

Witty Wolf Chapter 14 - Tips

Tate gulped nervously as he looked at the audience. He sat at the back of the room, watching the other open mic performers doing their routines.

Jack entered the pub, walked over to the bar, and ordered a drink. Tate walked over to Jack and complimented his choice of beer.

"I took your advice," he said. "I am going to perform tonight."

"Congratulations, buddy. Good for you." Jake slapped him on the back several times.

"Could you give me your feedback after the show?"

"I'd be happy to." Jake lifted his beer bottle and saluted. "I love meeting another man who's serious about making people laugh."

Rex and Felix walked through the front door with Luna and the Doolittles not far behind. Tate gulped, feeling the urgency to perform wash over him. He hoped he didn't choke.

He waved at his family and walked over to them as they took seats in the large bar. There was already a decent crowd, but if the whole Winter clan showed up, they would pack the house.

"Good luck, Tate," Rex said.

"Thank you for coming," he said, squeezing Rex's shoulder.

His alpha sent him a wave of confidence, bolstering his fortitude.

"Knock 'em dead," Patrick Doolittle said, slapping him on the back.

Dalia walked through the door and he hurried over to her, giving her a warm hug. She let out a little moan. He loved the smell of her, the feeling of his arms around her slender body.

"I'm so excited for you," she said with an animated smile.

"I feel like I'm going to barf," he said, rubbing his stomach.

"If you do barf, just make it seem like it's part of the routine." She winked.

"That's a good plan." He chuckled and hugged her again.

Damien and his mate Venus walked in. Venus hugged Tate and introduced herself to Dalia. Dalia instantly recognized the world-famous supermodel.

"I can't believe you're dating Tate's brother," she said.

"We're engaged," Venus said, holding up her finger. It was graced with a gorgeous diamond ring. Dalia squealed and complimented Venus on how beautiful it was.

"Thanks for sending Blake our way," Damien said, pursing his lips.

"I tried to stop him," Tate said honestly.

"He said you were rude, and I understand why you would be," Damien said. "I used to be moody. But now that I'm with Venus, I can't believe I ever acted that way."

"How are things going with the two of you?"

"Learning photography with Venus is probably the most amazing thing I've ever done. It's so much fun. I never thought that I would have a chance to express my creativity like I can now. Our new photography and modeling business is opening so many possibilities."

Damien, Venus, and Dalia took their seats together near the rest of the Winter clan. When Thorne and Heather walked in, he was surprised, knowing how busy they both were. When Blake walked in behind them, Tate almost fainted.

"You've got a lot of guts to get up on stage and try to make people laugh," Thorne said. "I'd never do it."

"I bet you would if we got you drunk enough," Tate said with a laugh. Heather laughed out loud and gave Thorne a little nudge.

"Probably," Thorne said.

After his family was all seated and the singer on the stage was done with their set, he told the event manager that he was ready to go. He climbed up onto the stage.

"Hello, Selkie. I am one of those shifters who moved here from somewhere else. So I'm new in town. You know what's strange, being new to a town like Selkie, you're home the minute you step onto the shore."

Tate opened with his first joke, feeling his way into his timing. At the punchline he got a good amount of chuckling and laughing from the crowd. He picked the microphone up off the stand and started pacing the stage.

He delivered his intermediate jokes, feeling as if he was getting into the flow. He delivered the joke about human women's exes and got a lot of explosive laughs from that one.

“Shifters steal human women,” a voice rose over the crowd.

Tate stopped, searching through the crowd to find the heckler. Then he saw the look of shock on Dalia’s face. He knew exactly who was heckling him.

“Some men are too weak to deserve a good woman.”

Hank shot to his feet and growled, walking towards the stage. A bouncer came to grab him just as Rex did the same.

“And that, ladies and gentlemen, is a perfect example of what I was talking about.”

The crowd roared and Tate continued his routine. One by one, his brothers stood and walked out the back of the bar. When Tate came to his last joke, everyone laughed. He thanked the crowd, telling them he would be back before moving off the stage. He hurried over to Dalia and gave her a h.ug.

“What happened to Damien?” Tate asked.

“He followed your other brothers outside.”

“Will you go see what’s happening, Tate?” Venus asked, looking worried. “Everyone was there to help me when I needed it. They’re doing the same thing for you and Dalia.”

Tate hurried outside. Hank was screaming and yelling and throwing beer bottles in the parking lot.

“You need to leave,” Tate said, walking up to the man as his brothers held strong around him.

“Dalia will always come back to me.”

Tate felt the rage build up inside him. He wanted to rip the man’s head off. He was about to shift, but Rex stopped him. This had to be done with words.

“If you ever come near Dalia again, you’ll get to see just how uncivilized shifters can be.”

All five of them shifted at once and charged at the coward. Hank turned tail and ran as fast as his drunken legs would take him. The Winters could easily overpower him, but they held back. Tate had smelled the scent of piss running down Hank’s leg. They chased the man for miles until he scrambled through the front door of a dingy apartment building.

Back at his own apartment twenty minutes later, he had Dalia in his arms as they snuggled together in bed.

"He'll never bother you again." Tate still felt the adrenaline coursing through his veins.

Dalia ran her finger over his chest and caressed his cheek with the backs of her knuckles.

"I know that I'm safe with you," she said, "I want us to make this permanent. Will you claim me?"

Tate searched her face, hoping that what he'd just heard was really true. He wrapped his arms around her precious form. She climbed into his lap ran her fingers through his hair. He squeezed her ass and pulled her against his body.

His cock was hard under his bathrobe and pushed up against her core. She let out a hot moan and ran her hands over his chest. His bathrobe fell away and she lifted her shirt up over her head.

"Are you sure you want this?" he asked, kissing her breasts as he pulled off her bra. He twirled his thumb over her nipple and looked up into her eyes.

"I want it. I want to be yours. I want us to be together forever. Bonded, mated."

"I want that too," he said, sucking her nipple and kneading her breasts. He kissed her greedily as he pushed his hand inside her panties and felt her slick wetness.

She groaned and bit his lip as she felt her way between the folds of his bathrobe to find his cock. She stroked him as they kissed, and he circled his finger on her clit.

"Take your clothes off," he said. She gasped and pulled away, standing up to slip out of her dress.

She climbed onto the bed and licked up the length of his shaft. She then sucked his cock down her throat. Tate took a sharp breath and leaned his head back on the bed. She groaned as she sucked, using her hand to fist him. Her mouth and tongue worked his head.

He could barely stand it. He didn't want to come in her mouth. He needed her pussy on his cock and his fangs deep in her neck. He needed his seed shooting deep into her womb.

He pulled her up to him and lifted her down onto his cock. She gasped as she held his shoulders and lowered herself down his length. She fell into his lap, squeezing his shoulders and throwing her head back as she groaned. He squeezed her breasts and sucked them into his mouth.

"Oh, God, yes, yes, yes," she groaned.

He gripped her as*s and moved her on his lap. She put one of her hands on the couch and leaned back, working her hips as he worked his. He could feel her energy rising as her breaths panted.

She began to bob up and down on him as he thrust into her channel. She clung to his neck and threw back her head, screaming with her release. She leaned down and kissed him, her tongue flicking in and out of his mouth.

“I love you, Tate. I want you to make me yours.”

Tate growled and lifted her up, flipping her over onto the bed. He looked into her eyes and caressed her cheek.

“You have always been mine and you always will be,” he said, then licked her neck as he thrust into her.

He could feel his orgasm building, the scent of her blood exciting his senses. As he exploded inside her, his sharp fangs descended into her neck. He clamped his jaw, depositing the mating venom into her neck. She would become his in every way—body and soul. For eternity.

Then he found himself in the night sky with a spangle of stars overhead and wind blowing through his hair. Dalia stood beside him, taking in the grandeur.

“What is this place?” she asked.

“This is the place of our bond. Where we will always be together.”

“I can feel you inside me,” she said, running her hands over her white-clad body. Her dress fluttered around her in the ethereal wind and her red curls bounced around her cheeks.

“Come with me,” he said, taking her hand.

They ran together in space, weightless and free from time, two lovers returning to childhood in everlasting innocence.

He extracted his teeth from her, and rolled back on the bed, feeling Dalia’s heart so very close to his. All the doubt and uncertainty either of them had felt before was now gone. Her heart resided right next to his own in his chest.