

## CHAPTER 86

Damien POV

When the door closes to the study, I eye Langdon with uncertainty in my gaze. He looks so powerful, so handsome and was slightly older than me. I have no idea what to think or feel. I always thought my mate would be a girl, a woman. I never, in a hundred years would ever have thought my mate would be a male. But what stung the most, was that my mate didn't even seem to want me, or like me very much at all. I hadn't anticipated this when I went searching for Winter, and now that I've found her, I have another issue to deal with. Why is life so difficult sometimes? Heck I don't even know if I want to be mates with a male. But my wolf is going berserk in my mind. He refuses to reject our new mate. Part of me, a small part, doesn't want to either. I'm so confused.

Langdon peels away from his stance by the door and reluctantly sits down next to me. He looks a bit annoyed and I bite my lip. Is he angry at me? Like it's my fault this has happened? He eyes me with a sidelong glance.

"Listen kid," he mutters and my temper flares.

"I'm not a kid!" I snap "I'm an adult and I'd thank you to remember that." The audacity of him!

He shrugs. "I don't know what to do about the whole mate thing either" he says slowly "I mean, I wasn't expecting it to be a man or a teenage boy at that. I'm still getting over my first mate" he explains to me. I wince.

That hurts. The knowledge that I'm not even his first mate. That he's already had one. But if that's the case what happened to them? Clearly it hadn't been a male.

"What happened to her?" I ask and his eyes go hooded for a moment, as though he's debating with himself on what to tell me.

"She rejected me." he exhales and my eyes widen in shock. What kind of insane person would let this beautiful hunk of male, slip through their fingers.

"Why?" I ask timidly. God, this is hell. I'm normally so confident. He looks away for a moment.

"She didn't want to be the Beta's mate, when she could have a chance on being Luna of the pack. She pursued Alpha Kai instead." he admitted lowly. I feel a pang of sympathy for him.

My god. What a bitch, I think to myself sourly. That must have been so painful for Langdon as well. To see his mate everyday with his Alpha, right in his face like that. It's a wonder he didn't go insane with jealousy, even if the mate bond had been severed. No one should have to go through something like that.

"You should know." he says, staring directly into my eyes "that she tried to kill Winter numerous times. She almost succeeded. My mate was that desperate to be Luna."

I stay silent. I'm angry that someone's tried to kill Winter, but I also can't blame Langdon for his mate's choices. It's not like he had encouraged his mate to do any of it. I feel so bad for him. The pain he must be feeling inside right now, and then having to deal with yet another mate he's not sure about. One that's male as well.

"Is that why you don't want to be mates?" I ask shyly and he looks away, avoiding my stare.

He runs a hand through his hair in frustration. "It's not that I don't want to be mates" he bursts out, as my heart swells with happiness "it's just, I don't know. You're a man" he points out. Well isn't that obvious, I think annoyed.

Yes I'm a man. I'm still coming to grips with the fact my mate is as well, but there's a small part of me that wants to try and see where this leads. Maybe he feels the same.

"I know I'm a man, but does that even matter. Doesn't this happen all the time in packs? Male shifters finding their mates amongst other males?" I ask.

"It does," he says lowly "there's a few in this pack in fact."

"Then why are you so scared?" I push "are you ashamed of being with me? Ashamed of being with another man? Are you some sort of homophobe?"

Okay, even I know that was hitting below the belt. But I need to get some sort of reaction from him. I'm getting angry now.

It seems to work. Now he looks angry. "I'm not a homophobe" he spits out "I'm trying to adjust to the idea, that's all. I would never be what you just accused me of being."

I shrug. It seems to incense him further. "You have no idea what kind of man I am" he growls and I watch in fascination as his eyes begin to flicker between dark and normal. His wolf must be dangerously close to the surface. It means I'm getting somewhere.

"Maybe I want to find out" I point out, staring at him challengingly.

He cocks his head at me. "What if I scare you?" he hisses "what if I'm too much for you to handle?"

I almost laugh but keep it to myself. Now he's trying to frighten me away and it's not going to work.

"I'm not afraid of you" I answer honestly and he looks disappointed. I wonder what else he's going to try to get me to either reject him or leave.

"Maybe you should be" he says with a catch in his throat. Now he just looks miserable.

I shake my head and move closer, my eyes staring into his as he gulps, seeing his adams apple move up and down in his nervousness.

"Maybe I just want to get to know you a little better" I breath and watch his body as it begins to wriggle in the chair uncomfortably. "Maybe this could lead somewhere" I continue persuasively "but we'll never know if we don't' give this a try. What do we have to lose?"

He looks thoughtful and slightly impressed with me. Because I haven't run away from him? Or because I'm pushing back despite his objections? He seems to be wrestling with himself now. Some sort of internal conflict. Debating with himself. Suddenly his eyes narrow on me and I feel him move closer to me, his eyes never moving from my face. My breath hitches.

God, I can smell his intoxicating scent wash all over me. It's like an aphrodisiac. My heart is thudding wildly in my chest. He looks so serious now. His muscles ripple underneath his shirt as he stands, over towering me and making me sit back in my seat, feeling slightly apprehensive. He smirks now. Looks dangerously in control of himself and his emotions. He reaches down and pulls me upright, kicking the chair from behind me and sending it slamming into the wall.

I feel like I can't breathe. He's so intense and his eyes are pinning me down. His arms begin to caress and grip mine, sparks and tingles flying throughout my body. His eyes are incredibly dark now, a fierce expression on his handsome face. I shudder, feeling his breath on my skin as he bends his head, mine raising to meet his.

His lips are incredibly soft. That's the first thing I notice as they descend onto mine, before they become more hungry, like he's trying to devour me. His arms move to my waist and grip me tight. I feel like I'm swimming underwater. His tongue slowly caresses along my mouth, demanding access and I give it to him, moaning as my lips open and his tongue delves inside. He begins to caress my own, forcing my mouth even wider as he plunders me, my hands reaching up of their own accord and twining around his hair, my body beginning to press hard against his. It wants more, it's craving more.

Oh god. I can feel his arousal pressing into my leg. He's hard as a rock, but to be fair, my own cock is twitching and becoming hard, the more we kiss, the more I feel myself losing control. My hand lets go of his hair and begins to trail down his chest and slowly come up his shirt. I can feel his bare skin against my hand and his taut muscles. God, my body is trembling and I'm so horny I'm almost ready to throw him on the floor and ravish him. I'm not sure how much of this I can stand. He doesn't look like he's faring any better.

"Langdon" I moan and he gives a low growl deep in his throat.

"Say it again" he hisses "say my name again."

"Langdon" I repeat and then I feel his hands grip my waist, lifting me effortlessly, sitting me on the desk, without breaking the kiss. I shudder and quiver, my whole body aflame.

His hand moves under my shirt and feels me along my abdomen as I lean into him.

"So delicious" he's muttering and I stiffen, feeling his hand slowly move underneath the waistband of my pants.

I pant, my cock becoming erect as he slowly slides his hand towards my boxers. I wriggle in pleasure on the desk. At this rate we're going to end up doing it on the desk and while my wolf more than wants it, I really think my first time should be a little more private.

"Langdon" I gasp, peeling away from him reluctantly. "I'm not ready for..." I trail off helplessly and he seems to understand, his hand slowly coming back up from underneath my waistband, while letting go of my hair with the other one. He seems to be a little dazed, disoriented. But there's a wide smile on his face and his eyes are twinkling. I on the other hand feel like I'm gasping for air, like I can't get enough oxygen.

"Fuck" he mutters shakily, eyeing me with concern. "Did I go too far?" he asks sounding worried.

I shake my head. I let him go that far and if I hadn't stopped him, I would have let him go even further. "No" I answer honestly.

He gives a broad grin. "I think we can safely say that we have chemistry."  
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Oh boy, do we have chemistry.

"So what do we do now?" I ask feeling completely out of my depth.

He eyeballs me. "What do you want to do?"

What do I want? Christ, after that make-out session all I want is to be with him. Even now, I can't stop staring at his lips and his tussled hair. I take a deep breath "I want to see where this goes, that is if you're willing to try."

He laughs out loud. I feel slightly hurt. Does this mean he has no intentions of trying? But then he explains "I want nothing more than to see where this goes. But I have conditions" he says firmly.

"Name them."

"I want you to stay with me in my house" he says and my heart skips a beat. "I also want you in my bedroom" he adds.

My head is swimming. He wants me to stay with him? I'd been planning on staying in the pack house with Winter, but to be fair she did have her own mate to contend with and I'm not naive enough to think that they're staying in separate bedrooms. It might be a good idea to have some space between us.

"Deal" I say decisively "I think it's a good idea" I add. He looks pleased.

"I think it's a good idea" a voice sings out as they come crashing through the study door. Winter looks at the both of us, taking in our disheveled hair and clothes, the puffy lips, the way we're staring at each other, and gives a small laugh.

"You're both so cute" she beams "I'm so happy for you both" she adds. Then gives us a wicked grin, Kai and Johnathon peering in with curiosity on their faces "let's go and get some dinner now and catch up properly" she exclaims, fairly bouncing back out the door.

I stifle a grin. Winter's excitement is contagious and to my shock, Langdon takes hold of my hand and begins to lead me towards the dining room. I say nothing, just enjoying the feeling of him holding my hand. Maybe this will work out after all then.