

75. For Those We Loved

MORGANA

We had won!

A trumpet sounded, along with the howling of wolves ringing in the air. I knew for miles around it would be heard, resounding our victory. The fae seemed to realise what had happened and began to fall back. Kian shifted back, motioning for our men who were chasing the fae to stop. Yet his eyes didn't leave mine.

My heart thumped seeing him, completely fine... alive... We had made it.

I knew he was probably angry at the reckless move I had pulled but when Reuban had pulled me from the thick of the battle, I had shouted at him that I needed to go back. That was until I saw Kian's wolf in the midst of the fire. I rode on his back until I came to where Kian was fighting the final of the four commanders. The idea had come suddenly to me, and seeing the opportunity I had gone for it.

"That was fucking crazy." He growled, his eyes flashing, as my stomach fluttered. "But..."

I blushed faintly, realising he was completely naked as he pulled me into his arms.

"But...?" I asked, my heart pounding as I held on to him tightly.

"But fucking incredible. Just don't fucking do that again." He said huskily before his lips crashed against mine, sending rivets of pleasure coursing through me. I locked my arms around his neck, not caring that we were both covered in dirt and blood. The pain that I knew we were both feeling at the loss of our friends, family and people remained, but right now, all I needed was his touch to tell me it was all ok...

"We have won." He whispered against my lips. I smiled softly, moving back as I stared into his eyes.

"We have."

He pulled away, looking around at our people. Vampires, elves and werewolves were gathering. I saw the two captains of the vampire armies, Orrian, Ajax and Reuban. Where was Luca?

I looked at Kian questioningly as one of his men gave him some pants, and he shook his head, my heart clenched.

We lost him...

"As one... We defeated this enemy... In the process, we lost a king... a beta... and many more. Each loss was not without cause. From this day forth, I promise that our kingdoms will always unite with yours. The Kingdom of Elandorr and The Sanguine Empire will always have Clair De Lune by their side, in hardship and when in need, we will be there for you. Today, victory was ours, yet it cost us greatly. Bury our dead and burn the enemy!" He said. I turned to the sun that was now in the sky, putting the burning fire around us to shame.

We had done it.

Two weeks had passed since that day. We had lost many, including Luca, Corbin, and to my surprise, even Sage. I knew Kian would always feel guilty for her end and I understood that. She truly loved him... and she had died for him...

And Azrael? I had gone to break the news to Anastasia... I will never forget the way she fell to her knees, crying for the loss of her beloved. I remained there by her side for two nights, promising to take care of my nephew and to always be there for him.

Azrael had died to save me. Despite his wrongs in life and his attitude, in the end, he had somewhat redeemed himself and did what was right. I would make sure Remiel became a king that both his father and mine would be proud of.

Anastasia would remain queen and run the kingdom alongside the royal advisors, until Remiel was old enough. I made sure to let Anastasia know that I would always be there for them when they needed me.

I had returned to Clair De Lune, we had my coronation with only the vital members of the council as witnesses, and I took my oath as Luna and Queen. A celebration would take place, but not until things were settled and the mourning period was over.

I now looked at Liana, who sat on her bed, her face pale. She looked lifeless. My heart clenched for her, for I knew that she wouldn't last long. It broke me to learn she had been pregnant. Kian's words from earlier rang in my ear. 'She won't last long after the baby is born.'

"How are you feeling, Liana?" Kian asked, sitting on the edge of her bed as he took her limp hand in his own.

"Dead." Came her hollow reply as she stared past us out towards the window, unseeing.

"I know..." Kian said quietly. "The doctor said the baby is doing well..."

"An orphan." Liana whispered, now turning her gaze to Kian as I sat next to her pillow, wrapping my arms around her shoulders.

I knew Luca's death had affected Kian, no matter how strong he acted. I can only imagine what Liana was going through. Just thinking of losing Kian made my chest squeeze painfully.

Kian sighed.

"It won't be an orphan; I will raise Luca's child as my own. I promise you that." He said quietly. "Your child will always have the love of parents."

Tears started streaming down her cheeks and she nodded.

"Thank you..."

She knew she'd die soon, I too promised silently to always take care of this child.

Kian's gaze turned to mine, and I gave him a small sad smile as our eyes met. Time doesn't heal

everything, but it does make things easier...

KIAN

The aftermath is worse than the battle. Knowing how many we lost, how many more we would lose as they follow their mates... how many children will become orphans? There is never enough strength to handle it all.

Nothing is ever as planned, even the battalions I had organised in hopes Morgana was at the safest point had thrown me fucking off. A mistake on my part, knowing that in war anything can happen. The worry I had felt for her when I couldn't get to her had made me sick. Watching Luca die...everything...

Time... Time would make it easier.

We had already begun trade with the Sanguine Empire. The food was so shockingly scarce there that I was surprised they were even surviving, but it was clear Malachi Araton wanted to destroy their kingdom from inside first before pretending to raise them to great heights.

It was evening now and I was heading to the cells to visit Cain. He had requested a meeting with me and so, I agreed. As for his mate, I had given her and their children a home. Cain would pay for his crimes, but his family were not part of that.

I gave the guards' curt nods before walking through the cold halls until I reached his cell. He was sitting on the stone floor, but the moment he saw me, he stood up, grabbing the bars and rattling them before letting go as the silver burned him.

"Let me out!" He hissed.

"You wanted to see me, I hope you had a reason because this is the last time I'm going to bother to ever come here." I said coldly.

"You can't keep me here forever, Kian! I will not let this slide!"

My eyes flashed, Thanatos' growl echoed in the cell as he fought to take over.

"You will respect your Alpha!" I growled, our voices overlaying one another's.

Cain looked away, and I knew, despite being an Alpha, Thanatos had an effect on him even if it wasn't absolute.

"You are here because of your mate and children, otherwise, I would have killed you." I said coldly. "You will never be free Cain, you will remain here until your last fucking day."

"No! NO!" He shouted.

"We are done."

I didn't care. If he had nothing to say, then I was done. With those words, I turned and walked away. His shouting of promises to kill me and to ruin me followed, but that's all he could do.

The weakest always bark the loudest...

I returned to my quarters feeling exhausted. The last two weeks had been hard. The few days Morgana had gone to the Sanguine Empire for had been the worst, I vowed to never let her go anywhere without me ever again.

I entered my bedroom to see her in a silk black nightdress with a criss-cross string back detailing. It revealed her smooth, creamy skin and those jutting shoulder blades as she sat upon her vanity stool, braiding her hair. Something I wanted to see her do every night... to return home every night, to her.

She turned, a smile crossing her face as she looked at me. Her eyes instantly softened with concern as she approached me, her hips swaying and fuck it, like always she captured my attention. I shut the door, pulling my shirt off, too tired to do anything but simply wanting to hold my woman and sleep.

She cupped my face.

"Want to talk about it?" She asked softly.

I snaked my arms around her waist, pressing my forehead to hers, relishing the sparks that coursed through me.

"Can I just hold you?" I said quietly.

For once, Thanatos remained quiet, probably understanding how fucking drained I was.

"When has my sexy hot chocolate ever asked?" She whispered seductively, making me fucking twitch.

"Good fucking point." I replied huskily.

I have no fucking idea how she can get me turned on, even with one fucking sentence, but she did. I groaned, tangling my hand through her hair, not caring that I was ruining the braid she had just done as I claimed her lips in a passionate kiss.

She guided us to the bed, breaking away to move the blanket back. She pulled me down, resting her head on the cushions, and tugged me down until my head was resting on her arm. I slipped my hand under the arch of her waist, curling my arms around her as I pulled her flush against me. My head was buried in her breasts.

She stroked my hair.

"Sleep my love, it's been a tiring few weeks for you." She whispered softly.

"Hmm... I love you... You fucking know that right?"

"I do." She replied softly, leaning over she turned the lamps off, plunging us into darkness as I inhaled her scent, enjoying the closeness to her. "Kian... your journals, can I read them?"

My journals? My thoughts... Scraps of paintings I had done... If anyone asked me a year ago if I'd ever let anyone read them, I would have scoffed, but Morgana? The answer was clear.

"Of course."

"Really?!"

"They are spelled though. Only the keys around my neck can open them and only if I give these keys to someone willingly." I replied.

"Damn, so even though I once wanted to read them... I wouldn't have been able to. You really are careful."

I could hear the amusement in her voice, I raised an eyebrow and stared up at her.

"Care to fucking share?" I asked.

"Let's just say, I've wanted to see what secrets you were hiding in those journals for a long time." She replied, kissing the top of my head.

"Yeah, well if they were that easy to get into, they wouldn't just be lying around..." I murmured, raising an eyebrow, before reaching up and tugging her down.

"I guess that's true." She said, frowning slightly, her gaze dipping to my lips as I smirked.

"Exactly." I said, kissing her once more.

76. Heaven & Hell

KIAN

The following morning, I left Morgana with my journals. Not something I wanted to do, but... she's mine and if she wants to know my past, she has the fucking right to. I just didn't want to be around before she discovered all my fucking secrets, especially my doubts and my doodles.

I was trying to remember everything I'd written, when I froze. Wait... I'm sure there were some passages about Sage. Fuck! Before I could even get up from my office chair, there was a knock on the door and Kai stepped inside.

"You called for me, Kian?" He asked.

I ran my hand down my face, massaging my jaw. The chances she'd read those chapters were minimal... right? There were several journals, I better make this fucking quick.

"I did, take a seat." I said, motioning with a jerk of my head towards the seats opposite. "I know things have changed between us with time... Our priorities and decisions shaped our future and it, in turn, made us take different paths... but you are a good person Kai. Let's work on our bonds before it's too late."

Kai nodded.

"Thank you, Kian... I'm just grateful to get to be around. What you did for Cain's family speaks highly of the king you are, one that our parents would have been so proud of." He said with a smile.

"Tell me, Kai, what should a good king be? Feared, loved, just or respected?"

He seemed uncertain about my question before he became thoughtful.

"A good king is loved and respected, a fair king is just and feared, but the best of kings is the one who puts his people before everything, the one willing to let go of everything as long as it means their safety. You should go to the capital city, Kian. People are singing praises of yours and Lady Morgana's deeds, your venture to Elandorr and The Sanguine Empire. You are not a good king, neither are you a fair king, but you are the greatest king we've ever had, and I'm proud of you." He said, a smile on his face.

Too innocent for this life, but his words still moved something inside.

"Have you heard of that saying, behind every successful man is a great woman?"

"Yeah, like you and your Luna." Kai said.

I shook my head, thinking of my little she-devil's smile.

'She's fucking gorgeous.' Thanatos added.

I agree.

"No, not like Morgana and I, because she isn't behind me. She is always right beside me, we are one and fucking equal." I said with pride.

Kai grinned.

"Damn, the sexist, arrogant Kian treating a woman as an equal, I'm surprised but proud." He said before realising what he had just said. "Sorry, that was uncalled for."

"It's fine. In fact, you're not wrong. She changed me. We were like heaven and hell, clashing over everything. I hated her for who she was, not knowing it was what she was that I needed." I said quietly, "Anyway, enough about me. The reason I called you here is because I've decided to make you my Beta."

His eyes flew open, and he looked at me in complete shock.

"Me as Beta? But..."

"I trust you Kai, I believe you can be the Beta my pack needs, this kingdom needs. Let's forget the past and start afresh." I said quietly.

He looked at me, hesitating for a moment before determination settled into his eyes and he nodded.

"I won't let you down."

"You won't, or I'll fucking have your head." I said smirking, as I stood up.

He grinned. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

"We'll have a small initiation soon." I said, "Now I need to go do something."

He nodded and I left my office, wondering how much Morgana had read...

'Serves you fucking right if she gets angry at you, I just hope she doesn't get angry at me too for your deed!' Thanatos growled. 'But I can take over if she's angry and you can be on time out. Mate would like that.'

'You can carry on fucking wishing for that.'

MORGANA

I had spent the morning reading Kian's journals, it felt like an entirely new world. He painted! He painted and I didn't even know how good he was until now. He had small pages slid in between his journal of things he had made. God he was so talented, I couldn't deny he was good with those hands, whatever he did with them.

The recent one talked a lot about the worries he had for the kingdom, and there were several entries about me; the night he first saw me... It made me blush because, despite him not being much of a talker, he sure knew how to pen down a beautiful paragraph...

'... wanting to bend before her and treat her like the goddess she is. Her creamy, flawless skin was almost begging for me to leave my mark on every inch of her...'

The last entry was him fearing his falling for me and how no other woman appealed to him any longer, that he needed and wanted me, and me alone. I loved that, I could really see his emotions i

n his words.

I opened an older diary, beginning to skim through it. Ten minutes later, I was annoyed. Some parts really pissed me off.

'Another great night with Sage, I think she'd make a fine Luna. She keeps me satisfied and she isn't up in my face unless I want her to be. She's the type of woman I can picture as my queen.'

And then this.

'That Omega was fucking fine, those breasts were fucking perfect, I think I'll add her to my favourites-'

My eyes blazed with irritation just as the door opened and Kian stood there.

"I hate you!" I said, throwing the journal at him. He ducked and it narrowly missed him.

"Yeah, worst fucking mistake to give those to you." He said as I jumped off the bed and glared at him.

"Oh yeah? That's your worst mistake? Not everything written in that?! Well, you should go find your Omega with those perfect breasts, I don't want to see you." I frowned, crossing my arms.

He raised an eyebrow, picking up the journal.

"This is a few years old... and I'm sure we've made it clear that no one is on par with you." He said.

"Yeah, but reading that really pissed me off!" I snapped, jealousy flaring inside of me. "You talking about having the perfect night with your ex isn't pleasant to read!"

"I wasn't talking about it... it was written, remember?"

He yanked me into his arms and I hit his chest, struggling to free myself, but he refused to let go, the sparks at his touch coursing through me.

"Let go of me, Kian!"

"Not until you calm the fuck down. It's my past, I'll get rid of that shit. You're the one who wanted to read them." He said, looking around for something.

I glared at him,

"Still irritating to read." I said, "I want to burn it all."

"Then go the fuck ahead. You are all I fucking want." He growled, his eyes flashing as he tilted my head up, crashing his lips against mine.

I gasped the moment his tongue assaulted my mouth, as his rough lips dominated the kiss. I pulled away, despite the pleasure that consumed me. He walked over to the shelf, taking something off of it.

"What is that?" I asked as he held something out to me.

Matches.

"What does it look like. Burn it, it'll probably calm you the fuck down."

I glared at him.

"I assure you I will burn it." I said, feeling extremely possessive of him.

He was mine and if there was one person who he should call perfect, it was me, even if I wasn't perfect!

"Go ahead." He said.

I frowned as he kicked away the rug on the floor, leaving a large section free with only the journal that had pissed me off in the middle.

I pouted. Why did I feel like this was a trick.

"I'll do it." I threatened.

He smirked.

"Do it then, I'm getting bored of this hesitation sunshine. If you want to destroy it, get a fucking move on." His arrogant voice came.

Frowning I bent down, lifting the diary from the corner. I lit a match, lighting the corner of the book, watching the flames eat the paper with speed. My eyes watching Kian challengingly as he stood there, arms crossed. Unbothered. I dropped it to the ground staring at him. He smirked as I raised the match to my lips, I stuck my tongue out and licked the flaming match, putting it out with a fizzle.

"Done." I said seductively, despite the challenge in my voice, tossing the match to the floor where the fire was burning bright.

Kian's eyes were blazing gold as he closed the gap between us, pulling me close and slamming me up against the wall, his lips crashing against mine. Pure carnal hunger was raging through him and I could feel it through the bond, mixing with my own desire to unleash my anger and lust in the way we both knew best.

"You're fucking lethal, my beautiful little she-devil." He rasped, his voice mixed with Thanatos' as his lips pressed against mine roughly once more.

I moaned, loving the way he dominated me completely, his hands pinning my wrists against the wall, his hard-on pressing against my stomach. He broke away from my lips, assaulting my neck with bruising, delicious kisses. His hands let go of my wrist, ripping my clothes off, not caring for the burning pile on the floor or the ash that floated in the air.

I knew even if we burned the entire room down, we wouldn't care. His hands squeezed my breasts, twisting and pinching the nipples.

"Kian..." I gasped, the moment his fingers slammed into my pussy.

"I owe you a punishment." He growled as I ripped his shirt off, scraping my nails down his chest.

"Oh fuck!" I moaned, feeling pleasure rock my body as he curled his fingers inside of me.

"Like that baby?" He asked huskily, his thumb rubbing my clit.

"Fuck yes! Kian, that's it..." I whimpered, my mind consumed by how good this felt. I twisted my fingers into his tight curls, knowing it would hurt a little. But what's love and sex without a little pain?

"Fuck." He growled, delivering a sharp tap to my pussy. "Look at that pussy, all wet for me..."

I ripped his pants off him completely licking my lips at the sight of his cock that was standing to attention.

Oh fuck... I loved everything about him.

I bit my lip.

"Punish me then." I whispered, parting my legs, cupping my naked breasts and sticking my tongue out before I licked my upper lip seductively.

His eyes blazed, his free hand wrapping around my neck, his lips crashing against mine in a mind-blowing kiss. I could feel my orgasm building, that knot inside me growing as the pleasure built.

"Fuck Kian... Oh, baby, that's it!" I whimpered loudly.

He sped up and I gasped. His fingers were fucking me hard and fast, I screamed out, feeling intense pleasure grow inside of me as my juice squirted everywhere, making him growl in approval as I drenched his hand.

"That's my girl, fuck!"

I let out a loud moan as my orgasm ripped through me and my entire body sizzled with euphoric pleasure, my body trembling from the jarring release. He didn't give me time to recover. His lips were on my breathless ones for a moment before he pulled me towards the bed, one hand still massaging my pussy. He pushed me down onto the bed, his eyes on my breasts as they bounced. He pushed my legs apart and went down on me.

"Kian, I..." I moaned when his tongue began licking up my juices, I felt extra sensitive, but it was perfect... Fuck...

I throbbed, feeling my orgasm building once again, but this time, he pulled away from my clit, sucking on the corners of my inner thighs and making me gasp at the sting of pain and pleasure, knowing he had left a few hickeys.

"Now... time for that punishment." He murmured.

For a moment, I didn't realise what he meant until he walked off to his drawer, taking out a sealed tube of lube.

"Ready for me to fuck that ass of yours, love?"

My eyes widened in shock as I looked at that dangerously sexy smirk on his face. My eyes dipped to his massive cock.

Well, what's a punishment without fear? As much as I knew this would hurt, even if he used an entire bottle of lube, I also wanted it, the anticipation within me growing.

"Ready as can be." I murmured, rolling onto my stomach and wiggling my hips before squeezing my ass. "Fuck me hard, Alpha."

A growl ripped from his throat, and I heard him flip the lid, squeezing some of the gel onto his hands.

"On your knees."

I obliged and I felt his finger rub between my ass cheeks, one hand parting my ass cheeks as his finger slowly penetrated me.

I bit my lip, feeling the sharp pain. It wasn't the first time he had used his fingers, he was definitely stretching me out and getting me ready for him.

"That's it, relax." He murmured, despite how much I knew he wanted me, he was still taking it steady.

Squeezing another doze of lube onto his fingers, he squeezed another finger into me, making me whimper.

"Fuck, that's it." I whispered, pleasure coursing through me. His fingers moved inside of me, relaxing me, it felt so good... I moaned, as he worked on readying me for him.

Two fingers and his cock were two different things, and when he put some more lube onto his dick, I bit my lip, relaxing my body for him.

"If you need me to stop, let me know." He growled, but I think we both knew I wasn't going to.

I could take it, he was made for me, in every way. The moment his mushroom tip pressed against my entrance, I bit my lip, feeling the intense pleasure as he slowly rubbed against my back entrance, bit by bit pressing himself into me.

"That's it, fuck Kian..." I breathed, gripping the sheets tightly. It was intense. He was stretching me out and I had to remember to breathe as he squeezed in.

"That's it. Look at this ass taking me so fucking good."

"Fuck baby." I whimpered, as he slowly began to move inside of me.

Breathe... His hands massaged my ass as he slowly began to fuck me, each thrust pushing into me a little bit more.

"Fuck Kian! Oh, that's it." I whimpered, gasping as he sped up. "A little faster."

He listened and I was soon moaning in pure pleasure mixed with the pain. The intensity of having him in my ass was so fucking strong and, although I knew this was going to hurt afterwards, I didn't care. I began to meet his thrusts with my own, making him growl in approval.

He spanked my ass, making me throb harder. His groans of pleasure mixed with my own moans were so perfect. The smell of fire, ash and sex in the air was all mingled. His hold on my hips was bruising as he fought to keep from ramming into me completely, despite me taking a good amount of him.

"Oh fuck, I'm coming!" I gasped, my eyes stinging with tears of pure ecstatic pleasure as my orgasm ripped through my body, making me scream out, dots appearing in my vision as my entire body trembled. Kian let out an animalistic growl as he shot his load into me, making me moan as I collapsed onto the bed on my stomach. His body came down on top of me, as I felt his dick slowly slide out of me and he rolled onto the bed next to me.

"You're bleeding." He murmured, massaging my ass slowly.

"I'll heal." I said, turning over as I pulled him against me and claimed his lips in a deep kiss. "I love you."

"I love you more, Morgana." He said quietly, my name rolling off his tongue so perfectly as if it were made for him.

Actually, it was, because I was made for him.