

## Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 21

Alpha Killian was quick to return after Maria had left.

After much convincing, he unhooked me from the hospital machines that were nestled between my bed and the bedside table. I told him that we both needed to eat. I knew I wouldn't be left alone for quite some time, so I wasn't surprised that he followed me downstairs and into the kitchen.

Alpha Killian began pulling some ingredients out to make pasta, but I stopped him.

"Killian." I frowned, placing a hand on his arm without even thinking. He skillfully hid the surprise from his face, but I could practically feel it radiating off of him. The familiar sparks shot up my hand and leg nearly sighed at their calming effect.

"Hm?" His head was turned in my direction, his silver eyes locked on my own. I was standing so close to him that I could practically feel the heat radiating from his body, his musky sandalwood and citrus scent invaded my nose.

"Sit down. I'm cooking this time." I frowned when his lips pressed together, his reluctance was tangible in the air around us.

"I will cook for us." He nodded, continuing to set out the ingredients for dinner.

"Killian." I grumbled, stepping in between him and the counter. His eyes instantly darkened as his he looked down at me. My heart hammered in my chest, but I could feel how stubborn he was. I could tell that he wanted to take care of me, but I wasn't the one who needed taking care of at the moment.

Doing something I knew I would regret later on; I placed my hand against his chest and pushed. A small pout formed on my lips when he didn't budge.

"Look, you saved my life. And if you didn't notice, you look like you're d\*\*d on your feet. You took care of me, let me have a turn." I pouted as I looked into his dark eyes. I did my best to shield my thoughts from him, especially Sierra's thoughts.

While she still sat in the back of my mind, I could feel her purring at the fact that we were touching our mate. While she didn't openly say anything, she urged me to seek comfort in Alpha Killian's arms, something I was not ready for yet.

As Alpha Killian looked down at me, darkness still swirling in his eyes, he grimaced. I watched as he closed his eyes and seemed to take a few calming breaths.

“That’s not fair, little mate.” He breathed out through his nose, stepping away from me as the smell of sweet peppermint swirled around me.

I could feel his stubborn resistance shatter like a thin sheet of glass. I was almost surprised at how easy I had swayed him.

Alpha Killian sat on a stool at the island, his silver eyes locked on my every move. While I could feel his caution, I could also feel longing. The longing part made me feel self-conscious.

I worked silently as I threw dinner together. Typically, anytime I tried to cook, something would go wrong. This time, I wracked my brain for every little thing my mother had tried to teach me about cooking, praying I at least made something edible.

“Don’t forget to put water in the pot.” Alpha Killian’s stated as my back was turned towards the pot of sauce I was trying to heat up.

“C\*\*p”, I mumbled. Somehow in the midst of my Alpha Killian themed thoughts, I definitely forgot to add water to the pot of pasta.

His amusement made me grimace.

“Uh, Claire...” This time his voice was uneasy, which caused me to turn away from the stove and gaze at him with confusion in my eyes.

“Wha-” My question was cut short when the sauce pan of pasta sauce popped and basically exploded behind me.

A mix between a gasp and a scream left my lips as the wall behind the stove was coated in marinara sauce. I jerked around and quickly removed the steaming sauce pot from the stove and onto one of the counters.

I glared at Alpha Killian and the smirk that threatened to make its way on his full lips. He stood from the stool to try and help me, but I pointed one of the spoons at his chest and gave him my best d\*\*\*h glare.

“Sit down.” I glared, trying to growl at him, but I’m sure I sounded like an angry puppy in comparison. My face was as red as the pasta sauce that had splattered on the walls.

With his hands raised in surrender, and a smirk forming on his face, he lowered himself back down on the stool and watched me silently.

“You weren’t lying when you said you couldn’t cook.” His amused voice rang in my ears, causing me to shoot him an incredulous look. I may not be strong or ferocious, but this man definitely had a d\*\*\*h wish.

“You happen to be very ferocious.” Alpha Killian’s smirk deepened as he practically read my mind, his eyes trailing over my heated cheeks.

Grumbling to myself about cocky Alphas, I continued the nearly impossible quest of cooking an edible dinner.

I did the best I could at finishing the rest of dinner. I have no idea who first said that cooking was a stress reliever, because I felt more stressed than ever. I never cared about cooking before, yet some part of me wanted to do a good job for Alpha Killian. I wanted to show him that I could possibly take care of him too.

We sat in silence and ate our food, but I kept my eyes locked on his expression the entire time. This man was definitely an expert at hiding how he felt, I couldn’t see a single emotion on his face as he tried the dinner I had made.

“Is there a reason you’re staring at me, little mate?” His lips turned up in a smirk as he caught me staring. Blush flooded my cheeks as I gave him a frustrated glare.

“Is it good?” I frowned, looking between his pasta and his amused face. The silver in his eyes was so pure and bright, it almost looked like his eyes were glowing.

“Mm, it’s good.” Alpha Killian nodded, a small smile playing at his lips. I locked my eyes on his pink lips, wondering what it would look like if he fully smiled. H\*\*l, with as fast as my heart was beating at the sight of his silver eyes and smirk, I wasn’t sure if I would survive a full smile.

The pasta was kind of hard, but also chewy. I wondered if I did something wrong, or if Alpha Killian was just trying to spare my feelings when he said the food was good.

Once we finished dinner, we walked back up to the room I had initially woken up in.

Acting on instinct, rather than rational thought, I walked into the bathroom. I ignored Killian’s eyes on my back as long rummaged around the bathroom closet. With a satisfied smile, I pulled out a little box of essential oils.

I could feel Alpha Killian’s curiosity, and his caution as I turned on the bathtub and let it fill up.

I nearly giggled as I pulled out a sandalwood essential oil, and a citrus one. Pushing my lips together as I concentrated, I poured some of each into the hot bath. I closed my eyes and let my nose take control for a moment, wanting to get the ratio of citrus and sandalwood perfect.

Once I was finished, I turned to Alpha Killian, who was leaning against the door frame watching me.

“Are you planning on letting me take a bath with you?” His lips turned up in a smirk as his eyes darkened. Why wolves were such horn dogs was beyond me, but it seemed like Alpha Killian and his wolf were usually on the same page.

“No.” I blushed, “The bath is for you, so get in.” I urged, grasping his forearm as I led him to the bathtub. I was surprised when he simply let me lead him, not putting up a fight as I practically commanded an Alpha.

“I will on one condition,” Alpha Killian smirked, and my heart rate skyrocketed, “Stay in here with me.”

“Um, but you’ll be-” I let my words trail off, knowing he’d understand exactly what I was saying. The strangest part about all of this is that the emotions and memories that tormented me were still there, ever so present in my mind, but I felt completely relaxed. The mark on my neck felt like a burden, but it also made me feel calm and safe.

“Naked. I don’t mind, little mate. Turn your head, if you can.” Alpha Killian smirked down at me, his rough hand reaching out to gently tug on a strand of my hair. His dark eyes looked into my own, and I gulped at the urge to join him.

“Fine,” I practically gasped, flopping down on a padded bench that was nestled against the sink.

Without warning, Alpha Killian began stripping his clothes. I covered my eyes with a startled squeak and grumbled at his silent chuckle.

“You can look now, little mate.” His amused voice called out, and I peeked from between my fingers.

Sure enough, Alpha Killian was completely submerged in the tub. From the angle I was sitting at, I couldn’t see any part of his lower body, not that I really tried to look. While I couldn’t see his lower body, his upper body was on full display. My eyes trailed down each of his tattoo’s, running over his hard chest, and down to the defined muscles on his stomach. Sierra purred at the sight of our mate. While she didn’t push me to do anything, I could feel her intense urge to strip down and join him.

As usual, when I did something that tempted him and his wolf, his silver eyes darkened as he watched me practically devour him with my eyes. I could feel his temptation on the tip of my tongue, sweet like honey. I had to commend him for his strength, I wasn’t sure I’d be able to hold Sierra back if she was that strong.

He had his arms spread out, resting against the ledge of the Jacuzzi like bathtub.

"This smells good. What did you use?" Alpha Killian asked. Each time I caught his eyes locked on me, I felt self-conscious but also tempted. Sierra loved the thought of our mate's eyes darkening with lust and longing, as him and his wolf were equally tempted.

"Sandalwood and citrus." I murmured, feeling the blood stain my cheeks, "It's your scent." I trailed off softly, not wanting to meet his silver gaze.

"Vanilla and light cinnamon." Alpha Killian looked at me with a soft gaze. I could feel a strong emotion radiating from him, one that I wasn't prepared to accept nor deal with.

"What?" I questioned, my eyes locking with his own as I fiddled with my hands.

"That's your scent." He gave me a very small smile, one that I was inherently grateful for. The small smile sent Sierra into a love sick frenzy, and I into a dazed state.

We both sat in the bathroom for almost an hour, and I listened intently as Alpha Killian told me more about himself. His father was incredibly cruel, even to his own mate. While his father would ignore Kira's very existence, he treated Killian harshly, knowing he would someday be Alpha. While I felt horrible for the way him and Kira were treated, I could feel the underlying reason for him opening up to me. He wanted to show me it wasn't a bad thing, that I could trust him above anyone else.

I could feel he was right in my bones, the mate bond tingling as I made this realization.

We made our way back into the bedroom, once Killian was fully dressed. Despite his cocky comments, I kept my head turned as he threw on a clean shirt and a pair of loose shorts.

"No," I frowned as Killian tried to lay on the couch, "You're sleeping in the bed."

His eyebrow cocked at my words, a deep smirk forming on his face. The darkness swirled in his eyes, and I'm sure his wolf was putting all kinds of thoughts in his mind.

"I'm sleeping on the couch." I stated, crossing my arms against my chest. 'Wrong move', my brain shouted, realizing I was wearing a white tank top, without a bra. Crossing my arms simply pushed my b\*\*\*\*s up.

"I'll sleep in the bed if you sleep in it as well." Alpha Killian tried to negotiate, "But you need to change your shirt, I don't think any male could resist that." He smirked, his eyes flickering down to my chest and back up to my blushing face.

'Fine,' I grumbled, giving into Sierra's whimpering. I threw on a simple black t-shirt from the closet and crawled into the bed.

Killian's body heat swirled around me as he climbed under the blanket on the opposite side of the bed.

“Stay on your side and don’t get handsy.” I grumbled at him, ignoring his deep chuckle.

I was surprised at how tired I really felt. After being knocked out for a week, I didn’t think I’d be able to sleep for quite a long time. The second my head hit the pillow, and Killian’s comforting scent filled my nose, I was out.

Sleeping next to Killian was some of the most peaceful sleep I have had in a long time. Nightmares refused to plague my dreams when he was around.

My eyes fluttered open and I couldn’t help but notice he was still fast asleep. I argued with my thoughts for a moment, and could openly feel Sierra’s approval at my next actions.

I looked on at Killian’s strong face, his full eyebrows and his pink lips. He didn’t look angry or stressed, he looked peaceful. I took a mental image of his flawless face and didn’t stop my fingers when they twitched towards him, wanting to feel him while I had the chance.

I let my fingers trail across his forehead first, trailing them over his eyebrows and his temple. His cheek was rough with stubble, but the sensation was pleasing on my fingers.

My typical anti-mate thoughts tried to gain my attention, but I was sucked into the flawlessness that was Killian’s face. My hand shook as my fingers ran lightly over his lips. I tried not to sigh as I felt how soft they were. I could feel Sierra’s possessive grumble in the back of my mind.

My heart nearly stopped when Killian shifted slightly, my fingers freezing on his lower lip. I kept still until his breathing returned to normal, holding back a sigh of relief.

Ever so slowly, I trailed my fingers across his strong jaw. Knowing it was a bad idea and giving into the temptation anyway, I let my fingers trail down his neck. The sparks that ran up my fingers were comforting.

I felt myself hesitate as I reached the most sensitive spot on his neck, but I no longer had full control of myself. Sierra’s needs merged with my own, coaxing and tempting me. I ran my fingers to the perfect spot on his neck, and Sierra purred with longing.

The perfect spot for our mark.

A rough hand shot out and grabbed my wrist, pulling it from the soft skin that tempted Sierra and I. Killian’s face was inches from my own, black flecks swirling in his silver eyes.

“What do you think you’re doing, little mate?” His voice was rough from sleep, and only added to the strong desire churning in my gut.

While my breath was caught in my throat, my eyes flickered back down to that sensitive spot. Sierra was beyond elated at how things had turned out, while I was scolding myself for being so reckless.

“Claire.” His quiet growl forced me to look up, his eyes now fully black.

“S-Sorry.” I forced out of my lips, but it sounded more like a question. My cheeks heated from being caught, but my stomach was swirling with butterflies. From the hungry growl that emerged from him, he could tell I wasn’t sorry at all.

I could feel his wolf fighting for control, his desperate want for me and my mark swirling around me.

While I was beginning to accept this man as my mate, I wanted to take things slow. The tension in the room was thick and sweet, making me question how long I could truly resist.

“If anyone other than you touched me there, they would be d\*\*d.” Killian grumbled, releasing my wrist as he laid back down on the bed. His darkened eyes never left my own.

I didn’t stick around for long, using food as an excuse to escape the pangs of longing that filled me.

The week passed by, and I soon formed a routine. Killian insisted I go to therapy every day, and for once I didn’t argue. I could feel that he wanted what was best for me.

I did my best to avoid being alone with him, not trusting my own self control. It seemed something was happening within the pack, as he was always out working. While I couldn’t tell exactly what was wrong, I knew it had something to do with rogues.

I nearly fainted when the words ‘werewolf hunter’ made themselves known in my thoughts. Using what my therapist had taught me, I counted to ten and breathed slow and evenly.

Killian didn’t tell me what was going on, and I didn’t ask. I was sure he would tell me, but at the moment I didn’t want to know. I needed to focus on getting better.

The nightmares were worse than ever without Killian in my bed, but I handled them as well as I could. The first time it happened, Killian broke down the bedroom door with his claws extended. His sleepy eyes scanned the room for threats. After the third time, he didn’t burst through the bedroom door. Every time after that, I could hear his footsteps come from down the hallway, stopping at my door. I could feel his indecision, and his determination to let me make the first move.



After a couple days of therapy, I was ready to talk to Kira. She was quick to forgive me, and even quicker to threaten me if I ever tried anything like that again. I couldn't take her threat to heart when she pulled me into her arms and let out a sigh of relief.

Maria came to visit a lot, mostly when Killian was out working. After seeing how much she had changed since meeting her mate, we quickly became friends again.

Kira took a liking to her as well, and we often spent the weekdays roaming around the grounds.

Speaking to Sierra had proved to be more difficult. She kept silent in the back of my mind, still blaming herself. After some much needed consoling and convincing, she was beginning to forgive herself too.

I was jolted awake from a particularly horrible nightmare, the faces of Damien and Blake seared into my mind. I clamped my hand over my lips and calmed my nerves. I was getting better at calming myself down before Killian was alerted.

I listened closely for any sign of him and was relieved when I managed not to wake him up. A frustrated groan left my lips, were the nightmares ever going to let up? I was controlling the flashbacks, and my therapist helped me work through my fear and guilt. The nightmares on the other hand were relentless.

"We could always sleep with mate y'know." Sierra's sleepy yet smug voice echoed in my head.

My legs moved on their own accord. My arms opened my bedroom door without my permission as I made my way down the hall.

The urge to be near him was too strong, pushing me down the hallway urgently. I sighed happily as his musky scent filled my nose, and my feet halted in front of a large door.

Biting my lip, I grabbed the handle and slowly opened it. I was completely silent as I crept towards his bed. I had to stifle a giggle at the irony. The biggest and baddest Alpha was defenseless against a little girl.

I crept towards his sleeping form and reached out to climb on his ginormous bed.

A startled scream left my throat as his rough hand closed around my arm and yanked me down. I was forced on my back while an extremely large and under dressed Killian towered over me. He had straddled me and basically had me pinned beneath him. My wrists were above my head, his hand big enough to restrain them both.



The moonlight poured through his bedroom window, illuminating his face. He looked even more flawless with the moonlight casting shadows off of his eyelashes and cheekbones. His silver eyes were startling, resembling the moon entirely.

“Defenseless, hm?” Killian’s face smirked down at me, any traces of sleep removed from his eyes.

My lips couldn’t form a response. I used all of the control I had to tame the wild thoughts rolling through my mind.

I sucked in a sharp breath when Killian’s eyes roamed down my face, lingering on the clear mark on my neck. My chest heaved as his eyes traveled lower, settling on the loose tank top I had worn to bed. The bottom of my shirt had ridden up, revealing my navel.

Darkness swam hungrily in his eyes as he took me in. I squirmed under his hold as his face inched closer to my own.

“Do you have a d\*\*\*h wish, little mate?” His husky voice sounded amused. His sweet peppermint breath hit my lips in little puffs.

I pursed my lips as I looked up at him. I knew I should feel afraid, but I didn’t. All I felt was desire.

“I- I wanted to ask if I could sleep with you.” I stuttered, trying to keep my mind busy. The last thing I needed was to become aroused, I don’t think I’d be able to stop myself at that point. Out of habit, I licked my lips anxiously, a move Killian obviously caught.

“You never have to ask me for that , little mate.” His voice taunted me, as his smirk deepened. His eyes were nearly black now, trailing over my lips slowly.

Shock and desire rushed through me at his words.

“I didn’t mean that!” I sputtered, my eyes widening at his suggestive comment.

Doing something I wasn’t expecting, Killian laughed. His deep voice boomed through the quiet room as I looked at him in awe. He removed his hand from my wrists and sat back on the bed, his chest still vibrating with laughter.

I crossed my arms and tried to scowl at him, but embarrassment clouded my features.

“You’re too easy to work up, little mate.” He gave me a soft smirk, “But yes, you may sleep with me.”

Nestling myself into his warm bed, I let out a sleepy sigh and turned to face Killian.

“Thank you.” I yawned, my eyes fluttering as I tried to keep them open.

“As I said, you never have to ask.” His husky voice lulled me, “Go to sleep, Claire.”

My eyes had already fluttered closed before my name could leave his lips.

## **Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 22**

I opened my eyes early in the morning, surprised at how well I had slept. Not a single nightmare plagued me and with a quick glance to my left I could easily see why.

Killian was still asleep, his face angelic and strangely peaceful. Sierra hummed in my head at the sight of our magnificent mate, and I couldn't help but agree at her observation. He definitely was magnificent.

“Claire,” Killian grumbled, his deep voice clouded with sleep. Even husky and tired, his voice sent chills running down me. I jumped at the sound of his voice, heat rushing to my face at the thought of being caught again.

Killian opened one of his eyes and stared at my face. A small smirk slowly formed as he took in my flaming cheeks.

“Why do you insist on thinking so loudly?” Killian grumbled, his smirk deepening as a look of shock came over my face.

Sputtering, I gave him a half-assed reply, “I-I have no idea what you're talking about.” I snapped, jumping from the bed and fixing my wrinkled tank top.

“Mm, if you say so,” He smirked, amusement evident in his voice, “Magnificent huh?”

I don't think I've ever turned this red in my entire life. My face morphed into what I think was anger, disbelief, and shame.

“Y-You,” I gasped, trying my hardest to give him a d\*\*\*h glare, “Insufferable.” muttered, leaving his bedroom just in time. I could hear his chuckling from down the hall.

In my hasty retreat from Killian's bedroom, I ran smack into Kira. Her eyes were locked on my still flaming face, and my wrinkled tank top and pajama shorts. Her eyes flickered down the hall, and her face morphed into a smirk. It only infuriated me that she resembled Killian in just about every way.

“Oooh, Claire.” Kira smirked, obviously finding enjoyment in my flaming face. Just like her insufferably delectable brother.

“Don’t you dare.” I gave her my best deadly growl, but Sierra’s heart wasn’t in it.

Kira didn’t say anything further, but her smirk said it all. I knew she had her own idea’s about what I was doing in Killian’s bedroom.

With one final glare, I stalked off to my bedroom to shower and change.

“Glad you and Killian are making progress!” Her smug voice shouted from behind me.

Mumbling about insufferable siblings, I dug through the closet for something to wear.

My eyes locked on one particular article of clothing and I couldn’t help the smirk that formed on my face.

Killian liked messing with me, well it’s about time he gets a taste of his own medicine. Sierra yipped and howled in approval, but I had already expected that.

I hopped into the shower, combed and blow dried my hair. Once my hair was settled, I added some light makeup. Finally, I slipped on the dress and looked myself over in the bathroom mirror.

The dress was short sleeved, slate grey and hugged what curves I had perfectly. The dress ended mid-t<sup>h</sup> and had buttons running down the front. The top of the dress was slightly v-cut so it even showed some cleavage.

“He’s gonna lose his mind.” Sierra purred.

“The key is for us to show some self control.” I rolled my eyes at her.

“...We’ll see about that...” She mumbled, knowing very well that when it came down to it, she wouldn’t resist him.

I slipped on a pair of white wedges and walked around the bedroom, testing my balance. The last thing I needed was to fall on my face. I wasn’t sure he would ever let me live that down.

A knock at the door nearly had me toppling over. From the scent of peaches, I could tell it was Kira.

“Come in!” I called out, emerging from the bathroom in time to meet Kira’s eyes.

“Well d<sup>n</sup> girl. You clean up nice.” She smirked at me, placing a hand on her hip as she looked me up and down.

“Thanks.” I smirked back at her, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"I just wanted to let you know that tonight is a super important night for the pack." Kira nodded, flopping down beside me on the bed.

"Wait, what?" I didn't bother hiding the confusion in my voice.

"Killian became Alpha today, five years ago." She continued, "So every year we hold a celebration."

"Oh, Killian never told me." I frowned, wondering how he could leave something like that out.

Noticing the frown form on my face Kira spoke up, "I'm sure he didn't mean it like that. He probably didn't want you to feel forced into going." She shrugged as though it wasn't a big deal.

"I wouldn't go if I didn't want to." I frowned at her.

"Well, the entire pack has been d\*\*\*g to meet you." Kira gave me a small smile, "Killian's been keeping them at bay, but tonight is technically supposed to be a celebration for Killian and his mate."

The pieces clicked together for me and forced down the unease that settled in my stomach.

The thought of being a Luna still terrified me. But, I had finally began to accept Killian as my mate. I knew what I had to do, and this time it wasn't for my own gain.

"Well, then that means I'm going." I took a deep breath and smiled at her.

"Really?" She practically squealed, bouncing on the bed as she smiled at me.

"I think it's time I meet the pack." I sighed, accepting that I couldn't stay hidden behind these walls forever.

More and more I was beginning to accept things. I had already made the decision to stay by Killian's side, with that in mind, I was technically a Luna.

"Now it's just a matter of getting Killian to agree." Kira smirked, looking down at my outfit.

For once, my smirk mirrored her own. "I think I can manage that." I giggled.

"Good, while you're doing that, I'm going to find you the perfect dress for tonight."

Kira chipped, hopping from the bed as she practically skipped to the door.

“By the way, Killian’s in his office. I’ll call Travis over and he’ll show you the way.” Kira shot me a smile as she left the room.

Not even ten minutes later another knock sounded.

Travis poked his head in the room and met my eyes.

“You ready, Claire?” Travis gave me a friendly smile.

Once I finally got to know Travis, I instantly liked him. Maybe it had something to do with his experience in dealing with Killian’s family. Travis was easy going and being around him was effortless.

“As ready as I can be.” I huffed, following him down the hallway and out of the house. We decided to simply walk there, as it was nice out. The spring weather was hot, with a nice cooling breeze. I reveled in the fresh air and enjoyed my time outside.

I definitely needed to let Sierra out soon.

“You most definitely do.” Sierra chimed in.

“You’ll do fine, Claire. He is your mate after all.” Travis gave me a friendly smile as we walked through town.

Plenty of eyes met my own, and many bowed their heads in respect or submission. I held my head high, not wanting to give anyone a bad first impression of their Luna.

As if he read my mind, Travis answered my unspoken question. “He won’t be able to resist you. H\*\*I, it’s been a year since I met Kira and I still can’t resist her.” He sighed almost dreamily.

“You miss her that much huh?” I teased him, letting out a chuckle as he gave me a sheepish smile.

“Oh just you wait. It’s different cause you have to mark Alpha Killian as well, but the mate bond is always stronger with Alpha’s and Luna’s.” Travis smirked, and his words nearly made me shudder.

“Think of what it would feel like if you didn’t fight your urges all of the time.” Sierra sighed.

“One of us has to show some restraint, or we would’ve mated with him the same day we saw him.” I grumbled at her, knowing it was true.

We made our way to a modest yet modern looking house. A golden plaque was nailed on the front door: Pack Offices.

“Just go inside and tell the receptionist who you’re looking for.” Travis nodded to me encouragingly.

Swallowing my nerves, I stepped inside.

I wasn’t sure what I was expecting, but this certainly wasn’t it. The entire inside of the house looked like some kind of business. There were a few cubicles, and a large desk not far from the front door. Sitting at the desk was a curvy woman.

I could feel Sierra grumble in jealousy, and I had to stifle my own glare.

“Hello, miss. How can I help you?” The woman spoke confidently, showing me a gleaming smile.

“I’m here to see Killian.” I forced a smile back at her. The woman looked to be in her early twenties, but I couldn’t help but notice how beautiful she looked. Full chest with a slim waist, she was practically a supermodel.

“It’s disrespectful to not address your Alpha by his title, pup.” The woman’s entire demeanor changed as she practically spat her words at me.

“Don’t let this b\*\*\*h talk to us like that. She needs to know who her Luna is.” Sierra spoke with newfound confidence.

“You really sound like a Luna.” I praised her, thanking her for her strength.

“That’s because we are, Claire. Were both Luna’s.” Her proud voice echoed in my head.

I could’ve sworn I stood a little straighter at Sierra’s encouraging words.

“Killian is my mate.” I kept my voice hard, and tried to wipe any emotion from my face. “My name is Claire Miller.” I could feel my eyes darken, but I refused to let my gaze waver.

“L-Luna, you should have started with that. My apologies.” The woman bowed her head in submission at my tone, and some part of me felt guilty.

“Don’t feel guilty. This is our pack now too.” Sierra filled me with her strength.

“All is forgiven.” I gave her a small smile.

“Would you like me to call Alpha and let him know you’ve arrived?” The woman smiled helpfully.

“Hm, no thank you.” I replied, “I’d like to surprise him.”

“Oh I see.” She giggled, “His office is up the stairs and down the main hall. You can’t miss the door, it’s the biggest in the house.”

“Thank you.” I trailed off, looking around for anything that stated her name.

“Oh, it’s Katie.” She sounded kind of surprised.

“Thank you, Katie.” I smiled at her, making my way to Killian’s office.

## **Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 23**

My nerves hit somewhere around the six or seventh step. My gut was churning and I scolded myself for acting this way. I was about to waltz into Killian’s office and practically test his willpower.

“No backing down now.” Sierra smirked at my cowardly behavior.

I took a few deep breaths to settle my nerves. The last thing I needed was to be a sweaty, blundering mess when knocked on his door.

Killian’s office door was easy to spot. It was the only double door in the house and had a golden plaque with his name etched on it.

I knocked on his door hesitantly, and almost ran away when I heard his voice.

“Come in.” His husky voice gave me a chill.

I opened the door and flushed when I noticed he wasn’t alone.

Killian sat at a huge oak desk looking amazing as ever. His hair was tousled, and he wore a black button down shirt. The sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, and the top two buttons of the shirt were undone.

He had a frustrated look on his face, but it was wiped away when we locked eyes.

There was another man sitting on the other side of the desk, someone I kind of recognized. I hadn’t really met Killian’s beta, but I knew what he looked like.

Beta Gabriel was intimidating as all h\*\*l. When he smiled, which was rare, it lit his face up like a little boy. His head was shaved, and he had a nasty scar that ran down his



neck and under his shirt. Gabriel was the second most intimidating person I have met, Killian being number one.

“Claire, what-” Killian began, but his voice came to a halt as his eyes took me in. I ignored the small smirk on Gabriel’s face, and fought to keep my face indifferent.

“I wanted to talk to you.” I pouted, sticking my bottom lip out as I fiddled with my fingers.

“I wanna do more than just talk.” Sierra purred.

“Pervert.” I hissed.

“Leave us.” Killian commanded his Beta, his eyes not leaving my own. His eyes were darkening by the second.

Beta Gabriel fought to hide his smirk, but gave me a knowing look as he rose from his seat and made his way out the door.

The room was silent, and I tried not to squirm under Killian’s gaze. I felt my face flush as his eyes traveled the length of my body. From the darkness of his eyes, I could tell his wolf approved.

“Come here.” His voice was dangerously calm. I could feel his desire swirling around me, and I did my best to hide my thoughts and feelings.

With shaky hands, I walked over to Alpha Killian and my eyes widened when he grabbed me by the waist. A squeak of surprise left my lips as my bottom was placed on Killian’s desk.

My face was burning at this point. Killian had my legs trapped with his own. Well, wasn’t this what I wanted?

A knowing smirk formed on Killian’s face as his eyes lingered on my chest, and finally my blood filled cheeks.

“I like this dress.” He smirked, lifting his hand and toying with one of the small buttons that kept my chest hidden from sight.

“I do too.” My voice was soft, but thankfully didn’t sound nervous.

“What did you come here for, little mate?” His deep voice sounded amused. He leaned back in his seat and crossed his arms. I couldn’t help but let my eyes wander.

His arms were massive, leading up to an equally impressive chest. I ran my eyes over the prominent veins running down his forearms. Without my permission, my tongue peeked out of my mouth, running over my parched lips.

“Surely you didn’t come here just to test my self control, Claire.” He growled my name, ripping my eyes away from his body. His eyes weren’t quite black yet, but I could see his wolf swirling in the silver depths.

“Kira told me about the party tonight, and I wanted to go.” I spoke in a breathless rush.

I felt a pang go through me when Killian’s full lips turned down in a frown.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” He sighed, running a hand through his hair. “You’d be meeting the entire pack.”

“I know,” I gave him a small smile. “I want to.”

“You’ve only been in therapy for a week,” Killian frowned, “Going would mean accepting your place in this pack.”

The unspoken words hung in the air between us, waiting for my reply.

Would I accept myself as Luna? His Luna?

“I know, Killian.” I gave him a small smile. The butterflies were churning in my stomach at an unprecedented rate.

I could feel his surprise, but also his caution. He didn’t want to introduce me as Luna, only to have me reject him the next day.

Alpha Killian was afraid.

“I am not afraid.” His deep growl pulled me from my thoughts. I looked up at him in alarm, but was quickly relaxed as I looked into his silver eyes.

I could feel his worry as if it were my own. He was afraid to introduce me as his Luna. Afraid that once it happened, I would finally reject him.

At the moment I wasn’t thinking rationally. I was acting strictly on my emotions and the mate bond that pulled me towards his stranger.

His face remained indifferent, angry almost, but I could see the emotion swirling in his eyes.

I hopped off of the desk, ignoring the foreign look of surprise that crossed his handsome features. Sitting in his office chair, Killian was at eye level with me.

Trembling, I placed my hands on either side of his face. I finally got a good look at the eyes that constantly drew me in. They looked like storm clouds, or pools of mercury.

I reigned all of my emotions in, until I was feeling nothing but absolute determination. My emotion passed over Killian's face, and I knew he could feel how sure I was about this.

"I'm your mate, which makes me Luna. I can't hide out forever." I sighed, basking in the sparks that ran down my hands.

His silver eyes were flecked with black when he spoke, asking a question that would change things from here on out.

"Does that mean you accept me, little mate?" His voice sounded amused, but I could feel the hidden emotions within his words.

Killian was a master at hiding how he felt, at putting a mask on to the world. I have no doubt that he could be cruel, and that he fully earned his reputation, but that wasn't the Killian I saw. I couldn't help but feel smug. Smug that I was the only one to see and feel who he really is.

"I accept you, Killian." The words left my lips before I could even think them over. My emotions, Sierra's emotions, and the mate bond overpowered any other thought in my mind.

And with those four words, I was swept off my feet. A loud growl emerged from Killian's mouth, and I gasped as my back slammed into the wall.

Somewhat dazed, I realized I was sandwiched in between Killian and the far wall in his office. I could feel my feet dangling as one of Killian's huge hands gripped my waist to keep me suspended.

His face was mere inches away from my own, but I wasn't afraid. His sweet peppermint breath wafted around me, drawing me in. It was his eyes that captured me though. They were entirely black now, roaming my face as though it were the last thing they were ever going to see.

"What did you say, Claire?" His voice grew incredibly deep, his eyes never leaving my own.

"I said, I accept you Killian." My voice came out softly, but never wavered.

My heart made the decision for me.

His lips slammed down on my own, completely stunning me, I'd be lying if I said I never imagined what it would be like to kiss Alpha Killian. This was nothing like I imagined.

His lips were inhumanly soft, and the sweet peppermint that lingered on his lips tasted so much better than it smelled. The sparks that ran across my lips dazed me, like an intoxicating d\*\*g.

I felt his grip on my waist tighten and lift bit back a breathless moan. For once, my mind wasn't stuck in the past. I was reveling in the present and how Killian made me feel.

A strange sensation began to build just under my navel, but it didn't sway me from enjoying Killian's lips on my own.

His lips moved against my own. His experience and dominating nature taking control, using his tongue to run the length of my lower lip.

Biting back a giggle, I clenched my lips shut, refusing to let his tongue explore my mouth.

With a growl, his rough hand grabbed my t\*\*\*h and yanked my leg up and around his waist. I gasped in shock, and felt him slip his tongue through my parted lips.

I'm sure he could taste my timid inexperience on the tip of my tongue, but I wasn't concerned with that anymore, All I could taste, smell, and think about was Killian.

My fingers wrapped themselves in his hair, tugging and enjoying how soft it felt. The strange sensation in between my legs grew until it was almost unbearable.

I couldn't hold back the quiet moan that echoed against his lips. My hips brought themselves forward, pressing against Killian's groin urgently.

"Claire" Killian growled against my lips, warning me against my current action. In could feel the warning in his tone, but the logical side of me was dormant. The taste of his tongue, the feel of his body against mine was drowning everything else out.

I knew I shouldn't keep pushing him, but I wasn't ready to pull away quite yet.

A frustrated whimper left my lips as Killian's mouth traveled down my jaw. I could feel his chuckle rumbling in his chest at my frustration.

He peppered little kisses down my cheek and along my jaw. A gasp came through my lips as he began to nibble on my neck.

His lips traveled lower until they found the spot where his mark resided. I felt his teeth elongate and scrape against the sensitive spot.

"Killian." I moaned breathlessly as I was assaulted by sheer bliss. Warmth and sparks shot from the sensitive spot, rushing through my body.

A growl ripped through Killian's lips, and I could feel his restraint waver as I moaned his name. He yanked my other leg up and around his waist, and my eyes widened as I felt something push against my core.

My initial shock was subdued when I felt his soft lips s\*\*k on my neck, running over his mark. I pushed myself against the hardness in between his legs and dug my fingernails into his shoulders, letting my head fall back. In the back of my mind, I could feel his fingers rubbing small circles on my stomach, grazing the buttons that stood in his way.

Sierra was losing her mind just as much as I was, relishing in the attention our mate was giving us.

I could feel his fingers tug at one of the buttons on my dress, and I briefly wondered if I would stop him. Was I ready to go all the way? S\*x was a completely foreign concept to me. Sure, I knew how it worked. I wasn't completely inept, but I had no experience with anything physical. What if I disappointed him?

A loud knock on his office door pulled me from my bliss, startling both Killian and I. He pulled away from my neck and looked over my flushed face for a moment. My chest was heaving. My legs were still wrapped around his waist, and my dress had completely risen up my thighs.

"Go away." Killian's husky voice boomed towards the door, his eyes never leaving my own.

There was silence on the other side of the door, and I turned my attention back to Killian.

"You over estimate my self control." Killian's breath rolled over my swollen lips, but somehow I still wasn't satiated.

"I-I didn't do anything." I stammered, my face heating up in embarrassment.

"Oh, is that how you see it?" He smirked, making no move to let me down.

"Mhm" I nodded, but my mind was elsewhere. I could still taste the peppermint on my tongue, the ache between my legs long from forgotten.

"Claire, you're doing it again." Killian's voice was serious and quiet, his eyes fluctuating between silver and black.

"That is what I'm talking about," Killian smirked at my heated face, "You continue to tempt me. But it's no matter. Sooner or later you'll be begging me to take you, little mate." He spoke the last part slowly, his smirk deepening at the chill that ran down my body.

His eyes blackened as they looked down at how far my dress had risen. My bottom was almost fully exposed.

“Oh, and I wouldn’t wear that dress around me anymore.” He leaned in and let his warm breath hit my ear, “Next time, I will rip it off of you.”

Sierra howled in anticipation, I on the other hand was wedged tightly in between fear and lust. Fear, because I was an inexperienced little girl pursuing a very experienced man.

“Alpha, it’s an emergency.” The knocking on the door continued, the familiar voice of Gabriel calling through.

With a frustrated sigh, Killian placed me gently on the floor and allowed me to adjust myself.

“Come in.” Killian’s voice sounded deadly. I could feel his anger at being interrupted, but I was almost thankful. I wouldn’t have been able to stop myself if there wasn’t a thin layer of clothing between Killian and I.

Gabriel came into the room, his eyes looking between Killian and I. Killian’s shirt was definitely wrinkled, and I’m sure my hair was a mess.

A murderous growl sounded from Killian, making me jump. He wasn’t looking at me though, he was glaring absolute daggers at Gabriel.

I could feel the possessiveness rolling off of Killian in waves, and I wondered if Gabriel mind-linked Killian.

“Mine.” Killian growled, wrapping his arm around my waist and pulling me against the side of his body. His eyes never left Gabriel’s face.

“I mind linked Travis to come and escort you home, I’ll be there to pick you up later.” Killian kept his voice deadly calm as his eyes were trained on Gabriel.

“Oh okay, I’ll see you later.” I spoke breathlessly, my eyes flickering between the two silent males. And people thought females were dramatic.

With a squeak of surprise, my face was lifted towards Killian and his familiar peppermint scent wafted in my mouth. His lips only lingered on my own for a second, but they were incredibly gentle.

Before I had the chance to react, he removed his lips from my own.

Feeling light headed and extremely dazed, I left Killian’s office.

## Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 24

I didn't fully process what had happened until I found myself downstairs.

Travis stood next to Katie's desk waiting for me. When he noticed my disheveled state, he smirked. Katie watched our silent exchange with wide eyes, her own smirk forming as she took in my wardrobe.

"Not one word." I shook my finger at him, turning and leaving the house.

The walk back was eerily silent, not many people were wandering around the town square anymore.

Travis was the first one to break the silence, "Their all getting ready for the party tonight. You won't really see anyone out and about at the moment." He pointed out.

"So, this event. Am I supposed to do anything?" I questioned, wondering if it was just a simple party.

Travis gave me an expectant smile, "Well, if the Alpha has already met his mate, this is when she would be introduced and officially announced as Luna."

I bit my lip nervously, knowing what the ceremony would entail. I would officially be a part of the Blood Moon Pack. There would be a small ceremony where Killian and I slice our hands and let our blood mingle. My ties with my old pack would be completely severed.

I felt a sharp pang of guilt for not contacting my family or friends, but I had been dealing with plenty since I arrived. I promised myself I would talk to Killian about going to visit. I was sure he would refuse, but maybe Sierra and I could convince him.

"You know I'd love to do that." Her elated voice rang out in my head. She was still on cloud nine after what happened between Killian and I.

I couldn't really blame her though, I was feeling good as well.

"You got this, Claire. You'll make an awesome Luna." Travis reassured me as we walked into the house.



“Finally! Gosh, I thought we were going to be waiting all night.” Kira gushed, standing at the base of the stairs with Maria. Her hands were on her hips and she had a stern look on her face.

“I wasn’t even gone for an hour.” I rolled my eyes at her, stepping aside so she could embrace Travis.

“Well it only took me ten minutes to find the perfect dress for you.” She stuck her tongue out at me.

“We still have hours until the party.” I pointed out to the two of them.

“We still have hair and make up to do.” Kira gasped as though it were the most obvious thing in the world.

With a smirk, Maria stepped forward. “So I see everything went well with the Alpha.” Her smirk deepened when she noticed my cheeks turning red.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” I mumbled, trying to change the subject.

Kira turned and looked me up and down, her eyes lingering on my neck for longer than necessary.

“Nuh uh. You guys didn’t!” Kira gasped, “In his office? Ooh, naughty.”

I looked at the two of them incredulously, “We didn’t do anything!” I could feel my face flaming, but it always did when I was overwhelmed. The last thing I wanted was to talk about Killian’s sexual experience with his little sister.

“Say that to the red marks all over your neck.” Maria smirked, and I gasped.

“Were definitely going to have to cover those up.” Kira shook her head, brushing my hair back to get a better look.

With a giggle, Maria chimed in “Maybe we shouldn’t cover them up. I don’t think Alpha would like that.”

“Oooh, good point.” Kira laughed with her, obviously amused by my discomfort.

“Whatever.” I grumbled, but I couldn’t stay mad at the two of them.

“Hey don’t blame us, there’s hardly anything to celebrate around here.” Kira sighed and rolled her eyes, earning a grunt of agreement from Maria.

I shrugged at the two of them, "The only thing we ever celebrated at home was my birthday and the Moon Ball. And my birthday only consisted of me and my two friends ordering take out and watching movies."

Kira frowned, "You never had a birthday party?"

"No," I chuckled, "But I don't mind."

"Well for your birthday this year were gonna take you out!" Kira chirped, and Maria agreed.

"You guys don't have to do that." I smiled gratefully between my two friends.

Maria gasped, "Of course we do!"

"As long as no one throws any kind of party for me, I'm fine. It's a month away anyhow." I frowned. Being the center of attention really wasn't my thing. I wasn't sure how I'd make it through the ceremony tonight as is.

"We'll just find a party that's already going on, no worries!" Maria shrugged.

"Alright alright, lets go get ready!" Kira chirped.

"Have fun." Travis smirked at my obvious discomfort.

"Help!" I called to him as I was whisked up the stairs by Maria and Kira.

"No can do, Luna!" Travis chuckled.

While I was completely nervous for the ceremony tonight, I really didn't mind being Maria and Kira's make up doll.

Kira didn't disappoint with the dress she had chosen for me and I couldn't help but wish Hazel were here. They would love each other.

Once my hair and makeup were finished, I slipped on the dress Kira had chosen. It was a short, black body con dress. While I wasn't used to the tightness, I loved how the dress exposed my shoulders. I put on a pair of black strap heels and decided that Kira really did a good job.

My hair was down as always, but it was curled in loose ringlets. Just as Kira went to change into her dress, Travis popped his head in the room.

"Alpha wanted me to let you know that he's running late, so he'll just meet you at the party." Travis said.

“Oh, well that’s okay.” I nodded.

Travis smirked and said one last thing before he left the room, “Oh and he wanted me to let you both know, don’t let Claire out of your sight. And no wine.”

“We won’t let her out of our sight, but no promises on the wine.” Kira called out from the bathroom, her voice tinged with amusement.

Travis frowned, “Are you trying to p\*\*s him off?”

“Hey, he may be Alpha to you but to me he’s my goofy big brother.” Kira taunted him.

“See how goofy he is when he rips your head off for getting his mate drunk.” Travis mumbled, rolling his eyes at his mate.

“What was that Travis?” Kira poked her head out from the bathroom. Half of her hair was curled. Her eyebrow was raised as she looked at Travis.

“Um, nothing.” Travis put his hands up in surrender.

Kira smirked, “That’s what I thought.”

Travis left the room, and I’m pretty sure he was mumbling something about mate’s and d\*\*\*h wishes.

Kira and Maria didn’t take long to get ready. Maria wore a red cocktail dress, while Kira decided on a deep purple dress with a slit running up her t\*\*\*h.

While the two of them finished up their hair and make up, we made plans for after the ceremony ended. They both wanted to go to a human club to see some band play. I knew Killian would never let me go alone, but the girls suggested I invite him too. I figured it wouldn’t hurt to try.

The party was on the other side of pack territory. It was outdoors and reminded me of the Moon Ball. The canopy was massive, and had twinkling lights running through it. Much like the moon ball, there were tables littered everywhere. Some were full of food, while others were empty.

I knew the Blood Moon pack was enormous, having well over 200,000 members, There was no way everyone would be attending.

Practically reading my mind, “The only people attending are the ones living in this town.” Kira explained.

“The pack territory is so vast, most of it’s broken up into smaller towns.” Maria chimed in.

Most of the town was already at the party and if it wasn't for Kira and Maria, I may have made a run for it.

Whispers circulated as me, Kira and Maria entered the party. Sierra refused to let me cringe under the eyes of all these people, her instincts as Luna taking over.

Sierra was beyond proud.

I couldn't help but crane my head, looking for Killian. I took deep breaths of the fresh air, searching for his scent.

"Already looking for Killian?" Kira smirked, and I blushed.

"Don't pretend that you haven't been missing Travis since the minute he left." I smirked back at her and rolled my eyes as she stuck her tongue out.

The familiar citrus and sandalwood scent wafted from behind me, and I resisted the urge to turn around. From Maria and Kira's widening smirks, I knew who was behind me.

"Hello, little mate." His husky voice called out from behind me. I could feel the heat running off of his body and my mind was instantly taken back to earlier that day.

A blush crept up my cheeks as I turned around and faced Killian.

He looked absolutely gorgeous, wearing a solid black suit. His hair was tousled as usual. His very presence demanded attention. Standing so close to him, I hadn't noticed that everyone else became quiet. All of my attention was on him.

His silver eyes roamed my face, darkening as they traveled down my body. I hadn't realized how nervous I was to face Killian. I felt self-conscious in this tight dress, and some part of me wanted his approval.

His eyes turned near black as he looked at the dress I was wearing.

"You're welcome." Kira whispered to Killian as her and Maria ran off giggling.

Killian smirked down at me, his eyes still darkened. "I see you let Kira dress you."

"Yeah," I giggled nervously, "I'm not sure about this dress though." I chewed on my lip, looking down at the dark material that clung to my skin.

"If we weren't surrounded by people, that dress would be on the floor." Killian growled, his rough hand lifting my eyes to meet his own.

His words send butterflies flooding through me, and I suddenly felt much too warm.

Stifling a nervous giggle, “You hate it that much, huh?” I tried to mirror his smirk, but my voice wavered.

Killian wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me forward until my chest was up against him.

Anything I was planning to say caught in my throat at his next words.

“The dress is wonderful, but I think you’d look better without any clothes.” His hot breath rolled across my face.

The urge to kiss him was overwhelming, but the audience of people kept me at bay.

I practically glued myself to Killian’s side for most of the night, making small talk with anyone who approached him. I was surprised that many people approached me, wanting to know their new Luna.

An older gentleman preformed the ceremony on the two of us. I winced as my hand was sliced, but Killian remained stoic. His silver eyes were locked on my own the entire time. Even with an entire tent full of people, all I could see was Killian. I felt completely at ease and safe under his gaze.

When our b\*\*\*\*y palms joined together I felt a tidal wave of awareness wash through my head. I looked at Killian in wonder as thousands of voices filtered through my mind, many of them saying ‘hello’ to their new Luna.

I was officially Luna of the Blood Moon Pack.

Kilian’s Luna.

## **Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 25**

I was practically on cloud nine. Sure I squirmed under all of the eager eyes, but I felt like I finally had a place in the midst of everything.

Of course, when you’re feeling your best something has to come along and try to ruin that.

I strayed from Killian’s side for the first time since we arrived at the party, looking for Kira and also something to drink.

I found what I was looking for at a table twenty feet away from where Killian stood. I couldn’t make out his features any longer due to the volume of people mingling.

I grabbed a pepsi for myself and sipped contently. My train of thought was broken when an absolutely gorgeous blonde woman approached me. Female werewolves all seem to look like supermodels. All werewolves are naturally fit from training, but each of them radiated with their own beauty.

This woman was no exception. She had that perfect hourglass figure followed by defined cheek bones and full lips.

She was wearing an extremely low cut cherry red dress that highlighted her long legs. I could tell by the sour look on her face that our conversation wasn't going to be pleasant.

"Cassie, is it?" Her voice came out shrill and nasal.

My brows furrowed in confusion, I was never one to be mean.

"Claire." I corrected her, hoping to salvage the conversation while I could. I should've noticed some of the d\*\*\*y looks I was getting from the unmated females, but I was enjoying my time with Killian far too much.

"Mm, right." She smirked, "I see you're Killian's new fling."

"What the f\*\*k." Sierra spat, her fur bristling.

I could feel my eyes darken at her words. If it wasn't for my own will power, Sierra would've pounced by now.

"I'm his mate, actually." I scowled at her, trying to keep myself calm. I never had an issue with my anger before, but what she was saying hit me somewhere entirely new. I wasn't prepared for the jealousy that smashed through me.

"Yeah sure. Don't get all f\*\*\*\*\*g high and mighty. You're not the first and you won't be the last." She sneered at me, her ruby red lips turning up in a mean smirk.

My blood boiled, and I could feel my face grow red in anger.

"Sounds like someone's jealous." snapped back at her. I felt my hands ball up into fists as I resisted Sierra's extremely compelling argument on why we should pummel this woman.

"She's not only disrespecting you. She's disrespecting Killian. Her Alpha. Only we get to call him Killian." Sierra growled in jealousy.

In the back of my mind, I wondered if my jealousy was magnified due to being mated to an Alpha.

“Oh please. Killian was f\*\*\*\*g me before you were even in highschool. You’re just a pathetic baby maker.” The blonde snapped.

I wasn’t quite sure what happened next.

The only thing I remember was seeing red, and then Sierra charged forward with more strength than I had ever thought possible. She ripped through any hold I dare had on her.

I felt myself slam into something hard, and knock it to the floor. For a moment I even tasted something metallic.

The next thing I know, I was being lifted. I could smell the familiar scent of citrus and sandalwood. Once the smell flooded our senses, I could feel Sierra relax. The sparks shooting through my torso made me feel calm, and washed away the absolute rage I had been feeling. She retreated to the back of my mind with a smug swish of her tail.

“Dumb b\*\*\*h.” Sierra snarled.

“Killian, she just attacked me out of nowhere!” That familiar nasal voice screeched.

The red faded from my vision and I could feel Killian’s strong arms wrapped around my torso. The blonde woman who had been taunting me sat sprawled out on the floor. The bite mark Sierra had placed on her forearm was already healing.

“I did not.” Sierra and I snarled, lurching forward but we were no match for Killian’s grip.

“You will address me as Alpha. Now, shut the f\*\*k up, Rachel.” Killian’s voice was deadly calm. While I could feel his hostility, I could also tell that none of it was directed at me.

A man I remember speaking to earlier on approached Killian and spoke quietly to him. I was too busy seething to listen. My darkened eyes were glued on the girl Rachel.

The thought of Killian touching her had me seething, Sierra included.

“You purposefully disrespected my mate and I, then proceeded to antagonize her.” Killian spoke down on Rachel, the command in his voice clear. There was no arguing with who was in charge. Killian radiated dominance. His voice spoke as a challenge to anyone that dare disobey him.

“I-” Rachel sputtered her face paling as Killian’s words battered her.

“You will be punished for your disrespect.” Killian cut her off, his voice growing lower with each word. Something about her openly taunting me had him the angriest I’ve ever seen.



“Gabriel, ensure she makes it home. And stays there.” Killian snarled at his Beta, giving Rachel one last cold stare.

“Now to deal with you.” Killian turned away from the gathering crowd, speaking to me as he walked out of the canopy and towards a house.

“Let me go.” I grumbled, my jealousy placing images of Killian and Rachel in my mind. I squirmed in his grip, but his arms didn’t budge.

“For someone so tiny, you should not be able to hold this much rage.” The amusement in his husky voice only infuriated me.

I let loose a warning growl at Killian as he brought me into the house, and into another room that looked eerily similar to his office across town.

“Tiny yet vicious.” Killian mused, sounding as though he were talking to himself.

“I’ll show you vicious.” I grumbled, shoving him away as he sat me down on the large desk. I could feel him willingly move away as I pushed. I wasn’t strong enough to move him on my own.

“I do have one question for you.” The amusement in his tone angering me.

His smirk deepened as he approached me, pinning me on the desk with his legs. He ignored my feeble attempt at shoving him away a second time.

“What?” I grumbled, crossing my arms as I tried to glare at him.

“What is with you and biting people?” His smirk deepened and he began to laugh. Once again I was mesmerized at how the simple action completely changed his face. My ogling was short lived when Sierra placed another unwanted image in my head, fueling our jealousy even more.

I turned my head away from him and sighed in defeat when his rough hand cupped my face. He lifted my chin until I was looking him in the eyes.

“You’re angry with me.” Killian stated, his full lips turning down in a frown. My heart lurched at the sight of his face.

I sighed, “No, not angry...just jealous.” I grumbled quietly.

The frown on Killian’s face slowly slid away, but didn’t hold the smirk I was expecting.

“It was something Rachel said.” He stated, scowling when I nodded.

Jealousy forced the blood to rush to my cheeks, "She said you used to sleep together. Well, you and a lot of girls." I grumbled, but my voice came out quiet and small.

I half expected Killian to gloss over the truth. While what he said hurt me, I was glad he was honest.

"That is true," He frowned and ran a hand through his already messy hair, "After I turned eighteen I lost hope in finding a mate. I gave my body to women, and eventually found one suitable to produce an heir. I never gave my heart to one."

His words lingered between the two of us. Unspoken potential. Was that what we were doing? Were we falling in love?

"But not a single woman has captured my attention the way you have, little mate." His deep voice was oddly soft, a tone only I was lucky enough to hear.

His words sent Sierra into a love sick frenzy, clawing at the edges of my mind.

Giving into Sierra's pleas and my own temptation, I stood from the desk and pressed myself against Killian softly.

My heart skipped a few beats as his hand glided down the side of my face, his eyes locked on every curve.

I stood on my tip toes, and even in heels my height was much shorter than his own. Surprise flashed across his silver eyes as he realized what I was doing. He wrapped his arm around my waist and lifted me so I was eye level with his face.

I felt him pause, waiting on me to make the first move. My body was a bundle of nerves, but this was something I had been wanting to do ever since I left his office.

I placed my hands against the stubble on his face and brushed my lips against his own. Sparks ran down the length of my face, and I was sure he could taste the hesitation on my lips.

Feeling somewhat bold, I pressed my lips against his own a little harder. I happily let him take control as our lips moved together, sweet peppermint invading my senses.

My hold against Sierra slipped in just the slightest.

"Mine." I growled against his lips, my legs wrapping around his waist on their own accord.

A loud growl ripped from his chest and left felt my back slam against the wall.

“Say it again.” He growled, his black eyes met my own and his lips began moving across my jaw.

“You are mine.” I growled, repeating the same words he had first spoken to me.

Another growl ripped through him and love could feel the raw desire that swarmed in his mind. His wolf was going as crazy as my own. They had both been denied for so long, and now they were gnashing at the chance of being together.

I let out a breathless moan once Killian’s lips found the sensitive spot on my neck. Sparks ran down my thighs as his hands moved around to my bottom, holding me in place against him.

The aching in between my legs returned with a vengeance, determined to find some release. I pushed myself against the hardness in his pants, using what movement I could to grind myself against him.

“Killian?” My voice came out high and dazed. No part of me wanted him to stop, but I wasn’t quite ready to give that last part of myself up.

His fingers trailed down my t\*\*\*h as he pulled away from my neck with a frustrated groan.

“S-Sorry, I just... I’m not ready for that. I’ve never done anything like this before and I’m just not ready to go all the way.” I spoke in a rush, embarrassed to even bring it up.

“You’re a virgin?” His attention was grabbed by my words. I could feel the surprise running through him followed by excitement and pride.

“Well yeah... I mean, I hadn’t even had my first kiss until I met you.” I stammered, feeling like an inexperienced teenager talking to a grown man.

His silver eyes widened as he looked over my flushed face, “I was your first kiss?” His husky voice sounded surprised.

“Well yeah... My mom was always strict about saving our self for our mate and I just never met a guy I had liked enough-” My erratic stammering was cut off by his soft lips slamming against my own.

“When you’re ready, just say the word.” Killian smiled against my lips.

“You don’t mind that I have no idea what I’m doing?” I sounded small and unsure.

Killian grabbed my thighs and pulled himself closer to me, his face inches from my own.

“Knowing that I’ll be your first in every possible way is better than anything I could have imagined.” He breathed against the mark on my neck.

Eagerly this time, I let my lips find his own and relished in the sensations that coursed through my body.

“Claire?” Killian murmured against my lips.

“Hm?” I replied, dazed from his scent and the sparks that coursed through me.

Curiosity tinged his voice, “Have you ever played with yourself before?” His rough voice aided in the sensations that were building between my legs.

I could feel my face heat up at his words as I tried to find an answer. Never before had I felt so sheltered and inexperienced.

“I-I’ve tried, but it didn’t really get me anywhere.” The embarrassment was evident in my tone.

“Would you mind if we tried something different? You can stop me if you’re not ready.” My core throbbed at his words. His husky voice murmured against my neck, tempting me.

“O-Okay.” I sighed in pleasure, refusing to let myself get too lost in the moment.

His lips trailed across my neck as his fingers inched further up my t\*\*\*h. I nearly growled in anticipation as his fingers reached the sensitive spot between my legs.

His finger pressed against the thin material of my panties, putting pressure on my c\*\*t, and sending a rush of bliss through me.

Nothing about him was inexperienced. I was breathless as he teased me through my panties, taking his time. Finally, he pulled my underwear to the side, and allowed his lips to find my own once again.

His finger ran the length of p\*\*\*y, feeling the wetness that he had induced.

“So that’s what I do to you.” He smirked against my lips. A low growl rumbled in his chest as I whimpered and pushed myself against his finger.

“Patience, little mate.” He said, sounding amused.

I whimpered again as the wait was becoming too much. I wanted him. The clothes that covered our bodies seemed to be too much. I had never wanted someone as fully as I have now.

“Please.” I whimpered breathlessly, my desire only increasing with the growl that erupted from him.

“What was that?” He smirked against my collar bone, nibbling as his lips moved lower.

“Please, Killian.” I moaned, throwing my head back.

His eyes were so black his pupils had completely disappeared.

Gently, he slid a single finger inside of me and groaned against my neck. My p\*\*\*y gripped his finger tightly, begging to be satiated.

I couldn't hold back the breathless pants as his finger slid in and out of me. Pleasure I had never felt before coursed through me, and I wondered what it would feel like to completely give myself over to him. I could feel something building in between my legs.

His thumb moved higher, rubbing against my sensitive c\*\*t. I grinded my hips against his hand, urging him to go faster.

My fingers clawed at any part of him I could. They grazed his shoulders, and ran through his tousled hair.

Killian's lips showered me with attention while his fingers brought me closer to the edge.

“Don't stop” I moaned breathlessly, my head against the wall as Killian nibbled on his mark.

I could feel his self control wavering, but he held strong. The strength he had inside of him was incredible, he managed to hold his wolf back to pleasure his little inexperienced mate.

“Killian.” I gasped, feeling my p\*\*\*y spasm and grip his fingers tighter than before. His finger thrust into me with purpose, whilst his thumb pressed harder on my c\*\*t. A wave of pleasure washed through me, shaking my legs and fogging my brain.

I let out a small sigh as he removed his finger from my p\*\*\*y. My brain was clouded with the intense wave of pleasure Killian had brought me.

“You are the most incredible little thing I have ever seen.” Killian mumbled, speaking each word inbetween kisses along my neck.

Gently, Killian set my feet on the floor and allowed me to adjust my dress. I should've felt completely satisfied, but love still wanted more.

“Come here.” His husky voice called out to me. He was sitting in the office chair, giving me a look that was a mix between desire and awe.

I placed myself down on his lap, looking into the silver eyes I had come to adore.

We sat there for a few moments, just looking at each other. I could feel some of his emotions slipping through. Disbelief, amazement, desire, and something I had never felt before.

"I meant to ask you," I broke the silence first. "Kira wants me to come to this club tonight, but I wanted to invite you."

I could feel his resistance, and I knew he wouldn't think it was a good idea.

"Please," I pouted, widening my eyes and sticking my lower lip out, "You'll be there with me."

Killian looked down on me for a few moments and sighed. He pinched the bridge of his nose and gave me a guarded look.

"No one should have this much power, y'know." He frowned at me, shaking his finger at me as though I had done something bad.

"Is that a yes?" I smiled up at him. His face softened when I smiled.

"On one condition." He smirked, his face becoming even more handsome.

My eyes widened at the possibilities, "Name it." I hoped I wouldn't regret this later on.

"You have to sleep in my room from now on." He smirked down at me.

I happily agreed, knowing I'd never be able to sleep alone again after having this small taste of him.

The mate bond had practically solidified. There was no more fighting it, no more resisting.

It was simply a matter of when.

When would we fully mate?

When would I finally mark him?

When would we fall in love?