

Chapter 12

AZALEA

My bond flares to life as he presses his entire body against mine. His tongue dominates my mouth, tasting every inch, his skin against mine makes my whole body tingle, his scent invades my nose, and a purr escapes me as I kiss him back with the same desire. I want to mark him, the bond screaming for me to forever tie him to me. My canines slip out, nicking his lips, and he growls, rolling his hips against me when there is suddenly a knock on the door.

Kyson pulls his lips from mine and growls at the disturbance. I tilt my head to look at the door and sigh when he climbs off me to answer it. Kyson speaks in a hushed voice to someone before shutting the door and striding back over to me.

“What is it?” I ask, seeing the troubled expression on his face. “Another body turned up? A child?”

He shakes his head. “No, a woman’s body. I need to go speak with the pack who located it.”

“I’ll come with you,” I tell him, getting to my feet, but he shakes his head.

“I won’t be gone long, an hour tops; I am not going to the scene; I will let Damian handle that,” Kyson tells me, and I sigh.

“It isn’t something you want to see; I won’t be very long. Eat. Hopefully, I will be back before you fall asleep. Dustin is outside the door, so if you need anything, just call out to him,” Kyson tells me, then bends down and kisses the top of my head. He goes into the walk-in closet and pulls on a black top and leather jacket before leaving.

After he leaves, I eat my dinner, then grab the tablet to fiddle with the writing and reading apps. I really love playing with the text and voice commands. However, I have to call Dustin twice to fix the tablet when I go into something I can’t get back out of.

Grabbing my dessert off the tray, I go to sit on the bed, my back aching from being hunched over sitting on the floor in front of the fire. But once again, I feel sick. The bond has me yearning for my mate, and my whole body feels uncomfortable. I squirm, my stomach turning violently, making me run for the bathroom.

Sweat glistens on my skin as I break out in a cold sweat. Rinsing my mouth, I go to lie down and crawl under the blankets, shivering. Hours pass, and I can’t sleep. Instead, I toss and turn until I hear the door open, and Kyson quietly enters the room. I have the lights off, hoping sleep will take me, only it never does. Kyson, noticing I am still awake, comes over and presses his hand to my head.

“Your skin is warm,” he murmurs. “Do you feel hot?”

I shake my head; I feel like I am freezing, despite the sweat drenching me.

“I tried to get back as soon as I could; I thought you were sick; you felt off through the bond. Must be your heat coming on,” Kyson says, sniffing the air, and I watch his brows pinch together.

He looks confused. “You don’t smell like you’re coming into heat, and your scent isn’t affecting me, though, strange,” he mumbles to himself. I wrinkle my nose as he leans down, pressing his lips to mine, and he chuckles.

“Sorry, the Alpha I met with is a chain smoker,” he says with a laugh.

“You smell like an ashtray,” I tell him.

“I will go shower, but I think I might call in a doctor to check you over,” he says. I shake my head, not wanting to be prodded and poked by any doctors or stuck with needles. Besides, I’m sure it has to be the bond.

“No, I think it’s the bond; I started feeling sick not long after you left,” I murmur, trying to close my eyes, which feel scratchy, like sandpaper. Kyson growls and doesn’t seem to like my answer but nods, anyway.

“I will be quick,” he whispers, and I nod to him, tugging the surrounding blankets higher, trying to warm up. Just as he is about to leave, I call back out, wanting to know about the girl who was found, remembering why he left in the first place.

“The woman?” I ask, and he stops and quickly sits back on the bed.

“A rogue again. However, this one we found ID on, or a form of ID anyway, a library card,” Kyson answers.

“Was she a sex slave?”

“We aren’t sure, but we think so. She had a heap of condoms in her handbag, a few miscellaneous items, and no wallet, but tucked in the back of her handbag; we found the library card, though it is rather old and in a different state.”

“Next of kin?” I ask.

Kyson shakes his head. “Unsure. Damian is going to see if the library still exists. We only have a name. The card is really old, and we can only make out the first name; Blaire,” he tells me, and I nod. The name doesn’t ring a bell, but I still feel sad for the woman.

He hops off the bed and makes his way into the bathroom, and the light hurts my eyes, making me squint at the brightness. Even the motion of

him climbing off the bed makes me queasy, his weight causing it to dip and spring back.

I lay there for a few minutes until his scent wafts out the open door with the steam. I wiggle to the edge because my instincts want me to go to him. My teeth chatter and goosebumps spread across my body the moment I pull the blanket off. My hair is drenched in sweat and sticking to my face.

I climb out of bed and stagger to the bathroom, wanting his scent, knowing it will reduce the churning in my stomach. The bond is crying out for him to ease my discomfort. My vision blurs as I make my way into the bathroom and black dots flicker before my eyes. I can hear my own breathing in my head, each breath becoming harder to take as I force myself to breathe. Stumbling almost blindly with my hands outstretched when someone's hands grip my arms. Tingles spread up my arms.

“Azalea?” Kyson calls and I clutch my stomach.

“I don't feel good,” I tell him, my voice barely audible to my own ears, bile pools and fills my mouth. The taste is terrible, and I gag, throwing up everywhere. Kyson jumps, not expecting it when a wave of dizziness washes over me and everything goes black. Just before I lose consciousness, I hear the king scream out for Dustin then I no longer feel anything.