

The Edge of Reason | by Michelle Torlot

Chapter 28

DAMON

I stare at my beautiful mate and realize how wrong I was. She isn't my equal, and she will never be. She's so much more.

The way she took out Conrad Stone was unbelievable. I never expected that she would be able to control the elements like that. But what she's done to Marcus is perhaps even more powerful. She truly does wield the power of the gods.

My brother is a gibbering mess on the ground, barely registering Ember's last, taunting words to him. I slowly stand and walk toward her.

"Are you going to kill him, or should I?" I ask.

She turns to look at me and shakes her head. "He might be a piece of shit, but he's still your family. No good can come of killing your own flesh and blood."

I clench my jaw, hating that she's right. I want to see the blood drain from his worthless body.

"Besides," she adds, "he's not going anywhere, anytime soon, and there's something I need to do." Before I can open my mouth to protest, she grabs hold of the back of my neck and crashes her lips into mine.

This is the first time she's taken control of a kiss. It's the first time anyone has taken control of a kiss with me. I'm usually all alpha, but I'm loving this.

I wrap my arms around her slender waist and lift her up. Without hesitation, she wraps her legs around my waist.

I don't need to ask to know where this is going. I know exactly what she wants to do.

Her fingers leave my neck and rip the front of my shirt open, exposing the place where her mark will go.

I don't resist. In fact, I turn my head to the side, giving her free access. I've never done anything so submissive before, but this is my mate, my queen. I'm only too happy to oblige her desires.

Ember breaks the kiss, only for her lips to trail soft kisses down my throat until she reaches the place where she will mark me. She hesitates for a second, leaving me an out if I want it. I don't.

A small gasp escapes my lips as her canines extend and she plunges them into my skin. This is new too. The fact that she can control her wolf enough to do a semi-shift.

It's something that Dark Moon Pack trains all our young wolves to do, but I know that none of the females in Ember's old pack were ever given this training.

Mostly because that piss-poor alpha who lies burned to a crisp would only allow the males to mark the females, not vice versa.

Ember's tongue gently licks the wound she has made, sealing the mark. I can feel the bond between us strengthen even more as the new mark takes effect.

We are a rarity. Not just because Ember is a hybrid, but because it is almost unheard of for two mates to mark each other four times, in both fur and skin.

The reinforced bond even gives me a little of Ember's strength. Not enough for me to wield her gifts, but she gives me more power as an alpha, and more strength.

I don't let it go to my head, though. Not like Marcus let the power of claiming the throne go to his. After all, the king is still alive. At least for now.

I will let Ember make the call about whether he lives or dies. I doubt she will let him live after all he has done.

"What do you want to do about him and the rest of his men?" I nod in the direction of my brother, who is now curled into a fetal position, rocking backward and forward.

Ember sighs heavily. The air is filled with the scent of both our arousal, but she knows as well as I do that we need to sort this out before we can continue with what is on both of our minds.

Whatever she did to my brother with her father's gift has left him unable to function. He has little or no mental capacity left to be any real danger, but he still deserves a just punishment for what he's done.

Regicide is a capital crime, punishable by death. It's why she didn't want me to kill him. If I had, then I would be no better than him.

She seems to make up her mind. "Tell Joshua to take him to the dungeons and chain him in silver. Find his archers. The silver arrows will be evidence enough to damn him.

"The wolf council will be his judge, jury, and executioner. Once he is dead, you will take your rightful place as king."

I quickly shake my head. "No, Ember. You will take your rightful place as queen. Without you, he would still be ruling over us all.

She smiles at me and shakes her head. Her small hand gently caresses my face. "It's your birthright, Damon.

"A person can't just be royal because they destroy the reigning monarch. It has to be in your blood. You will be king, and I will be your queen and your protector.

I roll my eyes. It seems that our roles have been reversed. I was the one who was supposed to protect her.

I don't fight her on it, though. I know the wolf council would never agree to have Ember as the ruler of all werewolves. Besides, right now I have other things on my mind.

I quickly relay her instructions to Joshua over the mind-link, with one additional demand. "*Do not disturb me for the rest of the day. Not under any circumstances.*

He chuckles in response as I claim Ember's lips. Time for me to regain some semblance of control as I carry her back into the car, toward the pack house and our bedroom.

Ember may be a demigoddess, but in the bedroom, I'm in control.

As we finally enter the alpha quarters, I kick the door closed with my foot. She's still wrapped around me like a second skin.

I'm not sure how I lasted long enough to make it here. My balls are tight, and the tent in my trousers is painfully hard. I doubt she is any better. I can smell her arousal in the air, just as she can probably smell mine.

I toss her onto the bed, and she looks up at me wantonly.

I tear off my shirt and rip off my trousers, leaving me naked before her. Her eyes go wide as she stares at me, her gaze not leaving my erection.

I make quick work of her clothes, until she lies naked on the bed. "Fucking gorgeous," I growl before I quickly straddle her perfect body and cage her head between my hands.

"I need you, little mate, and I don't know if I can be gentle," I growl as my lips crash into hers.