



## Chapter 9: The Talk

Kennedy

"Will you put it on me?" I ask, barely able to drag my eyes away from the necklace. Raif wanted his image around my neck, even before he knew that he was my mate. It would be one thing for him and Quirin to have gotten this for me if they'd known I was their mate. But not knowing, if I had been mated to someone else, that person would never have wanted me to wear another man's wolf around my neck.

I'm not sure what it means, except, maybe Quirin or Raif was feeling the mate bond before today.

When he doesn't answer, I look up to see him frowning.

"It'll get tangled in the necklace that your parents got you," he says.

"I'll take that one off," I say, getting up and walking over to where he's sitting. I sit on the edge of his chair and wait for him to remove the necklace.

When his fingers graze over the back of my neck to unhook the clasp, I gasp at the sensations that run through me. It's like an electric jolt that goes straight to my core making me ache in ways I'm unfamiliar with.

"I bet he knows how to ease that ache," Echo purrs in my head.

I'm sure he does. He's not the novice that I am when it comes to this type of intimacy.

"Stand up," he says, his voice deeper than normal. I do as he says and then he stands behind me. I wait and then shiver again when I feel his warm lips press against my spine. The diamond necklace that my parents



gave me slides down one side of my neck and I capture it before he releases the other side. 1

"Here," I say, my voice barely above a whisper as I hand him the necklace he got me.

His fingers slide around my neck and liquid heat begins to pool deep inside me.

"We need to talk," he says softly.

I nod and turn, looking up at him. His low, possessive growl is all the confirmation I need that Raif looks good on my neck. Quirin reaches up to rub his thumb over the pendant.

"What do you know of the mating process, Kennedy?" he asks me, his eyes moving up to mine.

"I know that your penis will go into my vagina and that I will most likely tear and bleed, possibly for a couple days. I know that if you go slow, it makes it easier on me. I know that while you're inside me, you'll also insert your canines into my neck, and I'll do the same with you. Our wolves will inject the other with their venom, changing our scents and combining them so that I smell like you and you smell like me."

"That's a very clinical response to something that is anything but clinical," he says, beginning to pull the combs and pins from my hair.

"I'm not a gentle man, Kennedy. I don't know how to be gentle. I don't want to hurt you and I'm glad you know that this first time will hurt. But I've never been with a virgin before. I'm used to being able to be as rough as I want with my partner. I'm going to try to make this first time good for you, but you need to know that going slow, and being gentle aren't



who I am. Unlike other times for me, I'm struggling to maintain control of myself and Raif. That's never happened to me before, so I need you to tell me if I hurt you. I don't want this to hurt, but I'm not sure how we can complete our bond without hurting you." 2

"I understand," I say, thrilled that he's saying that this time is different for him. I'm glad to know that I'm making him lose control. I know my emotions feel unmanageable and the more he touches me, the more I feel like I'm spiraling out of control.

"I don't think you do, not yet anyway," he says, putting the pins aside and running his fingers through my hair. It gets stuck because of the hairspray used to keep it in place.

"I have a brush..."

He holds me as I start to move to my bag. "Before you get it, let's take this dress off. I want you to be comfortable being naked in front of me. I think that will make things easier."

I nod, feeling nervous excitement in my stomach. I'm glad I didn't eat much. I'm not sure it would have digested well if I had. I turn and hold my hair aside while he slowly unzips my dress. The feel of his fingers sliding down my back has me practically panting.

"I love how responsive you are to me," he says, kissing my shoulder.

"I like the way you touch me," I say emboldened by his request for us to always be honest.

I'm wearing a simple white strapless bra with matching bikini bottoms. When he slides the dress down my body, I step out of it, and then turn around, unable to meet his gaze. I know that most werewolves are used



to nudity. Most of my family is, being the warriors that they are. But I'm not a warrior. I've spent all of my life in the hospital with my mother, learning how to care for others. So, I'm unused to being naked in front of others, especially the man who I've loved all my life.

He slides a finger under my chin and tilts my head up so I'm forced to look him in the eye. Then he takes his time, looking over my body while I blush brightly.

"You're beautiful. But I already knew that. Get your brush, I'll brush your hair while you adjust to wearing so little around me," he says, releasing my chin.

"What about you? Are you going to take your clothes off too?" I ask.

"Would you like me to?"

I nod.

"Alright. Go get your brush," he says. I go to my bag and while I search for my brush, I hear him removing his clothes. I find my brush and take a deep breath before turning back to him. Rather than leaving his underwear, or boxers, or whatever he wears under his pants on, he's naked and very, very aroused.

"Oh," I say, unable to pull my eyes away from his large, erect penis. It so much larger than I thought it would be.

"Kennedy," he says and when I look at him, he crooks his finger at me.

I walk over and hand him the brush.

"Turn around."



I do and he begins brushing out my hair. I can feel the heat of his body against my back, and I'm close enough that I can feel his hard length against my backside.

When he's done, he runs his fingers through my hair with one hand and the other I feel at my back a moment before my bra falls away.

"Lean back against me," he says.

I do as he says and his hands come around to my breasts, cupping them and teasing my nipples making heat drip between my thighs.

He growls softly, sniffing the air as the scent of my arousal fills the room.

"I love the way you smell," he says, pulling my hair away from my neck before kissing it while still teasing my nipples.

"Quirin," I gasp.

"Mmmm, you can say that all night."

I nod. "Yes, Quirin."

His growl deepens and he slides his hands over my stomach and inside my panties. Then he pulls away, sliding them down my body. I step out of them and he drops them beside us before returning to stand behind me.

One hand returns to my breast while the other slides down my stomach and between my soaked lower lips. He growls louder and he presses his body against mine. "Damn Kennedy, you're so fucking wet for me."

"Yes, Quirin," I gasp, because he seems to like that.

He begins rubbing circles over my clit while teasing my nipple. I begin



panting, my body shivering with the pleasure he's giving me.

"Hold on to me," he says.

I reach up, grabbing on to his strong, muscular arms, holding tightly as my body begins to quiver, rising to the peak of pleasure where I feel like I might shatter.

His arms are tight against me, holding me to him. When the orgasm rips through me, I cling to him, my body jerking from the pleasure. 1

"Yes, Quirin!" I yell, my eyes close tight as my body explodes with pleasure. I can hear Quirin growling in my ear, feel the vibrations of his growl through my body as he helps me to ride out the orgasm and slowly bring me back down.

"Now it's time to make you mine," he growls, scooping me into his arms and carrying me to the bed.



Cooper



Author

*Quirin did his best to control himself, and he's done well so far...*



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