

Chapter 84

My friend came out of her room sometime before lunch. I'd eaten her breakfast at that point and had to prepare something else.

"Good norming," she said, yawning. Her eyes were tired and puffy, her color dull. She'd taken a bath and changed into the clothes she came in with.

"Morning." I put my teacup down, inviting her to sit beside me. "How are you doing?" I asked. She shrugged.

"I'm sorry I broke down yesterday," she said with a tired smile. "I overreacted but I'm fine now. I didn't complete my shift yesterday. I have to leave now so that I'm not late again." She shook her head.

"You're volunteering. Why are you working so many hours as a volunteer?" She looked away.

"What aren't you telling me?"

"I- Do you know how far my reputation has sunk in the pack?" I watched her expression as she said that. I could only imagine what she was suffering at this point.

She'd gone from the daughter of respected betas to the only good egg in her family. Her parents abandoned the pack and her brother was rotting in the dungeons. Her family members were branded traitors, known enemies of the Alpha Prince. It must be taking a toll on her.

"Is that why you are working so hard at the hospital? To clear your name?" I asked.

“Partially.” She sighed. “My parents didn’t leave a penny behind. The only thing I have now is the house I stay in and I’m afraid to wake up one day to find they sold it.” She looked at her hands and I saw they were shaking on her thighs. She clasped her hands together.

“I want to be a nurse,” she said. “My father promised to pay for my schooling. I was unsure of what I wanted to do before and when it clicked, the pack was going through a lot so I refused to burden my father with my problems. Well, now I need a lot of money for schooling and the hospital has agreed to start paying a reasonable amount for my hours. For now, most places are unwilling to hire me because of the bad rep my family has.”

“Doesn’t the pack have scholarships?”

remembered there used to be something like that while I was growing but I didn’t know if it still existed.

“Alpha Xavier halted it at a point when the pack was going through a financial crisis and he never started it back up.”

“We’ll look into it. I’m sure the pack can afford to fund an intelligent and passionate nurse,” I said with a wink.

“You don’t have to do that for me.” She didn’t smile.

“You will serve the pack at the end of your schooling, wouldn’t you? We have a shortage of nurses so consider it something for the pack. We’ll get you to school in the next session.” I wanted to tell her I was planning to take an accounting course soon but I decided to keep quiet about it until I was certain I could do it.

“I -” She cut herself off. “You’ve had to deal with my whining since last night. I’m sorry about that.”

“Celeste, why didn’t you tell me anything?” I asked, ignoring her unnecessary and unending apologies.

“You’ve been going through a lot all alone.”

“Have you seen you?” She snorted. “What have I gone through? My parents screwed up and my mate terrifies me. That’s nothing compared to the things you’ve had to deal with throughout your life, especially this period.” She waved away my concerns.

“We are friends. You never let me go through my troubles alone. You shouldn’t have to go through yours alone,” I insisted. “Promise me you won’t keep things bottled again. Promise me you’ll tell me when things are good and bad and that you’d let me be there for you.” I got a promise alright, but I knew it wasn’t a sure one.

She had a late breakfast while I tried to finish up a chapter of the book I was supposed to be reading.

I was a bit distracted so it took me a while to read as little as a paragraph.

Celeste grabbed her bag, ready to leave. I picked up the lunch I’d put together for Valens and we left the house in one of the other cars. I got off at the office while Celeste continued to the hospital.

The Alpha, Beta, and a couple of elders were in a meeting when I arrived so I waited alone in Valens office for the meeting to end. I read the history book from Avalon but history didn’t really interest me at that point. I mixed up the names and dates and had to go back sometimes to know who was, who. It didn’t help that the book started with a genealogy of men long dead. But I was decided to learn every treat could help me be a good Luna. An efficient one.

I perked up when I felt my mate close. The door to the office opened and closed as I closed my book and set it aside.

“Did you know that Alpha King Cassius had three true mates?” I asked, standing to greet my mate. He took off his jacket, a disgruntled look on his face.

“Yes, the first and only polygamous Alpha King, caused quite a hassle.” He set his bag down and pulls me in for a short kiss. “How are you?” He asked, hugging me.

“I missed you,” I admitted. “How did your meeting go?” His expression had been hard since he walked in. From that look alone, I knew the meeting hadn’t gone well.

“The trackers lost Skylar and Alpha Braxton. A hunter has Braxton’s pack hostage and it’s my duty to deal with that. There are dissenters among the elders. Some girl started a petition to free Lucien and it has gathered more than three hundred signatures. I have five men in custody for trying to break out Zavier and one of them is an elder’s son.

One of my Alphas has gone rogue. Add a sprinkle of sleep deprivation and sexual frustration to all this and you’ll have a summary of how the meeting and my life, in general, isn’t going well.”

“I’m truly sorry about last night,” I said to his long rant.

“You said you’d make it up to me,” he eyes me up and down, waking across the desk to take a seat.

“Yeah. I brought lunch,” I raised the small bag with the lunch box. He scowled at me.

“If you aren’t lunch, I am not hungry.” His tone was flat. He closed his eyes for a second.

“Fine, I wore red,” I said. When he opened his eyes, they were a vibrant red.

“You could have started with that.” His voice was thick when he spoke. He got out of his seat, already taking off his belt. I unbuttoned my shirt and was about to slip it off when he stopped. “Let me have my fun.”

He kissed down my throat, to my collarbone, my shoulders, down my arm, slipping my shirt off slowly as he went. I was leaning against his

desk, my hands gripping the edges to hold myself up. My shirt caught at my wrists so I hurriedly tugged it off.

Without unhooking my bra, he pulled the material down until one of my breasts was bare. He squeezed, kissed, caressed, and suckled with fervor. He went lower, hiking up my skirt and bunching it around my waist.

“You smell good,” he said, his lips moving against my skin, kissing my stomach. Then he flipped me so that I was bent over his table. He wasn’t particularly interested in my color choice then. He pushed my panties to the side and ran his palm against my opening.

“You are so wet already.” I half turned to watch his expression as he sniffed me.

“You’re not the only sexually frustrated one,” I said, ending in a gasp as a cool tongue touched my opening. “Fuck,” I whispered. “I like that,” I admitted.

“I know,” was the last thing I heard before his lips closed around my opening, I felt the full extent of his frustration as he took me after that, his strokes hard and fast, rougher than I’d had it in a long time. I got so loud that I feared even those on the lowest floor would hear me.

Thankfully, he put his hand over my mouth, muffling my screams.

I was riding the waves of a euphoric orgasm, feeling his warm release inside me, when someone knocked on the door.