

Chapter 10 - Caught In The Act

In the guestroom...

Damon sat in the comfy sofa chair and observed Marcy smugly. She was standing three steps in front of Damon with her hands crossed over her chest defensively.

"You wanted privacy, so here we are.", Damon said while waving his hand, gesturing for Marcy to start talking.

"Considering our future relationship, I believe that we should be able to talk openly."

Damon cocked an eyebrow. "Our future relationship?"

Marcy narrowed her eyes impatiently. Why is he pretending that he doesn't understand? He wants her to spell it out? Fine!

"We both know that you are here because I will be your Luna."

Damon poked his cheek with his tongue while looking at Marcy mockingly. He realized that Marcy is impatient to clarify her status as his Luna. What's with the rush? She didn't seem to be desperate to get married, and if one was watching them during lunch, Nora seemed eager to put her hands on Damon, while Marcy was in a meh-mood.

Damon wondered if he saw it wrongly, or maybe Marcy is a good actress.

He wanted to test how far her act will go.

"My Luna? What makes you think you are qualified?"

Marcy was offended. Is he looking down on her?

"Just so you know, I was trained my whole life to be a good Luna. I can take care of the packhouse and the pack members and many other things, including housing, food, and finance management. I will relieve you of your burden."

"You want to relieve me of my burden...", Damon drawled, and Marcy nodded confidently.

Damon slid lower in the sofa chair until the back of his head reached the edge of the backrest, and his legs parted more.

"Since you are eager to relieve me of my burden, how about you put that pretty mouth of yours to good use and give me some relief."

Marcy paused and it took her a moment to understand the meaning behind Damon glancing at his crotch area.

She swallowed hard. 'He wants me to suck him off...'

Well, it's not like she never did that before, but it involved courting and dinner, and... his smug expression frustrated her profusely.

Marcy told herself that this guy in front of her is not some random Pierre or Jacque, this is Alpha Damon, and he is used to women serving him.

Marcy is prideful and willful, but at this point, she couldn't afford to offend him. Her father would skin her alive.

Marcy walked slowly toward Damon and got on her knees between his legs.

She bit her lower lip while unbuttoning his pants and he lifted his buttocks so that she can pull them lower, just enough for his erection to spring free.

She took a mental note that he didn't have underwear on.

Marcy looked at the beast in front of her and her eyes widened. 'He is huge, and not even fully erect!'

Damon let out a low hiss when Marcy took him into her mouth.

She knew what she was doing.

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Talia jumped from her sleep when piercing pain assaulted her shin.

"Wake up, slave!", Anna said with malice in her voice and Talia was immediately wide awake.

There are several Omegas who bully Talia, and Anna is their ringleader. But normally they don't come to the attic, and Talia had a bad feeling about this.

Talia yelped when Shawn grabbed a handful of her hair and dragged her toward the door. "You need to listen, slave..."

Talia never understood why they call her 'slave', and sometimes they call her 'rat' or 'roach'.

Is it because she is not part of the Red Moon pack? Or because she has no family? Or because she doesn't get any compensation for the work she does?

She gets a place to stay and food, and Talia even gets clothes from the pile others are discarding, so she didn't think about asking for more. Who would she ask, anyway? She wouldn't dare to approach Alpha or Luna with any demands.

Or maybe it's not about Talia, but these Omegas want to be superior to someone, so they are insulting Talia because she is easy to pick on.

Talia's thoughts were partially right. They bullied her in order to feel better, but what she doesn't know is that Anna and her gang think that Talia is having it easy.

Other than hard work, Omegas attend mandatory harsh trainings because Alpha Edward believes everyone should be a soldier, and whenever they fall behind, they get beatings. Every time Anna gets a beating, she searches for Talia in order to release some of her steam.

This time, Anna came up with a plan that will get Talia in big trouble. How big? It will depend on what happens next.

When Shawn let go of Talia, they were in the hallway on the second floor.

Anna smiled maliciously and tilted her head to the side.

Zina stepped forward and pushed a handful of stacked towels into Talia's hands.

"Fifth door on the right. Alpha Damon needs fresh towels for his bathroom.", Anna said and gestured in that direction.

Talia took a step back. "Towels? I only clean the bathrooms and take the trash. What if he is inside?"

"Are you arguing with me?", Anna hissed and raised her hand like she is about to deliver a slap.

Talia shrunk and scurried down the hallway.

Anna stifled a laugh at the scene.

"What do you think will happen?", Zina asked in a whisper. "Princess Marcy and Alpha Damon are alone for some time. What if they are going at it?"

"Good. We want Talia to cause a ruckus, right?", Shawn chimed in.

"She is enjoying a carefree life while we suffer.", Anna said maliciously. "It's time for Alpha Edward to take notice of this rat who is always falling through the cracks. I wonder if she will survive the day."

Talia gently knocked on the door and listened intently. It was quiet.

She guessed that Alpha Damon Anna mentioned is the big guest and she wondered if it's OK to get in if he is sleeping. With his Alpha-hearing, he would definitely hear that knock and tell her to come in or to scram.

Talia put her hand on the doorknob and slowly opened the door.

Her heart stopped at the sight in front of her and she froze.

A handsome young man with a head full of raven black hair was leaning back in the sofa chair with his head tilted up so that he can stare at the ceiling. His chest heaved and she couldn't see if his eyes were open but what she could see was princess Marcy, kneeling between man's legs and... and... Talia's brain stuttered.

This was too much.

Unsure what to do, Talia's eyes fell on the towels she was clutching tightly, and then she took a peek at the duo who was too busy to notice her.

That's right, they didn't notice her.

Talia decided to complete her mission. If she retreats without delivering towels, Anna will give her a hard time, and if she proceeds inside, there is a chance they will not catch her.

Talia stepped into the room and moved toward the bathroom while sticking as close to the wall as possible, without making any sound.

She left the towels next to the sink and dashed out with light steps, the same ones she uses to move through the packhouse without anyone noticing her.

Talia stopped at the door and pulled it to close slowly. For some inexplicable reason, Talia took another peek at the duo and her stomach dropped when she met two piercing blue eyes directed at her.

She was caught!

And Alpha Damon looked angry!

"Stop!", Damon shouted, but there was no way that Talia would stop.

She closed the door and ran upstairs as fast as she could, not stopping at the giggles and mocking from Anna and her gang, and not stopping until she reached the attic and closed the door behind her firmly. Talia pushed the cabinet to block the door and then she huddled in the corner, slowing down her breathing and wishing that her wild heartbeat doesn't betray her location.

'Is this it? Is this the day I die?', Talia wondered.

She only did what she was told to do, but that doesn't change the fact that she saw something that shouldn't be seen.

What did she see?

Talia didn't know much about male-female relationships, but Talia knew about body parts. Olivia also explained about periods and getting pregnant, and Talia was not sure why would princess Marcy put that part of Alpha Damon in her mouth. It should go elsewhere when they want to have babies.
