

CHAPTER 103

Langdon POV

Life's been different with my new mate. Sometimes it's hard to know what he's thinking, but we get along well and well, the sexual chemistry is definitely there. I blush just thinking about how responsive my mate is to being touched and to the sex itself. God, his little cries turn me on and my cock twitches just thinking about doing it again.

Damien comes out of the bathroom and looks pensive. I know he's worried about Winter and this damn amnesia. Especially since he's been travelling for so long to find her and now, he's lost his chance to reminisce with her. I also know he's still beating himself up for everything he's done to her in the past. To be fair he'd done a lot of horrible things to poor Winter while she was growing up. But I know it was also due to his father and Damien's fear of him.

"What's wrong?" I ask softly as he sits on the bed frowning. I move behind him and begin to knead the muscles in his shoulders and the back of his neck in a soothing circular massaging motion.

For a moment there's nothing but silence and his heavy breathing.

"I just, I want to spend quality time with Winter." He says disappointed.

"That's a bit difficult while her memories are mainly gone" I point out and hear his exhale.

"I know. Do you think she'll forgive me again?" he asks, putting his hands up and stopping me from continuing the massage, his eyes staring beseechingly at me "do you think she'll be upset when she remembers what I've done?"

I have to pause and think. It was difficult to say one way or the other. But Winter's a kind, compassionate caring girl. I couldn't fathom that she would hold a grudge against her brother, not when she'd already forgiven him once. But I could also understand why my mate was so concerned.

"I think you'll find that she forgives you" I say slowly "after all she forgave you before, so what's to stop her doing it again?"

That makes him smile slightly. "But the things I did. . . Langdon" he says thickly and I hold a hand up, stopping him with a shake of my head.

"What you did is in the past. It's what you do now and how you treat her that matters now."

He falls silent, brooding. I can't help but stroke his hair and he lets me. It feels so soft and silky, running through my fingers.

I've noticed his breathing has hitched again and smile knowingly. I remove my hands and sit across from him, staring at him challengingly. "It's time" I tell him firmly as he looks at me confused.

"I need to know that you want this relationship and this mate bond. I know we've had sex, but that doesn't mean anything if you're thinking about walking away now."

He looks puzzled. "Why would I walk away?"

"You tell me" I shoot back "since we've had sex, you've been quiet, depressed and detached. It's like you can't hear me half the time" I say trying not to sound like I'm sulking. I feel like a pouting teenage boy though.

"Oh" breathes Damien, his eyes seeking mine "I'm sorry, I didn't realize that I had made you so concerned" he said thoughtfully "to be honest I've been lost in my thoughts for the last few days."

"Really" I say skeptical. Surely, he wouldn't lie to me though, would he? But what kind of thoughts are so pressing that you fail to communicate with those around you? It didn't make sense.

"Really" he repeats "I've just been trying to come to terms with everything."

I wonder what he means by everything. Apparently, it's not just about Winter then. I fold my arms and patiently wait. Damien blushes, how adorable, his cheeks bright red, as he bites his lip and looks away.

"Explain" I say softly and he begins to fidget with his hands, looking down at the bedspread. His ears are red as well. That's interesting.

"The thing is, I'm trying to come to terms with this mate bond thing" he says softly as I flinch. Was he saying that he didn't like the fact that the both of us were mates?

"Is it that you don't want to be mates?" I ask and he shakes his head. Thank God for that.

"I just needed to accept that my mate was a male and I can't stop thinking about the sex we had. How different it was and how well" he pauses and looks at me shyly "how great it felt."

I can understand that. I'd found the sex to be mind blowing as well. I'd known instinctively what to do and my wolf had grumbled because I wouldn't let him take control.

"Then what's the problem?" I ask delicately, reaching over and taking hold of Damien's hand, so that he stops his damn fidgeting.

"The problem is I don't know how you feel about me" he breathes.

Oh Damien. The poor kid was at a loss and looking around him, anything to avoid looking directly at me.

"Do you really want to know?" I ask quietly. He gives me a nod.

"I adore you" I tell him firmly "I love waking up to you each morning and snuggling against you at night. I hate when you're not with me and I have this overwhelming desire to protect you. You're always in my thoughts. When you smile, I smile. When you're sad, I'm sad" I say with an exhale "I honestly can't even remember what my life was like before I met you. All I know is that I don't feel lonely or miserable by myself anymore."

He looks stunned. Crap. Maybe I had told him too much information. I feel vulnerable, naked, exposed and very much am hoping I haven't scared him away.

"I feel the same way" he whispers as I look at him in shock. "I want to be with you Langdon, I don't want to be with anyone else" he says with a hitch in his voice.

I watch mystified as he stands up and then sits himself on my legs, facing me, his hands wrapping around my hair, his face inches from my own. It's the first time Damien's initiated contact and my heart is almost swelling with joy at that fact, my wolf prancing around happily in my head.

"You're the only one that I want" he breathes and then he leans forward, pressing his soft lips to mine as I gasp. He's gentle, a little unsure, his lips moving, his tongue diving into my mouth and caressing it. I moan, the boy is turning me on, my cock twitching in my pants and starting to become hard.

I can't get enough of him. The softness of his lips, the delicateness. He tastes so mind numbingly good that time seems to stop still and there's

just the two of us, making out on the bed. I'm panting and I can see his erection as well. When we pull back, both of our eyes are dark, our wolves coming to the surface for a moment.

I close my eyes trying to regain control, something that is made extremely difficult by Damien's bottom sitting on my lap and wriggling around. He was going to kill me with this torture. My hands were itching to touch him. But I hold back, because there's an idea brewing in my mind, something that I want to ask my mate and I needed him to hear what I have to say, even if we both are itching to ravish each other on the bed.

"I want to prove how much I want you" I tell Damien, grabbing his face between my hands and staring deeply into his beautiful eyes. He looks confused. I almost want to smile, but this is serious.

"How?" he manages to mutter, once he's got his breath back.

"Let me mark you" I growl and his mouth falls open in shock. "Let me claim you as mine so that everybody can see it."

Have I gone too far? Was this too much, too soon for Damien? I'm starting to doubt myself as his eyes slide away from my own and his body tenses on my legs.

I open my mouth to say that we don't have to, when he speaks first "Yes."

Have I heard him correctly? Did he just say yes to me? "Yes?" I clarify.

"Yes" he growls back "and I get to mark you as well."

"Fine by me" I hiss "but I get to do you first."

I stand up, holding him firmly and lay him down on the bed. He looks apprehensive now but I give him a reassuring smile. I climb over him and lean down, pressing my lips to his mouth, rougher than he had been, demanding access and plundering the inside of his mouth with my tongue.

He moans and it makes my entire body jolt. Fuck, that sounds hot. I can feel the sparks between us, as I push harder against his lips. My hands caress his chest underneath his shirt and he begins to pant as I touch him. Slowly I pull back, trailing kisses down his neck until I stop at the nape, his neck exposed, bare and so smooth. Reluctantly, I let my canines pop out and as he lays there, my hands still touching him, I bite into his neck, hearing him cry out as I do. I pull my head back and then lick the wound, sealing it closed, looking over at the mark of a wolf in satisfaction. He's mine now. The mark is there for everybody to see. No one will dare try and touch him now. Not unless they want their heads ripped off their body.

Damien surprises me by gripping me by the waist and laying me down beside him. He climbs over and begins to kiss me, fervently, his hard on rubbing against my leg. I moan, his hands touching me hesitantly underneath my shirt, as he begins to mimic what I did to him. I grip him around the waist, my eyes closed as he slowly breaks off the kiss and begins to kiss the nape of my neck. My breathing becomes heavy as he tilts my head to the side, giving him better access to the nape of my neck. I feel a sharp piercing pain as he bites into my flesh, and then the coarseness of his tongue as he seals the wound closed. Now I had my own personal mark from him. I too, have been claimed by my mate.

"Sorry" he says timidly, sitting up "I didn't mean to hurt you."

"You didn't" I growl "so don't apologize."

God, he's sitting atop of me and looking so fucking cute. The fact we've just marked each other, makes tonight even more special. I wonder how Winter will react and then remember the amnesia. It's a shame, she was so excited to find out that her brother and I were mates. She would have loved to find out we had marked each other. Maybe when she gets her memories back, she'll be excited.

Damien's making a move to get off me and my hand shoots out, preventing him from moving. He's rubbing slightly against me and my eyes narrow as I smell his arousal. My hand moves to cup him at the front of his pants in the crotch. He sucks in a breath. I smile, gently rubbing him as his breathing deepens. He's so responsive. Within seconds I have him flat on his back, blinking in shock. I begin to pull the zipper down on his pants. He clutches the bedsheets between his fists. Fuck. I haven't even touched him yet and he looks like he's about to blow. This was going to be a lot of fun, I thought with a smirk.

"I think tonight calls for a celebration, don't you" I say gruffly.

His eyes widen. "Celebration" he squeaks. "What kind of celebration."

I undo the zipper on his pants and reach in, grabbing hold of his cock and gently stroking it. "This kind of celebration."