

Chapter 43

AZALEA

Every muscle ached when I woke the following day. Kyson is nowhere to be seen, and his side of the bed is cold. Sticking my head out from under the blanket, I groan when I see the mess I made. I know I made it because I have not seen Kyson make a den once since being here. He must get sick of having to replace all the bed linens and his clothes. But as I stick my head out, I want to curl back inside my den.

As tempting as that is, I know I can't stay in bed all day or what is left of the day, so I force myself out of bed. Only when I do, my legs give out from under me, pain ricocheting up my spine and twisting throughout every muscle. Bad enough, we had to go through the heat, but to suffer afterward seemed beyond cruel. Hobbling over to the door, I stick my head out, keeping my naked body behind the door. I find Damian standing there in front of my door. I was hoping to see Dustin, but right now, I couldn't care less as long as he can help.

"My Queen," he says with a swift nod before turning his attention to me. He looks through the gap in the door behind me.

“Is everything alright?” he asks.

“Have you seen Kyson?”

“He is in the kitchen. I can go get him if you like?”

I shake my head. If he is in the kitchen, surely he will be back sometime soon.

“No, it’s fine, but can you ask Doc for some painkillers?”

“Ah, I see. Certainly,” he says, touching my forehead. His hand feels cold against my skin. “You’re still a little warm,” he says, his brows pinching together before sniffing the air.

“Yet you’re not in heat, must be after-effects. I will go see what I can find. It will probably ease off when Kyson returns, just the bond fretting, so not to worry,” he says, and I shut the door.

I half wish I could just be a regular werewolf. They didn’t seem to fret or have these bizarre compulsions. Growing up knowing one thing only to find out you’re something else entirely really makes things confusing. How can I fret for someone I just saw? It makes no sense to me. I make my way to the bathroom. My legs tremble as I stand outside the water spray while waiting for the water to heat. I step under the water as soon as it does, hoping the added heat will loosen my aching bones and wash the tension away.

Hearing a knock on the door roughly five minutes later, Damian announces himself, and I sing out from the bathroom to let him know it's okay to come in. He stops next to the bathroom door with his back to me.

"I set some pills on the bedside table. There is already a water bottle there," he tells me.

"Thank you," I tell him, rinsing the soap suds out of my hair.

"Anything else, My Queen?"

"Azalea! Did the king say anything about Dustin?" I ask nervously before rubbing my eyes and looking at his back just outside the door.

"Yes, Dustin will return to his post today," Damian answers.

"So he is okay?"

"Yes, Kyson hasn't punished him yet, but I am sure you can convince him otherwise," Damian says. Hopefully, I can convince Kyson not to punish him. He shouldn't be punished just because he came with me. Either way, I intended to leave. If he wants to be angry with anyone, he should be mad at me, not him.

“And Abbie?”

“With Gannon. She is a little sore, but she is okay. I have given him the week off to spend with Abbie until she readjusts to being here.”

I nod, forgetting he has his back to me.

“Anything else, My Queen?”

“Yes, stop calling me My Queen,” I tell him, and he snorts.

“Very well, Azalea.”

“Thank you. You can go unless you want to chat,” I laugh.

“Somehow, I don’t think the king would approve of me standing here chatting with you while you shower.”

“Wouldn’t make much difference. You already saw me naked, but you are probably right. Best to not push the king’s buttons.”

“I will be outside if you need me,” he says before walking off. I hear the door click shut, and after a few minutes, I climb out, wrap myself in a towel, and stroll into the bedroom to the closet to find some clothes. Setting them on the bed, I dry myself when I notice the pills on the bedside table.

Grabbing the water bottle, I twist the cap off. I drink half the bottle, not realizing how dry my throat is, only stopping when I remember I need water to swallow the pills. Grabbing the two foil packets, I try to read what they said, but the words are too long and I figure they are both some form of painkiller. I pop the first two out and swallow them down before snapping the foil on the other gray pill. It smells funny, and I try to remember where I have smelled that scent before.

Shaking my head, I tip the bottle to my lips when the door opens. Dropping the empty foil packet back onto the bedside table, I go to put the tablet in my mouth when the wind is suddenly knocked out of me as I land on the bed.

Kyson grabs my hand and lands on top of me on the bed. “Geez, Kyson,” I snap at him as he pries my fingers apart.

“What’s got into you?” I demand. Kyson takes the pill out of my hand before letting out a breath.

“Ah, thank the Moon Goddess,” he sighs. I stare up at him, wondering what the Moon Goddess has to do with any of this. Thank her for making me sore because I would rather curse her out.

Kyson sits up, and I notice Damian standing in the doorway, looking petrified, when Kyson looks over his shoulder at him.

“She didn’t take it,” Kyson tells him, and Damian visibly relaxes.

“Sorry, I didn’t know,” he says to Kyson. Well, that makes two of us because I still don’t know what is going on right now.

“It is my fault. I shouldn’t have left it there. You can go,” Kyson tells him, and Damian shuts the door. Kyson turns back to look down at me before holding up the pill.

“This is not a painkiller,” he says, climbing off me. I blink up at him, waiting for him to explain, and he leans down, pecking my lips.

Kyson lets me sit up before dropping the pill in my hand. “That is the morning-after pill. Do you know what that means?” he asks. I shake my head. Kyson scrubs a hand down his face.

“I didn’t mean to, but I knotted you,” he says. I remember him saying that last night. It is why I couldn’t move afterward.

“You take that it will kill off an unwanted pregnancy, it has to be taken within 72 hours if you’re human. Since you’re Lycan, you have roughly half that time to take it, but the choice is yours.”

“Wait, you impregnated me?” I ask, horrified, while staring at the pill in my hand.

“I’m not sure, but you are more fertile during heat, and since I knotted you, the chances are even higher, so if you don’t want to be pregnant, you can take that to stop it,” Kyson says before staring at it in my hand.

“Do you want me to take it?” I ask him, glancing down at the pill.

“What I want doesn’t matter; it is your body. The choice is yours,” Kyson tells me when I hear arguing outside the door. Kyson looks over his shoulder at the door. He growls but climbs off the bed and stalks over to the tray Damian has placed on the dresser. He grabs it, walking back to me.

“Here, I made you something to eat. I will be back in a second. Just need to sort out something,” Kyson says, and I can feel he is angry about something as he glares at the door before storming outside.

I stare down at the tray, which has different meat, eggs, and toast. Staring at the pill in my hand. I sigh, not knowing what to do.

Do I want kids? More to the question, though, does the king? I’m assuming he wants to continue his royal bloodline; I also suppose mine. However, I’m not so sure. I never gave babies much thought. I honestly never saw myself having a future, let alone one where I can have children. But if I take it, won’t that be going against the Moon Goddess? At the same time, Kyson wouldn’t have given it to me if he believed that, would he?