

His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 19 - Tips

A long silence follows my words.

I was right. Damian is avoiding my gaze, but that is way too late. I... I feel like crying again. How did he feel, all those years? I remember each hit I took, every slap I got unfairly. Feeling my pain through his wolf and being unable to do anything about it, how could he endure it? That's the worst feeling!

"I'm so sor..."

"Don't."

He stops me, putting his hands on mine and holding them tight. He looks down at me, and even if he is still angry, I can tell he is trying hard to hold it in.

"I don't want to hear you apologize, Nora. What I want, is to make sure those bastards never approach you again. I am never forgiving what they did to you. That night... My wolf was going crazy. Someone was trying to take my mate by force, Nora! Do you have any idea how I felt back then?! Why won't you tell me anything?!"

I'm crying for good now, reminiscing what happened. Marcus' grin, his dirty hands on me. My screams, my wolf begging for help. I never imagined my mate could have been... hearing me, feeling my despair. I understand his anger. He is not just mad for no reason. It's not like he wanted any of this. I get it. Damian had to endure it for years. Not being able to do anything, feeling my wolf's suffering day after day. And now, this... He must have been mad, so mad... I shake my head. He is boiling with anger, but all I can feel is sadness. Even I feel the guilt of letting him endure all my hardships with me. How can he not hate my Clan? All of this, everything that happened is so wrong!

And with what happened... I shiver, overthrown by disgust. Alec tried to sell me to Marcus. I fought all I could, and I escaped somehow. What if I didn't make it? If I didn't protect myself, if Marcus had taken what he wanted? I would have been destroyed completely inside, and Damian would have felt it, too.

I realize I'm the one being unfair to him. He's been powerless, in the dark for years, and all I've done is push him away every time he wanted answers. Protecting my pack from his wrath seemed right back then, but there are

some people who deserve his anger and payback just as much as mine. I look up to him and try to stop my frenetic sobbing.

“...Marcus Sickels.”

“Who?” Asks Damian with a frown, putting his hands on my shoulders again, more gently this time.

“The guy who assaulted me. His name is Marcus Sickels, from my Jade Moon pack but... Damian, I think he might be dead.”

Things are getting clearer. The bl00d on my dress, on my hands... Oh, my goddess. I think I... Suddenly, I feel really nauseous, like I'm about to collapse. Black and white dots cover my vision. I feel myself stagger, but Damian notices it right away, and his hands catch me before I fall.

“Nora? Nora, what's wrong? You... Nora! Nora! sh!t, Tonia!”

All of my strength has left me at once. I hear rushing steps and panicked voices around me. Someone grabs my wrist, and I lean against someone's chest. Damian's reassuring smell gets to me, and I wish I could get even closer to my mate, where my wolf could feel safe.

“Her bl00d pressure is dropping, we need to lay her down.”

I feel him carrying me, and a loud growl. Then, I feel something soft beneath me, as he lays me cautiously on my bed.

“Bobo, go grab some of yesterday's leftovers, she needs to eat something. And water.”

“I'll call the hospital.”

“No need Boss, Nora just fainted from fatigue. That's too many emotions for her today, and Bobo mentioned she barely ate this morning. She just needs some rest. If anything, you could ask Nathaniel to have something nutritious delivered from the restaurant.”

“Okay.”

I feel cold hands on my arms, palpating me, and I feel a bit better from laying down. I somehow manage to open my eyes, and Tonia smiles at me. She is putting some bl00d pressure monitor on my wrist.

“Hey, baby girl. Stay with us, okay? Let’s see your tension.”

The device makes some weird beeping sounds, and Tonia doesn’t look too satisfied with the result while she takes it off.

“Yeah, not in top shape today. You are staying in bed for the rest of the day, baby girl.”

I don’t feel too good, either. My head is not spinning anymore, but it’s like all strength has left my body. I want to close my eyes again, but I’m worried about Damian. I don’t know where he is, I can only hear him, somewhere not far, speaking French. I feel something large and fluffy hopping on the bed next to my legs.

“It’s just Bobo, baby girl, he’s going to keep you warm.”

I manage to nod, definitely feeling a bit better from laying down. At least I can now stay awake without too much effort or feeling numb all over. I feel Tonia’s hand patting my head, and Damian comes back to my vision field.

“How’s she?”

“She is okay, Boss, just tired a bit. Nora, you think you can eat something?”

The three of them help me get a bit of yesterday’s dinner, and then Tonia insists they let me rest. I do feel really tired...

When I wake up, I immediately realize I’m not alone. Someone’s arms are wrapping me, and a second pair of legs are on top of the sheets. I feel warm, and this is the first time I ever felt so secure. I recognize Damian’s smell while coming to my senses. I vaguely remember collapsing in the living room.

“How do you feel?”

His mouth is close to my ear, and I can’t help but blush a little. I wish I could hide somewhere, but I feel his chest against my back, and there’s no way I could even move a toe without him knowing. At least I’m glad he can’t see my face. Is it really okay for him to hold me like this? He even avoided seeing me before, and now we are, well, sleeping on the same bed...

“Much better.”

It's true. I'm still a bit numb, but my head isn't spinning, and I don't feel too tired anymore. However, I don't really want to get up right now. Lying next to my mate feels so warm, so right, and my wolf is almost purring.

I wonder how he is holding up, being so close.

"Is this... really okay?" I ask, hoping he understands what I mean

"...Don't ask."

I can't help but giggle a little, hearing his annoyed tune. He must be fighting against his instincts like crazy right now. I'm truly grateful for that. It feels so good to be lying next to him... Being close to my mate feels like I will never feel incomplete again.And makes me want more.

I don't want to act greedy now; I know it's not the moment. But that closeness with Damian is definitely something I will want more of again.

I remember how I sometimes envied the mated couples of my pack... The girls always looked so happy whenever their loved ones were in the same room, like nothing else mattered. It's so rare for a fated couple to be able to find each other—most werewolves live their whole life hoping to find their mate. Some give up at some point and get married anyway, and others run miles to search for the One.

And there is the worst-case scenario, like my parents...

"What is it?" He asks.

"I was just thinking... You could have rejected me. If you did, our bond would have been severed and ...You could have lived your life normally."

"No."

His firm tone surprises me, and I wonder why he was so set on not abandoning me. I am still missing pieces of this puzzle... A long silence follows, but I have to ask.

"Damian... How did you know about me? Tonia told me. It's not only that you felt our bond, but you already knew exactly what I looked like. How come?"

He sighs, and I feel him move to bury his face into my hair, his forehead on my shoulder. One of his arms is wrapped around my shoulders, the other

around my waist, and both suddenly hold me tighter against him. This closeness makes me blush even more, and I can feel my wolf getting agitated. She likes it, but she somehow wants more. Hush girl, not now, we need to talk about some serious stuff right now!

“...We’ve met before.”

“It can’t be. My wolf didn’t feel anything like a bond before I saw you at the hospital, she had never met you.”

“That’s because you were too young. Your wolf wasn’t awakened yet. Mine was. He recognized you right away, even if our bond was one way at that time.”

The age difference. I hadn’t thought about that... Most werewolves only start feeling their wolf-self for the first time around seven to ten-years-old, a few months before they actually start shape-shifting. Before then, we are exactly like actual humans. No enhanced sense of smell, no night vision, no mind-linking to our pairs... And no way to recognize our mates even if they’re right in front of us. But I didn’t know we could bond even if our mate isn’t awakened yet. Doesn’t that mean the bond is actually that strong? How impressive... And mysterious.

But that would mean we met when I was really young! I felt my wolf for the first time before my eighth birthday, if I’m not wrong.

“How old were we then?”

“I was thirteen... You were just six.”

“We have a seven years old difference?” I ask, surprised.

I did guess he was 24 or older, since he was older than Nathaniel, but still, it’s a bit amusing to hear it! He growls, a bit annoyed.

“Six years and three months.”

“...You even know my birth date?”

“December third, 2000. You told me back then.”

Then why can’t I remember it at all? Well, I was young indeed, but... I would have sworn I had never seen his silver eyes before.

“How did we meet?”

I wait a long moment, but he doesn't answer. Did he fall asleep? I try to turn around to face him, but he stops me, still holding me tight in his embrace.

“Damian?”

“I'll tell you some other time.”

“...Why?”

“It's... It's not a happy memory. For either of us. I just don't want to reminisce now, Nora. Some other time, I'll tell you. Not today.”

Not a happy memory? But I want to know! Why can't I simply remember it... I thought my “unhappy” memories started when I was seven, when we lost our parents... I wonder what would Damian say if he knew about that tragedy? My worst memory so far... with Marcus' episode. I shiver.

“What is it?”

“Nothing, I just thought about the man that tried to...”

“Don't worry, I swear we'll get him. Liam sent the hunters to get him, wherever he is hiding. Alive or not we will find him.”

I had forgotten I finally gave Marcus' name to Damian. I am aware that by doing so, I basically condemned the guy to death, but I have no pity for that r****t. And I will feel safer once he's caught. I wish we could at least know for certain if he's dead or alive... The memories from before I fainted come back to me, and I move my hands to find Damian's. I weave my fingers with his, looking for some strength.

“Damian, I... I think I stabbed him.”

“...What do you remember?”

“I tried to defend myself. He... He grabbed me and tore my dress. I remember scratching his face, and him slapping me. We fought, my wolf was going nuts, and I almost lost control. I think... I think he grabbed me by the hair at some point; he wanted to take me away from the entrance because... because I screamed. I... I think he took me to a kitchen, and I took a... a knife and I...”

I stop, unable to say one more word. I felt Damian's anger on the rise as I was reminiscing, but I didn't stop. I feel like if I didn't tell him now, I would never be able to talk about it again, to anyone. He holds me tight, breathing in with his face buried in my hair. His closeness is the most comforting thing I have ever experienced, but that doesn't wash away the guilt.

Oh Moon Goddess, I really stabbed someone. Feeling my distress, his thumb gently caresses my skin.

"Nora, it's okay. It's okay. I swear, I won't let anything like this happen ever again to you, Nora. I swear to you."

I feel Damian's arms tightening around me and his lips on my shoulder, but I can't help but cry bitterly. Oh Moon Goddess, I don't want to be a murderer. I just didn't want him to touch me, to force himself on me. I keep crying silently, soothed by Damian's voice, whispering to me until I go back to sleep again.

I didn't want to fall back asleep...

I drowsily wake up, but it doesn't feel like that much time has passed since I talked with Damian. What time is it? I turn my head to my bedroom window, and it's actually dusk. I slept the whole afternoon, how embarrassing... And now there's no way I'll go back to sleep tonight. While still lying in bed, I realize that Damian's gone, but Bobo is there, sleeping on the floor next to my bed.

"Bobo?"

He raises his head immediately and walks up to me. He puts his big head on my mattress, but I push him away with a frown.

"I really hope you brushed your teeth since you chomped that arm, Bobo."

Gosh, that was disgusting to even remember.

Where is our mate?

I sit up, shocked to hear my wolf. I can feel her so clearly now! She is sniffing around for Damian's smell, and I find myself doing the same thing unknowingly. What a sensation... I can read in her as clearly as I can think now. I think she's grey... Or no, maybe even white. She doesn't mind Bobo's

presence, she likes him, but she wishes it was Damian. And I can actually smell Tonia's not far, too. How strange.

Bobo lets out a short, low-pitched sound, and I know he asks if I'm okay. I wouldn't call it a sentence, more like a... feeling. It doesn't come as precisely as if we were actually mind-linked, but my wolf still understands what he means to say for me.

"I'm okay, Bobo. I... I can feel my wolf actually!"

He tilts his head to the side like a curious dog, but I ignore him. I just want to enjoy this new range of sensations. It feels really different, yet the same. As if I had just awakened a sixth sense, or a second me, no matter how weird that sounds. I breathe in deeply, and she is checking out our environment. The smell of fresh sheets, and some lavender coming from the wardrobes. Bobo mostly smells like food and dead leaves. No smell of blood, thankfully. She picks up something that smells good like... cold chicken and onion soup? I take a look around me and notice a closed Tupperware on the nightstand.

Now that I think about it, I'm hungry. We both are. But as I reach out to grab the cold soup, something weird holds me back from my ankle. ...Did I just hear a metallic sound?

I frown and push away the sheets to look at my legs.

... What the...??!?!

"Damian!" I yell, too shocked to say anything else.

Instead of him, Tonia rushes into the room, alerted by my screaming. She has changed into dark jeans and a sports bra, and her hair is all over the place. She walks to my bed to try and check me with a worried look, but I push her away.

"Baby girl, are you okay?"

"No, I'm not! Tonia, why the hell am I chained to the bed?!"