

Chapter 41

KYSON

Azalea falls asleep quickly, and I run my fingers up and down her spine, enjoying her closeness and her scent. Relief floods me; she is officially mine, and I am hers. An overwhelming feeling washes over me knowing I have never felt so complete before as I do now. Yet fear gnaws at me. I knotted her. Lost in the moment, I forgot to pull her off.

Azalea is most fertile while in heat, and the fact I knotted her just upped the chances of me getting her pregnant. Worry eats at me, not because it happened, but because it was clear to me Azalea had no idea what I was talking about when I told her. Will she hate me if I get her pregnant so soon? My troubled thoughts claw at my insides and give me a headache.

Time slips by me as I become trapped in my thoughts. I finally feel the swelling at the base of my cock going down, now able to slip free of her body. I groan when I notice the damn handcuff still attached to my wrist. Opening the mind link, I feel for Damian, hoping he has the key.

I can feel he is asleep, though Liam isn't, his mind link buzzing like a live wire in my head. I push on his tether, and he lets me in.

'Finished already, My King, that was fast. Need me to show you how it's done?' Liam taunts.

'Liam!'

'Sorry, My King. Offer still stands.'

'Like the offer to give me a good fuck?' I ask. I smile stupidly as I think of the brute.

'If that is what my duty requires, I am up for the task,' he laughs.

'That will not be necessary, but I appreciate the offer,' I chuckle.

'You should get laid more often. You seem to be in a cheery mood now you got rid of the blue balls,' he mocks, and I gaze down at Azalea and sniff her hair. She reeks of my scent, making me purr with contentment.

'No need to purr at me, My King. I'm pretty sure your calling doesn't work on me, but hey, I can pretend if that is what you are into,' Liam snickers.

'Sorry, Azalea distracted me,' I admit.

‘Sure. Now, what can I do for you? I assume you want something, or did you just drop into my thoughts for a friendly chat?’ Liam asks.

‘Well, I was trying to get a hold of Damian about this customary piece of jewelry I appear to have attached to me,’ I tell him.

‘Oh, my Justins! Do you like those? I have a hot pink fluffy set, too.’

‘I would like them off and was wondering if you had a spare key since Damian is asleep.’

‘I do, and Damian is definitely asleep. I am looking at him.’

‘Hmm, so who is on guard?’ I ask.

‘Just little ole me. I noticed Damian needed a grandpa nap and Trey... Hmm, don’t like the fella, reminds me of a ferret,’ Liam growls.

‘A ferret?’ I ask.

‘Yep, cute and fluffy, and then it bites. I had a ferret once, only it bit me, then I wrung its neck, twisted it all the way around, those fuckers’ bite hard,’ he rambles.

‘I remember. The key, Liam.’

‘Oh right, should I slide it under the door, or open and toss it. I could try my ninja skills, creep on in slowly, and take you from behind.’

‘Liam!’

‘Right, I am getting ahead of myself. Should I knock?’ he asks, and I roll my eyes.

‘Now, why would you knock?’ I ask him.

‘Well, don’t want to be rude, now, do I?’ he says when I hear him knock twice. I tug the blanket up and cover Azalea.

“Come in,” I laugh. This man is batshit crazy, certifiably insane. He pops his head in and wiggles his eyebrows before covering his eyes with his hands and peering out the gaps between his fingers.

“I see nothing,” he says, stumbling over his feet.

“Well, well, well, what have we here?” he asks, dropping his hand and sauntering over to me. His calculated movements remind me of a cat. I roll my eyes at him and wave him forward for the key.

He holds it out to me, then pulls his hand back at the last second. I raise an eyebrow at him.

“Liam, have you been drinking while on the job?” I ask, sniffing the air.

“Just a smidge, My King, want some? I won’t tell if you don’t,” he says, sending me a wink.

“Not a good thing to tell the boss,” I scold. He is testing my patience.

“But you’ve always been more than just my boss, more a brother. I may be many things, but a liar I is not. So if you don’t want to know the answer, My King, don’t ask,” he says, his eyes glistening mischievously.

“Can I have the key, Liam?” I ask. He sighs and quits his mucking around, offering me the key. I take it from him and undo the cuff before rubbing my wrist.

“You seem troubled, My King,” Liam says, tilting his head to the side. I look at him. He is drunk, but even I know he can handle himself in this state. He passed the guard trial while obliterated, literally woke up when the starting gun went off, having dozed off at the line, and still placed 5th last year. The guard trials are always a haunting memory for him and for all of us. It’s around that time that the anniversaries are.

I bite the inside of my lip and glance down at Azalea.

“Ah, I see. You knotted her, didn’t you?” he asks, and I nod, stroking her hair. Liam wanders off into the bathroom, and I hear the bathtub turn on as he rummages around in there.

“Get her cleaned up. Never know, might be able to wash it from her.”

“Wash pregnancy from her?” I scoff.

“Hmm, I do have another suggestion, but I would like my limbs to remain attached, especially the right hand. I am rather fond of it,” Liam says. He leans forward, cupping his mouth with his hands. “I wank with that one,” he whispers, and I groan. That is far too much information.

I roll my eyes, and he snickers, the scent of vodka reaching my nose, and I look at him, waiting for him to answer.

“Morning-after pill,” he whispers. I furrow my brows, and he shrugs. “I mean no offense by that, but if you are worried, should I retrieve you one?” he says.

“Liam?”

“We can keep it on the down-low. No one has to know. I know it is a taboo thing with Royals, but if you think about it, Royals are taboo anyhow, right? Few of you left,” he rambles.

“Just ask Doc to keep it to himself; he knows I just don’t want it to get out, especially with Clarice. She would be far too excited, and the place would be baby-proofed tomorrow; I also don’t want Azalea to feel pressured,” I tell him.

Liam nods, rushing out to do my bidding while I get up. I carry a sleeping Azalea into the bathroom, climbing in the hot bath, I sit her on my lap, and wash her. She moves around, waking, but my calling forces her back under as I wash her the best I can. I heard Liam slip into the room again before shutting the door. When I am sure he is gone, I sit on the edge of the bath and dry her before setting her in the bed and tugging the blanket up.

I noticed the pill sitting on the table with a bottle of water. Climbing back in bed, she instinctively moves closer before crawling on top of me, pressing her body to my chest, and she grabs my hand, placing it over her. I snort, running my fingers up her spine.

“I’m cold,” she yawns, snuggling against me.

“Because your heat has subsided,” I tell her, and she shivers, nodding sleepily.

“Do you want kids?”

She is already asleep when I ask this, and I know she will stay in this dreary state for hours. I brush her hair with my fingers for a while before letting myself drift off. I would have to ask her when she wakes. It's not my body and therefore, not my decision. However, I have to tell her there is a chance she could be pregnant.