

Alphas Bride 801

Chapter 801: Undeserving of praise

Damon's priority was to get Talia out of there. He reached to hold her.

"Careful, Alpha..."

Damon paused when he heard Keith's voice, and he whipped his head that way to see Keith in a sorry state.

Damon was 99% confident that nothing happened between Talia and Keith, but Damon was irritated that Talia was releasing her sweet sounds for Keith to hear. And who knew what else she did for Keith to hear and see before Damon arrived?

Damon's hostility swelled at the realization that Keith didn't wreck his own body. It was Talia's doing. Why would she do that if Keith didn't get handsy?

"What did you do to her?" Damon growled.

One wrong move from Keith, and Damon was ready to end whatever was left of Keith's life.

"Nothing, Alpha," Keith said and quickly lowered his gaze. "There was a Guardian and..."

"I know. Caleb told me." Damon snapped.

Talia's pheromones affected their wolves, and as much as Keith fought against his urges because he was not Talia's mate, Damon was giving in to them because Talia was his.

Keith was not sure if he should talk more, so he kept quiet. His hair stood on ends, and chills down his spine told him his life was in danger.

Damon was visibly hostile. His mate was right there, vulnerable, in heat, and Keith was an unmated male. Even without their history, it was natural for Damon to see Keith as a threat.

Only the ones challenging Damon for the right to mate with Talia would dare to be present. Unfortunately, Keith was not in a position to leave. His body was wrecked, and he was sure that his left leg and right arm were fractured.

Damon suppressed his urge to kill, just enough so that he can talk without growling.

"What happened after that? Why did you bring my mate here instead of to me?"

"My only thought was to get her away from the crowd. I brought her here and... I kept her down... and then her magic exploded, throwing me against this wall. That's it." He didn't dare admit his lecherous thoughts, but he had a feeling Damon knew. "I mind-linked you to let you know about the situation. I knew I should respond to your summons, but I feared that if I broke my focus, my urges would take over. I held back, Alpha, and I didn't see anything."

Damon snorted, and Keith swallowed hard.

The silence stretched, and Keith felt that every second was like an eternity. He had to say something.

"You shouldn't get too close, Alpha. That light is dangerous. It can attack again."

Damon smirked, pleased that he had special access. It made him feel important. "It's dangerous only to the ones who are not her mate."

Damon returned his attention to Talia and reached to hold her.

His hands passed through the silver curtain like it was not there.

"It's OK, kitten... I've got you. I'm here now..." He chanted into Talia's hair while gathering her against his chest carefully like she might break at the slightest pressure.

Damon put Talia to sit on his lap and made sure to pull her skirt down because that wretched coach definitely got a good view of Talia's gorgeous legs.

"Damon?" Talia called, and then she smiled a little.

She was looking through him, but he was confident that she recognized him.

"I knew you will come," she said, and her arms wrapped with urgency around his torso.

Talia's fingers moved over Damon's back to confirm that was the right landscape, and only then she remembered why holding onto Keith didn't seem right. It was the lack of sparks of their bond.

The sparks were there now, dancing on her skin wherever they touched, confirming that the man holding her was the right one.

The silvery light enveloped them both, and then it sizzled away.

"Sorry, it took me so long. I am here now. I will take care of everything."

Talia's face contorted into a grimace, and she pressed her legs together. "I don't feel good. I..."

"Bear with it for a bit more, kitten," Damon said as he walked toward the exit while carrying Talia princess style.

He paused as he passed next to Keith.

"I will send you Caden and..."

"Don't worry about me, Alpha. I will take care of myself. You take care of our Luna. Be careful. I don't know if we were followed."

Damon nodded in acknowledgment of Keith's words. "You did good, Keith."

Keith lowered his head in shame. Would he get that praise if Damon knew what Keith was thinking just before Damon arrived? Would he get that praise if Damon knew how jealous Keith was because Talia had eyes only for one man, and that was not Keith? His Alpha was praising him, but Keith felt he didn't deserve it.

When Keith looked up, Damon and Talia were not there anymore.

Keith remembered the strange sensation around his neck while he was trapped by whatever the Guardian did. After that, Keith was able to move, and his body was energized like he got a boost. Well, that energy didn't last long.

Keith reached for his neck and fished the necklace from under his shirt. With one swift tug, the chain broke, and Keith observed that the stone which formed the pendant was cracked.

When Cassandra gave it to him, it was shiny like some whitish liquid was stored inside, yet now it had a dull white color. Whatever magic was in it, it was gone now.

Keith stared at the dull stone dejectedly. Was this it? Was this why Cassandra gave him the necklace? So that he can protect Talia for Damon to have her?

Keith threw the broken necklace to the side. It didn't matter. Talia was never his.

Will he ever be able to forget the feeling of Talia in his arms, coiling around his body?

Keith released a long breath and cursed his luck. His right arm was broken. How was he supposed to relieve this stiffness in his crotch area? Left hand it is...

...

Talia felt that she was being carried, and this was different compared to the previous time.

How was it possible that she mistook that other person for Damon?

Damon's hold was solid, and she knew he was running, yet she was so steady that those small lulls would calm her into sleep. Only Damon could hold her so firmly yet be so gentle. And the scent was right. Forest and dark chocolate, her favorites.

However, there was no way she could sleep. Her body was on fire, and she squirmed in Damon's arms.

"Damon," she called. "Where are you taking me? How much more?"

Her breath splashed on his chest, reminding him of their current situation. If not for the possibility that someone might interrupt them, Damon would stop running and indulge in Talia right where they were.

"Just a minute, kitten. We are almost there."

Talia gripped his shoulders to pull herself higher, and her lips deliriously searched for her mark on his neck.

"Fuck!" Damon cursed under his breath, and he flipped her so that she would come to his right side.

"Be obedient, kitten, or I will carry you over my shoulder."

Talia giggled weakly. "Will spanking be included?"

His cock lurched painfully in response to her invitation. Was she set for him to die from arousal?

"Whatever you want..." He groaned. "Can you stay still for a minute?" This was already a hell difficulty.

Chapter 802: Seeking solitude

"Once we reach our destination, we will do whatever you want." Damon coaxed Talia while fighting against his own madness.

She was hot and sexy, and her sweaty body stuck to his perfectly, like they were made for each other. Talia's cheeks were rosy, and her lips were slightly swollen how she was biting on them. Even if he looked away from her, it didn't help much because Talia's sweet citrusy scent of freesia was boosted by her pheromones, making him hard to the point of hurting. Everything about her was made to attract Damon, and now that she was in heat, she was a definition of lustful temptations. Can he hold back until they reach a safe place that would provide them privacy?

Talia bit his shoulder. "You didn't tell me where you are taking me." The grass seemed just fine, and with Damon's strength, they could do it against a tree or rock; they didn't even need anything to lay on.

"You will see," Damon responded.

The truth was that he was not sure, but he didn't want to admit to it.

Maddox told Damon (through Caden) how to reach the house that Maddox had prepared for him and Tatiana. The house was supposed to be used by Alpha and Luna of the Blue River pack to relax and celebrate after this three-day event. Unfortunately, Alpha Maddox and Luna Tatiana will spend the next few days visiting the injured and families of the ones who perished, while pretending in front of guests that things were fine. They won't have time to enjoy that house, so Maddox decided to let Damon use it.

Talia squirmed in Damon's arms, and her hands would wander wherever she could reach, making his movements difficult.

Her dress was in tatters already as she was tugging on it with force.

Talia managed to spread her legs and cling onto Damon like a koala while grinding herself on his erection, feverishly trying to reduce the distance between them and find release.

Damon was not sure what was worse between that friction and her sweet moans that sounded right next to his ear. He grabbed a fistful of her hair to prevent those naughty lips from latching onto her mark on his neck because if that happened, his legs would give in, and he would be at her mercy.

This was not his territory, and he was unsure when the patrols would come. If he succumbs to the primal call here, there was a chance someone to see them, and then Damon would spill blood because no one can see Talia naked and live to tell about it. That was only for Damon to see.

Damon was happy that he had found the place without wandering too much.

He took note of the dense forest surrounding them.

The two-story dwelling looked like a massive cottage, and big windows on the upper floor hinted at great views.

The inside was modern, with clean lines, hardwood floors, and carpets. It was decorated with crystal figurines and chandeliers that added a touch of luxury. It even smelled expensive. That was not Maddox's style, so Damon guessed it must be Tatiana's doing.

Damon stood at the door and observed the living room that featured a white stone fireplace and an extra-deep sofa. He took a mental note to try out that fluffy carpet with Talia, later.

On the left was a hallway, and Damon got a peek of the kitchen. Caden said there should be enough food for days and the patrols will only circle the area to provide security while not intruding on the couple. It was perfect.

Damon's attention fell on the stairs that led to the upper floor. He was looking for a bedroom.

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"Here we are, kitten..."

Talia heard Damon's deep voice close to her ear.

"Ah!" She shrieked when an icy sensation assaulted her ass and back, snapping her out of her daze.

"What are you doing!?"

She looked around to see that she was in the bathroom, and Damon lowered her into a tub full of water.

The water was not cold, but her body was on fire, so it felt icy.

Damon was scrubbing her back with urgency, knowing that her mind might slip back into lustfulness at any second. This clarity caused by the water shock was only temporary.

"You are all sweaty and dirty," he said. And she smelled of Keith.

She couldn't believe this. "Do you really care if I'm dirty?"

He didn't, but... "I want to make sure you know what you are doing. For that, I need you to focus. Is your head clear?"

Talia vaguely understood what Damon was saying. Why was he giving her a bath and chattering when they were supposed to have hot sex? Did he change his mind about impregnating her? Didn't he want them to have a family?

Or maybe her lustful haze made her misunderstand his intentions.

"What?" Talia asked.

Damon looked at her unfocused eyes. "Kitten. You are in heat. If we go through with this, and you regret it tomorrow..."

"I won't," Talia said right away. "Didn't I tell you that when I go into heat, you can impregnate me?"

Damon whimpered. She said it. Impregnate.

"No matter how much you scrub me, you won't wash away my desire to be with you, Damon. I want us to have a family. Our family. Isn't that what you want?"

"But what if..."

'SPLASH!'

Talia abruptly stood up, making the droplets fly everywhere. She wanted to stand straight, but her legs were wobbly, so she held onto the tub's edge.

"Damon!" Talia exclaimed. "I want you to fuck me! Now!"

Damon stared at Talia, whose eyes were flickering in silvery light, and he thought that her wet form crawling out of the tub was sexy as hell.

He sensed that her arousal was taking over again, and this time Talia had no intention of staying passive.

Damon walked backward toward the door as his lips lifted into a wicked smile. "You want this?" He gestured toward his erect cock. "Come and get it." And then he dashed out of the bathroom.

Talia's eyes flashed in outrage. "DAMON!"

Her feet were unstable on the wet floor tiles, but she caught herself on her hands and ran after him on all four while following his laughter.

'CRASH!'

A tall ceramic vase broke when Damon took a sharp turn, bumping into the display table where the vase was standing.

Talia was peeved that Damon was dodging her, but at the same time, her hunting instincts were at an all-time high. Damon was her prey, and as an Alpha, she couldn't let him escape.

She saw him jumping over the sofa, and she used the spring cushions to propel herself after him.

"Woah!" He exclaimed when her fingers grazed his bicep. She almost got him.

Damon paused for a moment to see if she was alright when the sofa toppled, and he avoided her claw-like fingers by a fraction.

Damon was fast, but Talia was not to be trifled with. He understood that if he didn't take this seriously, she would catch him too soon, and then she would tease him forever.

The best thing to get the blood pumping before sex was a good chase. This was about instincts and the urge to catch and dominate, and Damon knew that Talia was an Alpha who needed to feel the rush of being the predator.

If her heat came normally while they were at home, they would run through the forest of the Dark Howlers pack and end up in the cave behind the waterfall. That was their secret spot, in the middle of it all, yet perfect for activities no one should see or hear.

Even here, if her heat didn't hit so suddenly, Damon and Talia would run until her pheromones started inviting others, at what point they would seek solitude.

It was too late for that foreplay because her pheromones were going haywire already, but she missed so many firsts, and he wanted to give her at least a minute of normalcy so she could feel what it's like to be a werewolf.

Talia's whole childhood was wrong, and Damon messed up their first meeting. He was determined to create happy memories of her first heat, something she would remember with a smile on her face.

A chase in the house it is!

Chapter 803: Mating ritual (1)

Damon dashed out of the bedroom and jumped over the handrail to the main floor, right into the middle of the living room.

Damon looked up and smirked while thinking that Talia will take the stairs.

His smirk faltered when he saw Talia going after him without hesitation. What if she got hurt? He was unsure if he should continue running or catch her, but her fiery expression told him to run.

Talia was delirious in her search for a release, in search of a man, and Damon's scent of the forest and dark chocolate was like a mating call she was waiting for. The only thing on her mind was to get her hands on the male in front of her and to get her fill of him.

Damon was lucky that her ability didn't work on him because silvery light was lashing toward him like whips she could control with her mind.

After Damon and Talia toppled two sofa chairs, broke a few vases and figurines, and tore a painting that hung on the wall, Damon dashed down the hallway, made a circle around the island in the kitchen, dodged two oranges and a kiwi that Talia threw at him, and then he sprinted upstairs with Talia hot on his trail.

Talia ran into the bedroom, straight into a pair of strong arms.

Her whole body tensed at the sensation of Damon's flesh against hers. They were both completely naked, and the sparks of their bond made her feel like she was about to blow.

Talia hissed while gripping his shoulders with her eyes zeroed on her mark on his neck. She opened her mouth, ready to latch onto her mark and defeat him completely when...

"Aaah!"

Talia shrieked when Damon flipped her over his head and threw her on the bed.

"Damn it, Damon! Why are you making me work for it!?"

"I am worth it, and you know it," he said smugly.

That, she knew.

Damon stalked around the bed while his fiery gaze scanned her naked form and her eyes flashed in delight at the realization that the chase was over. It was his turn to come to her.

Talia pushed herself backward until her head hit the headboard.

She licked her lips, unsure where to look. It was hard to pick one between his intense eyes, confident smile, muscles that rippled as he moved, and that erection that waved at her.

Damon was like a predator, circling his prey, and it was hot as hell, but Talia didn't feel like playing anymore. Her unfulfilled need to mate was becoming painful now.

"No more games, Damon," her tone came with a hint of warning.

Talia wanted to jump on him, but after all this chasing, she realized it would be in vain if he didn't let her catch him. Her movements were sloppy due to arousal, and even magic was useless.

What to do? What to do?

The handsome devil was hard to catch, so she needed to lure him in.

Talia got an idea.

She spread her legs, and her hand slid down her abdomen.

Damon froze when he saw Talia's fingers gliding between her folds that were glistening from arousal.

His kitten was bold and horny, and he loved it!

Talia struggled to keep her eyes open. The sensation of her fingers rubbing her clit was great, but it was not enough.

"Ahhh..." A shaky sigh escaped her lips when her middle finger slipped inside her. Still, not enough.

"Don't tell me you are happy with watching," Talia rasped. "Your mate needs you, Damon."

A deep growl formed in his chest. His mate was right there, calling him, and the scent of her arousal filled the room, telling him she was ready. And he was ready as well.

Damon crawled on the bed until he was above Talia who was quick to wrap her arms and leg around him.

"Got ya!" She exclaimed victoriously.

"Mhm..." He hummed in agreement. "You got me." From the moment he laid his eyes on Talia, he was hers.

Talia kissed him desperately while clinging to him. She wanted to pull him lower, but he was big and strong, so she ended up dangling below him.

Damon lowered himself until her back sank into the mattress with him on top of her.

"Mmm..." Talia moaned into the kiss when he started grinding on her. He was hot and hard, and she was wet and feverish to feel him, and he didn't make her wait long.

Damon cupped her cheeks into his palms, and he stared into her unfocused eyes as he slid into her effortlessly. She was made for him.

Talia's jaw fell open slack, and she whimpered when he started rocking into her. Finally, she was getting what she wanted.

Damon kissed her shoulder, making an invisible trail toward his mark, and his fangs grazed her there before he started sucking.

The sensation of Talia trembling under him was out of this world, and he enjoyed her every gasp and moan that matched the rhythm of his hips. She was like an instrument he could play, and her sweet sounds spurred him to move faster.

They made love many times, but this was different. Her body was hotter and more inviting than ever before, perfectly coiling around his, the friction was just right, and her scent made him dizzy. It was like Talia became his personal aphrodisiac, and he wished that time would stop so that they could be frozen in this moment forever.

Her breathing was ragged, and Damon was not surprised that her eyes were glowing in silvery light. She was an otherworldly vision. His.

"Say that you are mine, kitten." He needed to hear it.

"Yours. Only yours, Damon." Her hands reached lower on his back, and she dug her nails into his firm ass. "And you are mine."

Damon growled and picked up the pace.

He was almost there, the pressure was building up, and he was not sure if Talia's sweet pussy was sucking him in or if that was just his imagination because it was that good.

Talia's body arched, and she cried to the heavens as he groaned while filling her insides with his hot seed.

Damon gripped her hip and continued pumping into her until there was nothing left for him to give, and then he slowed down.

His heart thundered against his chest. He did it. They did it. Did they? He was not sure.

He observed her flushed face. He could feel that she had an orgasm, but somehow... she was not happy.

"Are you OK?" He asked.

Talia's eyes snapped open, and she frowned at him.

Damon paused. Did he do something wrong? Was she regretting it?

He wanted to ask what was going on, but she pushed on his right shoulder while pulling his left one down, and they rolled on the bed.

Talia was now on top of him; the previous maneuver didn't cause him to pull out.

She started rocking her hips. "Why did you stop, Damon? I need more. Much more than that."

It took him a moment to realize that her displeasure was because she was still horny. Of course, she was in heat, meaning it might take hours until she was sated. Damon heard that some she-wolves in heat go at it until they collapse from exhaustion.

His kitten was an Alpha, which came with extra stamina, and he was ready to test which one of them could last longer.

This heat thing... he loved it!

Chapter 804: Mating ritual (2)

Talia stirred out of her sleep and blinked at the unfamiliar surroundings.

Everything smelled of the forest and dark chocolate, assuring her that Damon's presence was there, but he was not in sight.

Talia was on the bed, alone. The cold bedsheets told her that he left some time ago.

The bathroom door was open, and she could see it was empty. Where did he go?

Talia lifted her head to see that the room was a mess with toppled furniture, broken ceramic, and glass.

It took her a moment to remember that she was in heat. Damon brought her here, and after a chase, they ended up in bed. They were going at it for hours. Did she fall asleep? It looked like it.

Other than slight aches in her back, she was fine. Actually, Talia felt fresh and energized. Her body was not sticky at all, and she assumed that Damon cleaned her up. It wouldn't be the first time.

'Damon?' She called through their mind-link.

'Downstairs,' a one-word response came, and Talia could hear that he was smiling.

Talia's nostrils flared at the scent of bacon and her stomach grumbled. She forgot the sensation of hunger biting her insides.

There were no clothes in sight, so she used a bedsheet as a wrap-around dress.

The path toward the exit was like a minefield, and Talia tiptoed around the glass shards while making her way out of the room.

In the hallway of the upper floor, Talia paused at the handrail while looking down to see a wrecked living room. Everything appeared to be new but broken. Talia had vague memories of running after naked Damon. Did they make that mess? Or did some bandits come while they were busy upstairs? Why was the chandelier crooked? It looked like it was going to fall at any moment.

Talia peeked into the kitchen, and she was greeted by the sight of Damon's muscular back as he was busying himself at the stove. He was wearing only a pair of black shorts that fit snugly around his firm ass.

Her man was cooking, and she had never seen anything sexier in her life.

She took a sniff to distinguish scents of bacon and sausage, and there was some coffee as well. She could see a cup on Damon's right.

Damon peered over his shoulder and smiled at her. "Take a seat, kitten. It will be done in a minute."

Talia obediently sat on the barstool, and she put her hands on the kitchen island. The cold granite felt good under her palms.

She had so many questions, but she decided to keep them for later.

Talia propped her chin with her fist and enjoyed the handsome visual of Damon making food. It was so peaceful, and it felt like home.

'TAK!'

Talia jolted when four slices of perfectly toasted bread popped out of the toaster.

She wanted to get them, but Damon extended his arm, indicating that he will do it, so she settled back on her chair.

"Butter, jam, or both?" Damon asked while arranging toasted bread on the plate.

"I will have whatever you are having."

"Both it is."

Talia stared at him as he applied spreads to the bread. Gods! Even the bread looked sexy in his hands.

"Here you go, kitten," Damon said while putting one big plate on the kitchen island.

There were fried eggs, bacon, sausages, and hash browns. Just the sight of that yumminess made saliva pool into her mouth, and her tummy rumbled loudly.

It warmed her heart to know that Damon was cooking for her.

"Why won't you let me help?" Talia grumbled when he swatted her hand away, preventing her from pouring juice into a glass.

Damon waved his index finger at her, indicating that he won't allow it.

"This is all part of the mating ritual."

Talia's eyes widened. "Mating ritual?"

Damon hummed and lifted her from the chair. He sat on it first, and then he put Talia to sit on his lap.

His arms circles around Talia and he was cutting the sausage into bite-sized pieces while explaining, "When female goes into heat, the mated couple starts with a chase. Any unmated male who dares to come close is considered a challenger. Once that phase is over and the female is ready, the male takes her to a place where they can have privacy and he will take care of her every need and want until her heat is over... and forever."

He poked a piece of sausage on a fork and held it in front of her mouth.

"You need to eat, kitten. Allow me to take care of you. It is my duty and my honor."

Talia opened her mouth to accept his offering. She was hungry.

Her chin shivered as emotions overwhelmed her.

Even after all this time, she was not used to others taking care of her. And this was more special than just normal feeding. It was part of a ritual. Their mating ritual, Talia's and Damon's.

Talia was touched that Damon had all this on his mind, and he managed to do so much for her, yet she was oblivious. He proved again that he was thinking about her and putting her first.

Damon filled Talia's mouth with food, and when her cheeks puffed making her resemble a chipmunk, she leaned on him and chewed happily. It was just the two of them, and her world was at peace.

Damon put a piece of sausage into his mouth. "I'm sure you have many questions." He had questions for her also, like why the hell was she chatting with the Guardian without running away and calling for help? But he decided to leave those for later because it would definitely spoil the mood.

Talia missed the flash of darkness in Damon's expression, as she was thinking about which questions to ask first.

"Where are we? How long are we here? What happened to the Guardian and..." She was not sure if she wanted to know about this. "What about Keith?"

Damon addressed one question at a time while feeding her, "We are in the Blue River pack territory. Max said we can use this place. We are here since yesterday." He smirked. "I tired you out and you fell asleep." He fell asleep also, but he didn't want to admit that towards the end he was reaching his limits. He was pleased that Talia collapsed first, otherwise, that would be a stain on his manly reputation.

"The Guardian..." Damon's brows came together. "He escaped. Max and Tony got the scent of his blood and were looking for him, but they ended up with nothing. It's like the guy vanished into the thin air."

Talia guessed that Gregory had a way to conceal his presence, and probably to disguise himself also. How else would he be able to get into the Blue River pack and approach Talia without being caught? And based on what Gregory said, it was obvious that Gregory was at the party when Maddox and Tatiana tied the knot. He was right there, in plain sight, yet no one noticed him.

"What about Keith?" Talia reminded Damon.

"He will live."

Talia relaxed visibly. She wanted to know more details, but she could see that Damon didn't want to talk about it. As long as Keith was fine, she will talk to him later. Talia vaguely remembered Keith carrying her and her clinging onto him. Will she be able to look him in the eyes?

Chapter 805: Mating ritual (3)

"What about Grady and Varya?" Talia asked Damon.

"Maya and Caden confirmed that Grady's death was staged successfully. Today, Grady and Varya will move secretly to a safe house and wait until we return. They need us for the blood oath and to join the Dark Howlers pack."

Talia remembered that Tatiana and Kalina demanded Grady and Varya to NOT mate until they become members of the Dark Howlers pack, and she could guess that the couple was suffering while waiting.

"How long are we going to stay here?"

"Until your heat passes."

"I am fine now. It's gone."

Damon smirked. "It comes in waves, kitten. Eat before the next one comes." He stuffed a forkful of food into her mouth. "You will need the energy."

Talia felt her ears heating up. Was she blushing? How ridiculous. They already did so many things, why was this so embarrassing?

She grabbed the glass of orange juice and started drinking while her eyes moved over the space. She could see through the door a view of the living room that looked like a tornado passed through.

"Why is this place so messy? Did we do that?"

"Mhm..." Damon confirmed with a hum.

Talia's eyes widened as another wave of heat assaulted her face. This time, it was her cheeks getting rosy. "Didn't you say that this house is Max's? What will he say? Will Max be upset we wrecked his place?"

Damon shrugged. "He is rich. Whatever we broke, he can get another one." Damon was about to say something else, but he froze at the sight of Talia who was tugging on the bedsheet that was wrapped around her body.

"Uncomfortable?" Damon asked.

Talia took a few gulps of orange juice before responding, "Why is this place so hot? Or are the sausages spicy?" She didn't feel the heat while eating, but now she felt like there was a furnace in her belly.

"Eat faster, kitten," Damon said.

Talia stared at him for a long second and then she realized, "It's the heat again, isn't it?"

Damon's lips stretched into a smile. Yup, it was.

"Don't fight it, kitten. It's just the two of us. Do whatever feels natural. I am at your disposal."

Talia cleared her throat and was pressing her legs together while cursing her luck. She was still hungry, but she was more horny now. Damon was wearing only shorts, and she could feel his erection poking her bottom.

Damon's nostrils flared as he picked up the scent of her arousal. Should it come this quickly? He was not sure. But the good thing was that it was just the two of them, privacy, and plenty of time for carnal pleasures.

"I feel hot," Talia said.

With a twist of Damon's finger, the wrap-around bedsheet dress came undone.

Talia felt relief when the air splashed on her skin, but it did nothing to relieve the burning sensation that came from the inside.

"Let me help you, kitten," Damon murmured close to her ear, and then his head dropped to kiss his mark on her neck.

Talia released a shaky breath and her legs parted on their own, welcoming Damon's hand that ventured between her thighs.

Damon's heart swelled.

His kitten was sitting on his lap, completely naked, his fingers slid inside her wet heat, making him feel the addictive sparks all over his palm. Her face was a vision he wanted to engrave into his memory forever. Rosy cheeks, lips slightly open, unfocused gaze... she was lost in lust and he loved it.

Talia's hips moved on their own to meet Damon's hand, and within a minute she was gasping for air as she fell apart in his hand.

Damon lifted his hand and took a sniff of her juices, the sweet citrusy scent of freesia was amplified by her arousal.

Talia blinked to see him lick his fingers clean.

"Not enough?" Damon asked even though he knew the answer.

Talia shook her head. No, it was not enough.

Damon slid off the barstool and turned her to face the kitchen island.

He pushed the plates and utensils away haphazardly; the knife and fork clattered on the floor tiles.

Talia felt him holding onto her left knee, lifting her leg up while applying pressure on her back, pushing her to lean on the kitchen island.

The cold granite felt icy against her bare breasts, her nipples hardened in an instant. A second later, it didn't feel so cold anymore.

Damon lifted her left leg until it got on the kitchen island, and then he adjusted her hips so that her ass sticks out for a perfect angle.

"Ahh..." Talia exhaled loudly when Damon entered her from behind.

Her legs were spread widely, making her exposed and available for Damon to do what he pleases.

The first few thrusts were slow and careful, and then Damon gripped her hips and started moving vigorously. Talia saw stars in the middle of the day, that assault on her insides was just what she wanted, but somehow... she wanted more. Faster, harder.

'Spank me, Damon.' She spoke into their mind-link.

'SLAP!'

Talia moaned loudly as the pain radiated to amplify her pleasure.

'Again! Harder!'

Damon was more than happy to fulfill what his mate wanted.

He grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled back. Talia's body arched as the tension increased, making her feel like a string on a bow.

"Ah-mmhm-ah-ughdm-ahhh..." Unintelligible sounds left her lips, each louder than the previous one, and then she cried to the heavens as she exploded into a mind-shattering orgasm.

Damon groaned while rocking into her in jerky movements, wondering if this load will contribute to that winning seed that will make their pup. He was excited and terrified at the possibility of that happening.

Talia's mind was spinning, and she vaguely registered that plates with food were now broken on the floor; the mess of food and ceramic was everywhere. The sensation of Damon's arms around her and the way her body swayed told her he was carrying her upstairs.

Damon placed Talia on the bed and kissed her deeply.

"Do you want more?" He spoke against her lips.

"Yes," she breathed.

Damon grinned. "Feel free to take as much as you want, kitten. I am all yours."

Talia's fingers dug into his back, and he couldn't react in time when she moved like a flash and her lips latched on her mark that was on his neck.

Damon's whole body shook, and a throaty moan formed in his chest. By the time he realized what was going on, Damon was on his back with Talia straddling him.

"Mine. Mine..." She chanted while raking his chest with her nails.

The pink marks were a sign she was doing it with force, but Damon wouldn't mind even if she drew blood.

Talia stared at him with unfocused eyes as she felt the stretch of him entering her. It was all amplified by the sparks of their bond, making it addictive, and they both craved for more.

Damon caressed her body and let her set the pace.

She was almost there when her movements became jerky, and Damon grabbed her hips and lifted her slightly, and then he started pounding himself into her from below.

Talia threw her head backward and moaned loudly, and Damon loved the sight of her breasts bouncing.

Damon enjoyed the sex, he really did. But what made it all better was Talia who was lost in lust, letting him see this vulnerable side of her. It was all so much more important because Damon knew that this sight, this right here, was only for him to see. No one ever got this access, and no one ever will. And that made him want to work harder to please her, so she won't have any regrets.

Talia was taking in every inch he had to offer, and she moved in the rhythm he set, those small rotations of her hips increased their pleasure, and he couldn't believe how good it felt. She was fantastic. Perfect. For him.

Talia growled as another orgasm trashed her insides, and Damon continued thrusting into her until she collapsed on top of him.

Damon kissed her eyes and cheeks and waited for her to catch her breath, knowing that this was just a small break because his kitten was not sated yet. Two minutes later, they were back at it again, and he wished that this heat thing can last forever.

Chapter 806: Alpha Natalia's identity (1) [Bonus chapter]

Declyn stood in front of a digital keypad. He pressed an eight-digit code, and the door clicked open.

Declyn entered the dark apartment and frowned at the stale air. It seemed like no one had been there for years. Did he get into the wrong place?

This was one of many apartments owned by the Guardians. They owned properties all over the world. It allowed them to move among humans without leaving a trail by staying in hotels.

"You are late," A gravely voice was heard from the darkness.

Declyn smirked when he recognized the voice. It was Gregory, and that meant he was in the right place.

"It was not easy to find him," Declyn said and pulled the man to the front who was hiding behind him.

A soft click was heard, and warm light illuminated the area.

It was the living room of an apartment where furniture was covered in white bedsheets.

The only non-covered piece of furniture was a sofa where Gregory was sitting. The brown floor lamp that illuminated the space was on his right.

Declyn frowned at Gregory's mangled face.

"Did you get hit by a truck?", Declyn asked.

Every Guardian has an impressive physique. Their flesh is resistant to cold, heat, and other things that could cause injuries, such as cuts and bruises. Declyn's deformed face didn't belong to a Guardian unless he was hit by a truck. Or a tank. Did he try to stop an airplane with his head?

Gregory didn't respond, and Declyn came up with his own theory. "Did Alpha Natalia do this to you?" He knew that Gregory left their Castle in pursuit of Alpha Natalia.

Gregory narrowed his eyes at Declyn. "Do I need to teach you to keep your mouth shut?" By the time he finished, he was looking at the man next to Declyn.

"Do you still have your healing, Stephan?" Gregory asked while gesturing toward his face. "Come here and fix this."

Guardians have an impressive physique, but it comes at the cost of slow healing. A broken bone could take years to heal, which normally wouldn't be much for a Guardian with plenty of time available. However, Gregory was in a hurry.

"Why are you hesitating?" Gregory snapped at the man.

"I told you that I am not a Guardian anymore. I am just a man." He turned to Declyn. "You didn't tell me that the patient was this guy when you dragged me here. I had an important meeting, two of them."

Gregory's temper flared at the blatant disrespect, and the air crackled around him, as if it was solidifying.

"Decades away from the Castle made you forget who I am, Stephan," Gregory said in a dangerously low voice. "We can do this easy way or the hard way. It's up to you."

Stephan knew that Gregory wouldn't dare to kill him. After all, he was the only Guardian who could heal others. Actually, his ability was not healing. It was the reversal of time. By focusing on a specific area and exerting energy, Stephan could restore it to its previous state.

Stephan wouldn't die from some pressure and lack of air, but the pain and suffering were real. Now that he found out that Declyn brought him here to fix up Gregory, it was obvious that he couldn't leave until he accomplished that task.

"OK," he squeezed through his teeth, and then he breathed with ease.

He approached Gregory and cocked an eyebrow. "Do you want me to make you pretty while I'm at it?" He chuckled and extended his hands, palms hovering an inch away from Gregory's face.

A warm sensation spread from Stephan's palms, and Gregory's nose straightened as swelling and bruises faded within seconds.

Declyn moved to open a window. He was desperate for some fresh air.

The whole process of fixing up Gregory lasted less than a minute.

"Can I go now?" Stephan asked.

Declyn nodded. "Next time when you move, let me know." It took extra effort to locate Stephan because he didn't leave a forwarding address at his previous place.

Stephan snorted. "Next time I move, I will be more careful not to leave traces behind. This stunt of yours cost me two clients."

Declyn rolled his eyes and pulled a platinum-colored card from his pocket. "There is a hundred thousand on this. That should lessen the blow of losing clients."

Stephan snatched the card. "It's a start."

He moved toward the door, and when he touched the doorknob, he heard Gregory saying, "Until next time, Stephan."

"Let's hope there is no next time," Stephan retorted, and the apartment door closed with a bang behind him.

Declyn walked closer to Gregory and observed his face.

"Stephan did a good job. You look younger." He rubbed his chin. "I regret not asking him to make me younger also."

Gregory was not in the mood for jokes. Age and external appearance didn't mean anything to them. "Did you get the information I asked for?"

"I did," Declyn said. "But first, I want to hear what you found out."

Gregory frowned, and Declyn sat next to him on the sofa like he didn't notice.

"It's only fair to exchange information. Don't you think so?" Declyn asked.

Gregory gave up. He knew that bickering would only delay the progress, and he couldn't force Declyn and risk angering him. The number of active Guardians was too low already.

"What do you want to know?"

Declyn's face lit up. He was happy that he didn't need to drag this more than necessary.

"Who did that to your face? Alpha Natalia?"

Gregory shook his head. "It was her guard."

"She has impressive guards."

"It's not the guards," Gregory grumbled. "He had something. An ability or a spell. Or an item."

"What makes you think so?"

"I checked them all. He was just an average werewolf. I restricted his movements without any issues, but after some time, he broke out of it, and his punches felt like he was wielding a sledgehammer. Also, my ability didn't work on him anymore. I'm sure he had some protection."

Declyn didn't feel like guessing what it was. "We can look into him further. It shouldn't be difficult to figure out his identity once we look at the guestlist. What else did you find out?"

A smile slowly bloomed on Gregory's face as he was preparing to announce, "Alpha Natalia... she is one of us."

"One of us? Are you sure?"

"I did the heat-inducing ritual. It worked. She has the blood of a Guardian, and she is capable of bearing children. You should see her, Declyn. It took only a few seconds to work."

Declyn felt that something was missing. He knew about Gregory's obsession with preserving their kind. "If she is one of us and can bear children, how come you didn't bring her with you?"

Gregory rubbed his face with force. "I was about to, but then that guard jumped on me. I didn't expect it, and... she slipped through my fingers."

"Now she knows your face, and you can't get close to her. Do you want me to keep an eye on her?"

Gregory released a frustrated breath. He really messed up. And there was another problem. "She has a mate."

At the lack of reaction from Declyn, Gregory asked, "You knew about it?"

Declyn nodded. "That's what you wanted me to find out, right? My investigation confirmed that Alpha of the Midnight Guardians pack and Luna of the Dark Howlers pack are the same person. And there is more..."

Chapter 807: Alpha Natalia's identity (2)

"You have more?" Gregory asked, his eyes wide in expectation of what Declyn will say next. "What did you find out?"

Declyn smiled mysteriously. "Let's address this one thing at a time. Alpha Damon being Natalia's mate will complicate things."

Gregory pressed his lips into a line. "We can eliminate him, and that will fix our issue."

"Do you think that will fix things?" Declyn asked mockingly. "Kill her mate, and we will turn her into our enemy."

"She is just one female."

"If she is just one female, you wouldn't be interested in her. Besides, she is the Alpha of the Midnight Guardians pack and the Luna of the Dark Howlers pack. How I see it, she has two armies at her disposal."

If anything happens to Alpha Damon, she can take over his pack as an Alpha. We already established that she is powerful enough to confront all other Alphas, at the same time."

Gregory's attitude deflated. "Continue."

Chapter 808: A break from everything

"Damon... Damon... Damon..."

Talia chanted breathily as Damon rocked his hips, filling her up just right as he pushed her closer to another orgasm.

"Oh, God!"

She exclaimed when he changed the angle, and he grinned victoriously.

"That's it, kitten. Come for me."

He groaned when her insides coiled around his cock, providing that extra push for them to come together.

No matter how much control he had, their mate bond allowed him to feel Talia's emotions, and when her orgasm washed over him, he would tip over the edge with her.

After a few last shaky thrusts, Damon plopped on the bed next to Talia.

Damn! It was five days how they were going at it, and his cock felt raw. Did he sustain an injury? But more importantly, "How are you feeling, kitten?"

Talia smiled goofily and curled by his side. "Better," she responded.

Her heat was still ongoing, but every next wave was a fraction more manageable. Now she would feel the arousal, but not to the point of losing her mind. It was just that: horny. Damon could sense that her pheromones were stabilizing. Other males will probably not be muddle-headed if they get close to her.

Talia loved that Damon wrapped his arms around her, and they laid like that in silence.

Her breathing became even, and she looked up at him. "Do you think we should go back?"

Damon frowned in obvious disapproval. "We should stay here longer. At least another day." Or a week.

Talia glanced around. "I'm not sure if this place can support us anymore."

The room was a complete mess. Sofas and chairs were toppled, most of the accessories were either broken or torn, one of the windows was not closing properly, and glass shards covered the floor.

Damon and Talia were lying awkwardly, with their feet significantly lower than their heads because the bed was broken.

The rest of the cabin was not much better. What was modern and sophisticated with a touch of luxury, it was now all wrecked, like a band of hooligans had invaded it.

Damon ignored Talia's comment which pointed out the fact that they destroyed the place. From Damon's perspective, it was worth it.

He didn't mind the mess, and the bed (even though it was broken) was more comfortable than the simple one they had in their cave behind the waterfall. Now that he realized how much activity is included with heat, Damon decided to get a comfy mattress in there. For the next time.

Damon tightened his hold on Talia and buried his face into her neck.

"I could stay like this forever," he spoke against her skin.

A warm smile spread on her face. She would love to stay like that with him also, but... "Aren't you worried about our packs?"

"If there is anything urgent, Maya and Caden will contact me. Axel, Meg, or Kai didn't contact you, which means things are fine on that side also."

Talia knew he was right, but there was also the point of... "Some people are waiting for us."

"Let them wait, kitten. You don't go into heat every day. This is our time. You and me. Or do you hate it here? Are you bored of me already?"

"No, no," Talia said quickly.

She remembered that Lulu had died. Did Maya and Caden already talk to Lulu's father? Lulu was Talia's guard, and she died while protecting Talia. It was Talia's responsibility to escort Lulu back and talk to Lulu's father, yet she didn't do it because she was having sex.

Another troubling issue was that Gregory knew Damon was her mate, and the Guardian didn't seem happy about it. Did Talia add Guardians to the long list of Damon's enemies? He already had so many things to deal with, and instead of helping, Talia made it worse.

And then there was the issue of Keith carrying Talia while she was in heat. Damon told her nothing happened, but Talia remembered being grabby with Keith and then using her ability on him. Damon said that Keith will live, but even if Keith was unscathed, Talia needed to find the courage to face him after showing him her lewd side. How embarrassing.

What happened to Grady, Varya, Cornelia, and James? Did Mindy's heat start? And what about Stephanie and Lisa?

Talia had no idea what was going on with the Midnight Guardians pack, and Damon didn't tell her about the Dark Howlers pack either. The Blue River pack was a mess after the rogue attack, yet Talia and Damon acted like everything was fine in the world.

Damon's brows came together when he felt that Talia's mood dropped. "What is it, kitten?"

"There are so many problems out there. It feels wrong to stay here and just be happy."

Damon's heart cracked. "There is nothing wrong with being happy, kitten. There is a whole shitstorm out there, with or without us. But we need this break. I need this break. Every moment with you reminds me

that there is beauty in this world and that I was not born to only fight and solve other people's problems. I want to be selfish and do things for myself. I choose to be with you and not think about anything else. I need to make sure YOU are happy. Do you understand how important this is?"

Talia needed a moment to process his words. Damon was talking quickly and choppily, but she could feel that under all that talk about how they should be selfish and postpone dealing with problems, there was a layer of guilt.

Now she felt bad. How could she forget Damon spent the last decade alone, taking care of his pack? He felt the weight of everything that was happening, yet he chose to focus on her because she was in heat. Damon shut down Guardians, rogues, power-hungry Alpha, other realms, and everything else that would disturb their moments as they were wrecking this cabin and indulging in each other, and... it was wonderful.

"I'm sorry, Damon," Talia said. "I'm not saying we should leave now, but how about we think about it? We are both enjoying, but we also have responsibilities." Seeing that Damon didn't respond, Talia added. "We could leave tomorrow."

Damon eyed her suspiciously. "Let's talk about it tomorrow."

Talia agreed. "Tomorrow it is. I hope you know I am happy. You make me happy."

Damon released a long breath, and his expression softened. "I am glad to hear that, kitten. I don't want you to feel guilty for taking a break. I won't deny there are problems out there, but if we wait for things to be perfect until we can relax and enjoy, we will be waiting forever."

Talia smiled at him dreamily. "You are a wise man, Damon Blake."

"Keep praising me, and I will think you are doing it with a hidden agenda."

"Oh, but I have a hidden agenda."

"You do?"

"Mhm," Talia hummed in confirmation. "I want to seduce you and make you mine."

Damon chuckled. "You already did that. I am yours and yours only. But keep seducing me. I like it."

Her hand slipped down his abs and her fingers wrapped around his cock.

Talia didn't miss a small frown on his handsome face upon contact.

"Is something wrong?" She guessed.

Damon was embarrassed to say that it was tender.

His healing was top-notch. If he could get a small break, he would be like new in no time. But how can he get that break inconspicuously?

"How about I make us something to eat?"

It was unlike Damon to postpone carnal pleasures, so Talia connected the dots. "Did I overuse your womb raider?"

Damon's eyebrows shot up. "What?" Did she just call his cock a womb raider? He liked it. He will raid her womb anytime... as long as she gives him a little break to recuperate.

Talia wiggled her eyebrows at him. "No need to be shy about it. Just tell me if it's sore. I can help."

"What can you do?"

Talia slowly slid lower down his body, and she smiled slyly while talking, "Did you forget that my saliva has analeptic properties? You taught me that." She stifled a giggle. "Let me administer medical treatment. You will love it."

Talia's eyes fell on his half-erect cock, and she licked her lips before wrapping them around his shaft.

She hummed in satisfaction when she felt him growing in her mouth.

Damon closed his eyes and exhaled loudly when her head started bobbing, and her tongue performed some magic that came with the sparks of their bond.

He was not sure if the warm sensation came because of her sucking him off or if she used her ability to heal him, but he was not sore anymore, and he loved it. More sex it is!

Chapter 809: The heat is over (1)

~ the Dark Howlers pack ~

Damon parked the car in front of the packhouse and looked at Talia.

"What's wrong, kitten?"

He could feel her anxiety.

"It's nothing."

"Tell me." He urged her to speak up.

"I am nervous about going there."

Damon saw her pointing at the packhouse, and he didn't get it.

"Why?"

"Because... everyone knows I was in heat and that we had sex."

Damon's lips twitched, and then he burst into hearty laughter.

Talia normally enjoyed it when he laughed like that, but his timing was off. It was one thing if they did it in the privacy of their bedroom, but they were stuck in that cabin for a whole week while many things were waiting for them at home. Talia could only imagine Maya saying, 'Sorry, Alpha and Luna are unavailable at the moment because they are going at it.'

How can Talia look people in the eyes after that?

While on the topic of sex and pups, Talia asked Liseli not to disclose a possible pregnancy.

If Liseli confirms that Talia is not pregnant, Talia will be disappointed, and if Liseli says that Talia IS pregnant, Talia will be super-stressed.

Talia decided not to drink and to be careful, and to let nature take its course.

Another thing making Talia uneasy was the wrecked dwelling they left behind. Luckily, Maddox was too busy to check on the cabin. Once he finds out that Damon and Talia broke everything that could be broken, he will be furious. Probably.

"Are you done laughing?" Talia asked grumpily.

"Oh, kitten..." Damon wiped tears from the corners of his eyes. Can she be any cuter?

He lifted her hand and kissed her knuckle while speaking, "Do you think people don't know we are jumping each other's bones every time we get a chance? The only thing they don't know is that you are the one with a bigger appetite. But don't tell that to anyone because it will ruin my manly image."

"Damon, I am serious."

"So am I, kitten. So am I. Our people are happy that their Alpha and Luna are getting along well. The fact that we stayed in solitude for a full week is a good sign."

"It is?"

Damon nodded earnestly. "If we acted like it was not important, or if we returned after two days, people would think that we are like Alpha Edward and other guys who don't care about their mates. Like this, they know that I adore you and that we are committed to each other."

Talia liked the part of people acknowledging that the bond between her and Damon is unshakeable. It made her feel better.

Damon could see that she relaxed, and he was quick to exit the car and circle it so he could open the door for her.

Talia looked at his extended hand and smiled. Every time they did that little ritual, she remembered how there was a time she thought that Damon was treating her well only when they were alone. And she didn't like returning to the packhouse because it meant that they needed to keep their distance from each other.

Talia slammed herself into Damon and hugged him tightly.

"I was so silly." She said while rubbing her cheeks on his chest.

Damon chuckled. He had no idea what that was about, but she was adorable. "How I see this, you still are."

Talia pouted, but she couldn't suppress the smile that reached her eyes. She was happy.

Talia turned to look at the door of the packhouse, and she took a deep breath.

That was her home, with Damon. She loved it, she really did, but returning also signified that their solitude was over, and they needed to deal with reality. The not-so-happy stuff.

Damon and Talia walked into the packhouse when...

"SURPRISE!"

Talia sucked in a sharp breath, unsure if she should run, defend, or attack.

It took her a moment to realize that the flying stuff was confetti, and there were balloons, and she could see familiar faces.

Maya, Caden, Zina, Rose, Cornelia, Keith, Caleb, Amelia, Liam, Pierce, Daria, and Travis.

"Welcome back!" Maya exclaimed while giving a big hug to Talia.

"We missed you." This hug came from Zina.

"What is this?" Talia asked while looking around, and then she saw Damon smiling at her. "You knew about this?"

"How else would we know when to expect you?" Caden asked.

"Come, come... I prepared a feast." Zina said. "I'm sure you are hungry after all that activity." Zina winked at Talia.

Talia glared at Zina but couldn't say anything and not make it worse. And besides, she was hungry.

Everyone congratulated them, and Talia tried to hide behind Damon. They said they were happy that Alpha and Luna were back, but Talia knew they were talking about her heat. Oh, God! They were congratulating her for having a week filled with sex!

Damon thought how Talia looked like a shy bride.

Eventually, they settled at the table in the dining room.

Talia was grateful for the crowd that distracted her from the issue with Keith. She was unsure how to face him after their last encounter, but he moved naturally, and she guessed that any injuries were healed by now, and she hoped that he wouldn't mention her lewdness. They could just pretend it never happened. That would be for the best.

Talia needed a moment to remember that Daria was now here as Pierce's mate. She was waiting for Damon and Talia to return so that she could join the Dark Howlers pack officially.

Since Amelia became a member of the Dark Howlers pack, she needed Travis and Gideon to collaborate in order to secure some ingredients. That was how Travis found out about the existence of witches, and now they could talk in front of him freely.

They exchanged some information over the meal.

Travis said that Grady was in full strength, with his injuries healed completely. It was obvious that he knew about the rogue attack at the Blue River pack.

Other than Daria, Grady and Varya also were waiting to join the Dark Howlers pack.

Unfortunately, Gideon was in solitude with Mindy, who was in heat.

"Varya and Grady are impatient," Caden said. "And I can't blame them. They promised to Kalina and Tatiana that they won't proceed with the mating before they join this pack, but with our Shaman being in solitude, they will need to wait longer."

Varya and Grady cooperated, but now they were stuck in a house like prisoners, and they were not allowed to go beyond kissing.

Talia thought of a solution. "We can get Cassandra here. Yasmin can send her in no time. Cassandra knows how to do these ceremonies. Or does she need to be a member of the Dark Howlers pack?"

It was normal for the Shaman of the pack to do the ceremonies. But was it a requirement for the Shaman to belong to that pack? No one knew.

"Why don't we make them join your pack?" Damon suggested.

Talia blinked. "My pack?"

Damon confirmed. "We were concerned about their safety, that rogues will want to get their hands on them because Grady knows too much. If they stay in the Midnight Guardians pack, no one can touch them. By now, they know about witches and abilities, so it's not like they will be exposed to any major secret by going there. What do you think?"

Talia agreed. It made sense.

There was also a point of them not completely trusting Grady and Varya. They were both loners without any loyalty. But if they were in the Midnight Guardians pack, even if they were planning a betrayal, their communication would be cut off.

Chapter 810: The heat is over (2)

Amelia was excited to hear they would be going to the Midnight Guardians pack, and she self-invited.

"We can head there after the meal. I look forward to seeing Yasmin. I wonder if her belly started showing." Amelia turned to Cornelia. "How about you also come? We will be back on time for you to join James after dinner."

Talia liked Amelia already. She was bubbly and loud, and somehow it made Talia miss Dawn.

Talia asked Cornelia about Dawn and George. Cornelia said that Dawn was doing well. George was busy most of the day, but Dawn had Estelle and a few other Omegas to keep her company. Dawn would

spend a lot of time in the kitchen, cooking and baking, and Cornelia was sure that George had gained some weight.

"Do you think we can visit Dawn?" It was Zina who asked.

At first, Dawn would come to the Dark Howlers pack during the day with Cornelia, but as Dawn was getting more comfortable in her new home, Dawn's visits thinned.