

Ascension of a Gamma

Chapter 39 Coldest Dark

Liam

When I came to, warmth seeped into me in electrifying currents. My lids felt heavy still, and in the darkness that I found myself floating in, I clung to this comforting warmth that melted away the cold. Here I felt nothing, heard nothing, tasted nothing beyond what was supposed to be my physical body. I contemplated if this was death, or the transition to it, but the warmth calmed me down. I could feel it inside me, coming from my wrists then up to my arms, as it dispersed through every part of me. It made me feel alive, gave me hope of something... that I couldn't quite point out.

There used to be voices I couldn't decipher, whispers and a far distant scream. There used to be a woman with the light behind her that I couldn't see her face. I didn't hear them anymore. I couldn't see her anymore. My mind was so sure of these and now... I wasn't.

I continued to drift in and out of consciousness, and every time I was awake, I was still floating, and I couldn't open my eyes. The cold was gone. There were only darkness and warmth. I had forgotten who I am and how I got here. I tried many times to bring back something in my mind, for an image to come up... anything; there was none.

It was like my mind was a blank slate, and it scared me because it felt like I was forgetting something important. The longer I stayed here, the more I wanted out. To open my eyes, to move my limbs, to utter a single sound... but I was helpless. It was getting lonely, and it was scaring me.

If I didn't leave this place, I felt like it would consume me. I would lose something...

Something...

The warmth itself was fading and the cold was returning. It was coming back with an unforgiving freeze that enveloped me whole. I couldn't feel my legs now and I could feel it creeping up my body. There was no pain. Still, I refused to succumb to it.

There were darkness and cold now. Where had the warmth gone? It was more comforting

My fingers had gone numb. My entire lower body had frozen. It felt like it would only be a matter of time before the cold had covered me entirely, turning me into a numb, unfeeling being. I missed the warmth. I missed that something...

Darkness is pulling me back into itself again...

When I came to, I felt it! It was faint, but it was there... warmth. I felt it in my fingers then it slipped away. I felt it again.

Please don't leave me...

Something fell on my cheek. Something warm and wet. It slid off my cheek and then I felt a brush of warmth across it. My heart beat louder than before. I could hear it in my ears, the first sound I heard in a long time. It beat faster and faster... it was getting hard to breathe. It needed to calm down, but it wouldn't stop.

With every raging beat, with every gasp of air, the tightening in my chest and the warmth on my cheeks pushed away the

TEST TNumE Warmth on my cheeks pushed away the cold – down my waist to my thighs, to my calves, then out my toes. I tried wiggling the big toe, and it moved!

My arms were starting to float again, and trying, my fingers flexed! More wet drops fell on my skin, only this time it was on my right hand, where it was warmest after it left my cheeks. I focused on the warmth ... the source...

I was getting lightheaded. My heart seemed to want to tear itself out of my chest and my lungs were expanding more than they should. To my surprise, my mouth opened. No sound came out, but I was able to move it!

I focused on opening my eyes, forcing the weight off them. The warmth called to me. I didn't want to lose it again... the paralyzing cold might return. The darkness, the cold, it was terrifying. I couldn't breathe. I was about to drift off again.

My chest rose to keep up with my heart. I gasped for air, then bright light flashed in my mind and my lids flew open. I quickly closed them again for they closed them again for the overhead light was blinding.

A gasp came from my side. Slowly opening my eyes, I let them adjust to the light. Light – no more darkness. Someone appeared in front of me I squinted my eyes to see the person better – my vision was blurry that I was seeing more than one image.

When I could see the person better, I realized it was a woman. A beautiful woman. Long black hair that fell to the sides of her face. She held my hand in her warm, soft hands. Did the warmth come from her?

Something wet fell on my hand and I realized that it was tears. Her lips quivered and her eyes were red from crying. Why was she crying?

"Liam," she whispered, and a smile graced her face. She brought my hand to her lips and her smile widened. "Liam," she repeated

Was she crying because of me? I hated seeing her cry. She saved me from that

Bring her cry. She saved me from that dark and cold place. She kept saying Liam' as she cried harder, but the smile never left her lips. Her smile suited her more than her tears.

I wanted to raise my hand and touch her face, wipe those tears with my hand. But the darkness tugged at the corner of my mind, pulling me back into it. I forced to move my fingers, to wrap them around her hand so she'd never let go. I don't know if she did, the darkness took over quickly.

I don't know how long I'd been out. I woke up with a heavy feeling on my chest.

Straining my neck to look down, I saw black hair. She smelled really nice – like freshly-cut roses and vanilla. My right hand was sweaty – her fingers were intertwined with mine. A tingling sensation crept under my skin.

It all felt pleasant. I sank my head back down on the pillow and inhaled deeply – So sweet and calming. She murmured something. I failed to catch what she said.

Slowly, I raised my left hand. It weighed like a ton that it dropped back down.

That it dropped back down. Sighing, I closed my eyes and basked in these sensations. I didn't know where I was, but I was safe. She made me feel safe.

I felt her shift, then groan. The weight left my chest and her fingers left mine. She exhaled and yawned, then I felt a peck on my cheek. It sent sparks all over my skin.

"Good morning, mate," she said sleepily.

Mate? She's my mate? Where's my wolf? Why isn't he talking to me?

He should be howling right now and telling me that we found our mate!

I felt another peck on my lips. It lingered longer than the first.

Goddess, she feels so soft.

"Won't you open your eyes, again?" she asked sadly. "Please, Liam?"

Who is this Liam? Is she referring to me? Is she talking to someone else? Where's my wolf!

Curiosity taking over, I opened an eye, ready to pummel whoever this Liam was. No one was taking my mate from me.

No one was taking my

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She gasped when I saw her, mouth shaping into a small "o". I must've surprised her.

Now, where is this Liam...

"Liam!" she screamed, then wrapped her arms to my sides and rested her head on my chest.

I'm Liam?

"You-You're... You're awake," she said, her voice breaking

She looked up at me and I saw that she was crying. She cupped my face and brought her lips back down on mine. She kept sniffing and laughing as she cried, and she kept saying I was awake. Had I slept for too long?

She kissed my face all over and I pulled my lips into a smile. My heart jumped in joy and the tingling spread. She was getting too excited about me waking up. I had a clingy mate.

What is she doing here? Where is here?

The last thing I remember was... was...

Nothing.

Nothing

I opened my mouth to speak but all that came out was a throaty whisper. She wiped her tears off, the smile staying on her face.

Goddess, my mate's beautiful. Why'd she stop kissing me?

"I knew you were awake!" she exclaimed. "You came back. You promised me you'd come back. I waited, and waited... I knew you'd come back to us, to me."

She caressed my cheek and fresh tears fell from her eyes

"I love you so, so much," she said, then kissed me again. 2

I never left, did I? Did I go somewhere? She looked so relieved at seeing me awake. Did she say she love me?

My mate loves me!

As much as I loved her kisses, I couldn't shake the feeling of dread that came over me. She seemed to know me more than I knew myself – talking about promises and coming back and waking up and saying names I didn't know. Try as I might, I couldn't remember... anything.

I heard something click and a Lexy came in, followed by a kid with strawberry colored hair and a taller one with no shirt on. They all wore shocked expressions on their faces and none of them moved for a few moments.

Then the girl screamed brother and ran to my other side. She began to cry too and then she ran her hand on my hair.

"You-You're really awake," she said as she ugly cried. 2

The two men turned their heads as they raised a hand to their faces. Were they crying too? Why was everybody crying? Did somebody die? Did... did I almost die?

It made me uncomfortable. I couldn't remember anything, and my body weighed like lead. My wolf wasn't responding and the only thing I was sure of was that this beautiful woman in front of me was my mate. I could trust her. The rest of them, especially that half-naked guy, I didn't want him anywhere near her. No one was seducing my mate but m

"He's glaring at you," she said with a

e's glaring at you," she said with a laugh, turning to look at him.

Don't look at him!

"His ass is on a hospital bed. I'm scared, alright," he replied.

"Don't mind him, Liam," she said, kissing my hand. "How are you feeling?"

Not good.

Who is he and why do you two seem close? And what is your name?

The girl beside me spoke. "I'll have to check on his vitals and run some tests, but he should be alright. You idiot! You had us worried sick! Idiot, idiot, idiot brother!"

She's my sister? She talks a lot.

I swallowed gathered saliva then wet my lips. Taking a deep breath, I tried to speak. I sounded like I gargled nails.

"Who?" I asked, and my mate drew closer. I inhaled her scent to calm my nerves. "Who... are... you?"

She stilled. She blinked her eyes a few times. The sparkle in her eyes
disappeared as the color drained from her face.

"Wha-What is he talking about?" she asked the girl, who was my sister.

"It's me," she said, caressing my cheek." Anna, your mate. Don't you remember me?"

I shook my head slowly to indicate no.

Should I remember her? Why can't I remember her?

"Bro, don't you know I am?" the girl asked.

I now knew her name's Lexy, and that she's probably my sister. I shook my head again.

"You're kidding me," the strawberry colored hair said.

The two walked towards me.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked.

I stared at him and shook my head.

"Look, I'm sorry for what I said earlier. -Don't stoop this low. It's my specialty to be the asshole, not yours," said the half naked man, who was now standing beside my mate.

Stay away from her...

"No..." she wailed. "Liam, this isn't funny!"

It wasn't. I wasn't even trying to be funny. If I did, I wished to make her laugh instead. Her tears pained me.

"Do you remember what happened before you passed out?" asked the stripper. I shook my head without looking at him. "The Alpha Duel? Alpha Myron? Nothing?"

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"The attack?" the strawberry added.

"No," I whispered. Their faces became

pale.

"Lexy..."

The girl was shaking her head while she stared at me. She dropped to the floor, but I heard her muffled cries.

"This can't be," she whispered.

My mate forced me to look at her.

mate forced me to look at her.

This is a joke, right?" she asked, her eyes hopeful.

Her name was Anna. "Liam... Liam Rose, tell me you are joking right now!" she screamed when I didn't respond.

I was this Liam Rose. I was the reason she was crying. Had I forgotten her? All of them?

Are they important to me? Who are they? Who am I? And why do their silence and cries cause me so much pain?

Chapter 40 Hopeful Return

– Anna –

He stared at me for an uncomfortable amount of time, brows furrowed in concentration. Then he looked away with downcast eyes, sighing.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled.

It had been like this for three days now. He'd randomly stare at me to figure out who I was only to look away and mumble an apology. It was painful seeing him so confused, so lost within his own world.

"It's alright," I said as I molded my hand into his.

We sat on the side of my bed in silence, waiting for Lexy and the others. They'd come every morning to check up on him, and talk to him, bringing up memories that might help him remember or at the very least trigger something.

For three days, I was beside him, never once leaving his side. He'd be scared if he was left alone, and when I use the bathroom to relieve myself, I'd come back to the room to see him waiting for m

k to the room to see him waiting for m e. I'd never imagined I'd see the big bad Alpha so broken, so helpless...

He was Liam and yet not Liam at the same time. He understood that I was his mate. The sensations that erupted from simple touches were proof enough.

Luca wasn't talking to him for some reason; hopefully, he would soon.

What were we to do but wait? He intertwined his fingers with mine and with an arm around my shoulders, pulled me closer to his side.

"I'm here."

We introduced ourselves, told him who he was – a name and a title. Rigel and Gale explained what happened after I passed out during the attack. I remember how he looked at me like I was his salvation.

"Thank you," he had said then, but I doubt he understood what it meant.

The pack was waiting for his return too. They worry about him, but just like that night, they trusted their Alpha. Red Claw Pack – they never ceased to amaze me. And he amazed me even more. His people

he amazed me even more. His people looked up to him, trusted him without a shadow of a doubt.

My Alpha...

A knock came from the door. I stood to open it, but he pulled me back down, fear in his eyes.

"I'm just going to open the door," I said with a small smile. He let me go then.

"Hey, Anna," said Gale as he walked in behind Lexy. "How're you doing?"

"Same as yesterday," I answered.

"Good morning, bro," said Lexy.

He nodded in response.

"How are you feeling?"

"Good."

"Have you experienced any changes since yesterday?"

He shook his head.

Lexy ran her hand through his hair. "If you feel anything... anything at all, you can tell me, alright? You can tell Anna, LOO."

Thank you," he replied.

Lexy checked his vitals again as Gale and I watched. He didn't want Rigel anywhere near me, and so my poor knight hadn't stepped foot in this room since we brought Liam here.

"How's the pack?" I asked Gale in a soft whisper.

"They're doing what they can. We lost four men from the attack and now our Alpha's..."

He paused, pocketing both hands in his jeans.

"We're gathering information as we speak. We'll know who's behind this, Anna. I promise you."

I nodded. Determination in his eyes and his hands balled into fists. I missed his carefree nature too but right now we needed our Beta.

"Thank you, Gale."

I couldn't do much, only spend time with Liam. He was taking care of everything in the pack, along with Rigel and Lexy. If he

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Were pack, along with Rigel and Lexy. If he were to falter, the growing unrest would weaken the pack, making us more vulnerable to an attack.

The word should be out by now that our Alpha was incapacitated. The spies had reported that rumors about his death were spreading fast among the other packs.

Rigel was in charge of the warriors, and unfortunately for us, our witch was, as they told me, asleep. Why did he have to be asleep during this time?

"How's Rigel?" I asked.

"He's coordinating the warriors. The Delta Unit will continue to guard over you and Liam. As you requested, we have two units watching over Jaymer. We also have scouts on vantage points just in case vampires appear."

"What were they after?"

He grimaced. "Jaymer killed them before we could apprehend them. I'm sorry, Anna. He gets cranky when he's forcibly awakened."

The vampires might have been after

the vampires might have been after Jaymer. Just how powerful was he that the pack would hide him? The rogues... after the pack? Their motives were unclear at

the moment, but we all agreed on one thing the timing was too impeccable to be dismissed as a coincidence.

The vampires breached the truce – I heard their king was out of commission for millennia, but they couldn't be trusted. This might've been a declaration of war, and the start of a more coordinated attack.

The Blue Moon Pack?"

"We have spies keeping a close watch on them," he replied. "Their Alpha has recovered. They're staying low at the moment. No one has left their pack since the incident."

My mate was poisoned with wolfsbane and black magic. Why didn't we notice it sooner? Everyone assumed the little girl belonged to the Blue Moon Pack, something we learned only after the pack meeting. Since I wasn't familiar with the pack yet, I assumed she was one of us.

Back yet, I assumed she was one of us.

It flew right over our heads. The anticipation and tension of the duel had our attention that we didn't notice the smallest thing, the most crucial mistake,

That little girl handed them the cup – the ceremonial wine – it should've contained a tolerable amount of wolfsbane, to bring out the courage in them as they faced the possibility of their death, but...

"Liam! Liam!" Lexy's screaming pulled me out of my thoughts.

Liam shook violently, the whites of his eyes showing as he fell back on the bed.

I ran towards him.

"What's happening?"

"His body's rejecting the poison," said Lexy.

His limbs were shaking nonstop. He...

"Get her out of here!" Lexy screamed.

I felt Gale tug at my arm.

She straddled him and placed both hands on his chest. Her hands glowed a faint red light and he screamed.

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light and he screamed.

“What are you doing!!!

“Get her out!” she screamed again.

“No, let me go!”

Stop it. You’re hurting him.

His arm shot up towards me, hand clenching and unclenching like he was searching for me. I reached out for his hand, but Gale grabbed me by my waist.

Liam screamed again.

“Stop it!” I shouted. “Stop! You’re hurting him!”

I struggled out of Gale’s hold, but he wouldn’t let go. He dragged me out the door, ignoring my screams.

“He’s calling for me!! I pleaded, watching his arm drop back down, his palm up. I had to let him know I was with him.

He didn’t want me gone beside him. Liam screamed as he thrashed around. It was the last I saw of him before the door shut in my face

Liarn...

Liam...

I went limp in Gale’s arms as I sobbed. I could feel his pain. It was like getting kicked in the stomach over and over again. Then it felt like my limbs were getting stepped on mercilessly, the weight crushing my bones. I gritted my teeth and let the tears fall as I felt a fraction of the pain that he was going through. His pained screams echoed throughout the hallway, ringing loudly in my ears. I felt a searing pain in my chest; it burned the skin, but it was simply a shared connection – there were no marks on me.

The bond had grown stronger...

“Liam,” I whispered. “I’m here. I’m right here.”

I hugged my arms to myself and I heard Gale take a deep breath. He was trying to calm himself down. While we could only hear his pain, while I could only share a bit of it with him, Lexy was watching it unfold in front of her. This was painful for Liam. It was painful for all of us.

“Gale and I stood there and endured the ordeal until he suddenly stopped

leal until he suddenly stopped screaming. The silence heightened my anxiety, multiplying the gnawing uncertainty at my heart. With shaky limbs, I grabbed the handle. The room was too silent.

What happened to Lexy?

I turned the handle in what seemed like minutes before pushing in slowly. Liam laid on the bed, his eyes closed and his breathing calm. But Lexy had collapsed on top of him.

Gale quickly pushed me to the side and went to her. Rolling her off of him, he checked for her pulse. Sweat shone in her face, hair sticking to her cheeks.

“She’ll be fine,” he said. “It must’ve used up so much of her.”

Climbing onto the bed, I neared Liam. There was a black liquid coming out the sides of his mouth and his closed eyes. I reached to touch it, when his eyes suddenly opened and he turned to his side, coughing. He coughed harshly, black liquid dripping from his chin into the sheets. I ran a hand down his back and whispered sweet nothings, tears

I whispered sweet nothings, tears streaming down my face. How much more must he endure?

My chest tightened and the force of his coughing left me wheezing for air. With every cough, more of this strange liquid erupted from his mouth, until he fell forward. I rolled him to his back. My eyes met Gale. We were both confused, but in his eyes, I saw hope – that it was what we thought it was.

Chapter 41 One Soul

– Anna

“Will he be alright?”

“I believe in him, Carson.”

“Are you alright?”

“We’re doing fine. Thanks for checking u pon me,” I replied.

“Bella, you know you can always lean on me. If anything comes up, anything at all, please give me a ring?” he asked.

He’d been calling every day, something I. was thankful for. I almost forgot to call him with everything that’d been happening

“You’ll be the first to know, I told him.

Liam stirred in my lap. "Got to go now. He's awake. Talk to you soon?"

"I'll call you. Take care of yourself, Bella. Please..." he said before hanging up.

I tousled Liam's soft brown hair, letting it slide between my fingers. With him facing towards my knees, I admired the profile of his face, tracing the dips and

curves of his face, tracing the dips and curves, from his forehead down to his perfectly aligned nose, stopping momentarily at the tip, before continuing down to his soft lips. I let my forefinger linger on the bottom lip, before finally finishing its travel at the curve of his chin, then halfway through his throat.

"You're so cute when you're asleep," I whispered

"Cute?" he asked, lips pulling into a smile.

I knew it! He turned on his back and looked up at me.

"What time is it?"

"A quarter before twelve," I answered.

He'd been asleep since this morning. Lexy had already woken up by late afternoon. She dropped by with Rigel to check up on him and me.

My knight looked so worn-out. More and more rogues dared get close to the territory. Thankfully, there had been no Vampires since the attack.

"What happened?" he asked, raising an

eyebrow. "What happened?" he asked, raising an eyebrow over his eyes.

He could hide it all he wants, the forced enthusiasm in his voice gave everything away.

"You coughed it all out, babe," I said gently. I didn't want him to remember that it came out of his eyes too. "I'm so proud of you."

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down. "Will I get better?"

"Of course. I'll be here with you until you've completely recovered."

His arm shot out to touch my face, startling me.

"Then you're leaving?" he asked, sitting up

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"No..." I said, laughing slightly.

There was no way I was leaving him now; he was stuck with me!

“Stay with me,” he said, pushing me unto the bed by my shoulders. His eyes “found mine as he pleaded. “Stay here. Please. I promise I’ll get better. I’ll remember, so...” remember, 50...”

I placed my hand over his mouth and a finger on my lips.

“I’m not going anywhere. I’ll stay here with you, always,” I whispered, moving my hands to cup his face.

He tilted his head to kiss my right hand, sending shivers down my spine. He leaned down to me, his warm breath fanning the base of my neck.

“If... If I...” he trailed, closing his eyes and inhaling deeply like he was taking in my scent. He pressed his body on me, carefully so as not to crush me as his hands went around my back, trapping me completely underneath him. His legs captured mine between them, and heat spread through me.

He was the closest he’d ever been, with no space between us, and my heart hammered in my chest that I could hear every beat in my ears. It felt hot, swelteringly hot, his body heat permeating into my skin. And yet it wasn’t uncomfortable, and I made no move to push him from me.

His now ragged breathing moistened the

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now ragged breathing moistened the skin on my neck, and when his lips pressed down on my marking spot, I inhaled sharply. It was starting to feel weird down there, so much so that I had to urge to rub my thighs together. That was when I felt him, and my cheeks flared in both embarrassment and delight. I did this to him.

He groaned at the contact, then his teeth grazed the skin softly that I let out a moan.

“You... like that,” he whispered before he nipped around my marking spot.

I bit my bottom lip to suppress more shameful sounds that threatened to leave my throat, pressing my thighs tightly together.

“Liam...” I breathed, feeling hot all over.

He kissed my marking spot then sucked on the delicate skin, sending shivers of delight all over me.

“Liam!” I gasped as he sucked harder, then he licked at where his mark would be. I felt the sharpness of his canines digging into the skin and a surge of panic pulled me out of the haziness.

“Liam...”

He raised his head suddenly, a sullen look on his face as he stared at my marking spot. I couldn't move my arms, so all I could do was talk to him.

“Liam, look at me,” I cooed.

He raised his eyes to me, sad and empty. “If...”

“If?” I asked, encouraging him to tell me.

Please talk to me.

He averted his eyes and sighed. “Nothing.”

“Please tell me?”

“No,” he said, sounding like he was convincing himself. “No. If I tell you, you'd leave me.”

Why? Why was he afraid of me leaving him? I did try the first day I was here, but that was because I got to know he was engaged so it was reasonable. I threatened him before coming here that I'd leave him if he broke any of my conditions but we're over those now I

leave him if he broke any of my conditions but we're over those now. I never tried to get away from here, from him, since then.

Did it scare him this much? That I was going to leave him? The thought had only crossed my mind once – that was when he hugged so tightly on my first day, when he looked like he had just gotten back from a run. Panting heavily and sweating, he forced his arms around me when I was determined to push him away, and he held me without saying a word before turning on his heels and stomping out my room.

I never realized I meant this much to him. I never realized how much I scared him. But it wasn't really me, was it? Not entirely. He still loved her – his first mate. And he was yet to get over her sudden passing, and perhaps he never will.

She would always have a place in his heart that it wouldn't be mine entirely, and though it pained me that I could give him my all while he could only give me what was available, I made a deliberate decision to stay by him. This crippling fear it wasn't because he was scared of losing me, his second mate. It was because of the deep-seated trauma of his loss that etched itself into his soul.

More than a reality slap, this was a hard, merciless kick in the gut And yet I found myself making up excuses. My favorites – that I was his mate now and nothing was changing that, that he also wanted to be with me and wanted me in more ways than one, and that I was special to him.

"I'll always stay with you."

I would. Goddess knew I would. Try as I might, there was no denying that I'd fallen for him, deep, and I was still falling in this seemingly unending abyss. I allowed myself to fall without the guarantee that he'd catch me when I reach the bottom. It was foolish of me to think that he would, but there was no stopping now.

He gritted his teeth and hugged me tighter, my breasts flattening against his broad chest

"What if I don't remember? I know you're my mate. I know your name. I

l're my mate. I know your name. I know I'm the Alpha. I know Lexy's my sister, Gale's my Beta, and that dick's my Gamma. I know nothing else," he confessed, his voice cracking at the last line.

For all the times we were together, he had this domineering presence that commanded respect and garnered awe. His voice was always full and sure. He knew what he wanted and without any trace of fear, he said what he wanted.

My heart broke at seeing him this way and was jumping in joy that he was being vulnerable with me. It was horrible. I was horrible, convincing myself that this side of him was just something he hadn't exposed yet, that he always had this softer, weaker side to him.

"I try to remember but I can't. I can't remember how I met you, the things I did to you, I can't remember what I thought about you," he said, letting our foreheads meet.

His minty breath fanning my face, he continued to speak. "But I can't deny how I feel. I feel elated when I'm with you.

When you hold my hand and rest your head on my shoulder, my heart races. When you let me sleep on your lap as you play with my hair, I feel at peace. And I'm afraid... I'm afraid of losing you. I'm afraid of letting go of your hand because it might be the last time. I'm afraid of sleeping and waking up with you gone. I don't know if I'll still remember who I used to be. I try so hard but nothing... my mind comes up with nothing."

A tear dropped from his chin unto my cheek. My vision was getting blurry. He sounded desperate, helpless.

"If I don't remember anything, you're going to leave me, aren't you?"

He held me tighter still that it was difficult to breathe. His chin rested between the base of my neck and shoulder. He was shaking as he kissed the delicate skin. "Please don't leave. I'll... I

"I won't," I replied, my voice shaky. "I won't leave you, ever. Memories or no memories, I'll always stay with you."

He shook his head slowly. "No. No, you'll hen. Der buldonlar

shook his head slowly. "No. No, you'll leave me. Because... because I don't know the truth from the lies. Because I won't be who I used to be. I'll be different and not the Liam you knew, and you'll see that I'm different and... and then you'll get fed up and one morning, I'll wake up and you won't be here. You'll realize that I'm not the same Liam."

"You'll always be my Liam."

For three days, he kept these to himself. For three nights, he slept only when he was sure I was sleeping and always with a n arm securely around my waist. He'd awoken when I get up to use the bathroom and went back to sleep when I pretended to be sleeping.

"I'll always love you, no matter what or who you are."

"You love me?" he asked in disbelief, pulling his arms from behind me to raise himself. Hands on both sides of my head, his eyes held a hopeful glint. "You... really love me?"

He cupped my face, thumbs brushing away the tears. "D-Did you say "

gay the tears. "D-Did you say "

"I do. I really do. I did," I answered, surprised at myself for having blurted it out.

Wiping his own tears, I brushed my thumb past his lower lip.

Dare I say it once more?

I breathed deeply, filling my lungs with his woodland scent that only I could smell. I brought his face closer to mine.

"I love you, Alpha Liam Rose."

His lips pressed on mine, gentle and soft, letting it linger. He inhaled sharply as his lips began moving, tongue licking, asking for entrance. I parted my lips, and he explored my mouth slowly, twisting his tongue around mine in the most sensual way possible.

Pouring every swirling emotion in my heart into the kiss as I pulled him closer, a in almost unbearable heat traversed from my stomach down to my core.

I pressed my thighs together, and he groaned as the slight shift caused his bulge to brush against my thigh. Hot... I fattomat

Ige to brush against my thigh. Hot... I felt too hot.

Something switched in my mind, igniting a desire I felt bold to act upon. I moaned into his mouth as his kissing became rougher; rushing; ravenous.

And when he pulled away, I gasped for air and craved another.

"I love you," he whispered, kissing my forehead.

"So much," he said as he kissed my nose.

"My Anna," he growled then captured my lips once more.

I wrapped my legs around his waist, moaning as his bulge pressed down on my thigh. This was embarrassing. I shouldn't be doing this... but when he bucked his hips, rubbing it on my thigh, the anxiety died.

He groaned into the kiss, and the sense of control I had over him excited me further. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know how this should go. But I was more than willing to learn with him.

My core clenched in anticipation as he

core clenched in anticipation as he sucked the life out of me. He let me go and sat up, adjusting his position so he was straddling me, something poking at my stomach. Gorgeous brown eyes clouded with lust and dark with desire, his chest rapidly falling and rising...

I did this to him.

Only I can do this to him.

"Please..." I whined, painfully throbbing down there. What was I asking for?

He leaned closer to my face and whispered. "Are you sure? My memories might never return and -"

My arms shot forward and I pulled him to me, crashing his lips on mine. He growled and kissed me back as he parted my legs with his knees.

"I can smell you," he said softly, then sucked on my sweet spot. I bit my lip to suppress a moan, feeling myself moisten down there. It was aching, begging to be touched, by him, as shameless as that sounds.

"I want to mark you," he breathed.

modded. I wanted it too,

Was I ready for it? To bear his mark forever, to give myself to him fully and have him give himself to me? Wait, could I mark him without a wolf?

His hands moved up and down my thighs, pressing down hard that my dress was becoming a bother. Boldly, my hands tugged at the end of his shirt. He sat up again and hurriedly raised it over his head, then threw it somewhere in the room.

Oh, Goddess...

My eyes feasted on his hard pees and well -chiseled abs and the tempting V-line that led to a huge bulge in his pants.

Oh, Goddess...

I gulped nervously as I watched his chest rise and fall, craving for his body to be on top of me, caging me with those bulky arms.

"Eyes up here," he said, chuckling.

I raised my eyes to his face to see him smirking. "Like what you see?"

ng UKC Miran you see!

I nodded. He took my arms and placed them on his abs... rock hard abs, I think I was drooling. I slowly moved my hands up his chest, feeling them relax by my touch. I was going to remember the very outline of this mouthwatering form.

"Your heart's beating so fast," I whispered, my palm stopping where his heart was beneath.

"You do so many things to me, Anna," he replied, voice husky. "You make me want to do many things to you."

I bit my lip, practically dripping down there now.

Oh, Liam...

He leaned in to kiss me, and his hands found their way to my breasts, massaging and squeezing. My nubs hardened in response.

"I want you off this dress," he said, growling, already lifting up the skirt.

I giggled and sat up, with him on his knees between my legs.

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He nipped at my marking spot as he

nipped at my marking spot as he raised my dress up my thighs, then my chest. It got stuck when it was halfway past my face, and he stopped pulling. I reached for his hands, but he swatted them away, kissing me immediately to stop me from complaining.

I love this man.

“Get it off,” I whispered, pushing my body against him that my breasts flattened against his chest. “Now.”

He growled then fully took off the dress, throwing it somewhere and guiding me back down the pillow. His hand lazily lingered on my inner thigh, creeping ever so slowly to where I wanted him to touch me. I arched my back to help him unhook my bra, exposing my erect buds,

His eyes darkened.

My arms moved to cover my chest. His intense stare embarrassed me further, and he had to force them to the sides.

“Don’t cover your beautiful body, mate. Don’t hide what’s mine.”

His mouth closed around my left breast and sucked hard as his tongue swirled around my nip. It sent delightful shivers down my spine. Then he caught it between his teeth, and I gasped.

“Liam...”

The hand on my thigh finally reached my core and settled on my mound. I groaned in frustration, and I swear to Goddess he smiled. Clearly, he was enjoying this. Well, two could play that game. I placed a hand over his bulge and rubbed, earning a hiss from him. I didn’t stop until his hand gripped my wrist.

He turned his attention to my right breast, and I swear to Goddess if he didn’t touch me right now, I’d push him off me.

He suddenly let go after giving it a lick. Then he fumbled with the button of his pants and I heard a zip. Groaning, he got off the bed to take off his pants. I raised myself on my elbows and watched with bated breaths as his pants dropped to the ground, then his black boxers, and my eyes widened.

It would never fit.

He climbed back up the bed, pulling me

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climbed back up the bed, pulling me down by my ankles. I bit my lip as he fisted his dick.

But he didn't push it inside... just yet.

His mouth enclosed on my core and his tongue slid up and down the fabric. My hands clutched at the sheets as my back arched. Ripping the flimsy piece of clothing off, his tongue rapidly went in and out of me, then slid up to my clit.

"Liam..." I moaned, unable to stop myself. He then sucked on it as he slid a finger in, then two, curling them inside me, hitting a particular spot that made me lose my breath.

Heat pooled in the base of my stomach. He softly bit on my clit and I gushed, my thighs kept parted by his hands. His tongue lapped me entirely, and when he hovered above me, he licked his glimmering lips in satisfaction.

"So... fucking sweet," he said, his voice husky.

I felt him poke at my entrance. He looked me in my eyes, searching for any sign of hesitation. Narrowed eyes clouded with

situation. Narrowed eyes clouded with lust, and I was sure he saw the same in my brown ones.

Deep within myself, I wanted this. I wanted to feel him and take everything he could give me. Now and forever.

I wrapped my legs around his waist and pulled him into a kiss. This was my answer.

He pushed inside me, slowly easing in, then pulling out only to push back in, more of him every time. My walls stretched painfully to accommodate him; I still doubted he'd fit all of him in. His mouth hushed my groans and his tongue seduced me, taking my mind off the pain.

He stopped, then pushed further in, and I felt something tear. Something tore and it was too painful that tears rolled off the corner of my eyes. He kept pushing, and then he stopped and stayed still. As he sucked and kissed my sweet spot, I took deep breathes to calm myself.

"Are you alright? We can stop if you're -"

"Don't," I said, cutting him off. "Don't stop now."

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"I'm going to move," he said as he nipped on the skin.

I nodded.

He slid out of me slowly before pushing back in. I whimpered at the pain, as I felt every inch of his length, as his size stretched me. My nails dug on his back, making him groan.

He was patient with me, letting me adjust to his size. Then the pain began to fade, sweet, sweet pleasure taking its place.

"Faster," I breathed, and he complied, eventually building a rhythm.

He felt hot inside me, throbbing, and hitting places I never knew existed.

Warm breaths fanned the side of my neck, and his hand twisted and played with my nips.

"Faster..."

Oh, Liam.

I moaned his name wantonly as he dove his entirety into me fiercely, rapidly; the sounds of our lovemaking arousing me more. Then he parted my legs wider still,

you passed out," he said, smiling "How do you feel?"

"Amazing," I replied, smiling back at him. I missed that look on his face.

"You're mine now," he said.

I circled my arms behind his head. "I've always been yours, Liam."

My canines itched. I swiped a tongue over them and felt them grow longer.

"Always?"

"Always."

He leaned in, offering his marking spot to

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"Mark me. I'm yours too. Always."

I bit down, hard, surprised that I could mark my mate even without a wolf. I tasted metal in my mouth, then a strange sweetness. My canines retracted after, and it didn't itch anymore. I lapped up the blood and kissed my mark

It was finally official. We mated. The marking was complete. He was mine in every way I was his.

"I love you," I whispered, holding back

love you," i whispered, holding back the tears.

I didn't care if he ever recovered his memories or not, I'd stay by his side and create new ones with him= our memories

"Aren't you supposed to pull out?"

"Why?" he asked, chuckling.

"Because we're done?"

I couldn't believe he was still inside me even when I passed out!

"Who said we were done?" he said, chuckling as he began to thrust slowly

into me.

"Liam..." I moaned his name at the pleasure of it, overjoyed that we were now one.

My mate had found me, accepted me, and claimed me. I had accepted him and claimed him.

"I love you, I breathed as he began to thrust faster and harder.

This was going to be a long night.

I pulled him into a kiss, pouring all that I