

CHAPTER 117

Damien POV

What Winter did to our father will remain in my memories forever. But if I have to admit to anything, it's that she was determined enough to take him down all on her own. So, what if she's half vampire? She's a badass as far as I'm concerned. The only thing bothering me now, are the words she spoke, once we got her back to the pack house. "Our mother is still alive Damien."

I wanted to scream at her that she had it all wrong, that mother had to have died in that rogue attack. Because if she didn't, then where was she? How could she have abandoned her children as though they meant nothing to her? What mother would willingly leave her children behind? But there never had been a grave to visit, a place to grieve our mother. Our father was a lying bastard, that was the truth and now I had to deal with the overwhelming guilt that Winter had been tortured for a reason that never existed in the first place. That is, if he spoke the truth. He could be trying to mess with our heads again; it wouldn't surprise me. I bet he never thought Winter would be capable of killing him.

I think back to one of my favorite memories of her. It's nighttime. I was always one of those kids who could never fall straight asleep at night. Most parents would be furious, but my mother would just smile at me and motion me to follow her. My little legs would follow her outside and we

would lie down in the grass, staring up at the sky with all the twinkling stars above us.

"Damien look" she would say, pointing to a direct constellation and telling me what it was. "That one's the archer" she told me, her hair rippling in the wind.

I would cuddle next to her, my head on her shoulder, snuggling in as she held me. She always smelt so sweet, like flowers and her hair was soft and silky. She would kiss me on my forehead and hold me close. I was always so excited to spend this time with her. It was our little secret. Even my father didn't know that we went outside to spend time together.

We would lie there until I started to get sleepy. As soon as I started to yawn, she would give a small peal of laughter and get to her feet, gently pulling me up as well. Sometimes I was so tired she would have to carry me, but she never once complained. She would tuck me into bed, pulling the covers over me.

"Go to sleep my little cub" she would tease, kissing me softly on the forehead and then disappearing out of the room. I always felt bad that I woke her up, but she seemed to like our time together too, or at least I thought she did.

As a little boy I had adored my mother and loved her beyond all reason. She was the one who hugged you and dried your tears. She made cookies when I was feeling sick, told me stories at bedtime. She always had a smile on her face and laughter on her lips. I remember the way she would hug me for no reason, other than she felt like I needed one. Winter and I had both loved her to bits. Our father had adored her as well, or at least that's what I remember. Is it possible my memories are wrong?

I storm into Langdon's house, my anger rising as I think about my mother. Winter had to have misheard father when he told her she was still alive. Either that or he was messing with her. That would just be like the bastard, to mess with our minds and break our hearts all over again. My hands clench into fists. I wish I had gotten there sooner, to hear the asshole tell it to me as well. I would have known immediately that he was lying. Winter was just too gullible for her own good, that was all. But I was lying, now to myself. Trying to make myself feel better and it wasn't working.

"Hey" I hear a soft voice and turn to see a concerned looking Langdon. "I heard what Winter said, are you alright?" he asks.

I don't know what to say. Am I alright? No, I'm no way near alright. I take a deep shuddering breath.

"I don't know."

He reaches over to embrace me. "I'm here for you, if you want to talk, or if you just want me to hold you. Just tell me what you need."

I explode, jerking out of his grasp and punching the wall, leaving a huge dent behind. My hand stings but I ignore the pain, enjoying the numbness coming over me.

"She can't be alive" I vent to Langdon who's watching wide eyed, his jaw clenched "father is just doing what he does best and fucking with our minds" I shout, punching the wall again. "There's no way that my mother would have just abandoned Winter and I" I almost scream, spittle flying everywhere "no mother leaves her children behind, do they?" I ask him, turning to face him directly "I'm right, aren't I? No mother willingly leaves her children behind?" I stifle a sob.

"Oh Damien" Langdon breathes, coming closer and gripping my face between his two strong hands "listen to me. You can't let this break you. Your father could be lying; we'll work it out. But don't break down now on me. You're stronger than this" he whispers.

I lean into him, my whole-body trembling, my head on his shoulder now as he hugs me tight. The silence is comforting. I hurt so much inside that it's like a pile of daggers being stabbed directly into my heart.

Langdon takes my hand and grasps it, gently tugging me towards the stairs and up to the bedroom. I follow without resisting, lost in my thoughts and the bitterness consuming me. We make it to the bedroom and he begins to pull the covers down, when I stop him, grabbing hold of his arm with desperation.

I kiss him, hard, rough, needing to feel his lips on mine. He responds, his hand gripping my hair, making me moan in delight. I need him, with a fierceness that frightens me. But Langdon seems to know it too. His tongue darts inside my mouth and begins to caress my own as I let out a moan. He tastes so good. My hands are gripping his shoulders, my body swaying gently as we kiss.

His hands slowly slide underneath my shirt and I shudder at how warm they are against my skin. He gently squeezes me and then, breaking off the kiss, slides my shirt up and over my head, throwing it across the room and letting it fall to the ground. He undoes the belt on my jeans and slowly pulls it away as I suck in a breath. He pulls my pants down slowly, looking up at me, his eyes gleaming in the darkness of the room.

My cock stands erect as I blush at him. But he doesn't seem to mind, instead licking his lips with appreciation. "Someone's excited already" he

teases, before gripping hold of my thighs with his hands and kneeling in front of me.

"Wait Langdon" I say roughly, but it's too late, he's already lowered his head and licked the end of my shaft as I close my eyes and groan out loud.

"Fuck" I whimper as he slowly places his mouth over my cock and takes me inside his mouth. He begins to slowly move back and forth as my body tenses, the feeling of pleasure overwhelming me.

"Hold still" he growls and I obey instantly, still whimpering as he begins to move even faster, taking all of me inside of him. My body is tense and I can feel my impending orgasm.

"Langdon" I whisper trying to warn him "if you keep doing that, I'm going to..." I trail off helplessly as he gives me a grin and continues. I shudder and then give a shout, spilling my seed inside of his mouth. Langdon drinks it all up and then stands up while I stand there, trying not to fall down.

"Get on the bed" Langdon purrs.

I climb on the bed and feel his arms adjusting me so that I'm lying on my side with my back to him. I glance over my shoulder and watch with anticipation as Langdon takes off his clothes. God damn that man is delicious. He gives a chuckle, seeing my wide eyes and blatant staring.

"Like what you see" he growls.

"Oh yeah" I mutter with a smile.

He comes up behind me, cuddling close. I feel his erect cock poking me in my bottom as I wiggle against him.

"Just a moment" he says sounding strangled. I smirk. I'm guessing he's dangerously close to his own peak at this rate.

I moan as his finger enters me, slowly stretching me out as I pant and writhe. Langdon begins to kiss the nape of my neck, hard, rough, making me submit to him. I would submit to this gorgeous man forever if I had the chance.

Another finger and I feel stuffed. He thrusts them back and forth slowly as I mewl, clutching the sheets. Langdon's breath is short, uneven as he bites me gently on the neck. "Can't take much more" he groans "are you ready for me?" he chokes out.

"Oh god yes" I moan, disappointed when I feel his fingers slowly withdraw. Then I feel him at my entrance and my head falls back as he slowly enters me, inch by delectable inch, until he's all the way inside of me, his hands gripping tightly to my waist.

He withdraws and then slowly thrusts inside again. God he's fucking huge and it feels God damn amazing, considering how tight I am. He's gentle with me, careful, my body rocking back and forth to meet his thrusts in a frenzy.

"Fuck you're tight" pants Langdon.

"God, I can feel all of you inside me" I pant. "You're massive" I say gruffly.

He lets out a small snort of laughter, then withdraws completely.

"Langdon" I complain, pleading.

He rolls me over onto my back and lines himself back up again, his eyes staring directly into mine.

"I want to see your face as I fucking cum" he says loudly.

He slams into me. Thank fuck. Right now, I'm desperate for some rough fucking. He lifts my legs over his shoulders and begins to pound into me over and over again. I can't stop crying out. My whole body is quivering. He's hitting some sort of spot and my cock has gone fully erect again. My hands are clutching at the bedsheets and I'm whimpering over and over again as pleasure washes over me.

"Cum for me" he growls "cum for me Damien."

My mouth falls open; my head falls back. "I can't" I pant "hold on much longer."

"Don't" he roars and that's all it takes. My body tenses and my cock spurts out my seed all over the bed. Langdon gives me a wicked grin.

"Good boy" he says with a wink.

He's even rougher now, an intent looks on his face, his eyes pitch black, meaning his wolf is close to the surface. He's biting his lip. He's in a frenzy now. "God damn" he whispers, and then I feel his body stiffen, his seed spilling itself inside of me. I cry out, Langdon slowly withdrawing his cock from inside of me, collapsing beside me.

"I needed that" I admit to him as he gives me a quick peck on the lips.

"I know" he answers. We both look at each other with a grin. "But I also think we both might need to have a bit of a cleanup" he says wryly.

I chuckle. We both strip the bed and then wander into the bathroom. Neither of us is shy with each other. He starts the shower and motions me inside. I groan out loud and let the water wash over me. Langdon hands me the wash cloth.

"Thanks" I mutter.

I begin to wash myself, fully aware that he's watching my every move.

"Damien" he says lowly "I know you're hurting right now and that's okay. But would it maybe help if you told me a little bit about your mother and what she was like?"

I close my eyes under the water. "My mother was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen" I begin, getting lost in my memories.