

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

"When trust is broken, there is not any medicine to recover that again, as it was before, even you try hard to gain back." — Ehsan Sehgal

Third Person POV

The pain of the heat refused to leave. The firestorm of the she-wolf's desire continued to scorch like a treacherous wildfire, pirouetting with agony. Coupled with her bleary mind, Kiya endured the suffering. The ice baths aided in lowering her temperature, but the relief lasted for minutes. No amount of ice cream quashed the deep fire in her core. Artemis suffered, writhing and whimpering. The two cannot communicate because of the sharing of pain.

The heat forbids Kiya from thinking about miscellaneous things. It wanted Kiya to focus on her mate and how much she needed him. It was true. She needed Neron. The Delta knew only the touch of her mate would solve her predicament. The pain boiled and sizzled from the tips of her toes to her head, forcing a guttural whine from her lips.

As she laid curled in a ball on her bed, Kiya momentarily thought about letting Neron in. Her desperation showed as the night grew. But she

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

couldn't do it. The episode at training joined with her traumatic flashbacks made her wary of the presence of a male. She trusted Galen and Darien with her life because they're her best friends.

However, she doesn't trust Neron. She doesn't trust that he would control his instincts. She doesn't believe he'll resist the allure of her heat-coated scent. He'll mate with her against her will. That part frightened Kiya more than the heat itself. What if she lets him in and he hurts her?

Who would Kiya blame then, Neron or herself for trusting him?

Trust. Easily broken but difficult to forge. A singular word with much weight and, ironically, fragility. Kiya's trust was rarely given. It took months for her to trust her family and friends. Why? In the back of her mind, there was always that voice that forces her to be vigilant of the intentions of others. To warn her that everyone was out to hurt her until proven otherwise. It acts as her twisted guardian angel, planting seeds of doubt in her mind with every encounter of people.

How could she trust Neron? He hasn't done one thing to prove that he was trustworthy. No one in Zircon Moon had besides the Dubois. How could Kiya trust in the promise he made to her, that he'll

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

protect her from harm?

The harm she needed protection from was him and his animalistic wolf.

Several knocks on the door knocked her out of her thoughts. Her nostrils flared at the earthy scent drifting from the door. Her desire wanted him, but her rationale rejected him. Kiya's body, covered with a thin blanket, shook violently at Neron on the other side.

"Kiya, we need to talk." He whispered; a palm pressed against the door. "I know you're suffering. You shouldn't go through this alone."

"I can deal with this myself." Kiya retorted, clutching the hem of her blanket. "I don't need you, Neron!"

"Kiya, this is the one time where you do." Neron beseeched. "Your heat will get progressively worse to the point you lose yourself to your instincts. Is that what you want to happen? To suffer until your ferality takes control?"

The woman held her breath. There was no historical evidence of a female wolf resisting the effects of her heat. It pulls her closer and closer to the ledge of insanity, and with the aid of gravity, she falls until

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

she gets her hands on her mate. Then again, rejections were rare in werewolf history, so Kiya knew she was a special case.

Was she willing to risk going feral to keep Neron away? How long could she go without breaking? Kiya's body desired Neron, but her mind resisted. It was too risky. Mating with him wasn't a possibility because it meant the bond would repair. That's the last thing she wanted.

"Kiya...?"

"I made it clear that I don't want you anywhere near me, Neron."

"Goddamnit Kiya, why won't you let me help you?"

"Because I don't fucking trust you! What's stopping you from hurting me again, huh? You almost pounced on me like a piece of meat earlier! How long until you do it again?"

Neron expelled a heavy sigh, sliding on his knees. He knew she was right. He lost control earlier, forgoing his original promise because his instinctual brain demanded he claim her. His beast took over and wanted Kiya for himself, willing to hurt others to get what he wanted. At that moment, what *he* wanted

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

mattered. What Kiya wanted became secondary.

That revelation shot him in the heart. His heartstrings constricted and twisted, angry at himself for putting his desires above Kiya. Kiya was right to not trust him. After all the pain he put her through, he was about to commit that same crime again. If Beta Jacqueline and her friends weren't around to protect her, Neron would have forever damaged their trust.

"Kiya, I'm so sorry," Neron responded, his nails digging into his palm. "You're right. I almost hurt you again. I let my beast take over." Onyx whimpered and moaned within him, bowing his head in burning shame. "If I forced you to mate with me, I would never forgive myself. I'm so sorry for almost hurting you after I promised I wouldn't."

Kiya's potent scent billowed through the cracks of the door. It danced across his senses, tickling every olfactory receptor in his nose. He inhaled deeply, relishing in the sweetness unmatched to anything in the world. As much as his beast wanted to spring forth, Neron kept it under control. Kiya mattered to him. He won't let his beast hurt her.

On the other side, Kiya sat against the door, listening to his apology. Her knees were pulled tight to her chest. Despite the door separating them both,

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

the heat quelled somewhat because of his presence.

"Neron, you don't understand how scared I am of you. In my head, you're still the same man who hurt me back then. I can't let you help me because I don't truly *know* you. Being hurt for so long doesn't exactly make trusting easy."

"The last thing I want you to be is afraid of me."

Neron rested his forehead against the door, ears picking up Kiya's rapid heartbeat. It soothed him. "I don't deserve you, Kiya. But I care about you."

"Do you truly care about me, or is it the bond?" She asked, her voice a mere whisper. "Do you truly love me or is it the bond making you love me?"

Neron dreaded the questions. It was what the Moon Goddess asked him when he wanted to retract his rejection. However, he was confident in his answer to his goddess. He loves Kiya, and the bond helped him realize his mistakes and his actions.

"I love you, Kiya. I do." He whispered. "And I love you to where I can't focus on anything else until your suffering is gone. I cannot be a proper leader, or a proper man, while my other half is in pain."

"Tell me what you need. Tell me what I could do for you. If you need me to go away... I'll do it. Anything

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

to make you comfortable, I'll do it."

What would Kiya choose? The fear maneuvered its way through her interior, griping her heart. The unknown had a level of terror far beyond comprehension. One would never know if the unknown would help or hurt them, and it applies if Kiya decides whether to allow her mate to help her.

She couldn't allow herself to become feral, but was she willing to forgo her hatred for Neron and allow herself to be vulnerable for the sake of her wellbeing?

Will Neron keep his word? Only one way to find out.

"No sex. At all. Don't touch me unless I ask you to. Keep Onyx in check. Can you do that?"

"Yes," Neron answered. "I can and I will."

With a sigh filled with trepidation, Kiya stood and unlocked the door. Neron shot up on his feet when his mate cracked it open, brown trained on his every move. Her russet skin blossomed with red and pink, and her scent is as strong as ever. The Alpha intends on keeping his word, blocking Onyx out until he could trust him to control himself. The woman shuffled to the side, allowing Neron to enter her

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

room. ³

Before Kiya could get a word out, a sharp wave of pain lanced through her. Gasping, she fell to her knees, clutching her chest. In alarm, Neron followed her to the floor, eyes narrowing in unease.

"The pain is getting worse." He whispered as Kiya nodded in confirmation. Her brown eyes gazed into his blue, unguarded, and pleading.

"Make it stop." She whimpered with a thick body tremor rattling her limbs. "Please. I hate this so much."

Her hand reached out, desperate, and curious. When Neron grasped her small hand into his, a wave of cooling relief fought against the heat, dispelling the flames. Kiya gasped as the fire slowly disappeared, clearing the mind fog. A small, meaningless touch of their hands was enough to chase much of the heat away.

Kiya slowly came to terms that Neron had to be with her. Her intense revulsion of the Alpha remained, but she pushed her hatred away to focus on the betrayal of her body. Instinctively, she leaned forward and rested her head in the crook of Neron's neck, relishing the multiple bursts of coolness

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

floating through her body.

To Neron, this was a dream come true. He'd hoped and dreamed for the day that he got the chance to hold his mate in his arms. Despite the different circumstances, this was better than nothing. His strong arms wrapped around Kiya's steaming body, pulling her closer. He could have sworn he heard her softly purr. He gently let his walls down so Onyx could enjoy the closeness of his mate. His growls softened as he clung to his connection with Artemis, who was relaxing underneath his soothing touch.

"I got you, don't worry." He whispered in her earlobe.

Keeping his promise, the Alpha didn't push. He didn't rush. Neron touched only when asked. For the rest of the evening, Neron helped Kiya as much as he could. He mind-linked his Beta and Gamma to deliver their findings of The Witching Hour come the morn. Tonight, he was focusing on his mate. Through the ice baths, feeding her cold food, and wiping the rapidly accumulating sweat on her skin, Neron took care of her.

As much as he wanted to relish the sight of her naked body, he noted the many horrendous scars; the big one he made on her back, and the many others the pack members made. Tan stood stark

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

against the chestnut brown, tickling his shameful memories of his disgraceful actions. It was a miracle by the Moon Goddess that Kiya allowed Neron to be this close, but the shame of marking her for death won't leave him.

Neron couldn't erase the pain he'd given her or eliminate that mark on her skin, but he wanted to prove that he'll be a better man than the one she remembers.

After dinner, Neron settled Kiya in her bed, keeping the light blanket over her. He assumed Kiya wanted to be alone. As he was about to leave, a hand gripped his arm, nails digging into his tanned flesh.

"Stay," Kiya commanded as she began to sweat again.

"Kiya..." Neron sighed, running a hand through his long hair. "That's not a good idea. It would only further complicate things between us."

"Stay." She repeated, adamant.

Neron groaned, pinching the bridge of his nose. He wanted to stay. He didn't want to leave Kiya alone until the heat dissipated. However, he knew that if Kiya wasn't in heat, she would distance herself

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

without hesitation. He could feel his side of the bond growing, the pull to his mate becoming irresistible. Does Kiya feel the same? Because if she did, she was excellent at hiding it.

"I can't, Kiya."

"Stay!" She barked, shooting up from the pillow.

"Don't get it twisted. I'm not delusional. I can't do this without you, so get in this bed and hold me!"

Well, Neron couldn't argue with that.

With a sigh, he kicked off his shoes and his shirt. The bed dipped under his weight as he adjusted himself on the mattress. Kiya wiggled into him, taking a deep whiff of the scent that made her body weep. Neron, once again, looped his arms around her body, holding her close. The heat's at bay in the presence of the Alpha, leaving behind tranquility.

Neron rested his chin on top of Kiya's head, savoring her warmth. He was still worried that this would blur the lines of their somewhat existent relationship, but he wouldn't reject this rare moment with Kiya. It should have been her in his arms all these years instead of Odessa. Having that she-wolf didn't compare to his true mate.

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

It had always been Kiya. It should have been her since the beginning.

“Kiya?”

Her breathing was steady, and her heartbeat thumped at a calm and constant pace. His mate had fallen asleep. With a joyful smile on his face, Neron kissed her bundle of curls before drifting into deep, needed sleep with a soft smile on his face.

However, there was one person who wasn't happy. Odessa was angry. Now that Kiya was in heat, it was impossible to snatch Neron's attention away. He was putty in her hands now that she was a horny bitch. Her chances of stealing Neron's heart back became more challenging.

What's more aggravating was how much the unmated males wanted her. Her friends spent the better part of the afternoon battling the males away before Neron made it clear if anyone comes within six feet of Kiya, he'll rip them apart. They dispersed like ants.

Her rejected mate, Darien, was included in that unfortunate bunch. The brunette watched in the background how much he struggled against the seductive allure of Kiya's scent. Fucking honeyed strawberries and vanilla. Yes, he helped to shoo the

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

other men away, but it didn't calm her anger when she saw how much he, too, wanted that wretched woman.

Odessa hated the fact that Kiya hogged the attention of not only her lover but her mate. She did nothing to deserve a slight morsel of love from Darien! She rejected him, but he still longed for her. The passing glances whenever they'd walk by each other, the sad howls of Sirius for her and Ariel, and the agonizing sexual tension whenever they're in the same room together were all signs of his yearning. Even now, as he trudged up the stairs towards his room, she feels the magnetic pull.

She still loved Neron and was still pining for his attention and love, but Darien shouldn't be looking at another female. he was still hers, no matter what anyone says! The bond was good for something at least. It means Darien could never desire another woman as he desired her. That amount of power was magnificent, and Odessa craved more.

However, she needed to get rid of the competition. She needed Kiya gone. She was the only barrier standing in her way. She'll make sure that Kiya loses everything because the men belong to her.

"Darien." She called out. The man turned around, his dark eyes brimming with emotion. Odessa's anger

Chapter 58 - The Heat (Part 2)

and jealousy crackled until it exploded. Running up the stairs, she thrust forward and locked lips with Darien, skillfully forcing her tongue into his mouth. Taken aback by such action, the man soon succumbed to the fated sparks of the sacred mate bond they shared. He never accepted the rejection, so the bond didn't sever. It only weakened.

Seduced by the sparks and hypnotized by Odessa's tongue, her hands on his chest, and Ariel howling in pleasure, Darien fell hard and far. He wanted Odessa. So much. He wanted her bare against him while they make passionate, heavy love.

She pulled her mate into her room, still seething with jealousy over Kiya and Neron, but Darien's presence quickly filled her mind. His touch, his scent, everything about him. The moment their clothes were stripped away, the two arose to the highest of pleasures that neither wanted to come down from.