

CHAPTER 99

Damien POV

I sigh. I'm not in a great mood. Johnathon up and left without saying goodbye to me or Langdon! I've been the one travelling with him for months for Christ's sake. I guess he's not good at goodbyes. Besides maybe it was hurting him to be so close to Winter, knowing that he has no chance with her anymore. Who knows. Damn idiot.

Langdon can sense my mood. "Something the matter?" he asks and I turn to look, taking in his folded arms across his chest.

I don't know why, but I suddenly explode. All the tension I'm feeling, the awkwardness and the uncertainty comes to the surface.

"Is something wrong" I vent "what about all of it. Johnathon's gone, Winter's got amnesia" I say bitterly "which is ironic because now she has no idea who I am and this relationship" I mutter, gesturing towards each other "I don't even know where to start with that."

Langdon frowns. He's so calm, it's unnerving. "What do you want in the relationship?" he asks cool as a cucumber. "Because we haven't really discussed what either of us want."

Of course we haven't. We've been a little preoccupied with the whole Thomas, danger thing, and now Winter has amnesia, the last thing that's been on my mind is this whole mate bond thing with Langdon. But we do have to talk and I guess now is as good a time as any.

"I don't know" I tell him, almost shouting "because you haven't told me either way whether you want me or not. You just don't give me any idea either way. It's infuriating" I add.

His eyes darken. "So, what you're saying" he says very quietly, his body tensing up "is that it all hinges on me and has nothing to do with you? That you don't get a say at all?"

That's not what I mean, I want to scream. Instead, I flop down on the bed and glare at him. "What I'm saying is you've given me no indications on whether you want to accept me as your mate" I say bitterly.

He raises an eyebrow. "It works both ways" he points out "I don't know what it is you're wanting either."

I blurt it out, blushing profusely "I want to stay with you."

Awkward silence. I can't even look up at him anymore. My heart starts beating loudly in my chest. He doesn't move from the doorway. Tears well in the corner of my eyes. He doesn't want me. That's why he's being so quiet and stiff. He can't accept the mate bond because we're both men. I'm an idiot for even thinking he would want me. I brace myself for the rejection I'm sure he's about to utter, but it never comes.

"You idiot" growls Langdon and I look up, blinking furiously.

Did he just call me an idiot? What the hell.

"I've been waiting for you to tell me that, because I didn't want to pressure you" he growls.

I can feel myself lighting up. "You mean?" I ask tentatively. God, I don't even recognize myself. Where is the cool, collected and calm Damien gone? Get a grip, you moron, I think to myself furiously.

"I mean, I want you" he growls "as my mate. I don't want anyone else, so help me God. It's you."

He saunters over, reaches out and grasps my chin with his hand, his other one wiping the tears away as I look at him feeling ashamed. He bends his head down and presses his lips against mine and its heaven. They're coarse and rough, his hand gripping the back of my neck possessively as he plunders my mouth, forcing my lips open and caressing my tongue. I moan out loud, my own lips mashing hard against his. I can feel my arousal, my cock twitching in my pants in response but I don't care. He tastes so good, so delectable, that I don't want to stop kissing him, but eventually the both of us have to pull back and draw in oxygen.

He's panting heavily, I see with satisfaction. I'm doing the same though. His eyes are dark and it's clear his wolf is close to the surface. He pushes me down onto the bed without warning, his fingers undoing the buttons on my shirt frantically. When I go to help, he shakes his head and I lie still, eager to feel his flesh against mine.

His hands touch and caress my bare skin as I shudder, the feeling intense, pleasure coming over me in waves. He leans down and trails kisses from the nape of my neck down to my navel as my body trembles beneath his. He looks like he's barely holding onto his control. I could stop him, but my body is feeling too much pleasure to want to and I'm eager to feel him as well, even if he's preventing me from doing that right now.

"Fuck Langdon" I moan and he lets out a chuckle, pinning me with his gaze.

"You like that?" he asks huskily and I give a shy nod, writhing beneath him.

I feel his fingers at my belt buckle, undoing it and then his hand goes to my zipper and I stiffen.

"You can tell me to stop at any time" he growls, his body stilling as I look up at him shyly.

"Don't stop, I just have never. . ." I trail off helplessly. Then again, it's not like Langdon has either.

He pulls the zipper down, freeing my cock which is fully erect to my embarrassment. But Langdon looks pleased, licking his lips. I shudder. Surely, he's not about to...?

But he is. His head leans down and before I can prepare myself, I feel his coarse tongue along my shaft, my hands clenching and clutching at the bedsheets in desperation.

"Oh god" I pant and he holds me down with his arms, slowly taking my shaft into his mouth, inch by inch, as I pant and writhe.

Fuck, it feels amazing and I can't keep still, moaning and mewling as he begins to move his head up and down my cock, putting all of it inside his mouth. The pleasure is incredible and he begins to use a hand to move up and down with his mouth. At this rate I'm going to explode in his mouth.

"Langdon" I whisper, "Langdon I'm about to cum" I warn him, sensing it coming.

I expect him to pull away, but instead it's like his mouth clamps down and he increases the pace, until I'm shaking, my body stiffening as I shoot my load into his mouth with a large cry. He licks his lips and swallows the lot, looking up with a grin.

I feel exhausted. Completely drained and yet my body is crying out for more. More of Langdon. Langdon stands up and begins to slowly remove his clothes as I watch with wide eyes. He's so fucking beautiful, like a god from olden times. My mouth waters just looking at him. His cock is fully

erect and I stare at it in astonishment. It's huge, I doubt it's going to fit. He sees my trepidation.

"We can stop" he says quietly but I shake my head. God, even now, I'm desperate for him.

He comes over and slowly rolls me onto my stomach. Now I feel slightly hesitant. Is this going to hurt? Langdon whispers in my ear. "Calm down, I want to get you ready first" he finishes with a low growl.

I feel something at my entrance, and look over my shoulder. Langdon has a bottle of lube that he's fetched from God knows where and has spread some on his fingers. I relax. Slowly, he inserts a finger inside of me. I jolt. It's not painful, merely uncomfortable and I give a groan as he begins to spread me out, the lube cold but slowly warming as it's inside of me. He sticks another finger inside of me and I begin to mewl. I feel stuffed. Full, the feeling is incredible. He slowly thrusts them back and forth, allowing me to get used to the feeling, letting me take them in deeper.

"God, I can't wait any more" he says from behind me, sounding desperate "so if you want me to stop, tell me now before I lose control" he chokes out.

"I want you inside me" I whisper, placing my head down.

His fingers slowly withdraw. This time when I feel something at my entrance, I know that it's his cock. I take a deep breath and steel myself.

"Just breathe" he whispers and then slowly, pushes his cock inside of me as I clutch the bedsheets.

It's a lot bigger than his fingers, the feeling is more uncomfortable, but the further inside he goes, the more pleasure I feel, my hips slightly raised to allow him better access. He gives a growl as he enters me, not stopping until he's all the way in.

"Stop" I plead, feeling a slight burning pain. He stops immediately, hands gripping tightly to my waist.

I pant, trying to will my body to relax as it gets used to the feeling of Langdon inside of me. Eventually the stinging fades. "Okay" I whisper and he slowly withdraws, before plunging back in just as slowly. I moan. Damn, it feels fucking good. My head whips side to side as he continues in the same slow rhythm, the pleasure slowly rising inside of me.

"More" I moan in a gruff voice "please god Langdon" I beg. I barely even recognize myself.

He increases the pace. My own cock is rock hard again as he takes me. Soon he's built up to a fast and hard rhythm, our bodies slapping together in our eagerness. I'm not sure how much more I can take, before I feel Langdon pull me up so that I'm on my hands and knees, rocking back to meet him. He reaches around me and grips my cock, making me cry out. He furiously begins to pump his hand back and forth as I whimper, before I cum, shooting my seed all over the bed. He gives a grunt and begins to move faster, holding me still, furiously slamming inside and out as I quiver, still coming down from my own release. Then I feel him stiffen and become still, his seed spurting inside of me as he yells out my name at the same time.

We collapse, panting heavily. Langdon rolls me over so that I'm cuddling into him, his head on my shoulder, a wide smile on his face. "That was" I breathe out, still in disbelief "amazing."

He gives a chuckle and kisses me on the forehead. "Next time will be even better" he promises, his eyes dark as he stares at me with lust in his eyes. I swallow. The sex we just had was pretty fucking fantastic, I can't really see how it could be any better. My whole-body tenses at the thought of sex again with him.

"Still want to be mates?" Langdon teases and I give him a playful shove.

"Yes" I growl, taking hold of his face and giving him a quick peck on the lips.

We both glance at the bed and the rumpled sheets. "I think we might need to remake the bed" I say quietly as he grins. He motions towards the bathroom. "How about you go get cleaned up and I organize fresh bedding" he suggests "if you take too long, I'll be joining you in the shower" he jokes "I need to get cleaned too."

I don't know whether that's a promise or a threat and I don't care either way. I'm already drooling at the thought of Langdon showering with me and anything else that might happen. I thought I would be too sore to go again, but my body is already craving another round. I wonder if shifter blood means that certain parts of you still heal regardless. It's an interesting theory.

I get up and he gives me a smack on the ass. I turn to glare at him and he just raises his eyebrows at me. I laugh and shake my head, heading to the bathroom and turning the water in the shower on. As I step beneath the water, part of me, a small part of me, hopes that Langdon will come and join me, even if I have to stand in here for an hour before he decides to. My cock twitches in anticipation. Being Langdon's mate, certainly seems to have its perks.