

CHAPTER 89

Langdon POV

I take Damien out to what I like to refer to as my bachelor pad. Not that it's going to continue to be one, not if I now have a mate. He looks so timid. Does he honestly think I'm going to jump his bones, right here and now? Especially since we're both adjusting to the fact that our mate is another male? I mean, I never in a million years thought that would be the case. I'm not against gay people, I just envisioned a female as my mate. Doesn't mean I feel too disappointed either. After all mates are meant to be a blessing from the moon goddess herself. I doubt she makes mistakes. Or at least I like to think she doesn't. She is a goddess after all.

I'm holding Damien's hand and his cheeks are flushed as he gazes around the small house I own. He looks impressed, but I'm far more interested in him.

"Is Winter going to be okay?" he asks suddenly "I mean in that house with that man. He looks awfully fierce" he says apprehensively, narrowing his eyes. I almost scoff at him. Kai is a big teddy bear once you get to know him. But he does have a reputation to uphold.

Surely, he's not serious? Sure, Kai was an asshole in the beginning, but he wouldn't hurt Winter, at least not now. The man was completely besotted with her and she was with him. I've never seen such a perfect couple. They are completely infatuated with each other, and I happen to know that Kai's told her he loves her. The furthest he's ever gone in a relationship.

"Kai loves Winter" I say turning to Damien indignantly. "She loves him as well, you should know."

His eyes widen. "I didn't think it was that serious" he says lowly.

Is he completely oblivious? I'm starting to wonder about his intelligence. "Winter and Kai have gone through a lot together. Trust me when I tell you she's completely safe with him."

He doesn't look convinced and I sigh, leading him into my bedroom where he stops short, looking absolutely terrified. "I um, thought you were joking about sleeping in the same room" he blurts out, letting go of my hand.

I stiffen. I wasn't joking. His face goes ashen. Is he really that terrified to share the same room as me? I consider him, taking in the way he's breathing unevenly, the flush on his cheeks. He's either really scared or really embarrassed. Or both.

"I told you we were only going to share the bed, nothing else" I say a little annoyed. "Surely you're not that much of a fraidy cat."

His eyes widen. "I'm not afraid" he tells me and I just cock my head at him, a small smile on my face. Oh, he's scared alright, he just doesn't want to admit it. He's adorable, my wolf tells me, and I have to agree. I know he's slightly older than Winter which means there's less of an age gap between us than there is between Kai and her.

"Then what's the problem" I huff out.

He blushes and looks away. "It's just that, how do I know you won't try anything" he mumbles.

"How about because I've given you my word" I growl and he gasps as I walk up to him, my eyes staring into his, my face only inches away from

his own. He looks like a deer caught in headlights. "All I want to do is sleep in the same bed as you" I say firmly "that's all."

He bites his lip but nods. Thank God for that. He's making me grumpy and not because I'm tired. Suddenly I can't seem to look away from him, my eyes gazing deeply into his, those lips of his tempting me. I try my best to hold out, but suddenly it becomes too much to bear, being this close to him and smelling his delicious scent.

I close the gap between us, holding his head in my hands and leaning forward to press my lips against his. He flinches and then moans as I lick his lips, demanding access. He opens his mouth and I begin to plunder it. God, he tastes so fucking good, feels so incredible as I continue to deepen the kiss, my hands moving down to the back of his neck as I hold on tightly. My hands begin to caress his arms and he makes no move to stop me, his own eyes closing in what I hope is bliss. My whole body is thrumming with desire and the need to ravish him, but I'm careful to step slightly back, not wanting Damien to feel the erection poking through my pants. The last thing I need to do is scare the poor kid with that. He'll definitely run away if he knows.

I feel my wolf coming dangerously close to the surface and will him to stay back, focusing on the kiss and the feel of my mate in my arms. His moans are turning me on and I'm barely holding it together. Slowly, reluctantly, I pull back, watching as Damien's eyes slowly flutter open. He looks to be in complete shock, whereas I'm smirking at him. I can't help it. He was so damn responsive to the kiss that it makes me wonder how responsive he'd be underneath me as I take him.

"That was" Damien murmurs, . . . trailing off.

"Fantastic, mind blowing, orgasmic" I suggest cheekily, folding my arms across my chest. He gives a shy nod.

"I didn't know it could feel like that" Damien mutters "I've never felt like this with a girl."

Neither have I, although I suspect it might have felt something like this with Candice, if she'd been willing to be mates instead of rejecting me in favor of Kai. I'll never know for sure.

I turn back to the bed and he sidles closer to me, not looking anywhere as apprehensive as he'd initially been when we entered the room.

"Do you have a preference?" I ask him and he blinks at me looking confused.

"I mean as to what side to sleep on? Does it matter?" I clarify and he slowly shakes his head.

"Feel free to sleep naked" I say wryly, watching as his face turns as red as a tomato.

"I think I'll sleep in my pants" he says shyly, taking his t-shirt off as I watch. My god, I think my heart just skipped a beat. He's glorious to behold, his abdomen taut with a six pack. There's no hair on his chest either. My eyes involuntarily dip to the waistband of his sweatpants, my own body tightening with arousal.

Keep it together Langdon, I mutter to myself in my mind. I shrug out of my own shirt and Damien looks flustered. Is it my imagination or is he staring down at a certain part of me? Well how interesting is that.

"How about you climb in first" I suggest. It's the part closest to the wall and means he'd literally have to climb over me to get out of the bed. I don't even feel bad about that.

"Alright" Damien mutters, walking forward and gingerly climbing into the bed, scooting over quickly.

"Do you want some water or anything first?" I offer, trying to at least be a good host.

He shakes his head. I shrug. Well, can't say I didn't try.

I get in, pulling the bed covers over us both. I'm not surprised when Damien rolls over with his back to me. I swear he's trying to drill holes in the wall with his staring. I move over, until I'm almost touching him and pull him back slightly as he wriggles in surprise.

"What are you doing?" he sputters indignantly.

"Cuddling with my mate" I say calmly, pulling him so that his back is against my chest. my arm over the side of him.

"But but I don't want to cuddle" he exclaims and I sigh. Shame. I let go of him and he scoots back close to the wall. I'm not going to lie that stung, but I'm not about to force him to do something he doesn't want to do.

I try to content myself with the fact that he's at least in the bed with me. That's progress right? His body is so stiff and tense though, that I can't see him falling asleep comfortably. I spread myself out. Just because he's curled up into a small ball, doesn't mean I have to be uncomfortable with him. It looks like it's going to be a long night.

Much to my astonishment though, it's only several minutes later when Damien begins to snore, his body relaxing in his sleep. Man, he's loud, I think to myself with a chuckle. But he's definitely out of it. He's even spread himself out somewhat, so that his leg is touching mine. He's also come a lot closer to me and as I watch, out of the corner of my eye, he backs up so that he's pressed against me. I have to smile. Even though he denies wanting to be near me, his body seems to have a mind of its own. Or maybe it's the mate bond working. It's hard to say.

I pull him against me, feeling his back against my chest. My cock twitches in my pants in response to feeling our mate, my body tensing up against his. He feels so good, so warm. His breathing evens out and his snoring goes quieter as I tentatively place my arm over the side of his body. His hair spreads out on my pillow and I wrinkle my nose as his hair touches me. I settle down, but I can't seem to stop staring at him. Everything about him is utter perfection. His jaw is strong, even clenched in his sleep, his hair is silky, even after spending so much time in the woods and his skin is deep golden and tanned from being outdoors so much. There's a roughness to him, the stubble on his face making him look more masculine. Just the way I like it, I realize, touching his hair softly with my hand. He wriggles in response and I stop before I accidentally wake him up.

My eyes close. I try hard not to think about my first mate, but Candice always comes to mind, whether I want her to or not. The pain of her rejecting me is still as fresh as the day it happened. Maybe with my mate, Damien, the pain will fade and go away. That is, if he decides he wants to be mates. The whole male thing has thrown both of us for a loop after all, even though it's not exactly uncommon with werewolves. I don't want to reject him. My wolf has already wholeheartedly accepted Damien, wanting him just as much as I do.

The tension in my body begins to fade and I feel myself becoming drowsy. I wonder what Damien is dreaming about. Maybe he's dreaming about me? I feel my breathing evening out and my eyes becoming heavy. I'm tired, drained from the day's events. I'm exhausted. I also know that Kai is going to want to see me early tomorrow morning, especially with Winter's dangerous plan. I decide to enjoy my mate's company by my side and tighten my grip on him possessively. Damien is mine and no one is going to take him from me. I don't care what it takes to persuade him to remain mates, but I'm willing to do whatever it takes. I'm not about to let my second chance mate reject me as well, not if I can help it. I fall asleep,

my snores mixing with Damien's, my body curled up against his, my lips pressed against his head. Neither of us, move away from each other during the night while we sleep, and when I wake up the very next morning, there is a massive smile on my face. You really cannot fight the mate bond. It was pointless to even try.