

# The Edge of Reason | by Michelle Torlot

## Chapter 29

EMBER

I can't help but stare at Damon. Although it's not the first time I've seen him naked, it's the first time I've really looked at him.

My eyes are drawn to his erection. He's a big man. Tall and muscular. I should have realized he would be big down there as well, but I never expected him to be that big.

I swallow a little nervously.

Gone is the confidence of being the daughter and granddaughter of the gods. In here, in his bedroom, our bedroom, I'm just Ember, the mate of Alpha Damon Scopus. The king in waiting.

I'm sure he can sense my trepidation about what's to come. I want him to fuck me so badly, but this is still all new to me.

I suspect that my wolf and his had sex right after bestowing their mating bites on each other, but I wasn't even conscious for that. I guess that means I'm not a virgin in the true sense of the word, but it still feels like I am.

When Damon's lips crash into mine, though, any fears or doubts I have evaporate into thin air. His tongue caresses mine, and sparks erupt through my whole body.

I touch his hard chest with my hands, not to push him away, but to try to ground myself a little. It doesn't last long, though, as he takes my wrists and pins them above my head, his lips not leaving mine even for a second.

He holds both my small wrists in place with one large hand, leaving the other one free to do other things. Wicked, devilishly sinful things.

His fingertips caress the sides of my body, eliciting a moan that he quickly swallows up in another kiss.

When he finally breaks the kiss, I gasp for air. Then when his mouth reaches my mark, I arch my back as torrents of pleasure run through my body.

I barely notice his lips leaving my mark until his tongue flicks over one of my nipples instead.

Both are hard and stand at attention. I can't help but throw my head back with a moan as he takes each one in his mouth in turn. Sucking, biting, caressing.

This is torture. The longer he takes, the more I want him—no, I *need* him inside of me. He peppers kisses down my torso, slowly drifting south.

He releases my hands but I hardly realize. He's barely touched me and already I'm almost coming apart in his hands.

And those hands. So big and so firm. They grip my pelvic bones firmly, holding me in place as his tongue parts my folds. He sucks on that little bundle of nerves, and that's all it takes to make me scream his name as I shatter.

His deep chuckle vibrates my very core. "So beautiful, but I've barely begun," he murmurs.

He presses soft kisses to the insides of my thighs and, as if by instinct alone, I part my legs a little wider. "Good girl," he purrs, pulling himself up so that his whole body is flush against mine.

I feel something hard press against my entrance. I expect a hard thrust. After all, he said he wasn't sure he could be gentle. But he is. He moves inside me, torturously slowly.

"Please Damon," I beg, "I need you."

He thrusts in harder. I try to jerk my hips upward, but he pins them in place with his hands. "This is my domain, little mate," he growls. "We do this my way."

I whimper with frustration.

He chuckles, but then starts to thrust harder, deeper, and faster. He needs this just as much as I do.

I can feel the pressure rising again, and just as I start to teeter on the edge, he slows his thrusts, leaving me on the edge of a precipice that I just want to throw myself over.

“Please, Damon... I need...”

“I know exactly what you need, little mate. Now cum for me.”

With one final thrust, an explosion of ecstasy rips through me as I spiral over the edge. I literally see stars, and all I can feel is him and his seed as it spills into me.

Strong arms wrap around me as his hand gently strokes my back. I don't actually recall when he pulled out of me, or how we ended up under the covers, but I don't really care.

I know I don't need a protector now, but with Damon's arms wrapped around me, I feel safe.

Safe, warm, and blissfully happy.

“I love you, Damon,” I whisper. I really do. I can't imagine being anywhere else but in his arms.

I don't expect him to say the same, but when he does, my heart blooms with happiness. “I love you too, Ember. My little mate. My queen.”

I open my eyes and look into his. For the first time, I feel a little trepidation. The realization hits as I remember what I did on the border. How I literally destroyed the king's mind with a point of my finger.

“Everything will be okay, won't it?”

Damon presses a kiss to my forehead. “It will be better than okay, as long as you're with me.”

I press myself tighter into his chest. “I never want to be anywhere else,” I whisper.