

His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 10 - Tips

Tonia made me change into a workout outfit. This is actually my first time wearing one, and I'm surprised how comfy it is. I put on a black legging, and a sports bra underneath a white simple tank top made of some really light material I don't know. After braiding my hair quickly, I join Tonia at the entrance of the apartment.

Apparently, the building has a gym upstairs for its tenants, and Tonia, having changed clothes too, takes me there. I'm happy to learn I can exit the apartment as I want this time, though she didn't mention going outside yet. As usual, Bobo the wolf-bear follows us like a shadow, and once we're in the elevator, I can't help but ask him.

"Bobo, do you change into your human form sometimes?"

Tonia laughs and answers in his stead, "He likes his wolf form much better, actually. More convenient, less thinking, he says. You know, he shapeshifted super early for the first time, when he was just five-years-old! I remember, our mom thought it was Neal. She totally freaked out when we found out it was Bobo. And he was pretty big at that time, too."

"I didn't know we could shapeshift so young!" I say while looking at her brother.

Tonia shakes her head and fondly scratches her brother's head. "Oh, this is a rarity! Most werewolves turn around ten or twelve for the first time. He's a natural, I guess... Back when he was a teen, he spent half of his time in his wolf form. Frankly, it was a pain. He left his hair everywhere on the furniture! Now it's more like eighty percent, I would say. But honestly, this doesn't change much from where he's on two feet. He's not a chatterbox in his human form either."

I can't really imagine what Bobo looks like as a human. He is so dog-like, it's hard to remember he's a werewolf sometimes.

"What about your big brother?"

"Neal? No, Bobo's the only one who thinks he is a house dog. Neal likes his human form. Like a normal werewolf, I mean. But he's the same color as Bobo, just a bit smaller."

“And what about you?”

“Hm, I think I’m a tiny bit darker than the guys, and my size should be the same as Neal’s. We are still pretty big, anyway. The giant size runs in the family. I’ll show you sometime.”

I nod, a bit happy to know more about them. We finally reach the gym, and I suddenly remember a question I had in mind for a long time after meeting them, though I never actually dared to ask.

“Tonia, can I ask how old you are?”

“Twenty-four. Neal is twenty-six, and Bobo is nineteen.”

Wait, Bobo is still a teen? I thought he was much older than me! It turns out he’s not even two years older! I’m looking at him differently now. No wonder Tonia treats him like a big baby, she’s actually older than him by five years! How funny. I’m looking at my bodyguard in a totally different light now. He doesn’t seem to care at all and leads the way in front of us.

When we arrive at the gym, I’m surprised it’s empty, despite being so big. There are two rows of machines like treadmills and elliptic bikes, lots of free weights disposed on shelves, yoga balls, colored mats, a few punching bags, and some equipment I totally don’t know how one is supposed to use.

“It’s a workday, and people don’t come here at this hour.” Explains Tonia.
“Come over here; let’s get started.”

She actually makes me run for twenty minutes, putting me on the treadmill. She uses another one right next to me and watches how I do. Compared to me, Tonia is incredibly fit. Now that she is wearing this kind of outfit, I can see she is slightly muscular, with not a once of fat. How lucky. I envy her tan and tall body. When I look at myself in the mirrors, I just look... petite and ridiculously skinny.

After what she calls the warming-up, she takes me to what I identify as a boxing ring and makes me put on two boxing gloves. A bit perplexed, I search Bobo for help, but he has started a nap on one of the benches and couldn’t care less about what we’re doing. I’m pretty sure he’s even snoring.

“Ok, baby girl. Now that you are better, it’s time to get back in shape. Punch this.”

She's wearing some big, weird cushion-glove, waiting for me. I try to hit it, but she gives me an annoyed look.

"Nora, you call that a punch? Come on girl, do it seriously. Again, and don't hold back."

I'm not holding back! I try punching a few more times, but every time, Tonia won't budge. It's like hitting some wall. She looks at me like I'm some fly. A very weak fly.

After a while, she rolls her eyes and asks me to stop.

"Nora, you're holding up. Trust me. Even a five-year-old kid can punch harder than that."

"I'm not used to this! I've never hit... anyone before." I defend myself, blushing

I'm usually the one receiving the hits, but I'm pretty sure Tonia knows that already. But she won't let me go. She shakes her head and shows the gloves.

"That's my point. Learn how to throw a good punch, and next time, you can defend yourself."

We hear a growl from Bobo's side, and his sister nods.

"Yes, unless Bobo gets to bite their head off first. But that's not the point, Bobo. Hey, don't look at me this way, baby girl, I'm just quoting him. Come on, try again. Get angry."

I put my fists up as she shows me, and go at it again. This time, I'm trying to get angry as she says. It's easier than I thought. I just think of all I've endured these last few years, how wrong and unfair it was, all of it, and it's coming to me. More strength, more anger, and I put it all into my fist before I punch.

"Good! Much better. Again, Nora, keep going."

One after another, I start punching harder, I can tell. This time, Tonia has to use her strength to block me. I'm getting the hang of it. Tonia keeps directing me, telling me how to place my feet and at which height I should elevate my elbow. I'm sweating, but it surprisingly feels incredible. All this anger I never knew I had in me, all of it comes out and hits one punch after another.

All of a sudden, my wolf starts growling. She's with me, getting all of her anger out, too. She's being fierce and stands firm. I've never felt her this way before! I smile, happy to feel her.

By the end of our little seance, I'm feeling great. I'm all sweaty and exhausted, but it is such a thrilling feeling. Tonia seems really happy with me, too. She even showed me how to stand and block to defend myself against an opponent, wolf or human. After that, she had me train on a punchbag while she exercised on the treadmills.

"How do you feel?" She asks.

We are sitting on the living room's sofa after a well-deserved shower, and we both changed to new clothes. Tonia is wearing jeans and an oversized jacket over a sports bra, while I picked up a wrap midi dress from my wardrobe.

"Much better, thank you, Tonia. And actually, I felt my wolf a lot."

"Do you not hear her usually?"

"Not always. Just when I'm really scared, or sad, or when... when Damian is there."

I blush a bit while saying this, but it's the truth. Tonia laughs and shakes her head.

"Don't be embarrassed about it, baby girl. Anyway, it's great you connected with her better. I'm going to keep training you. I feel like you need it."

"I think so, too. I never... really expressed myself before. I was always keeping it all to me."

"You know, that could be part of the reason you've never shape-shifted, Nora. Our wolves are like, our real selves. They reflect what we want, and what we feel deep down. The no-filter version. If you're used to staying silent, never saying what you think and ignoring what you feel, it's no wonder you don't feel connected to your wolf."

Could it be? It's not that I never felt close to my wolf before. But she always seemed so... pitiful and helpless. I could only feel her in emergency situations, like when I got a beating or when I was scared. But it never felt like she wanted to take over, though. As if she always thought it was... worthless.

“Tonia... Where’s Damian?”

I’ve been meaning to ask all morning. I’m sure I fell asleep in his arms last night. It’s as if I can still feel his touch, his smell on me, despite the shower and all. It just lingers on me like some warm shadow. And it makes me want for more. But Tonia just shakes her head with an apologetic look.

“He’s... busy for now. I’m not sure where he is exactly, to be honest. He didn’t stay long last night. He put you to sleep, and he left right after that.”

Why is it like this? Am I the only one craving his presence? It seems like he won’t stay every time we see each other. I felt so safe and serene in his arms... I want to see him again. So why is it that he’s never here? He’ll provide me a VIP room in some hospital, now a fancy apartment, but he just comes and go. We remain strangers.

I might be wary of his background, of his dark history, but whether I like it or not, he is my mate. All my instincts push me into his arms. My wolf yearns for her counterpart. I spent almost a full month at the hospital. He visited me twice, and for one of them, I was half-sleeping. Now, when I thought he had finally come back, he just lands me into some penthouse and leaves again? Maybe that’s why I still can’t get used to the apartment. It feels so immense, cold and empty, like the spotless decor of a magazine.

I just stay close to Bobo and spend the afternoon watching a movie with him snoring loudly beside me. Surprisingly, Tonia went out for a couple of hours. She just said she had to run a few errands and left us. I just hope she’s not making any more shopping on my behalf because the two full wardrobes and bookshelves are already much more than I can handle.

When she comes back, I’m actually in the study, with Bobo sleeping at my feet. She laughs from the doorstep, surprised I’m actually using the computer instead of reading some of the books. I glance down and notice she’s carrying three shopping bags in each hand. Brand clothes again?

“Well, someone has remembered she’s living in the twenty-first century! I’m even surprised you know how to use it!”

“I’m not that clueless!” I protest, a bit offended.

“If you say so, baby girl. Now, tell me what are you doing? Getting more books? You couldn’t have finished reading the whole library in one afternoon.”

I did start reading a book until chapter eleven, but that’s it! And the story is excellent, about four siblings going to a fantastic world through a magic wardrobe. I have to admit I had a hard time putting it down.

“Stop making fun of me. I’m just looking at job offers.”

“Wait... You are looking at what?”

Uh-oh. Judging from Tonia’s expression, this is not going to end well....