

CHAPTER 35

Clayton: Overcome (II) CLAYTON I tear at the hands restraining me, snarling with a fury that nearly chokes me. The scent of my mate—my omega—still clings to my skin, an intoxicating perfume that drives me to the brink of madness. “Let me go!” I roar, thrashing against the iron grip of my beta and the guards I’d assigned to Ava’s room—all mated, all safe from her heat. They hold fast, dragging me further from the room where she lies. Further from the sweet siren song of her scent. “Alpha, you must control yourself,” Rowan grits out, his voice strained with the effort of containing my rage. But control is a distant memory, shattered the moment. I caught her scent. The moment I knew she was mine. “She needs me,” I growl, the words tearing from my throat like shards of glass. Every fiber of my being screams to go to her, to claim what is mine by right. To sink my teeth into the soft curve of her neck and mark her as my own. To f@ck her, to breed her, to 14:53 16 35 Clayton: Overcome (II) claim her so no one else can. So my scent is all over her. So she’s mine. All mine.” But they don’t understand. They can’t feel the primal pull, the all-consuming need that sets my blood on fire. She’s my mate, the other half of my soul. And they dare to keep me from her? I lunge forward, a savage roar building in my chest. But more hands grasp at me, holding me back. I can hear their voices, a distant buzz drowned out by the pounding of my own heart. “Alpha, please. You’re not in your right mind.” “She’s in heat, Clayton. You know what that means.” Rowan grunts. “f@ck, you might have to hold me back, too. I can smell her. Shit. I need her.” “God dammit. Beta! We can’t deal with the both of you at once. Wake up!” Rowan snarls. “I know! Damn it. My wolf thinks she’s my f@cking mate. This f@cking omega heat is bullshit. f@ck. f@ck! This is killing me. Clayton! Wake the f@ck up! Hey, you—hit me. Hit me once so I can wake up. f@ck. I want to f@ck her. I’m going.” A meaty thud follows his words, al

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ong with a grunted. 2:6 35 Clayton: Overcome (II) “Shit, it’s not working. I’m going to need to be restrained.” But their words are meaningless. All that matters is her. My omega. My Ava. I catch a glimpse of her through the doorway, her face flushed and eyes glazed with need. Need for me. The sight sends a bolt of pure, primal desire shooting through me, and I renew my struggles with a vengeance. “Close the f@cking door!” I hear someone yell, and then the door slams closed. I can’t see her anymore. “Ava,” I rasp, her name a prayer and a curse on my lips. “Ava!” But they’re too strong, too many. I feel myself being dragged back, further and further from her intoxicating presence. The scent of her heat fades, replaced by the sterile tang of the hospital corridor. I shove and thrash, my body a whirlwind of raw, animalistic fury as I fight against the restraints holding me back. The hands grappling at my arms, my shoulders, are nothing more than infuriating obstacles keeping me from what is mine. From her. 14:53 316 35 Clayton: Overcome (II) “Let me go, damn you!” I snarl, my wolf raging just beneath the surface, clawing to be set free. To claim its mate. My mate. “Alpha, please!” Someone’s strained voice cuts through the red haze of need clouding my mind. “You have to fight this. She’s not-” But I don’t let him finish. With a feral growl, I wrench myself free from his grasp, sending him staggering back. The guards clutch at me, their grips like iron shackles, but I shake them off with a strength born of pure desperation. Ava. I have to get to Ava. Her scent still lingers in the air, a tantalizing tease that has me salivating with want. With need. My wolf howls inside me, a savage, possessive thing that demands to be sated. To claim its mate in the most primal way possible. I can’t fight it anymore. I don’t want to. Letting out a guttural roar, I charge forward, barreling through the feeble attempts to restrain me. The door to her room is so close now, just a few strides away. I can almost taste her on my tongue, sweet and 14:53 4/6 35 Clayton: Overcome (II) intoxicating. And then, as if by some cosmic twist of fate, the door swings open. There she is, framed in the doorway like a vision from my wildest dreams. My omega. My mate.” “Alpha!” she cries out, and her sweet voice has me trembling with need. Our eyes meet, and the world around us seems to fall away. There’s only her—her flushed cheeks, her heaving chest, her eyes burning with a need that mirrors my own. An eternity seems to pass in that single, charged moment, our gazes locked in a searing embrace. Then, as if pulled by some inexorable force, we’re moving towards each other. My strides are long, devouring the distance between us in the span of a few ragged breaths. And then she’s in my arms, her soft curves molding perfectly against the hard planes of my body. A strangled groan escapes my lips as her scent envelops me, setting every nerve ending ablaze. It’s heady and rich, a tempting blend of honey and vanilla that has my wolf howling in ecstasy. Mine. She’s mine. 14:53 6/6 35 Clayton. Overcoma (II) Ava whimpers softly, her fingers clutching at my shirt as if she’s drowning and I’m her only lifeline. I can feel the heat rolling off her in waves, her skin feverish and slick with need. For me. “Alpha,” she gasps again, her voice a breathless plea that sears straight through me. I can’t resist her siren song any longer. With a low, possessive growl, I crush my lips to hers in a searing, all-consuming ki*s. Comment 12 View All > R Post your first comment! Vote 11 *CWWw.N©Vè©wóRm.coм

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