

Chapter 13 - Resistance

After dinner, they all moved to the living room where desserts and drinks were served.

Caden and Maya had a mission, and after one drink they went to take a stroll in the garden before heading to bed.

Before calling it a night, Caden and Maya will roam through the packhouse of the Red Moon pack, looking for an opportunity to eavesdrop on some conversations from the Omegas, or maybe even join in and ask questions.

Damon's wolf was fidgety, craving to inhale the sweet citrusy scent of freesia and locate its source, despite Damon telling him how that's not going to happen.

After an unknown measure of time, Damon stood up abruptly. "I will retire for the night."

Everyone looked at Damon with confusion obvious on their faces, but Damon pretended like he didn't notice.

He turned to Alpha Edward. "I hope that after breakfast we can continue our discussion from this afternoon."

Without waiting for Alpha Edward to respond, Damon went to his room.

He opened the window of his room and took a deep breath.

'Damn it. What's wrong with me?'

'You know what's wrong, and you know how to fix it.', his wolf responded. 'Why are you resisting? This is a fight you can't win.'

Damon rubbed his face forcibly. He knew that his wolf was telling him to find Talia (aka the girl with the coppery colored hair), but Damon had no intention of succumbing to this temptation.

Damon is a stubborn guy who needs to be in control. He always hated when someone tried to manipulate him, and this time, his own nature was making him feel and do strange things.

He will NOT give in!

"May I come in?"

Damon swiftly turned toward the door to see Marcy peeking in. He wondered if she even knocked, but then... even if she did, he probably wouldn't notice.

He was never this distracted!

What if that was an enemy? Damon would be a sitting duck! That copper-haired girl is already causing him to be weak, and he didn't even acknowledge their mate bond.

For Damon, this only proved that the girl is dangerous, and he should stay away from her. No matter how tedious it is to fight against his urges, it's better than being dead.

"Why are you here?", Damon asked Marcy dryly.

His mood was sour and it showed.

Marcy took his question as an OK to enter. She closed the door behind her and walked toward Damon, stopping when she was one step away from him.

"You look tense...", Marcy said while reluctantly putting her palms on Damon's firm chest. "I can help you relax."

Damon's lips lifted into a half-smirk. "And how would you do that?"

Marcy licked her lips while remembering the velvety texture of him in her mouth. It was hot and firm and big, and she wanted to caress him with her tongue.

"I know that nothing is confirmed, but technically, we are engaged.", Marcy said breathily.

Damon observed her fingers as they moved slightly. She was feeling him out over the thin fabric of his shirt.

He noticed a big ring on her right middle finger, it was an oval-shaped ruby with small diamonds surrounding it. One more luxurious accessory that matches the style of the Redmayne family.

Damon looked at her almond-shaped blue eyes, straight nose, and full lips, and he confirmed that she is objectively an attractive woman.

'Don't do anything you will regret later!', his wolf growled.

'Stay out of this!', Damon spat back.

His wolf snorted. 'You will regret this...' And then he retracted at the back of Damon's mind.

Damon could feel his wolf's anger and dejection, but he decided to ignore it.

Unaware of the conversation Damon had with his wolf, Marcy inched closer to Damon and she smiled seductively. "I can..."

Before Marcy could finish her thought, Damon's hand landed at the back of her head, and he pulled her closer for a kiss.

His tongue plundered her mouth mercilessly, no one ever kissed her like that. Even with a kiss, Damon was exerting his dominance, letting her know what it means to face an Alpha and making her heady in the process.

She had no idea at what point they reached the bed.

They sank in the mattress with Damon on top and Marcy gasped for air for a brief moment before Damon sealed her lips again with his.

His touch was not gentle or caring. Damon was venting his frustration as he searched for a way to release the tension that suffocated him, and the scent of Marcy's arousal hit him hard.

Marcy's mind was in a tizzy. She felt his hand work up her thigh with urgency, all the way to her hip where he found the edge of her panties and she jolted when he ripped them in one swift move.

Damon's hand moved toward the cradle of her thighs, and she moaned into his mouth when his finger glided between her drenched folds, teasing and prodding as he was closing in toward her tight entrance.

Marcy snapped from her stupor and grabbed his hand. There was nothing wrong with touching and petting, but she had a feeling that Damon will not stop at that.

"Not before..."

Damon growled in frustration when he realized that Marcy changed her mind. "What happened with, we are technically engaged? Are you saving yourself for marriage?"

Marcy was flustered and it took her a few long seconds to collect herself and respond, "Not necessarily marriage, but I at least need to know that we are going in that direction. We can do other stuff. I'm OK with anal or giving you a blow job."

Damon shook his head in disapproval. He pushed himself off the bed and ran his hand through his hair.

Damon would never force himself on a woman. A no is a no, and he respects that. But Marcy pissed him off. She came onto him and then she stopped him, and now she listed conditions? Who does she think she is? What kind of a game is she playing?

"Get out."

Marcy didn't get it. She clarified things she was willing to do, and he told her to get out? "What?"

"I said... GET OUT!"

Marcy looked at Damon's eyes which stirred with endless violence, and she swallowed hard.

Other than being scared shitless by Damon's overwhelming Alpha's command, she was convinced that Damon will kill her if she doesn't obey right that instant.

Marcy scrambled off the bed and dashed out.

Damon returned to the window and leaned over the windowsill. He looked at the crescent moon and exhaled in frustration.

"Is this what you planned for me?", Damon asked under his breath, even though he knew that the Moon Goddess will not respond. She never responds.

They say that the Moon Goddess has a plan for everyone, that everything has a purpose, but Damon doubts it.

What's the purpose of his parents dying unexpectedly? What's the purpose of him doing his best for the Dark Howlers pack only to be labeled as cruel? What's the purpose of him being the Alpha of the largest pack, when so many others want to manipulate him? What's the purpose of his power if he has to play by the rules others set? And finally... what's the purpose of him finding his mate?

Damon didn't want any of it.

If he had one wish, he would want to become a nobody, invisible, someone who could move without being noticed or coveted. He would live a modest life and do whatever he wants to do, when he wants to do it, and this... No matter how Damon looks at this, it seems that the Moon Goddess is set on torturing him.

Damon often wishes to escape from everything, but those are only fleeting thoughts he knows will never come true.

The responsibility for the Dark Howlers pack is ingrained into Damon and he will never be able to leave. Tens of thousands of people are looking up to him, their Alpha. They are relying on him that he will keep them safe and lead them to a better future and that's what Damon swore to do.

'Hey... Can we talk?', Damon spoke to his wolf, only to be met with silence in response.

Damon could feel that his wolf was sulking in disapproval of what just happened. Well, nothing happened, but if Marcy didn't stop him, it would happen.

Damon threw his arms in the air angrily. 'Fine! Stay quiet!'
