

## Chapter 14 - Dirt That Can't Be Washed

Damon stared at the moon in silence for an unknown measure of time, when a knock on the door got his attention.

'Did Marcy come to pick up what's left of her panties, or did she change her mind?', Damon mused.

No one else would come at this hour. Caden and Maya use mind link to communicate, like always, so that others don't overhear them.

Damon went to open the door and to his surprise, Nora's smiling face entered his vision.

She took a deep breath of his masculine scent and her arousal swelled. She knew that he can smell her and she was not bashful about what she wanted.

"Good evening, Alpha Damon...", she greeted him. "I noticed the light in your room, and since you left early wishing to rest, I wondered if you have trouble sleeping and if I can help you somehow."

Even without the scent of her arousal, Nora's sultry look told Damon what's on her mind, but he still asked, "How can you help me, Miss Nora?"

Nora smiled when Damon stepped into the room, silently giving her permission to enter. She closed the door behind her before answering, "I can make you calming tea, sing you a song, give you a massage, or offer myself. Not necessarily in that order."

Damon nodded in approval. He likes when women are direct. No games.

"What makes you think that your friend, Marcy, didn't help me relax already?", Damon asked with a smirk and his eyes darted to the side.

Nora followed where he looked, and her eyes widened when she saw torn panties on the floor.

After a moment of surprise, Nora was back to her smiling face. "It doesn't matter what Marcy did. You are still awake and I'm willing. The only question is, are you going to accept my offer?"

"Won't your friend, Marcy, be upset to know what you are offering?"

Nora cocked an eyebrow. "I won't tell if you don't."

Damon's eyes flashed in agreement. "Undress."

With haste, Nora removed her skirt and blazer. She was fumbling with the buckles of her bra because her fingers were shaking.

Internally, Nora was screaming from excitement. She couldn't believe this was happening!

Just yesterday she was still thinking that Alpha Damon will come and how it will be good if she can take a photo or two, but it seems she will get much more than just a photo.

Nora wondered if she should undress him also. Domineering guys like Damon usually love when a woman serves them. She will remove his pants and suck him off and they will take it from there.

Nora was still fumbling with her bra when Damon pushed her on the bed, face first.

Damon tapped the insides of her legs, indicating for Nora to spread them.

In one swift move, he tore her panties and Nora bit her lower lip while trembling in anticipation of what's coming.

Nora was dripping wet and she thought of taking the initiative to touch and kiss him, but this was fine also.

It was just a small nudge at her entrance and then Damon entered her in one swift move and Nora screamed into the mattress. No matter how wet she was, it didn't prepare her for his size.

Damon wrapped her hair around his hand, pulling Nora's head toward him and her back arched.

"Stay down.", he growled.

With his free hand, he gripped her hip, holding her in place.

Nora fisted the silky bed cover as Damon pounded himself inside her until she saw stars. He was like a beast, ravishing her from behind and she loved it.

It was her first time with an Alpha and Damon blew her mind.

Nora had no idea how long it lasted. She was sweaty and struggling to breathe when he released her after a groan.

"Leave before I come back", Damon ordered breathily, and Nora nodded weakly as he went to the bathroom.

A few seconds later, she heard the shower running, and she pushed herself to sit on the bed.

Her insides throbbed in the aftermath of the wild ride she experienced. Nora touched herself, wondering if he came inside her because her back was dry, but there was no semen, which confirmed that he wore a condom.

'Pity...', Nora thought while getting her clothes back on.

Yes, she came with the hope for a steamy session, but now that she got this much, she couldn't help but wish for more.

Damon was not gentle or caring. He was fierce and domineering, just how Nora imagined an Alpha would be.

It was obviously just a hookup, but she still orgasmed twice. By any standards, it was amazing.

Nora would love to brag about this to everyone. She knows that Alpha Damon would never make her his Luna, but having him inside her was still a big feat. However, if Alpha Edward or Luna Layla find out about this, she will be in big trouble, so she needs to keep it for herself.

Nora doesn't care much about Marcy. How Nora sees it, Marcy is playing hard to get in the stupid role of an ice queen and even if Alpha Damon shagged Marcy earlier that evening, it was obvious that he was not satisfied and that's why he gave Nora this wild ride.

Nora wondered if Damon enjoyed it as well. Well, he came, so it was good.

A brilliant idea popped into Nora's mind. Maybe when Marcy marries Damon, Nora can move to the Dark Howlers pack also with an excuse of giving Marcy company as her best friend.

Nora smiled at the possibilities. If Marcy didn't satisfy him tonight, there will be more chances when Nora can serve Alpha Damon. Guys like him always have women on the side.

Marcy is not Damon's mate, so their bond won't be foolproof even after they mark each other.

If Alpha Damon wants Nora's company, Marcy will need to suck it up.

Nora giggled while making her way out of Damon's room.

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Damon got out of the shower, and he was pleased to confirm that Nora left. He likes when they don't linger.

He sat on the edge of the bed and rubbed his forehead forcibly.

'I told you, but you don't listen.', his wolf said. 'Why do you always need to learn the hard way?'

'Shut up!', Damon spat back.

Banging a woman should help him relax, but now he was tenser.

He was pissed and aroused after fondling with Marcy, and there was nothing wrong with Nora, but only after he imagined that the hair he is holding is copper-colored, he found his release. And after it was done, he saw that the hair in his hand was brown, and he felt dirty and no amount of scrubbing under the shower helped him feel better.

'You can't wash a guilty conscience.', his wolf said.

'Guilty conscience? It's not like I cheated!', Damon shouted mentally. 'I don't even know her name or if she is real! I'm a free man. Why would I feel guilt for touching a woman who came onto me willingly when I needed a release?'

'Keep saying that, if it will make you feel better.'

Damon was not willing to acknowledge that his wolf was right. For the first time in his life, Damon felt bad after bedding a woman. Well, maybe not bad, but not good either.

It was like eating tofu. He got what he wanted, but his stomach was still empty and there was no satisfaction that a meal should provide.

'How long will this last?', Damon asked dejectedly.

There must be some expiration date on whatever craziness he was going through, and after that, he can return to normal.

'It will last until you accept the reality.'

Damon was frustrated. Is his wolf telling him that sex won't feel good anymore, or to accept the copper-haired girl as his mate? Or maybe those two are the same. 'What reality?'

'Why are you playing stupid? You know I can feel everything you do. The bond is proof that the pleasure of flesh is not enough. To experience more, you need our mate.' His wolf snorted. 'There is no point in talking to you. Do whatever you want, but if you go against the order and mess up, don't ask for my help...'

Damon shoved a hand in his hair irritably.

His wolf always told him to follow his instincts. That's what werewolves do, and it helped him in many tricky situations. But this was not facing rogues or dealing with scheming enemies. This was an unknown scrawny girl with copper-colored hair that made him feel all kinds of uncertainties he didn't want to acknowledge.

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