

## CHAPTER 143

Langdon POV

I couldn't believe it, after all the anguish, the despair and the grief, that son of a bitch Kai was alive. He literally stumbled past me, clad in a pair of scrub pants, security guards all over him, before Damien managed to sort out the confusion. I guess the moon goddess has a sick twisted, sense of humor, because he woke up in the morgue. I can't help but think to myself, that it's a tad bit hilarious and the least that Kai deserved, for making us all think he was dead. He's in the room with Winter at the moment, and I'm not about to interrupt. She was devastated, we all were, but she was literally begging for death because he was gone. None of us could comfort her. Damien was about the only one who could really get through to her, and I was so lost in my own sadness, I couldn't offer her anything.

Drake gently takes my hand, tingles running up my spine. I wipe my eyes for what seems like the hundredth time, tears of joy spurting from the corners.

"I can't believe he's alive" I blurt out again "I could have sworn he was a goner. Should have known he'd find a way to come back."

Drake is silent, he's a good listener, but there's also something else, something heavy on his mind. I feel guilty. Ever since we've met, I've not had much time to talk to him, but can you blame me? My head has been awash with thoughts of having to take over as Alpha and what I would

need to do to keep the pack running. I've barely had time to take a breath, and it's hardly the time to get to know another potential mate.

"Listen" Drake says quietly "I can understand that right now is not the best time for this discussion, what with Kai being dead" he pauses and frowns "and then coming alive again. I could feel your pain, Langdon, just sitting beside you. But what I really want to know, is if you're willing to give me a chance, or if we should reject this mate bond right now, before we develop feelings for each other. Before it becomes too painful to separate" he murmurs, his eyes dark and piercing, his gaze troubled now.

My wolf howls at the thought of separating from Drake, his anguish overwhelming me. He has already claimed Drake and his wolf as his mate, even though I've hesitated, not sure how Damien really feels about all this. Even though he's assured me he's fine, it does change the relationship once again.

"What is it you want" I say turning to him, my mouth dry. Once again, a mere glance, and I'm completely overblown with how handsome he is. "Tell me what it is? I can't imagine that you thought your mate would be a man instead of a woman."

Then again, I could be wrong. It might have been a surprise for me, but that didn't mean it had to be for him.

He chuckles, making me stare at him strangely. "I've been gay my entire life" he confesses wryly, "so it's not a shock for me to be mates with another man, in fact I'm ecstatic, because it would have been really weird to have been a female" he laughs.

Huh, what do you know.

"It's why Vanessa never really had a chance to use her siren part on me, because I wasn't attracted to women" he said, shaking his head "god, she hated that" he exhaled.

"She was still your mother; you're not even remotely upset that she's dead" I say tentatively. After all he did grow up with her and she raised him. He had to have some feelings for her, surely.

He shakes his head. "She stopped being a mother long ago, when she started to use her powers to kill men for sport" he said. "King Axel is the only one who's lasted this long, I suppose she must have really liked him. I did try, initially to warn the men, but they were so far under her spell, they refused to listen or believe me. In the end I gave up."

There was a twinge of regret in his tone. He must have really tried to save the men.

"Why didn't you kill her?" I asked and he looked at me sharply.

"You saw what happened to all of us back there. With a snap of her fingers, she paralyzed us all completely. I never could get the advantage over her."

I fall silent. Vanessa's body had been burnt by the King's soldiers after we had left, nothing but ash remained and that had drifted away on the wind. She was definitely not coming back. Thank God. I shuddered. Her power was incredible, but also dangerous. It did make me wonder though, why she seemed to hate men so much. As though there might have been a story to that in her past. Needless to say, I was willing to bet that Drakes' childhood had not been a happy one, something he had in common with Damien. Both boys had deserved so much better.

"Look, I really like you Langdon, my wolf is in love with you already. I know that you've been with Damien for a good few months now, while you know nothing whatsoever about me, well besides my mother. But I'm telling you something" he says, intensely, "I want to be with you. More than you could know. Right now, all I feel is shivers down my spine as I talk to you, my whole body is craving for you to touch me. When I'm not beside you, my wolf gets sad or angry, and all I can think about is whether you are okay. I haven't felt like this towards anyone else before, so this is

new to me, but I'm not going to hide from it, I'm going to fight. So, if you try to reject me" he declares, his eyes blazing, his voice full of fervor "I won't accept it."

I digest his words. The passion he invokes in me is so overwhelming that I can't breathe. He wants me. Wants to be with me and Damien. He's not wanting to walk away, he's willing to share. He's so intense, his whole body is practically vibrating beside me. His eyes are narrowed on me and his mouth is open a little bit, he's panting from that speech. He runs a hand through his rumpled hair, never once taking his eyes off me, his arms folding across his chest. His foot taps impatiently, or maybe nervously, on the floor, a steady thudding noise. My heart begins to thump wildly in my chest. My hands go clammy, like it does when I'm with Damien. My breathing goes shallow. My wolf is close to the surface. I can feel him. My hands clench into fists, I'm trying to maintain my composure to the best I can, distantly remembering that we're currently in the waiting room of a hospital. Footsteps sound behind me and I turn my head slightly, Damien coming into view. He sits beside me and I glance at him, still not fully in control.

Drake starts to move and without even consciously thinking about it, my hand shoots out, preventing him from leaving.

"Stop" I say hoarsely, my eyes turning pitch black "you're not going anywhere."

Drake gulps and sits back down, his eyes on me. Does he look a little relieved? Did he think that I would still not want him after that speech? Something begins to ignite inside of me. Damien looks at the both of us, perplexed, before a knowing look passes his face. Without a word, he silently gets up and begins to walk away, a small smirk on his face. I barely acknowledge his leaving, my hand still gripping Drake's arm.

"I don't want to reject you" I growl "in fact, even though I 've considered it hundreds of times, I can't bring myself to. I'm drawn to you, just like I'm drawn to Damien, but I'm not stupid. You are both your own person, and I can't treat you both the same. It would be unfair. You each have different personalities."

Drake's eyes are glistening now as he bites his lip. God he's adorable. I awkwardly shift in my chair, feeling a reaction coming from my cock.

"I won't be rejecting you" I declare firmly, coming to a decision "which means, Drake" I say, leaning forward and regarding him, my lips curled back "that you're stuck with me and Damien, whether you like it or not."

His lips curl into a smile and he leans forward. My hand shoots out and grips him by the back of his neck, startling him slightly as he blinks at me, my fingers twining themselves around his hair. I scoot forward on my seat and then, before he can move, press my lips hard against his. This is no gentle kiss. I'm rough, possessive and demanding. For a moment he stays still, then begins to reciprocate, a small moan issuing from his throat. He tastes sweet, like honey, my tongue caressing the outsides of his lips as I coax his mouth to open wider, my tongue slowly sliding in and caressing his. It's like a dance, the both of us, tasting and touching our tongues to each other. His small moans and whimpers are turning me on, and I grip the back of his head harder, forcing him to move even closer. I've completely forgotten about our whereabouts, my hand sliding beneath a very willing Drake's shirt, caressing skin as he trembles, sitting there, his legs splayed open. My cock begins to twitch.

A hand plants itself on my shoulder. "Ahem" coughs a very amused Damien as we jolt back, Drake's cheeks flushed in embarrassment "as nice as it is to see that you've come to an agreement" he teases "you might want to remember that we are in a hospital and in a waiting room."

I glance around. Several shifters, waiting on their partners to be helped, stare back at us, some with curiosity, other's wide eyed. None have condemnation in their eyes. A little girl points and giggles as I smile at her.

"Sorry" I mutter, slinking back in the chair "I just, couldn't help it."

Damien snorts. "I've been on the other side of that. I'm not going to lie, I'm a little jealous" he adds, looking over at Drake with a smirk "so I want you to make it up to me later" he purrs. I gulp. So does Drake.

Now my mind is awirl with bedroom possibilities. After all Drake is going to have to share a bed with myself and Damien. I get excited at the prospect.

"Sorry bro" Drake mutters "I just needed to know."

Damien shrugs. "All good. Just so you know, Kai is doing well and Winter's perked right up, now that her mate has come back from the dead. The doctors are going to be discharging her shortly, once they've finished examining Kai as though he's the most interesting thing they've ever seen."

I stretch. Damien swoops in and gives me a peck on the lips. I grin. "So, I take it that means we are either going back to the castle or home?" I ask drowsily. The castle was much closer. But I wanted to go home, and be with my mates. I was willing to undergo discomfort if it meant being back inside my own home. But it would be up to Kai.

Damien frowns, "I think we should go home, no offense but I'm not really wanting to go back to the castle."

"It's up to Alpha Kai" I point out, "and whether he would be up for it. He just died remember" I chortle "he might need to rest some more."

"I heard that" says a grumpy voice and my head swivels around to see my best friend standing there, Winter clutching him around the waist with desperation, a wide smile on her face.

I jump up and fling my arms around him. "I'm so happy you're alive" I gush and then grin "but the morgue?"

He swats at me and I dodge it. "Smart ass" he mumbles "like to see you wake up in the morgue one day. Anyhow" he says fixing his eyes on us, Elena behind Winter "I believe it's time to go home. I find myself wanting as far away as possible from here" he says with a shudder "and I won't be stepping foot in a morgue anytime soon!"