

## Odd

I blinked at the giant wolf. <sup>a1</sup>

He just stared back.

Gladys was about to die of excitement.

Come on, let's go, Alpha said finally.

He got up and turned around, ready to leave.

"Wait.." I beckoned.

He looked back at me with an expectant expression on his face. <sup>a</sup>

"W-What is your name?" I was nervous, because he looked so scary.

He cocked his head as if to wonder if he had introduced himself before.

Alpha Damien Kingsley. You will call me Damien.

He turned around and started trotting back to the area where the packs had met.

I followed, practically running to keep up with his long legs.

"Why were you on our territory?" I broke the silence with a question.

Damien never stopped running to answer me, We had to go homeHe said simply.

"Do you have to go through our territory to get there?"

This isn't your territory anymore, Jillian. This way is a short cut. I assume the pack got a new alpha, so it was a bit of a problem, but its all straightened out now.

"Why did so many of you leave anyway?"

Reasons.

I snorted at his remark, "I deserve to know. I will be the Luna" <sup>a</sup>

You will know in due time <sup>a</sup>

I must admit he was a very patient Alpha. Which was truly odd. But he was probably being all nice now, but once we get comfortable really acts like a true pain.

What happened to Alpha Alexander?

Now it was Damien's turn to ask questions.

"Oh, I didn't know about that. I've only been in the pack for about a year"

At this Damien stopped.

You were a rouge? <sup>a</sup>

"No!! No! I just transfered packs. I promise I was never rouge"

I quickly explained. I didn't want him to think any lower of me that he already did. Rogues were the most unrespected wolves. They honestly were cowards who couldn't stay with their own pack, so they ran away wreaking havoc on other packs. <sup>a</sup>

I wanted to keep a little bit of respect for myself. Being such a small and weak wolf, respect is hard to come by.

Why did you transfer?

"Reasons" I copied one of his answers for my own. <sup>a</sup>

Damien; happy with my response, started walking again.

We didn't talk anymore for the duration of our trip. <sup>a</sup>

The only reason I was going with my mate so early was because tradition thought it right. When the Moon Goddess created werewolves she made each of us have a specific soul mate. Our mates kept us happy and feeling complete. So sadly because of instinct and design, once a werewolf sees their mate (and doesn't reject them) they feel physically incomplete. The mate pull will eventually be to strong for even the greatest of wolves to overcome, so one way or another I would end up where Damien wants me anyway.

The burning in my thighs made me wake from my thoughts, I needed a break.I stopped in my tracks and rested my head between my thighs, smokey pu s of air escaped my panting mouth.

Damien stopped and sat next to one of the many trees that filled the forest, waiting for me to catch my breath.

I wasn't gonna stop, I was exhausted, my legs and lungs were on fire, and I was starting to get pretty hungry.

Damien wasn't even breathing hard, he just looked at me with a bored expression on his face. His dark colored tail tapped the earth, showing his growing inpatients.

Get on my bak

He ordered, calmly. <sup>a0</sup>

Gladys loved the idea; me on the other hand wanted to keep running.

I refuse to look weak in front of my mate. I wanted him to respect me.

Stubbornly, I shook my head.

Damien growled slightly at my disobedience.

Get on my backHe repeated his words as if I would finally comply.

I shook my head and straighted up.

He then growled deeply as if he would have a true rage fit if I didn't get on his back and let him carry me.His voice echoed in the trees around us and my wolf whimpered.

I will not ask you againHe threatened.

I sighed begrudgingly, before nodding my head slightly.

Alphas and their tempers. It's as if there's a fuze that gets short circuited when the alpha gene is put in them, that cuts out all rational thinking. Thus leading to bossiness and an extremely short temper. <sup>a</sup>

Maybe my mate wasn't as odd as I thought he was.

Damien stood up and I climbed on. As soon as I settled we were o like lightning.

I squealed in fear before clinging tightly to his thick fur and ducking my head to keep from hitting tree branches.

As we rode I realized why he had wanted me riding him so badly. <sup>a2</sup>

I was slowing him down.

Easily he was going five times as fast as we were when I was running. I felt extremely guilty for not exercising my human form.

We'll do that as soon as possibleI promised myself.

If I was going to be Luna, I had to be strong for the pack.

My mate was an alpha, he ruled over the pack and was usually the strongest of wolves. His mate was called the Luna. The Luna was an example to young females in the pack and her mates right hand. The Luna was above the Beta but still below the Alpha, and thus deserved respect from all pack members. <sup>a7</sup>

What seemed like seconds later we came upon a giant and glamorous, cabin smack in the middle of the pine forest. The shocking change of scenery made me blink in surprise. Some snow dotted the roof and window panes, homely smoke came up from the chimney. It looked like a Christmas card, drawn by Thomas Kinkade.

So this is where the alpha livesGladys realized.

Damien slowed to a trot under me. He lead me to what I assumed was the back door of the abode.

Once we got to the tall oak door, Damien seemed to forget I was in his back and sat. I slid down as ungracefully as possible, flopping unto my butt. <sup>a</sup>

"Ow!"

The alpha turned and sni ed me, as if to assess my damages. <sup>a</sup>

We had a long day, go up 3 flights of stairs and go inside, take a nap and relax. You will get some dinner soon.

I hopped up and patted his head gently, which brought a so growl from Damien. <sup>a1</sup>

I smiled apologetically before turning the door and going inside. The entire apolo looked like it came from a magazine, all the couches matched with the perfect mix of green and red, everything seemed to fit just right where it was put. The dark oak floors and burning hearth quickly warmed me in contrast to the outdoor snowy weather.

The house smelled good too, it smelled like pine needles and cinnamon.

That's Damien's senGladys yipped. <sup>a4</sup>

I went up the log like stairs and opened the door that Damien had instructed me to.

It smelled much stronger up here.

But I was too exhausted to care.

The room was huge, it was also the only room on this floor so I wasn't surprised.

There was a couch by one of the windows that gave the perfect view of the forest, along with a desk, TV, and bookcases that lined the walls.

As amazing as all of this is; the bed was just calling my name.

I peeled o my jacket and hat, along with my boots and sat on the comforter.

Before going to sleep I ate a breakfast granola bar I had put in my bag. <sup>a</sup>

Then it was lights out.

### Authors Note

I hope you enjoyed.

Thanks for reading; comment and vote please.

Thanks again,

Deanna

<sup>a</sup>

Continue reading next part