

Chapter 39

AZALEA

He has been out for hours. The waiting becomes pure agony, and my mind keeps wandering if it is too late. I wonder if I have killed my mate. Why didn't he tell me he could die? Did he seriously think I would let him die? Yes, we have obvious issues, but none are worth dying for, so why would he risk his life? He should have told me when I was in heat the first time. I wouldn't have let him die despite being angry with him.

My skin is super sensitive, and I try shifting to get out of the handcuffs. The limited movement makes the pain worse when all I want to do is curl up in a ball, but the handcuff restricts that effort. When I shift, my wrist grows thicker, and damn, does it hurt when the metal digs into my flesh and slices through my skin, cutting off my circulation. So, instead, I am forced to just lie in the same position.

As the hours drag on, I feel myself turning rabid, the heat boiling inside me, growing stronger. My claws slip from my fingertips and slice into Kyson repeatedly as I battle with the pain and searing heat that makes me feel like I am boiling from the inside out, his scent no longer soothing but excruciating as the urge to mate ravages me.

Would he think I am mauling him if he wakes up? The thought makes me whimper, my heart racing faster as worry gnaws and claws at my insides. My stomach clenches painfully, and my body pulses to its own beat. Death would be kinder at this point. The pain is horrendous as I rock my hips against him, seeking any form of relief. Sweat beads and glistens on my skin, my hair drenched in it as my temperature skyrockets. The pain is so unbearable that I beg to be put out of my misery as I cry out and writhe.

I stare at my tears and bite marks coating his chest, when I suddenly feel his hand in my hair. I freeze, wondering if I imagined it and that the pain has driven me to madness. Only when his fingers caress across my scalp, moving through my hair, do I realize I haven't imagined it all.

Pushing off his chest, I stare down at him to discover his eyes open and staring up at me.

“Shh,” he whispers, tilting his face up to kiss my forehead. A sigh of relief leaves me. He is awake. Never have I felt such immense relief before in my life. My heartbeat quickens, knowing I haven't killed him.

My hips rock against him, and then I crash against his chest, pressing my ear flat against the center, wanting the soothing essence of his calling. Kyson delivers instantly, I was worried he wouldn't. I was worried that he would be mad and let me suffer. His calling slips out, and I soak it in, my body calming instantly as it rumbles through his

chest and vibrates against me, soothing my soul and the bond that is running haywire.

Kyson runs his fingers through my hair. My breathing slows before I embarrassingly start purring, imitating his calling while moving my hips against him. Gone is any sort of dignity I have left. I no longer care as long as he gives me what my body desires, what I crave, and what our bond demands. His hard length slips between my drenched folds, my arousal coating his cock and saturating my thighs.

A moan escapes me when I hear him groan, and his hard length brushes my clit. Kyson grips my hips, forcing my hand awkwardly behind me as he moves me higher and away from his pelvis, making me cry out at the loss of friction that reduces the throbbing pain burning between my thighs.

“I am not touching you until you say it, love,” he murmurs into my hair. His hot breath moves across my neck and makes me shiver. I try to move lower, but his grip grows tighter, holding me still. Was he really going to make me say it? Yet, with the intense pain destroying me, I would beg if he requested.

“Please! Make it stop!” I groan, trying to move lower. My teeth sink into his chest. The saltiness of his skin is intoxicating, and I run my tongue across my bite marks, his blood washing over my tongue, only arousing me further. Even as my claws scratch his shoulders and I bite into his flesh, his grunt turns to a purr.

Kyson moves; his arm wraps around my waist, and he rolls, flipping me onto my back. His lips instantly mold around mine, his enticing scent making me moan as my lips part, and I kiss him back hungrily. Desire coursing through every inch of me, I wrap my legs around his waist and drag him closer to me.

The handcuff on our wrists clicks as he forces my leg wrapped around his waist up higher before grinding his hips against me gently. I gasp, my lips pulling from his as his hard length slides between my wet folds and hits my clit. My hips lift as I crave the friction he offers when he growls, annoyed at the handcuff making things difficult. My hand falls to his hip, my nails digging into him.

“Did he leave the key somewhere?” Kyson asks, but I don’t answer, nor do I care about a damn key. Lifting my head, my teeth sink into his chest as I bite him.

Kyson purrs, his hand going to my hair and holding my face against him. My other hand is trapped at our side. Kyson fists my hair, forcing my head back, only to recapture my lips with his. His tongue delves between my lips, tasting every inch of my mouth, and I roll my hips against him. Kyson rocks his hips against me, his fingers lacing with mine while the other is still tightly gripping my hair as he devours my lips.

I moan into his mouth, my thighs drenched when he sucks on my bottom lip, nibbling on it. His lips travel lower and down my neck to my mark. He sucks on it, making my eyes roll into the back of my head

and my toes curl as tingles flood my entire body. My temperature reduces as the bond comes alive.

Kyson's hot, fiery mouth and tongue continue their descent before his lips wrap around my nipple. He bites down it, making me hiss before soothing it with his tongue, only to turn his attention to the other, teasing it with his hot mouth until it hardens so much it is almost painful.

Moving down my body, he kisses the side of my ribs, going lower with each kiss, sucking and nibbling on my skin, making me squirm every time his lips and stubble graze a ticklish spot. He kisses my hip bone.

His teeth graze over it and scrape down my flesh as he moves between my legs, forcing my legs from around his waist as he settles between my thighs, his handcuffed hand placed flat on my stomach, his fingers still laced through mine while his other hand grips my thigh, pulling my leg further apart. His warm breath sweeps over my pussy before his mouth is covering it in its entirety. He growls, running his tongue across my wet lower lips.

His flat tongue slides across my glistening wet folds before his tongue parts my slit, and he sucks my clit into his mouth. His tongue swirls around the throbbing bundle of nerves, making me cry out and writhe.

As Kyson's gaze meets mine, a surge of electricity courses through my body. His velvety tongue caresses my throbbing nub, igniting a fire within me that threatens to consume everything in its path. With expert precision, he envelops my sensitive bud and sucks forcefully, causing

a symphony of sensations to explode throughout my being. My every nerve is alight with pleasure, my breath hitching in anticipation.

The dance of his tongue around my clit is like a hypnotic whirlwind, each twirl and tease pushing me closer to the edge of bliss. I find myself lost in the sensation, my entire existence narrowed down to the exquisite torment he inflicts upon me. I surrender to the waves of pleasure crashing over me, my body trembling with desire.

My skin flushes as the heat burns and rushes through me. My stomach tightens, and my legs tremble as I cry out. Waves of pleasure ripple through me as I come on his tongue. My inner walls pulsate and clench as I moan. His tongue slows its rhythm, letting me ride out the intense, rippling effect washing through me.

Kyson purrs, lapping at my juices before kissing my clit, making me jolt before moving up my body and pressing himself between my legs. I roll my hips against him, wanting him inside me. Wanting the heat to abate and feel his length inside me.

Coming back up to my face, Kyson kisses me hard, forcing me to taste myself on his tongue, his tongue invading my mouth. My fingers move through his hair, tugging him closer.

He moves his hand between our bodies as he positions himself at my entrance. I feel him press the tip in, and I move my hips against him when he pushes in a little.

My lips tear away from his, and my eyes water as I choke and clench them shut. My entire body tenses and locks up, and I grip his arm. He stills before pulling out slightly. “It’s going to sting,” he whispers, his lips kissing my jaw.

I writhe beneath him, trying to get away from him. I know he’s big, but I don’t expect it to burn this badly with how wet I am.

“Breathe, love. It will only hurt for a few seconds,” he says, kissing my lips and peppering my face in kisses. Kyson floods me with his calling, forcing my muscles to relax.

My entire body submits to it, and I let out the breath I have been holding in, my body relaxing. I open my eyes, tears slipping down my face. Kyson kisses me, pushing back inside me slightly. His calling washes over me, drowning me in it as he pushes inside my tight confines until his hips are flush against me. I feel full, and I squirm, trying to get used to the odd sensation.

Kyson stills, letting me get used to the feeling of him stretching me before slowly pulling out and thrusting back in gently, working his massive cock inside me, his lips moving to my mark, and he sucks on it. A moan leaves my lips at the sensation as tingles rush to my clit, and I move my hips against him, my juices coating his cock, and he stills, letting me move against him instead while I get used to the feeling of him inside me.

Kyson growls softly. Arousal floods through me when he pulls out, and he thrusts in, meeting my movements, his length slipping in me deeper,

stretching me around him, a breathy moan escapes my lips at the friction building when he kisses me harder.

His tongue fights mine for dominance, and he presses his weight down on me, sheathing himself inside me, making me gasp. He moves slowly, his cock slipping in and out, gradually building up friction, his cock rubbing my walls, causing them to clench around his hardened length.

My hand tugs his hip, wanting him to move faster, when Kyson's hand goes under my back, pulling me with him as he rolls, so I am now on top, straddling his lap as he moves and leans against the headboard.

His hands run up my sides, the handcuffed one forcing my hand where he goes. Kyson grips my hips, and he leans forward, sucking my breast, a breathy moan leaving my lips, feeling his mouth on my body. He rolls my hips against him, guiding me up and down his length.

I grip his shoulder, rolling my hips to the movement before his grip loosens, and he lets me set the pace. I move my hips and find my rhythm. Feeling myself building up, my walls clenching his length, and my eyes close at the feeling in my lower belly, spreading a warmth through me.

“That’s it, love,” Kyson purrs before gripping my hips and slamming me down on him, moving my hips faster. I moan, my nails digging into his shoulder as I feel myself climbing higher, reaching my peak.

The only sounds are my airy moans filling the room and the wet sounds of our bodies connecting. Kyson reaches up, grabbing a handful of my hair and tugging my head back, his lips trailing down my neck and over my shoulder, his other hand squeezing my ass as I grip his wrist awkwardly, my hand bent from the handcuff as I move up and down his hard shaft. His cock fills me, and I feel my stomach tighten and my skin flush, I cry out at the overwhelming feeling inside me.

He lets go of my hair, palming my breast while sucking on the other one, his tongue flicking over my nipple. I pick up my pace before feeling the hot wave of my climax rush over me, making my walls clench around his cock before I feel his teeth sink into my flesh, prolonging the feeling, and my pussy pulsates around him, making me moan loudly.

My body turns slack in his arms as he pulls his teeth from my skin, and I drop my face to his neck. The overwhelming urge makes my gums tingle before I feel my canines protrude and sink them into his skin.

Kyson growls, his hands gripping my hips as he rocks them against him, chasing his release before groaning just as I pull my teeth from his skin. My tongue rolls over my marking when I feel him still, and his cock twitches and expands inside me, making me gasp at the strange stretching feeling. I jump as his warmth bathes my insides, and Kyson's arms wrap around me and crush me against his chest.

“You can't move, relax,” he whispers next to my ear, flooding me with his calling as I fight the urge to climb off him, his cock swelling inside me, stretching me further.

“Sorry, I didn’t intend to knot you, not yet anyway,” he whispers, his tongue flicking the shell of my ear.

“What?” I murmur.

“Something Lycans do, I forgot to warn you. I’m sorry,” he whispers, sucking my earlobe into his mouth and nibbling on it. I nod, too relaxed to care. I don’t want to move anyway, so I melt against him. My breathing is harsh as I suddenly find myself now fused to him. His calling lulls me into a dreamy state, and I feel his fingers trailing up my spine as he moves down the bed to lie down.

My eyelids are heavy as I listen to his heartbeat beneath my ear. His fingertips grip my chin, tilting my face up toward his. He leans down, his lips brushing mine gently. “I love you,” he whispers against my lips before chuckling as I fight exhaustion. My body cools down rapidly, the heat leaving, and in its place, exhaustion courses through me.

“Sleep, My Queen,” he says, kissing the side of my mouth as my eyes close, and I am sucked under by the darkness of sleep.