

The Alpha's Contract (Neah and Dane)

#Chapter 0161 - Read The Alpha's Contract (Neah and Dane) Chapter 0161

Chapter 0161

But as I stood here looking at all the men, knowing how messed up all this is. I knew one thing for certain, we were all tied together because of Neah. All of us.

I stare at the beast that was once Salem. I don't hear the voice I know. I don't smell his scent. I just see an angry beast. Was I always supposed to be rejected by him? Was this the plan for me? Was I always supposed to have Damien come into my life?

My eyes shift from Salem to Damien

"Are you okay?" Damien whispers to me with a frown

"Yes." I mutter. "The smell is a bit much, I just need some air.

Liar' Midnight mumbles

Damien starts to follow me. I shake my head at him. "Stay, help Dane get answers. I've heard all I need to hear. I will just be outside." His frown deepens, but lets me go. I feel his eyes burning into the back of my as I hobble away on the crutches.

I drop on the grass outside, rubbing my bandaged thigh before laying back under the warm evening sun. I had been so angry at Salem for so long, but in there, standing in front of him. I felt nothing for the man I once loved.

I had spent so long trying to get over him when in reality, there was nothing for me to get over. He had made his choice. I feel someone's weight drop on the grass next to me.

"Are you okay?" Klaus asks.

"Just questioning a few things."

"The Moon Goddess?" He asks curiously.

I prop myself up on my elbows and tilt my head to one side. "How did you know?"

"I would too, if I were in your shoes. And because I did."

“Moonshine wanted a contract long before they asked for it. They had already started turning humans at that point. All because Roan discovered Neah when she was a pup.” I tell him

He nods his head at me. “I had thought that was the case. Have you ever considered that this is what the Moon Goddess's plan was. To try and right something that Neah's family did to her? To give her a better life?” He pauses and puts his hands behind his head, staring up at the blue sky.

‘I've had the same questions as you, Raven. The Moon Goddess can't control what we do with our lives, that's freewill, but she can put things in our path and alter our journeys. She can test us. But look at me, my parents bound me once and if Dane hadn't brought me here, I would be living the same shitty life. She put Dane in my path and I've never once regretted it.’

“Thanks Klaus.” I smile at him. “You have always been good at reassuring my mind when Midnight can't.” He winks at me and gets to his feet. “Glad I could be of some help. Do you want some help getting up? “No, I'm just going to lie here and enjoy the evening sun a little longer.”

It's not long before I'm hit with Damien's scent. His frame completely blocks the sun as he stands over me. “Did you fall down?”

“No.”

“Do you need help?”

“No.”

“Just give her a few minutes.” I hear Jenson shout from nearby. “She's weird like this.”

‘I'm not weird.’ I shout back, remembering how Salem always referred to me as a weirdo before roughly slamming his lips against mine.

Damien is Still looking down at me. with his ø dark eyes, and for a brief moment, I was glad he hadn't ø marked me yet. I didn't need, im to hear what was going on in. iny head.

He holds a hand out to me as I sit up. Pulling me to my feet with ease. His large hands quickly find my waist as he holds me against him We hadn't had more than a few minutes alone together since I had woken up in the hospital and the tension between us was just that; tense.

“Did he say anything else?” I ask quietly while bathing in his sweet vanilla scent

"He's just going around in circles. I think, in some ways, he is too far. gone tebe able to have a ~ straightforward conversation. We are nly hearing snippets of his thoughts and knowledge. " Content

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"Are you going to kill him?" "No. Dane wants him to live for a little longer. He wants Mallory to talk to Salem." "Mallory?"

"She was the one who helped me.

I stumble back, almost out of his» grip, briefly forgetting that I needed to use crutches. He keeps his ands on ny 'hips, stopping me from 'falling any y further.

I don't know why I didn't see it sooner. "You fed on Wolves?" "It's not something I'm proud of." His voice is low as his dark eyes stay focussed on me. "How? How were you able to turn back?"

"Desire."

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Damien

"Desire?" She whispers back to me, refusing to look away. "Yes."

Her hands rest against my chest, a small crease forming between her eyebrows. "A desire for what?"

"To live."

She glances down to her hand resting over my heart. It beated steadily under her touch. Yet her own heart starts to race and the wind catches in her hair, firing her scent in all directions.

"You were going to die?" She asks with a hint of concern "We all die eventually, Raven. What I mean, is that I had enough of the same shitty life. Eat, sleep, hunt. repeat. I had a desire to break free from it. Her eyes flicker back up to mine. "And Mallory helped you?"

"She did. She gave me a home. She became a friend and is now practically a sister. She reminded me that just because I became a beast. it didn't mean I needed to live as one. She still reminds me."

"And just like that you turned back?"

“No, it was a long process. You know what humans are like with their addictions. It was the equivalent of me being addicted to drugs. It wasn't easy to break free.

Her lips part a little as she thinks of something to say. “Oh.” “Not what you expected to hear? “I didn't know what to expect.” she murmurs. “This entire year has been full of surprises.”

“Are you afraid?” She hadn't pushed herself away from me yet, but that may be because she knew she needed the crutches that were still on the grass a few feet away from us.

She shakes her head and presses herself against me. “You need to stop assuming that I am.

Grabbing the back of her head, I tilt her face up to mine. Inhaling her delicious scent. I could claim her right here, but something tells me she would prefer us to be alone, away from prying eyes. I settle for a kiss, moulding my lips to hers, enjoying the taste of her. Smelling her subtle arousal.

I would get to make her permanently mine soon enough

Sliding a hand under her ass, I lift her, ready to take her back to my place but she lets out a squeal of pain almost biting my lip. Her fingers dig into my sides as she squeezes her eyes shut. -

“Sorry.” She mumbles when the pain passes.

I frown, she shouldn't be saying sorry for something my brother did to her.

“Maybe I should just go lie down.” she mutters with a scowl. Her frustrations are clear. “Spend some time with Neah.” “Are you sure?”

She nods and waits for me to pick up the crutches. I watch her hobble off in the direction of the packhouse.

Looking up, I see Mallory hovering. Her arms folded across her chest as she looks at anything but me.

“Mallory? Do you need something?”

“That looked intense.” She mutters as she catches up to me.

“Did it?” I mutter, unamused.

“Come on, Damien! You know it was. What's it like, having a mate?”

"Mallory, if you are after gossip, then I have nothing for you." I knew it wouldn't be enough to settle her. In the past he had openly admitted that gossip was one of the things she missed about being human. Living the way we did meant she lost that part of her humanity, too.

"Fine. What about Salem? How did it go with him?" "Has Dane not been to see you?" "No. Why would he want to see me?"

I frown, he had left the dungeons when I had. I thought he was heading over to Mallory's house to ask her to speak to him like he had discussed with me.

"Maybe he got side tracked." I cast my eyes across the nearby grounds. There was no sign of him, but it wasn't like the pack was small. Any member of the pack might have distracted him. Content belongs to ice) "

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"What did he want? Did he say Neah would speak to me? Was that what it was about?" She asks hopefully "No, and you need to drop it when it comes to the Alpha. I don't know how many more times I can tell you this, but you need to back off."

She turns in front of me, stopping me from moving any further and stares at me. "I can't keep doing this Damien. It seems pointless me being here. Maybe I'm not cut out for this. Maybe it's time we parted ways."

"You are not going anywhere. I need you here, where I can keep an eye on you."

She smiles at me. "I am not your mate, Damien. You have found her."

"But you are my family."

"Thirty days." She mutters. "I will give it another thirty days and if she still won't talk to me, it's time for me to move on." "Thirty days." I agree. A lot could happen in a month.

Raven sits across the dining table, staring at me. Now and again she would pull that bottom lip in, trapping it between her teeth as her eyes strayed from mine. Her fingers lightly drum on the table as Dane speaks about the plans for my brother and the other prick in his dungeon.

Klaus and Eric nod their heads in agreement at Dane's words

"The prisoners are both set to be beheaded tomorrow at midday." There would be no chance for them to make a plea. In fact, Dane wanted them both dealt with as soon as possible. Personally. I don't know why he had waited so long. It wasn't like they were going to be released if they shared useful information.

"Is everyone in agreement?" Dane asks all of us, but his eyes focus on me.

"This is your pack, Dane. It is your decision. I am not here to question your judgement." I mutter. I wasn't going to try and defend my brother. He lost the right to that the moment he bit into Raven's leg

Klaus and Eric stare at me before verbally agreeing. It seemed as though they were surprised by my — response too. But what would the alternative be? Save my brother and never be allowed to see my mate again? Leave the Alpha without Lyeon protection? That wasn't going to happen. Especially not now.

"Could Mallory not get anything out of him?" It was the first time Alpha Neah had voluntarily asked about her. Maybe there was hope for the both of them.

"No. She tried." I reply. "It's like I told,

Dane. Salem is too far gone. There is x . . . —

no humanity left in him. If he cared,

he wouldn't have bitten his sex mate."

Alpha Neah briefly looks down at her stomach with a frown

"They won't be like my brother." I reassure her. "I will make sure of that."

"You think they are Lycans?" Klaus asks me.

"What do you mean?" Raven scowls at me. "We don't even know what they are yet and probably won't until they are born. You can't just assume."

"I am not making assumptions. I can tell you what they are right now." I state with my attention on the Alpha.

All sets of eyes are on me as I wait for someone to answer. "You...you can smell them?" Alpha Neah asks quietly. "Yes. For a few days now.

"I can't." She looks over at Dane who is still frowning and slowly returns her gaze to me. "How... how can you?"

"The same way as I was able to ~ track my brother through the forest. The same way as how I always knew where the other Rogues \ were hiding. I can smell Lycans." " ~

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Raven "Wait." It was a lot of information in the space of a minute. "I have a million questions. So it wasn't because he was your brother?" "It was both." Damien mutters back. "If he hadn't been my brother, I still would have been able to track him

"I didn't think Lycans had a scent when they shift." I glance at Neah who still has her head down. A deep frown etched into her brow. "I thought you found me, because of me?"

In the second that those final words left my mouth, I knew I sounded needy, and in front of everyone. Midnight laughs which does not help Damien stares at me with those dark eyes and I fight the blush creeping up my neck.

"Of course we do. It's just subtle." Damien replies. "But nevertheless, it is there."

"Subtle?" Dane asks

"I don't know what else to tell you, Dane. Would you rather I had not been able to scent my brother?"

"Of course I'm not saying that." Dane snaps.

"Alpha Neah, tell them. Tell them that we have a scent in Lycan form." Damien looks for confirmation but Neah is staring at her stomach.

Gently nudging her, she looks up and blinks a few times as though she is trying to remember the conversation. "I can't smell them. Why didn't you tell me I was carrying Lycans?"

Damien tilts his head to one side. "I thought you already knew."

Neah opens her mouth to say something. Not a single word leaves her lips. Instead, she gets up and hurries out of the room, Dane following closely behind

"To us, they have a Wolf's scent, but only if they are in human form." Eric tells him. "When they shift, we can't scent them." "And the Alpha? Is what she saying true?"

"Yes." Klaus replies

"She tracked me in the forest, better than Dane and you." Damien gestures at Klaus. "She had to have known."

Eric shakes his head. "Though she spoke of how her legs carried her through the forest to find you. That she had no clue where she was going, just a feeling. Nothing to do with scenting you. Although she can now, because you have pledged your loyalty to her."

'We really need to ask him about that.' Midnight murmurs

"And Jess." Klaus adds. "She can scent Jess too."

"I tried to look into it." Klaus murmurs. "There is limited information on your kind. We are pretty much learning as we go." "Something to do with her being bound in the past?" I ask

"Possibly." Klaus replies. "Maybe not every ability of hers is unlocked yet."

"Ability?" Damien asks

"She can partially shift." Eric tells him

I watch as Damien's eyes widen in surprise. "That's new."

"It did take long enough for Nyx to make an appearance." I add

"Who is Nyx?" Damien is looking at all of us, like he is missing something.

"Neahs Lycan." I frown at him. I thought this would be something he already knew. But then again, he was a converted Lycan. What he knew is what he had learned. Just like Neah's content belongs to -

Eric explains it to him. Damien's head slowly moves up and down as he takes in the information.

"So all Alpha's?" He asks

"No, just ones born in the blood line. So Dane, me and Jenson, in this pack." I tell him. "Neah too, obviously. It explains who you were talking to in the forest. What about that prick in the dungeon, he has an inner spirit?" "No. His father took over as Alpha a long time ago but wasn't blood related to the original Alpha."

"But you won't be an Alpha? Nor will Jenson?"

"Jenson and I have a different N mother. So the gene was still passed to us. And I'm glad: won't be. I don't want to have to deal with that." Content belongs to

"Guys, as much as this conversation is interesting to you. We are losing the point." Eric snaps

Damien leans back in his chair, his dark eyes still on me, a hint of a smile on his lips. Why was it that anytime he learned something new about me, we were surrounded by other people? He couldn't say how he felt or he could, he just chose not to, like what he had to say was for my ears only.

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“The point of this conversation was to decide my brother's fate. Correct?” Damien mutters. “Well that has been decided. So are we done?” “Yes.” Eric retorts

“Good. If you will excuse me. I have things to do.

Damien walks around the table and picks up my crutches. Holding them out to me, he doesn't speak. he just waits.

Slowly getting to my feet, I take them from him. With the smallest of head movements, he gestures to the door.

He walks ahead of me, slowing his pace and allowing time for me to catch up. “Where are we going?”

“Somewhere where it is just you and me.” His voice is low and full of intent.

He leads me to the hospital. It wouldn't exactly be the place I would have chosen, but at least we would be alone.

As we get close, I see his expression change. The lustful look in his eyes, long gone. “Stay here.

“Why? I thought

“The girl. She is in the hospital.

“Jess?” I call after him as he hurries on. Why would she be here? She hasn't had any breakdowns since she first got here.

He pauses when he is standing outside the doors and glances back at me before disappearing inside. Seconds later, there is a gush of air almost knocking me over as my twin charges past me and into the hospital

Making my way over, I'm hit with the metallic smell of blood and my brother yelling at Damien. “What the fuck did you do to her?!” “She was already like this.

“Fucking liar. I told my brother we shouldn't trust you.” Jenson is pointing a scalpel at Damien.

“Jenson, he was with me.” I shout

“Don't stick up for the asshole just because he is your mate!”

“You can confirm it with Eric and Klaus. We were in a meeting, talking to Dane. We have literally just left the house.” I plead with him “Bullshit. We should have killed you along with your bitch.”

Dane hospital!' I link my brother, hoping he would come quickly.

I step forward enough to see Jess around the corner. Her body ~ sprawled out on the floor. There wasn't even a chance of saving her, not when her heart had been ripped from her chest. -

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Dane arrives with Klaus. I watch Dane's eyes shift between all of us before landing on Jess. "Check the dungeon." Damien mutters as he stays squared up to Jenson. "I smell him." It's impossible. He can't escape

"I am telling you, Dane. He was here and if you tell your brother to stand down. I will be able to check the girl and tell you if it was him."

"He's lying He's admitted it himself, he used to be a Rogue. He's fucking playing: us!" Jenson jabs the scalpel at Damien. Damien expertly moves out of the way.

"

"He will screw with everything and you are letting him get near Neah."

I knew Jenson would be upset, probably to the point he couldn't think straight. But what the fuck he thought he would achieve with a scalpel is beyond me. Especially when Damien could heal. Content belongs to ~

"Go!" Dane snaps at Klaus. He turns to Jenson. "Let him look at her."

"You are on his side?" Jenson spits

"I am on the side of finding answers." Dane is somehow calm as Jenson tries to take another swing at Damien

"Jenson stand down, that's an order."

He tosses the scalpel to the floor and backs up but keeps his eyes locked on my mate. "I will fucking kill you!"

Damien ignores him as he carefully moves around Jess. He crouches and leans over her. Without touching her, he inhales the scents He frowns and shakes his head as he leans back on his heels, "I don't understand."

"What? What is it?" Dane demands

"I think he shifted."

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Dane "You said

"I know Dane. I know exactly what I said." Damien snaps back at me. A deep frown etched into his face. "He has never wanted to shift back. I didn't think it was even possible. Do you know how hard it was for me?"

"What do you mean?" Raven asks

"I told you that it wasn't easy. That the process took time. I would find I had shifted in my sleep. Waking up in Lycan form in the middle of the corn field. It's not easy to just shift back. Not once you see yourself as a monster."

"Just full of secrets aren't you!" Jenson mutters as he shoves Damien out the way.

Dropping down to the floor, he pulls Jess's lifeless body into his arms. I could see from his face that he was broken. The last true loss he had experienced was our parents. Anything in between then and now had never bothered him.

'We will need to keep an eye on him.' Aero rumbles.

Agree.' I mutter back.

Maybe this is what he needs.' Aero adds

'What are you talking about?'

He has only ever cared about himself his entire life."

That's a bit harsh. How would you feel if Neah.....' Shit, Neah. I link some of the guards and ask them to station themselves around the house. "Let's say he has got out." Though it wouldn't have been like he could just walk out. "How did he shift?" I ask Damien

"I don't know. He hasn't been in human form for over a year. And like I said, he has never wanted to shift back. Trust me, I tried to help him. Mallory did to you. He has never wanted it. The only thing I can think of is that he has actually been shifting for some time. That he has just kept it quiet.

Dane,' Klaus's voice fills my head. 'He's gone.' 'What?'

He isn't here and according to Roan. he did indeed shift to human form.'

'How the fuck did he get out?' I snap. The Rogue had been chained to a wall. If he had shifted, he would have been able to slip the chains, that I could understand, But the cell

was still locked. The only way out would be if Someone had physically let him out. Not to mention he wouldn't just be able to walk out of there. I had seen what Neah had done to his leg.

If we are to believe Roan then he is also saying Jess was the one who helped Salem get out.'

I glance over at a silent Jenson. He is stroking Jess's red hair. Why would she have helped Salem? It made no sense when she loved Neah. She stood against the woman who had changed her to help Neah.

"I'm right, aren't I?" Damien asks. "I can tell by your face and I know what I smell. I am right. 'Is he?" Raven demands. "Has Salem got out? Has he shifted? Is he out there, walking around in the pack like he belongs here?"

"Yes.

"No." Damien interrupts me. "He wouldn't be that stupid. He would hunch down somewhere. Somewhere he could hide in plain sight, watching, waiting. And he will work better, making sure his scent is spread around the entire pack."

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"This is your fault!" Jenson growls from the floor. "You, he came here because of you. You better sleep with one eye open, Lycan.

Damien doesn't respond. He is quiet, mulling over what has happened and not in the least bit bothered about my brother's threat.

'You are hiding something.' Raven mutters through mindlink. I look over to her to see her arms folded across her chest as she stares at me. "I know you Dane, there is something you're not saying." Conte belongs to" -

According to Roan. Jess let him out.'

"WHAT?!" She shouts out instead of keeping the conversation between us.

Everyone's eyes turn to her and she drops her gaze.

"What's going on?" Damien asks, moving toward my sister.

"Sorry." Raven mumbles.

“Look, I don’t know if it's true. All we have to go on is what Roan is saying and he isn’t exactly the most truthful person. “He saw him shift?” Damien frowns

“And he saw who let him out. Which I’m taking with a pinch of salt!”

“Let me guess. She did.” He points to Jess. “I can’t scent anyone else on her.”

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“No!” Jenson snaps. “She wouldn’t do something like that. She wouldn’t put her own life in danger! She just turned sixteen.” “Maybe, maybe not. She was probably lured into freeing him.” Damien shrugs his shoulders “Is this where you tell us that he has some sort of ability to attract people?” I ask

“How do you think they killed people in that town so easily? None of the humans left. Bodies started turning up in all places. Most people would leave if that started happening, but they stayed. The humans practically walked to their death. It was only once the town was wiped out that I started bringing them food.” Damien shakes his head but his eyes are on my sister. “But she would have had to have been down there already.

“Stop talking about her! JUST STOP!” Jenson yells out. “She is still here. Raven hobbles over to him using the crutches. “Jenson. I'm really sorry, but she’s gone. We can't bring her back.”

Jenson growls at Raven and pushes her over. Sweeping up Jess’s bloody body, he holds her to his chest. He charges out of the hospital as Damien helps Raven get back on her feet.

“We should go after him.” She whimpers, her face creases up from the pain in her leg

“He needs space. He has just lost his mate.”

“But he...”

“Raven, give him space.”

“You can't do anything for him.” Damien speaks softly to her. “This is something he has to deal with.”

She slowly nods her head as he wraps an arm around her shoulders. I see her shrug him off with a frown.

“What does he look like in human form?” I ask. I had never had a chance to meet Salem before he rejected my sister.

“Well, I don’t know now. He used to have chestnut eyes. but those eyes that I saw were like black holes.” Raven whispers. “His hair matched his eyes.” A smile creeps up on her lips as she recalls him

“A tattoo on his neck.” Damien adds “Like yours?”

He nods. “A family thing.

“About six feet tall. A wide smile.”

Damien growls as she continues to describe him to us. Again as he tries to reach for her shoulder she moves out of the way. The latest bit of news about luring humans to their death had clearly upset her.

Sending out a link to the entire pack. I remind them that the only guests we have in the pack are Damien and Mallory. Anyone else was to be taken out on sight.

“Stay in the house, Raven.”

“You think he will come for me again?”

“I don’t know, but this way, I know where you are.”

She nods her head, glancing back at the pool of blood where Jess had been. “Do you want me to tell Neah?”

“No, that should come from me.”

Raven hobbies out of the hospital, Damien 1 closely following her. She” was already snapping at him to’stay away 4 from her. They were having a muet rockier start to their bond than what Neah and I had. Content belongs to ~

I hang back, not wanting to get caught up in their issues

Cleaning upthe blood, I try to decide how I wasç going to break the news to eah. The twins were already- taking their toll on her and this news might just be the thing that tips her over. ~

By the time I make it back to the packhouse. Damien and Raven are having a full on argument, right in the foyer.

I side step arund them, following my mates scent to the kitchen. She rolls her beautiful blue eyes at me as she stuffs toast in her mouth. When she sees my face, she lowers the toastand scowls. “Why is there bloéd on you?” Conten belongs to a

“He got out.”

“Roan?”

I shake my head

“How?”

I tell her our theory. Still not mentioning Jess.

“I can find him.” she mutters, brushing the crumbs from her hands

“No. He will be smarter this time. Damien is certain of it.”

She shuffles on the chair, her brow knitting together. “How did he get out? He can barely walk, if he can even walk at all. “We have reason to believe Jess let him out.”

“No. She wouldn't... she....” She trails off as her blue eyes find mine. “She's dead isn't she?”

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Raven “You don't get to fucking tell me how I should feel.” I jab a crutch in Damien's direction. “Raven, I don't do that anymore. I haven't done it for a long time.”

“And what if a deer isn't good enough for you? What if whatever we hunt on a pack run isn't good enough? Will you disappear into the city to get a human fix? Will you lure a human to their death because I have not got the patience or the desire to deal with that.”

“I have a brother who right now might be losing the plot over his dead mate. I have a pregnant friend who is probably receiving some of the worst news she has heard in a while. And an ex mate that is loose in the pack and could be coming after me to fuck up my other leg. So stop telling me how I should feel!”

My shoulders rise and fall with my heaving breathing. My heart hammers in my chest as he stares at me. It was all too much. The drips of information The secrets. Is this what it would always be like?

“Raven...”

“Stop, just, stop.” I stamp one of the crutches on the ground to prove my point, almost losing my balance in the process. I'm mad too! Midnight snaps

Damien narrows his eyes at me.

I drop my shoulders and shake my head. “There is nothing you can say to me right now, Damien. I...I just can't right now.”

I turn, ready to huddle to the kitchen. He grabs me, pulling me back around to face him as the crutches fall to the floor. "You don't get to walk away. If we are going to argue, we are going to find a solution before either of us walk away."

"You don't get to decide that." My hands push against his chest but he holds me tight, refusing to let go.

His dark eyes roam my face, yet his grip never changes. It seemed like forever before he spoke again. "Go on then, walk away." I couldn't. I couldn't move or maybe I didn't want to.

"Not so easy, is it?" He whispers in my ear.

"Promise me. Promise me you will never lure a human to their death. Promise me that you will never feed on one again."

"You didn't need to ask. But you have my word." He gently presses his lips to the corner of mine.

Closing my eyes, I bask in his scent, letting my thoughts and questions of his past fade from my mind. Losing- myself in the moment as his kiss deepens: His hands slide up the back of my tee, his rough fingertips grazing my skin as he pulls me in as close as possible.

He breaks away, but keeps his face inches from mine. "There is only one thing I'm hungry for, Raven."

My name rolls from his tongue in such a way it sends shivers down my spine.

His lips press against my neck, slowly working their way up to my ear lobes. Sending little sparks ~ through me with every kiss. When his teeth graze my ear, an involuntary gasp escapes my throat.

It had been such a long time since I had felt anything and Damien made me feel everything with just the slightest touch.

I could be angry with him, but that just didn't faze him in the slightest.

"I need you to be safe, Raven." He ~ murmurs in between kisses. "I need to know where you are at all times." His teeth graze my skin as he moves back towards my collarbone.

"You want to claim me?" I whisper back.

"I want you to be mine now and forever." His teeth sink into my flesh. A primalness takes over him and from his grip. I knew there would be bruises forming along my torso.

A hand leaves my back, locking into my dark hair as he pulls my head back further, allowing his teeth to sink even deeper.

I wince at the pain, though it quickly subsides and is replaced with a longing. A longing for something more. It even takes over the pain that radiates through my leg

“You want more?” He muses as he retracts his teeth from my neck and cups my lycra covered pussy. I knew he could feel how wet I was. Gym shorts hardly disguised anything. A quick flick of his finger had my legs buckling. If I hadn’t been wearing shorts or a thong, his finger would have slid right into me.

“My room is upstairs and

Chapter 0169

“I know.” He nibbles on my ear lobe again and lifts me off the ground with one arm, draping me over his shoulder while bending to grab my crutches. Damien quickly scales the stairs, taking two at a time. His hand wrapped around my ass as the tips of his fingers remain against my throbbing pussy.

“Finally alone.” He mutters, lowering me to my feet. His hand quickly returns to the back of my head. Knotting up in my hair as he slams his lips against mine. A low growl rumbles from his throat.

Letting go of my hair, he pulls my tee up and over my head, tossing it to one side. He spends a moment with his eyes roaming over my black lace bra and to the ropey scar that runs along my right shoulder and down towards my right breast.

“What happened?” He asks in a low voice.

“It was a long time ago. I don’t really remember.”

He traces a finger along it. “You have Alpha blood, you can heal quickly.”

“It was before I had Midnight. I landed on glass, I think. I’m not really sure. I was five, maybe six.”

He doesn't respond, instead his lips leave little sparks of electricity along the scar as he makes his way towards my breasts.

His fingers graze my nipples through the black lace of my bra. His touch has them hardening in seconds and Damien leans down to suck each one through the fabric. The heat from his tongue has them hardening until they are painful.

As a moan escapes my lips, he pulls the fabric away, taking a bare nipple into his mouth and rolls it between his teeth.

I was desperate for his fingers to slip inside my shorts, to slide between my folds, but he keeps them away, teasing every urgency from me as the dampness between my thighs grows.

He stops to pull off his own black tee, muscle upon muscle with perfect definition. The tribal tattoos travelled further than his neck too. Running down over his shoulders and chest and disappearing under the waistband of his jeans.

Pressing himself back against me, I feel his hardened length, swelling in his jeans and pushing up against my thigh.

His hand finally slips inside my shorts, but he keeps it on the outside of my thang, circling two fingers right above my entrance. "Damien." I whisper, throwing my head back with frustration. I wanted his fingers inside of me. I wanted him to make me orgasm He slows his fingers down "There's no rush." He nips at my jaw sending more electricity through me.

A long low moan falls from my lips as I roll my hips against his hand. His hand stills, but firmly cups me and I wish that I wasn't wearing any underwear.

His lips move back to the fresh mark on my neck, his teeth once again" scraping over my skin. As another moancFips through me, he pulls the thorny' to one side and forces- a finger in-Fhen a second and a thied. Céntent belongs to

Damien holds me tight as my body bucks against him. Wave after wave of delight taking over.

As my hips slow to a gentle rock, he pulls my gym shorts from me and quickly removes the thong toa.

Lifting me, he carries me to the ottoman at the end of my bed. Sitting on it, he pulls me on his lap, facing away from him. Spreading his legs wide, he carefully lifts each one of mine over his until I'm spread for all to see

We are opposite the full length mirror, where I could see my own juices leaking from my pussy.

His hand slides over me, a finger running the length of my folds before dipping inside. He lets out his own growl as my juices run down over his hand and his thumb begins circling my clit

"So fucking wet." He mutters in my ear before nipping at my lobe My head rolls back over his shoulder.

"Watch." He mutters forcing my head up.

Glancing at the mirror. His fingers are knuckle deep inside of me. His free hand squeezes my nipples, = squeezing roughly as he plunges his fingers into me over and over all while keeping his thumb firmly on my clit.

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I couldn't keep my head from rolling back. My back arches away from his chest as my pussy clamps around-> his fingers. He stills, letting me ride out the biggest orgasm I had ever had until I fall back against him, completely spent. Content belongs to 4

“Oh I'm just getting started, mate.

Chapter 0170

Neah

“Where did he take her?” I demand as I step out through the back door into the pitch black of night. I had no idea what time it was, but the adrenaline was pumping through me anyway. Several guards move closer, yet keep their attention on the surrounding area.

“I don't know.” Dane mutters back, grabbing my wrist to stop me. “Just let him be, there is nothing you can do.”

“Maybe I can save her.

“Neah she isn't dying, she isn't hanging on to life by a strand. She is dead. Salem tore her heart out.”

My heart plummets. A part of me had hoped he was wrong, that Jenson had taken Jess to find a way to help her. “He took.... He took her heart?” “Among slicing her up pretty bad.”

I feel Nyx's sorrow along with my own. Jess was just a kid. She was family. She was like me. She had helped me see what I could do. “Why?” A single tear rolls down my cheek. I don't even try to fight the flood that's about to come. I'm so angry. “Why would he do that to her?” “I don't know. I thought his end game was to get at Damien, but he has nothing to do with Jess.”

“You said she let him out.”

“According to Roan.”

‘We can speak to him!’ Nyx murmurs. ‘We need to know why Jess was down there!’

I nod my head in agreement and repeat the words to Dane.

“No. I need you to stay in the house.” He tries to tug me back through the door. I slap his hand away. “Neah, we don’t know where he is. We don’t know if his plan is to come after you next or Damien, even Raven.”

“Or Mallory.” I mutter, watching her stumble forward, towards us. Her arms cling against her stomach. Blood profusely spilling over. She can’t walk in a straight line either, almost like she is drunk.

“Shit. Don’t move.” He charges over to her. Lifting her from the ground.

‘It’s Salem.’ I hear her mutter.

As Dane brings her closer, I see her dirty blonde hair is stained with blood and parts of her intestines x» hang from her body. My stomach back flips as I fight the urge to gag. Apparently I could handle holding a heart but intestines were just too rrrtich. Content belongs ta

Dane brings her inside. His eyes glaze over as he drops her onto the table. I just stand there, watching. She was probably on the verge of death and not a single bit of me cared. She should have died instead of Jess.

“Let me see.” I hear Dane tell her.

She removes her arms and if she was upright. all the organs of her abdomen would have fallen out.

Damien is right behind her. He grabs Mallory’s hand, holding it against his own chest. “Hold on. Just hold on.” His dark eyes flicker to me. “Don’t let her die. She doesn’t deserve this.”

It took me far too long to realise that Raven was waiting for me to say something. No give her the go ahead to save another Lycan because ~ technically, Dane wasn’t their leader. wassBut was I cruel enough. tO say noafter what she did to me2Was cruel enough to let her suffer a long and painful death?

Nyx was oddly quiet too.

“Save her.” Dane mutters before I get a chance to make my decision. “Neah is my mate. we both lead this pack and she is my guest. Save her, Raven.”

“I need stuff from the hospital.” Raven mutters as she inspects Mallory’s open wound