

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 26

The ride to the club was beyond awkward.

A few of Kira's friends decided to join, along with Maria and her mate. Every seat was filled which meant I was stuck sitting on Killian's lap.

I know, I know. After everything that we've done you'd think I wouldn't be so timid, but I am. It seemed that every time I was alone with Killian it was next to impossible to control myself.

I felt my face flush as we hit yet another bump in the road, my bottom grinding into Killian's lap. I was all for public displays of affection but this was a little extreme.

And of course, my traitorous mind thought back to what happened in that small room only moments earlier. I never had a good outlook on s*x, but Killian seemed to chase all of that away. I felt safe with him, safe enough to let him take control. He changed my outlook on a lot of things.

"Claire, stop thinking about that." Killian's deep voice whispered in my ear, tinged with amusement.

I felt my face heat up in embarrassment, "I don't know what you're talking about." I hissed back at him.

A deep rumble came from his chest, followed by a silent chuckle, "If you don't stop this entire car is going to smell what I do to you, little mate."

As if on cue, we hit another bump. I could feel something stiffening beneath my bottom, which only encouraged my current train of thought. I felt Killian's grip on my weight tighten as he tried to hold me still.

"You're not helping here." I grumbled at him, moving my bottom against him to prove a point.

I could tell there was a smirk on his face, "Well, you can't blame me. You need to learn to control your thoughts."

"You need to control your..." I snapped back, my voice ending on a high note before I could say the exact word that came to mind.

I could feel Killian's amusement and I willed the d**n car to drive faster.

"What was that, little mate? My what?" His husky voice taunted me.

With my face burning and my voice caught in my throat, I ignored him.

Killian continued to taunt me, "Are you too shy, little mate?"

His chest rumbled, and I stayed quiet as I continued breathing in his delicious scent.

"You'll be begging for it soon enough." His hot breath hit my ear and I couldn't suppress the shiver that rolled down me.

Thankfully we pulled up to the club, and I nearly threw myself from the vehicle for a breath of fresh air.

I had never been to a club before, but I had seen plenty in the movies. It was frightening to know that the movies weren't very far off. While it looked plain on the outside, I could hear the music and see the lights flashing on the inside.

We skipped the line, and I assumed it was because someone who worked the club knew Killian was Alpha.

We all walked into the club and I scowled at how it smelt. Alcohol, sweat and s*x.

"Come on, lets dance!" Kira yelled over the music, tugging my arm.

I looked back at Killian who leaned against the bar watching us, a glass of amber liquid in his hand.

"Go on." He nodded, bringing the cup to his full lips in a move that made my pupils dilate.

"We have time for that later, Claire." His amused voice ran through my head.

I still couldn't figure out how he was able to do that. I didn't seem to be able to do the same.

I was pulled onto the dance floor with Kira and followed her lead as the band started playing some upbeat pop song started playing. I made sure to keep my distance from guys, who were grinding on whatever attractive female they could find.

I wasn't sure how long we danced for, but one song melded into another and so on.

"I'm gonna go to the bathroom." I yelled over the music at Kira. I wasn't sure if she caught what I was saying.

I made my way through the crowd of people to a hallway across the room. The bathroom sign flickered weakly.

I went into the bathroom and went to pee in one of the shady looking stalls.

The smell of beer and sun kissed skin wafted into the bathroom as some girl came in the room.

A strange feeling twisted in my gut, but I ignored it.

"Something feels off, Claire." Sierra paced in my head.

"You think so?" I frowned.

The disgusting stench of beer made me scrunch my nose up. I had never liked it after what happened last year.

I exited the stall and bumped into someone. A familiar voice made my blood run cold.

"Well, well. I couldn't believe it when I saw you dancing. I never thought I would be this lucky." The familiar voice taunted.

My body was frozen from the voice that haunted my nightmares for months.

I looked up into the eyes of Blake. My abdomen twitched, remembering the pain of the silver coated knife.

"Did you miss me, Claire?" He smirked, his chipped tooth showing. The smile that I once found charming was sinister.

"Claire, we need to get out of here." Sierra snapped in my head, but I was frozen in fear.

My mind raced. I had never fathomed seeing him again. I had never prepared, never trained.

"Don't you worry your pretty little head. Damien's here too. He's been d***g to get a taste ever since you got away." His voice turned cold as he tugged on a strand of my hair.

"Killian!" Sierra screamed from inside my head.

In the midst of the fear that p*****d me, I couldn't help but find it ironic that I would die right here. My Alpha mate in the same club, yet unaware.

Blake's arm lurched, and I felt myself smash against the cold brick of the bathroom wall.

While my head was swimming, the pain was enough to knock me out of my stupor. Sierra's own strength flooded through me, warming me.

I let Blake approach me, and when he was close enough I kicked my feet out. Swinging my legs, I smiled when his body hit the floor.

I knew it wouldn't stop him for long, but it felt amazing to finally fight back.

I jumped to my feet and made a run for the door, but a hand wrapped around my ankle and yanked me down. My face bounced against the tile floor with an audible "Crack!".

Warm liquid rushed down the side of my head, but I felt stronger than ever. I turned on my back and kicked as Blake crawled on top of me.

"Damien always saved the best ones for himself. I think it's time I get a turn." Blake's beer soaked breath wafted in my face making me gag.

"Fat f*****g chance." I growled. Doing what I did best, I sunk my teeth into his arm. Using my other hand I slashed against any bit of skin I could find.

Blake howled in pain and I smiled as I felt his blood on my fingertips.

My insides ran cold as I watched him pull out a blade. It glinted at me as if it were welcoming an old friend.

Just as Blake flicked the blade open, the door came crashing down, sending splinters everywhere.

If I thought I had ever seen Killian angry, I was wrong. It seemed he had different levels of anger. I always thought 'calm' was his highest level of angry, again I was wrong.

Killian lifted Blake off of me as though he were a rag doll. I watched in equal parts h****r and amazement as Killian grabbed Blake by the back of the neck and slammed his face against the porcelain sink.

He slammed him again, and again, and again, and again.

The sickening crack of Blake's face against the sink reverberated in my ears. His coppery blood filled the air.

"You need to stop him. He can't question him if he dies first." Sierra murmured in my head.

My feet moved on their own accord, making their way over to Killian.

"Killian, stop!" I pleaded, placing my hands against his back.

With Blake's unconscious body in his hand, he froze.

"Killian, you're going to k**l him. He needs to be questioned." I spoke softly, letting my fingers trail down his arm.

I flinched as Killian dropped Blake to the ground like a sack of flour. He turned to face me and I saw how angry he really was.

His teeth had extended, and his eyes had turned fully black. His chest still heaved with rage, and his fists were still clenched.

"Claire, you need to leave." Killian growled, any human quality gone from his voice.

"I'm not leaving." I replied, my voice sounding full of conviction.

Even with Killian more murderous than ever, I felt completely safe. I knew him and his wolf would never hurt me.

I let my hands make their way up to Killian's face, smiling at the sparks that rushed through us. The stubble on his face was scratchy, but I enjoyed the sensation. I pressed myself up against his chest, and flattened my head against him.

His quickened heartbeat thumped in my ears, calming me.

"I'm alright, Killian. You came just in time." I soothed, taking his arms and wrapping them around my waist.

I didn't let go of him until I felt his body relax, and him let out a deep breath.

I looked into his familiar silver eyes and smiled. His face looked grim, but his canines had retreated and his eyes were no longer black.

His rough hand came up and wiped some of the blood off my head.

"I shouldn't have left you alone." His voice was cold. I could feel him beating himself up over this. He blamed himself.

"None of this was your fault." I growled, but he wasn't hearing any of it.

"Listen to me, d**n it!" I snapped, taking his head in my hands. I could feel his shock at my outburst but I had enough. It was bad enough Sierra and I both blamed ourselves for the past, we weren't going to let Killian blame himself as well.

"This was not your fault. None of us knew they would be here. I was going to the bathroom, Killian. You can't be with me 24/7 and that does not make any of this your

fault." I growled, glaring into the silver eyes I had grown so attached to. I hadn't realized I was crying until the tears poured freely down my face.

Killian's response was a deep sigh as he pulled me closer and wrapped his arms around me tighter. I didn't resist when his rough hands wiped the fallen tears away.

Travis came into the b****y bathroom, along with Maria's mate and Gabriel.

"From what we've heard, this dude didn't come alone. We almost had our hands on him, but he got away." Gabriel glared at Blake's d*****d face.

"Damien." I whispered to myself.

"What was that, Luna?" Maria's mate spoke up. Maria's mate was one of those quiet guys, someone who never had much to say. That only meant he caught everything that was going on.

"The guy that escaped. His name is Damien." My voice sounded hoarse, and I pressed myself closer to Killian.

"And who is...that?" Maria's mate gestured to Blake, hesitating when he saw what his Alpha had done.

"That's Blake. Their hunters." My voice sounded small, and I felt myself relax as Killian's hand traced circles on my lower back.

"Why did they target you, Luna?" Gabriel scowled.

"Because I got away." I whispered, looking up at Killian.

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 27

Weeks passed by after the night we all went to the club.

I began my duties as Luna and found that I really enjoyed them. I hadn't had anymore trouble in the pack after Rachel, but I also hadn't seen her since the incident. Everyone in the pack was quick to accept me, and I found myself wondering why I was so against being Luna in the first place.

After the night club incident, I immediately began training. Killian insisted I at least learn how to defend myself, and also insisted I stop using my teeth as my main defense mechanism. While I was much smaller than the rest of the she-wolves, I was much faster and could maneuver easier. Killian would train me personally in the afternoons, and I had never met someone more skilled than him. Killian was absolutely lethal in a fight, and I stood no chance against him.

Killian kept me updated on the situation regarding Blake, even if he didn't want to give me the gory details. I took my responsibilities as Luna seriously, which means I needed to know the full extent of what was happening.

From what I knew, Blake was very much alive in Killian's dungeons. Each day Killian would visit the dungeons and torture Blake, trying to learn what the hunters were up to. For the most part Blake remained strong, but sooner or later he would break.

Since that night I had shared a bed with Killian. Somehow I managed to hold back the intense sexual desire I felt for my deadly mate, and we had not yet sealed the deal. As the weeks passed by, I found myself contemplating my life a lot. The time had come where I felt ready to mark Killian as my own, I just wasn't sure how to bring it up.

Killian was extremely patient with me and our physical contact consisted of heavy making out and occasionally him pleasuring me with his fingers, which he seemed to never tire of.

The thought of how far I had come amazed me. While Killian still enjoyed working me up, I felt much more comfortable around him. He had completely opened up to me in these short months and I wanted to do the same. The more I thought about it, the more I realized I was ready to be with him fully.

Since my birthday was approaching, all Kira could talk about was her friend's party and how we were all going. I was feeling a little wary about the whole situation, but she promised me there would be hardly any humans, and absolutely no hunters. I tried to retain the same amount of excitement, but all I could think about was telling Killian that I was ready for all of him.

The night before my birthday was one of my favorite nights with Killian.

"Are you looking forward to the party tomorrow, little mate?" Killian smirked, tightening his arms around me as I laid curled up on his chest.

"I suppose, parties aren't really my thing. I'm not big into my birthday." I giggled, tracing the tattoo on his chest with my fingers. I smiled at the familiar sparks that coursed through my hands. I didn't think I would ever get tired of this.

Killian smirked, but his face quickly grew serious, "Your birthday is very important to me. Without you, I would've never found my little mate." His silver eyes burned holes into my own, sending butterflies to my stomach.

"I'm really glad I met you." I spoke softly, smiling up at his strong face.

His seductive smirk formed on his face again, "Even though I torment you?"

Feigning ignorance I used my best clueless voice, "Oh well, now that you mention that I may have to reconsider."

My joke was short lived when Killian flipped me over on my back and hovered over me. The smirk on his face drove me insane, keeping me in awe at how amazing he truly looked.

"Oh really? You'll have to reconsider?" He growled playfully, his eyes darkening as he took in my flushed face.

"Don't, don't you dare." I scolded him, poking his b**e chest with my finger.

His smirk only deepened, "It's only fair your punished."

"Killian, I swear." I growled back at him, trying to seem half as tough as him.

"Alright alright, my vicious little mate." He smirked, but his eyes twinkled mischievously.

Killian acted as though he was going to let me up, but tackled me back onto the bed. His fingers traveled my rib cage, tickling me while his lips found my neck.

"Killian, Killian stop!" I yelled, trying to hold back my laughter. I wasn't sure whether I should laugh or moan.

Finally his fingers stopped assaulting my rib cage and his face turned serious.

"Happy Birthday, Claire." His full lips turned up in one of those rare smiles that only I got to see. I turned on my side and saw the alarm clock.

12:01

It was officially my birthday.

Killian's rough hands grabbed the sides of my face and pulled me in for a kiss filled with so much passion I would have collapsed if I were standing.

I wasn't sure how long the kiss lasted, but I never wanted it to end. The sparks shot through my body, igniting the blood in my veins and tickling my toes.

We pulled away for breath, and I didn't resist when Killian's lips moved down my neck. His favorite thing, other than fingering me, was to nibble on the silver mark that he had left on my neck.

I often felt selfish, giving him no pleasure while he never tired of giving me o****m after o****m. My guilt was satiated knowing I was planning on sealing the deal with him tomorrow night, just after the party.

His hands played with the waistband of my shorts, causing me to moan into his mouth.

“Mind if we try something new?” Killian smirked down at me. I blushed, remembering the last time he asked me that I had my first o****m.

“S-Sure.” I breathed up at him, trying to bundle my nerves. I wondered if I would ever stop being so nervous around him. He was the only one who could ever make me feel self conscious.

“You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, little mate.” His voice grew deeper with lust. Over the weeks I had grown used to Killian practically reading my mind, but sometimes he still managed to shock me.

My face heated even more as he slipped my shorts off, and next my underwear.

“I like these.” Killian stated, holding up the black lace panties I had been wearing.

I tried to stifle my excitement at his words, but I’m sure he could smell exactly how he made me feel.

I was instantly thankful Kira had helped me pick out something to wear tomorrow, knowing my intentions with Killian at the end of the night. She was oddly supportive hearing that her brother would finally get some.

Killian moved down my body, trailing little kisses down my covered chest and exposed stomach. My breath hitched when he spread my legs, situating myself inbetween them.

“K-Killian?” I stammered, feeling extremely self conscious.

“Don’t worry, you’ll enjoy this.” He smirked at me.

I let loose a sigh as he trailed kisses down my thighs. I felt my core spasm as he took his time down my thighs.

“Killian” I groaned. He was driving me insane with his nips and kisses on my inner thighs. Once again, my resolve wavered and I contemplated just giving in here and now. I wanted him too much.

“Make him wait.” Sierra taunted from the back of my mind.

“Yeah you say that but I know how you really feel.” I grumbled at her, knowing she was in no way helping me resist.

“Impatient little thing.” Killian taunted, his breath hitting my most sensitive spot. I shuddered as his hot breath hit my p***y and resisted the moan that tried to accompany it.

“You have no idea how long I’ve been waiting to taste you.” His eyes burned holes into my own, his voice growing deeper with each word.

And with those last words his tongue darted out and teased my c**t, making me jump at the intense sensations.

I felt my head fall back as I gasped. He really knew what he was doing.

His tongue swirled around my c**t, and with that I was gone. I couldn’t control the sounds that were coming from me, but if anything Killian seemed to like them. With each moan and gasp he would increase his pace, his intensity.

His mouth devoured me, savoring each taste as though he would never get anymore.

I felt my fingers tangle in his hair as he slipped a finger inside of me. With a growl, he thrust his finger inside me, not bothering trying to be gentle.

His name left my lips more times than I could count as he brought me closer and closer.

The pain and pleasure mixed, igniting new sensations with every s****e of Killian’s tongue.

My back arched and a loud whimper escaped my lips as the feeling building in my p***y finally exploded. His name was the first thing on my lips as wave after wave of pleasure hit me.

I stayed on the bed, trying to catch my breath while Killian eyed me with a smug expression.

Finally, I set up and frowned at the bulge in his shorts. Again, I felt guilty for being on the receiving end of everything, while he was left with nothing.

“I want to try something new.” I bit my lip as I looked him over. His shirtless torso was hard and rigid with muscles, begging to be touched. His body wasn’t covered in a thin layer of sweat like mine was, and I wanted to change that.

I could feel Killian was intrigued as he raised his eyebrow and sat on the bed, leaning his back against the headboard.

I scowled at how timid I was acting, but I couldn’t help it. I had never initiated anything more than a kiss, and I had never done anything like what I was about to try.

I leaned over Killian's lap, planting small kisses along his jaw and on his lips. I was just wasting time, trying to build up the courage while I could.

I tried to let go, and met my fingers do what they wanted. I trailed down his chest, littering kisses as I went. I took my time and enjoyed each muscle that I had been silently ogling for weeks.

When my fingers reached the waistband of his shorts he finally caught on.

His rough hand wrapped around my wrist as he met my eyes.

"Claire, you don't have-" He started, but I cut him off.

I tried to give him the same seductive smirk he would always give me, "I know I don't have to. I want to." I sounded breathless, and I hoped my face didn't betray how nervous I had felt.

Slowly, he let go of my wrist. I watched silently as he removed his shorts. When his c**k fell out I nearly choked on my own breath.

My nerves were back at an extreme high as I took in what I was about to place in my mouth. My stomach rolled when love thought of what I had planned for tomorrow night. How was it going to work? How was it even going to fit?

I'm not a big person by any means. I bit my lip as I looked at his c**k in disbelief.

Tentatively, I wrapped my fingers around it, feeling his hardness. A low rumble emerged from his chest and I looked up to meet his blackened eyes.

"Never seen one in person, little mate?" He smirked at me and I fumbled to find an answer.

"N-No, I haven't..." I trailed off, wondering if I should say what's really on my mind.

"Um, how... how would this fit, if we were to..." I trailed off, my eyes flickering down to his pulsing member.

His smirk only deepened as he took in how flustered I was, "It would fit." He assured me.

"Would it hurt?" I frowned up at him.

"Only for a moment, but I have ways of distracting you." He smirked at me and I felt my heart jump.

My initial nerves were replaced with excitement. I had never felt more ready.

Keeping my eyes locked on his own, I let my lips touch the head of his c**k. Precum glistened on the swollen tip, and I let my tongue flick from my mouth to taste it. Hazel had always told me how salty it was, but I couldn't taste any salt.

I let Killian's quiet growls fuel me, knowing he was watching my every move. The thought of him watching me explore his body only heightened my excitement. I could feel the sensitive spot between my legs moisten at his growls.

I wrapped my lips around the head of his c**k and swirled my tongue around, using the tips Hazel had given me to my advantage. Tips I had tried desperately not to listen to.

"Claire." Killian growled, and I would've smirked if my lips weren't wrapped around his tip. He didn't like being teased.

"Don't like being teased?" I smirked at his blackened eyes.

He managed to smirk back at me, but all I could feel was desire and lust emanating off of him.

"More like tempted." He growled, placing his large hand on the base of my neck.

I tried to contain my arousal as he guided my lips back down to his c**k, his dominance being one of the most sexiest things about him.

"Open your mouth." He growled, his voice sending shivers down my body.

I clamped my lips shut and shook my head, looking up at him deviously. Something about his dominate side turned me on, and I had longed to disobey him.

"Claire." He growled, but I kept my lips sealed.

Smirking at me, he pinched my nose. I stubbornly held my breath for as long as I could, finally opening my mouth to gasp for air.

Taking advantage of my open mouth, Killian pushed my head down on his c**k. I took his length inside of my mouth with an aroused moan, relishing in his taste.

"Good girl." He smirked down at me, and I could feel he was enjoying this just as much as I was.

While I could only fit half of his length comfortably in my mouth, I held my breath and forced his c**k deeper.

"F**k, Claire." Killian growled in the pleasure that he had been denying himself.

I bobbed my head up and down his shaft, nearly coming undone at his husky, animalistic sounds.

I wasn't sure how much time had passed, I put all of my focus on the task at hand and enjoyed every second of it. My p***y clenched when Killian's rough hands found the back of my head and forced me to go faster.

I looked up at him and moaned as he thrusted himself in and out of my mouth. Now I could see why he enjoyed pleasuring me so much. I couldn't think of anything that turned me on more.

I could feel his body tensing up, and I knew he was coming undone as well. With one last husky moan, I felt his c*m spill in my mouth.

With my mouth full and my p***y wet, I looked into the eyes of my irresistible mate.

"S*****w it." His voice was husky yet firm. His thumb was pressed against my lips as he watched me s*****w his c*m.

It took every ounce of my willpower to not beg for him to take me here and now. We laid around in bed for awhile, simply holding each other and stealing kisses as we could.

"I'm gonna go get a shower." I smiled up at him, shuddering at the sensitiveness between my legs.

"Are you going to let me join you?" He smirked, his eyes trailing down to my exposed bottom.

"Ask me that tomorrow night." I blushed, going into the bathroom.

After we had both showered, and finally laid down to sleep, I looked up at his face.

I let my eyes trace over the strong jaw line, and his pink lips which were typically pulled up in a smirk.

As usual, he smirked down at me "Staring is rude y'know." He pointed out with a poke to my rib cage.

"I can't help it." I blushed, hiding my face in his chest.

"Don't hide," He growled, lifting my face to meet his own. "I like your blush." He smiled, giving me butterflies.

"I don't." I shook my head, "I feel like you can see right through me sometimes."

“Sometimes I can,” He smirked. “You have gotten better at hiding your thoughts though.”

“Good.” I smiled back, pleased that Kira’s lessons had been helping.

“I don’t know about that,” He smirked, “I miss hearing your thoughts, especially when their about me. Speaking of which, there’s something you wanted to ask me.”

“How’d you know?” I frowned.

“Just because I can’t read all of your thoughts, doesn’t mean some don’t find their way through.” He shrugged, letting his fingers run through my hair.

“W-Well...You know I’ve never done anything like that before, and I know you have. And I know I’m not skilled or anything but-” I rambled, only stopping when his lips were on my own.

“You wanted to know if you were any good?” Killian raised his eyebrow at me, running his fingers over my reddening cheeks.

“Well, yeah.” I mumbled.

“You were absolutely irresistible, little mate. It only made me crave the rest of you. I wonder what else you’re capable of.” He smirked down at me, igniting the familiar feeling between my legs.

Before it had a chance to grow, my tired yawn filled the air.

“Go to sleep, little mate.” Killian spoke softly, playing with my hair until I fell into a deep sleep.

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 28

The next day Killian had woken up early to head to work. I’m assuming work most likely meant torturing Blake for information.

“No one appreciates sleep around here.” I grumbled at Killian. I couldn’t __ understand why anyone would refuse the offer of sleeping in.

Killian chuckled at my grumpiness and smirked, “Good luck trying to sleep, Kira’s in the kitchen waiting on you.”

I groaned and rolled over in bed, desperately trying to find the willpower to get up. Killian’s bed had to be the most comfortable thing I had ever slept in.

“Get your a*s up. I made breakfast and I don’t just cook for anybody!” Kira’s voice called out through the mind link.

“Kira,” I whined “I didn’t go to bed until after midnight.”

“I don’t care how late you and my brother were up. That’ll teach you not to be up all night doing the nasty.” Kira snapped in my head.

“Ugh, you know we weren’t doing that.” I rolled my eyes at her.

“Claire,” Maria’s falsetto called out. “If you don’t come down in five minutes, were coming up there. And you know we won’t be gentle.”

“Fine, fine. It better be some good breakfast you made.” I grumbled.

I could feel Kira’s smirk in my head, “Only the best for my future sister-in-law.”

“You’re just as bad as Killian.” I groaned, wondering what I had gotten myself into.

When Maria said five minutes, she meant five minutes. I had around ten seconds left and I could already hear her light footsteps coming down the hall.

“I’m coming, I’m coming.” I held my hands up in surrender as I caught her sneaking down the hall.

She smirked and put her hands on her hips, “Took you long enough.”

“Not all of us can just jump out of bed and magically be awake.” I rolled my eyes at her. How someone could be so peppy early in the morning was beyond me.

“Well you better get waking up cause we have shopping to do!” Maria chirped.

“Wait, what do you mean?” I looked at her deadpan.

Rolling her eyes as though it were obvious, “The party tonight? You need something to wear.” She huffed, following me into the kitchen.

“I have dresses though.” I frowned, knowing very well that Kira had stocked my closet.

“Nothing good enough for tonight though! This party only happens once a year, so it’s extra special.” Kira and Maria snickered, placing two plates down in front of me.

I felt my eyes widen as I took in the chocolate pancakes and giant omelet Kira had made for me.

“You weren’t kidding about the food.” I talked with my mouth full of pancake.

“I never kid about food. Happy birthday, b***h.” Kira smirked at me, giving me one of those weird side hugs.

Kira rushed me to finish breakfast, wanting to have plenty of time to shop. I trudged along, only playing nice because Kira promised we would stop by a cafe for some coffee.

Yet again I was left with the notion that Hazel would absolutely love Kira and Maria. I spent half of the day playing as their personal dress up doll. While it sounds horrible, I didn’t actually mind. I trusted them to help me look my absolute best.

After what was probably hours, they finally decided on a dress for me. Normally, I wouldn’t wear anything like this. But with what i had planned for tonight, I wanted to look as appealing as possible.

The dress was a slate grey color, oddly reminding me of Killian’s eyes. It was much shorter than I would’ve liked, but it covered the important bits. The dress had thin straps, but hung low in the middle and showed some of my cleavage. My favorite part about the dress was the slit running up the t***h, it had thin chains holding the slit in place.

“Killian is going to lose his mind.” Kira and Maria smirked at eachother.

“Yeah well if he loses his mind in a bad way, I’m blaming you.” I teased.

Even with the constant outfit changes, I had a great time. We stopped by the cafe for lunch a few hours in and I reluctantly told Maria about what I had planned for tonight.

“Once he sees you in that dress he might just drag you away and seal the deal.” Maria smirked at me.

“Well that means we need to get you something s**y to wear.” Kira waggled her eyebrows at me.

Blush burned my face, “I don’t really do s**y.” I sputtered. I could see myself as cute, beautiful even but never s**y.

“Have you seen yourself?” Kira rolled her eyes at me.

I frowned, “Plenty of times.”

“And have you seen the way Killian looks at you?” Maria giggled.

“Well...No not really, I guess.” I shrugged.

“Girl, he can’t resist you. I’m betting you could get away with just about anything.” Kira laughed.

After the slightly awkward conversation about which lingerie was best, we headed to the next shop.

If I thought trying on dresses was stressful, shopping for a bra and underwear with the two of them was even worse. Lingerie was something I refused to try on in front of them.

I told them that it had to be something black, due to Killian’s reaction last night.

After awhile they found me something lyrics approved on. A simple lacy bra, and a pair of lace panties. Kira threw in a lace garter, which she insisted I wore as well.

We headed back to pack territory and noticed how quiet the town seemed.

“Where is everyone?” I frowned, only noticing a handful of people out and about.

“Just working, Killian’s been assigning extra guard duties and all of that fun stuff.” Kira shrugged as though it were no big deal.

I frowned, my mind wandering back to Killian. “I wonder how things are going with Blake.” I resisted the urge to cringe at his name.

“Yuck, torturing is definitely not my forte.” Kira scowled.

“Mine either, but I still hope he gets something useful out of him.” I sighed. No matter how long I was away from Killian, I always seemed to miss him. I never seemed to get tired of him.

We spent the next few hours lounging about, and Kira even taught me how to make baked chicken. I was almost positive that I wouldn’t be able to recreate her masterpiece on my own, but it was the thought that counts.

After dinner I played dress up doll again as Kira and Maria took turns doing my hair and makeup. Once I was finished, they completed their own. I had to say, each of us looked stunning. Maria wore a baby pink dress that complimented her tan skin and blonde hair. Kira wore a black lace dress that made her eyes pop.

After getting ready we sat at the kitchen island, each of us with a glass of wine in our hand. This time I was well prepared, I wasn’t planning on drinking more than a single glass.

“Little mate, I’ll meet you at the party tonight. Stick with Kira and Maria.” Killian’s husky voice called out in my head. I smiled to myself as I realized how much I missed his voice.

"You're not going to come with us?" I frowned.

"I managed to get something out of Blake, it's going to take me awhile to finish up." I could feel his reluctance as he told me this, but I wasn't afraid anymore.

"What did he say?" I asked hastily.

"Nothing that can't wait until tomorrow, little mate. I want you to focus on enjoying your birthday." The affection in his tone made my heart jump, and land ached to be with him.

"And I'll see you tonight?" I smiled in my head.

"Wouldn't miss it for the world." His husky voice replied, and the link was ended.

"Killian is just going to meet us at the party. Apparently he had a breakthrough with Blake." I shrugged at the two of them.

"Oh jeez. Well did he say anything?" Kira frowned.

I sighed, "He said it could wait until tomorrow."

"I don't blame him," Maria shrugged "I wouldn't want to deal with that on my birthday either."

After awhile Travis made it to the house, letting me know that Killian would meet me at the party shortly after we arrived. We all piled into the sedan and set off to wherever this party was.

I let my mind wander to thoughts of Killian, and I couldn't stifle the excitement I felt at seeing him. I knew he would love the dress I was wearing, but I hoped he wouldn't be too mad at me showing so much skin.

I frowned when I noticed we hadn't left the pack territory.

"Is the party on our land?" I asked, confused.

"Oh, yeah it is." Kira nodded hastily.

I raised my eyebrow at her, but she launched into a conversation with Maria.

We pulled into a large clearing. I recognized it as the same place mine and Killian's ceremony had taken place. The only difference was it looked completely different. The entire area was transformed into a huge garden. Tulips and gardenias were scattered around, along with honeysuckle and lily's. The entire clearing smelled sweet and earthy. The best part was the giant porcelain fountain in the middle. Table's full of food and

drinks were also scattered around. Twinkling lights of every color hung from the trees like rainbow canopies.

“Wow, this is incredible.” I beamed, taking deep breaths of the flower scented air.

“I’m glad you like it, little mate.” A familiar voice swirled around me and I could feel my heart jump. I turned around and smiled into my mate’s silver eyes.

As always, Killian looked better than ever. He wore a simple black button down shirt with black slacks, but he looked perfect. His muscles rippled under his shirt, and I wondered how he ever found any clothes that actually fit.

Stifling a giggle, I hugged Killian and allowed his addictive scent to mingle with the scent of flowers.

“You did this?” I asked, confused. The smirk on his face only confused me more.

“For you.” He gave me a genuine smile as he leaned down and pressed his lips to my own. My head buzzed and my lips tingled when he finally pulled away. “Happy birthday, Claire.”

“This- This is all for me?” My voice came out high and unsure.

“Everyone is here for you.” His hot breath ... fanned against my ear.

“Thank you so much!” I giggled, wrapping my arms around Killian’s waist.

It was as if he hadn’t noticed what I was wearing until now. His eyes turned black as he held me at an arms length away, letting his eyes roam my body.

“You don’t enjoy making things easy for me do you, little mate?” Killian sighed, but let a smirk take over his features.

“I happen to think you have amazing self control.” I teased, “Besides, Kira and Maria are responsible for this dress.”

Killian shot Kira and Maria a pointed look, and Kira stuck her tongue out at her brother as she dragged Travis and Maria out of sight.

“You won’t be saying that when I drag you away from here and tear this little dress off of you.” Killian’s voice grew deeper, his hands putting slight pressure on my waist.

I could feel my heart speed up under his touch. From the way his words alone affected me, I was tempted to let him drag me away.

“And miss this amazing party you planned for me?” I asked breathlessly.

Killian smirked, holding me tight against him. "I think you'd enjoy it more if I . dragged you away."

"Unfortunately, I can't do that until I give you your present." Killian sighed, taking my hand in his own. He led me into the party, stopping by one of the many tables for a drink.

I settled on a soda while Killian drank that strange amber liquid he seemed to favor. I could only assume it was alcohol.

I followed Killian to the porcelain fountain that stood in the middle of the clearing. It looked even better up close. The water in the fountain twinkled under all of the lights.

"Your present should be arriving any moment." Killian smiled down at me, trailing his hand down the side of my face. I closed my eyes and leaned into the comforting sparks. I couldn't believe he had planned all of this for me. I had never felt so special before.

"Claire?" A familiar voice pulled me from Killian's side. I whipped my head around at the sound.

"Hazel!" I practically screamed. I blinked my eyes like an idiot, wondering if she really was here. I had my answer when Brandon came into view.

Just when I thought I couldn't feel any more surprised, four more people came into view. My Mom, Dad, Sabrina, and Derek caught my eye.

I looked at Killian incredulously.

"You did this?" I gasped, looking into his silver eyes as though I were seeing him for the first time.

"Happy Birthday." He smiled down at me.

I felt the tears fill my eyes and I jumped into his arms. I wanted him to know how much I appreciated what he had done for me.

I didn't realize I was crying until he leaned down to wipe my tears away.

"Don't cry, little mate. Go see your family." He spoke softly, cupping my face and giving me an extremely tender kiss. Feeling lightheaded, I ran to my friends and family. I couldn't imagine the night .getting better.

Well... One thing could make it better. But I kept that thought tucked neatly away.

"I can't believe it." Hazel gasped, "We're here, and you're here, and you're happy, and you look amazing!" She sputtered, obviously overwhelmed.

I launched myself into her arms, both of us laughing as though we hadn't spent any time away from each other. From what I could tell, Hazel hadn't changed a bit. The only thing different about her was the glistening mark that displayed itself on her neck.

"You've got to meet Kira and Maria, you're going to absolutely love them." beamed at her, "Just don't let them take my best friend away."

"As if that could ever happen!" She giggled, "I'm assuming they were the ones responsible for this?" She laughed, gesturing to my outfit.

"Oh of course." I giggled, "You think I could ever put this together without your help?"

"Not a chance." She sniffled.

I turned away from Hazel and pulled Brandon in for a hug. He still looked the same, as if no time had passed. I could feel Killian's jealousy b**n through him at the sight of me in another male's arms, but I could also feel him reigning it in. He didn't want to ruin this moment for me. That made me care for him even more.

"Thing's haven't been the same without you." Brandon smirked down at me, letting me step away from his open arms.

"Oh I don't doubt that." I giggled, elbowing him in the side.

My mom cleared her throat and I turned to face the rest of my family. The first person I ran to was Derek. He pulled me into his arms and squeezed me tight.

"It's nice to see you so happy, Claire." I heard his voice speak quietly in my ear.

"It's nice to finally feel happy." I giggled, looking up at him. I tried to tell him through my eyes that he had been right about everything. Killian had fixed what was broken inside of me, and gave me the time and space to find myself again.

"Mom, Dad." I couldn't help but beam at the two of them. They looked relieved to see how happy I was. I pulled both of them into my arms and tried to hold back the tears that wanted to fall.

"I can't tell you how happy I am that everything worked out for you, Claire." My mom sniffled in my ear. Even my dad was looking a little teary eyed.

"You have no idea. Killian has helped me so much." I smiled at the two of them, hoping they could see how happy I was. I knew Killian's reputation still frightened them, but I hadn't thought about that in a long time. His reputation was nothing in my eyes.

"He's a good guy, huh?" My dad mumbled to me and I couldn't help but smile at his protectiveness. I glanced over to Killian and stifled a giggle as he winked at me.

“He’s a good guy, Dad. He can be a little abrasive at first, but I know someone else whose like that.” I teased, giggling as his cheeks turned red.

“It’s great to see you, brina.” I smiled at my little sister, all of my thoughts cut short as I looked at her torso.

“It’s great to see you too, Claire-bear.” She smirked back at me, watching my surprised expression.

“No way.” I was pretty sure my jaw had dropped to the floor.

I let my eyes trace over the small bump that protruded from Sabrina’s stomach, and I glanced at the glistening mark on her neck.

“I’m due in six months, but time is flying by.” She beamed back at me. I pulled her into a hug and laughed with her. I couldn’t believe my baby sister was going to be a mom.

I remembered back to the last time I had hugged my little sister. I was terrified of leaving home with Killian, determined to put as much distance between I and my mate as I could. So much had changed.

I spent the next few hours talking with my family, enjoying their company like I never had before. I couldn’t help but giggle, even when my mom commented on my revealing dress. All of the things that had annoyed me about my family, I now cherished. They were annoying and imperfect, but they cared about me.

I introduced Hazel to Kira and Maria, and I swore something clicked when they all had met. I somehow managed to stay on the sidelines as they launched into a heated conversation about fashion and makeup.

“I wonder where Brandon went.” frowned, looking around at the crowd of people.

“Brandon? He said he smelled something weird and just walked away.” Hazel shrugged, not thinking much of it.

“You don’t think?” I frowned, remembering the last time I smelled something so intoxicating. That was the night I met Killian.

“Nuh uh.” Hazel gasped, her eyes scanning the crowd urgently.

“There, isn’t that Brandon!” Kira jumped, pointing off to the side.

Brandon was sitting on one of the flower covered benches, a gorgeous yet familiar blonde woman was sitting next to him. I could tell they were flirting by the way Brandon’s cheeks heated. Brandon had finally found his mate. He held one of her hands in his own.

“Isn’t that the girl who talked s**t on you.” Kira glared at her.

“Rachel?” My jaw dropped. Brandon had finally found his mate, and it was Rachel.

“Oh h**l no. Do we need to say something to her?” Hazel growled at the pretty blonde.

I jumped into action, “No, no, no. Rachel did say some rude things, but Brandon is her mate. They both deserve to be happy.” I shrugged. I smiled on at Brandon and Rachel, and I couldn’t help but feel happy for the two of them.

“Sounding more and more like a Luna everyday.” Killian’s deep voice rumbled from behind me. I rolled my eyes as Kira wagged her eyebrows at me and pulled Hazel and Maria away.

“You think so?” I smiled up at him.

“I do.” Killian replied, leaving kisses along my cheek and lips.

I followed Killian with a smile as he led me to the dance floor, grabbing my hips just in time for a slow song to start.

“I thought you didn’t dance?” I raised my eyebrow at him, remembering conversation we had after leaving the club.

“I don’t, but this is a slow song and it’s your birthday.” He smirked down at me.

“This night is full of surprises.” I giggled, knowing he had no idea what I was planning to do tonight.

“Enjoy this while it lasts,” His voice grew deeper with each word. “The next time I’ll be dancing is at our wedding.”

If Killian wasn’t holding my hips, I was sure I would’ve collapsed. My cheeks flushed red as I stammered, trying to find something to say.

“You get that from your father, y’know.” His smirk deepened as his hand trailed down my flaming cheeks.

We turned and shuffled in beat with the song, our eyes not leaving each other for one second.

The entire night seemed to pass in the span of an hour, but I knew it was much longer than that. I could feel myself growing tired with each song that passed. I spent as much time as I could with my friends and family. Killian even made an effort and talked to my parents, which also had my jaw dropping to the ground.

After many tearful goodbyes, my family had left to make the long trip home. My nerves had finally caught up to me, and I tried to stifle the butterflies that swarmed in my stomach.

I wouldn't let my fear stop me tonight.

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 29

Killian had driven the two of us back to the house, and all was quiet until we reached our bedroom. Before either of us could change, I pulled Killian close to me and said the words I had been waiting all night for.

"I can't thank you enough for this. No one has ever done so much for me." I sighed, hoping he could understand just a fraction of what I felt.

"You deserve so much more, Claire." His smile was soft and sweet, and yet again I was thankful that I got to see that side of him.

"I just-" I stopped, taking a deep breath.

I let the words I had been wanting to say slip through my lips, damn the consequences.

"I love you, Killian." My voice came out soft, but I had never been more sure of anything. I could feel his shock radiate through my body, and the absolute joy that accompanied it.

And before I knew it, I was swept away. Killian lifted me from the floor and had me against the wall. I wrapped my legs around his waist and smiled into the passionate kiss he was giving me.

I embraced the sparks that caressed my face.

"I love you too, little mate. I have for awhile now." Killian said quietly. I knew without asking that this was something he hadn't said in a long time, but I could also feel his awe and conviction as he said it.

I gave into the passionate kisses, and let his tongue take control of my own.

"I want to mark you." My own voice sounded quiet, timid almost. He looked at me as though he hadn't heard me correctly. Sierra howled and squirmed with pleasure, she had been waiting for this for so long.

“You do?” His voice was deep, and his chest rumbled in satisfaction. His eyes scanned my face in shock, looking for any sign of indecision on my part.

“You’re mine. I should’ve done it when I first told you that.”

I smiled softly at him. I didn’t protest when he sat us down on the bed, me straddling his lap.

I trailed kisses down his jaw, smiling at the rough stubble that tickled my lips. I nipped and kissed down his neck, as he had done to me many times. I let my lips settle on the perfect place for my mark. Feeling my canines lengthen, I sank them into his soft skin.

He didn’t flinch, or give any indicator that I was hurting him.

I retracted my teeth and licked away the blood that had formed, Sierra and I smiled, wondering what the mark would look like once his wound healed.

My lips found Killian’s, and I gave into the hunger that I had been feeling for weeks. His lips felt hot as they trailed down my neck and back up to my face. I tugged on his shirt, growling against his lips. With a small chuckle, he removed his shirt and smirked as my eyes trailed. his chest.

I placed my lips back on his own and sighed as his tongue slipped through my parted lips. I let my hands trail down his chest, lingering on each muscle. I could feel his chest rumble as I took my time.

When I finally pulled away, I was breathless. He leaned his forehead against my own as we both steadied our breath.

A sudden rush of courage ran through me and I decided to make the next move.

Letting my dress rise up my thighs, I straddled him as he sat on the edge of the bed. Our lips found each other again and I didn’t hesitate as I began to grind myself on the hardness between his legs.

Killian growled and held my hips, trying to keep me still. Little did he know, I was determined to keep going.

A little giggle escaped my lips as I pressed myself harder against him.

“Claire,” Killian growled, pulling away to look into my eyes. “If you don’t stop grinding on me I will take you right here.”

“Then do it.” I told him, giving him my best seductive smirk. Satisfaction rushed through me as I watched the shock on Killian’s face.

I could feel him finally let go, and stop holding back his desires. The strongest rush of lust and love rushed through me, and I realized it was coming from him. He had definitely been holding back.

His lips found mine with newfound hunger, and I moaned as his hands traveled my body. I was so distracted by his touch that I hardly noticed it when a loud ripping sound filled the room.

Cold air lapped against my b**e back as I looked at the scattered bits of my dress that littered the floor.

Killian flipped me over so that I was on my back, looming over me he peppered kisses down my neck. I could feel my face heat up as he ripped away the front part of the dress, the part that was concealing my body from him.

As the cold air lapped at my b****s and stomach, his eyes devoured me. I was sure my cheeks were flaming, but I resisted the urge to cover myself up.

My eyes widened as Killian grabbed the bra I was wearing and ripped it down the middle, tossing it aside to devour my b****s.

“So beautiful.” He growled to himself.

He leaned his mouth down to my breast and flicked his tongue against my nipple. I gasped at the foreign sensation. Sparks intertwined with waves of pleasure and I wanted more.

Little moans escaped my mouth as Killian devoured my b****s with his mouth, his other hand rubbing against the wetness seeping through my underwear.

Killian was taking his sweet time, and it was absolutely driving me insane. I could feel the pressure building in my p**y, and all I wanted was to feel him inside of me.

I sucked in a sharp breath as Killian tore my underwear away, brushing his finger against my swollen c**t. After kissing my lips and cheek a couple times, he positioned his face between my legs and looked up at me.

A loud moan escaped my lips as his tongue came out and flicked my c**t. He inserted one of his fingers into me and pumped it in and out, his tongue still lapping at my p**y.

My moans grew louder as I felt myself getting closer and closer. Just as I was about to reach my o****m, Killian pulled away with a smirk on his face.

My vision was clouded with desire as I watched Killian slip his pants off. His thick member tumbled out, swollen and ready for me.

He positioned himself inbetween my legs, still leaving kisses along my jaw.

“Mm, are you sure about this little mate?” His amused voice rushed against my ear.

I stifled a groan, “I’m ready. Please Killian.” I moaned as he rubbed the head of his c**k against me.

“You’re going to have to tell me what you want, Claire.” I could feel his smirk as he nibbled on my neck.

I lifted my hips and ground myself against his throbbing c**k, whimpers leaving my parted lips.

“Please Killian, I want it inside of me.” I whimpered, the sight of his darkened eyes only making me want him more.

I felt him begin to push the head of his c**k inside of me and involuntarily tensed up.

“Relax, little mate. I promise you’ll enjoy this.” His husky voice rumbled in my ear.

I felt myself relax as his lips traveled my neck. His other hand grabbed my b****s, teasing my n****s.

I could tell he was trying to distract me, and I happily let him. He gently slid his c**k inside of me, and flinched at the feeling of my most sensitive part stretching.

I whimpered onto his lips, letting my nails dig into his shoulders. I felt like I was being torn in half. The sparks from his touch soothed some of the pain, and I wondered when the pleasure would begin.

Killian rocked his hips gently, using his hand to play with my swollen c**t.

I was torn between pain and pleasure while my body tried to get used to the girth of Killian’s c**k.

Slowly, the pain was replaced by overwhelming pleasure. My pain-filled whimpers were replaced by breathless moans.

“Harder, Killian.” I moaned, looking into his lustful eyes. They darkened at my words with a growl he buried his face in my neck and slammed into me.

The only sounds in the room were my moans of ecstasy, Killian’s husky growls, and the sound of flesh on flesh.

He slammed his c**k into me forcefully, occasionally giving attention to my neck, b****s and swollen c**t.

I screamed his name more times than I could count, which only made him quicken his pace, his animalistic grunts filling the room.

“Don’t stop” I moaned, feeling the pressure in my p***y build with each forceful thrust.

With a loud growl, Killian flipped us both over so that I was now on top. My insecurities set to the side for the moment, I let his hips guide me as I rode him.

The sensation in this position was new, and I loved how Killian paid extra attention to my c**t and b****s. His eyes devoured me as I felt his c**k slide in and out of me.

“F**k, Claire.” Killian growled, one hand grabbing my waist as the other traveled from my b****s to my c**t.

I let his name leave my mouth as the pressure in my p***y reach it’s tipping point. Wave after wave of pleasure assaulted my body, and I let Killian watch me as the juices from my o****m ran down his c**k.

I felt his entire body tense up and his animalistic growls grow louder as he grabbed my hips and thrust himself inside of me. Finally, his c*m seeped inside of me and he pulled me down to his chest.

And that’s how we stayed for quite some time. I could feel my legs shaking, and my p***y throbbing with an unfamiliar soreness.

“I love you, Killian.” The words left my lips in a whisper, I could feel myself falling asleep against his b**e chest.

“I love you too, little mate.” His rough voice murmured back as his hand played with my hair.

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 30

I opened my eyes to the sound of Killian’s voice.

“Wake up, little mate. I have to leave for work.” His chest rumbled with laughter.

With a little groan, I lifted my head and looked into his silver eyes.

“Hm? Have a good day.” I smiled sleepily. I wrapped my arms tighter around him and buried my head against his chest.

“Come on you sleepy little thing.” Killian chuckled as he wrapped my legs around his waist and stood from the bed. A squeak of surprise left my lips.

“What are you doing?” I blushed, part of me hoping we would have a repeat of last night.

“We are getting a shower.” Killian chuckled, “But don’t think I wasn’t planning on taking you again.” His husky voice send shivers of desire down my spine.

I sighed happily as Killian stepped into the hot shower with me in his arms. He set me on my feet and turned me around so my back was facing him.

I was at a complete loss for words when he began running body wash along my back and shoulders.

I felt the strange feeling in between my legs return when his hand ran across my lower stomach, rubbing the body wash into my skin.

I turned around to face him and let myself melt into his arms. His lips found my own and I couldn’t think of anyone happier than I in this moment.

All too quickly our kisses became hungrier, more urgent. I didn’t argue when he lifted me again and placed my back against the warm tiles on the wall.

His fingers trailed lightly down my stomach and finally to my p***y, playing with my c**t as his mouth devoured my neck.

I whimpered when I felt his hard c**k press against my c**t, moving gently against my sensitive skin.

“Stop teasing me.” I moaned.

A smirk formed on Killian’s flawless face, “Now you see what you’ve been doing to me for weeks, little mate.”

My face heated, but the steaming water from the shower made my skin have a rosy hue anyway.

“Yeah, but I didn’t know I was teasing you.” I pouted, tightening my legs to pull him forward.

“That make’s it even worse. You’re too innocent to notice what you’re doing.” Killian smirked, his hands roaming my b*****s.

Without warning, Killian pushed his hardened member inside of me. I winced as I felt my opening stretch, but he was as gentle as ever.

The familiar ecstasy from last night returned and I marveled at how good it felt to have his c**k fill me.

This time his thrusts were slow, calculated and I wondered if this was what 'making love' felt like. I had always thought the term sounded silly, s*x was s*x. But as Killian looked into my eyes and peppered little kisses along my lips and jaw, I could tell this was something completely different.

Our orgasms erupted at the same time, leaving both of us panting. I looked into the eyes of my mate and wished that I could stay in this shower with him forever. Unfortunately Alpha's and Luna's weren't able to do such things.

After finishing our shower we quickly got dressed and made our way downstairs. My only qualm was how stinking obvious it was that we finished the mating process. Our scents had mixed completely and the mark on Killian's neck glittered proudly.

While I wasn't embarrassed, I knew Kira and Maria would have loads to say.

An errant thought ran through my head and I remembered Killian's words about Blake.

"Oh, Killian?" I asked, watching him as he cooked us a quick breakfast. He refused to let me touch anything in the kitchen while he was around.

"Yes, little mate?" He turned to look at me, his eyebrow raised as he felt the question I was going to ask.

I frowned, "What were you going to say about Blake yesterday?"

A dark look crossed over Killian's face and I regretted bringing anything up, but I needed to know.

"Stop by my office around 3, we can talk then." Killian sighed. I wondered what was weighing on him.

"You know, you can tell me anything right?" I frowned, walking into his arms and letting my fingers trail his rough face.

He looked down at me and gave me a sweet smile, "I know, Claire. I just don't like worrying you."

"I'm not afraid of them anymore, y'know." I smiled up at him, "I trust you, and I know you'll protect me."

"If only I had the same unwavering faith." He smirked down at me.

After eating our breakfast, Killian left for work and I struggled to find something to do. I nearly jumped with joy when Kira and Maria walked through the door, my worry about them smelling me had been forgotten.

“So, enjoy your surprise party?” Kira chirped, obviously still excited.

I smiled at the two of them, “Even though I specifically said I didn’t want a party, yes I absolutely loved it.” I giggled at their nervous faces.

“And how was last night?” Kira waggled her eyebrows at me, making me grimace.

“It was fine, thank you very much.” I replied, but my cheeks betrayed me and burned a violent shade of red.

Kira’s mouth popped open, “You did didn’t you?”

I nearly jumped out of my shoes when Kira and Maria leaned in and smelled me.

“You smell like Killian.” Maria smirked.

I rolled my eyes, “Yeah cause I’ve been sleeping in his bed for a month.”

“No, that was different. You still smelled like you. Now you smell like him.” Kira smirked, giving Maria a side glance.

“I want to know everything!” Maria gushed, practically jumping up and down.

Kira grimaced, “I don’t want to know the details of my brother mating.” She shuddered.

After giving Maria as little detail as possible, Kira decided a shopping trip was in order.

We stopped by countless shops, and lofts managed to get my hands on a few new dresses, shoes and some jeans.

We made our way inside of some crowded shop, everyone was buzzing with excitement.

“Um what’s going on?” I asked Kira, confused by the excited look on her face.

“Their having their annual half off sale.” Kira squealed, pointing to a purse that read \$399.99.

I frowned, “So its \$200?” What kind of purse was \$200?

“Um no, that’s the half off price.” Kira smirked.

I nearly choked, "So that purse is worth \$800?"

"Well, duh! Look at it!" Maria practically cooed.

So I guess I didn't like shopping quite that much. There was no way I could justify spending \$400 on a simple purse.

I felt my phone buzz in my back pocket and pulled it out.

"I'm gonna head outside, it's too loud in here." I shook my head, leaving Kira and Maria to buzz around the overpriced shop.

I put my phone to my ear just as I walked from the shop.

"Hello?" Was the first thing I said. I stood impatiently, listening to the silence on the other end.

Confused, I looked at the number that had called me. I didn't recognize the number, but it could've easily been one of my friend's or family from my old pack.

"Um, hello? Can you hear me?" I repeated, and the silence on the other end continued.

"Claire, I don't like this." Sierra's agitated voice called out.

"Shh, hold on. It could be mom or dad." I frowned at her.

Just as I was about to hang up someone spoke.

"Watch out, Claire. It isn't safe to be out alone." The deep voice grumbled.

"We need to get back to Maria and Kira. Now, Claire." Sierra urged. I looked around and couldn't see a single person in sight. I didn't see any threat.

I looked around confused. I wasn't alone. I was with Maria and Kira. I stood off to the side of the shop, trying to figure out what the h**l the stranger meant.

"You left your friends, Claire. They can't protect you." The static filled voice answered.

"Claire, get the f**k out of here!" Sierra shouted in my head.

I let my feet hastily carry me away from the side of the shop. I hadn't seen anyone lingering around, but Sierra had my nerves on end. My heart was raging in my chest.

"Look, I don't know who you are but-" My words were cut short when something hard slammed into the back of my head. Dazed and confused, I snarled as something sharp jabbed into my neck.

Everything became slow and jumbled while liquid fire rushed through my veins. The pain was unbearable, clouding my senses.

I felt my legs give out underneath me and plummeted to the ground.

Another wave of blunt force hit the back of my head, and everything went black.