

## Night Talks

### Jillian's POV

I have to give kudos to Gladys, she was trying to do everything in her power to make me feel better. Sadly none of her attempts really made me feel anything but more upset. I hated to admit it, but I need my mate to make me feel happy or worth it again. But the more I thought about him the harder I cried, and soon it was near impossible to keep quiet. He couldn't hear me, he would just think I'm weaker than I already am. I bit my pillow to keep from screaming. He was right next to me and seemed not to even care.

My shoulders quivered and my hands shook when I tried to wipe away the tears. It made me think that being with him was a mistake. Couldn't he notice?

But I thought you didn't want him to Gladys said cautiously.

Who are you to tell me what I want? snapped at Gladys, even my own wolf was against me.

Aren't you against yourself?

This made it impossible for me to be silent any longer. I spat out the pillow and sobbed a big ugly fat cry. It was fitting to the person attached to it. I continued to cry out loud, I was ashamed of myself for not being strong enough to power through it, I wasn't ashamed of myself anymore... I hated myself. I hated my weakness, and my shyness and my awkwardness, I hated that I wasn't the right mate for Damien, and I hated myself for thinking that way at the same time.

I felt my mate sit up in bed. The white light turned on and I heard his phone be set down on the nightstand, and I felt the heat of his hand on my back when he pulled me up into his lap. He didn't say anything, he just rubbed my hair and my back, he kissed my head and let me cry.

I bawled into his naked chest, right next to the tattoo of the chained heart, it reminded me that everyone had demons, even Damien. But he never broke down crying like I did.

I began weeping harder than before.

Damien was still running his hands comfortably over my body when he lead my head to the spot on his neck where I had marked him. I clutched him tightly until my loud sobs became hiccups.

"You heard them didn't you?" His voice was deep and sorrowful, he must not be reacting well to his mate going boarder-line hysterical in front of him.

All I could do was nod and hold him tighter. I was all out of tears, but I felt the urge to break the dam again. "Oh, baby", Damien murmured, he kissed my temple over and over again, "Please don't believe a word they say. They are just jealous"

"Y-yo-you can r-re-ject me i-if you want" I pried myself up from his grip and wiped my face. Damien's jaw dropped "Why on earth would you suggest that?" he was almost growling.

"I just...you deserve...you deserve better for your pack, they even think so" I swallowed, "You could mate to Chloe."

Damien did growl this time, deep and loud and aggressive, "I'd rather kill myself." His hands were fists, "She's everything that your not. She's selfish and rude and she would be the worst leader of this pack, she would ruin us." Both Damien's hands went to my face and he wiped away more tears that leaked out somehow, "Even in wanting to be rejected you aren't thinking of yourself, you insist that I deserve better, when its actually you who does. I love your selflessness and the fact that you are gentle, unlike so many of the wolves in this pack who live to kill and see others suffer. I love how you are, and the people who hate you for it, I swear they will be punished"

I took Damien's hands in mine, "What good are all the words you say when I don't believe them myself? You can't reverse nearly eighteen years of hate with a few sweet words in a matter of weeks."

"That's why I will not reject you, you will live for much longer than eighteen years with me"

Remember when I said that I was out of tears? Yeah? Well I lied.

I became a big blubbing mess all over again. I covered my face with my hands while I sobbed, if I cry anymore, my eyes will shrivel up and a fall out of my head.

Damien sighed and wrapped my up in his hold once again, he must be tired of me crying all the time "I-I'm s-so-sorry..." I hiccuped.

"You have nothing to be sorry for, sweetheart" The way that he whispered and the feeling of his breath on my neck comforted me in more ways than one. We sat, curled up on each other in a nice silence.

Deep in my heart I knew that I may never feel worthy, I may never truly love myself like others did, and that I may never be exactly what I think I should be, but I knew at least I had my mate. I may not have the entire pack on my side, but I had my Alpha Damien Kinglsey with me and he thought I could do all those things. And that was good enough for now.

But I still had questions and insecurities considering my body. Damien had told me that I was gorgeous earlier when I went to his office, but he could have just been being nice. He noticed how I dressed up and decided to say something about it. "Damien, do you think I have fat thighs?"

He had to say yes, my thighs were like logs!

Damien pushed me on his now wet chest and looked deeply in my eyes, I could see so well because wolves' eyes adjust in the dark. It was dim, but I could see. "Jillian..." he trailed off, I fist my moon pendant "Jillian Sadem..."

"Yes, Damien Kinglsey?"

"You are beautiful and gorgeous and fabulous and I love you"

"You are awesome, amazing and perfect and I love you! I really did love him, frankly it was hard no to. The way that he cared for me and his pack was very admirable. He had an amazing sense of work ethic, and while he could be stern at times, you could always tell that he strongly cared. The Moon Goddess blessed me in ways I could not explain by making my mate this man. I would go to the ends of the world if he so wished, I would be anything and everything he needed me to be.

If only I were able to be the thing he needs most; a Luna who would be strong for herself and the pack. A woman with conviction and a gentle hand. A woman who could lead side by side with him and be there when he needs it the most. Someone who cared and was thoughtful enough to help others, someone selfless with a warm heart.

I think you just explained yourself Gladys murmured, but I ignored. If I didn't believe it then why was everyone pushing it on me? In some dark part of my mind I wanted Damien to realize who I was and why I wasn't worthy of being his mate. I wanted him to call me fat, ugly and worthless. I guess after years and years of that kind of attention, you just got used to it and expected it.

My sister (she is great don't get me wrong) would never understand why I was so shy, for she was outgoing and the Pack adored her. So when she tried to explain to me why I was 'beautiful' I always saw it as her yelling. And yelling equals mad. Ruby was very aggressive in her actions, but I couldn't blame her, she was an Alpha's oldest daughter. Aggression was her only way of communicating in a caring way. Her mind was, frankly, stronger than mine. You never saw her contemplating suicide because she saw that as an escape from the torture that was her daily life. Ruby never fell into depressed bouts or had anxiety attacks. She never did that.

So when Damien says I'm strong I just ignore it and move on, just because I don't agree. But who was I to tell him that he was lying about his own thoughts? I couldn't change his mind.

Damien answered my declaration with a kiss, just as sweet and heartfelt as the words we said. I kissed him back, it was what I was suppose to do as his mate. It was my job to love him when he loved me. And I did love him!

The kiss became passionate and soon Damien had assumed a dominating position over me, I didn't mind. That's how it was, the Alpha was on top and I didn't push it. That's what I had been taught, daily for years.

Damien's lips moved down my jaw and my neck, soon coming in contact with my mark. Waves of warmth traveled down my shoulders to the tips of my toes. I held him tighter, even in my weak mindset where I could only focus on the bad and not the good, like when my mother stopped kissing me goodnight or when my father yelled and dragged me down to my cell where I often slept because he was too tired to carry me and I was too weak to carry myself. Even in this weak state, Damien made me feel loved, he did make me feel like I was worth more than dirt. We were naturally drawn to each other and we both had strong feelings towards the other, I knew this...but his love meant close to nothing in my mind, because I couldn't love myself. No one else that mattered did, then why should I? My mother ignored me, my father beat me; the two people that impacted me more than anyone else couldn't stand to look at me. They showered my siblings with love while I sat in the corner, hiding. My father allowed pack members throw their insults at me day and night. The only friend that I had ever managed to make on my own was Josie, and even her motives were questionable.

Damien pooped my nose and grinned, "Smile, the sky isn't falling down, sweetheart"

I just looked at him blankly, I couldn't bring myself to feel the self pity to begin crying again. But all that was going through my mind was that the entire world hated me except my mate. Could I even call what we have true love for one another? We were programmed to be together, every moment up to the point we met was crucial to our characters and how we interacted. But our minds would break if we separated. So, we were forced to be together, no matter what.

"Stubborn, are we?" Damien leaned up on his knees and smirked. His hands rested, splayed on my stomach and my breath hitched, "You wouldn't dare"

I don't like 'No' for an answer mind-linked and at that very moment he seized my waist and tickled me.

I screamed and tried to shove him off me, but the tickling was relentless and my laughter made my muscles weaker than they already were. It was insane to think that I wouldn't start laughing, I giggled and squirmed. "Stop! Heehheee! I'm smiling!" When he didn't stop, I attempted to tickle him back, but obviously Damien wasn't ticklish, or he was really good at faking. I continued to writhe and cackle hysterically while my mate pinched and tickled me. Soon he let up and I cried "Uncle" nearly fifty times.

"We should go to sleep now, we have an early morning" Damien pulled the covers over our bodies and tugged me close. I wrapped my leg around his waist and hugged him tightly. He buried his head in my neck with his arms secured around my waist like I was a teddy bear that he could hold to go to sleep.

"I love you, Jillian"

"I love you too, Damien. Goodnight"

"Goodnight"

The warmth our bodies created made our smells mix well, pine and lemon. That's what we were, mates or not, a mixture of love and devotion, lemon and pine. What a beautiful way to fall into a deep, dreamless slumber.

### Author's Note:

Hello, this was a solemn chapter, I know. Many people would say that they have never seen me get mad, but bullying and mistreating people is a sure-fire way to get me screaming at you like a complete and utter crazy woman. So while I wrote this chapter I nearly started crying tears of anger; remembering some of the comments that I had gotten where people are being bullied and bothered.

All I can say is that the people that are bullying you are going through difficult times themselves. They have insecurities and are just projecting it on you to make themselves feel better. That's a pretty selfish way to act, don't you think? You may have heard people say that "Children will be children." But sadly that's not true; even adults will bully others. One time I was at the hospital to get my blood drawn, but the nurse came out crying because this man was being extremely mean and rude to her.

You need to remember that you aren't the problem, its the bully. In this instance the girls that were saying those nasty things about our girl Jillian were just jealous and insecure in themselves. So if that makes you feel better, just remember that they are just taking out their aggression on you. Not to excuse their actions at all, bullies should never be accepted because bullying is unacceptable.

My sympathies go out to every and all victims of bullying, I love you all and thank you for voting and commenting.

See you next update!

-Deanna

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