

The Better Luna

NOT IN THE MOOD

It's been a day since my encounter with Georgia and things have gotten drastically worse. She was wreaking havoc in the packhouse. Georgia has always gotten what she wants, no matter what and now she wasn't.

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I told her she couldn't see Milo anymore because I didn't feel comfortable leaving him in her care knowing the things she was saying to him about me. I was his mother and my trust in her had waned from the incident. Her very loud response before everyone in the main hall was "It's better he knows his mother is an overweight trailer trash from now so he'll be immune to it when he gets older."

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I had enough. I tried to stand firm on it and I was honestly still upset that she thought it was okay to do that. He was so young and impressionable. It was beyond cruel to talk to a child like that about their parent. I couldn't or wouldn't let him endure that and I felt terrible for what had happened.

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He was my baby and I loved him more than anything. I had to protect him at all cost. I know he's her aunt but if she couldn't abide by my rules then she wasn't allowed with him. I tried to be cordial with her despite everything but she was throwing a fit.

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There was no way to avoid her when I had to go around and make sure things were alright. The entire place was busy putting up decorations, prepping the food and making final preparations such as cleaning, and making sure the dinner menu was perfect. We would be having a huge celebratory dinner event when the two packs became one. Leaders from different packs all over would also be joining us.

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She complained to the pack members and levelled every nasty comment my way whenever we were in the same vicinity no matter who was there. I was embarrassed but I tried to endure it all.

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She knew Bode wasn't here and she was ensuring that she was making my life uncomfortable, not to mention her very heated threats. She threatened vehemently that she would tell Bode and her parents that I was being a bitch.

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She countered that she worked tirelessly and had a very busy schedule. She was here for a brief while and seeing Milo was on the top of her priority list. I was denying her that right.

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I was keeping my nephew from her, holding him hostage when she has absolutely done nothing wrong, and she was here to support her brother. Therefore, I was being vile and disrespectful to her, ruining such a wonderful occasion. I know it will cause a huge rift and I dreaded it.

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Georgia was good at spinning stories and most of all playing the victim. I would be lying if I said I wasn't worried. I really tried to diffuse the situation but she wasn't here for it. Not without me changing my rules.

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It was almost midnight and I was trying to wait up for Bode. He'd always return late way after I fell asleep, sometimes even early in the mornings. I have been going to bed with an empty space beside me.

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I pushed the lonely thought back, trying to be strong that at least I woke up next to him. It was necessary and he was the one having to travel back and forth. If it was hard on anyone, it was the hardest on him.

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With everything so close I expected the same tonight. It was exhausting for both of us, especially him and I was worried he wasn't getting enough sleep.

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I was sitting up, trying my best not to nod off. Maybe if I spoke to him first then it wouldn't be that bad. Maybe he could diffuse it. With my in-laws coming next week, I didn't want to make it uncomfortable or be the start of any problems.

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I had tried calling Bode a few times mostly because I missed him. I needed to hear his voice but as always whenever he's at the Wild Storm pack my calls go unanswered and go straight to his voicemail.

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I was lucky enough to get through to him this time but I barely got a few words in. He was busy. He sounded irritated and his tone was clipped so I decided to wait.

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When the door opened, I sprang up out of the bed to meet him. He stopped half way through the door in surprise when saw me. It was clear he didn't think that I'd be awake. He paused and blinked in confusion as I threw my arms around him, breathing in his deep spicy and woodsy scent.

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"I missed you." I mumbled into his clothes.

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I reached up for a kiss as I normally did but he kissed my temple instead. It threw me off but I was too happy to see him to dwell on it. I didn't miss the way he pulled back a bit, putting space between us.

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"How was everything?!" I asked. My voice came out a bit shrill due to my anxiety. I felt like I couldn't read him. His eyes moved furtively over my face as if he was looking for something.

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"The same as always. Why are you up Pen?" he asked gruffly, trying to gage me. His eyes quickly darted around the room, to land back on me. "It's late."

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“I know. I was waiting for you.”

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I stepped aside as he closed the door behind him. He was freshly shaved, in one of the new dark brown shirts I had packed for him. The colour made his green eyes even more enthralling. I could feel the building ache between my thighs and the heat pooling into my body. I tried to focus and sat on the edge of the bed.

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He placed his bag down on the floor. Was it my imagination or was he avoiding eye contact with me? He seemed a bit distant but he was probably tired.

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“Georgia and I had an altercation.” I blurted out.

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His eyes tightened and I could see the muscle in his jaw flex. He started to open the buttons on his shirt. I could see the slightest view of well toned abs. Focus.

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“About what?”

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“Well, she didn’t have the nicest things to say about me to and in front of Milo so I told her she couldn’t see him anymore. She’s been fuming ever since.”

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“Georgia?” he asked unbelievably, pausing on a button.

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“Yes.”

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“Why would Georgia do that?”

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His tone held disbelief and I could feel my hopes of him believing me getting thinner by the second.

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“I don’t know if you’ve noticed but Georgia has never liked me.” I replied softly.

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“You’ve got to be kidding me. Since when?” he levelled at me incredulously.

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“Since forever Bode. I’ve just never said anything.”

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“I find that hard to believe. Georgia is the sweetest. I know she’s my sister but she’s always been extremely polite to you so I find you conjuring up these things very concerning. She doesn’t have a mean bone in her body.”

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I half open my mouth and close it.

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“When you’re around, sure she’s fine, she’s an angel but when you’re gone she is awful to me. She criticizes and talks down-”

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“That’s enough! This is ridiculous Pen. Are you hearing yourself? Is this jealousy? Do you think Georgia has something you don’t?”

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I was speechless. It took a few seconds for me to respond.

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“What exactly would she have that I don’t?” I ask quietly.

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The question hung heavy in the air. I knew what she had but I wanted him to say it. My mind drifted to the other morning in bed and this was the second time he was referencing to me being insufficient. I knew I was nothing in comparison to Georgia but it hurt when my mate pointed it out.

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I felt a slow building hurt. The fact that he didn't say anything said a lot and I could feel a heaviness in the pit of my stomach. The silence stretched between us before he gave out with a sigh.

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"It doesn't matter. I don't know who you're talking about but it definitely isn't my sister. Georgia couldn't hurt a fly much less behave in the way you're describing. Whatever you did wrong just apologize and move on Pen."

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That was the end of it. He started to walk off to the bathroom.

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"Bode, Milo-"

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"Let her see Milo! She's his aunt for Moon Goddess' sake and she loves him. She would never do anything to hurt him. You're being unreasonable, Pen. It's cruel. I'd never in a million years expect this from you. I come home and this is what you are badgering me with?! I don't have time for this petty squabble that you've contrived in your head." he said with finality.

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I felt the tightening of my throat and I swallowed against it. I knew when I'd lost. It would have always been a losing battle anyway.

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I could hear the shower running and I fell back against the bed, feeling frustrated. There was an overwhelming sadness. My wolf was despondent. He didn't believe us. I took deep breaths and climbed into my side of the bed.

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A few minutes later and Bode came out of the shower with water dripping down him. He seemed to still be strung up about it and I did feel guilty.

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He was right that I was badgering him and adding to his overloaded plate, when he already had enough. I swallowed at the breathtaking sight of him towelling dry, feeling like I was on fire. I was wet and I took in a steady breath to calm my erratic heartbeat.

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He drew on his boxers, turning off the lights and came directly to bed. I was grateful he was claiming his spot tonight. I cozied up to him, enjoying the warmth his body provided. He was leaned back against the pillows, looking contemplative.

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I shrugged off the gown feeling the cool air against my skin and I shuddered as I pressed my body against his. I drew a hand across his hard chest, going further down for its end goal. But his hand stopped mine before I even had the chance.

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“I’m not in the mood Pen.”

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I thought he was just still upset with me about Georgia so I ignored it and leaned up to try and kiss him.

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“I said I’m not in the fucking mood! Can you give it a rest?!” he gritted out harshly.

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I was startled. I pulled back instantly and drew in a sharp breath. His expression was stone cold and all the heat evaporated out of my body. His rejection was harsh and I felt stupid. I flustered a bit backwards putting some distance between us. My cheeks felt like they were on fire from the embarrassment.

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“I’m sorry. I’m sorry.” I quickly mumbled, pulling the sheet up around me. I couldn’t help the tears stinging the corner of my eyes, threatening to spill.

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I could hear him curse under his breath before he reached for me, pulling me against him and I bit my lip so as not to release a sob. His arms wound around me and I closed my eyes tight.

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"I'm just tired. I'm really exhausted, Pen. Okay?" he breathed in my ear but I couldn't answer him or else I would start sobbing. I nodded and tried to calm down, feeling like I'd been lashed. I understood but I still couldn't open my eyes.

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"Stop being so sensitive."

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He kissed the side of my lips.

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"I love you. I'm sorry. I'm just not in the mood tonight. I'll make it up to you."

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Have a happy weekend guys.

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