

And Then There Were Four by Lilith Carrie

Chapter 18: Bumping Heads with Damian

Things had become more interesting over the past few weeks than I had expected them to be. I hadn't realized through it all that I was actually finding myself more and more comfortable here every day. The only lingering worry in my mind was that of Damian, and why he was acting the way he was towards me.

As I pulled into the garage, close to dark, I had the feeling that someone was watching me, and I wasn't wrong. Shutting the car door, I turned to find Damian standing behind me. The three-piece suit he wore fit him like a glove, and that dark stare in his eye had me curious as to what was on his mind.

"Why are you home late?" He asked, his dark sultry tone swimming around me.

I blinked twice before snapping out of my thoughts and raised a brow in question. I wasn't sure why he was always concerned with where I was going but perhaps it had to do something with this mate thing James and Hale had tried explaining to me.

"I stayed late to study with the girls. Why does it matter?"

He narrowed his eyes at me, "because it matters where you are going. If you're going to be late, you need to let someone know.

A scoff left my throat as I gave a soft chuckle and headed towards the side door of the garage. "I am an adult, Damian. I don't have to tell you anything."

Before my hand could grip the handle, I found myself spun around and pinned against the door. His firm body pressed against my own and my breath caught in my throat.

"Don't tell me what you will or will not do, Ivy. You will let me know. Do you understand me?" My heart raced at his words as I slowly looked up at him.

"Or what-?" I asked breathlessly, "what are you going to do if I don't?"

Damian didn't know that I knew he was a wolf, and I knew very well I was playing with fire when it came to this man. Yet, my mind didn't seem to think straight when it came to speaking to him.

"You don't want to try me, Ivy. I can be a dangerous man if I want to be."

His threat did nothing to me but made my heart race even more. I was rebellious, and at times, I didn't care about anything, but with him it was far worse. It was as if all my senses completely flew out the door and a part of me wanted to challenge him.

"I highly doubt that Damian. So let me go and stop playing games with someone who can play them better than you."

Damian's eyes shot up in surprise, and a wicked grin crossed his face. I couldn't help but notice the look in his eyes as the gold flecks began to peak, and I wondered if he would finally break his streak of acting like he didn't want me.

"You are naive if you think that you can stand toe to toe with me, girl." Stepping back, Damian let go of me, laughter leaving him as he turned away from me and walked back towards the door he had come through.

I was left shocked as I watched him go. The loss of his touch made something inside me ache as I wanted him back. "Yeah, walk away. That's all you're good at doing, right?"

Rolling my eyes with hurt in my chest. I turned and opened the door, but before I could cross the threshold, he had pulled me back, gripping my neck as he lifted my head and his lips descended down upon my own.

An erotic rush of lust and desire swarmed through me and instantly. I wanted him to take me. I wanted to be beneath him begging for him, and the idea of it all made me feel disgusted in myself for being so damn horny for a man who had done nothing but treat me like shit since I had arrived.

As quickly as the kiss came, he tore himself away and looked down at me sneering. His eyes held hate within them but also confliction. "Get out." He growled, and I didn't understand why he was doing this to me.

"No, stop fighting whatever you are and act on what you want."

Laughing at me again he shook his head, "get out of here, Ivy. You aren't worth my time."

His words broke me, but I refused to cry. I wasn't going to be that girl, and I wasn't going to allow him to see how he affected me. "I am not worth your time?" | scoffed.

"You heard me."

A smirk crossed my face as I shook my head, "try the other way around, Damian. It's okay, though. I don't play games with men like you."

I watched his face contort even more into a disgusted look as if he couldn't understand the words that had left my lips, "men like me?"

"Mhmm... men like you. One's who are incapable of caring about anyone else but themselves." His laughter annoyed me, and the harder he laughed, the more pissed off I got.

"That's good!" He spat out in between his laughter, "I can promise you that none of those little college boys will give two shits about you once they leave."

The cruelty he spat was unnecessary, and the more he continued, the less patient I was getting with him. He was nothing but an egotistical asshole, and if he really wanted to go down the road he was, then I would give him what he wanted.

"Is that so? Because I have had no problem getting more than one man interested in me in all the most amazing ways- screaming in pleasure as they enjoy tasting me has been worth the time, I have spent with them."

I wasn't sure where I got the courage to say what I did, but perhaps it was because I was tired of his bullshit and wanted to hurt him in the way he had tried to get to me. I wasn't entirely lying. James had pleased me in more than one way, but I couldn't tell Damian that, it was still a secret.

An has for Hale, well, perhaps I would take care of that tonight.

Who knows?

"You gave yourself away as some common whore!" He screamed at me, and with his words, the door to the house flew open and James came running out before Damian could step towards me. His eyes looking between us in panic as he grabbed Damian stopping him.

"The hell is going on?" James asked looking between us,

"Ivy has been whoring herself out at school. Haven't you?" He seethed in anger as James looked to me wide-eyed trying to figure out what Damian meant.

"Whoring myself out, that's a bit harsh. Then again, I enjoyed every moment I was screaming one man's name." Saying what I did, James tried to stifle the chuckle in realizing what I was talking about.

However, Damian didn't find any humor in what I was saying.

"Get the fuck out of here!" He yelled at me, and even with the argument, hearing him say that tore a part of me open and caused more pain than I thought it would.

“Ivy, please go.” James asked, giving me a heartfelt look as if he knew the pain I was feeling, and perhaps he did. We were mated supposedly- maybe that was a perk

“Enjoy your evening.” I whispered as I took a deep breath and turned, slamming the door around me headed towards my cottage.

This wasn't how I had wanted my evening to go, but it seemed every time Damian and I were in the same room, we either wanted to fuck each other or kill each other.

My fingers traced over my lips as I thought about the way he kissed me. I hadn't expected it, and when it happened, I

wanted way more than what I got. Damian was dangerous, but he also was intoxicating, and that intoxication made me crave more. “What the hell am I doing?” I sighed; this was all becoming way too much.