

Alphas Bride 251

Chapter 251 - Back In The Shifters Nightclub (4) [Bonus]

Katya got busy preparing drinks for patrons who swarmed the bar, and Talia took the orange wedge from her drink and nibbled on it. It was soaked in liquor, and it had an interesting mixture of sweet, zesty, with a small bite of alcohol.

"Can I offer you a drink?" A male voice came from behind Talia, but she didn't react until someone tapped her shoulder.

Talia froze for a moment before turning to see who was there because it was not Damon. Damon is usually announced by his addictive scent before he reaches her, and this man smelled... ordinary.

"Were you talking to me?", Talia asked the tall blonde man.

He gave her a cocked smile and sat on the barstool where Mindy was sitting previously. "With whom else could I be talking to, doll?" He gestured to Talia's half-empty glass. "Do you want another one?"

Talia blinked while trying to figure out if she knows him. Why else would he be that friendly and talk to her casually without introducing himself? But no matter how much she tried, nothing clicked. Was she that drunk to forget people?

No, no... He was definitely a new face, but she still asked, "Do I know you?"

He chuckled. "You will in a minute. I am Cory. And you are...?", he was obviously expecting her to fill in the blank.

Talia's brain worked in slow motion as she assessed her current situation.

She was in the nightclub, at the bar, a man approached her with a charming smile and an offer to buy her a drink... Eventually, she got it. This never happened before, but she knew what was happening.

Cory was hitting on her!

Of course, his advance was doomed to failure, but he was polite, and Talia didn't have the heart to be rude.

"I am here with friends.", Talia responded, hoping that he will get the hint.

"I know. Two girls. They went to the loo.", he said matter-of-factly and Talia realized he was watching her and that Cory either missed or didn't care about the part where she entered the club with Damon, and they even kissed there for everyone to see.

Cory was not a guy who easily accepted a no for an answer. Besides, Talia was attractive, on her own in the nightclub, sitting at the bar. Wasn't that a sign she was looking for company?

From his previous experiences, Cory knew that it won't take much for a girl to give in to his advances, and the alcohol coursing through his system gave him a dose of courage. Failure was not an option.

"Since you are alone, I came to give you company. And maybe a drink. What do you say?"

Talia glanced in the direction where Mindy and Maya left. What was taking them so long? She knew they left only a minute ago, but suddenly it seemed like a loooooong time.

Seeing that Cory was looking at her expectantly, Talia responded, "No, thank you. I am still working on this one."

Cory was not discouraged. "I can get you another one, for later..." Before Talia could protest, he waved at Katya with, "Give the lady one more of whatever she is having, and a beer for me."

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In the VVIP booth...

Maddox and Damon were still bickering when Caden tapped Damon's shoulder and pointed toward the bar.

Damon's head snapped in that direction and his expression darkened as he zeroed in at the bar over many heads that swayed on the dancefloor which separated the VVIP booth and the bar.

Where the hell were Mindy and Maya?

Who the hell was that guy?

Damn it! Damon was not paying attention for a minute, and already some bastard was sticking to Talia!?

In slow motion, Damon stood up and walked straight toward the bar.

The waist-high metal rail didn't obstruct him as he leaped over it easily, without removing his glare from the bar.

With one thought, Damon released his Alpha aura and the dancing crowd parted to make way for him, straight toward the unsuspecting Cory.

"That's how Moses parted the Red Sea.", Maddox told Caden while observing the scene with amusement.

Caden would laugh if he didn't fear for that guy's life. Why did he approach Talia? Didn't he see the grand entrance of Damon and Talia?

From this distance, Caden couldn't determine if the guy is human or not, but he knew that he didn't have the mind-link with the Dark Howlers pack, otherwise he would hear Caden's warning to scram.

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Rage rippled from Damon with every step he took toward the bar.

That guy was smiling and leaning toward Talia and Damon didn't like it, not even a little bit.

When he was a few steps away from Talia and the guy (aka Cory), Damon could hear them talk, even with the loud music blasting through the space.

"Thank you, but I am not interested.", Talia said, and Damon approved. But why didn't that guy move away?

Cory didn't give up. "How can I leave you alone?"

"My friends will be back any minute."

"But..."

"The lady said she is not interested.", Damon growled, interrupting whatever Cory was about to say next.

Cory looked at Damon who stood next to Talia.

Damon's left arm immediately made way around Talia's shoulders, pulling her to lean on him.

"The girl was free, and I came for a chat. Why are you meddling?"

Damon balled his right hand into a fist, ready to punch the daylights out of the bastard in front of him.
"Who said that she is free?"

Cory didn't think much about Damon, and the buzz of alcohol made him oblivious to wary gazes directed his way.

"I came here first.", Cory said and glanced at Talia. "If I knew that just hugging will work, I would skip the chit-chat."

Damon clenched his teeth while taking a split-second decision if he should go for a punch. Punch, it is.

A small warm palm covered his fist.

"Actually, Damon came first. In everything.", Talia said while looking at Damon lovingly and Damon's fighting spirit dissolved in an instant.

Unfortunately, Cory didn't understand that Talia just saved his skin.

Damon's ears perked up when Cory spoke again.

"You are a beautiful girl. He doesn't deserve you if he can leave you like..."

'POW!'

Damon's fist landed in the middle of Cory's face, breaking his nose and a few front teeth.

In slow motion, Cory fell off the barstool, and then he didn't move.

Damon sneered. Pesky human.

Talia was amazed that Damon was holding onto her while delivering that vicious punch, yet she was not shaken at all. Damon was solid as a rock. Her rock.

She took Damon's hand in his and observed it carefully. It was bloody.

"Did you get hurt?"

Damon smiled. He thought that she might be upset because he was violent, yet she was worried about him. Can she be any sweeter?

Talia was sorry that Cory got hit. He was persistent but didn't cross the line with her. However, when Damon showed up, Cory didn't back down, and that was the problem.

"You can use this", Katya's voice got Talia's attention and the latter accepted the wet cloth.

Talia carefully wiped off the blood from Damon's hand and she exhaled in relief when she realized that blood was not Damon's.

The previously unmoving silent crowd slowly resumed their chatter and dancing, but many eyes were still directed toward Damon and Talia. This punch dispelled any doubts about Talia being a special existence in Damon's life. Doesn't that mean that she is special for the Dark Howlers pack as well?

A new wave of rumors and guesses started circulating. It seemed that their Alpha found a girlfriend. Damon was in his late twenties and considering his past, he wouldn't give such treatment to a woman unless he was ready to settle.

Will he mark her? Did he mark her already? Was she their Luna?

But Maya and Caden were clear when they said that Alpha Damon won't tolerate gossip and that he will announce more information when ready, so they could only whisper among each other excitedly.

Of course, not everyone was excited that a no-name she-wolf was getting this special treatment.

Many jealous gazes of women (and some men) were directed at Talia and if a look could kill, Talia would be sliced into a million pieces.

Yes, she went with Alpha Damon to an event and even showed up in the WW Magazine, but... so what? It could be a publicity stunt or a one-time thing, and it was not important.

However, even if they could ignore that Talia was the one from the WW Magazine, no one could deny what they saw with their own eyes.

Talia arrived with Alpha Damon, they kissed, and she went with Alpha Damon to the VVIP booth!

Some of the people hoped that Alpha Damon chased her away because she went to the bar without him, and maybe Beta Maya and Mindy were comforting her, but then Alpha Damon came and hit the man who was next to Talia, which was definite proof he was possessive of her.

Chapter 252 - Back In The Shifters Nightclub (5)

"What did we miss?", Maya asked from the side while her eyes followed nonresponsive Cory who was being dragged away by the staff of the nightclub.

Mindy was right behind Maya.

"Why did you leave Talia on her own?", Damon snapped at Maya and the latter understood that the unconscious poor fellow probably approached Talia.

"She is a big girl who didn't want to use the restroom.", Maya responded. Did Damon want them to drag Talia with them?

Damon didn't want to bicker with Maya about this. He turned to Talia. "Don't stay on your own at the bar."

Talia smiled foolishly. The alcohol was sneaking up on her. "It was not a big deal. Don't I have you watching over me?"

Damon was out of arguments. He was watching over her, and he loved that she relied on him.

"Are we still girl-drinking or did your couple-time start?", Mindy asked.

Maddox and Caden reached the bar on time to hear Mindy's question.

"How about all of us have one drink here and then we go to mingle?", Maddox suggested, and everyone agreed.

When Maddox and Caden saw that Damon had no intention of returning to the VVIP booth, they decided to join them at the bar.

"That guy fell easily.", Maddox's comment was about Cory who lost consciousness after one hit. Damon is known as one of the best fighters, but it was obvious that he didn't put much strength behind that punch.

"Human.", Damon's one-word response clarified the mystery.

Mindy and Maya sat on barstools, flanking Talia on the left and right respectively, and Caden moved to stand next to Maya.

Maddox was still thinking about Damon punching Cory, and he was on alert while glancing over the crowd.

"You should watch out for humans. They travel in groups and carry weapons.", Maddox told Damon.

Maddox would offer his assistance in dealing with trash, but he knew that Damon can hold his own. Also, they were on Damon's territory and most of the people here belong to the Dark Howlers pack. Maddox's help would be unnecessary.

Damon appreciated Maddox's warning. Cory obviously didn't know who Damon is, and if he came with friends who are also ignorant humans, they might look for a chance to get vengeance for their fallen comrade.

Damon was not too worried about himself, but Talia is a different thing and Damon had no intention of leaving her side.

With everyone settled at the bar, Maddox used this opportunity to scan the area and visually inspect any female whose inviting gazes he met. There were many. Good. He always liked choices.

Damon was standing next to Talia, so close that their hips were connected. If it was up to him, they would get closer. Much, much closer.

"Tell me when you want us to go back to the packhouse.", Damon's hot breath splashed on Talia's ear, making her hairs stand on ends and he used this opportunity to place a small kiss at her earlobe.

Talia jolted when the sparks of their bond prickled her ear. What was he doing? That was a sensitive spot and they were in public!

It took Talia a moment to realize that Damon suggested they should return to the packhouse. "What about dancing?" She really wanted to dance with him.

Damon helplessly smiled at the silly woman. They could do so many things at home where they have a built-in speaker system and he could play any song he wants and they could dance as much as she wanted. Naked. But Talia wanted to dance in the nightclub, and he couldn't say 'no' to her.

"Alright. We will do whatever you want.", Damon said dotingly, and Maddox rolled his eyes dramatically.

"The two of you are too much for me.", Maddox said under his breath, and he was not sure if Damon and Talia didn't hear him, or they ignored him.

Maddox was used to cool and aloof Damon who had an endless queue of scarcely dressed women doing anything from crawling to performing acrobatic cartwheels in the hope to get Damon's attention.

Damon was always domineering and doing what he wanted... and now he wanted to please Talia.

It would be one thing if this was part of a bet or a temporary infatuation, but Maddox was aware that Talia and Damon are mates, which meant that Damon's behavior is something permanent. Forever.

Maddox was happy for Damon, he really was, but only a few weeks ago Damon and Maddox shared drinks and talked about pack business and plundering women, and now Maddox felt that he lost the connection he had with his friend.

It's not an exaggeration to say that Damon is Maddox's best friend. After all, the two of them are both Alphas of their respective packs, about the same age, they collaborate when their interests align while staying out of each other's business otherwise, and no one understands Maddox better than Damon.

Their outings would consist of Maddox and Damon talking about anything and everything over hard liquor for hours, and at the end of the evening, they would part ways, each with a woman (or two) in tow... at least that was the situation before Talia came into the picture.

Tonight, Damon was totally into Talia like no one else exists in the world and Maddox felt a big sense of loss.

This change in Damon's behavior was too sudden and unsettling, like a big chunk of dry bread that's stuck in Maddox's throat and difficult to swallow.

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Maddox needed time to adjust to this new Damon and he didn't want to stick around and look like an abandoned girlfriend.

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As soon as Katya arranged six drinks on the bar counter, Maddox grabbed his glass and downed it. "I'm out. I will see you in the morning."

And just like that, Maddox disappeared into the crowd. He already pinpointed a few girls and sorted them in his mind based on the chest size. Maddox likes ample bosom that will fill the gaps between his fingers when he fondles them.

Mindy was next to leave the group. She was perfectly comfortable in going into the crowd on her own.

Maya and Caden also didn't linger. The duo finished their drinks within a minute and left with, "The two of you have fun."

Damon was standing next to Talia, and no one dared to take a seat on the left or right of Talia even though there were empty barstools. Damon's presence created a ring of space with Talia and him at the center which looked odd if anyone would look from above because the Shifters nightclub was packed.

"Should we have fun?", Damon asked Talia when she finished her drink. He was hoping that they will go to the packhouse and have sex. Lots of it.

"I am already having fun.", Talia said. "Thank you for giving me time to chat with Maya and Mindy."

"You are welcome.", Damon responded. "I hope you know that I will do anything to make you happy and if you want something, the only thing you need to do is ask."

Talia put her arms on Damon's shoulders, lacing her fingers at the back of his head, and she looked at him dreamily. "Those are some big promises, Alpha Damon."

Seeing that Talia was acting so freely in public, Damon wondered how drunk she was, but he didn't hate it, not even a little bit.

Damon glanced at Talia, and he became super-aware that she was wearing a dress. It was a lovely deep blue dress, which didn't reveal too much, but Damon knew that only two moves were needed for him to reach her sweet spot that can provide him with opulent pleasure.

Two moves.

Move one, push that skirt up.

Move two, remove the flimsy piece of fabric called panties.

That's it.

Ah, he was hard already!

"I am a man of my word, Mrs. Blake. Tell me what you want, and I will deliver. Do you want another drink? To go home? Or do you want me?" He inched closer and spoke in a sexy low voice, "Do you want me laying down, sitting, on my knees, or standing? Name your preferences. You can have it all, but pick which one first."

Talia giggled. "How about that dance?"

Damon closed his eyes and let out a long breath. She wanted to dance. Somehow, he hoped that she forgot about it.

"OK. Let's go." And make it quick.

Talia hopped from the barstool and Damon was quick to catch her when she swayed to the side.

"Are you sure you can dance?", Damon asked, and he wished that her answer will be 'no'.

"You will hold me.", Talia responded cheekily. She knew why he was eager to go home, and it's not like she didn't want it, but she was determined to dance with him at least a little bit before they go home. But there was one problem. "I need to use the restroom first."

While she was sitting, it was fine, but now that she stood up, something moved, and she felt that her bladder was screaming to be emptied.

Damon frowned. Restroom? There were so many things that could go wrong.

"I can't go with you there. Let me call Maya to accompany you."

Talia was quick to refuse. "No need. It's just a minute. You can wait outside if you wish."

Damon was exasperated.

An Alpha standing in front of the ladies' room? Well, there is a first time for everything.

Chapter 253 - Back In The Shifters Nightclub (6)

Damon agreed to accompany Talia and wait for her in front of the women's restroom, but he didn't like the idea of Talia being on her own and not in his visual range.

His previous experiences taught him that Talia always ends up in trouble when unattended. Of course, the likelihood of some guys sticking to Talia in the ladies' room was very low, but one can't be too cautious when it comes to these things.

Damon mind-linked Maya with, 'Come to the restroom now. Talia is going and I want you to ensure there are no incidents.'

'I need a minute. I'm on the opposite side of the Shifters.', Maya responded.

'Hurry up!', Damon barked.

"Did you mind-link Maya?", Talia asked while narrowing her eyes at Damon.

Damon realized that Talia didn't approve. He didn't want to lie, but it seems that telling the truth will get him into trouble also.

"What makes you think so?", Damon asked innocently.

"Your eyes change when you are mind-linking.", Talia responded smugly like she revealed a big secret.

"Don't bother her. She is enjoying her evening with Caden."

"I know.", Damon responded.

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He had no intention of retracting his previous order to Maya. Who cares if Maya and Caden are enjoying? Talia's safety comes first!

Damon loved that Talia leaned on him while walking, but it also reminded him that she was intoxicated which made him urge Maya to hurry up.

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Talia entered the ladies' room and she frowned at the sight in front of her. A line. More than dozen women formed a slightly messy queue that was snaking to the area where five restroom stalls were occupied.

Women were chatting without any sense of urgency, but it's not like staying quiet will make things move along faster.

Talia exhaled in dejection and stood at the end of the queue while leaning on the wall to stabilize herself. She hoped that the dizziness will decrease, or at least not increase, because her legs were wobbly and if she falls on her face, it would be beyond embarrassing.

Talia was unaware that her presence attracted attention. Of course, women recognized her, and they were itchy to approach Talia, but at the same time reluctant as well. After all, she was Alpha Damon's woman, at least for tonight (and probably for the previous week also), and none of them could afford to offend her.

The line moved, and Talia glanced to the side when the door opened, letting in loud noise from the nightclub together with two more women.

Talia remembered that Damon was outside, waiting for her.

Will Damon be worried because she was taking longer than expected? How much was expected?

Should she go out and tell him there is a line? Two women already stood behind Talia and if she steps away, she will lose her spot.

Talia knew that Damon was waiting for her because the two latest newcomers were enthusiastically discussing Alpha Damon's presence in front of the ladies' room.

She remembered her phone, but then the line moved, and she decided not to text him. Surely, he should know that females take longer in the restroom than guys, and a few minutes is acceptable.

How long was she in there already? Talia was not sure. It was difficult to focus with all the music and chatter, and it seemed that someone was calling her name.

"...excuse me, Talia?"

A female voice got Talia's attention, but even more attention-grabbing was that the chatter stopped abruptly. Talia met the expectant expression of the woman with red-colored hair styled in a bob. She was at the front of the line.

Talia assessed the woman's black sparkly mini dress that hugged her curvaceous body tightly, and her red hair was too red to be natural.

"Are you talking to me?", Talia asked, unsure how that woman knows her name.

"Yes. I was wondering if you want to use the restroom." The red-haired woman smiled and gestured toward the available stall in front of her.

Talia blinked as she processed the woman's words. "That would be skipping the line."

The woman glanced at the others who were behind her and before Talia. "I'm sure others won't object, but if they do, I will go at the back of the line, and you can take my spot. I'm in no hurry."

"Oh...", Talia was speechless. She wanted to refuse, but her bladder said otherwise. "Well, thank you."

And just like that, Talia didn't need to wait long. Deciding not to text Damon was a good decision. She will be out of the restroom and ready to dance in no time.

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Talia did her business and washed her hands, and she remembered the red-haired woman who gave up her spot in line for the restroom so that Talia doesn't need to wait.

No one ever did a random act of kindness for Talia, and she was touched.

Talia looked around and spotted that fiery hair styled in a bob at the back of the line. Talia felt guilty. It seems that someone objected to Talia skipping the line and the woman took the burn of it.

While using the restroom, Talia heard banter, but her mind was hazy from alcohol, and she couldn't focus on anything beyond emptying her bladder and not falling off the toilet seat.

Talia focused mightily on her wobbly steps while approaching the woman.

"I want to thank you for giving me your spot. We didn't introduce ourselves properly..." Talia extended her hand for a handshake. "My name is Talia."

The chatter in the restroom simmered down. It was obvious that everyone was eavesdropping on what Talia was saying.

The woman accepted the handshake. "Molly."

Talia smiled brightly. Alcohol boosted her courage and she spoke, "It's nice to meet you, Molly. I'm not sure what I did to deserve your kindness, but I wish to repay you, if possible. Let me give you my phone number."

Talia reached into her purse where she had several business cards handy. Damon made them for her, and Talia thought that she will never use them, but here she is, in the ladies' room, giving her business card. It made her look important, like a professional.

Molly glanced at the business card of 'Talia Blake' before putting it in her purse. "I might do that."

A snort was heard from the front of the line. "Bootlicker."

Molly frowned. "Excuse me?"

A tall brunette looked at Molly condescendingly. "You heard me. Bootlicker."

"Since when is being polite called bootlicking?" It was Talia who asked. She had no idea why would a random woman barge in like that. Did they insult her somehow?

The brunette cocked an eyebrow at Talia. "Molly is being polite only because she knows you are with Alpha and hopes to get some benefits. As soon as you fall out of Alpha's grace, she will dismiss you like everyone else."

"You shouldn't allow your mouth to work before your brain, Jill.", Molly squeezed through her teeth and quickly turned to Talia. "That was not my intention."

Talia's brain was on a slight delay due to the alcohol in her system, and she was not sure why Molly sounded apologetic. Surely, no matter what Molly's intention was, she was treating Talia kindly. How can that be bad?

The brunette (aka Jill) rolled her eyes at Molly. "Do you think you are scoring points from a woman who is warming Alpha's bed for the night? We were all there and we know that it won't last."

Talia's insides tightened. Did Jill insinuate how all of them slept with Damon? She didn't want to think about it but she couldn't prevent her eyes from moving over the faces of women who were listening to this exchange while waiting to see what will happen next.

"Why are you looking at them?", Jill challenged Talia. "Do you think they will help you?"

Jill moved with a smug expression until she stood two steps in front of Talia. "No one will help you here, not even Alpha Damon. At the end of the day, you are a nobody. Just a bed warmer."

Molly wanted to retort, but Talia put her hand on Molly's shoulder, silently telling her to wait.

This was not the first time for Talia to be labeled as not important and others to watch while someone is trying to demean her.

For nearly two decades, Talia would cover in front of a bully and pray that it will pass quickly, and that's how she survived, but now it was different.

The perfect male specimen called Damon Blake was right there, behind those doors, waiting for her.

How will she face Damon if she allows Jill to bully her?

How can she call herself Damon's mate, his Luna, if one Jill can make her shrink?

Talia narrowed her eyes at Jill. "No matter what you say, you are only hurting yourself. Assuming that you are right, and I am a nobody who will fall out of Damon's grace soon, by coming onto me like that, you are only demeaning yourself. On the other side, if you are wrong, and I am with Damon long-term, it would be wise if you scale down that attitude and start bootlicking me."

Chapter 254 - Back In The Shifters Nightclub (7) [Bonus]

Talia looked at Jill who was a full head taller than Talia, but somehow it seemed that Talia was above her.

Did this woman experience Damon's intimate embrace?

Rage and power rippled through Talia, and she knew that her wolf was supporting her. That's right. She was not just a weak wolf-less she-wolf who should hide and hope that Damon will rescue her.

Talia didn't interact with her wolf much, but she knew that her wolf is special and powerful. Damon said so. And Talia also knew that her wolf is somewhere inside her, and they are one. Doesn't that mean her wolf's power is hers also?

Talia didn't fight the energies that coursed through her body; Talia welcomed them, hoping they will make her strong enough to defend herself and maybe even stand next to Damon as equal.

Suddenly, Talia's mind cleared from the alcohol's haze, and she looked at Jill like she was looking at someone who was small and insignificant, a mischievous child who needs to be taught a lesson.

"You don't know who I am, but that doesn't mean I am a nobody.", Talia said.

Jill's eyes widened in shock as she struggled against her urge to lower her head in submission. What the hell was happening? Who was putting this pressure on her? But it was coming from the front, and Jill wondered if it was from Talia or she was imagining it.

Talia smirked. Part of her enjoyed Jill's futile struggle.

"What if I don't depend on Damon for protection? What if I can take care of myself? What if I can crush you without lifting a finger?"

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With every next word that came from Talia, the pressure on Jill increased and her whole body shook. By the time Talia ended talking, Jill was on her knees and she was unable to raise her head, so she stared at Talia's sparkly shoes.

Jill was never this humiliated! Kneeling on the floor of the restroom for everyone to see. Outrageous! She couldn't get up no matter how much she struggled. Jill tried to tap into her wolf's power, but it came out empty because her wolf shrunk at the back of her mind in terror of being completely suppressed. What the hell? Jill was helpless. This never happened before!

Talia's voice got ominously low as she continued, "If you really spread your legs for Damon, you should pray that I don't find about it because if I do, no amount of bootlicking will save you, regardless of how low you go."

Talia glanced around to see that all women in the restroom had their heads lowered, but what stood out was a familiar face at the door, the only one that was not looking at the floor.

Talia rubbed her eyes while wondering if she was hallucinating. Nope. The person was still there, looking at her like a proud parent.

Like popping a balloon, the pressure Talia emitted was dispersed when Talia cheerfully called, "Maya!"

"Is everything alright here?", Maya asked while glancing at Jill who was visibly shaken, on her knees and hands, drenched in sweat.

"Everything is fine.", Talia said with a goofy smile and walked toward Maya with shaky steps. Yup. She was still drunk. "Are you here for me?"

"No. I came to use the restroom.", Maya lied without missing a beat.

Talia narrowed her eyes, unsure if she should trust Maya or not, but she decided not to pursue it further.

Talia glanced at Molly. "We should catch up sometime. Call me, or you can ask Beta Maya how to reach me."

Molly swallowed a mouthful of air. "Definitely."

Talia didn't care why Molly was nice to her. The point was that Molly was treating her well, and for Talia, that was all it mattered.

As for Molly, Jill was not completely wrong. After all, if Talia was not with Alpha Damon, Molly wouldn't go out of her way to be nice to a stranger.

However, after this display of strength, Molly was quite confident that she will NOT call Talia. Who would want to befriend such an unstable she-wolf? One minute Talia was smiling, and the next one she made everyone in the restroom bow in submission. Actually, Talia's aura was aimed at Jill, but it spilled on everyone in the vicinity. For werewolves who are prideful by nature and love their freedom, being shackled like that with a thought, was a terrifying experience.

The door closed behind Talia and Maya stood in front of the door to block it so that no one can come in or out.

Maya turned to face about a dozen other women who were facing her.

"I hope you know that whatever happened here should stay here.", Maya said, and the women agreed immediately, especially Jill who didn't want anyone to find out that she ended up kneeling in the restroom. How embarrassing!

Maya knew that they will still talk about it, but she hoped that her warning will slow down the spread of gossip. Damon said that he wanted to postpone news about Talia's importance until they are ready to announce it, and this was how much Maya could do.

Maya noticed that Molly was friendly with Talia, so she asked the shaken-up red-haired girl, "How about you tell me how this all started..."

Maya arrived in time to hear the end of Talia's speech with Jill on her knees, but she really wanted to hear what else Talia did. Other than Maya's curiosity, she knew that Damon will want to know details.

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Talia's steps halted in the hallway at the sight of Damon that dispelled all negativity that stemmed from her previous interaction with Jill.

Damon was leaning sideways with his legs crossed at ankles and his hands stuffed in his pants pockets. His hair was slightly messy how he ran his hand through it, but that only made him more eye-catching. His most attractive features were his cocked smile directed at Talia and his gaze full of adoration, and her heart was filled with warm and fuzzy feelings because she knew that those were only for her.

Seeing that Talia stood there and smiled foolishly, Damon shook his head helplessly and pushed himself off the wall to make his way toward her.

"Hello, beautiful", Damon called as he approached her.

A big smile bloomed on Talia's face. "Hello, handsome."

Damon was relieved that Talia didn't bring out the small detail of Maya showing up in the restroom. He warned Maya to say how she was there because she needed to go, and not because Damon ordered her.

Damon extended his hand for Talia to take.

Talia wanted to grab his hand, but she missed it and stumbled forward, ending in Damon's embrace.

Damon couldn't believe this. How wasted was Talia? If he didn't step forward at the last moment, Talia would plant her face on the floor instead of his chest. How careless.

"Should we go home now?", Damon suggested.

Talia lifted her head to look at him and pouted. "I want to dance with you."

"We can dance at home."

Talia blinked while processing his words.

"We both know that at home there will be no dancing."

A deep chuckle burst from Damon's chest. She was right.

Damon led Talia to the dancefloor, and she leaned on him for support. Her legs were wobbly, but she was determined to get that dance. At least one.

Like every time Damon makes an appearance, the crowd moved to make way for them, and when Damon and Talia stopped, they found themselves in the middle of a circle that people created around them. No one dared to come within arm's reach.

Damon's eyes lost focus for a moment and the loud electronic house music faded as the song Get Lucky by Daft Punk started.

Talia gasped when Damon grabbed her hand and twirled her suddenly. Once, twice... and before she lost her footing, Damon pulled her toward him.

Their bodies stuck to each other and they started moving.

Talia was amazed that Damon murmured lyrics, "Like the legend of the Phoenix, all ends with beginnings... we've come too far to give up who we are... she's up all night for good fun, I'm up all night to get lucky..."

Was this song about them? Did he say that he will get lucky tonight?

Talia smiled foolishly while thinking that she wants to get lucky also. Actually, she was the luckiest girl on the planet to have this handsome male specimen doting on her.

Damon loved the way Talia looked at him, but he found their current situation torturous.

Talia was in his arms, sticking closely to him, her addictive scent filled his system despite the mixture of alcohol, sweat, and various perfumes that were all around them, Talia was wearing only a dress that provided easy access, wherever they touched delicious sparks prickled his skin, and he was aroused to the point of madness.

He really wished that they were in the packhouse instead of this packed nightclub.

Damon forced his hands to press on Talia's back and not wander because people were watching, and he didn't want to look like he is molesting Talia right there on the dancefloor.

Besides, Talia is his mate, their future Luna, and he needed to set an example by treating her with respect.

It didn't take long for someone from the crowd to voice what many were thinking.

[Did you ever see Alpha dancing?]

[He never brought a girl with him either.]

[She even went into his booth...]

[Tonight is the night of many firsts...]

Chapter 255 - Back In The Shifters Nightclub (8)

Talia was lost in a daze caused by Damon's proximity and the alcohol made her forget that they were in the middle of a crowd with numerous gazes on them.

Everything about Damon was warm and welcoming and enhanced by his addictive scent of the forest and the dark chocolate.

How can a girl not lose herself in the sensual dance that extended beyond moving their limbs?

She could feel his erection pressing low on her belly, and she knew how that was for her because the mate bond made her sense his desire. Or maybe that was her desire.

Talia's arms moved around Damon's neck, and she got on her toes. Her lips silently searched for his, to stave off the thirst that only his flavor of the dark chocolate can satisfy.

Damon smiled at the girl who was inching closer with her lips puckered toward his. She was so adorable that he wished to take a picture so that it lasts longer, but he didn't want to make her wait, so he eagerly closed the last inch of distance between them.

The kiss was slow and sensual, and Talia's wobbly legs turned into jelly completely.

Luckily, Damon held her firmly, so she didn't plop down.

A small moan escaped her lips, and Damon swallowed it greedily, the vibrations traveled from his mouth down his throat, and his cock lurched painfully. The arousal was maddening.

Talia frowned in displeasure when Damon broke the kiss.

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"We should go home.", Damon said.

Other than his crazed desire to plunder her insides, Talia's hands started roaming over his back and he knew that it was only a matter of seconds before she started untucking his shirt. He was eager to remove the pesky clothes that were obstructing full skin-to-skin contact, but not here.

Talia blinked herself into reality and intense blush invaded her cheeks when she realized where they were and that she was making out with Damon for everyone to see. How embarrassing.

But, did they finish their dance?

The Daft Punk song was long over, and another one was playing now. Talia didn't notice the time passing, but then... no measure of time with Damon was enough as days with him felt like minutes, and hours felt like seconds, and it was never enough.

"Take me home, Damon.", Talia said dreamily, and Damon suppressed his urge to howl from happiness.

They were going home! And they will have sex! Lots of it!

Damon's hand snaked around Talia's waist, and he led the way toward the exit. Damon was pleased that the crowd moved to make way for them so they could leave without obstacles.

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As soon as they stepped outside, Damon mind-linked his Betas, 'Talia and I are heading to the packhouse.'

Maya responded with, 'It's good that you asked me to go to the restroom.'

Damon knew this was about Talia, and of course, he was curious. 'Tell me about it.'

'One woman allowed Talia to go into the restroom in her stead. On her way out, Talia stopped to thank her, and another one started verbally attacking Talia.'

Damon's face darkened. 'Did you deal with her?'

'No need. Talia did.'

Damon glanced at the little woman who was completely leaning on him while dragging her legs. 'She did?'

'Mhm...', Maya hummed happily. 'When I got in, the she-wolf was kneeling in front of Talia, totally suppressed by her. Our Luna is awesome.'

Damon's heart soared. He knew that Talia was awesome. 'Good, good. Send a gift to the woman who helped Talia. See what she does and give her a promotion if possible. Say that it was from Talia. As for the one who spoke against Talia... send her to the dungeon.'

'Consider it done.', Maya responded. 'Oh, just so you know, the group from the Lighthclaw pack arrived about half an hour ago to the packhouse. They decided to call it a night. Omegas helped them settle and we will see them for breakfast.'

Damon was happy with this arrangement. If they decided to come to the Shifters nightclub, there was a chance that Talia would want to stay behind. Like this, they were definitely going home and it will be just the two of them until morning. Damon was giddy with excitement.

By now, Damon and Talia were in the parking lot, and Damon noticed four guys approaching them swiftly.

Just one glance was enough to confirm that they were up to no good and they were going straight at Damon and Talia.

"Damn it!", Damon cursed under his breath. He was so consumed with the news about Talia that he neglected to pay attention to their surroundings.

Damon wouldn't drop his guard if they were not in his territory. There were soldiers everywhere and he just needed to send a word and they would swarm the place within seconds.

But maybe there was no need to cause a ruckus. He didn't want to risk spoiling Talia's mood.

Damon's steps slowed down to a crawl, and he nudged Talia to stand behind him.

"Can I help you?", Damon asked the four guys. Damon could tell they were human, but that didn't mean they didn't have weapons on them.

Damon quickly glanced at their hands, and he relaxed slightly when he saw they were empty. For now.

If they wanted to fight, they would probably underestimate him because he is just one guy. Damon told himself not to jump to conclusions. Maybe they just wanted to talk.

But considering angry glares directed at him, Damon guessed that those four didn't stop him to ask about the directions.

"You can get on your knees and apologize, and we might consider not breaking your legs.", one of the four guys spoke. It seemed he was the leader.

Damon's eyebrows shoot up. "Apologize? For what?"

"Maybe you are the boss of this place, but on this parking lot is just us, no bodyguards.", the leader-guy continued talking.

When Damon punched Cory, these four wanted to intervene, but some guys from the crowd held them back, saying how Damon owns the place and they shouldn't cross him. So, these four decided to keep an eye on Damon and wait for their chance to get revenge.

They saw Damon leaving and were quick to follow after him and Talia, knowing that the parking lot was almost deserted, other than some couples who were busy within their vehicles.

Another guy decided to add more information. "You hit Cory when he was picking up that girl."

Damon realized how 'that girl' was Talia and that Cory is the guy who passed out after one punch from Damon.

Talia peeked from behind Damon, and then she stepped to stand next to him.

Damon knew that Talia didn't want to hide behind him, but this was not the time to be brave. He tugged her arm to make her go back, but she shook his hand away stubbornly.

Talia looked at the man who spoke last. Her vision was blurry from alcohol, so she squinted while trying to focus, making it look like she was glaring at the guy.

"He was picking me up?", Talia asked with a slur. "Cory had no chance and if he listened to a word I said, he would know that and stop pestering me."

Damon stifled a chuckle at the sight of his kitten who was hissing at the enemies. Can she be more adorable?

The four guys were not in the mood to chit-chat. They heard that Damon owns the place, which means that if any other people come to the parking lot, they will probably side with Damon, and they will be at disadvantage.

"Even if he was pestering you, those were just words. Did he deserve to be sent to a hospital?", the leader-guy said before turning to Damon. "You heard me. On your knees."

Damon sneered. "Make me."

Four guys stared at Damon incredulously for a few long seconds, and then the leader-guy shouted, "Get him!"

Damon pulled Talia behind him, and she stumbled backward only to see Damon getting surrounded.

'BAM! POW! SLAM! BAM!'

In less than a second, the four guys bounced backward as they met Damon's punches and kicks.

One guy managed to graze Damon's chin before falling on his butt unceremoniously.

The other three stumbled but kept their balance.

The leader-guy wiped the corner of his busted lip with the back of his palm and gestured toward Talia. "Stan! Get her!"

Damon didn't know which one was Stan, but he knew that meant three guys will keep Damon busy while the fourth one goes after Talia. "Coward! Four on one and you need a hostage?"

How can he let them get close to Talia?

But there was no way they will get her because they needed to go through Damon first. Right?

Damon glanced behind him, and he paused. Where the heck was Talia?

Before Damon could ascertain Talia's position three guys were dashing toward him.

Damon punched one, kicked another one, and the third one ducked and threw himself at Damon, hugging Damon around the waist.

Damon gritted his teeth when he realized that the third one had no intention to fight. He only wanted to hold Damon while the fourth guy gets his hands on Talia.

In an effort to shake the guy off him, Damon elbowed him in the head and looked around in time to see Talia and the fourth guy dashing toward each other.

Damon would admire Talia's courage if he was not scared witless. What the hell was she doing?

Chapter 256 - Drunk Kitten [Bonus]

"TALIA!", Damon shouted while prying his legs from the man who fell on the ground unconscious after getting a taste of Damon's elbow. The man was still holding onto Damon and after a second of struggle, Damon kicked him to the side. Bastard.

Damon's heart tightened when he realized that he won't make it.

Talia and one of the attackers were on a collision course, and there was nothing Damon could do about it.

The man's arms were stretched in front of him, and open palms were a giveaway that his goal was to grab Talia who was running toward the man fearlessly like she was planning to pass through him.

Talia's mind was muddled with alcohol, but she knew that the man in front of her wanted to harm Damon and that his goal was to use her as leverage against Damon. How can she allow such a thing to happen?

In the last moment, Talia swayed, avoiding the man's hands and she straightened her body just in time to punch the guy in the throat.

With her wolf awakening, Talia's speed and strength increased. She was not at the level where she could compare to Damon or the warriors of the Dark Howlers pack, but here she was facing a human who seemed to move in slow motion compared to Talia.

After a moment of complete stillness, the man's eyes bulged in shock, and he grabbed his neck while rolling on the ground and coughing violently.

Talia put her arms akimbo and grinned. She did it! It was the move Damon taught her. And it worked!

She turned toward Damon. "Did you see that!?"

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Damon shook his head helplessly while making his way toward Talia. "I did. I did."

His heart rate was still erratic. This woman will be the end of him.

Damon pulled Talia into his embrace, buried his face in her hair, and took a deep breath to fill his system with her addictive scent that had the power to calm him down.

Talia gave Damon a few seconds, and then she looked at him with sparkles in her eyes. "You taught me that move. Did I do good? Did you like it?"

Damon realized that Talia was expecting praise. "I would like it better if you listened and stayed behind me."

Talia pouted. "There were four of them. I could take on one."

Damon didn't want to rain on her parade, but he had to ask, "What if he had a weapon?"

"If he had a weapon and I was hiding behind you, that weapon would be directed at you. You already got hurt once because of me...", Talia's voice trailed.

Damon felt Talia's anguish. She would rather take the hit instead of him, and he would do the same for her. How can he scold her now?

"Thank you for watching my back, kitten...", Damon said before pecking her lips.

Talia hugged him tightly and returned his kisses desperately, and within seconds their kisses turned steamy.

"Home...", Damon breathed between kisses. "Let's go home..." He really wanted privacy.

Talia closed her eyes and took a deep breath to compose herself before asking, "What about them?"

"Who?"

Talia opened her eyes and glanced around in confusion. Where did those four guys go? Did she imagine it?

Damon chuckled. She didn't notice warriors of the Dark Howlers pack collecting those four men and taking them away. Well, she was upset and drunk, so it was not surprising.

"The trash was cleaned. Don't worry about them.", Damon said.

Damon pulled Talia toward the car, and he was delighted when she didn't resist. They were going home. Finally.

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Damon carried Talia into the packhouse while she sang from the top of her lungs, not caring that her words echoed through the empty hallways.

"We're up all night to get some... we're up all night for good fun... we're up all night to get lucky..."

Damon enjoyed seeing this side of Talia.

Her right arm was hooked around his neck, and she held her sparkly shoes with her left hand that dangled by her side while she swayed her bare feet.

Damon was basking in Talia's happiness that washed over him, and he remembered bits and pieces of the evening that started with him telling Maddox that Talia is his mate, and Maddox agreeing to help Damon deal with Marcy (even though they still didn't have a plan).

In the Shifters nightclub, Damon made his first appearance with Talia in front of their pack members, and he was confident that many got the underlying message, Talia is important, and Damon is taken.

Other than that, his usually quiet and timid kitten stood up to a bully in the restroom, punched a guy in the throat, and now she was causing a ruckus in the packhouse. Talia was opening up wonderfully and Damon was confident that if she continues like this, no one will dare to mess with her, even when Damon is not around.

They had guests, and Damon guessed that many could hear Talia singing, but he didn't care. Let them hear her. This was her house, and if she felt like shouting in the middle of the night, it was her right to do so.

Damon would let her sing for the whole night if needed, but he wanted to go to their room as soon as possible in search of privacy.

The moment the door closed behind them with a bang, Talia threw her shoes on the side and wiggled out of Damon's hold.

"Don't tear this one!", Talia shouted and dashed to the left, stopping only when the coffee table separated them.

Damon knew she was talking about the dress, but he didn't care. His intention was to rip it into shreds so that he can get access to Talia's flesh as soon as possible. "I will buy you another one."

Seeing that Damon was going toward her with his icy-blue eyes darkening from desire, Talia hid behind the sofa. "It will take only a few seconds to remove properly!"

Damon jumped over the sofa effortlessly, and Talia swayed while avoiding Damon's hands.

He would catch her easily if he didn't fear that he will hurt her accidentally.

"It would be gone already if you stop moving so much.", Damon said in a dangerously low voice while trapping her in the corner.

At the last moment, Talia ducked and crawled between his legs in search of an exit.

Damon couldn't believe this! Wasn't Talia drunk? How can she move so fast?

He turned swiftly and grabbed her ankle before she could stand up.

"Ahhh!", Talia shrieked when he pulled her back toward him without giving her a chance to get off the floor.

He crawled on top of her. "You can't escape me now, kitten. You have no idea how much I was waiting for this... just the two of us... I will fuck you until daylight."

Talia's eyes widened in shock.

She couldn't get used to Damon's dirty way of talking, and she had no idea why she got aroused when he used those naughty words.

"I was not escaping", Talia said breathily. "But I like this dress and I wish..."

'RIIIIP!'

A crisp sound of the fabric being torn sounded through the room and fresh air splashed on her newly exposed skin.

"...that you don't rip it.", Talia ended dejectedly.

Damon's grin was infuriating, and she punched his shoulder weakly.

"Why are you such a savage?"

"It's because of you.", Damon murmured between kisses he was arranging on her shoulder. "You have no idea what you are doing to me. The only thing on my mind is to feel your sweet pussy milking my cock..."

Talia was not sure what turned her on more, his scandalous words, or his hands that were exploring her body impatiently.

"Can we move on the bed?", Talia breathed while tugging on his shirt.

Damon glanced at her and smirked. "If you wanted on the bed you were supposed to go there first. Now we are here, so..."

Talia understood that the bed will need to wait, and she confirmed that Damon didn't care about the location. He never did.

Chapter 257 - His To Corrupt

Damon was eager to merge with Talia completely and to feel the heavenly friction that is accompanied with sparks that made him feel alive, and the sheer thought of Talia clawing his back while shivering in ecstasy under him was turning him on to the point of madness, but he told himself to slow down.

Damon was never into foreplay, as women would soak their panties in arousal just because he looked at them in a certain way.

It's the aura of the Alpha that is nearly irresistible to any she-wolf who doesn't have the mate bond to protect her from the undeniable attraction that comes with the urge to submit to the powerful man, and the fact that Damon is easy on the eyes and rich, didn't hurt him either.

However, Talia was different.

Damon was aware that he can't conquer Talia unless she allows him because she is immune not only to the attraction of power and wealth, but his aura is not affecting her either. She is above it all, and he knew that if he wanted Talia by his side, he had to earn it.

Alcohol was muddling Talia's mind, and Damon's proximity came with the feeling of his body pressing on hers, his heat, his scent, and the addictive sparks of their bond... and he was pushing her bra out of the way while caressing her body and peppering kisses on her neck and collarbones, and how can one think in such a situation?

But one thing came to her mind. It's a thought that bothered her for some time, and only with the alcohol in her system, she was brave enough to speak up.

"Damon, why do we always do it like this?"

Damon lifted his head, and his lips were puckered. He was about to suck on her nipple when her question got his attention.

"Like what?", he asked, feeling that this was something important.

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"Like..." Talia's face exploded in blush. "With you... like this..." She steeled her resolve, and blurted a question, "Don't you want to take me from the back?"

Damon's eyebrows shot up in surprise. From the back? Doggy style? Of course! He would take her in any way possible, but her question was strange. "Why did you ask me that?"

"Because... I heard that you like to take a woman from the back.", Talia said in a small voice.

Damon paused. It was not necessarily false. When he took a woman from the back, he didn't need to bother with lame explanations related to why he didn't want to kiss or hug the woman under him, the unnecessary skin-to-skin contact was minimized, and he didn't even need to look at their faces. That might be one of the reasons why Damon didn't remember most of the women he slept with... his memory was restricted to their ass and back.

But all that was applicable to his habits before Talia. "Where did you hear that?"

"From Ashley and Heather." Two women who approached her in front of the library.

Damon's brows came together. Who the hell were Ashley and Heather? But that didn't matter because he was sure those were two insignificant women from his past.

He knew that those two nobodies flapped their mouths in jealousy with the goal to make Talia feel like one of many. He was glad that Talia didn't point out his past in an accusing manner, but that didn't mean she was not hurt.

Damon was also aware that Talia wouldn't mention it if she was not intoxicated.

He pushed himself in a sitting position and scooped Talia in his arms.

Talia sat on Damon's lap and leaned on him while wondering if she asked for something she shouldn't have. Why else would his mood drop like that?

"It's not about how...", Damon said while nuzzling Talia's neck with his nose. "It's with whom."

He kissed the base of her neck on the left side, where his mark will come, and Talia gripped his shoulders to steady herself. That was such a sensitive spot.

"This..." He kissed her there again. "Only I can make you feel this good, kitten, and no woman compares to you. I hope you won't care about what others say because they either belong in the past or are hoping for something that will never happen. My present and future have only you in it and we will do it any way you want. Not because someone else said it, but because you want it, and that will make all the difference in the world."

Talia bit her lower lip nervously. "I would like us to try different... things."

Damon smiled a little, knowing that Talia gathered a lot of courage in order to speak up. "We will."

He pecked her lips once, twice, and then he stood up with Talia in his arms and walked into the bathroom.

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Damon put Talia to sit on the counter of his sink and Talia jolted when the cold marble collided with the heat of her skin.

She watched in a daze as Damon started the shower and removed his clothes.

Without a word spoken, Damon scooped Talia in his arms and carried her into the shower.

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Talia didn't resist when he put her to stand, and he removed her panties, the last garment that was on her.

She let him do whatever he wanted.

Damon squirted shower gel on his palms and stood behind Talia. He started by washing her back, and then he pulled her to lean on his chest while his hands worked on her front.

Talia's body arched as she silently urged him to handle her breasts with more force, but Damon continued moving his palms in small circles, down to her abdomen, barely grazing her flower, and then over her thighs, making her relaxed and tense at the same time.

Talia couldn't believe that she was getting this gentle pampering service from Damon, the scary Alpha who has mood swings yet he never fails to look at her tenderly... her mate.

Talia turned to face Damon and her eyes flashed at the sight of his erection that waved at her. She could see that he wanted her, and she was confident that he could feel her arousal through the mate bond just how she could feel his emotions.

But for some reason, unknown to her, Damon wanted them to take this torturously slow shower and she decided to play along.

"I want to wash you. If that's OK."

In response, Damon took the shower gel and squeezed some on her palms.

Damon stood unmovingly while studying her exquisite features, like he wanted to commit every curve of her body to his memory.

Since she came to the Dark Howlers pack, Talia gained a bit of weight, and even though she would still be considered skinny by werewolf's standards, her skin had a healthy glow and there was a noticeable change in her attitude. Talia was not shrinking anymore when facing a tricky situation, and Damon knew that her transformation was not complete. He was looking forward to her changes in the future.

Talia looked up at Damon and met his piercing gaze. "What?"

"You are beautiful."

Talia's cheeks heated due to the intensity of his emotions that hit her hard. She knew that it was not an empty compliment. He really meant it. To him, she was beautiful.

She could also feel his sincerity and how much he suppressed his urge to make love to her.

Talia put her arms around his neck and smiled. "You don't need to do this, Damon."

"Do, what?", he asked cautiously.

"Hold back.", she responded. "Don't hold back, Damon, because I want..." The next words were stuck in her throat. What happened with her courage? Ah, it seems that the alcohol wore off!

"What do you want, kitten?", Damon urged her to speak up. He had a good idea where this was going, but he still wanted her to say it.

Talia inhaled forcibly. "I want... you."

Damon lowered his head and captured Talia's lips with his into a mind-spinning kiss.

She was not begging, but she said it. She wanted him, and he was eager to deliver whatever she wanted.

Talia felt Damon pushing her backward with his body, and she thought that he will take her right there under the shower, but he didn't.

At some point, he turned off the water and grabbed a towel, and Talia realized what's going on when Damon wrapped her in a fluffy towel carried her to the bedroom.

He didn't dry his body and he was butt naked, leaving wet footprints mixed with waterdrops as he walked.

Damon placed Talia on the bed and stood on his arms and legs around her, a drop of water from his damp hair fell on her forehead.

He leaned lower and kissed that drop of water away.

"How do you want me, kitten?" His lips moved against her skin.

"Anything is fine.", she responded. "As long as it's with you."

"I thought you wanted something different.", he reminded her. "I'm giving you a choice."

Talia stumbled over her words. "But... I don't know anything other than what we did. And everything we did was... amazing."

A wicked smile bloomed on Damon's face. He knew that he was her first, but somehow, whenever she confirmed it, it made his ego swell further.

Talia was pure, unspoiled, and completely his to corrupt. He was up to the challenge.

Chapter 258 - Opening To Possibilities (1)

"Do you want to try something new?", Damon asked, and Talia nodded in response as her heart thundered against her chest, threatening to jump out of her ribcage. She was never that nervous.

Without a word, Damon leaped off the bed and dashed into the closet.

Talia swallowed hard at the sight of his V-shaped torso, firm ass, and toned legs. She was not sure where to look first. Unfortunately, he moved swiftly so she didn't have enough time to admire the full view but then... even if he walked in slow motion, it wouldn't be slow enough.

When Damon returned only a few seconds later, Talia's eyes widened at the spectacle his glorious form provided without a single piece of clothing.

The perfect shape of his body was decorated by the shadows of his tight muscles that rippled as he moved. Mouthwatering.

Damon's cocky smirk told Talia that he noticed her staring, yet she couldn't stop her eyes from roaming his body.

Did he flex his muscles?

He was outrageously handsome, and he knew it!

Talia was well aware that there was much more to him, as every inch of him was magnificent, but her eyes gravitated to his erection that stood in attention, tempting her with unheard whispers about

pleasures that are yet to come, and she pressed her legs together as a wave of arousal swelled within her.

Damon laid on his side, next to Talia, and his scorching gaze rested on her flushed face for a few seconds before he leaned closer to kiss her lips. The kiss was slow and unhurried.

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She wondered why he didn't embrace her.

"What...?" Talia asked when silky fabric pressed on her eyes, bringing with it darkness.

"Shh...", Damon coaxed her, but he didn't pull her hands away, letting her feel the material with the tips of her fingers.

Talia inhaled a shaky breath when she realized that the thing Damon tied around her head to cover her eyes was a necktie.

"You said that you want to try something new. If it's uncomfortable, we don't need to do this.", Damon said while nuzzling her neck with his nose.

He really wanted to bite her there.

"This is fine."

She was apprehensive about the darkness, but Damon's presence came with a sense of safety, and she really wanted to see what he was up to.

Damon took her hand and kissed the inside of her palm.

"When you shut down one sense, others intensify.", Damon murmured. "Keep in mind that we can stop anytime. I hope you trust me enough for this."

Talia nodded obediently. She was nervous like hell, but she trusted him with her life. What's one small blindfold?

Everything they did so far was amazing and she was eager to find out what's next. And he said that they can stop anytime, and she believed him.

Damon was definitely more experienced than Talia, but he didn't want to do with her what he did with other women.

Before Talia, sex for Damon was impersonal, purely physical, mechanical act; he would hook up with a woman for that night and leave without saying thank you... actually, the woman would thank him like he gave her a glimpse of something amazing even though he didn't do anything beyond chasing his release.

Talia was not a hookup. She was not a cheap thrill or a fleeting pleasure. She was his forever, his most important person, and he knew that making her happy will make him happy also.

Damon took a mental note to do some research on ways to pleasure a woman because, for the first time in his life, Damon didn't care if his release will come later. His mission was to make Talia feel good and he wanted her to beg him for more... on her knees... naked... and even then, he would pay attention to what she wanted.

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Damon slowly undid the towel that was around Talia, revealing her body for him to feast upon.

He smirked at the sight of her breasts that rose and fell as she breathed rapidly, and he knew that she craved for his proximity, but he wanted her to wait for it a bit longer.

This was about control.

Damon was aware that Talia desperately tried to control every aspect of her life. She denied herself many things in order to stay safe, yet here she was now, giving him control in pursuit of pleasures.

Knowing that Talia lowered her defenses for him, turned him on beyond belief.

This was much more than just saying 'I love you'.

This was an absolute trust, an irrevocable confirmation that she was his completely, and he vowed silently that he won't make her regret this decision.

Talia jolted when she felt Damon's hot palm on her knee.

"Don't worry, kitten...", Damon murmured close to her ear. "I am right beside you. Or on top of you. Or under you...", he spoke cheekily, and Talia could hear that he was smiling.

His gentle touch urged her to spread her legs, and the dip in the mattress told her that he moved there.

When everything stilled, Talia imagined that Damon was between her legs, on his knees, observing her.

She was sprawled on the bed, completely exposed for him to see.

How embarrassing.

An intense heat crept up Talia's neck and spread over her face, making her feel like she was going to spontaneously combust.

She fought mightily to hold her arms flat on the bed and not succumb to her urge to cover herself.

What's the point in covering up when he already saw everything? Besides, she was his to see, his to touch, his to love. Only his. And he was hers.

Talia wished to see Damon's expression. Was it passionate? Hungry? Did he like what he saw?

She allowed Damon's emotions to seep into her through their mate bond and she felt arousal, admiration, danger.

Talia's breath hitched. She was like prey, helpless in front of the predator. Her predator. But she was not afraid because she knew this was Damon, and no matter what he was up to, he won't harm her and it will be good because it's with him.

Damon observed Talia's naked form and he was sure that he never saw anything more beautiful than the sight in front of him.

Her damp hair was spread on the pillow around her head, resembling a crown... flushed cheeks, full lips which she was biting slightly because she was nervous. Perfection.

Damon's eyes rested at the base of her neck, and he really wanted to bite her there, and now that Talia knew they are mates, and she consented to wear his mark, Damon would definitely mark her as his if not for the silly condition her wolf set.

He comforted himself with the thought that he will deal with Marcy soon and then there will be no obstacles for him to claim Talia as his and leave his mark on her neck for everyone to see.

Damon swiftly pushed any thoughts related to Marcy away, because no other woman belonged in this situation where Damon and Talia were naked and about to savor each other.

Damon licked his lips when his sight moved lower from her exquisite collarbones. Her two peaks with one hardened bud each were right there, ready for him to suck on. Her narrow waist was perfect for him

to hold while thrusting inside her wantonly, and then there was her treasure cove that was only his to explore... and her perfect long legs that were resting around him.

She was made for him, his, and the only thing that could make this better would be if he ties her up to the bed.

His cock lurched at the mental image of Talia's arms and legs spread wide and secured to bedposts, and him devouring her while she screams in ecstasy until she loses her voice.

He wondered if Talia would allow him to do that. Will she like it? He decided not to go there at this time. His timid kitten was opening her mind and body to possibilities, and he didn't want to push her too fast. There was no rush. They had a lifetime.

Damon's sight landed on her neatly trimmed intimate bush. Her pink slit was glistening from moisture, like a mark for the spot where he should go first.

Talia could feel the movement of the mattress as Damon shifted his weight around.

"You are gorgeous...", Damon said, and Talia jolted when his hand landed on her knee.

Damon's hot palm glided over her skin, toward the cradle of her thighs, squeezing occasionally, and he enjoyed her soft moans and sighs.

The tips of Damon's fingers brushed against her flower before he spread her folds to inspect them visually and he leaned closer to take a deep breath that filled his system with the scent of her arousal. Every part of her was inviting.

Talia's body shivered as she anticipated what he will do next.

Talia could feel his fingers moving around her clit, igniting sparks that danced over her skin, and she really wanted him to touch her there because what he was doing was torturous.

The pleasure was right there, but not enough, almost there... almost.

Chapter 259 - Opening To Possibilities (2) [Bonus]

Damon chuckled when he saw Talia squirming under his touch. "Do you want me, kitten?"

"Yes", she breathed.

"What do you want?"

Talia paused when she realized that he wanted her to talk naughty. She bit her lower lip harshly. Can she say what was on her mind?

Damon removed his hand from down there and Talia panicked in her darkness. Will he stop because she was disobedient and didn't speak up? They barely started! How can he stop?

Talia felt the urgency for his hand to go back there because her body ached in need of his touch.

Talia was on the verge of removing the blindfold when she felt the mattress swaying again, and the movement came from all sides.

Damon's chest brushed against Talia's breasts as he crawled on top of her, and her arms snapped to hold onto him.

"I don't want to tie you up." Yet. "Keep your hands on the side, kitten", Damon said, and he hummed in approval when Talia reluctantly spread her arms to rest on the bed sheet.

"I know that this might be overwhelming", Damon's breath splashed against her lips. "You don't need to say anything, kitten, but let me know if I am moving too fast or if this is too much."

His words soothed her anxiety, and Damon continued, "Think about what you want, and I will feel your emotions."

Talia nodded obediently. Somehow, this game where she couldn't see a thing and she followed Damon's instruction turned her on. There was freedom in letting him do as he pleases because she knew that he won't harm her. The only thing she wished was less chit-chat and more touching.

Damon hummed in satisfaction. "Arousal. You want my cock inside your pussy."

Talia opened her mouth to respond snarkily, but then she closed it. What was she supposed to say to his shocking words? However, he was right. She wanted him, but his confidence was irritating. Did he need to rub it in?

Talia held her breath in anticipation when she felt that his palm was back to caressing her stomach in small circular movements, inching lower with every rotation.

Damon smiled when he saw her squirming and arching her body in an attempt to get his fingers to reach just a bit lower. He teased her for a while, enjoying every sigh that escaped her lips.

Talia threw her head backward when his finger finally slipped between her folds and ventured inside her.

Talia gasped, surprised by her sensitivity. Her every nerve was firing up, making her lose herself as he added a second finger. His fingers glided in and out of her, curving slightly while his palm pressed on her clit and massaged it as his fingers moved.

Damon loved that her body enjoyed everything he did.

And just like that, in less than a minute, Talia clutched the bed sheets and screamed as she broke apart in his hand.

Damon groaned as Talia's orgasm washed over him and he regretted that his fingers were inside her instead of his cock because he needed only a fraction of that pulsating sensation to push him over the edge with her.

With her sight shut down, Talia's other senses intensified; those same sensations were crashing on Damon and amplifying his need to plunder her insides.

Lost in his arousal, Damon removed his hand and positioned his erection at her entrance, eager to feel her insides tightening around his shaft.

"Ahhh!", Talia's ecstatic cry filled the bedroom and she let go of the bedsheets in order to hold onto Damon.

Damon pried her hands from him and pushed her arms up, pressing on her palms with his into the pillows. Their fingers interlaced and he thrust inside her like there is no tomorrow.

Talia shook her head frantically, unsure how to deal with intense sensations that were coming from all directions, including from within her. Damon's scent was all around her, his ragged breathing mixed with groans sounded close to her ear, and his body pressed on hers, and there was the otherworldly friction as he stretched her insides, and the delicious sparks caressed every cell in her body.

"Fuck!", Damon cursed loudly when his ass buckled, and he released his load inside her as his movements became jerky.

Talia's body trembled under him as his orgasm crashed on her and she whimpered when she reached another high that was unknown to her previously.

Damon never came so quickly, and every time with Talia was better than the previous one.

Her moans and gasps created a symphony that perfectly accompanied the sounds of his skin slapping against hers, and he didn't want to stop. He couldn't stop.

Her arousal mixed with his, one pleasure amplified the other, and the desire was maddening.

Damon hoped that his stamina will never run out because he promised to fuck her until daylight, and he was eager to fulfill that promise.

Sometime later...

Damon gently wiped Talia's body with a damp towel.

Talia didn't move much, letting him do as he pleases.

At some point, after her fourth (or was it fifth?) orgasm, Damon removed her blindfold, so now she was able to watch his relaxed expression as he tended to her body.

His happiness washed over her and there was some lust as well, and their worlds were at peace.

Talia tensed as he wiped her midsection more than necessary. She was super-sensitive, feeling like she was at the brink of orgasm and his every touch was torturously pleasurable.

Damon tossed the towel on the side and joined Talia to spoon her from behind.

He kissed her shoulder. "How are you doing, kitten?"

Talia sighed. "I don't know how to put this into words." There were so many things, all good ones. "I'm sure you can feel my emotions."

Damon chuckled with glee. He could feel that she was sated and also craving for more, just how he was.

His hands moved to fondle her breasts, and he loved how her nipples hardened within seconds in response to his touch.

A small yawn escaped her lips and Damon's movements paused.

"Are you sleepy?"

"A little bit", she admitted.

Damon frowned. How is he going to indulge in carnal pleasures until daylight if she falls asleep halfway?

"Aww!", Talia cried when Damon pinched her nipples harshly, radiating pain swiftly morphed into arousal that converged at her core and she moaned. What the hell was that?

Everything Damon did was amazing, but how was it possible that when he caused her pain, it turned into pleasure? What sorcery was that?

"You can sleep longer in the morning.", Damon said while lifting her leg and scooting closer to her.

Talia gasped when she realized that the thing probing at her entrance was his erection.

Here they go again!

Any traces of her drowsiness disappeared when he tilted her hips backward to give him better access to her sweet spot, and she didn't resist, not even a little bit.

"Ahhh...", a loud shaky breath escaped Talia's lips as she plunged into this madness willingly.

Damon was behind her, his chest pressed on her back, his lips latched onto her neck, his one hand fondled her breasts, while his other one was down there teasing her clit, and he was making his way in and out of her in slow deliberate movements.

Every move was erotic, amplified by addictive sparks that danced over her skin, urging her to get more of Damon, and her hips moved to meet his on an instinct. He belonged there, deep inside her.

This was a new position with nothing pressing on her front and she felt exposed. Normally, Damon would be on top of her, sandwiching her between his body and whatever was behind her, and Talia craved for something that would give her a sense of safety.

With her right hand, Talia grabbed the cover that was bunched on the side and she tried to pull it over her.

Damon paused the movements of his hips and grabbed her hand.

"Are you cold, kitten?", he murmured into her ear.

Talia shook her head in response. How could she be cold? Her body was on fire. But she wanted to cover up because she felt something missing at her front, and when she looked down, she could see her naked body and his hands caressing her flesh, and their legs were intertwined.

Damon chuckled. "Is this the time to be shy?" The truth was that he loved seeing her flustered. He couldn't see her face from their current position, but he could imagine her adorable expression.

"I... don't know what to do with my hands.", she came up with something quickly.

"Let me help you with that...", Damon murmured.

Talia's eyes widened in shock when she realized that Damon was guiding her right hand toward the cradle of her thighs.

He moved his fingers over hers, making her touch herself. "Do you like it faster, or slower? With more force, or gentle?"

Talia never did anything like that. It was stimulating and overwhelming at the same time.

"That's it, kitten... do what makes you feel good... don't hold back anything in front of me... you are wonderful...", Damon encouraged her and released her hand.

She closed her eyes and released a shaky breath. Her lame excuse resulted in her touching herself and Damon's hips were moving again.

Chapter 260 - Opening To Possibilities (3)

Talia's mind was spinning.

Damon's firm chest was sticking to her back, his hands roamed over her body, his hot and hard rod was sliding in and out of her and creating friction that came with addictive sparks of their bond, and on top of all that, her own fingers massaged her clit, and she didn't want any of those sensations to stop.

And just when she thought that this can't get more scandalous, Damon gripped Talia's hip and pushed her body to curve forward, their torsos forming two crescents that were tightly snuggled into each other.

In that position, Talia could see the scene of Damon's shaft disappearing into her flesh and coming out repeatedly.

It was raw and embarrassing, but she couldn't stop staring and she even spread her legs further in order to get a better view.

Talia was not sure if Damon really moved so slowly or if her mind slowed it down for her to see the glistening of her juices on his shaft.

Was this really happening? To her? With the outrageously handsome Alpha who happened to be her mate?

The stretch and friction every time he pushed in and pulled out to leave only his tip inside, confirmed that what she was seeing was really happening.

Talia closed her eyes for a moment, the vivid image still dancing in front of her closed eyes, and she knew that this got engraved into her memory and will be the focal point of her many wet dreams in the future.

"Touch me", Damon's husky voice sounded close to her ear.

She had a good guess what he wanted.

With her free hand, Talia cupped his balls and gave him a squeeze.

Damon groaned as delicious sparks of their bond danced over his pleasure centers. He never thought that bedding a woman can be this gratifying.

Talia's scent, her sounds, her touch, everything Talia's was heaven-defying, and he was like an addict, unable to stop. Even if he knew that this was a sure way to hell, he would take it gladly as long as Talia was by his side.

In his desire for more, Damon's fangs came out on their own and every cell in his body screamed in urgency for him to mark Talia as his for everyone to see.

A small voice in his head urged him, 'She is your mate... She is yours to claim... She is willing... What are you waiting for?'

What was he waiting for?

Right... Talia's wolf... Deal with Marcy... Damn it!

But Talia's wolf was right. Sure, he didn't sleep with Marcy, but he messed up in so many other ways. From the moment he realized that he can't function without Talia, Damon focused his attention on Talia and shut down everything else, treating it like it's not important.

If he really thought about Talia, he was supposed to clean up remnants of his past, how much possible, because just turning a new leaf wasn't enough when his fur was full of burdocks like Marcy, Cassie, and many others.

Talia sensed Damon's dejection growing and his movements faltered.

It was only for a few seconds, but they were in the middle of something, and he suddenly stopped participating, so she had to ask, "What's wrong?"

Damon chided himself. What got into him to think about those things now? That was so out of character for him!

But Talia needed an explanation, so he decided to give her one.

"Nothing is wrong, kitten.", Damon said while wrapping his arms around her into a tight hug. "I was just thinking how lucky I am to have you in my life. The Moon Goddess made us mates, so I realized how stupid I was and... Ouch!", Damon exclaimed when Talia reached above her head and yanked a handful of his hair.

"What was that for?" He was pouring his heart out, yet he got a beating.

"Is this the time for self-reflection?", Talia asked impatiently. She would turn to face him and give him a stern look, but he was holding her from behind and his cock was inside her so... she did what she could.

Maybe for him sex was normal, and he could do it on and off like flipping a switch, but for her it was new and special, and they were having a moment, damn it!

"I know you are sorry, we went through that already. I will appreciate it if you focus on right now. I was sleepy, but you got me fired up and made me touch myself and it was all great but then you stopped. Don't stop what you won't finish!", Talia blurted out in one breath.

"Fuck!", Damon cursed under his breath and bit her shoulder. What was that nonsense about not finishing?

"You want me to finish what I started?", he growled in a dangerously low voice.

"Yes!", Talia shouted back, egged by the fact that he bit her, that painful spot radiated in waves of pleasure that spread through her body. "You... You are making me feel things I never thought are possible. Didn't you say that you won't let me go until daylight?"

Damon's eyebrows shoot up and a sly grin appeared on his face.

Talia yelped when in one swift move Damon sat on the bed on his knees, with Talia straddling him.

Talia's eyes widened when she realized that he was inside her. Did he manage that complex maneuver without pulling out, or did he do it without her noticing?

Talia stared into his icy-blue eyes; their current position placed them on the same eye level. She liked that. Now she didn't need to look up to him.

Damon grabbed her hips and guided her to move in small circular motions.

"That's it, kitten... that's it...", he murmured, and Talia gripped his shoulders as he started rocking his hips to meet hers.

This position provided a different angle, and Talia threw her head back as she enjoyed this new intimacy.

Damon was showing her new things, just how she wanted, and she loved every minute of it.

...

...

Talia's eyes fluttered open, and she squinted at the daylight that was intrusive. That was not an early morning sun.

Talia jolted. Did she oversleep?

"Where are you going?", Damon asked drowsily while wrapping his arms around Talia and pulling her to lean on him.

"What's the time?"

"It's early.", he responded without checking.

"We have guests.", Talia reminded him.

"And they are all grownups who can take care of themselves. Max and Mindy had a blast last night and they won't get up early. The group from the Lightclaw pack arrived late and they will probably sleep in. But if any of them decides to get up, Steph is there to ensure that the food is served in time for breakfast. As for Axel and his men, they still didn't enter our territory, so there is no need to rush."

Talia knew that everything he said made sense, but... "As hosts, we should be there to welcome them. Mindy and Max saw us, but Tony and Kalina didn't. It will be rude if they wake up and have breakfast without us."

Damon groaned and his eyes lost focus for a moment. "I told Steph to notify me when they come down for breakfast. Are you happy now?"

Talia pouted. Why did he make it sound like he did her a favor? Those are his guests also. And besides...
"We should be there before they come down for breakfast."

"We can't."

"We can't?"

"You, Mrs. Blake need to fulfill your morning duties before you go to entertain guests."

Talia looked at him in confusion. "My duties?"

Damon grinned. "You need to serve your Alpha."

Talia couldn't believe him. Did he just insinuate more carnal pleasures? They were going at it for hours last night!

"Tell me you are kidding.", Talia said. "After what you put me through last night, you should serve me, and not the other way around."

Talia's face fell when she realized that Damon's grin widened.

"Ahh!", she screamed when he rolled them over and he ended up on top. "What are you doing?"

"I am about to serve you, Mrs. Blake."

Talia tried to wiggle out of his hold. "Don't joke around, Damon. We don't have time for this."

"I disagree. Do you feel this?" Damon moved his hips, making her feel his hot and hard shaft grinding between her legs. "If you don't take care of me, I will need to meet guests like this, and it will be embarrassing."

Talia was speechless. "How can you always be horny?"

"It's not me, kitten."

"Let me guess. It's my problem."

He nodded earnestly. "Did you look at yourself? You are so sexy that I can't help it."

Talia stifled a laugh. Her playful Damon was here, and she loved him very much. Actually, she loved every side of him.

Damon could feel Talia's defenses softening. "So? Are we game for a round or two?"

"How can I say, 'no', to my mate?"

Damon's heart soared. This was the first time she called him her mate. "Say it again."

Talia looked at the silly Alpha who was happy with so little. She decided to tease him. "You need to earn it."

"How?", Damon asked reluctantly.

"Make me feel good."

"Awoooo!", a howl ripped from Damon's chest, and he didn't care who was listening. His kitten asked him to make her feel good and he was up to the challenge.