

His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 12 - Tips

I was anxious all afternoon after that. I kept looking at the clock on the wall, waiting for hours to pass. I was even distracted enough to burn myself while cooking. Tonia got angry at me for being so careless and declared she was going to order some food, banning me from the kitchen for the day. But I couldn't help it.

Knowing my mate was coming was the most terrible feeling ever. It was like I had become someone else, not controlling my own body. My wolf was acting crazy all afternoon, and I think I might have been just as insufferable for Bobo and Tonia. I felt feverish, anxious, and clumsy.

What was I thinking?

Now I realize how bold I've been. Damian Black is the Alpha of the strongest pack in the area. No one is more powerful than him for miles around. He's controlling the Blood Moon Pack, and anyone who doesn't belong to that pack should fear it. And here I go, the seventeen-years-old Nora, not even a proper werewolf on some aspects, commanding that he comes to me. Tonight. Since when did I get so brave?

So here I am, at almost eleven o'clock, waiting for him.

I'm curled up on the sofa, in my silk nightgown and kimono, trying to get interested in that random book while Bobo is happily and loudly snoring next to me. He's taking advantage that Tonia went to bed already to sleep on the couch.

I have no clue about when Damian will come. Tonia didn't hear any more from him after that. I've been anxious all day, but it just won't get better until I actually see him. Leaving my book aside, since I've been trying to read the same page for twenty minutes, I think of everything I've been waiting to ask him.

Why is he avoiding me? Why leave me in the apartment? Why can't I work? Does he... Gosh, I think I might need to make a list.

I sigh, and pet Bobo without thinking, but he doesn't complain. I'm sipping tea, hoping I won't fall asleep, but the apartment is so quiet, it's unsettling. Rain is pouring against the glass wall, but I can barely hear it. The view is stunning,

though. The skyline of Silver City by night, like any major city, is full of artificial lights from buildings, street lamps, and cars altogether. So lively and pretty.

If I look far enough, I can even see part of my Clan's turf in the outskirts. I never really realized how remote the Jade Moon actually was. There are a lot more different packs living in the city, and I only know a few of them. The Gold Moon Clan, the Velvet Moon Clan, the Sapphire Moon Clan, the Rising Moon Clan, the Violet Moon Clan, the White Moon Clan, the Pearl Moon Clan, etc.... All those clans do their best to coexist peacefully while also defending their turfs. Some only have about thirty members, but some have hundreds. Some are part of more prominent clans or have old alliances, and some can disappear overnight. Silver City has always been full of night creatures, fighting for land and power. Except, now we don't fight over food and territories but over money and estate. It's the same battle.

Suddenly, Bobo gets up next to me, and I stop petting him. Did I wake him up?

"Sor...."

No.

It's Him.

Something stirs me up inside, and my heartbeat quickens without warning. My whole body knows before I do. Even the way I'm breathing in slightly changes. My wolf is all ears, panting and waiting. I'm so tense!

Bobo just silently leaves the room, but at this moment, I couldn't care less. I'm frozen on the couch, my eyes fixated on the door and waiting for him. How is it that I can sense him before I can actually see him? Are all bonds that strong? I can tell he's standing behind the door for a few seconds. What is he waiting for?

Then, the door opens, and he takes a step in. Moon Goddess, he is so handsome I can barely think straight anymore. He gets rid of his leather jacket, leaving it on the floor, and walks into the room with this simple t-shirt. A simple black t-shirt that is guilty of showing off his broad shoulders and muscular build.

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Before I realize it, Damian's already in front of me, but standing a few steps away from the couch I'm on. He won't come close. He looks... exhausted. He lets out a sigh and brushes his hair with his hand.

"Are... Are you okay?" I ask, concerned by his worn-out look

"Yeah."

So why is he avoiding my gaze then?

He's looking anywhere but at me. It's awkward, and I don't even know what else to say. Thankfully the room is quite dark, because I must be red right now. I can't help but touch my hair nervously. Try and remember your list, Nora.

"Thank you for lending me your apartment. "

"It's yours," replies his deep voice.

And here we go. I shake my head.

"It's nice of you to let me stay here, but this... this isn't mine."

"You don't like it?"

"No, no, I... I do like it, but that's not the issue. I just can't afford to buy such a place, and if I can't, then I can't say it's mine."

I'm so nervous, I can feel my voice trembling. He is so intimidating! He's standing a few steps away from me, and neither of us can actually bear to look at the other. What kind of conversation is this?

"It's a present then."

"No."

I can tell his silver eyes have gone ice-cold. Oh no, he's definitely mad. He crosses his arms, but won't add anything. What does this silence mean? This distance between us is so infuriating! I can barely contain my wolf who wants

to run to him, so why is he so distant? He looks like he doesn't want to be here, and doesn't want to see me. Does he have any idea how awkward this is for me? And quite intimidating, too. I feel so tiny facing him. He's right there, standing totally quiet and imposing, domineering the room effortlessly. I get up from the sofa, tightening my kimono around me.

I couldn't tell where I find the courage to actually stand in front of him. I'm trembling. "Why you won't let me work?"

"It's dangerous," he says in his ice-cold tone.

"But I will need money."

"No, you won't."

What does he mean I won't? I can't expect him to shelter me indefinitely! That would be way too optimistic of me.

His short answers are really annoying. And scary, but still irritating. It's like his aura suddenly turned the room darker. I want to step back, but my wolf won't have it. Something is chilling down my spine, something I can't describe that has to do with my instincts. My werewolf instincts.

But I'm still hopelessly attracted to him. And that makes his rejection attitude even more painful. I nervously bite my lip, trying to think of what I can do, what I could say. Why is this so difficult? I wish I could trust him; I wish I knew what he's thinking right now. But here he is, indecipherable, cold and barely talking. Doesn't he want me? Is he rejecting me? My body grows cold just from that scary thought alone.

"I need to work. I want to."

"I said no."

"LOOK AT ME!"

Oh Moon Goddess, I just screamed.

Why am I like this? I'm shaking, I'm tearing up, but I don't care. This whole situation is so impossible! And I'm tired of it! Tired of waiting for a sign from him, tired of his distant attitude. I know we're basically strangers, I know I'm not pretty and not mate material, but still!

...Oh.

My cry finally made him look at me, and he seems shocked. Okay, I am surprised by my own reaction, too. I wipe the beginning of a tear with my hand, trying to act tough like I'm not refraining a sob. Calm down, Nora. I take a second and look at him in the eyes.

"Why are you avoiding me like this? I... I know I'm not the girl one would wish for as his mate, I get that. But I..."

"Stop it, Nora."

I obey immediately. I can't help but obey. Damian is an Alpha giving me a direct order. Stupid wolf instinct.

I turn my head to the window, avoiding his gaze this time. Is this it? Will he reject me now? I put my arms around me, feeling colder than ever. My wolf is whimpering continuously, and I can't even tell her to stop. I feel like crying, too, but I won't.

I hear him let out a sigh, and all of sudden he's stepping closer. I shiver, unable to raise my eyes up. I feel him coming closer. I want to step back, I want to run. But here I stay, frozen and terrified. His smell again, and I can feel him facing me, dangerously close.

I hold my breath. Damian stopped right in front of me, so close I can feel his warmth. What is he going to do now? Scold me? Hit me? Hideous flashbacks come to me, and Moon Goddess, I don't want to remember any of it at this moment.

He raises his hands, and slowly, puts them around my neck.

But... Not in a forceful, threatening manner like my brother. No, Damian's touch is incredibly gentle against my skin, his thumbs caressing my cheeks. Before I can even realize what's going on, I feel his lips, very softly, kissing my forehead.

...What is this feeling? I feel a wave a warmth flowing through my body, starting from my forehead. I close my eyes and breathe again. His lips linger on my skin, and I raise my hands to put them on his wrists, as if I wanted to keep him there, close to me.

This simple kiss chases away all of my worries. I feel so many things right now, I'm overwhelmed with emotions. I want to stay like this forever. The two of us, so close, in this dark room, with only the sound of the rain.

After a few seconds, he stops and stares at me in the eyes. Our faces are so close, I feel hypnotized by the silver in his. I can see my reflection in it, and I suddenly remember my horrid scar. I turn away and try to hide it with my hair, but he grasps my hand to stop me.

"Nora, don't hide it."

"But it's..."

"Don't."

I look up to him, embarrassed. He really doesn't mind it? He sighs, and caresses my cheek once again, on the side where my scar is.

"I don't want any other mate than you, Nora."

How can I believe him? Anyone would want someone prettier than me as a mate. I have the lowest self-esteem, and I'm ridiculously weak. I've done nothing but tremble in fear for the last ten years of my life. Yet his gestures towards me are so gentle...

"Why didn't you want to see me?" I whisper.

He sighs and takes his hands off me. Why is he stepping back now? Did I say something wrong? He looks at me, and I can't tell what he's thinking. I see him crossing his arms on his chest, and he seems to hesitate. He looks at me again, seeming hesitant. What now?

I'm about to ask him what's wrong when he speaks up again, looking straight at me. "I wanted to see you, Nora. I wanted it so badly, I could barely contain my wolf the past weeks. I'm... containing myself. I don't think you realize how much self-restraint I need right now."

...Oh.