

## His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 56 - Tips

The next morning, I wake up on the couch. I fell asleep there, listening to Damian's voice. My first reflex is to check that his message wasn't deleted or anything, but it seems like my phone archived it on its own. It turns out the battery is almost dead because it stayed online most of the night. I use the last of it to listen to Damian's message one more time.

It feels so unreal... Every time I hear it, I'm brought to tears. His voice breaking, his words, repeating how much he loves me. It takes me a few minutes to calm down. My wolf, too, is going crazy, begging to see Damian. I have a hard time taming her, and my heartbeat is going wild. Is the room spinning? And I feel hot all of a sudden...

I hear Elena's voice, calling my name. What is wrong with me? I'm burning from the inside. A fire is raging from below my stomach, consuming every bit of my body, reaching all the way to my fingertips. It's like I'm one with my wolf, longing for Damian like never before. And my heart is bursting like it's about to get out of my chest. I'm so hot! I can't take it. Why can't I calm down?

When I wake up, I'm feeling cold. Elena is next to me, gently caressing my hair. I recognize her living room; I'm still on the couch... What happened? I'm so thirsty! She notices I'm awake when I try to sit up.

"Nora! How do you feel?"

She helps me sit up, but all I can think of is this hellish thirst.

"Elena, can I get some water?" I ask with a really raspy voice.

"Oh, sure!"

She hands me a water bottle, and I start drinking like I haven't had any in weeks. Once I'm done, I feel a lot better. Daniel takes the bottle away, and Elena smiles to me and puts her hand on my forehead like a doctor.

"You should feel a lot better now. Do you still feel hot?"

I shake my head, still confused. "Elena, what's going on? What happened?"

"I found you there this morning; you looked very sick. I thought of taking you to the hospital, but after a while, I figured you were just in... heat."

It takes me a while to process what she just said. In heat? I turn red.

“Don’t worry, it’s a natural phenomenon. Not as common as people think. It only happens to female werewolves who have met their fated partner but have yet to mate with him. Your wolf is looking for her partner, basically.”

So, this happened because I haven’t had... se.x with Damian yet? I’m red with embarrassment, and I see Daniel trying to keep himself from laughing. Elena throws a cushion at him to make him stop. “Don’t laugh, you i\*\*\*t, it’s not funny!”

“Nora’s wolf is more honest than she is!”

This time, it’s my turn to throw a cushion at him. Elena sighs and ignores him. “Don’t worry, I asked help from a friend, and she gave you a... natural medicine that suppressed most of the effects. If you had gone to a hospital, they probably would have filled you with drugs to calm you down. What we gave you is much better for your body. You will feel normal, and no one but your mate will be able to tell the difference.”

“You do smell weird,” says Daniel with a frown.

Elena nods.

So that’s why I actually feel a bit cold instead of hot... And I don’t feel my wolf either; it’s like she is half-asleep. It’s not too disturbing, though. And she is quiet, for once. It really doesn’t feel like a d\*\*g; it’s different. Like I’m in a very calm, relaxed state, which seems natural to me, as she said.

“Thank you, Elena. How long will it last?”

“She said the heat would subdue in a few hours since it’s the first time and the ma... medicine will take care of it until the end. But it will surely happen again, so... Well, I would say you should be okay for a month.”

I blush again. Does that mean I have to sleep with Damian before it can happen again? Gosh, this is so embarrassing... And it’s kind of the worst timing, too! Why is my wolf doing this to me now?! Is it her way of telling me I’m too stubborn now? I can’t believe I’m in heat... Thank god it didn’t happen while I was in a public place or anything.

“How do you feel, Nora?” Asks Elena, concerned.

“I’m cold and... tired, actually.”

She nods and gives me an extra blanket. “Sounds right. You can sleep anyway; it’s Sunday. Will you be okay going to work tomorrow?”

Right, work... I can’t believe I have to go to work after everything that happened. It feels a bit surreal, but after all, I wanted this job. I nod. I may not be too happy with it for once, but I guess I have to. And it’s not like Damian will come, anyway.

“Okay. Well, just rest for today, Nora.”

I spend the Sunday resting on Elena’s couch. I feel cold and a bit drowsy for most of the day, and when I’m not talking to Elena or Daniel, I feel sleepy and went go to sleep naturally. All those semi-naps allow me to take time to think, a lot. About Damian, and our relationship. What I want to do next. About the whole situation of Silver City, too. Sadly, I can’t come up with any solution regarding the Clans.

Regarding my mate, however, I know exactly what my feelings are.

When Monday comes, Bobo brings me some of my clothes from the apartment. Elena lent me hers for the weekend, but she is taller than me, and I need to wear my own clothes for work. I put on a denim skirt and a white top, my earrings, and my necklace, and Bobo drives me to work after breakfast.

It feels good, to be back to work. Because there is so much to do, I don’t have time to think about anything else. Chef Michel keeps me busy all day, and every other minute, Narcissa is the one giving me chores. During my break, Liam and Tonia send me messages to hear some of my news. Honestly, I’m fine.

I feel better than I have been in a long time. Once my shift is over, Bobo comes to pick me up as promised.

“Are we going back to Elena’s place?” He asks while starting the car.

“No, Bobo. Can you bring me back to the apartment? I want to take a shower and change. I will go see Damian after that.”

“Okay.”

The apartment is just as I left it, but colder. Bobo waits for me while I take my shower. It feels good washing my hair after a long day of work, and I take some time taking care of myself, too. When I'm done, I put my denim skirt back on, and pick a white sweater to go with it. Bobo helps me dry my hair while I put some light makeup on.

"How do you feel?"

"I'm okay, Bobo. Talking with Liam was... enlightening. Have you heard about Damian?"

He nods in the mirror, still focused on braiding my hair. "He is not doing well, according to Neal. He didn't go to work today. No one but Nathaniel can approach him..."

That doesn't sound too good... I remember his voicemail once again. I know it almost by heart now; I listened to it so many times. Gosh, it is high time we talk. After a few more minutes, I'm finally ready.

In the car, surprisingly, I don't even feel anxious. I'm calmer than I have ever been in a long while. My wolf and I are finally synching our feelings, and it's quite peaceful this way. I just want to see Damian for now. It's only been two days, but it feels like I haven't seen him in weeks...

We arrive at the Company building, and Bobo accompanies me in, so no one stops us or asks our identity. In the elevator, he presses the button to the top floor for me. Now I'm starting to feel anxious. I play nervously with my necklace as the numbers grow on the little panel. 24th floor, 25th... Calm down, Nora. My wolf is starting to get restless, too.

When we finally arrive, to my surprise, Nathaniel is in the entrance, talking to someone on the phone. As soon as he sees me, he hangs up, surprised.

"Nora? What are you...?"

"I came to see Damian. Is he here?"

He nods. "He is upstairs, in his apartment, but..."

"Can I go see him?"

It takes a few seconds, but he finally nods and steps aside to let me through. I don't really know where his apartment is, but I remember his office layout from last time. There was a small corridor with some stairs. I find it quickly, and I'm in front of an entrance door. It requires an eight digits code, but luckily, it's the same as my own apartment: my seventh birthday.

When I enter, everything is dark. All the curtains are down. Didn't anyone at least put the lights on? Without my wolf eyes, I wouldn't be able to take a step in. It's not only the room that is in the dark— all the furniture is either black, grey, or dark brown. Very different from my own... This place is much colder, neat, and sober. It doesn't feel like a place to live in.

I leave my shoes at the entrance and walk silently. It's my first time here, but I can just rely on my wolf's instinct to find her mate. I progress slowly in the apartment until I reach the master bedroom. Next to a large king bed, pieces of furniture are scattered, as someone broke them violently. Probably the remains of a bed-side table...

“Nora...?”

Damian is sitting next to the glass wall. He looks like a wreck... He is shirtless, but is wearing the same pants as last Friday, and a three-day beard. He has dark circles under his eyes, and his black hair is in a mess. When I walk up to him, his silver eyes are filled with surprise. I crouch down in front of him, calmer than I expected, despite being so close to him.

He reaches his hand to caress my cheek, and I can see in his eyes he is checking if I'm real. I breathe in, gathering my confidence. “Hi, Damian.”

My voice seems to give him electroshock, and he suddenly gets agitated. “Nora, Nora, I'm so sorry! I've been an i\*\*\*t, I... I know, I should've told you about all this. I'm so, so sorry Nora...”

I put my hands on his scratchy cheeks, looking into his eyes, trying to calm him down. Our faces are so close. He keeps shaking his head, whispering excuses with a broken voice.

“Damian, calm down,” I murmur calmly.

“I'm so sorry Nora, I'm sorry....”

He seems to calm down, and without being able to refrain myself any longer, I lean in to kiss his lips. Gosh, I missed this taste... I retreat, and he looks at me, surprised.

"I'm still mad at you," I clarify. "...But I listened to your voicemail. That, and I talked to Liam, too."

"My message... I didn't think you would really listen to it..."

"Well, I did."

He nods, and sighs. He really looks tired... Don't tell me he hasn't gotten any sleep since Friday night? It can't be...

"I meant everything I said. I'm so sorry, Nora... I should have talked to you."

"Damian, we can't keep going like this."

He frowns and looks at me in the eye. I need to say this now, because I can't take it anymore. I take his face in my hands, talking very seriously now.

"Don't hide things from me. I know you want to protect me, but this is just hurting me more. I don't want to have to learn things from others again. Tell me, Damian. Anything I'm involved with. Everything I need to know. You should have told me about the issues with your Clan and this engagement much, much sooner. I can handle it, okay? Stop protecting me so much."

He shakes his head. "I will never stop trying to protect you, Nora. I don't want you to suffer or be caught in any of this mess."

"You are making me suffer much more because of those secrets! Damian, I love you, too, but if I can't trust you, I can't stay with you."

## **His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 57 - Tips**

Damian suddenly grabs me by the waist, bringing me closer to him with a really worried expression I've never seen on him before. I'm almost straddling him now, but this situation isn't embarrassing at all; we are both much too agitated for any other thoughts right now.

"Don't leave me, Nora. I don't want to go through this ever again," he says, looking more serious than ever.

I put my hands behind his head and look him straight into the eye. “Then promise me. No more secrets, Damian. About me, about you, or the Clan. Don’t deliberately hide things from me again.”

“What if you don’t like it?”

“I can handle it. I’m a big girl, Damian, not a defenseless pup.”

I see him hesitating, frowning. He is thinking so hard, it’s like I can hear his inner turmoil from here. He closes his eyes and rests his head on my shoulder. I instinctively start caressing the base of his hairline, brushing his short hair with my fingertips. His arms slide around my waist, hugging me close.

“...What if you don’t love me because of what you are going to hear?”

“Damian, I came back after hearing you were engaged to another woman. Unless you have a wife and kids somewhere, I should be able to handle it.”

He chuckles, and I slap his shoulder, annoyed. It’s not funny! I’m still mad about this whole engagement thing...

I feel him sigh against my neck. “I’m a fighter, Nora. I’ve killed people before, and I will do it again if needed. Not only my own father, but I also have a lot of blood on my hands. You are so pure and innocent, sometimes I’m scared all this darkness in me will scare you away.”

I know that. I knew from the start that one doesn’t take the power in a city of werewolves just by shaking hands and playing with money. We live in a tough world, filled with violence. The Black Brothers are not just the three nice young men I know. They hold the lives of hundreds of people in their hands, and many more depend on them. It’s a scary world hiding in their shadows. Even if Liam is a kid, he is a fighter. Nathaniel is leading a whole Clan by himself, just to support Damian. And Damian is the King of this city, the most powerful man and the most dangerous wolf. I never forget that. Even now, when he is in my arms.

“You won’t, Damian. I promise.”

He raises his head and kisses me without warning. A loving, tender kiss. I respond to it, unable to resist. I’ve missed him so much for those two days... His strong arms holding me, the touch of his hands in my hair and on my

wa!st. His body heat and smell melting with mine. After a few seconds of getting drunk on his lips, I gather whatever is left of my self-control to push him away.

“Stop kissing me, Damian. You didn’t promise. Please.”

He sighs, playing with my curls between his fingers. When he speaks again, is looking at me in the eye, very seriously. “No more secrets, Nora. I promise.”

I smile. Finally! Now that I have his word, and I hope he will keep it, I have to ask a question that has been on the back of my mind all weekend. Truth is, I’m a bit scared. I really, really hope he will give me the answer I need to hear. I take a deep breath and ask him very seriously.

“Damian, that woman... Did you sleep with her?”

I can’t even describe how scared I am right now. It’s like my stomach is filled with ice.

For a second, Damian looks perplexed by my question, and after a while, he sighs and gives me a faint smile. “No. I swear, Nora, I’ve never even kissed her. I don’t love her, Nora, you’re the only one for me. I’ll tell you as many times as it takes for you to believe me.”

I want to believe him, I really do. I guess it will just take some time now, after everything that happened. I nod to his answer, feeling definitely better, and Damian smiles and gives me a quick kiss. He makes it look so simple...

But just when I’m about to say something, he suddenly starts searching for something around us with his hand. I see him grab one of the wooden pieces left on the floor. It’s small, but triangle-shaped, looking quite sharp. I want to ask what he is going to do with this, but before I can say a thing, he suddenly uses it to pierce his own hand!

“Damian! What the...?”

I grab his wrist to look at his wound, panicked. Why the hell did he just do this?! It looks pretty deep, too!

But Damian stays very calm, his eyes still on me. “You said no more secrets. So now, I need you to kiss me.”



“What? Are you mad? It’s not the time for k!sses, Damian, you’re bleeding!”

The fresh cut really is bleeding in his palm! I want to do something, call Nate or someone, but Damian suddenly grabs me by the wa!st, forcing a k!ss on me. I try to push him away. Who wants to k!ss at a time like this?!

But of course, he is way too strong for me. He is so passionate, his forceful !!ps playing against mine. I’m still worried, but it’s like a conditioned response for me to move my !!ps instinctively. For a few seconds, our breaths intertwine, while my mind is half enjoying it and half worried about his injury. I retreat after one or two seconds.

“Damian, stop! You need–”

“Nora, look.”

Cutting me off in the middle of my sentence, he shows me his hand. His perfectly fine hand... What just happened? There was a large and deep cut right in the middle of his palm just a few seconds ago! But now, it looks completely normal, except for a bit of dried bl00d around it. Even for a werewolf, healing this fast from a wound like this is insane!

“But, how...?”

“It’s you, Nora.”

Me? I stare at Damian, confused. What does he mean by that? Does he mean this k!ss was for...? I take his hand in mine, checking it again, making sure I was not hallucinating or something. But a bit of fresh bl00d is still there, drying already, while the wound has completely disappeared.

“I don’t get it...”

“I don’t really know how it works, either. But if I k!ss you, all my wounds will heal much faster than usual just like this,” he explains.

“How did you know...?”

“From our first meeting. You saved my life like this.”

I suddenly remember the story Liam told me last Saturday. How badly their father injured Damian ten years ago. Liam did say he thought his brother might actually have died from it that time. Those were no light injuries. But

when they even thought he might have died, Damian showed up very much alive and completely fine a few days later... I blink, stunned by what it all means.

“Damian Black, are you telling me you k!ssed a seven-year-old girl and magically healed from death-threatening injuries that way?”

He smiles, amused by my shocked reaction. I can't believe him! He knew for ten years that I can do those... weird magically healing k!sses, and never said a thing!

“Don't laugh! You knew since the very beginning that I can do this and you never told me!”

“I had my reasons. First, it's tiring for you, isn't it?”

Now that he says it, I do feel a bit more tired than two minutes ago. Like after a workout or something similar. Not to the point of exhaustion, but I still feel a little sleepy.

“The first time you did it, you collapsed, Nora. I didn't want to put you in danger this way. Thankfully, this sort of... ability only seems to tire you out if I need healing. As you already know, if we k!ss when I'm fine, nothing happens to you. I also think this ability is linked to you not being able to fast-heal. Since you can heal me, it probably takes away a bit of your own ability, and I don't really like that.”

It kind of make sense, in a way... Is it because I'm half a Royal, then? Could it be some sort of secret ability? Healing others instead of myself? But, with a k!ss? It's still a bit... odd.

“Do you think it only works on you, because you are my fated mate? Or maybe...”

What if I used it on others? Well, it's not like I plan on going around k!ssing people to try, but still, I wonder if it's just between the two of us or if it could work on anyone.

But Damian suddenly makes an angry face after hearing me. Uh-oh.

“Don't even think about it, Nora,” he growls.

I forgot how possessive he can be, sometimes...

"Wait a second... Don't tell me that is the real reason why you never told me."

I wait for an answer, but he actually stays silent, avoiding my eyes. What...? I can't believe him! How can he be so selfish and jealous?! Keeping this a secret the whole time was just because he was afraid I would go around kissing other people? Really?!

"Damian Black! You—"

Before I can unleash my anger at him, he suddenly grabs me by the waist again and makes me shut up with a kiss. Gosh, this man!

However, my anger subsides naturally after a few seconds. I'm comfortable in his arms, leaning on his chest to answer his kiss. I feel his hand, caressing my cheek, playing with my hair, holding me close. I don't want to part with him. This is where I belong. In this man's embrace, surrounded by his caresses. Moon Goddess, I feel so much better now, pressed against his chest.

After a long while, our lips finally part, and we just face each other, his arms around me and mine on his neck. His silver eyes are glowing in the dark...

"I've missed you..." He whispers.

"I missed you, too."

I observe him. He looks older, with the lack of sleep, and the beard. It's my first time seeing his bare chest, too. I never realized how muscular he was, underneath all the clothes. I can't help myself, and slowly follow the lines of his muscles with my fingertips. He has perfectly shaped abs, like a Greek sculpture. I like it... a lot.

He grabs my hand with his. "My Love, I'm happy that you enjoy the view, but if your fingers go any lower then you're going to make things difficult for me."

I blush a little. Silly, Nora. I kind of forgot which position we are in... He chuckles at my embarrassment, and brings my fingers to his lips, kissing them one by one.

"You work out?" I ask, trying to chase my uneasiness.

“Sometimes. When I have free time. It helps me to keep my wolf under control.”

The whole Alpha thing. I guess it’s like me when I can’t control my anger properly, letting everyone around me feel it. Is that why he stayed here? I look around, my eyes falling on the remnants of furniture.

“Seems like this self-control thing isn’t perfect yet....”

He sighs. “Only when it comes to you... I’m the most irrational man there is. Neal and Nate lectured me lots already.”

I can’t help but feel bad about all this, too. It seems like this weekend was a nightmare for him...

He leans on my shoulder again, closing his eyes.

“Damian, you should get some sleep, you look exhausted...”

“...Stay with me.”

“I will,” I answer without thinking.

For a few seconds, he stays silent, and I wonder if he actually fell asleep. But to my surprise, he suddenly gets up, carrying me with him, and take us both to the bed. We land heavily on the dark sheets, Damian still holding me against him. We are so close, his lips are almost touching my forehead. I touch his spiky chin again with my fingertips.

“I like it. Your beard.”

“I’ll keep it that way then,” he whispers.

I hear his breath slow down until he actually falls asleep. I fall into slumber, too, a while later, soothed by Damian’s embrace, the silence around us, and the darkness.

## **His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 58 - Tips**

I feel safe... Something warm is surrounding me. Damian’s familiar, reassuring smell. My wolf and his, sleeping soundly next to each other. Black and white, completing each other perfectly. This is where I belong.

I breathe in deeply. Suddenly, a cold chill runs down my spine. I'm... scared. I can't sense my wolf anymore. Where is Damian? I can't feel him anymore! And there is this dark, frightening shadow coming closer. It reeks of blood. Of sweat. A memory that scares me. I want to run away, but I can't move. I don't feel my legs; I don't feel my wolf!

"Nora, Nora! Wake up, Nora!"

I suddenly open my eyes.

Damian is facing me, on the bed. He's holding my trembling hands, looking worried. What was I...? A nightmare? I'm on his bed, in his room. The sun is rising outside. I catch my breath, coming back to my senses, slowly. Damian puts his hand on my cheek.

"Are you okay?" He asks

"Yeah... Sorry, I think I just had a nightmare..."

What was it about? I'm forgetting already. I can vaguely remember a chill and something that made me panic. Gosh, this was so intense... I sigh.

Damian leans to kiss my forehead, caressing my cheek. "You're okay, Nora. Sorry, you were asleep so deeply, I went to take a shower before waking you up."

Now that I notice it, his hair is dripping, and he is wearing a new pair of dark jeans. He is still half-naked though, with a bath towel around his shoulders, and I can see the black crescent moon tattoo on his neck in full. He smells like mint-scented shampoo. I smile.

"I like a clean boyfriend," I say while giving him a quick kiss.

"Noted, princess."

"Can I borrow your shower if you're done?"

"Sure. I'll try to find you something clean to put on."

I go to his bathroom, cleansing the remnants of my nightmare away. I can't remember what was scaring me so much in that dream... But maybe that's for the better. I realize I just spent the night sleeping with Damian, and blush at the idea. I felt so great into his arms, I could get used to it. If only I could

overcome my fears. I'm all right as long as it's kissing and hugging, but whenever we go past that, I just can't do it; I'm frightened. Moon Goddess, I wish I could get rid of these feelings... Damian is already more than patient with me, and even my wolf is going crazy about it now. What is wrong with me?

I finally get out of the shower, and I have no choice but to roll a large towel around me. When I go back to the bedroom, I find a plain grey t-shirt Damian left for me on the bed.

"Sorry, that's the best I could find. I can ask—"

Damian stops, staring at me in my bath towel, and my bare legs underneath. I didn't realize he would still be in the room! He averts his gaze immediately, and I get all red, grasping the situation.

"Moon Goddess, you really are not making it easy, Nora."

"Sorry... Can you give me a minute?" I mumble, deeply embarrassed.

He exits the room with a sigh, and I run to my clothes. How bold can I be?! So stupid, Nora! You're the one making him wait, and now you walk around half-naked in his bedroom! What kind of t\*\*\*\*e is this?! Moon Goddess, I really need to be more self-conscious around Damian from now on...

I quickly put on my underwear and denim skirt from yesterday, with the new t-shirt. It's obviously oversized, but I remember seeing how Elena wore stuff like this, tucking it in her skirt and all. Once I'm ready, it does look all right in the mirror. I dry my hair quickly, leaving my curls to take a natural shape, and find my earrings. When Damian comes back, I'm busy texting Bobo. He is now wearing his usual black shirt and a dark tie.

"Sorry about earlier..." I mumble, still embarrassed.

"Well, I can't say I didn't like what I saw."

He approaches me with a smile, putting his arms around my waist, and leans a quick kiss on my lips. Well, at least I know he likes my body...

"Let's go get breakfast, I still think I need to feed you a bit more."

"Do you have a kitchen here?"

I don't remember seeing one yesterday while I was exploring his place. He shakes his head, proving me right. "No, we are going to the Company cafeteria. It's probably not as good as Nate's restaurant, but it should be pretty decent."

He takes my hand, and we exit his apartment. This time the windows are all open, and the whole place certainly looks better than yesterday, in the sunlight. To our surprise, Neal is waiting for us at the entrance of Damian's office. He greets us quickly.

"You look better, Boss. Hello, Nora."

"Thanks, Neal. What are you doing here?" Asks Damian.

He sighs. I haven't seen Neal often... He is wearing a dark suit like Damian's today, and he looks so much like Bobo, except for his shaved head and beard, that this combination seems a bit odd to me. I notice he is wearing a wedding ring. So, the oldest Mura sibling is already married... I wonder if Bobo is an uncle?

"Your job. We canceled yesterday's meetings, but seeing how your lady came yesterday night, I figured you would come back to work today. We have a lot to catch up on, and a board meeting in two hours."

He hands a large and thick red folder to Damian, but my mate frowns.

"I just got up, and I intend to have breakfast with Nora. Can't it wait a bit longer?"

But seeing Neal's unhappy expression, it doesn't seem like those matters can wait... I sigh and decide to take the folder from his hand and give it to Damian. Both men look at me with confused expressions.

"You can review this over breakfast, okay? I already feel bad enough that you skipped work yesterday because of me," I explain.

A large, satisfied smile appears on Neal's face, the first time I've seen one, actually. "Now I know why my sister and brother love you so much, Nora. On behalf of the other employees and mine, thank you."

He makes it sound like he didn't really like me before... But well, I guess he didn't have many occasions to form his own opinion. Now, at least, he seems

really satisfied. Damian, however, is quite unhappy. He takes the folder but growls at Neal when we walk past him toward the elevator.

“I didn’t think you would side with Neal on that one...” He sighs as the elevator goes down.

“I had to. We probably made things difficult for him yesterday... And you are a CEO, Damian; even I can understand that you have big responsibilities.”

“My girlfriend is my top responsibility for now. And Neal can do well by himself...”

I kiss him on the cheek to try making him drop that grouchy face. He may complain, but truth is, he has already opened the folder to check its contents. I take a look, too, but it’s full of detailed reports, numbers, and graphics that I can’t understand at all.

“How is your company doing?” I ask casually.

“Not bad, despite the Sapphire Moon Clan embargo...”

Oh right... In this twenty-first century, werewolf Clans fight with their fists but also with business deals. The Black Corporation is related mainly to the Blood Moon Clan; thus, what happens to one always impacts the other.

I keep thinking about it over breakfast. As Damian said, it’s quite decent for a Company cafeteria, but empty at this time of the day. Which is good, because my outfit is still a bit too casual here, especially when I’m eating facing Damian. My mate, imposing in his dark suit, frowning and focused on his files. I don’t dare to speak, but his hand is on mine for the whole breakfast, and that’s enough for me.

Now I finally feel like we are a couple. Last night’s discussion was really an eye-opener for me. I want to stand as an equal next to Damian, not just his scared and weak mate. The vision of Alexandra King is still engraved in my mind. She wasn’t just introduced as his fiancée; she was radiating by herself, a strong presence anyone could feel. I want to be the same.

“Nora?”

I raise my head, realizing I got lost in my thoughts and he noticed it. Damian is done eating and looks at me with a worried expression.



“You were frowning. What’s wrong?”

I shake my head and smile at him. “Nothing, I’m good. Can we go? Bobo will be downstairs anytime, and I’m pretty sure Neal will have found a whole bunch of other folders to keep you busy with....”

He gets up and comes to hug me, kissing me passionately once again. Am I getting used to this? I don’t feel as shy as before while moving my lips against his... I still get butterflies running wild through my whole body every time we do, though.

When we part, he sighs. “I don’t want to go to work... I missed you so much this weekend.”

“You have to, Damian, and me, too. I’ll see you tonight, okay?”

“You’re more reasonable than me. Okay. Stay with Bobo.”

I roll my eyes. “Did you forget the whole part about me being able to take care of myself?”

“You may be able to fight, my Love, but you still can’t drive! So that gives me an excuse to keep your bodyguard close,” he laughs.

A few minutes later, I get in the car, still sulking. Bobo laughs when I tell him the reason. “So, I got promoted from your bodyguard to the driver?”

“It’s not funny, Bobo!”

“It’s okay, Nora. Even the Boss rarely walks alone; it’s too dangerous. He’s just looking out for you. And it gives me an excuse to stay with you, isn’t it great?”

If you think about it that way, he could be right... I do like having Bobo close, so I can’t really complain. He drives into the city, but I get lost in my thoughts once again while we are on the highway.

“Bobo, what were you doing before you were appointed as my... bodyguard?”

“Some errand boy for the Black Corp, mostly. Neal often made me deliver important papers from one place to another, even when I was in high school; confidential documents. They just gave me names and locations. I liked it,

too. I only had to fight an ambush once in a while, and I got a good paycheck for really flexible hours. My brother was a bit bossy, though.”

“You sound like you were some corporate spy!”

He laughs. “Aren’t I a bit too noticeable for that? More like a bodyguard for secret paperwork! I like being your bodyguard much better,” he says with a wink.

I smile, pleased by the little compliment. It’s good to know my coming didn’t change Bobo’s life too much. I would have felt bad if they had me resign from some other job just to be my bodyguard. Now that I think about it, Bobo should still be quite aware of the Black Corporation’s whereabouts...

“Bobo, that engagement with the Gold Moon Clan girl... It would be quite profitable for Damian’s company, right?”

He gives me a surprised look and stops at a red light. I can tell he’s looking for the right words to answer. After a while, the car starts moving again.

“The King Family owns most of the Gold Financial establishments of Silver City; that’s the reason their Clan is doing so well. The only other Clans in the same field are the Pearl Moon and the Sapphire Moon. The Black Corporation is mostly in techs and telecoms.”

“The kind of field that requires lots of money and transactions...”

Bobo nods.

So, of course being allied with the Gold Financial would be incredibly beneficial for them... I feel a bit depressed now. That Alexandra King really has everything that would make her the perfect wife. A strong Clan backing her, the looks, the power...

“Bobo, could you give me a crash course about this kind of things? What the other Clans specialize in, what are the big companies they are represented with, and such?”

“Sure, but why?”

“I just feel like it’s high time I knew about these things...”

Even if Damian and I are together from now on, I can't keep walking around totally clueless about my surroundings. It's not all about fighting with my fists, I get that now. It may not be my primary field, but I still ought to know the basics. And maybe this way I will finally be able to find a solution on how to help the Brothers from now on.

Bobo parks in front of the restaurant, and hands me a bag. "As you asked, I brought you some clothes. I took what I could find in your wardrobe, hope that will be okay."

I check the content, but what Bobo choose seems perfect for work.

"Thank you, Bobo. I'll just use the restaurant's changing room."

"And you also have mail."

Mail? But I've never received any mail before. I don't even know my own address! But as I check the envelope Bobo hands me, it's indeed my name on it... I don't recognize the handwriting. either. For a second, I thought it might be Liam, but he would have texted me, and this handwriting is obviously a female's. It doesn't seem to be Elena's.

I open it.

## **His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 59 - Tips**

"Dear Nora,

We have not had the pleasure of meeting yet, so I decided to reach you this way. We have many things in common, but first of all, I believe we both want to preserve the peace in Silver City. I know many people are acting in the shadows to disturb that peace, and I do not intend to let them do so.

I figured you might like having a new ally. You will probably feel suspicious at first since I cannot tell you my full identity yet. Moreover, here is what I can tell you: I am not a werewolf, nor a human.

I am a witch.

A good witch, I should add. I am fully aware werewolves and witches have not been on the friendliest terms as of late, but I am standing on a really peculiar position. As the last witch of Silver City, I have no intention to leave, and no

intention to let another witch on my territory, either. Yes, I am talking about the other witch who tried to attack Silver City a while ago. She might be gone for now, but I believe she will not be for long. I know how my peers work. She will wait for an opportunity to strike again.

And a War between the packs would be exactly the kind of opportunity she will await.

I do not usually meddle in those kinds of things. But this time, I have to step in, as my own interest will be hanging in the balance. However, I am powerless in that situation. So, I decided to rely on you, Nora Bluemoon.

I will give you my help, as long as you help me preserve the peace in Silver City. I will not ask for anything else.

First, keep the butterfly with you. You can consider it a present, and a trump card. If you are ever in danger, just kiss it, and it will inform me you are in need of help.

Secondly, do not talk about my letter to anyone. The contents will hide from any eyes but yours, so you may keep it with you. I believe you understand working with a witch will most likely be subject to rejection from your friends, and I do not want anyone else aware of my existence, either.

Finally, be careful about who you approach. The Gold Moon Clan may have presented a golden offer to your mate, but the basket is full of snakes. They are much more dangerous than they seem, and their interests may lie somewhere else. too.

Have faith in yourself, Nora Bluemoon. Take back what is yours.

The Moon Goddess did not pair one of her blessed children wrong.

Sincerely yours,

A Friendly Witch.”

I keep staring at the letter, stunned.

A witch? Does a witch want to ally herself with me? I still can't believe it, this all sounds so unreal! I check the envelope, but there is no name, no clue to who sent this and how. At the bottom of her letter, next to her signature, a

b.butterfly is beautifully drawn. How am I supposed to keep it with me? Shall I keep all the letter?

But while I'm wondering this, I see the drawing suddenly move by itself! The little b.butterfly flaps its wings twice, and takes off, flying away from the paper. Amazed, I watch the now very living b.butterfly fly around a few seconds before it comes to land on my hair like some ornament.

What sorcery is this?! This b.butterfly is now very alive and standing proudly on one of my curls.

"Nora?"

Bobo looks at me, worried. I'm speechless. But before I can't formulate any thought, I see his eyes drawn to the letter.

"What is this? It's blank?"

Blank? He takes the letter and flips it over several times like he is looking for something. Oh, my Goddess, this is for real. Bobo can't see any of what is written there. It's just like the witch said. I raise my finger, showing the b.butterfly in my hair.

"Bobo, do you see this?"

He frowns. "What, something wrong with your hair?"

What! He really can't see it? This b.butterfly is a bright red, and rather big, about an apple's size. Anyone would see it right away, but because of some witch's trick, it seems like I'm actually the only one who can... Is it really okay if I keep it with me? It seems to be peacefully resting in my hair like some ornament. It's not going to attack me or something, right?

"Nora, are you okay?" Bobo looks at me with worried eyes.

I nod and quickly fold the letter to put in my pocket. "Yes, sorry Bobo, I'm fine. Maybe just a joke, who knows?"

"But--"

"I'll be going before I'm late, okay?"

He nods, and I quickly get out of the car before he can ask any more questions. Once I'm in the restaurant's changing room, I put on the new clothes real fast so I can read that letter again, making sure I didn't dream it.

But the contents are still exactly the same, and anyway, the Butterfly is still in my hair. It just seems to fly away when I move around, but he always comes back to me. Is it going to stay there indefinitely? Is it fragile like a real butterfly, or will it throw fire or something if I try to mess with it? My wolf isn't reacting at all to it, so I guess it should be okay. She is much more interested in the letter. There's actually a sweet smell coming from it. Something like an autumn forest after the rain, and wildflowers. Is it that witch's smell...?

My colleagues arrive one by one, and I start my day as usual. I focus on my chores, though it's a bit harder today, Narcissa is being demanding and picky. She even gets mad over very trivial things, and everyone is annoyed with her.

During our break, Elise keeps complaining about her. "It's not our fault she has issues in her personal life! Why does she have to put her bad temper on us?! It's not like it will solve anything!"

"Issues in her personal life?" Asks Kathie. "How do you know?"

"I heard her. Before entering the restaurant, she was having an argument with her lover on the phone. Seemed like a jealousy thing."

"I didn't even know she had a boyfriend."

I nod. Narcissa seems like the type who is married to her job... But I do remember seeing her react around Nathaniel. Was he the one on the phone with her? That reminds me, I should give Elena a call after work. I promised I would tell her how things went with Damian, and I just texted her quickly this morning to say I was fine. While the girls keep talking, my phone suddenly vibrates. It's Damian calling. I take a few steps to isolate myself while answering.

"Hello, my Love. How is your day?" Damian says.

"A bit long, actually. The manager is in a bad mood... What about yours?"

"You were right. Neal found a lot of paperwork to keep me busy for the next three hours, and a lot of executives to get angry at in case I would get bored."

I chuckle. "Is it all the bosses who like to terrorize their staff, or just you?" I ask.

"I would say it's a personal hobby. And I have to get prepared if I want to cancel that engagement soon."

"Damian... Are you really going to cancel it?"

I don't feel good feeling about it now. It's not just about us. After talking with Neal and Bobo, I realize there is a lot more at stake. People's jobs, business deals, financial issues... Damian's whole company could be in a bad position just because of this.

"What, do you want me to marry her?" He asks, seeming amused.

"Go ahead. Marry her. That way I can crash your wedding like in movies, fight her, and take back what's mine," I reply back, a bit annoyed.

"I would love to see that..."

I roll my eyes. I know he is just trying to make me feel better about this whole thing. I can't help but feel restless, though. But I don't intend on giving Damian up either. He is mine, my mate. Or my mate to be, if I want to be precise... Is that what the witch meant? She wrote, "Take back what is yours." Was it about Damian? Does she mean I have to take him back from King? I remember her warning about the Gold Moon Clan, too, that's quite worrisome...

"Nora, don't worry. I've already made up my mind, and Nate and Liam agree with me, too. I will find another way to reach an agreement with King."

It won't be so easy, I'm sure of it. Isn't there any other way out than allying with them?

"Nora?"

"Sorry Damian, I have to go. Can I call you back after work?"

"I want to see you after work. I'll come and pick you up."

"Okay. See you later. ...I love you."

Needless to say, I'm red as a beet after those three words. Plus, Kathie and Elise are giving me looks that clearly indicate that they heard that. I hang up, and throttle to them, trying to calm down my heartbeat.

"Nora, you have a boyfriend? Why didn't you tell us?!" Screams Elise.

I try to explain myself to my two excited colleagues, but before I can really get to the depth of it, Narcissa arrives, looking pretty annoyed.

"You three! Your break is long over, go back to your tables! Elise, table fourteen is waiting for you to take their order. Nora, someone requested you on table two."

Someone asked for me? I'm not even among the waiter's list. Is it someone I know? I follow the girls back inside, and quickly walk up towards table two. When I see who is actually sitting there, I freeze.

Oh, Moon Goddess. Alexandra King?

She is sitting alone at a table for two, looking very proper in a black dress. You can tell she is from a wealthy background. I may be wearing a diamond necklace, but she is wearing flashy gold jewelry, and her designer dress is probably just as expensive. Gosh, I'm really in no mood to face my boyfriend's fiancée now.

When I walk to her, she is smiling like a perfect lady.

"You asked for me?"

"You must be Nora! I recognize your scar."

Seriously? That's how she wants to start, mentioning my scar? When she looks at me, I can tell her eyes are obviously fixated on it, too. Most of the time, Bobo and the brothers act perfectly normal around me, so even if other people can't help but look at it, I feel okay about my scar. But here, Alexandra's eyes are definitely fixated on it, and it's making me really uneasy. I try to ignore it.

"And you are Alexandra King."

"That's right. Damian's partner."



She is definitely doing this on purpose. I cross my arms. Obviously, she doesn't want me to take her order. "Do you actually have anything to say, or did you just come all the way to my workplace to annoy me and make me lose my time? Because I have other customers," I say, not hiding how much she is annoying me

But she keeps smiling and takes a sip of her wine. "Don't be so angsty, I just came to talk. I heard Damian wants to cancel our engagement because of his attachment to you. I was hoping you could help me reason him."

His "attachment" for me? I'm not some damn pet! Moon Goddess, that woman really has a gift for pissing people off just by talking. If it wasn't my workplace and there was no one around, I would be growling at her already. My wolf has been at it for ten minutes already, and though I agree with her, I have to fight to contain her.

"And why would I convince my man to marry another woman?"

If she wants to play with words, I can do that, too. I may be a pacifist, but when it comes to Damian, I'm ready to show my fangs anytime, you pest.

"Oh, please, Nora, you know there is much more at stake, don't you? Damian Black is not just a common guy who can marry anyone," she says confidently.

"I am not anyone, I am his fated mate. I do hope you know what it means, right?"

She starts laughing, a really high-pitched and annoying sound. I just hate how confident she acts while obviously looking down on me.

"Do you really believe in that kind of thing? This is so... ancient! This is the twenty-first century, honey. No one cares for that kind of thing anymore."

If she calls me honey one more time, I'm seriously not going to stand for whatever happens next. And "ancient"? Who does she think she is?! What are werewolves, then? Does she have any respect left for our Moon Goddess mother?

"I do care, and so does Damian," I reply right back.

"Unfortunately, whatever bond you have with, it's not going to be enough. Are you still a child? Well, you do look like one... Let me teach you something

then: If Damian stays with you, he will lose everything. If he marries me, he will be the King Alpha of Silver City, and no one will be able to resist him.”

I clench my fists. I need no lessons from that woman. But she keeps talking, while I feel my anger rise.

“If he marries me, he will have the full support of the Gold Moon Clan. Do you have any strong Clan supporting you, Nora? I doubt it. You are a penniless orphan. You have nothing to bring to him, no financial support, and no power whatsoever. So, it’s better you learn your place right now before I put you right back where you belong.”

## **His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 60 - Tips**

...Put me back to my place? Is that b\*\*\*h threatening me now? My wolf is on all fours, growling furiously already, ready to rip her head off any time. You’re right. I won’t let her speak that way to me. Not to us. She is the one who has no idea who she is talking to. I slam both hands on the table, looking at her eye to eye. I draw all the strength and anger I can from my wolf for the first time.

“Listen to me, King. I don’t care about your money. I don’t give a damn about your Clan, either. I don’t need a pack, and I don’t need support. I don’t need anyone but myself. I don’t take any threats from you, and I don’t take orders from anyone. So, don’t you ever dare speak to me that way again. If you want a fight, I will gladly give you one. You don’t know me, and you have no idea what I’m capable of yet. But you are going to learn that the next time you have the nerve to come to claim my mate, I will give you a lesson you will remember. Are we clear?”

I stop, my eyes still burning with anger.

She is shivering with fear. Alexandra is staring at me with a shocked expression, completely speechless. She had stood up and taken a couple of steps back by instinct, scared by my wolf still furiously growling at her. I feel myself surrounded by something hot and fuming right now: my Alpha aura.

“You... You’re an... an Alpha?” She stammers.

Hell yeah, I am. Now she clearly wasn’t expecting this from me. Moreover, she probably doesn’t get yet that I’m not just an Alpha, but one with a Royal’s blood, too. No wonder she got so frightened, despite being an Alpha herself.

“Surprised? I hope you weren’t expecting an easy fight. I’m not the type to submit.”

Damian would be proud of me. My eyes are throwing daggers right now. I step forward, and Alexandra steps back right away, not hiding her fear.

“Now, you go back to wherever you came from, and don’t you dare show your face around here anymore, because I promise I won’t go easy on you next time.”

She grabs her bag in a very awkward way, her eyes on me all the time like she is expecting me to attack her. Truthfully, I have a hard time holding back my inner wolf, who is dying to give that woman what she deserves.

“We are not done, Bluemoon. You and Damian will definitely regret this...” She mutters while stepping back.

“Scram!”

She runs off, and I’m still trembling with anger. I can’t believe what just happened, and I can’t calm down, either. A lot of eyes are on me, but I don’t really care right now.

I close my eyes, using Elena’s technique to calm down my wolf. I was that close to letting her out when that wretched woman opened her mouth again. But I’m still in the restaurant, in front of a lot of surprised customers. I just can’t. Calm down, Nora, calm down...

“Nora?”

I turn around. It’s Narcissa. She doesn’t look annoyed this time, just cautious. I guess my little number left an impression on everyone. She points out the kitchen, giving me an understanding look.

“Go, we can handle it here. Take a break if you need one.”

“No, I’m okay. Thank you, Narcissa.”

She nods, and I quickly walk to the kitchen, getting away from all the stares, including some from my colleagues. When I step in the kitchen, Chef Michel gives me a questioning look, but I just gesture him not to ask. I quickly find somewhere to help, and I try to immerse myself into work to forget it all.

But I just can't. That woman's words keep going in circles in my mind, and I'm unable to forget them. At some point, I step out, because I'm unable to calm down, and at this rate, I'm going to make a mistake. I rub my temples.

"Nora, come here."

I walk up to join Chef Michel at the pass, and I just rest my back against the wall while he is checking the orders and passing plates. He gives me a quick look before placing the fruits on a dessert and yells an order to the rest of the team. After a few seconds, when everyone else is busy, he starts talking while keeping track of everything else.

"How are you?"

"Not great, Chef..." I confess.

"Elise just told me what happened."

"I'm sorry, Chef."

"Don't be."

He gives a new order that just came into the staff, and I help him arrange the entrees in the meanwhile.

"You can't always be nice to everyone, Nora. It's not the world we live in, and it's not what we were born for, either. Especially if you're an Alpha. Fight for what you want. Or who."

"But even if I do, that woman, she's right."

We keep working side by side, talking while not even looking at each other, focused on whichever plate we have to get ready.

"I don't have anything. That's why I'm so mad. Because even if I can fight her off anytime, she is still someone who can support my mate better than me."

"What about him? What does he want?"

"He wants... me," I confess a bit shyly.

“Then that’s all you need to know. Don’t let others interfere with your relationship. A fated mate bond is way too rare and precious to give it up because of a stranger.”

“But it’s not just about us... The fate of several Clans is at stake.”

He shakes his head, and yells a new order, reminding one of the chefs about the meat’s cuisson. I step out a second to give a hand to the sous-chef, who is having a hard time with all the desserts. I quickly get his workspace cleaned up and take away a couple of plates which are ready to the pass. He thanks me, and I return to chef Michel’s side.

“Don’t think too hard about the consequences, Nora. It’s not all about your own decisions, either. Your mate is an Alpha; he can make his own judgments.”

“I’m afraid he will make bad judgments because of his feelings for me.”

“Maybe. But that’s his call, not yours. Instead of thinking about mistakes, start thinking about solutions. When you cook, do you think about how you might fail or how you should do things?”

The Chef is right...My decision is taken anyway, and so is Damian’s. There is no way I would ever let that woman get anything she wants from my mate. I know I couldn’t take it, the way I could never submit to her.

“I get it, Chef. Thank you.”

“Good then. Now go and help that moron with the sauces before I get there myself.”

I tried to keep the Chef’s words in mind all day after that. I didn’t make a bad decision, and I won’t regret it. This woman had no right to come here and make a scene that way. I just put her right back where she belongs. Those thoughts keep me preoccupied for a while, enough for my coworkers to leave me alone. A lot of them even act slightly different around me now, probably because they discovered I’m actually an Alpha. Even David, who usually finds time to come and talk to me, stays away for once. When we are done, Narcissa calls everyone for the usual meeting at the end of the day, but I just listen to it absentmindedly. No one mentions what happened with Alexandra King; just the usual.

When the meeting finishes, I'm the first one in the changing room. My clothes smell, so I change back to Damian's t-shirt and my denim skirt, feeling better in it than in my work outfit. Probably because I can smell a bit of my mate on it, too. I realize the crimson b.utterfly is still around. I had forgotten about that detail... If I try to touch him, he doesn't really react, and just flies away, only to come back if I insist. He really acts like a regular b.utterfly, except for the fact that he is set on hanging around me.

I check my phone. No news from Damian, but I text Elena first. Her reply comes right away, asking if I'm available. Actually, hanging out with my cousin is exactly what I need now. I call my mate quickly. It takes a few seconds before he can answer.

"Nora. Are you done already?"

"It's not already, Damian, the lunch service ended late, actually. I just got a couple of hours free before the dinner shift."

"Really? Crap, I didn't look at the time..."

He sounds preoccupied, but I can guess right away why.

"You're still busy, aren't you?"

"Yeah... I'm sorry. I still got a ton of work."

I knew it. There was no way he would be done by four; he took a full day off yesterday and Neal looked exhausted this morning. They probably have a lot to catch up now that Damian's back to work; I can't possibly blame them.

"It's okay, Damian, I figured so. Actually, I'm going to hang out with a friend until my night shift, okay? You can come and get me if you're done by then."

"A friend?"

"A female friend," I specify, because of his inquisitive tone.

"Okay. Take Bobo with you."

"Does Bobo ever get a day off?"

"Sure, when you're with me."

I roll my eyes. Seriously, this man... For a second, I hesitate to tell him about Alexandra and my show-off. But he is probably busy with work right now, and I'm afraid he might drop it all and come here if I tell him. Surely this can wait for later.

I sigh.

"When does your night shift end?" Asks Damian.

"Around ten or maybe eleven tonight. I'm not too sure, we don't have a lot of reservations yet."

"All right, I should be able to get you then. Just text me when you're done."

"Okay. See you later."

"Later, Love."

I hang up, trying to control my blushing. When will he ever stop making me feel like this every time I hear his voice over the phone... But I still don't really feel too great because of what happened earlier. I need some fresh air. I grab my things and exit the restaurant. Bobo is right there waiting for me, phone in his hand and his back against the car. He stops smiling when he sees my expression.

"Bad day?"

"Mhm. I'll explain later."

He nods, and we both get in the car. I call Elena, and we quickly agree to meet at a café a bit further away, one that's right at the limit between the Velvet Moon and White Moon's turfs. Apparently, it's one of Elena and Danny's favorite addresses, and Bobo probably knows it, too, because he starts the car as soon as he hears the name. I hang up, and while my bodyguard drives, I open the window to enjoy some fresh air. Gosh, I needed this... Getting away from the restaurant helps me finally calm down a little, though it already got better after talking to Damian. I still resent him a bit about what happened. If only he hadn't gotten engaged to that woman...