New Luna

Damien's POV

As per usual I awoke to the sun beaming down my face, every morning I think about having the east facing window blocked by a wall. But seeing as how much Jillian loves to look out the window I tend to reconsider by noon. But all I wanted right now was to have that window banged out and replaced by a wall that wouldn't blind me every morning. I sighed and closed my eyes once again, burying my nose in may mates long, dark hair. She smelt like lemon cake.

Hey, I came up with this great pickup line to tell mate Stone told me.

Uh huh, tell me

"Are you my backyard ? Cuz I'm diggin you"

No comment I cut our connection off because of his terrible joke.

Jillian was tucked in my arms safe and secure, her sleep undisturbed and calm all night. She had no nightmares and nothing had stirred her, which caused me, in turn, to have a wonderful night of sleep as well. I sat up on my forearm and looked down at the little mark that occupied the space between her neck and shoulder. It caused a small smile to make its way to my lips. Yesterday Jillian had said that I never smiled, but I smile way more than I ever did before I met my mate. She was perfect in every way. From her small hands enclosed in mine, to the bright gleam in her eye when she found something amusing but she was to shy to laugh. I really loved her, but what shocked me most was not my confession, but hers. Jillian; my quiet shy mate said she loved me even though she must know that she deserves better I thought; but being the selfish man I am I refuse to reject her. If the Moon Goddess blessed me with someone so perfect, I wouldn't give her up to any one else. I would be the one to love her and care for her, I would be the one to spoil her; the one to keep her as my own. Just the thought of Jillian with someone else made my teeth clench.

Jillian stirred in her sleep and I moved to give her space as she woke up. I rolled over on my back and rested my hands behind my head. She sat up and stretched, she played with her little fingers. Her hair covered her face and shoulders like a noir cloak. Shyly she looked back at me, I could only see one of her eyes, her waist length tresses obscured the other side of her face. She was nibbling on her lip and fidgeted with her small hands. I reached up and tucked the curtain of hair behind her ear "I like to see your beautiful face, Jillian" I murmured to her. She really was an exquisite and delicate creature, every move she made was graceful and elegant; her movements perfectly calculated to seem effortless and subconsciously magnificent.

Jillian pivoted her hips so she was facing me. With a hand laid on my chest, Jillian bent down and looked into my eyes, "I'm sorry" she whispered before kissing me gently with her soft, sweet lips.

"Good morning" I told her when we separated. I twirled a lock of her hair around my finger. Jillian looked away towards the wall, her mind far, far away. "Did you sleep well?" I asked. She didn't answer, she just flopped over on my stomach and groaned "I no wanna get up"

Likewise but we had plans for the rest of the day, after all it was Jillian's first day as Luna.

"Don't worry, you'll be fine" I patted her back for reassurance. She really would be great, she just cuts herself short by freaking out all the time. But I know that Jillian will be one of the best Lunas this pack has ever seen.

Digging the heels of her palms into her eyes, Jillian sighed and rolled off me to the other side of the bed. I copied her movements and rolled onto my side.

Jillian looked up , her gaze cutting right through me, she snuggled up next to my body and burrowed into the blankets. One of her arms wrapped around my neck and her leg was slung over my waist, as if to lock me in place.

Yay! Cuddle time Stone barked from inside me.

I honestly didn't mind, this was a perfect way to spend my morning, sleeping in with my mate. "You know" Jillian started saying softly "We could totally live up here. We could have Josie bring us food while we stay in bed together forever." She looked at me a, mischievous glint in her eye. "That doesn't sound too bad" I agreed. I knew it was only a dream, I would never be able to just stop my crazy life and job of running a pack filled with werewolves who all had needs and expectations of me. But if only a moment I could just pretend that the world would slow down for just a few moments alone with my mate, I would take them. I kissed her forehead and settled into the comfort of my bed.

"HEY!!" My sisters voice came booming through the door and caused both Jillian and I to jump in surprise.

"WHAT?!" I screamed back.

"DAMIEN, YOU FILTHY BUTT, WILL YOU GET OUT OF BED?!"

"AT LEAST I HAVE A BUTT!!!"

"AT LEAST I DON'T LOOK LIKE A DYING PIG ALL THE TIME!!"

"YOUR'E A UGLY, FAT, PLUCKED CHICKEN! YOU KNOW THAT JOSEPHINE!!??" Jillian gently nudged my arm, Your'e yelling She said in my head.

With a roll of my eyes I looked towards the door "We'll be down soon, sis" I heard Josie stomp down the stairs, satisfied that she had successfully snapped Jillian and I out of our sleepiness.

We both sat up and lumbered out of bed. Jillian pulled her hair up and let it fall down her back, cascading in dark waves. Last night she had put on my sweat pants and they hung low on her hips from its giant size. She looked really comfortable. She fixed the pants and started walking towards the closet. Then, like a sheep in wolves clothing, I followed close behind.

I would never be too far behind.

Jillian's POV

Having no idea what I was getting myself into today, I walked into the closet. When I first came here I was astonished at how big Damien's closet was, but most shocking was not the size, but how full the small room had been. Damien's closet had been stuffed full of pants, shirts, hats, and jackets. Who would have thought that Alpha Damien Kingsley would have an affinity for clothes? Josie actually enlightened me on the subject when I had asked about it, she said that Damien hated clothes shopping, so one year he bought all of his clothes to stock up so he wouldn't have to buy more. Just like Damien, cut out the middle man and get to the point, no sugar coating necessary But since I moved in he had made space for my attire on another side of the closet. So it became our closet, The Alpha and the Luna's.

"I'm in the shower" Damien told me as he walked out of the room, clothes in hand. "Wait" I called, he turned with a flourish. He gave me a questioning look "What should I wear?" I asked sweetly. Damien came closer and peered over my shoulder at the rack of clothes behind me. Frankly I just wanted to hear him talk, his morning voice made Gladys and I feel so happy on the inside. When Josie had taken me shopping we had bought all kinds of things that I haven't even worn yet. I had choices. "Uhhh...Like jeans? Casual?" He made a face and I distinctly heard his wolf say What are you suppose to say to that? Do we look like we know anything about fashion? I'm a wolf for crying out loud! I don't even wear clothes!

I reached up and patted his cheek, "I got it, I know what to wear now. Go take your shower. I don't want you smell like garbage all day."

Damien smiled awkwardly and left to go get clean.

I bit back my giggle until I heard the water start to run. I stripped and got into my jeans, I had no idea why people wore jeans when sweats, yoga pants and all kinds of other comfy pants existed, but if Damien suggested it I didn't think it would hurt to try. After a few minuets of wrestling into the skinny black jeans, I instantly regretted it. I felt so confined and squished, but I didn't look terrible. As Josie would say: "Beauty is painful". Maybe that would explain all her piercings and body modifications. I got changed into a black v-neck and a baggy maroon knit cardigan that made up for the lack of comfort the jeans gave me. I hastily started to brush out my hair. Last night I was too tired to braid it like I usually do, so when now it was all frizzy, knotted, and over all unruly. With one last huff of frustration, I dug out the hair straightener. As the iron heated I sectioned off pieces of hair to flatten them out.

As I fixed my hair, my eyes fell to the mark that claimed the area between my shoulder and neck. The mark was magnificent,its yellow glow a fresh contrast to my pale skin. A Crescent moon was in the forefront while a full white moon was in the background. I put the iron down and rolled my thumb over it, tingles ran up my neck up to my ears like pleasurable mini explosions of happiness and contentment. Gladys closed her eyes and tilted her head, enjoying the fact that our mate had marked us, I did too.

I was just about finished with my hair when Damien came out of the bathroom. I watched him from the corner of my eye, he was on his phone, as usual. I'm not kidding, the man was like a teen girl when it came to his phone. He says he's answering emails, but I know the truth. I snorted out a laugh at the thought of Damien reading romance novels sipping hot herbal tea by the fire pace with white hair and spectacles perched on the edge of his nose. "Whats so funny?" he asked, sliding his phone into his pocket. I shook my head and finished my hair. Once I was done I made a quick bathroom break when I came out I saw Damien sitting on the bed staring at me with a very serious expression on his face.

"Whats wrong?" I asked, cautiously stepping closer to him.

"You're too sweet"

"Is that bad?" I hid behind my hair when he stood to his full height and looked down at me. He was just too intimidating to look at sometimes.

"In some cases yes. It could be to your disadvantage in the fact that some could walk all over you and get away with it." He sat back down and propped his head on his hand that rested on his knee, "And I'm not okay with that" he added.

I rocked on the balls of my feet and played with my thumbs absent mindedly.

"See? You automatically look like a sweet, shy little person" he observed.

"But what if I am a sweet, shy, little person?" I was pretty darned sweet if you ask me.

"Gimme your best intimidating look" He challenged.

"An example?" I asked for reference because I wanted to know the level of intimidation he was talking about.

He gave me a look that made me want to cower in a corner and stay there until I died. His face wasn't much, it was the exact opposite, it was calm. Too calm. His eyes were filled with disdain and he looked like if he knew his strength. Like if I stepped out of line he would be able to crush my skull with is bare hand.

My turn.

I stood taller, pushed my hair back and looked down at him. I hooked my my thumbs into the belt loops of my jeans, a stance I had seen Josie do countless times. I narrowed my eyes and furrowed my eyebrows. My lips curling downward as if I was unimpressed.

Damien visibly shivered, "Dang, I think I peed myself a little" he murmured. I let out the breath I had been holding for the last 45 seconds. If Damien hadn't cracked first I would turn blue and pass out, now that would be intimidating.

"Really?" I looked threatening? I couldn't help but be proud of myself, no one ever told me that I looked aggressive. Every one would either call me shy or weak. But intimidating! That was an accomplishment for someone like me.

But to my detriment Damien shook his head, "No, you looked constipated" He grinned " I won't let anything bad happen to you." He assured. I nodded and let my hair fall back to my face. "But that doesn't mean I don't want you to be able to protect yourself" Damien got up from the bed and placed his hands on my shoulders, "First, keep your head level, your chin must be tilted up" His fingers curled around my chin and lifted it up slightly. "Look into my eyes, keep your face neutral" Naturally I almost started laughing, but I honed in my giggles and let my face go slack. "Good, now push your shoulders back a little bit" His hands left my shoulders and I fixed my posture. "Perfect, so now what do you think you should do with your arms?" He asked, his arms crossing over his chest.

I shrugged "I dunno"

Damien's hands now went to his back pockets, "Don't fidget!" He reprimanded, I hadn't even noticed that my fingers had subconsciously went to my lips and I had started nibbling at my nails. "Intimidation is when you have control over the situation, and your body language has a lot to do with that. If you want to have control over someone else you have to have control over yourself first"

"So, how do I do that?"

"Cross your arms, or put them in your pockets. Keep you balance on both feet, not one, and never shift from one to the other."

I tried standing with my arms crossed and my balance on both legs not dependent on one, but I teetered awkwardly and nearly fell. Damien caught me swiftly "Try again"

I redid my pose successfully this time. Head up, hair back, neutral expression, no fidgeting. "Perfect!" Damien cried. He then turned around and crouched by his bedside table, rummaging through the drawers. He pulled out a box and placed in my arms. "Whats this?" I was not expecting a gift. Damien really didn't have to give me one. "Open it" My mate prodded.

I lifted the lid of the silver colored box, a logo was on the top that I didn't recognize. I had no idea what it could be, the gift could be a pair of toe socks for all I know! I moved the black tissue paper to see a beautiful necklace on a pewter chain. The charm that hung from it was a Crescent moon with a little diamond on either tip. I gasped and stared at it, "This is lovely, Damien!"

"I'm glad you like it" He said while taking the chain and clipping it to my neck. "Why did you get me something so nice?" I wondered, bewildered, I'm not the type of person who needs gifts of affection. I honestly could care less if someone got me a present, but this was from Damien... That made it much more special.

"Is it a sin to give my mate a gift every one in a while?"

I felt a small blush tint my cheeks. "Thank you" I rubbed the charm between my index finger and thumb.

Damien pulled me into his side and kissed my forehead. "Ready to go, Luna?" He offered me his arm and I took it giggling, my fingers coming to my lips to sniffle the sound. "Why, yes I am, Alpha"

***

Damien and I ascended the stairs to the kitchen together. But when we arrived we were anything but stirred.

Josie and Kurtis were MAKING OUT IN THE KITCHEN!!

They were in front of the refrigerator and behind the island. They were right there Wet sounds and weird movements and touching and disgusting-ness....

I inhaled to scream but Damien clapped a hand over my mouth. He put his finger to his lips to indicate my silence. Slowly he tiptoed over to them and he got all up in their grossness.

"HEY! THIS IS A KITCHEN" He screamed "THIS IS A COMMUNAL PLACE!! DON'T KISS PEOPLE HERE! ESPECIALLY NEAR THE REFRIGERATOR!!!!!!!"

Josie and Kurtis flew apart like the north ends of a magnet. Kurtis sent Josie flying to the other side of the room, he pushed back that hard. "Good Goddess!!'" he exclaimed as he spun around to face my mate, who looked slightly terrified, green, and scandalized all at once. But he started his speech anyway "Do you have any idea how horrifying that was? Do you have any idea how many diseases you could give my sister my even looking at her?! Get a room will you? My eyes have been burned out and dipped in acid after seeing that display of affection...."

Josephine walked over to me and pulled out her phone, fixing her plum lipstick in the front facing camera. "You have to wait out his lectures, he gonna start talking about STDs anytime soon."

I looked over at her and smirked, how could she be so calm while her brother was screaming like a banshee? But that was Josie, cool as a cucumber with her curly Mohawk, chunky high heel boots, and leather pants. As if on cue Damien said "You know STDs? Gamma, you have them!!"

Next to me Josie smacked her lips "My mate does not have STDs!" Damien spun around "HE ate a cockroach in first grade!" He gestured wildly at Kurtis, who had a slightly bemused look on his face "In my defense, that was 20 years ago"

"Whatever! Its like a wolf meowing! Its shameful!"

Mate's yelling, stop him Gladys suggested. So I did, my mate didn't even mean to be scary, but he was and I hated it. I moved over to him and pressed myself to his chest. The soft delicate touch to my back indicated that I had successfully kept Damien from committing murder. "Thank you Luna, Damien needed to calm down" I looked to Kurtis and smiled slightly. Damien on the other hand growled "I have a title you know, and I expect you to use it" His Gamma's persona deflated drastically "Yes, Alpha" I looked up, shocked. Damien's face was rock solid, no sign of amusement was expressed "Good, you are dismissed, Gamma"

I started to pull away, but Damien held me tightly. Once Kurtis fled up the stairs Damien looked back down at me, his face softened greatly "What do you want for breakfast?" His voice was calm and kind, a great contrast to how cold-hearted it was just moments ago. I swallowed and hid behind my hair, exposing my neck in submission. Damien moved me, without question, closer to Josie. She looked at me and grinned, "Nice mark" I rubbed it "Thanks"

"Don't freak out" Josie whispered in my ear "He isn't mad." She was talking abut Damien, who was now bustling about the kitchen, making his breakfast. "He looks mad" I disagreed. Josephine shook her head, which caused her earrings to sway from side to side "That's just his face. He's not mad at Kurtis either." I looked at her skeptically "He's not! 'You are dismissed' was his way of saying, 'You can go change so we can leave'" I hardly noticed that Kurtis was wearing pajama bottoms and a white t-shirt. "Oh."

Our quiet conversation was interrupted by Damien. "You didn't tell me what you wanted to eat" he said to me. "Aww, big brother that's so sweet of you to ask, I want a chocolate chip waffle, bacon, and orange juice on the side" Josie smiled a smile that look strangely like her brother. "Oh, whoever took out the garbage did a bad job, because I'm looking at a big piece of trash right now" Damien gave her the same big cheeky smile. "Have you looked in the mirror lately?" She shot back.

"Eww, baby sis, jealous is not a good smell on you" Damien waved his hand in front of his nose like he smelled something rancid.

"Oh you must be smelling my new perfume, its called: I don't give a-"

At that moment the Beta and Gamma entered the room. "Good morning, Alpha, Luna, Josie" Christian greeted, taking a huge bite of an apple he picked up off the counter. Damien nodded in acknowledgement to both of them, I waved. "Two pieces of toast please" I told my mate. I was starting to feel awkward with all the bodies in the room. I fidgeted and looked down at my feet while everyone talked. "Luna, your coronation is today, how do you feel about that?" Beta Christian asked politely.

My mouth opened, but then I remembered that I didn't have anything to say because no one ever told me about my coronation! Damien passed me a plate with two golden slices of toast on it. I looked to him and frowned. Every pack has a coronation celebration, weather if its for a new pack member, or an Alpha, Luna, Beta or Gamma. The only problem I had was the fact that I had no idea what kind of traditions Crescent Moon Pack had for the coronation of the New Luna. Every pack is different, some have fights, some have a long vowing speech and others had a simple meet and greet for the new Luna.

"Jillian" Damien's soft voice tore me from my thoughts, "Christian just asked you a question" He gently rubbed my back. I tucked a stray strand of my hair out of my face and looked to the Beta, he was on his second apple and he was leaning on the counter casually. I shrugged at him and took a bite of my toast. I felt my palms begin to sweat, why was he talking to me? I've been living her for nearly a month, and we haven't spoken then, why would I start now? I scarfed down my toast as slowly as possible, taking big bites so my mouth was full but chewing slowly so I wouldn't have to speak. I prayed silently that they all would forget about my existence and eat their food, and soon enough they decided that there was no use in begging me to speak and we went out the door.

***

The drive to the pack house was calm and the scenery was to die for. Every pack had a pack house, that's where the bulk of the pack lived. The Alpha generally lived there as well, but most Alphas needed space or else they could endanger their pack members. That's probably why Damien and Christian and Kurtis all lived separate from the other wolves. But the pack house was also where pack events happened such as parties or meetings. When we drove up the drive way I was blown away. The pack house was usually just a big house that meant all the wolves inside lived all cozy together. I should have guessed that because Crescent Moon was so huge the wolves needed to have apartment size living areas. The mansion had the same cabin woodsy feeling that Damien's had but on a much, much bigger scale. The snowy winter left flurries on the ground and the evergreen pine trees that gave it seclusion and acted like a natural fencing around the estate. The wood that the home was made of was deep and rich in color, the log style stairs lead up the the porch, the overhang was upheld by four tall redwoods that seemed to have been uprooted and placed there to act as pillars.

With my cheek pressed up against the window of the car, I nearly fell out when Damien opened it. Thankfully he promptly caught me. I shoved into his side and didn't leave as we walked up the stairs to the house. Guards stood at attention, each of them nodded, showing their necks dutifully to The Alpha and I. When we got to the landing, one of the guards had followed us up and opened the door for us. One we walked in I gaped at the interior just as I had done the exterior. The wood flooring and exposed beams had me looking all over the entryway.

"Luna?" A male voice asked. I turned and played with my sleeve. "Shall I take your coat?" the Guard asked me, on his arm was Damien's jacket. "Oh" I blushed as I hastily unbuttoned my heavy coat, deciding to keep on my cardigan I handed my outerwear to him.

"Congratulations, on the pups, Hudson" Damien looked to the guard. "Why, thank you Alpha" The man beamed with pride, either for the fact that he had children, or that the Alpha knew his name and spoke to him. He put our things in the jacket closet and went back outside. "Come this way" Damien pulled me along gently to the left of the entrance hall. We went down a long corridor, dim lights came from the lantern shaped sconces, a few pictures hung on the walls as well. Most of them were of the pack, and of former alphas. Damien stopped at a door with a crystal white crescent moon embedded in the wood.

"Are you ready?" He asked me, placing his hands on my shoulders. He looked me squarely in the eyes.

"For what?"

"A pack meeting" He tilted his head toward the closed door that was currently closed, and I could practically feel the energy behind it with the amount of voices that were buzzing around inside the room.

"Ummm...." My gaze drifted to my chipped nail polish, I picked at it and bit my lip. "What are you worried about?" Damien asked, his voice gentle and calm even though I could imagine how impatient he was feeling, for he was mated to a coward. The voices in the room quieted and I heard Beta Christian speaking with the pack. I shrugged in response, Gladys was trying to calm my nerves, but they had already started t fray at the edges, I was so nervous. Damien pulled me in for a soft hug, he didn't say anything as he opened the door. With one last squeeze on my shoulder he let me go as we strode into the room. The power and dignity flowed around him as he moved with 100% confidence. I hesitated to follow him, my stomach churned and my palms began to feel clammy, Jillian,My mate snapped as indication for me to come. My hesitation became haste, I wanted him in a good mood today. As I walked I held my head high and smoothed my long hair down my shoulders. I stood by his side behind a big wooden desk. The rest of the pack sat in chairs in front of us their eyes glued to me with such intrigue and concentration my disposition fell from proud and confidant to shy and quite as it normally is.

"Good morning" Damien greeted his pack, his loud voice reverberating off the walls of the meeting room. I winced fearfully, I didn't like how loud his voice was at times. He looked at me for a moment, before continuing "As many of you know, my mate has been found about two weeks ago and today is her Coronation of Luna. I expect that you will respect her as much as you respect me, for any disrespect shall not be tolerated by me or my mate." Every head in the audience nodded like well trained dogs. "Good. Now I present to you Jillian Sadem of Harvest Moon Pack." Then he walked away into the audience, where he sat in the front row.

My mate just walked off!

He just left and sat next to Josephine without a care in the world. I at least wanted him to old my hand while I was coronated, but no. He left me up here unsupervised and scared. Hush,Gladys crooned , Don't worry, you are a strong independent woman who can stand up her alone just fine.

Snort Yeah right, I'd be much better off if he was here with me! replied.

Then a woman dressed in a draping black dress came up and stood next to me. In her hand she held a book that was opened to a specific page. Her fair blonde hair curled and her almond eyes seemed gentle and she looked an awful lot like Christian. "Hello Luna, I am the previous Betas mate; Christina and I will adhere to you coronation. Have a seat" She gestured to a chair that had been pulled out to the side of the desk, so everyone could see me. I sat down, crossing my hands in my lap to steady their shaking. Christina flipped a few pages in her big book she began speaking "When the Moon Goddess created the common wolves into werewolves she set down the first five packs, New, Crescent, Quarter, Gibbous, and the Full moon she did so with the future in mind. Each pack had a leader and the hierarchy to keep the pack happy, healthy, and mostly, safe from others. To help balance the pack the Lunas position was put in place. With the Alpha position only obtainable by death or by birth, the Alpha needed a mate to keep the pack alive. But the Luna's only job is not to bear children, but to also keep the Alpha in check and as the Alphas equal. Today we, The Crescent Moon Pack, one of the first five created packs, welcome our New Luna." Christina looked down at me, "Luna do you accept the position?"

"Y-yes, I do" Even though I hated to do it, but I could't imagine what the pack would do if I refused. The answer was so automatic to my lips, it seemed that another force controlled my mouth.

"Do you vow to keep the intention of the Alpha and Omega alike in mind at all times?"

"Yes"

"Will you be loyal to only one pack and one Alpha as long as he lives?"

"I will" That wouldn't be hard to do, the idea of cheating on my mate was sickening. Or maybe it was the fact that all these wolves were staring at me was making my stomach do back flips. I found Damien's expressionless face in the crowd. He was looking at me intensely, and with the quick nod of his head I was given the reassurance that I needed. Just the sightless dip of his chin gave me the strength to go on.

Christina moved over to the desk and took out a vile. A clear jelly-like substance was inside. She dipped her finger into its contents and she drew what felt like a 'C' on my forehead. I then realized that It was the phase of the moon the pack was named for. "With this I pronounce you the official Luna Of the Crescent Moon Pack"

The overjoyed claps and shouts of congratulations came from all my new pack members. Soon they were all coming towards me with smiles on their faces and words on their lips. I felt like I was being suffocated amongst the bodies. My head began swimming and the room started to move. I felt bile rise up in my throat, threatening to spill out any moment now. My breathing was strained, like my lungs couldn't hold any air at all. Hands came and tried to touch me, to give me a pat on the back, or a hand shake, someone even tried to give me a hug. But I shook them off and moved toward the door that Damien and I had come through. At least I think it was that door...

Dizziness had disoriented me and had thrown off my equilibrium. I clapped a hand against my mouth and ran faster to the door, I wasn't sure where I was going but I knew I had to leave. There was too much commotion, too much noise, too much...

Once I exited the room I moved slower down the hall, and to my amazement there was a vacant bathroom not to many doors down from the meeting room. My hands shook and I had difficulty opening the door, but I got in. I slammed the door unintentionally when I shut it with my foot, the surprising noise caused me to yelp and jump. I fell in front of the toilet and my breakfast came back up, burning my throat on the way up. My body convulsed as I continued to vomit. With my elbows on the seat, I was able to keep my hair from my face. Tears stung my eyes as I watched my semi digested food fall into the toilet. I wouldn't be surprised if I saw my shoes come out of my mouth.

This is exactly like third grade. When I puked all over Mrs. Evans...

Once I finished, I collapsed onto the cool tile of the restroom floor. My hair clung to my forehead and my stomach was having the after vomit shakes. I sat there panting on the floor for who knows how long, until....

SOME LEGENDS ARE TOLD SOME TURN TO DUST OR TO GOLD BUT YOU WILL REMEMBER ME FOR CENTURIEEEEESSS!!!

I groaned from the pandemonium that was Fall Our Boy and reached into my pocket. Josie's name popped up as the caller ID, so I answered.

"Mmmm?"

"Thank goodness you picked up. Where are you?" She sounded worried, in the background I heard many voices mixing together and it reminded me of the chaos that I had left from.

"Bathroom" My words slurred, "I frew up" The gasp on the other end and the click signaling the call had ended was all that I heard. Placing the phone next to me, I found a very comfortable position on the hard, cold floor. Even though it wasn't the bed I started to fall asleep. After a few minutes of dozing the bathroom door buts open. I jumped, but was calmed when I saw Josie's mohawk. "Oh, Jillian! What happened?" She came in and closed the door, after flushing the toilet she sat down next to me and pulled me into a hug. She stroked my hair soothingly, but tears came to my eyes "I-I can't do it, Josie."

"Do what?" her voice was motherly and comforting. "I cant be the Luna. No one will like me...I'm too weak, I'm not worthy to run such a powerful pack" My words came put in choked sobs. I was hopeless and useless. Everyone had told me that from my puphood. I was just a useless pup, my life wasn't valued like everyone else's. Josie pulled away from me, she looked at me with her hazel eyes "Jillian, why would you ever think that? The pack loves you already and they don't even know you that well yet. And even after they find out more and more about you they will accept you no matter what. We may be big bad wolves, but that also means we have big hearts."

I took a deep breath and used my sleeve to wipe away the tears that stained my cheeks. Josie started to dig in her bag "This is my 'Jillian Panic Purse'" she told me. Apparently my panic moments had been to frequent she had a special bag for it. "Brush your teeth. You just chucked up and yo breath ain't cute"

A smile blessed my lips, Josie pulled out a toothbrush and toothpaste from the 'Panic Purse'. After brushing my teeth I rolled back into her lap and curled up like a cat. Josie was just as hardcore as she was motherly. She and her brother had that in common, having extreme emotions of overly mean to surprisingly kind. As Josie petted my head the room felt nice and warm, and my eyes drooped. Without my knowledge I slipped out of consciousness.

***

Voices, I heard....voices. Muffled and quiet, but they were...sounds.

One male and the other female.

Whispers....whispers..

If I had wanted to my ears could have tuned in to hear their words.

The specifics, I knew not. But the gentle shutting of a door and the heavy footfalls of thick boots hit the tile...

Lazily my left eye opened. The room was hazy and sideways, the owner of the boots crouched down in front of me and I was lifted into a lap that was comforting. My eyelid shut.

Sparks fluttered over my skin, and I settled in. "Jillian..." he murmured, his fingers trailed down m neck, butterflies had a dance party in my stomach. "Wake up" his words were commanding yet coaxing.

"Mmnhhh"

Damien's hand hovered over the mark on my neck before rolling his finger along it gently "Now would be good...Jillian? I know your'e up, I can hear your breathing"

I lost my composure, both my eyes held a mischievous touch to them when they opened. Damien on the other hand looked exasperated. He lifted me onto the counter, fitting himself between my thighs. "Jillian, sweetheart,"His forehead pressed against mine and he looked at me, his eyes mesmerizing in and of its self. "Why are you locked up in a bathroom, passed out on the floor?"

I shrugged and cast my gaze on the ground. A warning growl shook the container of liquid soap on by the sink, "You will answer me, Jillian. Please"

"I'm sorry....But I-I'm not ... I can't do it, Damien...I just can't"

He stepped back abruptly, his arms crossed over his chest and looked at me defiantly, "Can't what?"

"Be the Luna"

Blowing out of is mouth his arms went slack at his sides. "Jillian, please don't do this to yourself, you don't deserve it." I opened my mouth, but Damien's hand shot up for him to finish "You will be great, and even though I understand you don't believe it, you will grow to. As Alpha, I cannot think of anyone more worthy of the position as Luna." His hand cupped my cheek, his thumb brushing my cheekbone, caressing it. "Come here," Damien helped me down from the counter top from which I sat and turned me so I faced the mirror "What do you see?"

I saw my dark hair and eyes. I saw how crumbled my shirt was from sleeping in it. I saw that I looked slightly pale from heaving a few minutes before hand. I saw Damien, his features reversed in the mirrored image. I saw his strength and his power from the way he stood and how he looked into the polished metal of the mirror.

I saw his mismatched eyes.

"I see me and you"

His arms crossed over my chest, he stood behind me. Lowering his head to my shoulder he asked "How would you describe you and me?"

I tried to shrug, but ended up popping Damien in the chin, causing his to shoot me a glare. "I dunno, someone who has his head on his shoulders and is a strong leader, with the ability to control himself and others"

"What about you?"

"Ummmm.....An awkward girl, who can't speak to anyone for fear of being noticed. I see a girl who wants to hide in the shadows...because...because...ummm....because she wants to?"I had found a loose button on my sweater after picking at it while I spoke. "Someone who doesn't deserve the circumstances she has been given. A girl who bends under pressure and hates to disappoint...I see a girl who experienced pain and would hate to see it again.....I just see....I just see......"

"See what?"

"Myself"

After a long painful silence, and my mate stared like he was trying to memorize every feature in my face. "You know what I see?" He wondered, one of his hands running up my shoulder and back down again as if to warm me. I nodded 'yes'.

"I'm gonna be brutally honest, okay?"

I was fine with it, Midnight Shadow had no problem being 'brutally honest'. They always told me about how dysfunctional I was in regards to the pack, they always told me how I couldn't be anyone high up's mate, and how I wasn't strong enough to be considered the Alpha's daughter. My weakness disgusted them they had no problem showing how revolting I was. Damien was an Alpha so technically he could say anything he wanted about me.

"First off I see a woman, not a girl. I see a thoughtful, generous, woman. She is strong and she can hold her own, but like everyone else she get intimidated. She has untapped power that she doesn't know she possesses, that's why she doesn't try to express it. But over time she will see her strength and she will use it to her full advantage." He spoke like it was common knowledge, but it was news to me.

I swallowed nervously "Really?"

"Yeah"

"That was the kindest thing anyone has ever told me." I admitted, my sister had always tried to praise me, but this was different. It wasn't like he was trying to pound it into my brain, but just express himself honestly. "Thank you" I stepped put of his hold and turned to face him. I ran my hand down the side of his jaw, his stubble prickling my fingers. His arm hooked around my waist and pulled me closer to his chest. We shared a soft kiss, and all to soon Damien's lips were gone from mine.

"You ready to go back out there?"

Without hesitation I nodded.

"Good, because there's only so much pep talking I can do for a day. Plus you already said your vows"

Authors Note

Hello! It has been a while, I apologize for the long wait. I've been so busy lately when I get home I am so exhausted and end up going without writing. I am now apart of three after school activities, plus my butt- load of homework so I'm pretty drained. But here it is, I hope you all enjoyed it and if you would please vote and comment.

Deanna

Continue reading next part