

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 6

I watched as the tiny, shy girl walked into our apartment, a red rose in her hand. She was looking at the ground even though her mother was holding her hand as she walked in.

"Mary," the woman exclaimed upon seeing my mother. My mother rushed out of the kitchen and went on to hug the woman before looking down at the pretty girl that was busy hiding behind her mother.

"What's your name, pretty child?" My mother asked.

The girl slowly walked out from her mother's behind and opened her mouth to tell my mother her name.

"That's such a pretty name, darling. Come here and meet my son" My mother oblivious that I had stopped playing the video game and was already enchanted with the beautiful princess who just walked in, came towards the sofa I was sitting on.

"This is my son, Damon. He's a nice boy just like you. You can play with him while I talk to your mother, okay baby?" She smiled and nodded at my mother, revealing her pretty dimples.

"If you need anything, I'll be right there" her mother told us and followed my mother back to the kitchen.

"Would you like to play?" I asked and she shake her head, meaning she wasn't interested in my game.

"Why?" I asked, blinking at her.

I might have been seven but I wouldn't lie that I like this girl very much. She was pretty and the color of her eyes is the same as my favorite color; emerald green.

"I don't know how to play" she replied with her melodious voice that sounded like a song to my ears.

"Can I teach you?" I asked and she looked at me strangely.

"You're not a teacher" she replied, almost making me laugh.

"I'm a big boy. My mother told me I was old enough to take care of myself when I turned seven last month. So that means I can teach you how to play too. How old are you?"

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“Five” She replied, showing me her five fingers.

“Okay, Princess. Can I teach you now? The game is called rocket league” I asked, already getting impatient.

“Princess,” she said and sat right beside me, a sign that she was ready to be taught.

“Yes, Princess. You look just like a Princess to me and I’ll call you that everyday” I informed her, making her smile at me.

We began the gaming lessons and I taught her everything that I knew about the game including how to start it and how to play not caring if she got everything I was saying or if the teaching was too much for her. I just wanted to keep staying beside her, listen to her talk about her favorite movies, color and friends.

By the time it was evening, she was ready to leave with her mother. She promised to come back again after that day while I tried to contain my sadness and look forward to seeing her again.

She kept her promise and kept on coming back with or without her mother.

The last day I saw her was on a Friday, a year after our first meeting, she came to our place after coming back from school in her father’s black car usually driven by their driver and we decided to go out to the park. My mother said I needed it, I needed to mingle with friends since I was homeschooled. She told one of father’s bodyguards to go with us.

My father had forbidden me from going to school, he said it’ll corrupt my mind, change me from following the family’s legacy. He said it’ll soften me and make me cry like a girl.

I didn’t know what school looked like and I haven’t been in one. I didn’t have any friends other than my beautiful princess and with her, I don’t care about anybody else.

By the time we got to the park, it was evening already. The first thing we saw was a swing. She sat in one and I stood behind her, pushing her the other way, making her giggle and laugh.

She was laughing so hard and I was glad she was happy. I was also glad I was the one that was making her laugh and not someone else.

It got into my head and I began pushing her more than usual. She told me to stop or slow down but I didn’t listen, I thought she liked it, so I continued.

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Suddenly, she was thrown off the swing, landing with her face flat on the ground. She cried out in pain and I quickly ran to her side.

"You hurt me, Damon" she cried out.

"I'm sorry princess, I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm sorry" I held her tiny hands and kept on apologizing.

I had hurt my princess and I'm a monster.

"Why are you crying Damon? I'm the one who's hurt not you"

"I'm hurt because you're hurt, Princess. That's why I'm crying too"

She cleaned my face with her dirty hands, told me to stop crying and threw her hands around my neck, hugging me.

"I know you didn't mean to hurt me, D. It's okay" I smiled at her and she smiled in return, with tears on her cute face.

"I promise I'll always protect you, Princess"

"Okay, D" she replied and hugged me back.

I made that promise thinking I'll always be there right beside her, protecting her, keeping her close, I never knew she was going to leave that same night without a goodbye.

It seems I never kept any of my promises, not to her, not to my mother and not to myself.

Damon's POV

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I woke up startled, drenched with my own sweat even though the A.C was on, confused at first but then got angry at myself for having that nightmare again.

Ever since she left, I'd always dreamt about us meeting but never about her leaving. Guess this night was a different night then.

After she left, I cried, whined, begged just for me to see her again and when my father got tired, he threw me into the dark room for two days, without food nor water. I was dying not knowing what I'd done to deserve such a punishment.

Even when he later on thought I'd forgotten about her, I didn't.

A figure came to my sight and when I turned, I realized it was my mate that I'd saved earlier on that was curled up in a corner of the bed like a ball, sleeping soundly like a baby.

I moved closer to her, removed her hair that was covering her face. She looked so beautiful with her long eyelashes and pouted lips. I thought of how those soft lips would feel against mine. The thought sent signals right to my d***, making me hard all of a sudden.

Calm down, big man! She's out of limits! For now!

Unlike other werewolves who had the ability to communicate with their wolves, I couldn't. That was the price I had to pay when I refused to say the oath of allegiance.

I can't deny the fact that my mate was beautiful and how much her eyes reminded me of that of my princess but I know if she was the same person, her life would be in danger.

Gently I kissed her forehead and her shoulder before standing up to leave the bed, in fear of what would happen if I stayed.

I wanted her, I wanted to mark her and make her mine but I know I should be careful with her, she's fragile and I know I shouldn't touch her.

I took one last look at my mate, before walking out of the room, strip my cloth off my body, walked into my closet and shifted into the curse that I was.