



Agreement

Jillian's POV

I screamed as I sprinted out the door hot tears broke free and I flew down the stairs.

I ignored Josie's shouts when I ran through the back door.

How could he? wondered, which caused me to choke on more tears.

The cold winter wind whipped my wet face, goosebumps traveled down my back.

I ran faster and harder. I didn't want Damien to find me and hurt me.

I would shi but Gladys was to stunned to do anything right now.

I ran into the woods. Trees towered over me and every once in a while a squirrel would jump along the trees. It felt good to be out. More tears flowed down my cheeks.

We need to hide Gladys urged. I agreed. If Damien sent out a search team to find me, I didn't want to be found. I searched the area for a good place, when I found none I swung my leg up and used my arms to hoist myself into a nearby tree.

Finally with shelter I choked out a sob and started weeping.

How could he push me against the wall like that? Why did he throw the TV at me? What did I do to make him hate me?

"I didn't mean it!" I cried.

I didn't mean for Damien to hate me.

"I'm sorry" I sobbed.

It was just so amazing to me how one minute we were happy. Kissing even! But the next he was yelling at me.

You should have let him mark yo, Gladys interjected.

But I don't even know him, he never talks to me or anything argued.

Gladys wanted to be marked, and if I waited a second later to oppose him, her wish would have been satisfied.

If he had marked you he wouldn't be mad.

"Jillian!"

I held my breath, that was Josie.

"Jillian! Come out! What's wrong?!" Josie called out into the woods.

I heard her loud footsteps rustle the leaves that were scattered along the forest floor.

"Jillian, I see you!"

I looked down and sure enough Josie stood there in her camo pants and sweater.

Ever so ungracefully I flopped out of the tree on to the ground with an "Ooph!"

Josie knelt down beside me, her arms outstretched for an embrace. I quickly found refuge in her arms and soon my crying stopped to become the occasional hiccup.

"Wanna talk about it?" Josie stoked my hair, which seemed to to the trick in unwinding my nerves.

Strangely I did want to talk about it. All my life I kept secrets and held most of my emotions in. Venerability was foreign to me, and because of this I never wanted to truly open up.

Not even to my sister.

Tell her, she will help Gladys encouraged.

"H-he was nice. Then he got mad, because I didn't want him to- to..." The words fell apart as I gazes at the ground.

"What didn't you want him to do?"

"H-he was (hic) gonna mark m-me. B-but I told him no"

Josie was quiet.

"Y-you said that he was like a baby, but he's- he's not..." I took a moment to compose myself. "He's a man, and he was scary. He threw the television at me..."

"HE DID WHAT?" Josie shrieked and I shrunk away from her.

"Please don't yell!" I whispered.

"I'm sorry, but he is going down next time I see him..." She continued to mutter about what she was going to do to him when she sees him next. Honestly it would be wrong of me not to worry about Damien and what Josie planned to do to is extremities.

"But all this aside. Go talk to him. Tell him about why you don't want him to mark you, and how he can't just blow up for not good reason."

oooooooooooo

I took Josie's advice and a er a couple remedy spoonfuls of peanut butter I was able to walk up the stairs and face my mate.

The walk up took ages, I kept thinking about all the worst case scenarios and how much trouble I would be in with Damien.

He might get mad again.

When I opened the door the sight was quite unexpected.

The room was clean.

Honestly I had expected a disaster zone but the room was spotless. Even the TV was fixed.

Damien's back was to me, he was facing the windows and it was obvious that he had taken a shower, because I could distinctly smell the freshness of his body.

I gulped and made my way across the room to one of the arm chairs by the window Damien was looking through.

"Damien we need to talk." I simply stated.

His gaze settled on me and his arms that were crossed over his broad chest fell to his sides.

Did I mention that he wasn't wearing a shirt?

He looks gorgeous...Gladys murmured.

Get your head in the game! We need to talk to him! scolded

"Look, Jillian. I am really sorry. I should have respected your wishes and heard you out. I apologize for lashing out like that. I didn't mean to scare you. I promise I'll do better."

I was stunned speechless. Any girls hear would melt at his apology.

Damien went on, "I was just confused and felt like you were pushing away, and I let my pride come over me and I felt o ended that you would refuse me at all. You have no idea how hard it is to keep away from you. You are kind, sweet, and gentle. When you told me 'no' I felt like you didn't see me the way I see you as being wonderful and amazing. Again I apologize for being reckless and inconsiderate."

"Damien...." I was still astounded. I had never seem this side of Damien. Vulnerable and selfless.

Maybe I should do the same. He is my mate a er all.

"I'm sorry too for making you feel that way. I was overwhelmed with all that is happening. I fear not being a good Luna for the pack. And when you mark me I'll become Luna." I paused, cautious of what I would say next, "I hardly know you Damien. I always think that you'll reject me" I murmured.

What if he gets mad at me for what I said?

Regret a er regret filled my mind as Damien sat down next to me.

"What makes you think I'll reject you?"

"I heard that you would reject your mate soon as you met her." I mumbled and blushed a little bit.

"I told you that I wouldn't reject you. Jillian, do you not trust me?" Damien's eyes looked as if her were doing taxes or figuring out a puzzle. He looked focused.

Focused on me and my words.

Should we tell the truth? Or lie, and when he find out get mad at us?

Tell him the TRUTH Gladys yelled at me.

"How can I? I've only known you for a week."

Oh no.

He's gonna tell and throw stu again!

But he didn't, he just looked down at the floor and tappet his foot.

"Oh, ok" Is all he says. I can tell that he is trying to figure out a solution to this little problem in his mind.

"I- I have an idea" I bring up quietly.

Damien stands up again "Tell me"

"Well, um, ok. So you have to wait a week until you can mark me. But if you are bad," I gestured to the remounted TV as reference, "I can reset the week, and you have to wait for two weeks then"

His eyes stayed trained on me and he crosses his arms, jaw ticking.

"What do you think?" I inquired, wanting an answer from my suggestion.

"I absolutely hate that idea." Damien ran a hand through his hair. Well dang, way to be blunt, Alpha

"But I'll do it."

I gasped with delight, I then hopped up out of my chair and gave him a hug and placed sloppy kisses all over his face.

I stepped back and looked up at him, "You promise to wait until next week?"

"I promise" His eyes sparkled with honesty.

"I'm gonna take a shower." I said as I stepped away.

We smell like wet wol Gladys scrunched up her nose, And you didn't even let me out this time!

I'm sor-I stared but then was pulled back into Damien's arms.

He kissed my forehead "Now you may go"

I giggled when he let me go.

I skipped into the shower, happy that I was on good terms with my mate.

When I stepped out I brushed my hair and teeth and got dressed in sweatpants and one of Damien's shirts.

We are wearing his clothes! A er this moment I realized how hard it was to ignore a fangirling wolf. Gladys jumped up, put her butt in the air and wagged her tail, showing her excitement.

When I emerged from the bathroom I got to fest my eyes upon the glorious being of my mate. He was sitting at the desk, writing on his laptop, his slightly damp hair curled into his eyes and he wasn't wearing a shirt. His even tan and pure muscles made me want to crumple to the ground. But what really got me was the tattoos all over his torso and back. Those tattoos...

Good gracious...Gladys murmured, Wear all his shirts so he can walk around like this all the time...

At her words I snickered, and gave myself away.

"Come here, Jillian" Damien suggested his eyes lingering on the computer screen.

When I got to the desk Damien's arms wrapped around my hips and he pulled me into his lap.

This is nice.

"What are you doing?" I shi ed in his lap to make myself comfortable.

"Answering emails"

"Oh" I started tracing the tattoo of a skull on his shoulder with my finger. Then I let my hand trail down to the center of his chest where another tattoo was. It was a beaten and bruised heart, chained up and cracked down the middle.

"You like that one?" He asked.

"Yeah, I like them all." I shrugged.

"Do you have a favorite?"

"This one" I pointed to the one beneath his collarbone, it was the Moon cycle, with the Crescent in the middle.

"Least favorite?"

This took barely any thinking on my part. "That one, the knight on your hip"

We went on for a while until we went to sleep. I pointed out his tattoos and traced them, and he held me while doing his work.

We'll be okay! commented and Gladys immediately agreed

Authors Note

I want to thank all the people who have followed me, added me to their reading lists, commented and voted. It really makes my day to know that I can share my love of writing with people who love to read.

Thanks for reading!

Deanna