

Chapter 36

KYSON

No words can capture the depth of my fury when I learned she left with Dustin. My rage simmers, a violent undercurrent threatening to erupt. The urge to throttle them both for their recklessness pulses through me.

“You disobeyed me!” I growl, stalking toward her. My eyes scan over her to see her drenched in blood. Her worst injury is the gaping wound in her hip that is running a blood trail down her leg. “And now you’re injured!” I snap at her.

“But Abbie,” she tries to say before I cut her off with a growl. Her eyes widen as I reach her, and she cowers away, pressing closer to my Gamma. But he knows better than to get in my way. He is also furious with Dustin for allowing her to put herself at risk despite being relieved to have Abbie back.

“I don’t want to hear it,” I snarl, ripping her closer, her tiny body smacking into my hard chest a little harder than I intended. I was frantic the entire run here, and now I know she is by my side. It is

overshadowed by my anger and her heat that has returned. She struggles against me, which only makes my instincts want to claim her and heal her, and I regret not explaining almost instantly when I feel her betrayal hit me. She thinks I am making her submit. In a sense, I am. Although not for the reason she undoubtedly believes.

She will bleed out long before we get home, and I will mate her if she remains awake. Her scent is potent, as the effects of the drug Doc gave her have nearly worn off. So I sink my teeth into her neck, remarking her. Her body falls limp in my arms, and I barely scoop her legs up before she slips from my grip. I lick her neck, holding her tighter and attempting to lift her shirt when I am suddenly hit repeatedly by tiny fists in the back.

My head snaps around to spot Abbie standing there, glaring at me with a fierce protectiveness that catches me off guard.

“You fucking asshole, you prick! You didn’t even let her explain. You just made her submit,” Abbie screams, punching into my side in a fit of rage. I look over my shoulder to find her hitting me with her tiny fists like they will do something. Gannon grabs her around the waist, tugging her back when she falls forward in his arms while flailing as he restrains her arms. She snarls angrily, leaning forward and biting me like a damn savage.

I blink down at her, her teeth embedded in my arm just as Gannon rips her backward, making him fall on his ass, her teeth ripping out of my arm painfully. She bit me!

“I will fucking kill you, you savage Neanderthal,” she screams as she turns red-faced, landing on top of Gannon.

“Deal with her, or I will!” I warn Gannon. I’m not in the mood to tolerate such disrespect. They both put themselves at risk tonight, and just because she is Azalea’s friend doesn’t mean I won’t punish her for putting my queen at risk.

Gannon growls, snapping at her and pressing his teeth to her neck in warning, causing her to whimper.

“Enough! He didn’t make her submit. Stop and look!” Gannon snarls at her, pulling his teeth away and pointing to where I lifted Azalea’s shirt. Her wound is already healing, though my hand is filled with her blood. I huff. If she was anyone else apart from Abbie, I would have been furious and hit her for biting me the way she just did, but I know these girls would die for each other. I shake my head while Gannon apologizes on Abbie’s behalf. Turning my attention back to my mate, I lean down while lifting her higher and run my tongue over her wound when I spot Abbie standing in front of me, having escaped Gannon.

“See? He isn’t hurting her,” Gannon whispers, coming up behind her, and she worries her lip between her teeth. However, she doesn’t look much better off herself. Abbie is rather pale and sickly-looking. She lets out a breath.

“You couldn’t have warned her first instead of just going all caveman and biting into her?”

“Warn her like you did me when you bit me?” I ask. Her face heats, her cheeks turning a light shade of pink.

“I thought, never mind. Fucking Neanderthal men, anyone would think you were raised by cavemen,” she says before her eyes go behind me. I turn to see what she is looking at, to find it is Kade’s dead body lying on the grass behind me. Abbie swallows before shaking her head when her eyes turn glassy.

“Can we go home now?” she asks, looking at Gannon.

“My King, we have three cars here. They are on the top road.” Damian says, coming over to me with Dustin tossed limply over his shoulder. I glare at him before trekking through the forest and up the vast mountain. Stumbling across my car, I click my tongue. They are lucky to be alive; how Dustin managed to pull himself out of that wreckage is beyond me.

When I reach the top, I am struggling to control myself. I feel rabid as her scent grows more potent, and even Damian glances at me nervously as I clutch my mate closer, soaking up her scent and trying to let it calm my urges. However, once we get to the cars and start heading back home, we are halfway there when I smell her scent shift with the ferocity of a tidal wave. As my mark heals her, it also completely burns out the drug in her system. My canines slip from my gums, and my pupils dilate.

“The windows,” I growl at Damian and Gannon, knowing if I move right now, I will lose control completely. They quickly do as I ask while Abbie watches me worriedly. Her eyes are wide as she stares at Azalea, who is limp in my arms. She moves on her seat to reach out to touch her. And the noise that leaves me is feral as Gannon jerks her back to sit beside him.

“She is safe, but she is in heat; you need to stay still; you can’t touch her when she is like that when he is near,” Gannon whispers to her.

“But...”

“No, Abbie, I know you’re worried, but right now, the king isn’t safe to be around. Don’t provoke him while she is in that state,” he adds, and I watch as Abbie sniffs the air slightly before wrinkling her nose. It takes a few hours until we finally pull into the horseshoe driveway. Gannon pulls Abbie out of the car with him, only to find Liam has opened the door.

“The boys?” Gannon asks.

“Clarice has them. They are both tucked away in their beds, safe,” Liam answers. I want to ask, but right now, I am at war with myself and figure it can wait until I am in more control.

“Kyson, where do you want me to put Dustin?” Damian asks, clearing his throat. Dustin is in one of the other cars, and I know he is awake; I can feel his pack tether is alert when Liam looks in at me.

“My King, I’m not making excuses for him; he did the wrong thing, but...” begins Liam.

I glare at him, who presses his lips in a line. He is protective of Dustin, but I have my limits with my men. At the same time, I trust very few with my mate, or my kingdom for that matter.

Gazing down at Azalea, I press my face into her neck and breathe in her scent, and Damian tells Liam he’ll handle me and to go.

“You know it wouldn’t have been a deliberate act of putting her in harm’s way,” Damian says, though I can tell he wants to beat some sense into him.

“Just think of Azalea’s reaction before you act, My King. You know she won’t be happy if you hurt him.”

“He needs to be punished,” I tell him, and Damian nods.

“He does but maybe sleep on it tonight and clear your head before deciding what that punishment should be,” Damian says. “Dungeons? Or am I sending him to his room?”

“Fuck!” I mutter under my breath.

“His room. I will deal with him tomorrow,” I answer, not happy, but he is right. Azalea and Dustin are close.

“Okay,” Damian says, holding the door open for me, only I don’t get out. I am frozen. If I move right now. I am going to bend her over and fuck her despite her being asleep. My cock is painfully hard beneath her, and my muscles tense as I begin to sweat.

“My King?” Damian asks, and I glare out the door.

“I can’t move,” I say through gritted teeth.

“Right, I um. I can take her,” Damian says nervously, but I have suffered through both his and Gannon’s scents, switching back and forth the entire way home as they reacted with each wave as it came. I don’t think I could bear to smell his arousal on her skin. I swallow, knowing I have to ask for the help of the one man I want to kill right now.

“Please ask Dustin to come to take her,” I tell him.

“You want Dustin to take her back to her room?”

I nod once.

Waiting a few moments, Dustin steps into the limo warily. I clench my jaw, but his scent doesn't change as he approaches. He doesn't say anything and waits for me to nod to him before taking her. Dustin scoops her out of my arms, hugging her to his chest. Dustin steps out of the limo while I wait, still fighting the urge to bury my dick in her tight confines. After about half an hour, I have calmed enough to get out of the car without wanting to hunt my mate like she is prey.

However, once the cool night air brushes against me, the fresh air fills my lungs. I feel dizzy, and my surroundings spin. Taking a step toward the castle doors, my vision blurs, and I feel delirious. It becomes harder to breathe, and with another step, I lose all feeling as an icy cold feeling slivers over my heat-ravaged body, and my heart thumps erratically in my chest. The ground rushes toward my face, yet I don't feel a thing as I hit it, although I hear the air being expelled from my lungs on impact before my vision goes black.