel of his cock gliding through my wet folds but still, I refuse, shaking my head and earning a growl from him.