

And Then There Were Four by Lilith Carrie

Chapter 46: Mutual Understanding

Two days passed since I had arrived back at the pack house, and little by little Damian realized when I said I wasn't doing something-it wasn't going to happen.

He attempted to get me on the plane the day before but I stood firm in my place and refused to go. There was no talking to me about it— no forcing me to do it. Nothing.

He had my bags packed by the door and even attempted to throw me over his shoulder, but all his methods proved to be useless.

I'm a stubborn woman, and when I say something, I stand my ground.

In the end, he roared in frustration and shut himself in his office with no communication towards me for the rest of the day.

Honestly, it was peaceful.

”

After giving up on the notion of me leaving, Damian had his servants move me into the main house. He claimed he wanted to make sure I wouldn't run away or do something stupid.

As if that would actually happen.

I wanted to know where the others were, and I wouldn't leave until I did.

Determination set into me to find them. To make everything right again, and with that determination, I had found myself so behind in my studies that I was struggling to catch up.

Day and night I went through my textbooks and worked on papers, but no matter the amount of time I spent working hard to achieve my dream, I always felt a mile away.

“Still studying?” Damian's voice called out as he entered the kitchen.

I had set up a study at the kitchen island while I waited for my pizza to finish a few hours before.

"I don't know-" I said sarcastically, "all my books and my laptop are out. Is that what it looks like?"

He stood there staring at me through narrowed eyes. "You don't have to be a bitch."

"That's rich coming from someone who has been nothing but an asshole towards me since I came to this stupid town."

Sighing dramatically, he turned towards the fridge and opened it. "Are we really going to keep bickering every time we have a conversation, Ivy? Because if that's how it's going to be, you can leave."

Laughter escaped my lips as I shook my head. "You would like that, wouldn't you? The only Alpha in history I hear that wants to get rid of his mate. Some Alpha you are."

"Enough!" He yelled, turning to face me. "I'm tired of this shit between us."

"You and I both." I snapped, shaking my head, "I miss the conversations I could have with your brothers. Ones where they actually cared about what I thought and how I felt. Conversations we had that were full of meaning and laughter. So, have you found them yet?"

Hesitation filled his dark, sultry eyes as he crossed his arms over his chest. He didn't acknowledge my question, but there was no doubt that he was hiding something from me.

"You have, haven't you?" I whispered, shaking my head in disbelief. "If you know where they are, we need to go get them."

"Why, Ivy?" He asked with irritation. "Why do you want to bring them back? So you can torture them some more with the fact they lost their bond to you?"

His statement was a cheap shot at my heart. He knew very well that the bond being severed wasn't my fault. He was the one who denied it for so long that by the time he wanted to complete it, it was too late.

"Please, Damian," I whispered, looking down at the book in front of me as I blinked back tears that threatened to fall, please help me get them back."

0.00%

12:25

Chapter 46: Mutual Understanding

Lv.1

I didn't want to argue with him anymore. I didn't want to keep reliving that horrible night in my head every time I closed my eyes.

The only thing I wanted was for them all to be back here, and for us to decide together what we were going to do.

A part of me longed to be back in their arms, but at the same time, a part of me was also scared.

Priscilla said that I had a gift from the goddess of choice.

I was given the choice to accept them all or only the ones of my choosing. No other human or werewolf alive was ever given that choice.

A part of me wondered if that was why Damian was so hesitant because he didn't know if I would choose them and not him.

The very thought had crossed my mind a few times, but I wasn't going to make any decisions until I reconciled with them all, and we talked about it.

"Fine." He replied with reluctance. My eyes quickly darted up to him just in time to see him sigh and run his hand through his hair.

"Fine?" I questioned, unsure of what he meant. "You mean you know where they are?"

As his eyes met mine, I saw a small ounce of defeat in him as he slowly nodded. "Yeah."

I never knew that one simple word could fill me with such joy until that moment. Jumping from my seat, I screamed joyfully before running over and throwing my arms around him.

He stood frozen to the spot, and it took me a moment to realize what I had done. His touch created a feeling in me that my body relished, and as much as I wanted to kiss him at that moment, I couldn't.

As confliction filled me, I stepped back in silence, my eyes looking anywhere but on him. "I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. I got a little excited."

"Yeah, I can see that." He chuckled as he shook his head. "I will have to see if I can find a way to contact them."

“Contact them?” I gasped quickly, “why don’t we go get them?”

“It doesn’t seem like you have much time to do anything like that, Ivy.” He replied, looking at my belongings littered across the kitchen counter

He was right. I was busy trying to get school situated, that I really didn’t have time to do anything else. But at the same time, didn’t want to miss out on the opportunity to find them.

The choice weighed heavily on me, and as it did, a frown crossed my face.

“Well, where are they?” I asked him as I slowly walked back towards the counter and closed my laptop and my books, shoving them back into my bag.

“Not anywhere close, I’m afraid. When the situation with you happened, they took off, and it took a while to get a small idea of the location they are in.”

Hearing that they had gone so far just to get away from me tore at my heart, and with that pain, a void in my chest opened. I had to find them, no matter the situation.

They were mine as much as I was there, and matebond be damned, I wasn’t going to lose them. I couldn’t lose them. Since the moment they came into my life, they had each found a place that was special to me.

“School can wait, Damian.” I replied softly, “we have to get them back. I caused these problems and I need to fix it.”

Letting out a deep breath, I watched as Damian leaned against the countertop and thought over what I was saying. “Your father will be back tomorrow. We can leave then.”

Without another wasted moment, Damian quickly turned his back on me and made his way out of the kitchen. Through all the time I had known Damian, he was never the type of person to just willingly agree to do something I wanted.

In fact, most of the time, he acted like he hated me.

It seemed deep down there was a lot about him I didn’t know, and perhaps my entire perception of him had been completely wrong.

“Damian, wait,” I said as I rushed forward.

3R 934

12:241

Chapter 46: Mutual Understanding

"What do you want now, Ivy?" He asked with an exhausted sigh. "It's late, and we both need to get to bed."

*I just wanted to know why you were suddenly okay with helping me find them," I mumbled, shrugging my shoulders as I pushed the strap of my bag further up.

Taking a moment, he slowly turned to face me. A void expression on his face as he seemed to consider his next words, "because you are not the only one at fault for what happened. I am as well, and my brothers don't deserve sorrow because of me."

It was the first statement I had ever heard him say that was genuinely true. He was taking the blame for his mistakes, and in that light, it made me feel differently about him.

I didn't trust him completely, but I found a common ground with him at that moment.

"Well, when we find them, we can fix all of this," I replied, watching as something flickered in his eyes.

As I watched him escape into his office, I couldn't help but wonder if this trip would fix things with us or if it would push us further apart.

Part of me wanted to smother him and make it look like an accident, but then there was another part that wanted to climb him like a tree and ride him into next year.

Both choices weighed heavily on my mind, and with them, I found nothing but conflict.

*Please help me fix this," I whispered, praying to a goddess I had never believed in until I came to Idaho.

If she existed, there was a chance she was the only one who could aid in my venture.

Because even though Damian seemed genuine enough to help me.. something inside me made me think otherwise.

Chapter 47: Dealing with Allison

Damian POV

Walking into my office, I felt a surge of anger wash over me that I and my wolf couldn't understand. I wanted more than anything to claim her as mine and make it to where she couldn't leave. But then I would open my mouth and do nothing but push her away.

I was a fucking fool to think that this mate bond or whatever stupid nonsense it was actually held meaning.

Ivy was right about one thing, though. I'm the only Alpha in history that rejects the idea of having a mate, and that was something that most didn't appreciate.

As I approached my liquor cabinet, I didn't stop myself from reaching for the amber-filled bottle, pouring myself a glass to down my sorrows. It had become the only thing I could do lately to dampen my mind from thoughts of her.

Her sweet and gentle nature always pulled me in, and when the fiery spark in her came to life, my wolf and I were automatically turned on.

Just thinking about her in that way made my dick throb with anticipation over the day I would finally get to have her. If she even let me.

Lost in my thoughts, my phone rang to life, and with a groan of irritation, I pulled it from my pocket to see that Allison was calling.

"Hello?" I replied, annoyed by her continuing pestering.

"Damian, I'm just letting you know we will be back late tonight instead of tomorrow."

Rolling my eyes, I sighed, "okay and why were you calling me to tell me this?"

"Well, because I want to see you when I get there." She replied with amusement, lacing her tone. Disgust filled me, thinking about how many times she tried to hint to me that she and I would be strong together. I was older than the others when we went to live with her and considering that Allison was nothing but power-driven. I knew her end game.

"I will be in bed, Allison." I stated firmly. "Ivy and I have a lot to do tomorrow before we leave."

"Ivy?!" she shrieked, "I thought you got rid of that little useless bitch, Damian."

A warning growl left my lips at her words. "Watch how you speak about her. She is still my mate."

Laughter filled the other side of the phone, and I knew her and Zane coming back was going to cause nothing but problems. "Mate? Last time I checked, you and the others lost your mate. It's time you get rid of that little harlot and take a chosen mate, Damian."

I didn't miss the way she emphasized the words chosen mate.

Deciding to save my battles for another day, I hung up the phone, gripping it tightly in my hand. I had no doubt that when Allison got back with Zane, she was going to cause issues with Ivy.

I only hoped Ivy would be able to stand her ground.

Because if she wants to be Luna one day-she will have to deal with Allison.

Ivy POV

Waking the next morning, I expected the arrival of my father. Damian had said that he was to arrive sometime today, and as much as normal girls would be excited I was not.

Fully dressed, I left my room and made my way down to the kitchen to make coffee. The sounds of voices carried towards me, and two of them weren't supposed to be here yet.

As I rounded the corner, I came face to face with Allison and my father. Both of their eyes fell upon me with disgust.

Chapter 47: Dealing with Allison

Lv.1

"What the hell are you doing in here?" Allison snapped.

Her words brought my attention back to the present. "I'm sorry what?"

Narrowing her eyes, she sneered, "I said, what are you doing in here? You have your own place to live, and my house isn't the location.

My father stood there with a smug look on his face that disgusted me. He was really going to allow her to talk to me like that. As if I was the issue.

"I don't know who you think you're talking to like that, but if you have an issue, you need to talk to Damian because the last time I checked, HE is the Alpha, and this is HIS house."

"How dare you speak to her like that!" my father yelled, causing me to flinch at the moment. "You will never speak to her in such disrespect,"

Rage burned through me that he was taking her side on this. All I ever wanted was for my father to actually care about me, and even now, he didn't. He was nothing but a disappointment.

"No!" I scream, slamming my hand against the counter. "Neither of you will speak to me the way you are. You do not have a say in my life, and you will have respect for me."

I wasn't sure where the courage came from to confront them in that way, but before I could do anything, a slap rang through my ears as I realized my father had slapped me.

As soon as it happened, a roar echoed from Damian's office, and I watched as he flew into the kitchen, pinning my father to the wall, seething in anger. "You dare touch her!"

Fear soared through me, seeing Damian this way. He was partially shifted, and the power that dripped off him was enough to bring Allison to her knees.

"Stop!" she cried out. "What are you doing? This girl is nothing! We are your family."

Damian's eyes turned slowly towards Allison with venom dripping from his fangs, "neither of you are my family. Pack your shit and get out of my house now. You are no longer welcome here."

Throwing my father, I watched as he landed on the floor, and Damian stepped back to stand beside me. "You can't do that!" Allison shrieked. "This is my house!"

"That's where you are wrong, Allison." Damian snapped, "this is my house and you are lucky that banishment is the only thing you are getting. Attacking a Luna usually means death."

"She is NOT a luna!" My father roared, getting to his feet. "She is not mated to you."

Laughter erupted from Damian as he slowly glanced at me. "Do you want the honor of telling them?"

Taking a moment, I thought over his words and what he meant. He was asking me if I wanted the pleasure of sharing with them that the mate bond wasn't actually gone, and as much as I wanted to rub that in her face, I couldn't.

"No-" I replied calmly with a smile on my face, they don't deserve that news. Let them find out in a few months when the news spreads."

Never had I stood up to someone like this before. Let alone a parent, and that feeling alone was amazing. For so many years, dealt with the bullshit sent my way from my father, and for him to break my heart the way he did he deserved this.

"Come with me. Let's go to my office. We have things to discuss." Damian replied as he took my hand and pulled me from the kitchen.

The touch of his hand upon mine sent sparks through my skin. If you would have asked me a few weeks ago to believe Damian would ever stand up for me, I would have laughed at you.

A few weeks ago, we hated each other and wanted nothing to do with one another.

Now everything was different, and just the touch of his skin upon mine made me second guess everything I thought I knew.

As my eyes gazed up at the back of his head, I felt the urge to ask him if he cared about me, but at the same time, it felt wrong and I knew that I couldn't.

Chapter 47: Dealing with Allison

Lv.1

Stopping inside his office, he dropped my hand and left me just inside the door. "Sorry about that." He mumbled as he took a seat at his desk, "I didn't want to wake you to tell you they were here."

"When did they get here?" My eyes met his for the briefest of moments, and I watched as an exhausted look crossed his face.

"Last night." He replied, "they got home early."

Nodding, I walked towards the chair across from him and took a seat. I should have known that Allison and my father wouldn't be happy with me being here. Allison had hated me from the moment I entered her home, and I had no idea why.

"Why does she hate me so much?" It was a question that had plagued me for years, and as he stared at me, I got a feeling I wasn't going to like the answer.

"Because she wants to be the Luna of this pack."

"What?!" I exclaimed with disgust. "She raised you like her own children, though. That's disgusting."

"I agree, but in her eyes, she feels it's her right. One she will never have, I might add."

At least that was something both of us could agree on. Allison was a twisted individual, and she had shown her true colors for the last time. I was just glad Damian stood by my side through the argument.

Looking down at his desk, I noticed a map and plane tickets. Curiosity filled me as I realized the map was of Mexico. "Where are we going? Are they in Mexico?"

Taking a moment to consider what I said, he chuckled, "I wish it was that easy. One of them is."

"Which one of them?" I asked with an exasperated sigh.

More than anything, I had hoped they would be together, but I knew they weren't.

Everything that had happened had b

Chapter 47: Dealing with Allison

Damian POV

Walking into my office, I felt a surge of anger wash over me that I and my wolf couldn't understand. I wanted more than anything to claim her as mine and make it to where she couldn't leave. But then I would open my mouth and do nothing but push her away.

I was a fucking fool to think that this mate bond or whatever stupid nonsense it was actually held meaning.

Ivy was right about one thing, though. I'm the only Alpha in history that rejects the idea of having a mate, and that was something that most didn't appreciate.

As I approached my liquor cabinet, I didn't stop myself from reaching for the amber-filled bottle, pouring myself a glass to down my sorrows. It had become the only thing I could do lately to dampen my mind from thoughts of her.

Her sweet and gentle nature always pulled me in, and when the fiery spark in her came to life, my wolf and I were automatically turned on.

Just thinking about her in that way made my dick throb with anticipation over the day I would finally get to have her. If she even let me.

Lost in my thoughts, my phone rang to life, and with a groan of irritation, I pulled it from my pocket to see that Allison was calling.

"Hello?" I replied, annoyed by her continuing pestering.

"Damian, I'm just letting you know we will be back late tonight instead of tomorrow."

Rolling my eyes, I sighed, "okay and why were you calling me to tell me this?"

"Well, because I want to see you when I get there." She replied with amusement, lacing her tone. Disgust filled me, thinking about how many times she tried to hint to me that she and I would be strong together. I was older than the others when we went to live with her and considering that Allison was nothing but power-driven. I knew her end game.

"I will be in bed, Allison." I stated firmly. "Ivy and I have a lot to do tomorrow before we leave."

"Ivy?!" she shrieked, "I thought you got rid of that little useless bitch, Damian."

A warning growl left my lips at her words. "Watch how you speak about her. She is still my mate."

Laughter filled the other side of the phone, and I knew her and Zane coming back was going to cause nothing but problems. "Mate? Last time I checked, you and the others lost your mate. It's time you get rid of that little harlot and take a chosen mate, Damian."

I didn't miss the way she emphasized the words chosen mate.

Deciding to save my battles for another day, I hung up the phone, gripping it tightly in my hand. I had no doubt that when Allison got back with Zane, she was going to cause issues with Ivy.

I only hoped Ivy would be able to stand her ground.

Because if she wants to be Luna one day-she will have to deal with Allison.

Ivy POV

Waking the next morning, I expected the arrival of my father. Damian had said that he was to arrive sometime today, and as much as normal girls would be excited I was not.

Fully dressed, I left my room and made my way down to the kitchen to make coffee. The sounds of voices carried towards me, and two of them weren't supposed to be here yet.

As I rounded the corner, I came face to face with Allison and my father. Both of their eyes fell upon me with disgust.

Chapter 47: Dealing with Allison

Lv.1

"What the hell are you doing in here?" Allison snapped.

Her words brought my attention back to the present. "I'm sorry what?"

Narrowing her eyes, she sneered, "I said, what are you doing in here? You have your own place to live, and my house isn't the location.

My father stood there with a smug look on his face that disgusted me. He was really going to allow her to talk to me like that. As if I was the issue.

"I don't know who you think you're talking to like that, but if you have an issue, you need to talk to Damian because the last time I checked, HE is the Alpha, and this is HIS house."

"How dare you speak to her like that!" my father yelled, causing me to flinch at the moment. "You will never speak to her in such disrespect,"

Rage burned through me that he was taking her side on this. All I ever wanted was for my father to actually care about me, and even now, he didn't. He was nothing but a disappointment.

"No!" I scream, slamming my hand against the counter. "Neither of you will speak to me the way you are. You do not have a say in my life, and you will have respect for me."

I wasn't sure where the courage came from to confront them in that way, but before I could do anything, a slap rang through my ears as I realized my father had slapped me.

As soon as it happened, a roar echoed from Damian's office, and I watched as he flew into the kitchen, pinning my father to the wall, seething in anger. "You dare touch her!"

Fear soared through me, seeing Damian this way. He was partially shifted, and the power that dripped off him was enough to bring Allison to her knees.

"Stop!" she cried out. "What are you doing? This girl is nothing! We are your family."

Damian's eyes turned slowly towards Allison with venom dripping from his fangs, "neither of you are my family. Pack your shit and get out of my house now. You are no longer welcome here."

Throwing my father, I watched as he landed on the floor, and Damian stepped back to stand beside me. "You can't do that!" Allison shrieked. "This is my house!"

"That's where you are wrong, Allison." Damian snapped, "this is my house and you are lucky that banishment is the only thing you are getting. Attacking a Luna usually means death."

"She is NOT a luna!" My father roared, getting to his feet. "She is not mated to you."

Laughter erupted from Damian as he slowly glanced at me. "Do you want the honor of telling them?"

Taking a moment, I thought over his words and what he meant. He was asking me if I wanted the pleasure of sharing with them that the mate bond wasn't actually gone, and as much as I wanted to rub that in her face, I couldn't.

“No-” I replied calmly with a smile on my face, they don’t deserve that news. Let them find out in a few months when the news spreads.”

Never had I stood up to someone like this before. Let alone a parent, and that feeling alone was amazing. For so many years, dealt with the bullshit sent my way from my father, and for him to break my heart the way he did he deserved this.

“Come with me. Let’s go to my office. We have things to discuss.” Damian replied as he took my hand and pulled me from the kitchen.

The touch of his hand upon mine sent sparks through my skin. If you would have asked me a few weeks ago to believe Damian would ever stand up for me, I would have laughed at you.

A few weeks ago, we hated each other and wanted nothing to do with one another.

Now everything was different, and just the touch of his skin upon mine made me second guess everything I thought I knew.

As my eyes gazed up at the back of his head, I felt the urge to ask him if he cared about me, but at the same time, it felt wrong and I knew that I couldn’t.

Chapter 47: Dealing with Allison

Lv.1

Stopping inside his office, he dropped my hand and left me just inside the door. “Sorry about that.” He mumbled as he took a seat at his desk, “I didn’t want to wake you to tell you they were here.”

“When did they get here?” My eyes met his for the briefest of moments, and I watched as an exhausted look crossed his face.

“Last night.” He replied, “they got home early.”

Nodding, I walked towards the chair across from him and took a seat. I should have known that Allison and my father wouldn’t be happy with me being here. Allison had hated me from the moment I entered her home, and I had no idea why.

“Why does she hate me so much?” It was a question that had plagued me for years, and as he stared at me, I got a feeling I wasn’t going to like the answer.

“Because she wants to be the Luna of this pack.”

“What?!” I exclaimed with disgust. “She raised you like her own children, though. That’s disgusting.”

“I agree, but in her eyes, she feels it’s her right. One she will never have, I might add.”

At least that was something both of us could agree on. Allison was a twisted individual, and she had shown her true colors for the last time. I was just glad Damian stood by my side through the argument.

Looking down at his desk, I noticed a map and plane tickets. Curiosity filled me as I realized the map was of Mexico. “Where are we going? Are they in Mexico?”

Taking a moment to consider what I said, he chuckled, “I wish it was that easy. One of them is.”

“Which one of them?” I asked with an exasperated sigh.

More than anything, I had hoped they would be together, but I knew they weren’t.

Everything that had happened had been too much on them, and they went insane trying to kill the pain they were feeling. Pain that I helped to create with the bond being broken.

Had I listened to Damian’s warning so long ago, none of this would have happened.

As I waited for his answer, he looked at me with a small smile.

“It’s James.” He chuckled, “he is living the party boy life in Cancun, Mexico.”

Too much on them, and they went insane trying to kill the pain they were feeling. Pain that I helped to create with the bond being broken.

Had I listened to Damian’s warning so long ago, none of this would have happened.

As I waited for his answer, he looked at me with a small smile.

“It’s James.” He chuckled, “he is living the party boy life in Cancun, Mexico.”

Chapter 48: Once Upon A Time In Mexico

Taking my seat on the plane, I watched as Damian got himself situated. The swivel of the seats moved as he took his place across from me and continued barking out orders.

“Hey, make sure that Jose meets us at the airport when we land. I need to speak with him about something else.” Damian tells his Gamma, who nods and quickly exits.

“Whose that?” I asked with curiosity as his gaze turned to mine and the airplane door closed.

“Who, Jose?” Damian questioned as I nodded. “Oh. He is just a friend.”

“A friend?” I smirked, “Well, I look forward to meeting this friend.”

Things had been different between us since the situation with my father and Allison. Damian didn’t seem as hostile towards me as he once had been and even though I was keeping my guard up, I was curious.

The roar of the engines came to life and before I knew it, the plane was headed down the tarmac. This was putting me one step closer to finding James and the others.

If my life was to get better then I needed each one of them at my side to make it happen because the way my father and Allison acted towards, me had me worried.

Allison didn’t seem like the type of person to easily give up on something.

“Are you okay?” Damian’s voice pulled me out of my thoughts, and turning to him, I smiled softly.

“Yeah, sorry. I’m just all over the place.”

Nodding, he pulled out a file from his briefcase and sorted through the photos inside. Handing them over, I saw who lined them. They were photos of James, Hale, and Talon in their current locations.

Just seeing the photos brought a smile to my face and caused tears to brim my eyes. “Oh wow-”

“I thought you might like to see them.” He replied, as I chuckled.

“Look at them all.” I smiled, “I guess they have changed a lot since being gone.”

It had been almost three weeks since the night our bonds were broken, and with the bond breaking, they were torn from my life.

“I promised you I would fix things, Ivy.” Damian sighed, “I will make sure that I do.”

Regardless of everything that had transpired between us, I wanted to believe him. I wanted to know for sure that he would fix things, but I still felt doubt.

“I know. Maybe I’m just tired. The last few days have been a lot.” I mumbled, looking back out the window as I handed him the photos.

Letting a sigh leave his lips, he took the photos, “why don’t you get some sleep then. I will wake you when we land.”

Six hours later, a gentle nudge to my shoulder stirred me from my sleep, and as I opened my eyes. I realized that it was Damian at my side. His smiling face looking down at me, I sat up, stretching my arms only to realize the plane had stopped.

“Are we here?” I asked, with hopefulness in my voice. “Are we in Mexico?”

“Yeah.” He chuckled. “The plane landed twenty minutes ago. I let you sleep while we finished unloading our luggage. Why don’t you come on, and we will head to the villa?”

I wasn’t sure exactly where Damian had planned for us to stay, but hearing it was a villa took me by surprise. “A villa? Is that a fancy word here for hotel?”

“Hotel?” He laughed, shaking his head, “oh no. I have a house here, Ivy. On the beach.”

Chapter 48: Once Upon A Time In Mexico

(Lv.1

It never ceased to amaze me the things I learned about. I kept forgetting that Damian wasn’t an ordinary human, and had forged a powerful empire as an Alpha.

“Of course you do.” I laughed as I descended the stairs of the plane. The warm Mexican sun hit my skin and caused me to smile as my feet eventually touched the ground.

It was more beautiful here than I expected, and as I stepped towards the open car door, I looked forward to what awaited me further in Mexico.

“So I was thinking we could go out and get something to eat later.” Damian stated once we were in the car moving. The way he stated what he wanted to do was done with hesitation, and I found the moment sweet.

“That sounds good,” I replied with a smirk. “Did you have a place in mind?”

“I did, but it’s a surprise.” As I looked at him, I watched the subtle smirk cross his face, and with it, I became curious to know what he had in mind for our evening.

Twenty minutes later, we were pulling onto a long driveway that led towards a bungalow sitting on a cliff. The tan clay roofing accented the magnificent structure, welcoming its visitors warmly against the bright sky.

“Wow.” As the words escaped me, I heard his chuckle of amusement from beside me.

“I’m glad you like it.” He mumbled as he put the car in park, allowing me to step out into the heat and really take everything in properly for the first time.

“Like it more like love it.” As my gaze fell upon him, I was surprised to find him standing there with a small grin on his face, watching me. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing-nothing,” he blurted as he walked towards the house with me following him.

To say that the outside had stunned me was really a small comment compared to the astonishment I felt from the inside. Wide eyed, mouth partially open. I stood staring at the sight before me.

Not a penny had been spared to create this wonderful home, and with the view of the coast in the distance, I enjoyed the salt air kissing my skin as I walked about the large balcony.

“Ivy, if you follow me, I will show you the room you will be staying in. Then we can rest for a bit, and go get dinner-if you still want to.”

Damian was trying, and the once aggressive, egotistical attitude he had was diminishing every day that I spent with him. I wasn’t sure why, but I was happy to know that he was trying.

It was all I ever asked of him. “Sure. Lead the way.”

**tttttt

An hour later, I stepped from the shower with a white towel wrapped around my body. Damian said he was going to take me to a local spot he loved, and as much as I wanted to trust his judgment on authentic Mexican food I was wary.

It was, after all, my FAVORITE food to eat, and I was more than picky when it came to it.

Sliding on my white lace summer dress and sandals, I braided my hair and made my way towards the living room. My mind rattled with the anticipation of what this trip could hold. I wanted more than anything to find the guys, but I also wanted him. Damian.

“Wow, you look beautiful.” Damian replied with a grin across his face. His eyes took in the sight before him.

“Thanks.” The reply was followed by a heavy red tinting of my cheeks as I blushed. “You clean up well too.”

With an outstretched hand, he gestured for me to come near him, and as I did, he quickly took my hand and spun me around slowly. “This dress will be great for dancing.”

“Dancing?” I replied, shocked, “we aren’t supposed to be having fun. We are supposed to be finding James.” I reminded him as he shrugged his shoulders.

“We are, but we can have fun while we do it.”

Pulling me behind him, I let him lead me to his unknown destination of choice. I wasn't sure what exactly he had in mind, but I had no doubt that it would be interesting.

Chapter 49: Tacos and Tequila

Music. Dancing. Tacos and Tequila

Who knew that Damian was a man who enjoyed such pleasures?

Round and round, he spun me in circles. The laughter that emitted from me wasn't something I had heard in so long, and every time he pulled me close to him I couldn't help but wonder who the man before me was.

This wasn't the same Damian I had met so many months before. This Damian was actually fun.

“I can't-” I laughed, holding my side, “I need to sit down.”

Pulling away from him, I moved back towards our table away from the crowd of people who still lined the dance floor. Mexico was more than I expected, and between the music and food, I found myself not wanting to go home.

I could understand why James had come here to get away.

One could really lose themselves within the culture of this place. “Don't tell me you're already partied out.” Damian replied, taking a seat next to me.

“Me?” I scoffed, “never.”

As much as I had enjoyed the evening so far, though, I felt wrong. We were there to find James, and instead of doing that, Damian and I were having fun and drinking.

It wasn't right, and a guilty emptiness settled in my stomach.

“We will find him.” Damian's voice whispered softly. My thoughts reflected in my facial expressions as I forced a smile and nodded my head.

“I know, but I hate that it's taking so long to do so.” I wanted him now. Not eventually.

Taking the bottle of local tequila, Damian poured himself and I another shot, scooting it towards me.

“Drink up.” He replied with a smirk, lifting the shot glass into the air. “To finding James.”

As much as I didn't think I could manage another shot, I lifted the glass and smirked, "to James."

The smooth taste of the tequila slid down my throat for a sixth time tonight, and between the shots and the margarita's I was drinking, I felt as light as a feather.

No doubt I would regret my decisions in the morning, but for now, I would live in the moment.

"One more dance before we leave."

Looking at Damian, I sighed at his extended hand and nodded. Just one more."

Sweeping me to the dance floor, he pulled me close to him. The slow tone of the song pulsed around me, and as he glided me across the floor, I couldn't help but take in his intoxicating scent and the way his eyes seemed to peer into my soul.

Unsure of what he was doing, I let myself go in the moment, and with every passing second the intensity between us grew. "Damian-" I whispered softly as he leaned in and placed a soft kiss behind my ear.

"Shhh, just let go for tonight."

There was arguing with the idea as his lips claimed me in a kiss that made the world melt around me.

"Let's get out of here." I urged, as a soft growl of excitement left his lips.

I wanted more, and with the ache he was creating between my legs, I had no doubt he planned to sate it. In more ways than one.

Chapter 49: Tacos and Tequila

Lv.1

The car ride home was faster than I expected, and before I could step towards the door, he had swept me off my feet and was closing the front door behind us. It wasn't slow and gentle in the least. Instead, Damian was a mixture of dominance and something far more primal.

Gripping my throat, he pushed me against the wall as he captured my lips. The heat from his body set mine on fire, and as he swept his tongue against mine, I moaned in excitement.

There was nothing more I wanted than for him to ravish me.

To make me explode over and over again till I was begging him to stop.

“What do you want, Ivy?” He whispered in a demanding tone that made me soaking wet already

“You.” I pleaded, “I want you to make me scream.”

“I’m not like the others, Ivy.” He warned, “I’m not soft and gentle and when I take you, I will dominate you in every way. Do you understand that?”

Staring up into his dark eyes, I contemplated what he was saying, “you’re dominant?”

Slowly a sinister smirk crossed his lips, giving me his answer. Never had I done anything dark or dangerous like that before, but with the weight of the alcohol and the height of my arousal.

I didn’t care. “Fuck it.” I replied, claiming his lips once more.

It was the only answer he wanted, and before I knew it, our clothes were shredded from our bodies and scattered from the front door all the way towards his bedroom.

“God, you’re so wet for me.” He muttered as his finger spread against the folds between my legs. The sensation caused me to moan softly as I closed my eyes, relishing in the feeling of his fingers against my core.

“Please.”

Pulling away, he smiled down at me. “So impatient.”

“Scared?” I muttered with my own smirk that did nothing but caused me to regret my words.

Faster than I expected, he gripped me by my hair and pulled my head back as he wrapped his other arm around my waist. The look in his eyes was sadistic and, when most women would have been terrified, I wasn’t.

I was excited, and I wanted whatever he was going to give me.

“I’ll show you scared, Ivy.” He whispered in my ear, “and you will love every moment of it.”

My alcohol induced thoughts couldn’t keep up as he captured my lips once more and tossed me upon the bed. With a forceful

grip, he spread my thighs, pulling me to the edge of the mattress as he leaned his head down towards my mound and groaned in satisfaction.

The movements came unexpectedly, but in the moment, I was down for whatever he was going to toss at me. I wanted all of it. ANY way he wanted to give it.

The first swipe of his tongue sent vibrations through my soul with the low growl of approval from his wolf. My back arching in pleasure, he devoured me just like his own personal little Red.

Fingers gripping his thick hair, I moaned in approval, “fuck, don’t stop.”

The pleading desires of an expected orgasm pushed me closer and closer to the edge, but every time I expected to be pushed over, he would stop.

He was tormenting me with his actions, but it only made me grow more needy for his touch.

More needy for the pleasure he would end up giving me.

Gripping my legs, he flipped me onto my stomach, gripping my thighs as he put me on display in front of him. I wasn’t sure what was going to come next, but when I felt the cold sensation of leather, I froze. My heart raced as I anticipated his next move.

“Tell me you want it.” He demanded, as his fingers gently brushed over my skin. “I promise you will like it.”

He wanted to whip me, and that was something I wasn’t sure I would like.

Chapter 49: Tacos and Tequila

Lv.1

Taking a moment, I slowly nodded my head, only to have the swift stinging sensation of the whip brought across my backside. I jolted forward a little, but held my position.

It was a painful sensation, but the pleasure was far more great.

*Again,” I pleaded.

One after another he whipped me, and every time had my core tightening for him.

“Enough.” He growled as he pulled me towards him. The feeling of his thick erected member pushing at my center craving the release he was bound to give me.

Gripping my hair, he pulled me back as he pushed deep inside me. A cry leaving my lips as I accepted him. “Don’t hold back.” I moaned as he feverishly took over every aspect of my body.

The louder I cried out for him, the more I moaned, and as my climax built, he tipped me over the edge countless times before he finally roared in desire, releasing himself deep inside me.

His knot pushed at my walls, making a tear escape down my cheek as I relished in the pleasure it brought.

The excitement, the pain, and the frustration of everything that was Damian had been well worth waiting for. The only problem was that rational me-would never agree to what I just did.

Thank god rational me has checked out for the night.

There was no way I would miss a moment of what he just gave me.

Chapter 50: James Appears

Damian POV

Looking down at her sleeping form, I took a deep breath trying to come to grips with what had just happened. I let the tequila and intensity of her body against mine push the evening into a direction I wasn't aiming for.

I didn't expect to get her in my bed tonight, but I damn sure wouldn't object to it.

I had held off for so long because I had a feeling she wouldn't like my taste of sexual desire.

However, I was very wrong.

She embraced it like a champ, and that was only the tip of what I enjoy.

The dim light of my phone lit up in the darkness of my room. Looking down to wear it laid on the nightstand, I watched my private investigator's name cross the screen.

"Hmm.." It was late for him to be calling. "Hello?" I muttered as I quietly shut the bedroom door behind me.

"Damian, sorry to call so late, but we have a lead."

Fantastic, this will make her happy. "What do you have?"

"It seems that he was spotted just outside of a local restaurant tonight near the beach. By the time we got there, he was gone though."

Pinching the bridge of my nose, I tried to digest the information. "What was the name?"

“Of what sir?” He asked, testing my patients.

“Of the fucking restaurant.” I growled, losing my patience. “What was the name?”

“La Habichuela.” Of course it was. I was drinking and James had been watching us.

“Shit!” I muttered as I walked towards the windows, peering out of them. “I was there.”

There was silence for a moment before he spoke, “you were there?”

“Yes, yes. I was there tonight with Ivy. He was fucking watching us.”

It honestly didn’t surprise me that he was watching us. It was not surprising that we were in Cancun. Especially when I had been such a big sponsor in helping to renovate the local community to bring them more of a modern touch.

Cancun had a special place in my heart, as did its people.

“What would you like us to do, sir?” The man asked as I shook my head, trying to figure out what exactly I should do. If James was watching us, then it meant he knew what we were doing.

Perhaps it was time I went out looking for him.

“Be here tomorrow late afternoon. We will sit down and discuss things.”

Ivy POV

The bright stream of sunlight cast through the open window of the bedroom. The smell of salt air filling my nose as I stretched within the sheets of the bed, relishing in how amazing they felt beneath my skin.

That is, until I hit something firm, and opened my eyes to realize there was another body next to me. Not just anybody either. It was Damian.

“Oh-” my heart began to race as the events of the previous night littered my mind.

Chactet St. James Appears

Lifting up the sheet, I looked down at my naked body, and gasped.

Holy fuckin’ shit. It wasn’t a dream.

“Shit. Shit Shit.” I muttered quickly, jumping from the bed, startling Damian, who jumped from the bed as naked as the day he was born looking around the room for the threat.

“What the fuck?” He muttered when his eyes fell on my naked form wrapped within the white sheets of the bed. “Don’t scare me like that.”

“Last night=” i muttered wide-eyed, “we...?”

*Fucked.” He smirked, crossing his arms over his chest.

Narrowing my eyes, I scoffed, “why do you have to say it like that?”

*Are you regretting your choices?” He chuckled, but the lurking sense of hurt lined his eyes.

With a sigh, I shook my head, trying to wrap my mind around it all.

“No, of course I don’t regret it. It was ” fumbling for the words, I smiled, “amazing.”

“So, round two?” He replied with a seductive gleam in his eyes as he stepped forward.

Shock filled me as I stared at him in disbelief. “Noooo!”

Pushing past him, I moved towards the door only to have him follow me down the hall.

“What the hell’s wrong?” He called after me as I opened my bedroom door and turned to stare at him.

Are you serious right now, Damian?” I asked, trying to understand why he couldn’t see how wrong this was. “I loved everything about last night. The food, drinks, and the sex. But we are here to find James. Not drink and fuck the week away.”

His lips met into a tight, firm line as he stared at me with clenched fists. “So, finding my brother is more important than spending time with me?”

I could tell he was angry. It was of no surprise by his reaction to my comment.

“For you to automatically think that proves how you look at things. I’m going to take a shower, Damian. I think you should do the Same so we can start picking up the pieces and get our family back together.”

With a sigh of disappointment, I closed the door behind me and left Damian in the hallway. I didn’t want to argue with him, but last flight shouldn’t have happened in this way

I mean, it should have happened, but not under the circumstances.

I didn't want James to think that we weren't putting him first. Not that he would know

Frustration filled me as I let the scalding hot water run across my skin, soothing my muscles. The soreness of the night's events was lingering after effect, and my head hurt from the amount of liquor I drank.

Stepping from my room forty-five minutes later, I headed for the kitchen in search of food.

Damian sat at the bar with a plate in front of him and his head within his laptop. Biting my bottom lip I watched him as guilt flooded my heart. "I'm sorry."

Slowly his eyes looked up at me as he furrowed his brows in confusion for what?

*For acting the way I did. I mumbled as I fidgeted under his gaze

I wasn't intentionally wrong about how I acted, but at the same time, I could have approached the conversation better. My actions hadn't been fair to him.

"It's okay," he sighed. "You were right."

Taken aback by his admission, a small smile formed across my lips, "I'm sorry... can you repeat that?"

He chuckled, rolling his eyes, "no I know you heard me. Don't get used to it."

As much as I wanted to hear him say it again, I didn't push the issue. Just knowing that he wasn't upset at me made me happy. At

Chapter Se: James Appears

the end of the day, if we wanted to find the guys, we couldn't be fighting with each other.

"Have you got any leads yet?" I asked as I approached him, looking at what he was searching through on his computer. A list of possible tip locations lined a spreadsheet with the guys' names at the top.

The only thing concerning me about this was the fact Talon's column was relatively empty.

"Yeah, I got a tip last night, actually." He replied, "James was at the restaurant."

My fears were accurate, and much as I didn't want James to know what happened, he saw it firsthand. "He was watching us there?"

Nodding, he clenched his jaw. "I know what you're thinking, Ivy. Please don't let that eat at you."

How was he going to tell me not to let it bother me?

James had been there, and I could have been in his arms. Instead, he watched Damian and I enjoy ourselves while he had been a complete wreck since the bond broke.

"We have to find him, Damian. I don't want him,"

"Ivy, don't. Don't think like that." He pleaded, "I am going out tonight to find him. I promised you that I would, and I intend to keep that promise."

Hope filled me at his words. I wanted more than anything to see James again, and if Damian was going to look for him, hopefully he would show himself.

Hopefully.