

## Chapter 10: Bliss and Regret

Quirin

When she gave me her clinical overview of what she expects sex and marking to be, there was one part of her words that I've been holding on to. The slower I go, the easier it is for her.

It's been my mantra since she said it. I've been drilling it into my own head and Raif's as well. He's not any gentler than I am. I've warned her but I don't like the idea of her tearing and bleeding and she seemed so passive about it, as if pain during sex, or at least this first time, is normal.

But then she had to start saying, 'Yes, Quirin', as if those words weren't the words I've heard in my wet dreams for the last year or longer. Only I had no idea how sweet my name would sound coming from her mouth.

I wanted her to feel good, to know that I can make her feel good and fuck, her body responds to my touch unlike anything I've ever experienced with another woman. Her sweet surrender to me, leaning against me and holding on to me while I made her come in my arms has been my undoing.

I need her and I need her now.

I carry her to the bed, pulling the blankets down and laying her in my bed. I'm so hard it's almost painful having listened to and felt her coming in my arms.

There is no fear in her. I smell nothing but her citrus and mint scent and it's making my head spin with need and desire.

I crawl over top of her, nudging her legs apart. My canines have already come out, I'm so desperate to make her mine.

"I can't kiss you. I'll cut your lips," I tell her as I settle myself between her thighs, so warm and inviting. When the tip of my cock slides through her soaking wet heat, I groan out loud.

"I need you to say it, Kennedy. Say you want me to make you mine."

"Make me yours, Quirin, and I'll make you mine," she says, lifting her neck for me and blowing away the last of my restraint.

I thrust forward, sliding into her wet heat, filling her as I grip the bed sheets beside her. Pure, raw pleasure unlike anything I've ever felt in my life fills me, like the sun is shining inside me and blasting away all my darkness like a beacon. I lift my head to the ceiling, roaring as my body shoots off with an orgasm so strong that I feel like I might black out.

I growl, sliding in and out of her, unused to such warmth, such ecstasy, as I continue to come. My cock stays hard and I lean my head against Kennedy's, licking the spot on her neck where my mark will go. I can feel Raif's venom already dripping from my canines, as desperate to make her ours as I am.

"MINE!" I snarl and sink my canines into her marking spot. I hear her sweet moan a moment before her body clamps down on mine, the walls of her pussy milking my cock and making me come again.

I continue thrusting, unable to stop as my body jerks with pleasure and release.

"I love you, Quirin," her sweet voice says a moment before Echo sinks her canines into our marking spot.

I didn't think the pleasure I was feeling could get any more intense. But when I feel the mate bond snap into place, feel Kennedy's emotions, her

pride and happiness at me being hers, her love and adoration for me, only me, it has my body shooting off again.

I roar again, but this time, the sound is muted by my mouth against her neck as Raif continues to greedily flood her system with his venom. Echo is doing the same and both of our bodies continue to contract with pleasure.

I have no idea how long we stay like this, the venom of our wolves keeping both of us on this orgasmic high.

When we both finally start to come down, I slide my canines out of her neck, much more gently than I sank them in. Raif licks the spot on her neck, having to go over it several times to seal the wounds after tugging against her skin and flesh with the force of my orgasms. 1

I pant, holding still until Echo pulls her canines out of me, licking my wound closed. It isn't until I lift my head away from her neck that I smell it. The saltiness of tears.

I lift up quickly to look at her and I can see that her face is streaked with tears. I'd been so self-absorbed with my own elation at being in her light, feeling it surrounding me, that I hadn't even noticed that I'd been hurting her.

"Kennedy..." I begin, and she smiles at me. Smiles, like I didn't just lose control during her first time. "I..."

And then I smell it. Blood.

Now that the elation of being inside her is wearing off, I can feel the pain inside her.

"I hurt you," I say.

"It's okay ..."

"No, it's not!" I growl. I start to pull out of her roughly, only to stop when she hisses in pain. I can feel how sore she is.

I slow my pace, unable to look at her as I pull myself out of her. I knew she deserved better than me. She deserved for her first time to special, not something like this, like an animal ravaging her body.

"I told you I didn't know how to be gentle," I growl, furious with myself and Raif for causing her this level of pain. 1

"Quirin, it's okay. I knew it would hurt..."

She stops when I growl again. Now that I've slid out of her, I can see that the sheet beneath her is covered in blood. She tore and then I just kept plowing into her like the fucking savage that I am. The darkness that usually surrounds me returns. Only this time, it feels so much darker after having been in the glow of her light.

I practically leap off of her.

"Quirin?"

I can't look at her. She's still bleeding, even now.

"Let's get you into a bath," I say, turning away from her. I hear her start to get up.

"Just stay there. I'll get it ready for you," I say to her without turning to look at her.

I go into the bathroom and turn on the water in the tub, making sure that it's warm, but not too hot. I turn, looking at myself in the mirror, not

recognizing the man there. How did I lose control like that? How did I not realize I was hurting her? I'm terrified to open the bond and feel her emotions. I can only imagine the regret that she's feeling for accepting me as her mate. I can't take that right now and can't face that level of rejection after what I just experienced. So I leave the bond closed. Raif is silent, also feeling the regret of hurting our mate. He's as much to blame as I am. We both lost control.

When the tub is mostly filled, I shut off the water and turn. It's only then that I realize that Kennedy's blood is coating my cock, my cock that is still partially hard because her scent is all over me. I hurt her, tore her, plowed into her, and my body still wants more. What kind of an animal am I?

The worst kind.

I get a washcloth and quickly wash the blood off me. Then I go back out into the bedroom and see Kennedy lying right where I left her. Only now, she's pulled a sheet over her body to cover herself. I'm sure she feels vulnerable. I practically ripped her in half.

Carefully, as gently as I possibly can, I pull the sheet back and lift her into my arms.

"Let's get you into the bath," I say. I begin walking to the bathroom, unwilling to meet her gaze as she tries to catch mine.

"I'll heal, Quirin. I'm an Alpha female. Echo is a strong wolf. I'll heal. I knew this was to be expect..."

Her words cut off as I lower her into the tub, and she hisses with the pain of the water touching her sensitive body. I can feel the spike of pain in her, feel it through the Alpha connection even though I've got my side of

the mate bond closed off. That's how sore she is, how much I hurt her.

"You soak, I'll be right back," I say, walking out to the bedroom and stripping the sheets off the bed. I can't stand the thought of ever using these sheets again, the sheets where I tore my little mate apart.

I walk out of the room to the banister, looking down over the pack. There are a lot of smirks from my pack members. I'm sure everyone heard my roar of pleasure. It makes me sick to think that I was so caught up in my own pleasure that I didn't realize how much I was hurting her.

"Burn these!" I say, tossing the sheets down to the main floor. My tone has the smirks disappearing. "Send someone up to put new sheets on the bed. NOW!" I command. My anger at myself tainting my tone.

"Yes, Alpha!"

I go back into my room, looking around. I quickly pick Kennedy's dress off the floor where I left it in a crumpled heap. I move her diamond necklace to the nightstand so she can put it away later and then I collect her undergarments, not wanting my omegas to see them.

When they knock on the door, I let them in and then return to the bathroom to check on Kennedy. She's got a washcloth and is gently cleaning herself, the blood turning the water pink.

"Here, let me put fresh water in the tub," I say, pulling the plug and turning the faucets back on.

"Who was at the door?" she asks.

"I have them changing the sheets. I don't want you sleeping in your own blood."

"Okay," she says, and I can tell she's trying to understand my emotions. I doubt she could. Even I'm struggling with the level of self-loathing I'm feeling right now. I don't want to taint her beautiful sunshine with my darkness.

I grab a towel and help her to stand when she's done, then I wrap her in it and carry her back to our bedroom where the bed has been made with clean sheets. I hate that they don't smell like her, but hopefully they will by tomorrow. 1

I carefully lay her down, drying her off before setting the towel aside.

"Do you want something to wear?"

When she doesn't answer, I'm forced to look at her.

"Not if you're going to keep me warm," she says softly.

It's the very least I can do, so I nod, then walk around to the other side of the bed. I crawl in beside her, pulling the blankets up over us and then wrapping myself around her to keep her warm.

"Good night, Quirin," she says softly.

"Good night, Little Pup." I lay awake long after she falls asleep in my arms.

In the early morning hours, I make a decision. I won't have sex with Kennedy again until I'm sure that I can control my emotions around her. Until then, Raif and I will just have to suffer.