

## And Then There Were Four by Lilith Carrie

### Chapter 51: Dealing with the Past

#### James POV

Sitting in my darkened hotel room, I mulled over my reality. When I heard that Damian was in town, I contemplated running again. I didn't want him to find me. The moment my bond with Ivy broke, I felt a pain in my chest that was unbearable.

My wolf and I were torn apart-the memory more than I can bear.

"James, you have to let her go." Damian had yelled at me in the hospital hallway. "We are nothing but toxic for her. She deserves a normal life!"

Anguish gripped a hold of my soul as my heart raced, "no... I can't. We can't!"

Dropping to my knees, I stared at her hospital door. She was hurt because of me, because of us.

"If you loved her at all, you would let her go. It's too late anyways."

So that's what I did... I let her go.

Snapping back to reality, I launched my beer bottle across the room, watching as it shattered and fell to the ground. I had let her go, but the moment I went to confront Damian at the restaurant, my breath was stolen from me.

She was there. She was with Damian, and they were happy together.

I couldn't understand it. Trying to wrap my head around what I had seen, I stood to my feet and stormed from my hotel room. I need more alcohol. Anything to numb the pain I felt.

\*Jarnes- an all too familiar voice called from behind me, stopping me in my tracks.

#### Damian

Clenching my fists tightly at my side, I turned to face him. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

He looked the same as he always had, Calm, collected, and here on business.

That was his M.O, after all. “I came to bring you home.”

Laughter escaped me as I shook my head, “are you fucking serious?”

\*Don’t act like this, James. You have been gone too long, and it’s time to come back to reality.”

“Reality!” I yelled. “How about the fucking reality that you’re here with Ivy, Damian?!”

I watched as he took a deep breath and relaxed his shoulders. There was something about him at the moment that was slightly different, but I wasn’t sure what it was.

“She came with me to find you,” he finally replied, but the sound of it wasn’t as good as I thought. All this time I had hoped what! had with her, and lost, had just been a dream.

Yet here he was trying to put it on me as if I was supposed to be excited.

“What happened to letting her go, Damian? What happened to letting her have a normal life!”

Shaking with fury, I wanted nothing more than to beat Damian within an inch of his life. I knew I didn’t stand a real chance against him in a fight, but at the same time I wanted- no, needed anything to relieve the anger I felt.

\*Things weren’t as we thought, James. The bond wasn’t broken, just the terms had been changed.”

His riddles meant nothing to me. All he ever did was try to order me and the other around. His lies would not win me over this time, no matter how much I wished they were true.

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“Go fuck yourself, Damian,” I snapped. “I’m done listening to your bullshit.”

Shaking my head in disgust, I turned from him. I couldn’t believe he would flaunt her in front of me after everything he did to us, and to think she allowed him.

It disgusted me. I loved her-shit, I still love her.

“She came for you, James!” He yelled after me, “if you don’t believe me, go see for yourself.”

Stopping in my tracks once more, I thought over his words. As much as I didn't want to do that, curiosity filled me to some extent, wondering what he was saying.

"Are you at your villa?" I asked flatly.

"Of course." He replied, chuckling, "I am going to have a few drinks with some friends from the city. I won't be back till the early hours of the morning. Perhaps she shouldn't be left alone all night."

Gritting my teeth, I rolled my eyes, refusing to look at him. I wouldn't give him the pleasure of a response, but as I walked off, I couldn't help but think he was right.

Perhaps she shouldn't be left alone.

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Ivy POV

Hours had passed since Damian left, and with the moon high in the sky, I watched it shimmer across the open ocean. Never had been curious about the power of the moon, but at that moment, I found solace in its appearance.

"Help Damien find him," I whispered aloud to the moon, wishing the goddess would help us find James. Without him, I couldn't fulfill what my heart wanted.

What I wanted seemed so far off in the reality of things, and yet something told me deep down that I was closer to having it than I realized.

Turning, I made my way into the house. The day had been long with everyone who had been present earlier, and through all the conversations I had sat silently thinking about him.

Wondering if he could still feel me... Hear me even.

A longing for the bond we once had. 'James. I called out through my mind, once again pleading for him to hear me. Pleading for him to come home. Please find me.'

Grasping the metal kettle from the stove, I turned on the tap of the sink and filled it. The sound of running water filled the silence around me.

If this is what uncertainty felt like, I didn't like it.

"How?" A breathless voice said to my right, causing me to drop the kettle. Its metal form crashed to the ground as the sound resnotated through the air.

Tears filled my eyes at the sight before me and even though he looked completely different from the man I remembered, I felt the pull to him. The love and anger over his appearance.

\* James?" The disbelief in my tone was enough to break him from the trance he was in before he furrowed his brows and looked on in confusion.

\*How are you here?" He asked again, "why?"

It wasn't the reunion I had hoped for, but at the same time, I understood his reaction.

"..." pausing, I thought over my choice of words, "we came to find you. To bring you home."

"I don't have a home there anymore," he snapped, angry, rolling off him in waves. "If you came to rub your romance in front of me, then you're free to leave. Stop looking for me."

He turned to leave, and with panic coursing through me, I ran to him, gripping his arm. The same electric touch we once had coursed through me, and he turned to me with wide eyes, looking down at my hand.

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"Please don't leave, James," I begged him. "It's not broken."

Slowly, his eyes met mine, and as they did, he didn't hesitate. He quickly gripped my head and pressed his lips to mine, devouring my very soul. With every touch we had, our kisses became more demanding. More intense.

I quickly found myself picked up within his arms as he walked towards the sofa, pulling me onto his lap as I straddled him. This wasn't a time for talking. It was a moment to rekindle the feelings we had for each other, and I was more than okay with that.

Making headway, I reached for his pants, undoing them one by one. "Ivy, we should talk-

"No," I replied, shaking my head. "We can talk after."

Sliding myself down over his thick shaft, I cried out in pleasure. He was much longer than Damian, and every inch of him forced inside me pressed against my cervix, creating pleasure I had missed.

Slowly, I rode him. My hand on his throat as I bite seductively on his bottom lip. This was about his pleasure over mine. I felt the need to make it up to him with everything he had been through. I wanted him to know that I still wanted him, that I still cared.

“Fuck, Ivy,” he gasped, closing his eyes, his head falling back against the sofa as he gripped my rear-end, slamming me down over him harder and harder.

“I want you, James,” I whispered, kissing him as I felt his knot fill me. “I want you always.”

“You don’t know that,” he moaned loudly again as I felt us both close to the edge.

“Yes,” I cried out, “oh fuck... mark me again, James,” I begged him.

His eyes met mine with swirling black and gold flecks. His wolf was on edge, and I didn’t care.

Ivy-” He growled, “don’t tease me.”

My grip on his throat tightened as I pushed my face against his and groaned, “fucking do it.”

He didn’t hesitate at my command as he pulled my neck to the side and bit down into my shoulder. A cry of pleasure left my lips as I screamed out, coming undone on his shaft.

The feeling of his own release building pressure within me as his knot locked us in place.

A guttural growl of possession filled the room as he released his bite and looked into my eyes. A haze of pleasure washed through me as I smiled at him, “don’t leave me again.”

## Chapter 52: Accepting the Future

### Damian POV

When I walked into the house, I knew it was late. I knew my brother James wouldn’t fight the urge to see her. Out of all of us, he cared for her the most in the past.

She was everything to him.

His first real love. His only love.

“You’re awake.” James turned from the open fridge towards me and nodded. No longer was he unkempt and dirty. They must have had fun because he was now freshly shaven and showered in my kitchen. “Where’s Ivy?”

“Sleeping.” He quickly retorted as he placed a bottle of water on the counter with the sandwich he had obviously made. “Care to explain to me what happened?”

“Are you going to actually listen this time?” I responded with a smirk as I walked towards the counter taking a seat.

James wasn't impressed by my attitude but nonetheless, he rolled his eyes and shrugged, “don't push it, Damian. This was all your fucking fault to begin with.”

Pressing back the annoyance I wanted to lash upon him, I squared my shoulders and let a breath escape me. “I understand I fucked up in the past, James. I can't change the past, but I am trying to fix things now if you will help me.”

“Help you?” He snorted, that's rich.”

“I'm serious. We came here to find you first. Next, we are going after Hale.”

James stared at me with a blank expression, “he left too?”

Nodding, I sighed. “You all did. She woke up, and I was the only one still there for her.”

My revelation made him flinch, but no matter the guilt he may have felt, I knew why he did what he did. I wanted to do the same thing, but one of us had to be there when she woke up.

“How could I not feel the bond before, but as soon as she touched me, I could? That shouldn't be possible, Damian.”

\* I know.” He was right. It shouldn't be possible. “I took her to see the seer. She explained that Ivy is favored by the goddess, and now the bond has been left to her. She can choose a normal life, mating with one of us or a few... Or she can have us all. At the end of the day, though, it's her choice.”

...and she didn't run for a normal life...” he murmured with surprise.

“Obviously not if we are here, and from the looks of it, I take it she rekindled her bond with you.”

He was silent for a moment before slowly nodding, “I didn't think she was real when I saw her again.”

“You mean at the restaurant?” I inquired, knowing full well he was there.

Nodding, he groaned, “I had come to tell you to leave me the fuck alone, but then I saw her. How happy she was, and I couldn't bring myself to do it. Seeing her again was too much.”

“I get it. It was a lot for me when I saw her in the hospital awake as well. Even if I didn't have the bond with her like you three did.”

Both of us sat there in silence for a moment before he looked up at me again, “why haven’t you bonded with her yet? I smelt you on her, so I know you had sex.”

Glancing down at my clasped hands in front of me, I mulled over the idea.

Why hadn’t I marked her when I had the chance?

“I suppose, in the moment, it didn’t seem right.” I responded, looking at him again, “I want you three to reconcile with her first, and then I will have my chance.”

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“So you could fuck her first but not mark her. That makes a lot of sense.” He snaps.

Grinning at his jealous remark, I ran my tongue over my teeth, trying to hold back the cynical comment that was pushing through.

“James, if you remember correctly, you all were fucking her before I did.”

Slapping his hand against the counter, I observed the fire swirl within his eyes, “because you didn’t fucking want her. Remember that minor detail?\*

“It wasn’t because I didn’t want her, James. But that is what you want to believe, right?”

“Fuck you, Damian.” He snorted, “you didn’t want to be tied down. Admit it.”

“No.” I snapped, “I wanted her to have a normal life, dammit. Was that so hard to ask?”

The anger simmering within James, he leaned back and scoffed. At one point in time, we all wanted her to have a normal life. That’s why they all chose to leave.

They could have stayed and refused what I told them to do, but they didn’t. They left.

“You didn’t have to leave, James. Even if I said to go. You could have stayed.”

A growl ripped through him as he clenched his fist, “fuck you, Damian. You put that shit in our heads and made us feel like we had no choice. We all love her, and you only now see what we lost. How important she is in the long run. She was gifted to us by the goddess herself.”

“You’re right.” I replied with a smirk crossing my arms over my chest, “she was gifted to us.”

I knew deep down the moment I had found her as my mate that there were going to be problems. The idea of one woman being mated to the four of us was just asking for problems.

I had never been one for sharing, and the thought of sharing my mate was disgusting.

At the time, but now I wanted it more than anything. I wanted her.

“How do you even know she truly wants this, Damian? How do you know that she just doesn’t feel guilty, and that’s what’s going

on?”

Shrugging my shoulder a smile crept across my lips, “ask her yourself.”

Confusion flashed through his eyes as I pointed behind him towards Ivy’s shadowed figure. I knew very well she had been listening to us, and as he turned she stepped forth, she smiled.

“Sorry, I didn’t want to interrupt.”

No matter what Ivy did or what she had been through, she was still the most beautiful woman I had ever laid my eyes on. I regretted every moment of not finishing my bond with her, but at last, all I could do was make up for my past mistakes.

“You don’t ever have to apologize,” James replies, dropping his food on his plate, and wrapping his arms around her as he kisses the top of her head. “I’m sorry I left you.”

A grin crossed her plump, kissable lips as she pulled away from him, “Damian is right, James. We can’t change the past, but we can fix the future.”

He seemed to consider her words over mine, and even though the Alpha in me itched to say something about it, I didn’t. She would become the luna of our pack, and with her place by our side, she would have the ultimate say.

At least behind closed doors.

“Are you sure this is what you want, Ivy?” He asked with desperation. “You could be free.”

Laughter escaped her, though, at his comment. Pulling down the collar of the oversized shirt she wore, she displayed her mate mark. “Too late for that.”

“Fuck.” James whispered, running his hand through his hair, “I shouldn’t-”



Quickly bringing her finger to his lips, she shook her head, “don’t. I have thought about all of this, and this is what I want, James. Damian knows this. My future career can still happen one day, but not without all of you by my side.”

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The moment she spoke those words, my heart swelled with pride. She truly did care about us, and the look in her eyes when she proclaimed her desire to have us all spoke volumes.

She didn’t regret her choice, and she was determined to be with us all.

“Okay, then. Well, what’s the plan? Where’s Hale?” James asked.

As her eyes met mine, I gestured for her to explain. If she wanted to be the boss, I’d let her.

“Pack your shit. We’re heading to Japan.” She giggled.

## Chapter 53: The Mile High Club

Ivy POV

“You know I hate flying overseas,” James complained for the tenth time since I told him where Hale was. I found his complaining cute because he looked very distressed about what was going on. He did not like flying. That was obvious.

Damian groaned again as he let out a sigh. He was controlling his temper, and it was taking everything he had to do so. “Once again, you flew to Mexico, James. Why is Japan such a big issue?”

“I took sedatives before flying to Mexico. Unless you have some hiding within your clothing,” he sneered, “...or on this plane, you” re just going to have to deal with my complaining.”

As much as James tried to be okay with what we were doing, I could tell flying was really bothering him. Looking across from me! watched as his face paled looking out the window. Leaning forward I rubbed soothing circles over the back of his hand.

“It’s okay.” I tried to reassure him, as my eyes glanced at Damian urging him to do something.

"I'll be okay," James murmured, adjusting himself. "I just need to adjust."

Thinking about the situation a small smile crossed my lips.

"Hey, why don't we play a game or something? Are there cards on this plane?" I asked, looking at Damian, "it will help James take his mind off things."

Damian sat quietly for a moment as he raked his eyes over my body. He had been the one to suggest the blue dress I was wearing, and now I suddenly was unsure of my choice.

"What?" I replied, looking between him and James. "Do I have something on me?"

James' brows furrowed as he glanced at Damian, who gave a slightly raised brow and a smirk.

They were up to something. I just wasn't sure what it was.

Standing to his feet, Damian strolled over to us from where he was sitting.

"Do you really want to help him take his mind off things?" He asked in a sultry way that set my body on fire.

Slowly glancing up to him beneath full lashes, my mouth parted as I nodded. I knew exactly where his mind was going, and the thought of it instantly aroused me.

"On your knees, Ivy." He ordered, causing a smile to fall across my lips as I complied.

"What the hell is going on?" James asked in confusion.

"Don't speak." Damian firmly said as he held up a finger to James, quieting him.  
"Comply."

Running his hand through my loosely hung hair, I smiled. "Do you know what I want you to do?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, and I felt his body tense at my reply. Never had I addressed him in that way.

Yet, he liked it. "Show me."

Crawling forward on my knees, I slid between James' thighs and slowly moved my fingers over the zipper of his jeans. "What are you doing?" James whispered, looking down at me.

Silence was all he got from me as my hands freed the beast within.

I wasn't overly confident with my actions, but Damian's mind was on the right path.

This would help take James' mind off his fear of flying.

Slowly, I swirled my tongue around the head of his thick erection. A gasp left his gently parted lips as I slipped his length into my mouth.

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Up and down I worked with his shaft, breathing through my nose as I tried to take him deeper into me. The slow movement of his hips and his fingers in my hair let me know that what I was doing was working.

As my eyes looked towards Damian, I almost froze. They swirled with darkness as he watched me. I finally understood why Damian wanted me to please James. He was turned on at what I was doing in general, and I didn't think it mattered who it was to.

He gripped himself through his pants as he stood back and watched.

The outline of his massive erection showed me just how excited he was, and as if on cue, I looked to James, who took note of what I saw.

"Brother, why don't you share her with me? After all, I can't be the only one to have fun."

"Only if you insist," Damian replied as he stood to his feet. He moved behind me, taking a seat in the chair I had once been in. The sound of his zipper opening made me curious, but not once did I stop deep throating James until Damian's hands gripped my panties, ripping them off.

Reaching down, his fingers brushed across my soaking wet core, causing me to shiver as I moaned with James' cock in my mouth.

"Do you like that?" James asked with a smile, causing me to nod my head.

Pulling his erection from my mouth, he smiled down at my rubbing his thumb over my lip. "God, you're amazing."

Before I could say anything James pulled me to my feet and backed me towards Damian. Their hands moved over my body as they spread my legs and helped lower me onto Damian's thick erection.

He filled me to the brink, and as I gasped, James shoved himself back into my mouth.

The intensity of what was happening caused me to cry out in pleasure.

With rapid fire, Damian thrust up into me. My legs hooked up over the arms of the seat, giving him maximum angle as James gripped my throat, fucking my mouth.

“Oh fuck, Ivy.” Damian groaned. “You’re so fucking tight and wet for us, aren’t you?”

James pulled his cock from my lips with a pop as I cried out, coming undone. “Fuck! Yes-yes!”

Sadistic laughter left them as I found my mouth full once more. Everything about this situation was intoxicating, and never had I done anything like this before.

These men were opening me to things I had only read about in books, and I loved it.

No longer was it secrets and hiding amongst the shadows to not let the others know.

They were openly sharing me, well at least two were.

As the build of another climax began to grow, I felt James’ thick member swell in my mouth as he grunted in approval. “Will you swallow me, Ivy?” He asked, biting his lips. “Do you want it?”

Nodding, with tears streaming down my cheeks in pleasure, I felt the spurting of his orgasm as he erupted. Gagging, I swallowed down as much as I could until it was dripping down my chin.

“Fuck you’re amazing.” He whispered as he pulled himself from my lips.

The swell of Damian’s knot caused me to gasp as I gripped the arms of the chair. “I can’t-”

“I’m going to coat the inside of you, Ivy.” Damian grunted, “every inch.”

Before I could protest on the verge of exploding, fingers found my clit, and I realized James was going to ensure that I lost my mind with this one.

Sure enough, a scream of pleasure ripped from my throat as Damian held my arms down while James forced me to ride out my orgasm. Even after it went, he kept going.

The sensitivity caused me to come undone a second time as I tightened around Damian, milking every drop of the cum from him that there was. A groan of satisfaction escaped him as he slowed down.

Stars danced before my eyes as I sat there waiting for the knot to go down. A smile spread across James’ face as he leaned in to

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kiss me. "That was amazing, Ivy." He whispered.

"Does this mean I just joined the mile-high club?" I giggled as both men laughed.

Pulling me back, I rested against Damian's chest, "yeah you could say that sweet cheeks."

"I need a nap." I gasped as I slowly closed my eyes.

I didn't worry about the cleanup, because both men had done that for me on more than one occasion. In the moment, no matter how dirty and erotic it had been-I felt closer to them.

As if the bond I was told about was growing stronger with every passing moment. Perhaps there was a possibility that this could work with all of them. Even if Damian had once upon a time thought it impossible.

Perhaps there was a way they could share me.

To find out for sure, we had to find Hale and Talon.

## Chapter 54: Welcome to Tokyo

I wasn't too sure what I expected when coming to Japan, but as I gazed out the window of the car, I was taken aback by how pretty it was. Thousands of people lined the streets, moving to get to where they needed to be, and neon lights lined the skies.

I thought once upon a time that New York was the place that was alive all the time, but from the looks of it, this city is more alive than New York.

"It's so pretty here." I mumbled as I took in the sights. "I can't wait to get out and walk around this place."

As much as I wanted to play tourist, I also knew that it wasn't feasible.

"We have things to do here, Ivy. We have to make sure that we are sticking to the plan, and not deviating. The calm, soothing tone of James' voice made my heart melt.

Yet, when I looked towards both men, I saw the dark, grim look Damian was giving me. Something was bothering him, and as much as I wanted to pretend there wasn't; I couldn't.

“Are you okay?” I asked him, watching as his body went rigid, and he cleared his throat.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” The car’s slow stop caught his attention, and before I knew it he was opening the car door and stepping through

From the moment we had arrived in Japan, he had been bothered. Part of me didn’t want to intrude on his past, but another part of me was curious if something had happened here that made him uncomfortable about coming.

As we stepped into the penthouse apartment Damian had rented for us, my eyes widened at the spectacular sight. Wall to wall windows lined the far wall overlooking Tokyo, and with this view I was able to take in everything.

“Do you like it?” Damian asked from behind me as his arms wrapped around my waist and his chin sat on the top of my head. It was a comforting and romantic notion for him to hold me the way he was.

“It’s beautiful.” I smiled, admiring the view. “Do you think we will be able to find Hale here, though? The city is so big, and I worry it won’t be as easy as Cancun.”

Laughter echoed to my right as I turned to see James dropping the rest of our luggage onto the ground, “Hale isn’t like I am. He won’t be as clouded, and if he wants to be found he will make himself known.”

I wasn’t quite sure what he meant, but I could tell that he was being serious.

There were still things I was learning about each of the men, and even though Hale and I had spent so much time together, it was more in an intellectual way than anything else.

“Oh-” I whispered, pulling away from Damian, “well I guess he will find me then. Like you did.”

“Maybe.” James shrugged as he grabbed my bags, and walked me towards a back room.

Following behind him, I took in the large modernized room and smiled. It was beautiful, but it was just like any other room you would rent. Simply, and to the point.

“Why don’t you get some rest? We can go out later if you would like.” James said as he turned to face me.

“Are you guys not sharing a room with me?”

James’ eyes cast behind me and as I turned, I saw Damian glaring at him with his arms crossed. It didn’t make sense for there to be tension between them, but at the same time, Damian was still very much a mystery.

“We won’t be sharing a room with you. We will each have our own.” Damian replied as he brushed past James and I.

“What’s wrong?” My firm, unhappy tone seemed to snap him from whatever funk he was in because his face quickly softened as the corner of his lips turned up.

“Nothing is wrong. This just gives you privacy. I don’t want you to feel pressured into anything.”

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Was Damian being serious right now?

“Right.” Clearing my throat, gripped the door handle and stared at him. “Well, I guess I will see you later then.”

Nodding his head, he turned, and I closed the door. Letting a heavy breath escape me, I tried to wrap my mind around his words. It was as if we had landed and he became another person, and with that he slowly changed his behavior towards me.

Again.

James POV

I knew that coming to Tokyo was going to be a problem. Damian hadn’t come to this place in years, and being back here was going to bring back too many memories.

“You need to tell her.” I snapped as I walked into the living room and plopped down onto the sofa. “If Shamira does find out you’re here and Ivy doesn’t know, it’s going to cause problems.”

“She isn’t going to know.” He snapped back, glaring at me.

Laughing, I shook my head, and if she does?”

“She won’t, damn it!” He yelled in a whispered tone, trying to prevent Ivy from hearing what he was saying. “We just need to hurry up and find Hale and get the fuck out of here.”

“Like that is going to happen.” I scoffed, “Hale came here for a reason. I wouldn’t doubt he is probably hanging out with Shamira.”

There was a swirling amount of contemplation running through Damian’s mind, and it was obvious from his concerned yet angry look that he thought that too.

Once again, there were too many secrets being hidden, and with how things went the first time I didn't want the outcome repeated.

\*Just call her and stop avoiding things. Then talk to Ivy."

Stopping in his tracks, he looked at me with a dumbfounded look. "Why don't you watch Ivy, and I will try to handle things quietly."

"Sure." I laughed, waving him off, "you're the boss. Do what you want."

There was no point in arguing with him. If he wanted to run off and do things his way, then let him. I would stay here and make sure Ivy knew how much I cared for her.

Because if Damian was going to fuck things up again, I didn't want Ivy to leave me. After all, they said she could pick who she wanted, and we didn't need Damian in the end.

"I will." He sneered, "I am going to run somewhere and see if I can find a trace of him. Keep an eye on her and don't leave until I get back. Do you understand?"

Rolling my eyes, I shoed him off, "I'm not a child."

No matter how much he may have changed for the better when it came to Ivy, he was still the same man she had first met. It killed me that she didn't realize that.

As much as I wanted my brother to be happy, she deserved better than him.

Pulling out my phone, I contemplated calling Shamira myself, and asking if Hale was there. She had been a woman who had helped our family many times in the past, and even though she had a more detailed past with Damian, it didn't mean she wouldn't help me.

"James?" Ivy's angelic voice called to me.

Turning, I looked over my shoulder on the sofa just in time to see her step out of the room dressed in a silk nightdress. Her hair tossed, and a sleepy look in her eyes. "Hello, Gorgeous.

Walking towards me, she frowned as her eyes grazed the area, where did Damian go?"

Shit.

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“Uh-he just stepped out for a moment. He was going to check on a lead while you rested.”

“Oh, okay.” She smiled sweetly, well, goodnight then.”

She walked towards me leaning over and giving me a gentle kiss before turning and walking towards her room. When she acted like this it made my heart melt.

Guilt filled me knowing that I had just lied to her, but at the same time, I didn't want to be the one to break the news to her about Damian's past. It wasn't my place to do so.

“Sleep well, Ivy.” I murmured as I watched her figure disappear from my sight.

Something about today was eating at me, and with my wolf growing restless to get home, I knew that we couldn't be here for too long.

I just hoped Hale would listen to Ivy like I did. He may have been smart, but he and Talon held a grudge like no one I had ever seen.

Twins at their finest.

Chapter 55: Shamira

Ivy POV

I should have known that they were up to something. I heard bits and pieces of a conversation, but at the same time I wasn't sure where Damian had gone. Slipping back into my room, I picked up my phone and began flipping through social media.

A photo of Kate with her boyfriend popped up, and an idea came to mind as I called her.

“Hey girl!” Kate's warm voice echoed through the phone, causing me to smile.

“Hey, I was wondering if you could do me a favor.”

“Oh yeah,” she hesitated, “and what might that be?”

“I want you to see what you can find out about someone named Shamira, and also what it may have to do with Hale.”

There was silence on the phone, and with it, I knew she already knew something. “Ivy-”

“Tell me, Kate.” I firmly cut her off before she could say no.

“Well,” she hesitated. “From what I know, they spent some time there with the Tokyo pack, and Shamira is the Alpha's daughter. They own a club called Dark Moon.”

Hearing the news, I found myself conflicted about what she was saying. Did Damian go to meet her? Did they have something going on with her, the guys that is?

Too much of it weighed heavily on my mind, but pushing it back, I let a heavy breath leave my lips.

“Okay. Thanks, Kate.”

“You’re not planning to do something stupid, are you?” she replied with hesitation. At first I wasn’t, but now that she had brought it up, an idea did fill my head.

“Of course not.” I grinned, “I’ll talk to you later. I’m going to get some sleep.”

“Okay-” she sighed, “night, Ivy.”

Hanging up the phone, I sat contemplating what she had told me. Damian was hiding something, and it more than likely had to do with where Hale was.

The worry didn’t fill me that Damian was doing anything wrong, but to think Hale had gotten with another woman only a few weeks after me.

That idea hurt like hell.

Jumping to my feet, I pulled out a black dress and heels and quickly threw it on. If I was going to get the answers, I would have to do things myself.

“James!” I yelled out. Only to hear him scrambling towards my room, throwing open the door.

“What’s wrong?!” He asked frantically as his eyes met mine, and concern filled him.

“Nothing is wrong.” I laughed, causing him to sigh, “get dressed. We’re going out.”

Pausing in his response, he furrowed his brows in confusion, “what do you mean?”

“I mean, we’re going out. Go get ready unless you want to go like that.” I shrugged.

“Ivy, no we’re not. Damian said ”

“Since when did you care what Damian thought?” I laughed, shaking my head, “look you can either go or you can stay here and I’ll go by myself.”

James carefully considered what I was saying before he reluctantly sighed, and nodded his head. “Can I at least know where we

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are going?”

“Nope

just get your butt ready.”

There was no way I was going to tell him we were going to the Dark Moon.

Damian POV

Coming back to Tokyo hadn't been the best of decisions. Shamira wasn't pleased when I left, and when she found out that I had found my mate, that complicated things further.

They say there is nothing worse than a woman scorned – but they were wrong.

There was nothing worse than a she-wolf with claws scorned.

Shamira was a complicated individual, and she had her eyes set on me for years. So walking into the Dark Moon club, I expected to see things on a difficult level.

The latest music beat through the club as I wound my way through an array of pulsing bodies on the dance floor. My eyes scanning for signs of Hale, hoping that I didn't run into anyone else.

However, I should have known that would be impossible. Especially when I heard a familiar voice behind me.

“Well, well well. I thought that was you, Damian.”

Turning. I forced a smile to my lips as I faced Shamira and two security guards. Her long black hair hung in ringlets over her shoulders as her dark eyes stared at me.

“Shamira. It's a pleasure to see you again.”

A cold hard slap came to my face as I pushed against a recoil, trying to reel in my wolf from breaking free. “I suppose I deserved

that.”

“Yes, you did.” She sneered. “You left me and ran off back home to some girl.”

The girl she was talking about was Ivy, but at the time, I hadn't even known her yet. The jealousy this woman had was unreal, and the only thing I could think about was finding Hale

Ivy needed him, and I wanted to grab him and leave without issue.

“Look, that’s in the past, I’m here to find my brother.”

“Yes, I heard about what happened.” She smiled, biting on her nail in a playful manner.

“I guess that means you came to see me,

too.”

Raising a brow, I pondered over what she meant, and like a crashing weight, the realization dawned on me. She heard about the matebond issue with Ivy, or at least what she thought and thinks that I’m here for her.

“No, you have it

“Oh stop,” she laughed as she quickly approached me and placed her lips upon mine in a quick kiss that took me by surprise. “Let’s go find Hale. He is in the lounge.”

Guilt filled me having allowed her to kiss me. I was disgusted by her action, but at the same time, I needed her to find my brother. Reigning in my wolf that growled in the back of my mind, I internally tried to calm him.

This is what we had to do to get Hale then so be it. It’s what our mate needed.

I should have known Hale was here, and as much as I wanted to correct Shamira and tell her that I was still with Ivy, I didn’t want her to throw me out before I could find my brother.

Following behind Shamira, I let her lead the way down hallways off the side of the club into a private area out on another dance floor. My eyes locking onto Hale, who sat off with another woman in his lap.

“Hale.” I said firmly as I approached, “having fun?”

When he looked at me he frowned, “what the fuck are you doing here?”

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“I could ask you the same thing.” I scoffed, “moving on so quickly?”

Anger laced his eyes as he pushed the girl off of him and stood to his feet. “What the hell do you care? You never cared about her anyways.”

“That isn’t true-”

“Boys, boys. Let’s not talk about her anymore. She isn’t here and I am.” Shamira said with a smug grin as she grasped my hand and pulled me onto the sofa.

“I’m afraid I don’t really have time for this.” I tried to explain as Hales scoffed.

“He never has time for anything.” Hale remarked, as he picked up a drink and chased it down.

I knew he was hurting, but as Shamira folded her leg over mine, I couldn’t help but feel disgusted by what she was doing.

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James POV

Walking down to the car with Ivy I had a bad feeling about what was going to happen. She was acting very calm, but determined at the same time.

“Where too?” The cab driver asked as we climbed into the back taking our seats.

“The Dark Moon Lounge, please.”

My eyes darted towards hers with shock as the cab lurched forward, “we can’t go there.”

“Oh, no?” She feigned shock, “why not, James?”

It was obvious that she knew something, and I didn’t like the way she was looking at me. If I was right someone had tipped her off, because there was no way she would know to go there.

“Who told you?” I asked without hesitation.

Her smile faltered as she raised a brow and turned her attention to the world outside, “I have my sources just as you have yours.”

Kate. That was the only person she could have spoken to, and internally, I made a mental note to scold the woman for having told Ivy about this place. If Damian and Hale were there with Shamira, there was no telling what we were going to walk into.

As the cab came to a stop outside of the club, I reluctantly exited with Ivy. Her eyes fell on the building with a disgusted sneer across her face as she moved forward only to be stopped by the guard at the door. “You can’t come in here.”

“She’s with me.” I snapped watching as he bowed his head.

“I’m sorry, sir. You know my orders,” he replied, trying not to argue with James.

"I will handle Shamira. Now move."

Doing as I commanded, he moved aside and let us through. Ivy's eyes glanced at me momentarily as we passed through the main entryway headed for the sea of people.

"Where do you think they are?" She asked softly, "I don't see them."

"If they're here, they aren't out in the main area." I hummed, as a nervous feeling flowed through my body.

"Private VIP," she snapped as her eyes narrowed, staring at me. "They went to a private room?"

"Ivy don't-" I sighed, "don't automatically think the worst. Damian and Hale wouldn't do that to you."

A heavy breath left her lips as she looked away from me as if trying to persuade herself that I was telling the truth. Even if I wasn't so sure.

"Okay." She finally said, "can we please go get them. I'm ready to find them and go home."

Wrapping my arm around her waist, I pulled her close, kissing the top of her head as we walked forward towards the roped off VIP section. The guards standing by hesitated for a moment before moving a side for us to pass. The sound of Hale's voice echoed from down the hallway as Shamira's laughter followed. And as we turned the corner my eyes

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latched on to the sight before me. Shamira, wrapped around Damian as Hale allowed a half naked woman to cling to his side.

Anger boiled within me as a growl ripped through my throat. I didn't need to see Ivy's face to feel how she felt because I could feel her through our bond. Her heart shattered into pieces seeing the sight before her, but she held herself together the best she could

Stepping from my grasp, her hands upon her hips she looked at them all as Damian's face paled. "Seems you both are having fun, aren't you?"

Oh, she is pissed.