

## Chapter 24

### KYSON

Doc is shaking at my outburst, and before I can stop myself, I am shifting. Dustin only just rips him back in time before I slash his eyes from his head, the needle dropping from his hand. I tuck her under me. Azalea's eyes roll in her head, the calling wearing off, and I only just manage to flood her with it as she comes to. No doubt she would lash out at someone so near her nest.

“My King?” Doc stutters. I have never struggled with control like this. Most of my guards have caught her in some state of undress before, but never while she was in heat. My instincts tell me he's trying to take her, even though I consciously know I asked him here. Reason tries to calm me, but it doesn't abate my urges.

Dustin bends down, scooping the needle off the ground. My eyes track his every move as he approaches the bed. Though his scent near her doesn't seem to faze me, probably because she reeks of him constantly or maybe because I know he's not a threat. Plus, Dustin has no reaction to Azalea; she's not his type. The doctor on the other hand, I can sense his testosterone levels rise around Azalea because she's in heat.

“Ovaries, right, Doc? I’m not good with female anatomy,” Dustin admits, and Doc moves toward the end of the bed, watching from afar, careful not to come too close. His nostrils flare, earning him a growl. Dustin’s hand shakes as he stops beside me at the edge of the bed. He bares his neck to me, and my eyes flicker as he offers his neck to me.

“No threat, Alpha King,” Dustin says steadily as I sniff his neck, turning my nose away from him to sniff my mate. Dustin reaches over, tugging the surrounding sheet over her legs and mine covering her.

“He needs to move his leg,” Doc says, glancing away when my eyes snap to him. Dustin’s hand taps my leg. The man deserves a bravery award coming near me like this. I don’t think Damian would be game enough to try while she was in heat. I move my leg, and Dustin quickly tucks the blanket between her legs, careful not to touch between her legs. Azalea’s eyes flutter, and I bury my nose in her neck and lick the hollow of her throat.

“Focus on your mate, My King. I am no threat,” Dustin says as I feel him moving her slightly, and I keep my face in her neck; she shivers, my whiskers tickling her neck.

“If you push hard enough, you will be able to feel it. The queen is in heat. Her ovaries will be swollen. You won’t miss it once you feel it,” Doc murmurs.

“Feel what? I don’t even know what I am feeling for,” Dustin whispers.

“Hand on the back of her hip. Use your other to push down, no lower but above the pubic bone,” Doc says, and I growl.

Dustin fiddles around then jumps. “Ah, that’s wrong, so wrong, shit, sorry, my King,” he says when my head snaps to glare at his hands on my mate.

“Not gross, just didn’t think ovaries could expand like that,” he rambles, remaining still while my eyes remain on his hand touching her.

“She isn’t human. Lycan anatomy is far different from human anatomy,” Doc explains, my gaze going to the man, who averts his once again under my glare.

“Fascinating. You could only feel the ovaries internally by lifting the ovary, and with a hand on the stomach. Still not 100% accurate on humans; Lycans are a little different,” he says, turning his head. Dustin moves too quickly to pluck the needle from between his teeth. He freezes when I growl, offering his neck to me to sniff. I turn my attention back to Azalea and hear him breathe.

“Now I inject it into the ovary?” Dustin whispers. I’m relieved he is doing it, I don’t think I could.

“Yes, but move quickly. The king will feel it. I have heard it isn’t a pleasant feeling. He may lash out.”

“Wait, will I hurt her?” Dustin asks.

“Not if the king keeps her sedated, no, but he will feel it,” Doc says, my ear pricking on top of my head at his words.

I feel it alright and clench the sheets. Dustin moves quickly, but I am more focused on Azalea, watching her. I hear the door click as they rush out and will have to remember to thank Dustin later.

It takes around thirty minutes until the side effects die down in her. Her breathing eventually evens out, her cheek is no longer a rosy red, and her skin is no longer blistering hot. However, it has no such effect on me. Her scent nearly drives me insane. The pain is pure torture for me, and now she lay asleep as exhaustion takes her after relentless hours of heat. She’s vulnerable to me in her calm, sleeping form. I know I have to get out of here before I mate her.

Another hour passes as I pace and drink an entire bottle of whiskey, trying to force myself out of the room. Growing tipsy rather quickly, I snatch another bottle off the bar and stagger out of the room. Dustin grips my arm as I stumble toward the steps.

“Stay guard,” I tell him.

“My King,” Dustin murmurs.

“Don’t, I know what I am risking. I am fine,” I tell him.

“Do you?”

I growl at his question. “Yes, my life and I will be fine. I won’t force her, and none of you are to tell her. She will come around.” I stop, losing my train of thought.

“You have three days, My King,” Dustin argues.

“I need to go. Not a word,” I tell him, clutching the handrail as I head for my office.