Alphas Bride 18

Chapter 18 - Whatever It Takes

Alpha Edward rubbed his temples and continued scolding Marcy, "Didn't you read the information on the Dark Howlers pack I gave you? Unless it's a serious crime, they don't resort to physical punishments. As a Luna, you need to be caring and gentle, not only toward your Alpha but toward every pack member. How will he take you in as his Luna if you are beating people for small mishaps? Only after you establish yourself you can do what you want, and until then you need to follow his rules."

He looked at her grimly.

"I hope, for your good, that you can fix this. If your stupid stunt ruins all plans I made, you will pay for it, Marcy."

"Yes, father.", Marcy said submissively.

'BAM!'

Marcy jolted when her father smacked the desk.

"Don't you, yes father, me! I want you to find Damon and make sure he accepts you as his Luna. Do whatever it takes. Do you understand?"

Marcy nodded fervently and she was relieved when her father waved at her to leave.

She rushed into her room, closed the door behind her, and released the breath she was holding. That was scary.

Marcy washed her face, reapplied her makeup, and picked a fine dress that had just the right amount of cleavage before finding Damon.

"Are you going out?", Marcy asked when she saw that Damon was in front of his room with Caden and Maya.

"Your brother offered us a tour that includes observing warrior's training.", Caden responded.

Marcy pursed her lips. She wanted to be with Damon and talk, but she doesn't want to get close to smelly soldiers. She hates all that dirt and sweat, and she stays away from the training grounds.

"Can I help you, Marcy?", Damon asked dryly, and Marcy noticed that he was much colder to her than yesterday.

Damon didn't pay attention to her during breakfast, and she assumed he was sulking because she told him to stop the previous night, but now she knew that it was also about the wretched girl who hides in the attic (aka Talia).

Marcy was anxious. Was Damon thinking that she is violent in nature while wearing a smiling mask in public? Does he see her as a two-faced woman? That was a possibility.

No wonder her father was angry. Who would marry a woman like that? She cursed internally. Instead of showing him her best and dazzle him, she ended up rejecting him last night and he found out about her little mishap.

"I was hoping that we can have a word and clarify a few things.", Marcy said to Damon sweetly.

Damon glanced at Caden who nodded in understanding.

Maya and Caden left, and Damon and Marcy entered Damon's room.

Marcy threw herself at Damon and hugged him tightly.

After an awkward second, Damon pried her arms open and held her by the elbows one step away from him.

"What are you doing?", he asked stiffly.

"I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry for?"

"My behavior yesterday was not acceptable."

Damon had a good guess that Marcy was scolded by her father, but he didn't know if she was talking about beating up Talia or about leaving his room. And there was also a possibility that Marcy did something else, and he didn't know about it.

"You came here to apologize.", Damon summarized and released her arms. "Do it without physical contact."

Marcy nodded. "I also want to fix it."

Damon was confused. What was she talking about? How can she fix anything that already happened?

The best thing was to ask questions and not jump to conclusions.

Damon leisurely walked to the sofa chair and sat on it before asking, "How will you fix it?"

Marcy took in a shaky breath. His domineering posture turned her on a little.

"Last night... I was not thinking straight. I said some things and I didn't mean it."

Damon smirked as he guessed which way this is going. "You didn't mean that you will give me a blow job, or you didn't mean that anal was fine?"

Marcy swallowed down her embarrassment. "I mean… I said that we should at least know that we are on the path of marriage, and we are, so… I'm fine with whatever you want."

"And what if I want to fuck your pussy?"

Marcy's eyes widened. His choice of words caught her by surprise. It was direct.

"I'm fine with that.", she responded.

Damon felt a mix of rage and excitement.

Marcy left him hanging and if she thought that offending an Alpha comes without a price to pay, she was up to a nasty surprise.

"Good. Undress."

Two front buttons of her dress came undone, and the dress slid down her body, bunching around her ankles.

Marcy stood in front of Damon, wearing blue lacy underwear that didn't leave anything to the imagination.

Damon's expression was unreadable as he observed Marcy's flawless body for a few seconds and then he pointed at her bra and panties. "All of it."

She didn't hesitate, fearing that even one second will make one of them change their mind.

Marcy kicked her panties to the side and lifted her gaze. She frowned at the sight of Damon pointing his phone at her. Is he taking photos or a video?

"What are you doing?"

Damon smiled wickedly. "Memories of our first time, baby. Turn around. Let me see you."

Marcy didn't like that he was holding onto a phone, but she obeyed and slowly turned around, showing him her luscious curves from every angle.

"Come here…", Damon instructed while pointing at the low coffee table. "Put your palms on it."

Marcy realized that he wants her to bend. She hesitated.

"Are we doing this or not? If not, there is a training ground for me to check."

Marcy gritted her teeth in annoyance and walked to the coffee table before placing her palms on the cold surface.

Damon stood up and circled around her until he got a good view of her from behind.

"Spread your legs. More… more… good. Perk up that ass…", Damon instructed, and Marcy obeyed.

She felt the coldness at the cradle of her thighs, and she couldn't believe that she got aroused by Damon bossing her around. There was even some wetness dripping down her leg.

Marcy always thought that she is the domineering one, but Damon proved her otherwise.

Marcy jolted when she felt his finger gliding between her drenched folds.

"You are flooding, Marcy. You like this, don't you?"

"Yes.", she responded breathily.

"Yes, what?", Damon asked.

"Yes, I like it."

She started rocking her hips against his hand, and he pulled his hand away.

"Don't move.", he ordered and when she nodded in understanding, he put his hand back there and continued teasing her.

"What do you like, Marcy? Say it."

Marcy moaned. It was difficult to talk while he was expertly toying with her clit. "I like when you touch my pussy."

Damon hummed in approval. "Whose pussy is this?"

She couldn't believe how good it felt. She was sprawled for him to see and touch and do whatever he wanted, and his domineering attitude with skillful ministrations set her body ablaze.

"Yours."

"What do you want me to do, Marcy?"

"I want you to…", Marcy moaned. "Fuck me."

"How do you want me to fuck you, Marcy? I need details. The more the better."

"I want you to put your big cock in my pussy and fuck me hard. Make me scream, Alpha Damon."

Damon removed his hand, and she missed his touch immediately.

Without any warning, Damon slapped her buttcheek harshly and she jolted in surprise. The pink palm-print appeared immediately on her perfectly white skin.

Marcy moaned wantonly as the sharp pain radiated through her body while morphing into pleasure.

Marcy tilted her hips, exposing herself further in anticipation of what he will do next.

She really wanted him to touch her down there. This mind-numbing level of arousal was new to her. But Damon's hand was not back there where she wanted it the most.

Marcy thought that maybe he is removing his pants and she looked at the back only to see Damon with his clothes intact, keeping his phone away.

"You are a slut, Marcy. Get dressed."

His words were like someone poured a bucket of ice on her. "What?"

"Me fucking you is a privilege you need to earn, Marcy. Get dressed and leave."

Marcy stared in disbelief at Damon as he went to the bathroom, washed his hands with soap, and then left the room without looking at her.

He. Just. Left.

What the hell?