

## The Beast And The Blessed by Ashley Breanne

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#### Chapter 14

#### Fourteen: Killian

#### Killian's p.o.v.

"I just heard the most interesting thing," Joselin said as she entered my office with the collection of crystals and candles that she insisted she needed. I had given her a tower of her own to practice her magic and keep all of her belongings, yet she still insisted on bringing them everywhere else and leaving them all around the castle like a toddler.

"I am really not in the mood, Josie," I muttered as I focused on the task before me. It seemed like an impossible endeavor. Every few seconds, I would see a flash of Natalie's hurt expression and all of my focus would go right out the window.

I had almost lost control last night. It wasn't just my beast who wanted to claim his mate.

I wanted her. Her display of power and strength had me ready to bend her over the bed and fuck her until she couldn't walk. Perhaps I would even let her climb on top and show me what it felt like when she took control in the bedroom.

But it wasn't as mates. I wanted to fuck her as just a man and a woman.

Knowing she was my mate was the only thing stopping me. If I gave in and had sex

with her, I had no doubt my beast would come forward and place our mark upon her, claiming the beautiful woman as ours forever. That was the exact thing I wanted to avoid.

Once the mark was placed, the pull I felt to her would multiply and she would have the ability to completely destroy me.

Holding her at night and having that contact with her was the only thing I found that could satisfy my beast to keep him at bay.

“Yeah, I got that. Funny enough, that’s what I heard.” She explained as she dropped her items on the leather seat Natalie had just been in a few minutes prior, once again causing my mind to move to the hypnotizing woman and away from the important matters at hand. ‘A servant seemed to overhear you yelling at Natalie to leave you alone and that she was annoying you. Really romantic stuff. It’s the talk of the castle, right now. I think the only thing that could top it is if you were to call a meeting and just humiliate her or reject her in front of the entire pack. That way you can really crush her spirit. It’ll do wonders for the fact that she has to be willing to fight for you sometime soon.’ 1

I closed my eyes, resting my head back against my chair as Joselin scolded me. She wasn’t wrong. According to her vision, Natalie would save my life, but it wasn’t set in stone. Things could still happen before then that would alter the outcome.

I didn’t want to string her along just to have her lay down her life

for me, but I also couldn't let her in. Every time she was near me, it would scare me just how much I actually wanted her close.

I hadn't even marked her, and she still had a hold over me.

"I wasn't trying to humiliate her. You know that. She was just driving me crazy." The

groan that left Joselin was full of frustration as she started to set up around the map,

wanting to try for the fifth time to trace the magic that was hiding the vampires. But

this time, she was using what she claimed were more powerful crystals.

"Are you going to go apologize to her now, or later?" She asked as the wicks of the

candles burst into flames. "This may take a while anyway. If you wanted to go make

things right, I'll still be here when you get back."

I opened my eyes, staring at her with incredulity. "I am the king. I apologize to no one!"

Joselin lifted her hands in surrender, but quietly laughed to herself. "When you finally

give in and have a happy relationship with a loving mate, that line of thinking will

change."

Her interference in my relationship thus far had already gone too far for my comfort,

and I felt my short temper getting the better of me. Ever since Natalie was brought

here, my fuse seemed to shorten with each passing day. "What do you know about it?

You've been in so many beds, I can't keep count."

Her hands dropped back down to her sides as she shook her head in disbelief. "You're

really going to turn this on me? You're just trying to pick a fight

now! Stop acting like a grumpy baby, and go make things right with your mate!” I scoffed at her, as I rose to my feet. I couldn’t help thinking about one of my best friends, the only man I trusted to protect my mate except myself, and how long he had been in love with Joselin but could never have her because she wouldn’t settle down. These fucking women had too much power over the men. “You’ve never been in love in your life. I bet you don’t even know how to let someone in for a regular relationship!” “I guess we’re both protecting ourselves then. I can’t feel anything more for any of your kind because you all have soulmates out there, waiting for you. We both know the claim of a chosen mate is weak compared to a fated mate. If I chose to be with Tobias or anyone else, they could find their fated a year or a decade from now and walk away from me without ever looking back. I would be left with nothing! You at least know Natalie is it for you, and yet, you’re still treating her like shit.” Joselin shook in anger as she gathered her belongings back up, blowing the candles out aggressively before taking the map and adding it to her pile. “Where are you going?” I asked, frustrated that all of the women in my life were being so insufferable today. “I don’t need to do this here, and don’t worry, I won’t expect an apology from you, Your Majesty.” Her disgust was clear in her tone as she spat my title, and I clenched my jaw to keep from yelling at her too.

With one last glare, she flickered once before teleporting from my office. I knew she would be all the way at the other side of the castle in her private tower, but my fury was controlling me. I knew if I didn't blow off some steam, I would end up tracking her down and making everything worse.

All of the servants made themselves scarce as I stormed from the castle, shredding my clothes as I shifted into my full beast, landing on all four paws at a sprint. I had too much on my plate and was too tired from not sleeping last night to deal with the upset women surrounding me.

It was several hours before I was ready to go back, but my beast was still on edge. I knew he would not calm until we marked Natalie, or at the very least, had her in our arms. Having the beautiful creature mad at US or feeling hurt because of how I treated her sat heavily on my shoulders.

The sun had long ago set, and I made my way back home. The halls were empty, and as I followed my mate's scent back to our bedroom, I finally felt somewhat at peace.

Her smell was enough to help clear my mind, and I was secretly even more excited for her touch.

I snuck in quietly, making my way to the shower before joining her in our bed. After I rinsed off, I pulled on a pair of boxers before crawling into the bed. I could hear from her breathing that she was awake, and I rolled to the side, ready for this day to be over.

My arm collided with a pillow, and I lifted my head to glare at my mate's back. She lay on her side with her head tilted at an obviously uncomfortable angle to reach the mattress. Her chocolate brown hair was spread out on the sheets, and she refused to look my way.

"What the fuck is this, Natalie?" I watched as she shivered when I used her name, but she regained her composure and stilled.

"It's a wall, Killian." I had never been addressed by my name by her before, and I hated to admit that I liked it. The fact that she had used even her own pillow to build a barrier between us was absurd.

All of the anger and frustration of my day melted away, and I dropped my head back down as I stared at the ceiling.

The laugh that left my body surprised me. It was such a ridiculous thing, a wall made of pillows. But she made her point. She was still mad about this morning. I grabbed the pillows between us and tossed them to the floor.

"Hey!" She shouted as I rolled over and pulled her against my chest.

"We sleep like this." I insisted, nuzzling my nose against her neck to satisfy my beast.

I may not have been able to become emotionally invested in our relationship but I was still a man who could admit that I enjoyed the physical touch of a woman.

"We didn't sleep like this last night! You slept somewhere else." Natalie argued as she tried to wiggle away from me.

"I was working in my office, and I didn't sleep at all last night. Now

go to sleep.” Her body stilled at my words, and I closed my eyes, ready to end what had turned into a very long day.

“I’m still mad at you for today.” Her voice softened, and I heard her breathing slow to match mine.

“I know you are.”

### **Fifteen: Natalie**

#### **Natalie’s p.o.v.**

I had never woken up to Killian being in bed with me before. He had always been an early riser. He would come to bed late at night and be gone before I opened my eyes.

This morning was different. Maybe it was because he didn’t get any sleep the night

before, or maybe it was because he knew I was still mad at him.

But as I woke up with

my head on his bare chest, his hand started running up and down my spine.

I turned my head, placing my chin against his peck as I looked up at him. He refused

to meet my stare and instead, kept his gaze on the ceiling. I

smiled with my lips

pressed together to save him from my morning breath as I

scanned over his features.

The way his eyes and jaw were relaxed made me happy, and my cheek slid across

his chest as I turned back and closed my eyes again. I wasn’t going to fall back

asleep. I just wanted to enjoy this moment of peace before things went back to

normal, with him hating my existence and me feeling so alone in the crowded castle.

The silence didn't last long as Joselin's familiar knock sounded through the room.

Killian tensed beneath me, and my arm instinctively wrapped a little tighter around his waist. He was the king. If he wanted to stay here with me, he had the power to tell her to go away.

I held my breath as I felt his hand stop moving, and I tried not to vocalize my disappointment as he sat up, forcing me to lift myself off his chest. Within a minute, he was dressed and out of the room, leaving the door open and

Joselin standing in the opening as he brushed by her. He didn't say a single word to me before he left, but it was his actions last night and this morning that made me feel like I was on top of the world. 1

"You look happy," Joselin said as she entered the room and made her way to the closet. 'Did he actually apologize?'"

I laughed to myself as she tossed some workout clothes at me. "In his way, I think he did." 1

Her white eyes widened as she placed her hands on her hips.

'Seriously? You got him to apologize?'" Her head turned as she noticed all the pillows on the floor, and her mouth dropped open with disgust. "Oh, gross!"

I could still feel his fingers running up and down my spine, and I let my head fall back against the mattress. She didn't need to know that we hadn't done anything. Even if we had, it was none of her business. That was between him and me.

"I'll meet you in the gym in a few minutes, Joselin," I said as I



pulled the blanket back and got out of bed. She wasted no time going back to the hallway to flirt with Tobias, closing the door behind her. I glanced at the pillows before picking them up and placing them back in their proper place at the head of the bed. Things weren't great between US, but he put in an effort. Even if it was as small as just staying in bed with me this morning, it was a step in the right direction. I couldn't have been happier. Joselin still kicked my ass as we began training, but I felt stronger than before. When he entered the room an hour later, everyone seemed to stop what they were doing. His presence commanded the entire pack without a single word, and it wasn't until he sat off to the side that we all resumed. I smiled, lifting my hand and waving at him, but he didn't respond. He had never come down here before, and having him watch me work out made me blush with embarrassment. The way his eyes burned into me, made me second guess whether he was trying to decide if he still wanted me here or if he wanted to send me back. There was also a small part of my mind that had me feeling the same way I did the night of my first pack dinner when he had his hand on my thigh. It was exhilarating. Every hit I threw at Joselin, and every dodge, was more fluid than before. Each strike was also harder as I gave every bit of my energy into my sparring session. Each time I

glanced up, his eyes were still on me, and I would push myself further.

Joselin smirked at me knowingly, but I brushed her off. She could report back to her boss later. Right now, I wanted him to see me kick ass. If he could just see for himself that I was already stronger than when I got here, then maybe it would help to win him

over. Maybe then he would be able to respect me.

I spun around with a kick aimed at Joselin's side, taking her down quickly. The small

cheer I let out was unintentional. The room went silent, and my arms dropped as I

spun around to see if Killian had witnessed my first victory against the witch. My eyes

landed on his back as he rushed out of the room, and all of my energy drained as he

left without a word or a single glance back.

"I'm sure it was something big to make him leave like that,"

Joselin said as she moved

up to my side. "He couldn't take his eyes off you the entire time he was in here. I can't

imagine he would leave in such a hurry without good reason."

I shrugged as I turned back to her. "It doesn't matter. Let's go again."

Even I could hear the defeat in my voice. I took a few steps back and lifted my hands

toward Joselin, encouraging her to make the first move. "I think we are done for the day."

"I can keep going!" I insisted, launching at Joselin in the emotion-driven way she had

scolded me for countless times before. She swung around, taking me to the ground in

one swift move. My back slammed into the mat, and I let out a

groan as she stood over me.

“We are done for the day, your highness. We can pick this back up tomorrow.” She insisted as she gestured to Tobias to approach. He moved away from the wall he was on and came forward slowly like I was a scared, injured animal. I wanted to growl in frustration but settled for clenching my hands into fists. She was cutting my training short by almost two hours. Without this, I was just going to go back to my room and wait for the next meal. I had nothing else to do and no one else to spend time with. The first few days, I had spent my time exploring, but it grew tiresome, and I knew it was frustrating the staff.

Every time I entered a room, everyone would stop what they were doing to bow or curtsy. They then waited until I left to resume their activities. I had even tried sitting in one of the rooms with other people, and the silence was deafening. After only a few minutes, I gave up and left, hearing them all start talking as soon as I passed the doorway.

Killian surely didn't want me in his office. Joselin made herself scarce with her other work when she would get done with our training, and Tobias stood behind me silently at all times.

The wolves around US all started whispering and talking animatedly, but my human hearing could not pick up what they were saying. It was the looks of panic and anger that had me moving closer to Tobias on my own.

“Sorry, your highness. Until we have more information on the situation, we need to get you to safety.” Joselin’s hand shot out, gripping my forearm tightly. I gasped in pain, trying to pull away, but the room around me swirled, and I felt like the air was being sucked out of my lungs. The familiar walls of my bedroom spun around me as Joselin released my arm, sending me to the floor as I failed to gain my equilibrium. My words of protest were caught in my throat as I began to heave. I scrambled toward the bathroom, making it just far enough that I could be sick in the sink.

## **Sixteen: Natalie**

### **Natalie’s p.o.v.**

After collecting myself, I tried to leave the room, only to find the door sealed shut.

Joselin was surely the culprit, and I mentally cursed the witch. I could flick the lock back and forth and even turn the knob, but the door wouldn’t budge.

When I knocked on it and received a rhythmic tapping in return, I knew Tobias was at least out there, guarding me still. It helped me to feel like I wasn’t completely alone.

After the first two hours, I accepted that it was going to be a long night. I wasn’t sure when dinner would be arriving or if it would at all, and I could only hope that Killian would at least make it home at a reasonable time.

After a long, hot shower, the sound of the bedroom door being slammed shut made me jump, and I wrapped the towel around me in a hurry. I could

hear things being thrown around the room, and I tiptoed to the door, peering out through the crack into the bedroom. Killian stood with his hands gripping the edge of the dresser. The muscles in his back were moving, coiling, and tensing as he appeared to be fighting off the shift.

I had seen him angry before, but not like this. His reflection in the mirror showed that he was absolutely livid. His glowing red eyes were burning into the wood of the dresser top. I flinched as his arm swung out, and he knocked the candle from the wooden surface, the glass shattering as it collided with the wall next to my side of the bed.

The loud roar of anger that followed shook me to my core, but I wasn't scared. I was deeply worried for him. All rational thought to escape the violent and angered beast vanished from my mind, and I pulled the bathroom door open and rushed toward him.

"Killian," I called out softly, only an arm's length away. He didn't have to say anything as he turned to face me. I stood there in my towel with my hair dripping on the floor, but he never looked away from my eyes. His chest was rising and falling rapidly, and his hands were clenched in fists. I could see it clearer now that I was so close. He wasn't just angry. He was hurting.

It was all I needed to swallow back my last bit of hesitation, and I moved forward to wrap my arms around him. Killian raised his arms as he stiffened further, but I

tightened my hold.

My cheek pressed against his chest, and I could hear his heart start to slow the longer I held him. I squeezed my eyes shut as I waited for the moment he would shut down and push me off him. Instead, I let out the breath I had been holding as his arms dropped down around me, and he held me just as tightly to his chest as I held him to mine.

“What happened?” I whispered, scared that I would ruin the moment if I spoke too loudly, but he didn’t let go.

“There was an attack on one of my men.’ His voice dropped as he picked me up, my feet swaying beneath me as he moved. I pushed my chest against him harder, hoping to keep my towel up as he moved to the armchair by the balcony doors. He sat down, pulling me into his lap.

My hand shot out to fix the bottom of my towel as he turned me sideways with my legs over the arm of the chair. But I paused as Killian adjusted it for me, pulling it over my thigh and placing his hand on top to keep it from moving. He wasn’t even looking at me, and the unconscious move took me by surprise.

“Is he okay?”

The cruel and dark chuckle I received in response was unexpected, but I placed my head on his chest while my hands rested over his on my leg.”

He’s dead. The venom was too strong. They had bitten him too many times, w  
My eyes widened as my hand tightened on his forearm.  
Vampires.

We had all thought they were extinct. The Great War and the aftermath of the battle had made sure of that. Those poisonous leeches sucked the life out of everything they touched.

They had kept buildings filled with bleeders of all species, chained up for their clans to feed from freely. The pleasure of being fed from them was rumored to be addicting, but the poison that sank into their victim's bloodstream would kill them within a matter of days or months depending on the strength of their species. 1 The last I heard, they were still discovering the remains of those establishments as the abandoned cities were explored by curious souls.

"They're back?" My question was followed by a shiver, and Killian pulled me in tighter as he dropped his head against the back cushion.

"It would seem that they never left." He grumbled, and I could feel his body shaking as he closed his eyes. My right hand released his arm, and I found myself placing it over his heart. The pounding beneath his ribs was soothing but far too fast. As I rubbed my palm over his peck in an unhurried up-and-down motion, his heart began to slow.

I never expected I would be able to do that to him, but I also never expected that his touch would be able to keep me calm. It was something Jake had never been able to do.

His hand began to move in time with mine, sliding up and down over the towel on my thigh in short but soft movements.

The want to ask him if that was what he was searching for on the

map when I went into his office, but I bit my tongue, knowing that I had annoyed him last time with my questions. I didn't want to ruin this moment. Whether he admitted it to me or not, he needed someone, and I was going to be there for him. He had taken me from my shitty existence and quite literally made me the next queen. I had everything I could ever ask for material-wise, and I owed him for that. But now that he was opening up to me and seeking comfort from me, I felt like I may one day have the companionship I was wanting as well.

"I am really sorry that they got to one of your men," I whispered, tilting my head up to look at him. His jaw was clenched, and my hand moved up to run the tip of my pointer finger across it.

"He is with the Goddess now." His voice was firm as he lifted his head from the backrest of the armchair.

I watched him for a moment longer as his eyes began to drop, and the defeat became

visible in them. "Come on," I whispered as I slid off his lap, holding my hand out to him. "Let's go to bed. There will be a lot to do tomorrow."

Disappointment flickered in my mind when he stood without taking my waiting hand,

and I turned to the dresser to grab my pajamas from the new collection of clothes that had been provided to me.

When I left the bathroom, pulling the drawstrings on the pajama shorts to tighten them, Killian was waiting in bed with his forearm thrown over his eyes. I stepped



carefully over the glass from the candle, knowing I would need to clean it up tomorrow before one of the servants saw it and assumed he and I had been in another argument. The first one had been embarrassing enough for me. As I curled up under the blanket, Killian turned on his side, wrapping his warm arm around me and pulling me into his chest. The familiar position caused a smile to stretch over my face, and I closed my eyes as he brushed his nose against my neck. I wished we could stay like this forever. But I knew to enjoy these fleeting moments with him while they lasted. In a few short hours, he would wake, and the cold king who had killed two of my pack mates, and thousands of other creatures would be back

### **Seventeen: Natalie**

#### **Natalie's p.o.v.**

Killian had done as I had expected and returned to his cold and brooding self the next morning. I was just happy that he hadn't killed anyone else since we had come home.

Brooding, I could deal with.

He was already halfway out the door before I had regained consciousness, and the

'good morning' I had thrown at him was greeted by him closing the door between us.

It still made me smile though. The fact that he was there when I had woken meant that once again he had slept in with me, holding me tight against him. His walls were cracking, and as soon as he was ready to let me in, I would be here waiting.

Training had been canceled as Joselin was busy with Killian, and Tobias shook his head at me. I knew right away that he didn't want to have any distractions today. So, having him train me was also out of the question. Instead, I decided that it was time that I educated myself. I didn't want to keep pestering Killian with questions when it seemed to be a sure way to make him angry, and Tobias guided me to the library where I found all kinds of books on Lycan history and different creatures. It was the information on Vampires that I found particularly useful.

I could come back to learn about Lycans, but the immediate threat was the bloodsuckers that had killed one of our men. If I could educate myself on their kind, then maybe Killian would see some use in me after all and would talk to me about it.

I was lost in their story, learning about how they took pride in capturing the strongest of victims to turn them into bleeders. Lycans were at the top of their food chain. It was rare that they managed to get their hands on them, but when they did, the Lycans had been able to fight off the poison for years. It made them the perfect food source.

Having one of their men attacked and killed yesterday told me that it was far more than just one vampire that had fed from and repeatedly bit him. Killian had said that the man had died from the excessive number of bites. If a Lycan could stay alive for years with the poison in their system, I had to wonder

just how many bites or vampires were involved in the man's murder. It was a lot more serious than just one rogue vampire causing trouble.

"Huh," Joselin said as she appeared in front of me, the black lines dancing along her skin and catching my attention. "I never thought I would find you here."

I closed the book on my finger to save my place, giving Joselin my undivided attention. "Why is that?"

"I pictured you as more of a cheesy romance type than to be reading in the history section." She leaned forward, grabbing the book from my hands, and I let out a protest as she made me lose my place. "Curious about vampires, are we?"

"The king doesn't like it when I ask questions. I am looking for answers." I watched as Tobias shook his head in disappointment as he maintained his sweeping gaze from one door to the next. I knew he wasn't disappointed in me, but his reaction still made me feel embarrassed. 1

I reached forward, trying to grab the book from Joselin, but was too slow as she pulled it out of my reach.

"Fascinating creatures. If they didn't believe that the rest of the world was only here as cattle to feed and serve them, they wouldn't have had to die." The book floated above her palm as she flipped through the pages. "It'll be hard when we have to battle them again."

The attack was only a warning, and I knew from what I had learned of The Great War

that history was about to repeat itself. I just wasn't sure what part I was to play in it. If I were to one day be queen, I would be expected to stand by Killian's side as he sent our men and women off to war... to their deaths. 1 It was a guilt that I was not prepared to live with. "I imagine it will be. Is that what you have been training me for?"

The pages stopped as Joselin leaned in, looking particularly interested in whatever she had seen. "Yes, you had to have been lot stronger then than you are now to have saved Killian like that."

Her mumbling took me by surprise, and I froze in my chair as she flipped the page

once and continued reading, her lips moving with the words silently. The excitement that maybe she would answer one of the questions that Killian refused to, had me leaning forward in my chair.

"How do you know I was stronger?" Her head shook back and forth as she slammed the book closed and tossed it to the chair next to me. She had just given me more information in that one sentence than Killian had given me the entire time I had been here.

Not only was I supposed to fight in the battle against vampires, but I would save the king's... my mate's life. It seemed an impossible task to accomplish as I was only human, but if she had somehow seen the future, who was I to argue.

"You do ask a lot of questions." Her clipped tone was followed by her walking back

toward the bookshelves. "I came here to talk to you about something I saw today... about your mother."

My eyes narrowed, as I watched her run her fingers over the spines of the books.

"What about my mother?"

She had been a regular suburban housewife until I failed to shift. Only then did she show her true colors and her all-consuming disappointment in me. Before that, she

was just like any other loving and caring mother. She would go out for training for a few hours a day, but otherwise, she stayed home and took care of my sister and me.

"Did she tell you about your birth?" Joselin asked as she ducked behind one of the shelves, and I moved to follow her as she continued browsing.

"Not really, she only said it was really fast," I said, walking behind her as I waited for

her to accidentally release more information. Instead, she spun suddenly on her

heels, her blank white eyes bore into me and sent a shiver down my spine. The

feeling of small worms moving beneath the skin of my face, made me gasp as I

reached up to grab my cheeks, wanting to claw them out.

As I fell to my knees, Joselin stepped back. While the feeling disappeared, my hands

continued to shake as I continued to search my skin for the intruders.

"Hm, you're blocking me. Very interesting." She mumbled to herself, and I glared up at

her from my place on the floor, wanting to scream at her for her invasive attempt at getting information.

“What the hell? Did you just try to get into my mind? I just told you that she never told me anything.” Using my hand on my knee, I pushed myself up until I was standing.

Tobias stepped in front of me, blocking my view of Joselin, and I could feel his body shaking as he faced off with the witch. Whether they had something going on or not, his job was to protect me, and that was what he did.

“Don’t fool yourself, Tobias.” Joselin snapped, but I could hear the hurt in her voice that he had stood against her as if she were a threat. “We both know that I’m not an enemy.”

The growl he let out in response had me flinching back, and I stared at him with wide eyes.

“That is enough!” Killian’s voice boomed out from behind me, making me jump as I had not noticed his entry to the library. “Joselin, we have work to do.”

I turned to look at him, enjoying how his eyes traveled over me as if searching for

injury before he pulled his gaze away. I wanted to greet him, but I was not sure how to

address him with others around. Would he be offended if I called him Killian, or would

it be improper to have his mate call him Your Majesty?

Instead, I just nodded my head in respect, watching as his eyes narrowed as he

noticed my movement from his periphery.

It didn’t escape me that as he turned and gestured for Joselin to leave, he stood

between US. In an act of defiance, she flickered before disappearing from the room.

The little trust I had in her vanished with her, and my feeling of security in the castle was suddenly gone.

## **Eighteen: Natalie**

### **Natalie's p.o.v.**

Tobias seemed to find it amusing how much harder I worked in training the next day.

My body was running hot, and I was angry that Joselin had tried to invade my

thoughts. I didn't want anyone in my head, least of all someone I didn't know I could

trust. I just couldn't figure out why she had done it. What was she looking for?

Having her around Killian all the time was driving me crazy too. It was so hard for me

to get him to bring his walls down and not be so cold toward me, but then he willingly

spent all of his time with her.

It was unreasonable as my physical attraction to him held no emotional ties, but I was

jealous.

He spent every day with her but fought me every moment that I tried to spend with

him. I had to wonder if they had a past or if something was currently going on between

them. It would only make sense that she was trying to forcibly get information out of

me if she was jealous too. She would want to know if he and I had done anything.

Her flirting with Tobias was confusing, but maybe that was why he wasn't giving in to

her. How many men did she have wrapped around her finger in the castle? Why did

the man I was to mate with have to be one of them? Women

could be cruel, but I never thought I would have to experience one so brash as to openly throw it in my face that she was sleeping with the man I was to spend the rest of my life with.

The effects of the upcoming full moon were making me stronger than before, not as strong as a wolf, but my bloodline allowed me to be stronger than any human. I was pushing, pulling, and throwing around the weights like a woman on a mission. Each time I felt myself struggle, I thought about Joselin and Killian locked in his office together, with no witnesses, and I would see red. I didn't like it.

I turned to glare at Tobias as he flinched back when I got up from the machine to stretch between sets. His nose wrinkled, and his eyes squeezed shut as he moved back.

My hard work was showing, and I knew I had been sweating a lot more than normal, but his reaction was almost offensive.

"Do I smell bad, Tobias?" My frustration sank in through my words, and I placed my hands on my hips. His eyes opened showing the familiar glowing red of his Lycan, making me take a step back this time.

The longer I stood, I expected my body to begin to cool, but I only seemed to get hotter. My face was burning, and my hands were shaking as pain stabbed through my abdomen.

I bounced on the balls of my feet, trying to work out the muscle cramp from overexerting myself, but failed. My body curled in as



another wave of muscle spasms washed through my stomach.

“Tobias, I think I need to go to the infirmary.” I gasped, looking up to see that he had moved further back and that the room was rapidly emptying. The way he was acting was terrifying. I had never seen him look so scared. His glowing eyes were flicking back and forth, and I gasped as he stopped his scan of the area and sprinted toward me. His body contorted with each step before he launched himself over me.

I fell to the floor with a scream, curling myself in a ball with my arms wrapped around my head as he collided with one of his pack mates behind me. Their snapping jaws were dripping foam as they snarled and bit each other.

“Your Highness!” A young maid shouted as she ran into the room.

“You can’t be in here like this. We need to get you back to your room!”

I whimpered in pain as she pulled at my arm to help me stand. “I need a healer.”

My plea went unheard as the girl shook her head and yanked me toward the exit. I

couldn’t get my legs to move fast enough, and I stumbled as the she-wolf dragged me

from the room. “Someone get King Killian!”

His name sent a shiver down my spine, and I felt my muscles begin to uncoil for a

moment of relief before they knotted once more. “Healer,” I gasped as I struggled to

pull her hand from my arm when she began to take me in the wrong direction.

The fighting could still be heard behind me but was louder than before as if there were

more than just the two Lycans battling.

The girl dragging me forward gasped as the witch I had been picturing punching appeared before US. But I was excited to see Joselin. I had a few things to say to her.

“This explains so much,” Joselin muttered as she reached forward to grab my arm

from the maid who released me quickly. I yanked free before stumbling back and falling on my butt.

“Not you!” I spat, as I glared at her. “You don’t get to touch me!”

Joselin’s eyebrows pinched together, and I watched as she waved her hand with

annoyance. My body slid across the floor toward her from her magic, making my head

jerk back as she bent down and grabbed my ankle. The world spun around US as I

shouted for her to let me go.

“You’re a liar!” I screamed as I tried to kick myself free. The small voice in the back of

my mind was telling me that I was being unreasonable, but the way my body was

burning up, I couldn’t seem to separate the fever-induced thoughts from reality.

My stomach lurched as we teleported back to my room, and she stepped back as I

kicked my foot at her, just barely missing her arm.

“What is your problem?” She yelled back as I rolled onto my hands and knees,

desperate to make the pain stop. “I’m trying to help you.”

The cruel and heartless laugh that left me seemed to echo off the walls around US as

I glared up at her. “You aren’t doing anything for me! You’re training me so I can give

up my life for your precious king, but you don’t give a shit about

me!”

I watched as Joselin took a sudden step back from my words. Her surprise was

evident as her jaw dropped and her eyes widened.

“You said it yourself yesterday in the library. It’s why Killian wants nothing to do with

me, right? He said I was his mate! He said I was his! He chose me! But I’m not here

as his chosen mate. I’m here to be his sacrificial lamb! He chose me to be the one to

die, so he could live!” I pushed myself up as I spoke, my voice deepening from the

pain until it was unrecognizable to my own ears.

The twisting of my insides made me groan as I straightened myself to my full height,

refusing to let whatever curse was trying to kill me win. Sweat was dripping down my

face and neck as the heat grew more intense.

“I’m going to go get Killian. You’re in heat. You’re not thinking clearly without him

here.” She whispered in awe as she watched me resist the pain, backing away slowly

toward the door as I stalked toward her.

“You do that! Go get ‘Killian’.” The fact that she referred to him by his first name

seemed to trigger me further into the black abyss that was sucking me in. I glared at

her, willing her body to turn to flames.

As she pulled the door open, I moved up behind her, grabbing it before she could

close it between us. “Tell me this though, witch. Do you feel any guilt? You were so

nice to my face, only to turn around and lock yourself in his office with him day after

day. I know what you were doing! Did you care at all that he was

claiming I was his mate to the world while he was fucking you behind my back?" Joselin's eyes widened further, but for the first time since I met her, she was speechless. Her sarcastic wit and attitude were gone. Standing before me was just a woman. One I wanted to kill.

"I didn't think so." I snarled as I slammed the door in her face. The relief of being alone made all of the anger melt away, leaving me with nothing but pain, and the tears fell on their own as a sob wracked through my chest.

My mind was spinning a mile a minute with thoughts that I knew had no hold, but that tormented me with the possibility of them being a reality.

Heat.

She said this was my heat.

The possibility of it seemed low as I hadn't shifted yet, but it was either that or I had been poisoned or possibly cursed by the very witch who had just claimed she was helping me.

I grabbed my head tightly in my hands, squeezing it as I tried to focus and calm my mind. All I wanted was for the burning and pain to stop. The intrusive and negative thoughts I could deal with. The possessiveness I felt for Killian was solely because we slept in each other's arms at night. I knew that, but couldn't seem to get them to stop. It wasn't a regular relationship or mating, but we were bonding in the only way that I think he knew how. I loathed the thought of him being with Joselin, or any woman, and then curling around me as if he hadn't just been with another. It made me feel

cheap and dirty.

All of the muscles in my body tightened, and I stumbled forward. If it was my heat, the

only thing that could fix it was sex. I could try to take care of myself, but I wouldn't be

able to do anything until I had cooled off first.

My legs dragged beneath me as I clumsily walked forward, grabbing the frame of the

bathroom door for support before forcing myself the rest of the way in the room, only

stopping once I was in the shower under the ice- cold spray of water

### **Nineteen: Killian**

#### **Killian's p.o.v.**

I couldn't sit still. Every time I moved, her scent seemed to grow stronger. I had

searched every part of my office and couldn't find the source. It was almost like she

had left something of hers in here just to drive me crazy, and I was completely

oblivious as to where she had hidden it.

I had known having her in my office was a bad idea, but now I was positive that

nothing good could come from having Natalie around.

The only thing I could admit out loud was that I enjoyed having her in my bed. Before

her, I slept for only a few hours a night, and they were not consecutive. Now with her

in my arms, I could sleep the entire night, and most of the morning if I wanted to.

But that was it. I had to keep reminding myself that Natalie was not here for anything

more than the upcoming battle and our future children, my heirs. Everything else I

needed to force to the back of my mind and lock it away. I could not let her in. Loving her would be too painful in the end. Joselin appeared before my desk. Her scent had been revolting to me today, and I had been shorter-tempered with her than usual. Everything about her seemed to piss me off, and I didn't want her near me. It was something that hadn't happened before during our long friendship. I knew she was getting frustrated by my attitude, but she bit her tongue for the first time in her life. I was surprised when the most intoxicating scent came from her, and I reached over the desk and grabbed her arm, lifting her hand to my face. I knew that scent anywhere. It had been burned into my brain since I first met her. It filled my office even after I was left alone in it. It was my mate. Her scent was more potent, toxic almost, and I felt myself losing control. My eyes burned as my beast came forward. As I unconsciously took in a deeper breath, I moved up her hand to her forearm. A growl ripped free from my chest at the sudden change from sweet to rancid. Joselin's smell was offensive today when she normally had barely any scent. "It's Natalie," She said with annoyance, seeming uncomfortable as I released her hand, and she wiped it on her thigh. The uncertainty about what to say had her mouth opening and closing before she took a deep breath and settled herself. "What I'm going to say, please hear me as a friend

and not as your underling. I mean no disrespect, but you're going to break her, Ian.

Natalie is in her heat right now, and she's not doing well. She just accused me of

having an affair with you behind her back. Her eyes were glossy and crazed. For a

moment, I thought she was going to shift because she was so angry. You pushing her

away is only hurting her."

I stood up straighter at her words, the realization sinking down in my gut that maybe I

had been pushing her too far. There had to be a balance where I could protect myself

and keep her happy here.

It wasn't like I could kick her out after the battle. I needed a queen. I needed an heir. I

needed a mate. But I wanted it to be her. I hated to admit it, even to myself, but she

was it for me. She was the only one I wanted to be with. That was how I knew it would

kill me when she left me or cheated.

The last thing I wanted to do was drive her insane the way my mother had done to my

father.

Whether I admitted to it or not, I was starting to care for her, and that was a dangerous

game. The more she forced her way into my life and heart, the easier it would be for

her to destroy me. "She is fine."

The words left my mouth, but even I didn't believe them. Natalie had been pushing,

trying to get to know me or, at the very least, be around me, and I pushed her away

each time. I had no reason to believe that she would be okay during her first heat,

especially if she was going through it alone.

“No, Killian. She’s really not.” Joselin said as she sat back in the chair on the other side of the desk. “You need to mark her already. At the very least, go fuck her so she can stop stinking up the castle. Your men are fighting over her as we speak, and you’re sitting her while she is all alone and in pain.”

“She is mine!” I growled as I stood, towering over Joselin. The thought of anyone else fighting over her when she was not theirs to win made me furious. “She’s waiting for you.” She said with a smirk before flickering out of the room.

My anger drove me forward, and I rushed out of the office. As soon as I hit the hallway, I could smell her scent thickening around me. It was pulling me in, designed specifically for me. But by the sounds of the other men in my pack, I knew it was calling to them too. She was their queen.

They would be pulled in, wanting to serve her...to please her. I let out a loud roar. Satisfaction filled me as it echoed through the castle, warning every man and woman from laying a hand on my mate. She wouldn’t want them, not now that she had found her soulmate, but it didn’t mean that her scent wouldn’t lure them to her.

A young pup rounded the stairs in his half-shift state as I reached the banister, moving past it toward my room. His red eyes were frantic as he sniffed the air, following the scent of my mate. My woman.

I didn’t spare it a second thought as I grabbed the teenager by the back of the neck



and threw him over the banister. He would live, but the impact of his landing would do him good to help him regain control of his beast. 2

If he had managed to get past the guards, then who else had? I moved faster, feeling my heart thumping quickly in my chest as I approached the siren that was calling me to her. Joselin stood at the entrance to my wing of the castle, finishing what appeared to be a barrier spell before vanishing once more.

The thick air enveloped me like gelatin as I moved through it to the other side of her spell. I heard Natalie's heart beating quickly, and I could practically taste her skin the closer I got.

A thud followed by a yelp of pain sounded from behind me, and I looked over my shoulder to see another one of my guards in their Lycan form, laying on the ground outside of the barrier. Knowing he had been coming after my mate, had me wanting to turn back and rip his throat out.

But the sudden drop in her scent made my heart stop. Had someone made it into the room before me? Was she with another man? 1

The jealousy that pumped through me helped me to understand where she was coming from about Joselin and me. Even the idea that she was with someone had me shifting into my Lycan form, ready to challenge them to the death. I threw the door open, my hand leaving an indent on the metal of the brass doorknob, and I rushed past the sitting room to the bedroom. I could feel the pull urging me forward to follow her scent into the bathroom. So, I did.

Her head was thrown back against the tub as she lay back in the water with her brown hair pulled off her neck in a bun. I could see the peaks of her breast just below the surface as I stood in the doorway. But it was the slight ripple in the water, signaling movement that had my attention. Her arm was completely submerged, but she had one leg up and on the edge of the tub. Goosebumps covered her flesh as she let out a low moan, increasing the speed of her hand between her legs. My body shifted back as I stared in awe at the beautiful siren touching herself in the water before me. She was mesmerizing, and I took a step forward when she moaned out my name softly.

“Killian.” It was a soft sigh of pleasure as much as it was a plea for help. My clothes had ripped upon my shift, and I stood naked and hard in the cold bathroom as I watched my mate continue to rub her clit. My hand moved down to grab my cock, pumping it slowly in time with the movements of her hand.

“Yes, little one?” I asked lowly, feeling myself grow impossibly harder in my hold as she sat up suddenly in the water, her breast on full display as she stared at me in shock. Her wide eyes and lips open in surprise made her the picture of pure temptation. 1

The water ran down her neck and chest, and I licked my lips, wanting nothing more than to follow the trail with my tongue.

“I..” She stammered, knowing there was no way to explain what I

had seen beyond  
telling the truth.

“You seem to have some confusion about my loyalty,” I said as I moved forward, releasing my cock and enjoying the way she swallowed hard at the sight of it. “Stand.”

The order was not that of a king, but that of her mate.

She did as I asked, and I watched as she pulled herself up, a thin layer of steam rising from her skin from the heat of it in the cold water. I eyed the newly exposed areas of her body, from the curve of her delicate waist to the neatly trimmed hair between her legs, to the toned legs themselves.

I felt the desperate need to have them wrapped around my hips as I drove into her, but instead, I held out my hand, watching as she shivered when our skin touched before helping her out of the tub.

“There is no question about it. I know why I am here.” The bitterness sank into her tone, but as I walked around her to enjoy the view of her slender neck and the dimples above her pert ass, I could smell her heat returning. She was enjoying my attention on her. She wanted my touch on her skin to ease away the pain and warmth.

I would be happy to give up, but I also prayed to the Goddess that Natalie would understand that it was just for tonight, just for her heat. It couldn't mean anything more than that, not to me at least.

As much as I wanted to keep the distance between us for as long as possible, I was driven purely by my animalistic need. I knew I would regret it in

the morning, but tonight I would be breaking my own rules. I needed this woman more than I needed to breathe. I wanted to sink deep into her and fuck her until the world stopped spinning.

“You are here as my mate,” I said as I stopped in front of her, grabbing the back of her neck gently, my fingers tangled in her hair. She moved with me willingly as I tilted it back until I could brush my lips against hers easily as I spoke. “I will always be loyal to my mate. I expect the same.” 2

Natalie blinked once, glancing into my glowing red eyes as she let out a deep breath and whispered. “Until my last breath.”

### **Twenty: Natalie**

#### **Natalie's p.o.v.**

The longer he stood in front of me with minimal contact, the worse my heat seemed to get. The warmth was intense as it radiated from me, but the burning between my legs made me press my thighs together. The movement forced me to let out a small moan.

I wanted to slip my hand back between my legs to ease the pain and discomfort. But having him holding my head back and his lips brushing against mine ruined the option for me. After feeling his touch, I knew that doing it myself would not satisfy me any longer. I needed him.

The only option would be to have him between my legs, whether it was his hand, face, or cock.

His hot breath fanned against my lips and had me licking mine in

return. I moaned as the tip of my tongue gently ran across his lower lip, and he growled in response before capturing my mouth in a kiss that made my toes curl. I had expected him to be rough and demanding. Instead, our tongues collided as he pulled my naked and wet body up against his. My hair fell loose around my shoulders as he took the hair tie off of my bun. His hold on me seemed to grow tighter, yet as he slid his palm down from his grip on the back of my neck, skimming the side of my breast and to my hip, it was loving. My body heated further, and I let out a whimper into his mouth as I felt him press his hardness against my stomach. "Please." The gasp left my mouth before I could stop it, and I pulled back as I looked up at the man who had saved me from the miserable life that I had before. My nails dug into his shoulder as I gripped him tightly. "Please, Killian. Make it stop." Everywhere we touched sparks danced under my skin, but the pain in my core and the warmth of my body were uncomfortable. His hands slid around, gripping my ass tightly as he lifted me from the ground and settled himself between my legs. The feeling of his large shaft against my pussy was incredible, and as I held myself up by his shoulders, I began to rock against him. My wetness coated him, the heat making my body more sensitive and needy than ever before, and he let out a groan of pleasure as I continued to use him.

Beads of sweat formed over my body as I pulled my hips back, trying to guide him into me.

“Please,” I gasped again, and Killian let out a growl that made my clit pulse with need.

I wanted to cry when he pulled me away from him, flipping me onto my stomach on the cold silk sheets.

“Do you want me to fuck you, little one?” He asked, his voice deeper than before as his beast fought for control. I could feel his claws digging into my hips as he lifted them until I was on my hands and knees, the pain only adding to the pleasure.

“Yes” I cried out, pushing myself back against his cock. Killian rubbed himself against me once more before guiding himself into me in one deep and long thrust, making my back arch as I dropped my face down onto the mattress with a loud moan of pleasure.

The growl that ripped free from him was followed by him slamming into me harder than before.

My hands curled into fists, gripping the sheets for dear life as I tried to match his thrusts.

The pain of my heat evaporated, and I felt my body begin to cool back to its normal temperature as his large member brought me greater pleasure than anything I had ever experienced before.

I wanted more. I desperately needed it. My clit was throbbing, screaming for attention from the man that was inside me. I slid my hand down the sheet, moving it between

my legs as my cheek pressed into the mattress harder. The wetness on my pussy made my fingers slide easily against my clit. I let out a moan, feeling myself tighten around Killian's cock. "No." He growled as he stopped his movement, holding himself deep inside me as he leaned over my back. My body was shaking as the heat began to return, and I gasped in surprise as his hand ran over my breast and up to my throat. The warmth of his chest against my back was delicious, and I began to wiggle my hips on him, desperate for more." That's mine."

My eyes rolled to the back of my head as he tightened his hold on my neck ever so slightly before following my arm between my legs. His fingers laced through mine as he gently pulled my hand away before finding his way back between my legs, his cock pulsing inside me as he began to rub my clit expertly. My legs opened further, my hips getting closer to the bed, only being held up by the man fucking me. The burning began to return, stronger than last time. The cry that left me made Killian tense, and I could feel his breathing halt from his chest against my back.

"I need more," I gasped in pleasure as he began to thrust again, pulling out only a few inches before crashing into me and holding himself as deep as he could. The small movements brought even less relief than before, and I ground my hips back against him. "Please."

The begging seemed to encourage him, and he leaned away,

removing himself from my back but keeping his hand between my legs. I could feel my walls stretching around him. The feeling of his large cock inside me was euphoric, and I clenched my walls around him, wanting to pull him in deeper.

“Killian!”

The orgasm I was desperately craving was only a few strokes away. My toes curled in anticipation just before I reached my high, moaning out his name as he continued to fuck me from behind.

The heat that had been destroying my body washed away, giving me a moment to breathe as Killian slowed. I could feel his restraint. The way his hands were gripping my hips so tightly that they would leave bruises, the low growl that seemed to constantly rumble from his chest, and the slow but forceful way he was sliding in and out of me.

I wanted to enjoy it. There was nothing that I craved more than to indulge in the abilities of the man behind me.

“Do you feel better, little one?” He asked as he thrust back in me, holding himself as deeply as he could, his fingers still playing with my clit as he paused the thrusting of his hips. “Do you want more?”

I knew it would come back. The heat would not leave until the full moon did. We had all night.

Just because we had fucked once, and not even to completion for him, didn't mean that my heat would be sated. It only meant that it would be gone



for now. It could be a matter of seconds or minutes before it returned.

“Yes,” I whispered against the sheet as I wiggled my hips against him.

Killian’s hand left my clit, and I cried out in disappointment, only to be silenced as he grabbed my hair in his large fist, pulling my head back. “Try again, little one. Do you want me to keep fucking you?”

My jaw was open in surprise, but I knew if he could see the flush in my cheeks, and the way my eyes were surely dilated, he would have no question of my need for him.

“Yes, I want you to keep fucking me.”

I moaned as he released my hair and pulled out of me simultaneously. The sound of him leaving my wetness filled the room, and I pushed myself up on the palms of my hands as I turned to look over my shoulder at him.

He was staring between my legs with hunger, his glowing red eyes locked on my pussy as he gripped my thighs before flipping me over. I bounced once from the movement, but it was the predatory way that he stared at me that filled me with more excitement than before.

I wanted to feel every part of him. I had his cock and hand between my legs, but what would it be like to have a king’s face between them? I stopped moving when my head hit the pillows. Killian let out a loud growl as I met his stare, not bothering to look away or submit as I challenged him by opening my legs.

“You said this was yours.” I taunted as I slid my hand between my legs rubbing my clit

twice before dipping my fingers into my wetness and dragging it back up to resume the small circles on the delicate bundle of nerves. "Would you like to taste it?"

The confidence was new to me, but I felt like another person as I lifted my wet fingers to my mouth and ran my tongue up the side of my index finger. Killian crawled forward, his body shaking as he approached. I knew he had accepted my challenge as he hovered over me, his hard cock hanging between us and gently brushing against my clit. His breath tickled my lips as he flashed me a wicked smile.

"You are not the one in charge here. This is my kingdom. My bed..." I gasped as his tongue flicked at my upper lip once before he moved down my body, stopping to suck aggressively on my hardened nipples before continuing on. My breathing halted as I stared down the valley of my breasts at him and watched as he took in a deep breath between my legs with a growl of pleasure.

"Mine." He groaned before grabbing my thighs and pressing them open further. His hot tongue ran up from my entrance to my clit where he began his feast of sucking, licking, and gently biting. My head was pressed into the pillow, and I moaned with every exhale as my back arched, and my hands squeezed the sheets in my fists.

His fingers plunged inside me, and my eyes closed as he spread, rubbed, and pumped them in me.

"Yes," I cried out, as I felt myself building closer to my climax. It was instinct as I pulled

one hand free of the bedding and entwined my fingers in Killian's hair, holding him to me as I ground myself against his face. "Yes! n My muscles in my pelvis spasmed lightly as I came on his mouth, my body trying to force my clit away from him at the intense sensations throbbing through it. But he held me down with one arm wrapped under my thigh and his hand on my stomach, keeping me to him as I rode out every last wave of pleasure. He stopped, turning his head to lick and kiss my inner thigh as I continued to moan softly with each exhale. It had been exhilarating, but the slow burning in my core told me that his mouth would not have the same effect as his cock on my heat. I needed more. I needed him back inside me to get rid of the pain and torment. My eyes closed tightly as he pulled himself above me, his wet fingers that had just been inside me pulled at my bottom lip, and I opened my mouth as he pushed his fingers in. The sweet taste was subtle, but I enjoyed it as I sucked on his digits eagerly. 1 "It is time for you to serve your king." His declaration made my eyes shoot open and my heat return tenfold. My body wanted it just as bad as my mind did. I wanted to serve him, pleasure him, and fuck him. I wanted to know what he tasted like and what rhythm and movements he enjoyed. I wanted to watch his face as I brought him to climax, knowing it was me and only me doing so. He expected loyalty and promised me the same. While I

still questioned if he had just been telling me what I wanted to hear, I knew in my soul that when he said it, he was being honest.

“Yes, my king.”

I whined in protest as the warmth of his body left mine before he grabbed my hips and rolled me on top of him. My hands pressed against his chest as I pushed myself up, setting my legs on either side of him and enjoying the feeling of his long and hard shaft between the lips of my pussy.

I slid against him, coating him in my wetness. His glowing red eyes bore into mine, fueling me to continue as I rubbed my clit on him like the bitch in heat that I was. Two orgasms would have been good for a normal night, but tonight, under the power of the full moon, I needed more. My head fell back as I found the right spot to get full contact with my clit on his shaft.

Killian’s hands gripped my hips firmly, holding me down to him as he watched me pleasure myself with him. The gentle pulling and pushing of him encouraging me to continue, only made me feel needier.

As the heat increased, I lifted my hips, unable to take it anymore. I reached between US, grabbing his large cock in my palm before lining him up with my entrance and sinking down onto him as my head fell back in pleasure.

I widened my legs, tucking my feet under his thighs as I leaned forward and pressed my clit against his pelvis. Killian growled louder than before as my breasts brushed his

face when I began to grind against him. 1  
He pressed his hips up each time I slid myself back against him.  
The full contact with  
my clit drove me wild, and I moved harder and faster than before.  
Killian's hand slid  
up my side to grab my breast, pinching my nipple and making me  
cry in both pain and  
pleasure.  
"Mine," I said under my breath, the uncontrollable and  
unintentional word throwing off  
my rhythm as I knew he didn't really belong to me. Physically we  
worked well  
together, but emotionally, I knew nothing about him.  
Killian tensed beneath me, continuing to move with me as I  
resumed my previous  
pace, but my orgasm was further away than before.  
My mind was fogged by the heat, and the brief moment of insanity  
disappeared in my  
mind as he fought the shift. His jawline became more defined, and  
his canines  
extended. His claws punctured the skin on my hips, sending a  
surprising amount of  
pleasure straight to my core.  
It pushed me right back to the edge, and I felt myself clamping  
down on his larger  
cock as I came around him. My pelvis trembling from the extreme  
orgasm as I  
screamed out his name.  
Killian shook beneath me as I continued to ride out the release.  
He lifted me by my  
hips, pulling himself from me as he came on his stomach before  
letting me rest back  
against him. His shaft lay between my legs as I resumed rubbing  
myself along his  
member in the wetness brought on by the multiple orgasms.

My chest fell against his as I shoved my face into his neck, breathing deeply as I came down from my high. Killian's hands released my hips as he wrapped his arms around my back and held me to him. I could feel his cum between US, but somehow it made me feel even hotter than before. The way my body reacted to this man was other-worldly, and I took a moment to thank the goddess for creating these creatures. Killian grew hard once more as I pressed a kiss against the hot skin of his neck before running my lips up to his ear and gently pulling on the lobe between my teeth. He let out a growl as I whispered, "more."