

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 12

Damon's POV

Early that morning, I'd gone to check up on Lyla after she was brought to my mansion last night. I'd slept in one of the extra rooms instead of mine since Lyla was now occupying it.

She was in a really bad state, her face was swollen and a lot of bandages were wrapped around her. My heart tugs at the thought of doing something to help her.

I hate this feeling!

She was mumbling some incoherent words and tears kept on running out of her eyes. I had quickly dabbed my shirt on her face to absorb the tears and the more I did that, the more this sudden and mysterious ache in my chest continued.

It appears as if someone or maybe something is slicing my heart open with a sharpened knife or claws.

It hurts.

At some point, I had to absorb Lyla's pain even with mine. I'm a werewolf, I can live with this pain but Lyla is too small and fragile to go through this. The moment my hand touched hers, I felt her pain on a whole different level. She was in great pain, something far greater than what her body could handle.

I almost snapped as I remembered what my father had done. I wish I could remove his head from his neck for hurting my mate like this.

Damn! Why am I feeling this way?

"Are you regretting your actions?"

I quickly dropped her hand as Ruth walked into the room, carrying a bowl of water. I growl at the absence of contact.

"No" I replied

"If you say so, Master"

She dropped the bowl right beside the bed before she stood straight, a scowl evident on her face as she looked at me directly.

"If you'll excuse me sir, I need to bring the nurse in so she can do her job, sir"

I growled at her constant use of the word, 'sir' and walked out of the room angrily.

Minutes later, I sat in the crumbles of my study room and accessed the level of damage I'd done the previous day. I don't want to regret it no matter how many times my subconscious self tells me to.

Ever since I met my mate, things have been different, I'm starting to regret things I do without thinking twice on some other days. I want to take things slow now and not hurt her like I'd done.

Is that even possible?

"You really did a great job here, Hermano" I turned to see Tunde, the pack's gamma walk in.

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"What do you want?" I demanded.

"This is better than the last time. I mean, we can still change the fabrics on these chairs unlike the last time when everything was in pieces" He said, ignoring my question.

"I said, what the hell do you want?" I roared, getting pissed off already.

"Calm down, Damon. I come in peace. You don't have to act as if I'm a stranger Everytime we meet"

"If you have nothing else to say, get out" I commanded.

"I'll call some of the guys to come clean this up. That's if you want"

"Whatever" I replied, not in the mood for his words or actions.

Tunde and I have been friends since I was twelve. I can't really say friends but I can probably say an acquaintance.

Ever since his father told him that he'll be becoming the Beta of this pack, he had stuck to me like a glue. Even when I pushed him away, he'll be back within the blink of an eye.

"We have some problems that I think you need to hear about, Damon"

"Go tell that to your alpha. It's none of my business"

"This doesn't concern your father, this is about you"

I turned to look at him holding up a doc**ent in his hand.

"What's that?" I asked

"A letter from the council of elders. They demand to see you in the Filament of Questioning before this year runs out"

The Filament of Questioning is that one house that most werewolves loathe and feared at the same time. It's like a courthouse but different in such a way that a panel is set up to weigh the sins of a werewolf and once find guilt, they'll be thrown into one of the dungeons that's in that building.

Most times, most werewolves don't come back out.

"F^ck them" I spat. "They have no right to call me there. I bet Alpha Xander is behind all these"

"No"

"What?"

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"Alpha Victor, your father, is behind all these," Tunde said, using his fingers to quote in the air.

"He has been reporting some of your activities to the elders. Including how you killed our men when you were trying to save Lyla leaving behind what actually happened and the way you treated Alpha Xander during his visitation and inspection of the Pack. His report only made them act on what they've been proposing for a while. You didn't take the oath of allegiance Damon and you should have known ever since then that those people will be right behind you, monitoring your every step and waiting for you to mess up, so they can f^ck you up"

Tunde's eyes were glazing with anger.

"You don't have to pretend you don't hate me for not taking the oath of allegiance. At least, you would have become the beta your father wanted you to be before he died"

I spat.

"Don't you dare bring my father into this, Damon"

"Why? How different was he from my father, the same Aloha he served? They're both involved in all of those stupid crimes, weren't they.? Don't act as if your father was a saint" I argued.

"He never did anything wrong, he deserves some respect. You better don't make another stupid word about my father ever again or else I'll make you regret it"

Tunde gritted his teeth at me. I could see that he was starting to transform. I took a better stance, ready for the fight.

“Don’t grit those teeth at me, Tunde. You can still go to my father and become his Beta. He’ll be glad if you do”

“My allegiance is with you, believe it or not” he replied.

“And for a moment there, I thought you were going to kill me” I relaxed a little.

“My beast isn’t in control of my body, I control my wolf unlike you. You’re your beast, your beast is you. You have no f***ing control over the animal that you are” he said those words into my face before walking out of the door.

The door suddenly opened to reveal Tunde again.

“I’ll be back in the evening. Make up your mind by then. You can’t escape it this time around. The elders are after you. We need a solution to get your s*** head out of this trouble”

He glared at me before walking out.

s***

I banged my hand against a stool and cursed repeatedly, trying to fathom what just happened.

Going after my father to confront him will only make things worse. I need to attack him in a way where he won’t even have imagined all his life and to do that I only need one person.

Lucas

I took out the phone that I rarely use and made a call to Lucas.

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He picked up almost immediately.

“Damon, what the heck? Do you know how many times I’d tried to call you?”

“You should have been more careful” I snapped.

“I know I f***ed up. I know I didn’t do things right. This is my fight, Damon. Those girls have nothing to do with this”

“I need you at White angel Lucas” I demanded.

“Why? You know how dangerous that’ll be”

“A lot has happened and if you want to save your girl, you need to get your a** over here this week and come with as many information as possible that’ll help me”

“What about the other girl?”

“Are you trying to bargain with me?”

“I have no other choice. She’s like a sister to me”

“Leave her out of the bargain”

“No Damon, I can’t do that. She’s an innocent child, that isn’t possible”

“To tell you the fact, Lucas. I can’t release her to you. She’s mine now”

He cursed at me as I said those words, ready not to take that from me.

“That isn’t possible, Damon. You wouldn’t do that to me. She doesn’t even deserve this” He yelled.

“Take it or leave it. You leave Lyla out of the bargain, I’ll give you your girl back and make sure my father rots in hell. You know what to do when you make a final decision”

F^ck

He cursed out before angrily dropping the call. I did the same and sat back on the floor.

I asked myself, what the heck am I doing?