

His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 13 - Tips

Oh.

I turn entirely red as soon as I understand. How stupid am I! Well, I suppose it is to be expected that his wolf-self would make him desire me... And he is a fully grown man, too. So embarrassing! I really didn't expect that.

And all of a sudden, I remember Marcus. He wanted me, too. I know Damian's not the same as that p*t, but I... I start shivering when I remember. His hands on me, his disgusting breath close to my ears. I unconsciously step back, and Damian notices it.

"Nora?"

"I'm okay, just.... Just give me a minute, please."

I breathe in deeply. Damian is not Marcus. He's my mate, not a r****t. Calm down, Nora, you know you're safe here.

But what am I supposed to say now? Damian was pretty clear he wants me.... That way. And I get it's werewolf nature, how our instincts want it. But I'm definitely not ready for that. And there are so many things that should come first. How should I do this? I don't want to refuse him point blank! I should be so happy that he won't reject me. And it's not like the idea completely disgusts me, either. I'm just... I still can't get used to the thought of doing these kinds of things yet. I know nothing about men, nothing about dating!

"Damian, I don't... I'm not sure I'm..." I stutter

He shakes his head.

"Nora, I don't want to force you. I do want you, and I am barely restraining myself from taking you right here, right now. But I won't."

Oh my gosh, why does he have to be so blunt?! And with his poker face, too! I'm the only one blushing so much that I have to look somewhere else. I'm feeling so hot right now, this is ridiculous! I try to get back to a normal heartbeat, but it's hard to look at him after hearing that kind of thing. Should I thank him or something? How awkward... And I can feel him staring at me, too, waiting for my reaction.

Unable to come out with a proper answer, I just nod stupidly. "...Can we talk?" I ask.

My question seems to surprise him, but it did come a bit out of the blue. I'm fidgeting a bit, but...

"We've barely exchanged more than a few words before, so... I thought that maybe we could... get to know each other a bit more?"

"...Okay."

He comes to sit on the sofa with me, though we each sit in the opposite corner, making sure we are not too close. I just hope he is not too tired. He lays his head to rest on the back of the sofa and closes his eyes. I just grab my cup of tea, feeling embarrassed now that we were supposed to talk but don't. But what could I ask? With that dark background of his, there are lots of questions I wouldn't dare to ask... Like what it is to be Alpha, or how did he get so rich. I didn't feel comfortable about asking stupid stuff like his hobbies or his favorite movie, either. After pondering for a while, he surprises me by being the first one to talk.

"...You look better."

I let out a shy smile, happy he noticed the changes, despite it being very faint in my opinion.

"Ah, yes... I feel much better now. Tonia's watching me. And she's teaching me a bit of boxing, too."

"You're still too thin."

I couldn't disagree with that, so I just nod a bit and take a sip. I still have a long way to go to be as healthy as girls my age. But for some reason, I feel so relaxed now that my mate is in the same room. He's not any less intimidating to me, but his presence definitely is something that my wolf needs.

"Thank you for all of this," I say, realizing I didn't have a chance to thank him so far.

When I look back at what my life was before, I would never have imagined such a thing happening to me. Before that, every day was a nightmare. I would work all day long, fearing someone might scold me or hit me for any

reason, if there was one. The days were long, exhausting, and straining. I had no friend, no one that would care for me or wonder if I had eaten or rested. All I could do was pray the sun would set soon so that I could hide back into the dark basement, and sleep on that yellow couch.

Even now, I seldom wake up from a nightmare, thinking I'm back in that cold and frightening place. I never dare to say to Tonia how cold I feel sometimes.

"The siblings are the ones that saved your life."

His voice has suddenly gone colder. I look at him, and he's staring the wall facing him. And he has that terrifying, angry look again. Is he thinking about the day they found me? I don't want to remember it... I can still feel my brother's hands on my throat tightening, tightening, tightening so much while I struggle to breathe.

He would have killed me. He really would have, had Tonia and Bobo not found me. How did you get so despicable, Alec...?

"Tonia said you wouldn't tell us which Clan you're from."

I stay silent. I won't say. They may have been cruel to me, but they are still my pack. I don't want Damian's wrath to unleash on them. Some of the pack members are not that bad, and no matter what, I know I still owe the Clan somehow.

And I'm afraid of what Damian is capable of.

"What will you do if I tell you?"

This time, it's his turn to remain silent for a while. The room stays quiet for a couple of minutes, and I take my gaze to the glass wall. It might be past midnight now, but the rain isn't stopping at all.

"Did they hurt you?"

Yes.

"No."

"Nora."

He knows I'm lying, we both do. But I just can't say it. I can't.

He suddenly turns to me, scaring me a bit. But he looks serious, not really angry at me. Gosh, how can he be that intimidating when he's only sitting?

"If I let you work, can you tell me?"

"No!" I reply, shocked by his bargaining.

I'm not going to trade my pack's lives just for the sake of letting me work! All of this is wrong in the first place. I shouldn't even have to ask him!

"Just let me work; I will be cautious, I promise."

"You don't need to work."

"I do! I need money. I don't have anything."

"What do you need money for?"

Why did he suddenly get angrier? He's looking at me with such a menacing look, I feel like he might shred me to pieces if I give him a wrong answer! I can't help but crawl back a few inches on the sofa. What is wrong with him? What is he thinking now?

"You're scaring me..."

"I asked what do you need money for, Nora."

Stop looking at me like this! I'm shivering all over already!

"I just... just don't want to be in need again," I stutter anxiously.

He keeps looking at me for a while, and then he finally stops staring at me. He doesn't look so angry anymore, and I can relax a little. Moon Goddess, what was that? What answer was he thinking of that would make him so furious?

"...You won't."

I look at him, still shaken up from what just happened. He doesn't seem to realize what state he got me in. I do understand how people can fear him so much now. Even when I angered Vincent in the past, he never scared me to that level. What's going to happen with Damian from now on? He is my mate, and I can't get out of that. But what if I get him really angry someday?

I catch my breath again, trying to regain some of my composure. I run a hand through my hair with my fingers, getting to relax a little with my tea.

“Damian.... What did you think I was gonna say?”

I didn't really want to ask. But I thought, maybe if I knew, I might get to understand Damian a bit better and get closer to him somehow. After all, I had no idea why he was angry for. And we barely know each other, so how would I get to know without asking?

“Nothing.”

Is he playing the silent one now? I sigh. We have so many secrets to keep from each other.... I wonder how long this will last. We might have been the worst people to be picked to be each other's mates, if I think about it. Aren't we opposites somehow?

A long silence follows, but I don't really mind.

I grab one of the large cushions to put on my legs and observe him. He does look tired if I look closely. His black hair is disordered, and his shirt is slightly wrinkled. I guess he didn't entirely lie about the being busy part.

“How is it? With... the Clan?” I ask.

“Annoying.”

I frown at his weird answer. He doesn't look like a very enthusiastic Alpha, for someone at the head of such a large pack...

“What about Nathaniel? Why isn't he your Beta?”

“Nathaniel is the Alpha of his own Clan. My family wolves are not Beta materials...”

I suppose that can happen, too. Being an Alpha usually runs in the blood, and considering how intimidating Damian is, he probably couldn't submit to anyone. But I thought Nathaniel to be a bit less dominating. I suppose his pack is somehow allied to the Blood Moon's. That's not unusual among large packs, as sometimes they have way too many members for one Alpha to handle, so they would divide between smaller packs and have other wolves be Alphas to handle it better.

“What about your younger brother?”

“Liam is too young. He’s just training as Lead Hunter for now.”

Too young? He looked like a teen around my age when I saw him. He may be young, but he could perfectly be an Alpha also... Maybe he seems older than his real age is, then. Or he’s too immature for now. But if he is already Lead Hunter, it means he must already be well respected within the pack.

Talking about Alpha stuff, I wonder why the Moon Goddess choose me to be his mate. Surely we have nothing in common, and I don’t really see myself as an Alpha material either... How could I ever stand as equal to Damian? Surely his pack would see me as a joke. I was the lowest on my previous pack, and now I have to prove myself to the Blood Moon Clan? Was there a mistake somewhere? There should be hundreds of other women more prepared and ready to take the job! Being the mate of the Alpha leader would mean I have to be above all other wolves!

How could that wolf ever be... me?

I wake up a bit later, and I realize I’m in my bed.

Damian! Did I feel asleep on the couch? I panic a bit, but after a second, I realize he is sitting just next to me. I feel his hand gently caressing my hair. Behind him, I can see it’s still dark outside.

“What time is it?”

“Almost two in the morning. You fell asleep, so I carried you here. I didn’t mean to wake you.”

I realize he has his jacket on, and frown.

“Are you leaving?”

“I have to.”

“When will you come back?” I ask immediately

He sighs and leans over to kiss my forehead again. “I don’t know. Soon.”

How soon is soon? My wolf whines, she doesn’t want him to go, but my human self knows he has other responsibilities. He caresses my hair a few

more seconds and exits the room as silently as a shadow. Tiredness and the sound of the rain get me back to sleep as soon as the door shuts.