

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 13

/ [Damon by Alphabetical B](#)

Lyla's POV

Just like the theory of evolution started, so did my entrance into my parent's large apartment. I looked around to see my father and my mother talking and laughing while my brother, Henry, was sitting on the couch with his phone in his hand.

They all almost turned at once to look at me with a smile on their faces.

"Come here, my flower" My dad gestured for me to sit beside me and patted my head lovingly as I sat between him and my mother.

He called me flower like he used to. I couldn't control my emotions as tears rolled down my eyes.

"Why are you crying, baby?" My mother asked worriedly.

"You died! I had a very bad dream that you died and I lived a long time without you both" I replied through tears.

"Stop being so silly, Lyla. Mom and dad are both here. Fake dreamer" My brother mocked while my dad glared at him.

My mom moved towards him with a spray gel, trying to spray him some senses like she used to say. Henry hates spray gels and that's why mother usually threatened him with it. Henry stood up even before mom could reach him as I and dad laughed at their childish behavior.

Suddenly, dad held my hand and turned me to look at him.

"Beautiful flower of mine, even if I died, I'll always be here with you. No matter what may happen, always smile through it, and always know that I've become the wind that blows, the flower that grows on the roadside, that big, blue b***erfly that will always cross your path. I'm always with you"

I closed my eyes as he patted my cheek and kissed my forehead.

"Don't be scared of anything, promise me?" He asked

"I promise, daddy," I replied.

I hugged him tight.

"Now Open your eyes!" He commanded.

My eyes fluttered open at once and the next thing I saw was light, I tried lifting up my body to see where I was but I couldn't. It was as if my whole body had been set on fire, even my bones were in pain.

I shifted and I froze when a stabbing pain hit my side, I groaned out in pain because I didn't want to scream.

"You're awake?" I turned my head to the direction of the voice and I saw that it was Ruth. She was sitting on a chair placed beside the bed I was lying on and a smile was plastered on her face.

"Where am—I?" I asked. My voice was rough from being dry.

'I need water' I told myself.

As if reading my mind, Ruth stood up and poured me a cup of water from the jug placed beside my head. A pink straw was inside the cup and Ruth instructed me to sip gently.

"Where am I?" I asked again, once I finished drinking the water and regained my voice perfectly back.

"You're back at his house, child" She replied as she used the blanket to cover my legs properly.

"His house?"

"Damon's house. Will you eat something?" She questioned.

"How did I get back here?" I asked her before replying to her question. Food wasn't the next thing for me right now.

The past event came back to my memory as I blinked back tears that had threatened to make its way to my eyes as a result of the pain my body was going through.

"I'm in no place to answer any of your questions, child. Damon would soon be here to give you answers but till then, do not try to move while I get the doctor. Your body is still healing, it'll be better if you stay put" She advised and before she walked out of the room, she helped me to sit up.

Every time I closed my eyes, all I saw was the chain being wrapped around the old monster's hand and every time I opened it, I felt suffocated. I couldn't even dare to change positions.

The door leading into the room that I was in suddenly opened and then, someone came into view.

My eyes almost ran out of its socket once the person walked in, out of fear, out of anger and out of pain, I hissed.

"You must hate me that much" Damon went on to sit right beside me on the bed.

"Be gone, satan" I glared at him and turned to the other side to avoid looking at him.

"Good you know who I am Bunny. Don't mess with me next time, you might not just get lucky the third time"

"You should have just killed me instead of sending me to that place" I replied through gritted teeth as another lone tear dropped from my eyes.

"That was my plan but then I realized just how cute you are as a bunny so I decided to rescue rather than kill you. You should be grateful that I was fast enough to save you again or else you would've died in his hands"

The fact that he had come to save me even after he sent me to that place surprised me and only gave me one clue to what he was doing.

"Am I a joke to you? Is my life a joke to you? Why are you playing games with my life?" I called out.

For a moment, I saw regret in his eyes as if my word hurts him.

"Games! I don't have time for stuff like that. I'm too busy for games"

He replied, giving me one of his wicked smiles.

"f*** you, Demon. f*** you for bringing me here, for making me into this puppet" I cursed at him.

"Exactly what I want you to do. f*** me!" He replied, his tongue rolling over the tip of his lips seductively before touching my cheek.

"Stop touching me" I groaned.

"That's impossible now. Not after the bargain I made to save your life the other day" he stood up from the bed.

"What stupid bargain are you talking about?" I screamed out, eager to know what he was playing at this time.

"Let's just say I and your brother, Henry Salvatore, correct? Reached an agreement" My eyes widened at the sudden mention of my brother's name.

"Where is he? Where is my brother?" I cried out.

"Still in his part of the works, I guess. As I was saying before you interrupted me, I and your brother reached a really solid agreement which in few words, means you're my property now"

"My brother would never make such a deal or stupid bargain with anybody"

"Well! Unfortunately for you, he did"

"I want to talk to him. I need to talk to Henry"

"In—"

He was about to give me an answer when a knock sounded on the door, Damon opened it and Ruth walked in with a nurse and a doctor.

For a moment, I thought I saw the doctor bow his head as he acknowledged Damon along with the nurse and I was also baffled at how fast these two got here when Ruth only just left the room.

"How do you feel?" The doctor asked and I could only nod as I whispered that I was fine.

"You're not supposed to be asking her that. Checking her vitals, wounds should be your next priority, Doctor" Damon spat.

"I'm trying to do my work here, Alp___" Damon glared at the doctor before he could finish his sentence.

The doctor coughed and continued, "Damon, I need to ask her those questions, please"

"Any body pain"

I turned to look at Damon who was in turn looking at the doctor as if he was going to rip his head off his neck.

"Not with him in the room. I want him out of here" I begged, referring to Damon.

"Bunny, do you think you have a say about my presence?" He asked angrily.

"I think you should leave Damon, she needs it and if you want her to get well soon enough, then it'll be best if you do her wishes"

Damon moved closer to the doctor and whispered some words to him. I wasn't interested in whatever he was saying so I didn't bother to listen.

But with the look on the doctors face before Damon walked out, whatever he had said was bad.

“So, let’s get back to your health. How do you feel, Lyla, right?”

“Yes, Lyla. I feel weak and my body is in pain”

“You just have to be careful with your movement for the next few days and please don’t stress yourself no matter what. I’ll prescribe some painkillers for you and I believe those should work out just fine. You can tell me if you have any complaints or questions” He rambled out as his nurse checked my wounds.

“Can I get a phone?” I eased.

The doctor and the nurse shared a look before they both walked out without saying a word or replying to my request.

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 14

[/ Damon by Alphabetical B](#)
Lyla’s POV

Two days after I woke up, I hadn’t gotten the chance to see Damon again to ask him about the arrangement or bargain that he said he made with my brother.

Even Ruth wouldn’t tell of his whereabouts and no matter how many times I asked her for a phone, she kept on saying no each time.

“Sorry, what?”

I asked as I heard someone mention my name. The doctor and his nurse were around to check up on me. As usual, the doctor was the one always talking while the nurse kept on glaring at me with this deadly look on her face.

“Since you feel better now, I’ll make sure Ruth helps you to move about but you just have to take it slow and steady” he advised.

I smiled, not fully agreeing with him, “I’m not a handicap. I’ll be sure to be careful while I take myself around”

The nurse suddenly snorted, “That’s if he lets you” She grumbled under her breath.

I let her statement slide after noticing that the doctor gave her a signal which made a guilty look on her face.

“If you need me, Ruth knows how to get to me. You’re a fighter, Lyla and I’m proud of you” He held my hand tightly.

I forced a smile, feeling uncomfortable with his actions.

“Thank you”

I waved slightly as he walked out of the room along with the nurse. I quickly dropped the hand as it hurt a little.

My other hand was wrapped in a cast. I'd insisted on not having it sling around my neck and after much disapproval, the doctor has agreed.

I stood up slowly from the bed and walked closer to the mirror. Once I stood in front of it and saw my appearance, I closed my eyes and a second later, I opened it again.

Still not believing my appearance, I touched my face, my bruised eye that has turned black and my cut lips. The fear that I had been fighting, dropped from my eyes

I opened the white shirt I was putting on that reached just my ankle to reveal the plaster that was on my rib, I ripped it open to see how damaged I was. Even though the wound was healing, the memory of me being punched over and over was still fresh.

“We're animals! Wild animals”

The other side of my body was still bruised and I winced in pain and my hand came in contact with it.

“Do you want to die?..... We're werewolves”

His voice echoed in my head continuously.

My hair was disheveled, my skin had lost his color and unlike usual, the last thing I was worried about was my nonexistent a**.

“Werewolves! What does that even mean?”

I turned as the door was suddenly opened to see Ruth at the door.

“What are you doing?” I turned back to face the mirror and quickly cleaned my eyes.

“Nothing, I was just getting ready to take a bath. Do you need something?” I asked.

“No my dear. I just need to ask what you'll love for dinner”

"I'm not really hungry. I'll be fine with anything"

Limping, I walked steadily towards the bathroom door. I was about opening it when I felt Ruth's tense look on my back.

"Do you need help?" She asked.

"Yes, can you help me out with fresh clothes?"

She hesitated for a moment before nodding her head.

"I can help you with your bath, Lyla. You don't have to be shy about it" She said smiling.

"I can do this, Ruth. Thank you"

She tried moving closer, probably to convince me.

"Stop please, I'm miserable enough as it is right now. Helping me will only make me feel more miserable. So, please, let me do this one thing by myself this time around"

I begged as fresh tears leaked out of my eyes.

Ever since I woke up, Ruth has been there helping me out with everything. I know I was supposed to be grateful for her help, but it just made me feel more miserable.

Ruth respected my decision and left the room, closing the door firmly behind her. I also closed the bathroom door firmly behind me as I switched on the light and opened the curtains shielding the bathtub.

My lips rocked with a smile when I remembered what had happened here on my first day in this mansion.

I pushed the memory at the back of my mind. It wasn't worth it, remembering that at all. Not after everything I'd gone through in Damon and his father's hand.

Struggling, I tried removing the cast from my hand but it wasn't working.

I hissed at the failed attempts.

You're so useless, Lyla! I cursed out.

As I was about to go for my last option of calling out to Ruth, the door suddenly opened.

I moved back as I watched Damon walk into the bathroom, light reflecting in his eyes as he took in my appearance.

His jaw was tightened as anger flickered across his eyes.

"I heard your struggle from outside the door and I thought you would need some help"

He crossed his huge arms against his chest.

"That was thoughtful of you but I can manage" I struggled to speak.

He nodded and went on to rest his back against the wall, throwing his two hands into his pocket.

"Okay, let's see you do that," he said, determined to watch me make a fool out of myself.

"I can't manage with you here, Damon" I pleaded without using the word, please.

He raised his hands and closed his eyes.

"Eyes are closed, Lyla and hands are up. Do your thing and put a towel around you. Then, tell me to open my eyes and see how incredible you are despite how wounded you are" He mocked.

"You can as well mock me all you want. I didn't ask to be like this" I spat.

"I'm not going to argue with you, Lyla"

I knew he wasn't going to move away from that spot until I do as he said. I tried once more to remove the cast even though the pain was unbearable.

"You're so useless Lyla"

I hissed out and I screamed out in pain as Damon pulled me forcibly towards his body, his eyes boring into mine.

"If you open that mouth of yours to use that filthy word ever again, I'll make sure you use that mouth for nothing else ever till you die" I shivered from the intensity of his threat and almost cried.

"It's none of your business" I wriggled, trying to get out of his tight grip.

His hand was wrapped around my waist as he placed his forehead on mine, smiling wickedly.

"You will know it is every of my business if you repeat that word" he threatened once more.

"What word exactly? You or are or so or useless, which one" I asked angrily.

"Don't play with Fire, Lyla. It burns! Now, be a good girl and let's get you cleaned up"

"Let go of me, Demon!"

NEVER

That voice!

It was the first time I'll be hearing that voice ever since I woke up.

"D-did you say something just now?"

He raised his eyebrow.

"What do you mean?"

"I thought I heard something"

"Side effect of being in a coma for that long"

I glared at him trying to tag me crazy.

"I'm not crazy, Damon"

He opened his mouth to say something but stopped.

"Let's remove this first" He touched my hand to try and remove the cast but I pushed him away.

"I can do it myself, please leave. I'm not entirely useless" I repeated.

Damon pulled me close once more, his hand at the back of my head.

"Why don't you calm the f*** down and cooperate with me on this? You might be lucky enough to see your little friend by morning"

"Pearl! She's still alive" I asked and he nodded once.

The thought of seeing Pearl moved me to tears. I've missed her so much and I'm so glad to know she's still alive.

When he saw that I wasn't saying anything, he took it as my cooperation with him. He moved on to help me remove the cast before filling the bathtub with soapy water.

I thought he was going to strip me naked. Surprisingly, he didn't. He lifted me up and placed me in the bathtub, making sure the water covered my nakedness.

"Remove the b***ons yourself" he asked.

I stared at him before nodding my head.

I struggled to get the b***ons undone as I could feel the heat of his stare on my body. After successfully removing them, I removed the shirt from my body. As I pa**ed the shirt to him, my finger grazed his and I felt an electric current through my body.

His stare was intense and before I could move my finger away, he interlocked it with his long fingers.

*f*** this! f*** this!!*

I heard that voice. It sounded like it was struggling with something.

*f*** this, Damon*

Before I could think about what I heard, I felt his lips on mine.

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 15

[/ Damon by Alphabetical B](#)

Damon's POV

The moment my lips touched hers, the mate bond intensified. My heart was beating faster as my grip on the side of the bathtub tightened. I could see this ring of colors form around us right in my head. I knew if I opened my eyes to look, it'll be real.

I felt as if an electric current was being run through me. I was supposed to hate this feeling, I was supposed to not want this bond but here I was locking my mouth with this beautiful woman.

I did what a real coward would do- back off.

I removed my mouth and leaned away from the bathtub she was sitting in. Kissing her wasn't part of the plan. I'd only wanted to help her and maybe play with her a little when I heard her struggling with getting washed.

I opened that door without thinking twice.

"That was fun" I spat, as if I didn't care.

I stood up and was about walking away from her when she suddenly held on to my hand, not letting go.

"What do you want Lyla? I asked, trying hard to remove her hand from mine.

Removing her hand shouldn't be as hard because of how fragile she was compared to my huge body but mentally, I was fighting myself so hard against how good her hand felt in mine and how that sent loads of signals to my brain.

"Are you going to talk or keep on staring at me like I just stole your child?" I yelled at her.

"Sorry," she muttered out before dropping my hand abruptly.

At that moment I fought everything in me to not grab her and kiss her again and tell her I didn't mean to yell at her.

"Don't ever touch me again" she spat, looking at the water intensely.

"If I recollected, it was a kiss not a touch, bunny"

She clicked her tongue before responding, "it's practically the same thing"

"I don't give a f***ing care. It was just a kiss. A kiss. It means nothing to me and it shouldn't mean anything to you as well. Just a regular kinda kiss and you're acting as if i impregnated you"

"You're crazy"

I smirked at her before bending to mock her to her face properly. I stopped when I realized her eyes were swollen with tears.

That pulled at my heart.

"Lyla," I called out and she ignored me.

I held her face in my hand and tried getting her to look at me. I almost lost it when I saw a single tear drop from her eyes.

"Why the f*** are you crying? You know I hate tears. I told you that already" I yelled at her.

"I hate you, Demon. Get out"

"Listen and listen good, Bunny. Nobody tells me what to do. This is my home, my territory and you belong to me. You have no goddamn right to tell me what to do or else I'll put my gun in your head and blow it off" I threatened.

She shivered beneath my touch and tried removing my hands from her face.

It was at that point that I realized she was scared of me.

"Please," she begged as she tried removing my hand. The tears was getting too much and I needed to leave before I do anything crazy.

"Fine! I'll be in the bedroom and I give you five minute to get that pretty a** of yours out there. If you don't come out by then, I'll drag you out myself, understood?" She nodded as more tears dropped from her eyes.

"And stop the tears already. It's not like I hit you or something" I yelled once more before walking out of the bathroom.

I was about to pick up a shirt for her when I saw the phone dropped earlier on the bed, ringing. I picked it up to see it was Tunde.

"I said I should try my luck and it worked" Tunde joked and I almost cursed at him again.

"What do you want?"

"How's Lyla?" He suddenly asked.

"She's dead. I killed her" I replied angrily.

"You're joking. People don't just kill their mates like that"

"Well, I did and guess what, I'm sending her body to you___ wait, I never said she was my mate loser"

"You not denying it means she's your mate. How could you keep this from the whole pack?"

"I have no obligation towards the pack. My life is my life and no f***ing body has the right to it and Lyla isn't my mate"

The fact that I held no obligation towards the pack was the truth and the lie about Lyla not being my mate was necessary.

"I haven't seen you like that with a girl and you want me to believe this one ain't your mate"

"You take it or leave it Tunde, she's not my mate" I growled.

"What's a mate?"

The question came from right behind me and I quickly closed my eyes to think about what convincing explanation I could give to Lyla.

I hadn't even realized she was out because of the stupid argument I was having with that loser.

"It's none of your business" I threw her the grey shirt that I picked and told Tunde, "Let's talk tomorrow"

"Wait, there's an emergency. Your father wants to fight you at the Arena tomorrow. If you win, he'll let you lead the pack and if you lose..." he hesitated.

"Get on with it"

"Lyla will be killed"

My blood boiled at his words and before I could control, I saw my claws coming into view.

"f***!"

Lyla's voice brought me out of the terrible anger that was consuming me. I turned and glared at her despite being grateful for that little interruption.

She had hit her injured leg against a chair.

"Are you there, Damon? Do you need me to come around with that stuff?"

"No" I growled in an unrecognizable voice.

I needed to let my beast lose. If I don't, I might end up hurting someone tonight.

"I'll see you tomorrow" I barked out before dropping the phone angrily on the table prepared to walk out.

I turned around to see Lyla standing there, not understanding whatever it was that was going on.

Once her eyes met mine, she gasped. Muffled noises left her mouth and when I tried to move closer to her, she moved away.

It was when I saw my reflection in the mirror that I realized that my eyes had transformed. It was blood red, a sign that my anger could wreck a village.

Angrily, I threw a vase at the mirror, making Lyla scream in fear. I took a turn and left the room, not stopping at anywhere but the forest before I fully transformed into my beast.

Howling as loud as I could, I cursed the goddess for everything she'd done so far. I could withstand everyone hating me for what I looked like but never will I be able to get over the pain of how scared my mate was.

I guess she hates me more now.

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 16

[/ Damon by Alphabetical B](#)
Lyla's POV

Gently, I picked myself up from the floor after Damon had angrily left the room. I examined the level of the damage he had done and I still can't believe he broke the mirror just like that.

I shivered with fear as I remembered what he looked like. His eyes were bloodshot and it scared the life out of me.

That isn't human!

We're werewolves, wild animals.

His father's words came back to me, reminding me of my sus***ion since I woke up. I know it isn't possible to get a phone or maybe a library to read more on werewolves and check if they're real or not.

The only thing I know about werewolves

ended with the Teen wolf series. I didn't even get to watch more than five episodes before Henry decided it wasn't good enough.

But first, I need to get rid of these shards of gla** before I end up getting hurt.

I opened the door leading out of the room and saw that the hallway leading down the stairs was empty. Gingerly, I walked down the stairs barefooted, trying to see if anyone was around.

"Hello! Ruth! Anyone?" I called out but it was only my voice that resonates across the room.

Once I got to the last step, a stream of dim light was showing at the main entrance. The door was slightly opened; unlocked and unguided.

This is your opportunity to escape Lyla. My subconscious mind told me.

I shook my head knowing I couldn't possibly escape with how wounded I was but at the same time, I couldn't wait around until these strange people decided it's time to eat me up for dinner.

I looked around me to see if anyone was out already and when I saw no one, I looked up at the wall, listening to the clock ticking at a few minutes past eight.

It's not that late, Lyla. You can still take the chance.

Even though I don't have an idea of where I am in the world, still I decided to take this step.

I opened the main entrance door carefully to reduce the noise it'll make. As I stepped outside, I was hit with the cold night breeze. The moon was already taking a shape in the cloud and the satellites could be seen.

Without thinking twice, I made a run for it. Though my body was aching with pain, I didn't care, I didn't stop.

Thinking the gate would have been closed, I didn't bother opening it. I took a small opened door that was a few metres away from the big iron gates.

It was when I walked out of the door that I realized it led to a thick forest and not the garden that I thought it would have led to. The forest was a little dark.

I trembled as I heard a loud howling coming from the forest. I froze at the spot unable to move even though my brain was screaming at me to go back to the mansion.

I didn't listen. I couldn't listen.

Taking a bold step forward without being able to see very well through the forest, I tripped over a big stone.

A loud scream came out of my mouth, as my body collided with a tree. I couldn't stop whimpering as I found it difficult to stand.

Forcefully I lifted myself from the ground, rested my back against the tree and couldn't stop the tears from rolling down my face. The pain was unbearable. I touched the wound at my back and cried as my hand met liquid. I cried because I knew it was blood.

Suddenly, I heard footsteps coming closer to where I was. The footsteps were heavy and didn't sound like that of a human.

Scream Lyla.

Screaming might not help. It might get me killed by this animal and if I'm lucky enough to get rescued by people, I'll still die from Damon's hand.

I backed into the tree as the footsteps got closer. I let out a scream once it ended just right in front of me.

I waited for the impact of its attack but then I got nothing for the few seconds that I waited.

Opening my eyes slowly, I saw its shape, it was standing on two legs, I could make out the fur that its body was covered with but the moment my eyes met its glowering red eyes, I let out another scream as tears rolled out of my face.

"Please, don't kill me. I beg you, please" I begged as I couldn't get the strength to stand up and run.

The animal began moving closer to me and the more it did, the more I screamed.

I heard several movements around me and each time I turned, I felt a presence on each side. By the time I made out the feature, they were wolves.

I was surrounded by wolves.

Their eyes are bright at night, both big and small wolves.

The first animal suddenly began growling at the rest. I watched in astonishment and fear as this animal communicated with the rest and one by one, they began retrieving back into the forest leaving me alone with the big, wild animal.

It bent to my level, looking me straight in the eyes before touching my face with the top of its claws. I dragged myself away from the animal.

I couldn't scream because of how scared and tired I was.

"You're bleeding" I heard the familiar voice in my head.

That voice! That same voice I've been hearing since I woke up in this place.

I've always thought the voice belonged to Damon but this animal was speaking to me.

Instead of fear, my thoughts were replaced with questions.

"Don't think too much, Lyla. Let me heal you" it asked.

I let its claws touch my face and stay there this time.

"Lift your dress up" it commanded and I did.

Suddenly, the animal began tickling me and I started laughing still wondering about what could be going on.

It bent its head and began licking where the wound was at my back. The more it licked, the better I felt. By the time it lifted up its head, my new wound felt better. I reached out to touch it and realized the wound was no longer there.

"Thank you" I said, smiling a little.

I thought it would leave as soon as I said thanks but it didn't. The big animal suddenly lied down in front of me and placed its head on my lap.

"Do you want me to scratch your ear?" I asked with amusement.

It growled lightly and I took it as a yes.

While caressing and scratching its ear, I took in its features properly and from there I made a conclusion that this animal could probably be a wolf but maybe a different species.

"Are you a wolf?" I asked

I got no reply.

"What's your name?" I asked again. "Do you have a name?"

I also got no response this time around.

I became silent rather than ask any further questions. After several minutes, I decided it was time to go back indoors.

"I have to go," I simply said.

The animal removed its head from my leg and up it stood to its full height. It was standing at probably six foot and seven inches from my rough calculation.

It suddenly began walking towards the small door, I followed it without any questions.

Once we got to the door, I walked in while he stood at the other side. I stood on my toes and touched its face.

“Thank you” I appreciated and turned to walk back into the house.

The mansion was empty again and I was a little bit grateful for that. I can't imagine Damon waiting for me.

A smile played on my lips as I remembered the wolf I'd met earlier on as I opened the door leading to the room.

“WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?”

I screamed and jumped in fear as soon as I turned to see Damon standing in the middle of the room,

waiting angrily

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 17

/ [Damon by Alphabetical B](#)
Lyla's POV

“WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?”

His voice sounded as if his throat was about to be ripped off. I clenched the hem of his grey shirt that I was wearing.

“In the kitchen” I lied. Damon raised his eyebrow at me. I prayed he believes me.

“I've been to the kitchen and I didn't meet you there. Put on the f***ing light, Lyla” he commanded.

I turned to the light switch and fiddled with it for a while. I knew if I put it on, he would see the dirt on my body.

“Bunny, put on the light” he said gently this time.

I obeyed without wasting much time. As soon as the light came up, I closed my eyes, ready to be killed or slaughtered as a sacrifice to pacify the god called Damon.

“Is there mud in my kitchen now?” He asked and I shook my head.

“I went out” I finally said the truth, waiting for his words.

“What did you see out there?” He asked with determination in his eyes.

“Nothing, I swear, I say nothing” I denied. “I only fell but I'm okay” I whispered, loud enough for him to hear.

Damon walked closer to me gently and when he reached in front of me, he moved his face closer to mine, leaving few inches left.

“You got me worried, Lyla. Don’t f***ing go out there again. Do you understand me?”

He asked and I was dumbfounded. I was expecting him to force me to talk about what I saw out there or why the back of his shirt was stained with blood or even scream at me for going out there but he didn’t.

“Answer me Lyla. Promise me you won’t go out there ever again” he yelled this time.

Shivering, I replied, “I promise”

“Keep to your promise or I’ll be forced to tie you up to this bed if I ever see you out there again”

I nodded.

I expected him to move back but Damon didn’t. He only moved closer. His hand grabbed my waist and pulled me into him. I whimpered like a child, scared of him. His eyes bore into mine, calming my raging nerves. He placed his mouth on my neck, kissing me gently before he inhaled my scent. The close proximity made me feel uncomfortable yet I wanted to relax into his hands. Suddenly, he brushed his lips gently against mine, before releasing me abruptly and moving back.

He raked his hair with his hand and looked at the floor murderously.

“Go clean up”

I quickly got out of his sight and went into the bathroom. Before leaving the room, I noticed the shard of gla** was no longer there. Maybe someone had come up to clean it.

By the time I emerged from the bathroom the second time that night, the bedroom was empty but I saw a tray containing a gla** of water, painkiller and a new shirt sitting on the bed.

As I lifted the gla** of water up, I saw a note sitting on the tray.

Use the drug and get to bed

I didn’t need to ask where it came from, I knew it was Damon. I quickly put on the shirt, used the drugs and went into bed.

The blanket was absent and the window was opened as well. The cool breeze soon turned into a cold weather for me. Rather than getting up to find a blanket, I curled up into a ball and closed my eyes to sleep off.

It wasn't long after that before sleep descended on me and dragged me into dreamland with lots of wolves and a particular giant wolf that kept me captivated.

(I don't want to switch POVs like this but I think you guys deserve this one from Damon. Thanks ♡)

Damon's POV

After walking out of the room leaving Lyla behind, I went to check up on my unusual guest.

I'd asked for one of my guys to get her from Base 9, give her some dress to wear and bring her over to my house. I don't usually get those boys to do the work for me because I don't trust them but since Tunde was not available, I had to.

I opened the door leading to my study room and walked in to see the girl looking at me like a wild animal. She was sitting on one of my couches with her hand folded on her lap.

Lucas do have a thing for wild girls.

"Damon, right?" She asked.

"My name is none of your business. Infact, it should be the least of your concern" I spat back.

"You're really Lucas' friend" she smirked.

"Thank you for saving me"

"I didn't save you woman. I only took you out of that place because Victor isn't around at the moment and I need to get you out before he gets back. For me to do that, I have a job for you"

"So, you're telling me that my survival from this hellhole depends on the outcome of whatever bargain you'll have with me here tonight"

I applauded her.

Pointing a finger at her, I said, "You're smart"

"I'll do anything you want as long as you also promise to help me and Lyla leave here safe and sound. She's still alive right? I mean Lyla?"

I fisted my hand into a ball. I was getting angry, her request was putting me off.

"Remove Lyla from your sentence and we'll have an agreement"

"What do you mean?"

"Lyla stays. She's not leaving with you"

I declared.

"That's impossible, Damon"

"DONT YOU DARE!" I growled. "Lyla stays and that's final. Do not speak of that again. To the major reason why you're here, the job is simple, all you have to do is....." I went on to explain to her what I wanted her to do.

I knew I could easily go back on the little promise I made with Lyla. I could lock this woman up until she leaves and make sure she doesn't see my woman but then I don't think I can bear to see that disappointment on Lyla's face.

"What if I don't want to?"

"Then we'll discuss on how to send your dead body back to Lucas. How about that?" I spat and walked out of the room angrily.

I instructed Ruth to ensure she gets the girl to a room.

I walked back into my room and saw Lyla curled up on the bed, sound asleep. She was shivering from the cold. I quickly closed the windows and rummaged through the room for the blanket but I couldn't get any.

"s***, I might end up killing someone tomorrow" I muttered, not loud enough to wake her up.

I crawled into bed with her and removed the sweatshirt I was putting on. I touched her lightly to arouse her from her deep slumber. She opened her eyes slightly, bashed her eyelashes in confusion.

That action alone sent wrong signals to my heart. I hate this feeling!

"It's okay Bunny" I ran my hand down hers since she was wearing a sleeveless shirt. I proceed to put the sweatshirt on her.

I pulled her closer to my body so my body warmth can actually warm her up. She cuddled into my body and placed her head on my arm as I wrapped my other hand around her.

"Thank you" she mumbled in her sleep.

I kissed her forehead as a response.

"I'm never letting go, mi amor. Not for anything or anyone"

Lyla's POV

Someone was touching my face and my hair. I opened my eyes slightly to see who it was.

I closed my eyes back when I realized what I saw could only happen in a dream. I opened it once more and saw that it was real.

She's real! She's here.

"Pearl," I exclaimed as happy tears ran down my eyes.

"My Lyla," she said before pulling me into a tight embrace.

For minute, she kept on rocking me back and forth, telling me everything was fine.

"I can't believe I'll still get to see you" I cried onto her arms. I was glad that she was fine and at the same time, I was glad that she was here with me.

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 18

[/ Damon by Alphabetical B](#)

Lyla's POV

"What happened, Lyla? Why do you look so weak and beaten up?" Pearl asked worriedly.

We were currently in the dining area. Ruth was serving us breakfast with smiles on her face.

"Nothing really happened" I lied.

"Don't give me that b*****, Lyla. I've known you since forever and I can easily tell when you're lying" she cautioned me while scrutinizing me from head to toe.

"I'm serious, Pearl. Nothing really happened" I shrugged her off trying to close the conversation.

"Did someone hurt you? Did he hurt you?" I knew who she was referring to but I shook my head.

"What did he do to you? With all these bruises on your body, you can't tell me nothing happened"

"Forget it Pearl. Tell me what happened to you after I left that place" I asked, changing the topic.

"Nothing of importance. I was locked up in a room and they gave me this really ridiculously smelling food twice in a day. I complained and strangely enough, they changed it"

I nodded taking in the fact that the jacket I saw the last time didn't belong to Pearl. Or maybe it was hers but the blood wasn't hers.

"How come you're here?" I inquired.

"Damon brought me here" she simply replied.

I still can't believe Damon brought her because he promised me he would. He's not someone who would do something just because of me. He's too evil for that.

I picked up the fork that was placed beside the food and started eating.

"What did you do to her?" Pearl's sudden question made me raise up my head from the food I was eating to see that she was actually talking to Damon.

I was so engrossed in my food that I didn't realize he was already in the room.

"What the heck did you just ask me?"

Damon yelled.

He looked enraged, it was as if someone accused him of murder.

"I said, what the hell did you do to my Lyla?" Pearl fumed.

Damon ignored her and tried walking away, only for Pearl to stand up and block his pathway.

"Get the hell out of my sight" he commanded.

“Not until you tell me what my Lyla did to deserve such treatment. Nobody messes with my girl and goes scout free. She was battered so badly that I could see it on her body, in her eyes. Lyla was never this quiet, dull girl. What did you do to my Lyla?” Pearl asked. Her eyes were full with tears

I’ve always known Pearl to be strong and never shed a tear, not even if she was being punished by her mom anytime she did something crazy. Seeing her like this was killing me.

“Let it be, Pearl” I pulled her away from him and before I could move further, Damon held me by holding my wrist, stopping my movement.

“Tell her I did nothing to you Lyla right this instance” he asked, his eyes begging. He looked desperate.

“Tell her what exactly. That it was you yourself who sent me back to your father because you think I deserve it. He almost killed me, I almost died because of your decision and all that has been going through my mind since I got back is questions about what I did to actually deserve that. What did I do to you, Damon? What exactly? I don’t want to be here, I want to go home”

This time, I said those words without a drop of tear running down my face. I don’t know where I got that confidence from but I did.

I dropped Lyla’s hand and marched up the stairs back into Damon’s room. I sat on the bed, fuming.

Removing the sweatshirt that I didn’t know of how it came to be on my body, I threw it angrily on the floor.

“Lyla,” Pearl called out, gaining my attention as she walked in.

“What?”

She suddenly started laughing.

“What?” I asked

“Nothing. That was quite nerve-calming. I mean I love it when you stand up against people like that” she resumed laughing.

“That wasn’t funny” I replied. If only she knew how long it took me to gather that little courage to say those words I said to someone like Damon, she’ll know it wasn’t funny in any way.

“Where are your dresses?”

"I have none"

"What have you been wearing?"

"Shirts" I shrugged my shoulder. Not that I care that I've been wearing shirts and no p*****. It has actually been comfortable for me and the shirts smell really nice too just like Damon.

No Lyla, stop

"Unbelievable," before I could stop her to ask her questions, Pearl walked out of the room.

I sat down on the bed, thinking about what to say to Damon so he'll allow me to stay with Pearl and not in his room since she told me she will be also staying in a room in this house.

Pearl marched back in, a victorious look on her face.

"Why are you smiling?" I asked.

"I went to ask that Demon if we could have some clothes, toiletries as well and he said he'll send someone to us soon enough"

"To bring the stuff we need or to take us to get the stuff," I asked rhetorically.

"I'm not sure but he said what he said"

I nodded.

"Do you miss Lucas?" I blurted out.

Her relationship with Lucas hasn't been really beautiful. They've had their rough days but the way Lucas looked at her and worshipped her made it obvious that he actually loved her even though he behaves like Damon half of the time.

"I miss Aurora more" her voice was shaking as she mentioned her twin sister's name.

"I don't know how she'll cope without us. I regret not being there for her when she needed me the most" It was rare for Pearl to open up but anytime she did, it was always deep.

"She'll be fine. Her husband is a fine man" I used my fake British accent just so she could smile.

"I miss Lucas too. A lot, more than I actually thought I would but I'll be f***ing him up when next I see him. He's the major reason why we're here and if I don't break his leg or hand, I would rot in hell" She cursed and I couldn't help but laugh.

"What did he do?" I asked, getting curious.

"Things," she simply replied, not wanting to explain further.

"I deserve to know Pearl. I deserve to know why I'm here, why I'm going through all of these, I need to know" I stated.

She was about to open her mouth to say something when the door suddenly opened.

"Bonjour" The shrieking voice of a pet**e woman came into the room. Or.... Man. I wasn't sure about that after I saw this person.

"Such pretty ladies" she complimented while looking at us.

"She or he?" Pearl whispered into my ears.

"I'm not totally sure but I think he-she would correct us, right?"

Pearl grumbled. "God have mercy or I'll end up using both plurals for he-she"

Pearl suddenly whipped her head up, getting me worried as her eyes stayed fixated on something.

I turned in the direction of where she was looking at and I saw a hunk of a guy standing at a spot, Damon was right behind him.

He was also looking at Pearl intensely before he opened his mouth and growled,

"Mate,"

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 19

[/ Damon by Alphabetical B](#)
Damon's POV

"Calm the f*** down, Tunde"

I growled at Tunde after I'd successfully dragged him into my study room.

After he found out that Pearl was his mate, he almost pounced on the girl and marked her right at that moment. I had to pull him out of the room by force as both girls looked on in surprise.

"I can't calm down. My mate is up there, all alone without me. I can't calm the f*** down, Damon. It's almost impossible" he bellowed.

Tunde started pacing my study room, destroying everything that came his way. I wanted to scream at him, yell at him to stop or find a way to tie him down before he does anything stupid.

"Let me out of here, Damon"

"Over my dead body" I hissed.

"If you do not let me out, I'll kill you" His eyes were red and it was obvious that the poor guy was fighting with his wolf.

"Don't make me chain you down, Tunde. It wouldn't be funny at that point"

He moved closer to me and glared at me before moving back to kick my new mahogany desk.

"I will kill you if you don't move away from that door in this instance. Get the hell away from the door Damon, I'm warning you"

I backed into the door properly, folded my hands and waited for what he'd do.

"Go ahead with your threat and I'll be sure to use a golden casket to bury you after I kill you"

"Move Damon" he spat.

"Make me"

He ran towards me, growling loudly. I had actually expected him to transform the moment I dragged him here but Tunde still being in his full human form showed how much he could restrain himself.

As he got closer to me, I hit him on his chest before he could attack me, sending him to the floor at the centre of the room.

He hissed in pain before getting up to attack me again. This time, I attacked him first and locked his head under my arm, trying to restrain him, weaken him so he can be approachable at the least.

He kept on struggling underneath my arm, hitting my left side repeatedly. The hit was hard but it wasn't something I couldn't endure.

I even had to go through vigorous training with my father that included tying me up and hitting me for hours till I lose consciousness. He said it was for getting used to pain.

Damn, was he right?

“Stop, Damon” he yelled at some point.

“Please”

At that point, I knew he was finally fully in control of himself. It wasn't his wolf controlling him anymore. So, I dropped his energy drained body to the floor and watched as he rolled before hitting the marble floor angrily not once.

“We have a lot at stake here, Tunde. The more focused you are, the better for us” I advised.

I stretched out my hand so he could take it and stand up from the floor but he slapped my hand away and stood up by himself to sit on one of the couches.

“You're heartless, Damon. I always thought you were my friend but now I know you're just a selfish human being”

I scratched my ear before smirking, “Point of correction, I'm not human. You're even more human than I am”

I sat opposite him, observed him for some minutes. We were both silent and at a point, I saw a lone tear fall from Tunde's eyes, he quickly cleaned it off before I could call his attention to it.

“Do you need water?” I asked as nicely as possible.

“I'd rather prefer your blood,” he spat back. I smiled.

“Damn! If anyone had told me this day would ever come. I never imagined I'll see you lose your temper like this”

“Since when did you start throwing jokes?”

“That was mockery, not a joke. I don't do jokes” I replied. “Now, do you need water? Because what I'm about to tell you can make you want to tear my face off or even kill me. Water will help you regain your energy”

He frowned at my words.

“Say whatever you want, Damon. I don't need water”

He was angry, broken and confused. It was the first time I'll be trying to read through someone's emotions. I know I don't have a heart but still I could feel the intensity of his anger.

He needed his mate but still lots are at stake.

"Do you know that wild ch__?" I quickly closed my mouth to stop myself from using that word for his mate. "That pretty girl?"

"What sort of stupid question is that? She's my mate. Nothing else matters"

"Then you're stupid if you think nothing else matters. That's Lucas's girl up there. The same girl that was kidnapped with Lyla. The same girl, the same reason that Lucas would be coming back to town soon" I yelled at him.

Out of frustration, I stood up and kicked something. It doesn't matter what, I just had to do it.

Tunde was dumbfounded after that.

"It's not possible, Damon"

"Hell Tunde. There's no possibility factor here. This is reality. She's Lucas's girl. The same Lucas you worship more than the goddess. The man you love like a brother. That same Lucas. The f***ing same Lucas Anderson you'll be sneaking into the pack in three days time" I screamed.

My anger was not directed towards anybody except the goddess.

"I told y'all that the goddess is f***ed up but none of you believed the cursed child. Now, she's about to start a game with your f***ing fate and destiny"

Helplessly, he asked, "What do I do?"

"I do not know" I replied

"Damon" He suddenly called my name. "I do not have the heart to do this to Lucas and I also do not have the heart to let her go, not after finding her after so many years" he confessed.

After thinking for several minutes, I replied.

"The only solution here's to never let Lucas get back here no matter what"

"But the information you need,,," he asked. "No! We can't kill Lucas"

I frowned at his words.

"We're not killing Lucas but somebody will have to die" I replied.

"Who?"

"My father"

I said with disgust.

"Damon, no. I will not kill the Alpha and moreover what does he have to do with Lucas not getting back here?"

I sat back so as to give him a clear explanation.

"The main reason why we needed Lucas back in the first place was to get those evidence of my father's involvement in drug and especially women trafficking so as to use it against me whenever I need to heed the summons of the elders, right?"

He nodded.

"If I kill my father, there'll be no reason for Lucas to come back to town and that way, the council of elders will have to drop the case"

I explained and Tunde's eyes went wide in understanding what I just said.

"When and how? There's no way you'll kill him and the pack won't turn against you" he whispered.

"At the arena tomorrow. He called the fight, not me"

"And you think that will work?. Victor is a strong alpha as well, Damon. You can't kill him just like that. It wouldn't be easy"

"Not if I do it right"

"Your plan is stupid, Damon and we can't keep those girls against their will. Your plan is dangerous Damon. This thing might backfire and ruin us" he yelled

"For now, they'll stay and later, we'll let the girls make their own opinion. Keeping them against their will is not my plan, it's just not easy to let go"

Tunde rubbed his face with his palm, still not in agreement with my plan.

"I still can't believe you're doing this for me"

"Don't flatter yourself, Tunde. I'm doing this for myself"

And Lyla and my mother. I thought

“Killing your own father is a bit too much, Damon”

“But selling those girls isn’t, right? r***** those human women, isn’t too much, is it? Beating up my woman like that, isn’t too much? Or it wasn’t too much when he ripped my...mo... heart” I stopped not having the emotional capability to complete it.

“I’ve waited all my life for the right reason, the right opportunity to get rid of this man and I won’t take chances this time. If you know what’s good for you, you’ll seal your lips or else I’ll be forced to kill you myself”

I threatened before walking out of the study room angrily.

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 20

[/ Damon by Alphabetical B](#)
Lyla’s POV

The night breeze kissed my skin as I walked out to the balcony. I looked around and saw a small, beautiful chair at the corner right in front of another. I checked it out for any form of danger and sat, placed my hand on the balustrade and rested my head on it.

I observed the environment and looked into the forest. A smile lingered on my lips as I remembered the big guy I met in the first the previous night.

As strange and dangerous as this place was, that was the best thing that has happened to me ever. In a place where I’d felt alone, unwanted and ready to be killed, that animal came in and made me feel less lonely and actually made me feel as if someone was watching over me.

“Why are you here?” I stood up sharply as I heard Damon’s voice right behind me.

I don’t understand how he always manages to do that without hearing his footsteps.

“I was waiting for you” I whispered, loud enough for him to hear.

“Why?” He asked, frowning.

I hesitated for a minute. I needed to ask for his permission to sleep with Pearl. Though I tried earlier but one of the guys guiding Pearl’s room wouldn’t let me in.

“I was hoping I could.....” He suddenly walked out, leaving me dumbstruck.

That was rude!

I sat back on the chair, still confused about what to do. Suddenly, I felt him near me, before I could turn, he wrapped a large blanket around me.

"Continue...." He simply said as he sat right in front of me.

"I was hoping I could stay with Pearl tonight. I was trying to enter her room earlier and that big guy stopped me" I blinked as I awaited his response.

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Give me a tangible reason why you should stay with her tonight and I'll try to see if it's worth it. If it is, I'll let you do as you please"

"I just need someone to talk to," I replied.

He rest back into the chair, folded his hands against his chest and said, "Talk to me"

I scoffed, "That's impossible"

"Why?"

"I need a confidant, someone who understands me, someone who's not what you people are" I said before I could control my mouth.

He came closer to me.

"What are we?"

"I- I — Uhm- strangers" I finally replied.

"Think of me as a friend then"

This Demon as a friend. That's absolutely impossible.

"Can I stay with Pearl?"

"No," he replied firmly.

"Okay, goodnight"

Angrily, I got up from the chair and walked back into the room. I got into bed, used the same blanket to cover myself up and tried forcing myself to sleep.

I tried drowning my thoughts away with good memories because if I don't, I might end up crying.

I couldn't get the chance to properly talk to Pearl during the day because after that hunk acted strangely this afternoon, the woman who came with them, took my measurements and began showing us a catalogue of dresses.

None interested me. I just needed something to wear while I stayed here. I have wardrobes of dresses back at home and I can't wait to go back to my room and my life.

Minutes later, I felt Damon's weight on the other side of the bed.

I opened my eyes slightly thinking he was going to sleep off immediately but I was surprised when he moved closer to me, pulled my body into his and removed the blanket from me before using it for the both of us.

"Talk to me about anything. I'll be your friend tonight"

"I can't"

I struggled to get out of his hold but he held me tightly and refused to let go.

"How about a stranger? Or maybe a bottle, something you'll want to pour your feelings into" he asked.

His hand slid through the top I was wearing and stopped at my back. Throughout, I wasn't able to breathe properly. It was as if there was no air as his fingers touched my skin.

I want to get mad at Damon but I can't. I want to hate him for kidnapping me here, sending me back to his father and still keeping me here with him. I want to hate him for everything he has done but I couldn't and I hate myself for that.

"Lyla," he called out, bringing me out of my thoughts.

"Okay" I replied.

"I miss home" my voice was already shaking. "I want to go back home" o confessed over again.

"What else?"

I lifted up my head to see his face and I was surprised he wasn't frowning, glaring or scowling as usual. There was no emotion evident in his face and this unusual look was unreadable.

"I miss my brother, I want to go back to him" I swallowed hard before I continued.
"The other day you sent me back to that place,"

"Use Damon instead of you. Think you're talking about Damon to a total stranger"

He kissed my hair, making my heart skip a beat.

"The other day that Damon sent me back to that place, I was scared and I've never been that scared all my life. I thought I was going to die"

I fought back the tears that were struggling to rush down my face.

*I'm sorry, I'm so sorry Bunny"

I heard that voice again. I wasn't shocked as usual but I was surprised I was listening to it right here.

I stood up from bed abruptly, ready to move to the window and see if the animal with the voice was right there.

"What's going on, Lyla? Are you okay?" Damon pulled me back before I could get up.

"I heard a voice and I want to check something outside" I told him and waited a second for him to call me crazy

"What voice?"

"I've been hearing that voice since I came here and today wasn't the first time"

"Can you tell me what that voice said to you?"

"The other night that I went out of the house, I met this really big creature and I found out that it was its voice that I've been hearing"

He looked at me as if I just told him he had two heads.

You're not crazy

I turned to look at Damon in confusion. He was confused about something as well.

"I heard it again, it said, you're not crazy"

Damon suddenly held my face in his hands as he looked into my eyes intensely.

"What's going on, D.." I couldn't get to finish pronouncing his name before he dropped his lips to mine, crushing us together.

Damon's kisses always render me restless afterwards and I'm so sure this one would do more than that.

He pulled me into his lap and made me sit with my legs on each side of his body. His hands were on my thigh as he kissed me slowly and thoroughly.

I hanged my hands in the air not knowing if I should touch him or not. His hands that were on my thigh played dangerously as it moved inch by inch closer to the spot between my legs.

When I thought he was going to touch me there, he removed his hands and placed them underneath my top. Skin against skin, I didn't know when I dropped my hand on his shoulder before losing myself in the moment.

"Stay with me tonight," he suddenly said and I was confused since I never planned on leaving.

"Stay with me without regrets" he asked and I nodded.

"I have a fight tomorrow, so, we need to get to bed"

He grabbed my a** and lifted me back into the bed. He pulled the blanket over me alone this time as I watched him, thousands of questions dancing on my lips.

"Goodnight Bunny," he kissed my forehead, switched off the life and turned to the other side.

"Demon," I teased.

"Really?" He asked with his back still turned to me.

"Do werewolves exist? Like, are they real?"

"Yes" his answer was a whisper and it came after a long silence.

Instead of asking further about werewolves, I decided to change the question. It was an old trick I usually use for Henry so I could get him to reveal secrets to me.

"So, who are you fighting tomorrow?" I asked as I laughed. The word "fight" sounded rather absurd to me.

"My father. Sleep Lyla. Enough with the questions" he turned to face me as he covered me properly with the blanket. I could still make out his face in the dark.

"No matter what happens tomorrow, stay glued to Ruth, do not look for me. Do you understand?" He asked, his voice sounded serious this time.

“Okay,” Was my only response.