

## CHAPTER 108

Damien POV

Well, I've spent some time with Winter, trying to make her remember me and the small, very rare, good parts of her childhood but it's been difficult. She still can't fully remember and it makes it awkward. We feel like strangers rather than the family that we are. Poor Kai is devastated. It can't be easy seeing the mark on her neck suddenly gone. Plus, he's too nice to just mark her without her consent. I know if that happened with Langdon I'd be pretty upset.

Langdon's been pretty quiet lately. I've just gotten into the shower, wondering where on earth he's gone to, when the door opens and he comes waltzing in. I raise my eyebrows. He leans back against the vanity and folds his arms, his expression unreadable. "Do you want to join me?" I offer but he shakes his head.

Damn. I was hoping he would.

"Thanks, but I'm enjoying the view" he purrs and I can't help but blush. Even now, I still have a reaction to the man. My body just does it automatically.

"If you got undressed, I could enjoy the view too" I grumble as he chuckles.

"Are we training today?" I ask him eagerly. He's been super wicked at showing me the ropes and training me. It's been fun. But he looks pensive.

"To be honest" he says calmly "I thought we could do something else today instead."

Now I'm intrigued. "What kind of thing were you thinking of?" I ask slyly.

He grins. "It's a surprise."

I groan out loud. I'm not particularly fond of surprises but if my mate wants it to be, then I'll go along with him. Besides, now that I'm looking at him closely, he looks excited, more so than usual. It has to be something pretty important then.

"Does Kai know about this surprise?" I ask suspiciously. After all, as the Beta, Langdon can't just walk away from the pack for anything without permission.

"Of course." Langdon says lightly as I turn the water off in the shower and wrap a towel around the bottom half of me.

He follows me back out to the bedroom. Man, he must have been up super early today to be dressed and showered before me. I thought I was an early riser, but he's even worse.

"How should I dress then?" I say exasperated "formal, not formal?"

"Wear something comfortable and loose" he says and I eye his clothes with raised eyebrows. He's dressed in trousers and a shirt, so I figure I should do the same. Except that I go for black jeans and a white shirt. He looks impressed, licking his lips. I give him a wink.

"Follow me" he orders.

We walk down to the garage, and I'm expecting to see his car. But instead, he retrieves two helmets and hands one to me. Well, that's a surprise in itself. I hadn't known he had a bike. Now my own heart is thudding wildly in my chest. I've always wanted a motorbike but could never afford one.

Besides it hadn't made sense to get one when I had a perfectly working car. He leads me to a Harley and I drool at it. It's a fine piece of work, leather seats, huge motor, one large piece of beauty. Langdon laughs at the expression on my face. He gets on and flips the helmet over his head.

"Get on" he shouts, his voice muffled by the helmet.

I gingerly get on behind him, wrapping my arms tightly around his waist for balance. He starts the bike with a loud roar, and then slowly peels out as I tremble in excitement.

We head out of the pack house and onto the main roads, swerving between the traffic. Langdon seems to be a pro at handling the bike and it's so fast, it easily surpasses the cars on the road. The wind is rushing through my hair and I feel free, freer than I've ever felt in my life. We begin to slow down once we reach the city, to my disappointment and he pulls into a parking lot, full of cars. I narrow my eyes. Has he brought me to a carnival? Sweet, uptight Langdon? Surely not.

I climb off the bike and pull off the helmet, Langdon climbing off slowly, a wide smile on his face. "I hope you like carnivals"

he teases. My heart skips a beat. Man, I love carnivals. I wonder who told him, or like me, he loved them as well.

"Brilliant" I breathe out, handing the helmet to him and watching him place it on the handle bar.

"I thought it was time we went for our first date" he announces, grabbing hold of my hand and leading me to the entrance. He pays for our entry and then we head inside.

My head swings everywhere. Where did we go first? There were so many choices. Then I spot the rollercoaster and my eyes light up as I drag him over. Langdon clutches the front of the seats, looking green as we go up

and over, spinning around fast. When it's finished, I have to help him out, his legs swaying slightly as he walks. I have to stifle my laughter.

"How about that one?" I ask eagerly, pointing to a ride that went up high and then dropped quickly.

Langdon goes pale. "Sure" he stammers.

"We don't have to" I protest but he shakes his head.

"No let's do it."

The poor sweet man screamed the entire time we dropped. He also went so pale I thought he was going to faint. I helped him out, feeling slightly guilty. I should have insisted on doing something else.

"Langdon do you even enjoy carnivals?" I ask suspiciously.

He looks sheepish. "I kind of heard you say how much you like them, so I thought it would make a perfect date" he mumbles "I'm not too fond of them myself to be honest."

I'm so touched. He was doing something special for me, even though he didn't really enjoy it.

"How about the Ferris wheel" I say softly. Surely that ride would be alright for him.

His eyes light up. Score one for Damien, I think to myself.

"Let's do that last" he suggests "get some ice cream and fairy floss first?"

Man, I'm down for that. Not to mention the endless games that are waiting for me. Langdon seems content to stand and watch me, eating the fairy floss and even stealing mine. Not that I mind. I'm having a blast. We even do a ring toss game together. He's really relaxed out here and it's a good side of Langdon that I'm seeing. He's not so uptight out here, away from

all his responsibilities of the pack. He's even content holding my hand, despite the strange looks we are receiving and the occasional insult under someone's breath. It doesn't seem to bother him at all. It doesn't bother me. I thought it would, but to be honest, all my focus is on him and the enjoyment of the date. Everything else around us seems to fade away.

"Man, I'm stuffed" I growl, patting my stomach. So much fairy floss and ice cream, not to mention the hot chips and hot dogs I've eaten. I feel like I'm about to explode. Langdon hasn't fared much better, but he mainly stuffed himself on fairy floss. Apparently, it's a weakness of him.

"I feel like I'm going to need to be rolled back to the motorbike" grouses Langdon "I shouldn't have eaten so much."

"You ate less than I did" I point out with amusement "you really should have tried one of those hot dogs."

He wrinkles his nose. "Do you even know what's in a hot dog" he demands.

"No" I groan "and I don't want to know. Not unless you want me to be sick at any rate."

"Are there any other games or rides you want to go on?" Langdon queries.

I shake my head, then remember. "We were going to go on the Ferris wheel" I mutter. It's not as crowded at the carnival now, not when it was starting to get late. We'd spent out here.

"Oh yeah" Langdon said quietly.

We turn towards the ride, grateful to see there's hardly anyone waiting. Langdon pays for our tickets and I swear he's talking to the ride operator, because it takes him ages to come back.

"Everything alright?" I ask him.

He looks taken aback. "Yeah, everything is fine" he babbles.

My eyes narrow. He's up to something, I'm sure of it.

We get to the head of the line and sit down, putting the safety bar over us. The ride begins and the view is amazing. You can see over the city, the bright lights, the sunset, all of it. It's beautiful. I'm in awe. I'm glad we decided to do this ride last, because the view is nothing short of spectacular. Then the ride stops suddenly. I glance downwards nervously, but Langdon has a wide grin on his face. Did he know the ride was going to stop when we were at the very top?

"Langdon" I say "did you do this?"

He smirks. Then moves closer. His hands grab hold of the sides of my face, his eyes staring into mine as I swallow nervously. God he's beautiful. He moves forward, his face inches from mine, and then slowly, tenderly, he places his lips against mine, one of his hands going to the back of my head and holding it in place. I moan out loud, his tongue diving inside, touching mine and caressing it as I push my lips back against his, giving as good as I've got. It feels like time has stopped still, everything around us, the noise, the lights, fading away into the background. My hands go around his neck, pushing deeper in the kiss, my own tongue eagerly dancing with his. My hands itch to explore him, to feel him all over, and I'm only dimly aware that we're out in public.

Then the ride starts again, causing both of us to pull back reluctantly. "That was so romantic" I tell Langdon and he looks pleased.

"I bribed the operator, that's what took so long" he beams. I grin back.

When we get off the ride, I'm sad to see the evening is over. IT was such a nice day and it was made more special spending it with my mate. I sadly take hold of Langdon's hand.

"What's wrong?" he asks.

"Nothing, I'm just sad the date has ended" I try not to snifle. After all there will be plenty of dates. Won't there? Langdon looks confused.

"But there'll be loads of other dates" he points out, stifling a smile "I promise you that. Plus, we still have to ride the motorbike back" he says and I cheer up. There is that.

The drive back is quiet. It's hard to talk anyway with all the noise from the bike and the wind. We get back to the pack house and Langdon takes my helmet and puts it away. I'm about to turn and head to the pack house with him, when he pulls back on my hand and stops me.

"Just a second" he says quietly. "Damien, I want you to know that I genuinely care about you. I'm not taking this mate bond for granted, there will be other dates."

He exhales as I listen, a smile on my face. "I'm not really good at expressing my feelings. But I can do better. In the meantime," he says with a chuckle, holding out his hand with the motorbike key.

I stare, not comprehending. What was going on? What was this.

"It's yours" He clarifies "the bike. I got it for you. I know you've always wanted one."

"It's mine" I whisper and he nods.

I fling myself into his arms. "Thank you so much" I utter over and over again as I hug him. He pulls me back and then I astonish him by giving him a massive kiss. One that gets my heart racing, my body beginning to get turned on by touching him. I pull back and grab Langdon by the hand, the key firmly held in my other one.

"What do you say we take this to the bedroom" I breathe, about to show him just how much I appreciate him. The perfect end, to what had turned out to be the perfect day.