

Chapter 11: The Morning After

Kennedy

I wake up alone. At first, I'm disoriented, not recognizing the room I'm in. Then, it all comes back to me. My birthday, Quirin, returning to his pack, completing our bond.

I smile, shifting and feeling the soreness that still lingers between my thighs. I knew my first time would hurt. I've worked in the hospital, been around my mother talking to young she-wolves all my life. So, I knew there would be pain. What I hadn't expected was the intense pleasure of that would come first from Raif's venom, and then from feeling Quirin's emotions.

I'd felt his awe, his pride, his pleasure at being mated to me, at being inside me. I'd felt his desperate need to make me his. I'd also felt that he doesn't feel worthy of having me for a mate and his guilt at what he considers selfishness by claiming me. If that makes him selfish, I guess we both are.

Yes, I'd felt the sting of my body tearing when he'd first entered me. But after that, the pleasure that shot through my entire body was so strong, that I didn't even remember the pain and definitely didn't know that I was bleeding.

I don't know if everyone has continual orgasms; long, strong, powerful pleasure bombs that just continue to explode in your body, making you feel almost separated from your physical self. It was the most intense, pleasurable experience I've ever had.

Until it wasn't.

I hadn't realized that I was crying. I think at first it was because of the pain, but then it was because of the beauty of our mating. I'd struggled to grasp the pure ecstasy of connecting to Quirin and Raif. It was so beautiful, so intense, that the tears had continued to drip down my face.

I think the tears could have been explained away, but then Quirin smelled the blood and that's when his mind had closed off to me. I'd felt the anger, the darkness inside of him flooding back in, and he'd shut me out, not letting me feel it.

I wanted to talk to him, to tell him that I was okay, but he would barely look at me. Hopefully, we can talk today and I can let him know that I'm healing. Echo is a strong wolf. She and I were both prepared for this.

'You'll be completely healed by tomorrow at the latest. But if Quirin and Raif want to show us again tonight how good they can make us feel, I'm all for it,' Echo says.

I close my eyes and stretch, thinking about experiencing that incredible high again.

'It was worth tearing to feel that, don't you think Echo?' I ask her.

'Beyond worth it. I'd be willing to tear like that every night to feel that. But once we're used to him being inside us can you imagine how much better it will be?' she asks me.

I can't, but that just means that he should be inside me more often. That way, I'll adjust to him even faster and then there will be only pleasure.

I feel something on the pillow beside me and turn, seeing a note from Quirin.

'Little Pup,'

I'm seriously starting to hate that title.

'Maybe he put a little pup inside us last night and we can give him someone else to call Little Pup, just like you told him we would,' Echo says.

I love my wolf. She's so smart.

'Thank you,' she smirks.

I look back at the note again.

'Little Pup,

I know you must be sore. I could still smell blood on you this morning, so I didn't wake you for warrior training. Why don't you take some time to unpack and get settled in our room and I'll find you later.

Yours,

Q'

I rub my thumb over the 'Yours'. He IS mine. I've wanted this man for as long as I can remember and now, he's really, truly mine.

I look back up at the comment about warrior training. I need to talk to Quirin about that. He mentioned it when we arrived last night, and I didn't have a chance to tell him that I haven't participated in warrior training since I got out of pup class. I know the basics, but I'm not a warrior by any means.

I decide to shower and wash my hair, anxious to get the residual hairspray out of it. I grab my toiletries bag and unpack my things, finding space where I can in the bathroom.

When I'm done, I look at the room. My bags and my presents are all set against one wall. The gifts remind me of Quirin's present and I smile, reaching up to clasp the pendant of Raif's image that I'm still wearing around my neck.

I walk over and open my suitcase, looking for something to wear today. I hear my phone ping and I search for it, not remembering where I left it. I finally find my clutch purse near the loveseat in the bedroom, lying on the floor. I open it and get my phone which I'll need to charge once I find my charger.

I open the screen and see a text from Connor.

Connor: Hello, my twin. I'm checking up on you to see how you're doing. I know Dad is desperate to hear that you're okay, but he won't call. I, on the other hand, have no such qualms about checking on you. How are you? Are you okay?

Me: I'm good. Well, better than good. I'm a marked and mated woman now.

Connor: And you're happy? I know you've always wanted Quirin. But it's different loving someone from afar versus giving yourself to them.

Me: I'm very happy. And I'm excited to see you next weekend.

Connor: I'm glad to hear you're happy. And speaking of next weekend, thank you for my birthday present. I love it and so does Bosche. Have you opened mine?

I'd gotten Connor new cufflinks for his Alpha ceremony. I had a jeweler engrave an image of Bosche's head on them, wanting a gift for both my brother and his wolf.

Me: I haven't had a chance yet, but I know I'll love it. You're an excellent gift giver.

Connor: I'm glad you're doing well. I'll let Dad know so he can stop pacing around the packhouse.

Me: Love you, bro.

Connor: Love you too, sis.

I look in the closet and realize that Quirin uses very little space. Everything he wears is as utilitarian as what I saw the rest of the pack wearing yesterday. I never really thought about it, but as I look through his closet, the man wears nothing other than black.

My clothes will be a stark contrast because the only black outfit I own is a black evening dress that I didn't pack to bring this time. He told me to unpack, so I put his things on one side of the closet and hang my things on the other, before searching for a dresser. Here, once again, I move some things around so that I have a drawer to put my undergarments and a couple other items that I don't hang up.

When I'm done, I look at my clothes and decide that since it's spring, I'll wear a pair of jeans with a bright yellow top and simple sneakers. Then I look at the gifts. There are a lot of them.

I begin going through them, looking to see who they are from. I don't care about the ones from the other Alphas, but I set the ones from my brothers and sisters aside. Then I put the rest in the closet before getting my brother's gift and opening it.

I gasp as I see a brand-new stethoscope. I've outgrown the one my mother gave me years ago and this new one is perfect. I can't wait to try it

out.

I send him a quick text letting him know I love my gift, then look around the room once more. I get my clothing from last night and hang the dress before finding a laundry basket for my undergarments. Once I'm satisfied that everything is put away and the room is tidy, I head downstairs to get something to eat.



Cooper



Author

"You get two today."

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