

His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 38 - Tips

I blush again, uncontrollably, because of those three words. His voice so close to my ear, it makes me crazy. I can even feel his breath softly brushing my neck. How can one endure that?! I avert my eyes, the blood rushing to my cheeks. He chuckles softly from my reaction and gives me a quick kiss on the cheek.

“Blushing already, Nora? So cute...”

“You’re the one making me like that!” I protest shyly.

“Then I must be doing something right because you look adorable that way,” he whispers while putting a slight kiss on my forehead.

I try to push him away a little, or I will never be able to regain my composure otherwise. He smiles and stops with the kisses, though he obviously has no intention of letting go of my hand. Instead, he takes a step back and observes me from head to toe with a pleased look. He even raises his arm, and makes me take a slow spin.

“You are truly beautiful tonight...”

I smile at him and step closer to him again. “You, too. I love the beard,” I whisper, brushing my fingers against the little spikes on his chin.

“I’ll remember it,” he says and kisses my fingers when they get close to his lips. “...Come.”

Holding my hand, he takes me to the table and helps me to my seat like a gentleman. I take my arms out of the sleeves of my coat, but keep it laying on my shoulders. Next to us, a small brazier is burning, slowly warming up the air around us, but it’s not enough. Damian grabs a blanket that was on a side and covers my legs with it. But, despite the cold, I love this.

We are having a candlelight dinner on the deck of a boat in December! I did not even realize that the ship had started moving, but we are slowly getting farther and farther away from the port. We are headed toward the vast sea, leaving Silver City’s night lights behind us. I wonder if we have a set destination. Either way, I’m just overwhelmed by all of this. Even the most romantic movies I’ve watched with Tonia never had something like this! This is something out of a Fairy Tale, and I feel like I might wake up any minute.

But I'm still very much awake when Damian opens up a bottle of French Champagne. Gosh, I hope there aren't too many alcoholic beverages planned since I don't have any experience with it... All I have is the few times Elizabeth made me try the beer at her father's pub, and I didn't really appreciate it. And now I'm being served a glass of Champagne, probably very expensive, too. However, Damian purposely gives me only half of what he pours in his own glass, and I feel a bit better. He knows I can't drink too much.

He raises his glass, and we clink the crystal glasses together before taking a sip. It's actually quite good! It's a bit sweet, and I love the fizzy feeling on my tongue.

"So, how was your first day?"

"It was great! I loved it. The restaurant is amazing, and the team was really nice, too."

I start telling him about how the day went, from my arrival at the La Rose de L'Aube to the end of the service, so happy to share this with him. I tell him about the service, how I helped as much as I could, how the service went, and even about a few memorable customers. Damian's eyes don't leave me for a single second all this time. He smiles when I do, asks about details from time to time, and frowns a bit when I tell him about David's questions.

"So, I take it you want to continue then?"

"Of course! Nathaniel said I could keep working as a busser for now."

"And then? What do you want to do?"

My goal? I never really thought of any professional perspective before... Not that I could dream about any from Robert's dirty bar I used to work in, anyway. But I guess I should start if this is to be my first real job! I think for a few seconds, but the answer is suddenly crystal clear to me.

"I want to learn the ropes about the catering business."

"Cooking?"

"Not just that. How to cook, make menus, plan things, manage the staff, handle customers, and oversee it all. When I was really young, with my dad, I dreamed of having my own restaurant someday. If I can still try..."

I realize he is smiling, and I blush a bit.

“What?”

“...You remind me of my mother.”

Wow. This is the first time he ever mentioned their mother. I wait a bit to let him speak, and he sighs with a gentle smile. He puts his hand on mine, slowly drawing circles with his thumb.

“She was always a dreamer. Despite her sickness. She missed France a lot, so she wanted to have her own restaurant to serve French cuisine there. The flavors of her childhood. We loved her cooking... Nathaniel gave his restaurant her name.”

“You mean La Rose de l’Aube?”

He nods. “It means the Dawn Rose, literally, but another word for Dawn in French is Aurore, our mother’s name. Roses were her favorite flowers. Nate was really close to her and inherited her passion for cooking.”

That explains why he is the one in charge of almost the restaurants of the Clan, though they are not all French.

“What was she like? Your mom?” I ask.

He smiles softly. “She was the sweetest person you could think of. She always saw the good in anyone, a real pacifist at heart. Everyone in the pack loved her. And she was truly beautiful, too. Blonde, with blue eyes and pale skin. Her eyes were much lighter than yours, though. She had very feminine traits and always looked young. Nate got her blonde hair and blue eyes, but Liam is the one who most looks like her.”

Which means Damian takes after their father... I wonder what their childhood was like with such parents. Their dad probably wasn’t so violent in the start, like Liam said. What kind of brother was Damian to Nate and Liam?

“Liam said you were studying together.”

I nod, and tell him about all the books I go through at the apartment, and how I somehow started taking Bobo and Liam’s homework. I’m only seventeen, after all. Not going to school was really something that bothered me for a long time.

“Don’t you want to take classes?” Asks Damian.

“Maybe private lessons... Just so I could get a diploma. But I don’t really feel like attending a school now, since that would be too awkward.”

“You can think about it, Nora.”

I nod, but I’m still not too confident about this...

A young waiter suddenly appears to serve the appetizers. Damian went with a fully French menu to please me. I wonder if chef Michel participated? Some of the dishes look familiar. Anyway, it’s delicious. We talk about more trivial matters for a while as we eat.

After a while, I notice the boat has actually stopped. And the view is amazing. We are a few miles away from the coast, and, more importantly, we have the most incredible view over Silver City’s night lights. It’s breathtaking. Below the starry night sky, all the skyscrapers assemble, shining with colorful lights and neons. Yet, we are far from the noises of the city, and this normally lively scenery looks so peaceful, with the soft ambience of waves and piano in the background.

I take a moment to stare at it. My city.

Damian notices that I stopped eating, and follows my gaze. How does he feel, as the silent King of this modern realm? No title, yet the most feared wolf in town. Sometimes I forget he is not just my fated mate or an Alpha.

He is Damian Black, the most powerful man and wolf of Silver City.

For so long, I thought I wasn’t a good match for him, that we were too different. I had no idea about my Alpha potential or my heritage. If I really am a Royal, then it turns out I might be much more useful than I thought to him. And I want to be. Unlike their mother, who was powerless, I don’t want to leave him to fight on his own. The brothers went through so many hardships already, and who knows what’s next? We live in a dangerous world.

“Damian?”

“Hm?”

“What happened with your father?”

He turns to me, frowning a little. He probably never thought I would ask. For a while, he remains silent, and I wonder if he will answer me at all. He might not. I heard about the Black Brothers' story from others, but I don't believe that's something they would spread themselves.

Damian sighs and starts talking while looking at the city. "Our father was never able to handle his Alpha compulsions. Alphas are born to dominate. We have strong fighter instincts and don't react well to orders. But that also means we experience stronger urges to fight and are more prone to violence. My father was such a man. If he was annoyed, he would hit. If he was bored, He would hit..."

He stops for a minute while the waiter takes away our plates. When he resumes talking, his hand is on mine again, though his eyes are fixated toward somewhere in the city.

"...Addicted to all that violence. It might have been okay if he was only fighting vampires or rogues, but he just didn't know when to stop. He killed ruthlessly, even members of the pack. No one could stop him, because he was way too strong. He even beat up some of his closest friends, even the Beta. Even us. His sons were Alphas, so why shouldn't he fight them, too? We were just kids, but it made no difference. Anything that upset him was a good enough reason to hit us."

"What about your mother? Was she around to protect you guys?"

"No, she was already at the hospital at that point. We never said a thing, but she knew. That made her worse. She couldn't endure being powerless, but her sickness was... Anyway, she couldn't do anything for us. We had to endure it for years, tiptoe around him or wait for it to pass when he used his fists. I still have so many memories of when he suddenly got crazy and hit anything around him.... Even his own children. 'Werewolves are fighters', he always said. He almost killed me several times. He sent Nathaniel to the hospital once, and I had to carry my brother on my back all the way there. He broke Liam's arm when he was just eight. I hated that man so much, Nora, you have no idea. Just the thought of being of the same blood as him made me want to puke. But we were too young to fight back. And so Nate and I started training. As time went on, we stopped taking the hits and started hitting him back."

I can't even imagine what kind of life they had growing up... And they were only children! It's a miracle the three of them got to where they are today with this kind of story behind them.

"What about Liam?" I ask.

Damian shakes his head. "He was too young. Twelve or thirteen... He wanted to fight, too, but we did what we could to keep him out of it. Nate and I knew how it would end, and we didn't want Liam to be in the middle of this mess, too. I didn't even want Nate to be part of it, but of course he didn't listen. And we trained and we waited. We waited for an opportunity to k!!! him."