

Chapter 56: Finally

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Yara

I was completely distracted when I went to check on the patients in our hospital. As tired as I should be, I feel energized and antsy. Now that I've made my decision, I want Warren and I want him now.

Because I need the connection to him, I reach out, letting him know about Farrah, Piper, and Laney. Piper is doing okay, but she's still not eating regular food yet, so I want to keep her while she moves into that phase of recovery in case she starts choking. Otherwise, she's good.

"Luna, are you okay?" Anna asks me.

I look at her and see her, Katie, Erica, and Noelle all looking at me.

"Yes, why?"

"You're not mumbling," Erica says.

"Yeah, you always mumble," Katie says.

"We've gotten used to it and now it's weird that you're not. It's just so unusual for you, that we wanted to make sure that you're okay," Anna adds.

"Is it Savannah?" Noelle asks gently.

"No, it's not that, although that was difficult. But..." I stop, looking around at the four of them and sigh. "When I'm done here and

Warren's done checking in, we're finally going to mark each other. I guess I'm just worried that something else will get in the way."

Before all the words are out of my mouth, all four women are squealing happily.

"Oh Luna, what are you doing here! Go get your man!" Katie says.

"Really Luna, even I know how much the pack wants you and Alpha Warren to mark each other," Laney says, coming up behind us.

"But the patients..." I begin.

"We'll take care of them. Ohhh, I'm so excited for you! And for our Alpha!" Anna says, rushing up and hugging me.

"Thank you. I guess...I guess I am done here."

"Go," they say, shooing me out the door.

When I get back to the packhouse, I say hello to those who are still up and about, stopping to look at the flowers that are everywhere. Flowers that Warren bought for me, but are now decorating the packhouse and making it feel warm and inviting.

I go to our bedroom and look around. The flowers here make me smile and I take a moment to go smell them before looking at the bed. I don't want to wait anymore. I don't want anything keeping me from marking my mate and making that incredible man mine.

"Warren?" I call him in the mind link. I can tell that he's busy, but he answers me immediately and when I tell him that I'm back, he says he's on his way.

Now, how to make sure that we don't waste time, just in case someone else tries to keep us from completing our bond. I smile as I strip off my clothes. I know I'm not built like a warrior, but Warren has told me more than once that he likes the softness of my body. I hope he likes the way it looks to. 2

I take a deep breath when I hear him walking to the door, and I lift my chin, hiding my insecurity that he may not like what he sees when he walks in.

When he does, his eyes go straight to the bed, where he must think I'm laying down. When they find me, my fears fall away. His brownish-green eyes turn nearly black in an instant. I don't even have a moment to say hello before his mouth is on mine and my back is on the bed, my mate over top of me.

I open myself, letting Warren in as his mouth devours mine in a hungry, desperate kiss. I begin pulling his shirt over his head, needing to feel his skin against mine. He only pulls away from my mouth long enough to pull the shirt off before he's devouring me again.

I run my hands over his arms and back, feeling the strength of his muscles and the scars of his battles. This man is so powerful and yet, right now, as desperate as he is for me, he's careful not to crush me.

His teakwood scent surrounds me and his hands are everywhere, touching me and caressing me as I wrap my legs around him, needing him even closer.

When he pulls away from our kiss, his eyes have the most possessive look I've ever seen in them before.

"Mine!" Arric growls.

"Yes, I am," Annika purrs at her mate.

He lifts his body, shifting so he can look at me. "So fucking beautiful, and all mine."

I watch him as he hungrily devours my body with his eyes, his hands stroking over my waist and coming up to cup my breast. He looks at me, growling softly before leaning down to take my nipple in his mouth.

I cry out at the warmth of his tongue as he slowly begins licking and sucking my nipple into a hard peak. When he pulls off, his fingers replace his tongue as he looks up at me.

"Mine!"

I reach up and slide my fingers through his hair, grabbing it and tugging gently. "Me or my nipple?" I ask.

"Yes," he growls before moving to my other breast. I arch into his mouth, sighing and moaning with the pleasure he's sending through my body and straight to my core.

"You have too many clothes on," I pant, feeling his shorts against my leg. I want nothing but skin against skin.

He crawls off of me and I feel the instant loss, the cold of the air in

the room as his heat follows him off the bed. The moment his shorts are off, he's over top of me again. He holds himself over me as he kisses me and I wrap my legs around his waist again, feeling his very large, very hard length pressed against me.

He pulls back and nuzzles my nose with his. "I need to ask you something, Yara. I need to know if you've been with a man before. I don't care what the answer is, I just need to know how slow I need to go with you tonight." 1

He pulls back looking at me. I'm twenty-five. By any normal standard, I wouldn't be a virgin, but Alpha Solomon kept others away from me in the pack and since I started school, I haven't had time for a relationship. 1

"I haven't," I whisper, not sure if that answer is better or worse.

His answering growl tells me that he's very happy about that.

"Only ever mine, then. That's good," he says, moving his way down my body again.

He starts at my neck, licking and sucking on my marking spot as he makes his way down my body, stopping to suck my nipples back into hard nubs before moving farther down my stomach.

I watch him go, my own hands rubbing over his arms and shoulders, into his hair and down again. As he moves, the muscles in his body expand and contract and Annika begins purring at the strength that we feel in our mate. I don't try to hide the sound, I want Warren to know that I find him very attractive, very sexy.

He looks up at me with his dark eyes before pressing my legs apart and settling himself between them. His eyes stay on mine as his tongue swipes over my aching core and up to my clit. I moan loudly at the sensation just as he does the same.

"So fucking delicious," he growls before sucking my clit into his mouth, his warm tongue moving in circles around my clit.

"Warren," I cry, arching at the pleasure he's giving me. His hands slide under my ass, holding me against his face as he pushes me closer and closer to the edge.

"Warren," I whimper, looking down at him as I get to the edge. His dark eyes hold mine as he begins growling against my clit, sending my body up and over the cliff.

I scream his name as he forces my body to accept what he's giving me, the orgasm stronger than anything I've ever felt before, my body jerking against his mouth as his tongue works its magic.

When he finally brings me down, his tongue begins lapping up my arousal before he slides a finger inside me. I watch him as he slowly moves his finger in and out, getting me used to the new sensation in my body. When he adds a second finger, he sucks my clit back into his mouth, stretching me as he starts to bring me up again.

This time, I close my eyes, focusing on his scent, his warm mouth, his sure fingers as he builds the fire inside me again.

"Warren," I moan, pressing my hips against his face and feeling his low, rumbling growl. The vibration puts me just on the edge and

when he hooks his fingers inside me, my body shoots off again.

"Warren!" I scream, this orgasm even stronger than the last. My body begins jerking with the strength of it, and Warren's strong arm lays over my stomach holding me in place as he forces me to once again take the pleasure he's giving me.

When I finally come down again, he pulls off of me, sliding his fingers out of me and licking them clean before moving up my body again.

"I will never get tired of hearing you say my name like that, deep and full of desire as I make you come," he says, his own voice deep with desire.

When he settles himself between my legs, he strokes my cheek. "This is going to sting."

"I don't care. I need you inside me," I say, pulling my legs up again and wrapping them around his waist.

He shifts, lining himself at my entrance. "Mine," he says softly, leaning in to kiss me as he slowly slides inside of me.

I wrap my arms around him, holding on to him and whimpering at the pleasure and pain that his body is giving me. He deepens the kiss, and I taste myself on his tongue as he slowly pulls back and then slides in deeper.

I whimper as he stretches me, filling me in ways I never knew I needed. I tilt my hips, guiding him deeper inside me. I feel my gut clench as he presses the last of his length inside me and feel my body tear slightly from taking all of him. Rather than moving, he holds still,

continuing to kiss me as if there is nothing and no one else in the world.

As the pain recedes, I begin drowning in the kiss, accepting everything that he's giving me and when the pain is gone, another ache fills me. I begin moving my hips against him, needing more, needing him, needing his mark.

He lifts his head and begins sliding in and out of me. I reach up, cupping his face in my hands and holding his gaze as I moan at the pleasure, the feel of him. I never realized what it would mean to find my fated mate, but this, this intensity, this ecstasy, is exactly why they say that fated mates are perfect for each other. I can't imagine anyone else in the world making me feel the way Warren is making me feel.

He pulls one of my legs over his shoulder, shifting his hips and sliding even deeper inside me.

"Oh!" I moan. He kisses my inner thigh as he begins to move faster, building the heat inside me, but this time it feels even more intense. I arch against him, on the verge of falling apart.

"Mine!" he growls again and when I look, I see that his canines are out.

"Yes, yes, I'm yours Warren," I cry, just as the orgasm hits me.

"WARREN!" I scream as my body explodes around him. I can feel my inner walls contracting around his hard length still thrusting in and out of me.

I tilt my head, exposing my neck to him. Rather than slamming his canines into my neck, he nuzzles my marking spot while I come, licking it to soften it.

"Mine," he says softly before slowly sliding his canines into my neck.

The intense wave of pleasure that I feel from Arric's venom flooding my system has me screaming much louder this time, my body shooting off again as lights flash behind my eyes. I feel my own canines slide out but unlike Warren, Annika sinks her teeth into his marking spot.

The moment his blood hits my mouth, his body explodes along with mine and I feel the mate bond snap into place. Love, respect, admiration, adoration, desire, passion, need, and wonder all flood through the bond. I realize that these are Warren's emotions, his feelings for me and I bask in them as our bodies jerk in pleasure, the two of us wrapped around each other as our wolves push their venom into the other's marking spots, marking their mates as theirs, forever. 1



Cooper  Author

"Finally they are marked. I wanted to give Warren's POV, so you get two again today."

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