

Diamond Eyed Luna

- Chapter 1 by Mrs. Smith |

Chapter 1

“Girl, you need to relax!” Nova said to me. She has been my best friend for the last three years. I saved her in an alley from getting attacked by some punks.

“I’m trying! I can’t find my briefcase!” The panic in my voice was thick. I had an extremely important meeting today. This was make for break for me. For the last few years, I have been trying to get my boss to launch my designs. I am or trying to be an architect. After graduating after only three years of the five year program, I still havent been taken seriously.

Last week, a very high profile client saw my design and liked it. He wanted a full presentation. His name was Waylon Jenkins. I’ve seen pictures of him and fuck he is sexy. Like a male body with his perfectly styled wavy black hair, chisled jaw and 5 o’clock shadow. Just looking at his picture made my panties wet.

“You will do great! I know you will kill it!” Nova was a force to be reckoned with. After the incident with those creeps, she has been going to the gym everyday. Being a werewolf has really helped advance her efforts. Now she owns two different gyms in our city of New York. Currently, she is working on opening a third. “Found it!”

“Thanks! Where was it?” I breathed a sigh of relief. My heels clinked as I practically ran to Nova. She was holding it out in front of her by thr front door.

“Just sitting here. I saw it as I grabbed my keys.”

“Damn, I need to get my head in the game.” I was in a very professional pant suit. It was plumb in color, hair was curled and I was wearing my late mother’s family ring.

“You better go before you are late. I called a cab for you.”

Nova was so motherly. “Thank you so much!” I kissed her cheek as I walked past her.

“Good luck!” She called out as I shut the front door. The elevator dinged right as I got to it. It opened up to the bellman standing there with a coffee.

“I was coming to retrieve you Ms. Peterson.”

“Thank you, John! My head is scattered.” We lived in a fully furnished condo on the fourth floor. Everything was marble with neutral greys and whites. Nova and I had nothing when we met and

as we built a life for ourselves, we didnt keep anything personal in fear our pasts would show up and we would have to run again.

“This is for you. Black, just how you like it.” John is a werewolf too and has acted like our protector since we been here. Since none of us live in a pack, we look out for each other.

“The key to my heart. Black coffee!” I laughed as the elevator hit the lobby floor. I practically ran out to the cab. “Thank you, John!” I yelled without looking behind me.

“Goodluck!”

The cab ride was maddening. Traffic was horrible as always. I even debated if I should just get out and run. We just started making progress when the driver slammed on his breaks, causing my coffee to splash on my white shirt.

“Shit!”

“Sorry, ma’am.” The driver said as he flipped off the car in front of him. Grabbing a napkin, I tried to clean my shirt but it was too late. There was a stain on my shirt on the most important day of my life.

I didnt have another shirt so I tried to button my jacket. It looked weird but I didnt have a choice. The taxi stopped in front of my office and I was running late. Jumping out, my boss was standing there, looking at his watch.

“What the hell, Charlotte!”

“I’m sorry!”

“Hurry up, they are waiting!” We practically ran to the conference room. There was a total of eight men in that room. Not a single female. The wall was all glass so I could see their impatient faces. “Get in there and do not disappoint me!”

Walking up to the door, I took a deep breath, fixed my hair and then walked in. The room suddenly went quiet. As soon as I got into the room, I smelled the most delicious smell. My breath caught in my throat. Cinnamon and apples. These guys were werewolves and they would know instantly that I was too.

Avoiding eye contact, I kept going like nothing was bothering me. “I apologize I am running behind. My name is Charlotte Peterson. Let’s not waste anymore time and get to it!” I plastered a smile on my face as the lights went down. The projector turned on and I grabbed my pointer.

“I have designed a skyscraper that will fit your every needs” I felt eyes drilling holes into the back of my head. It took everything in my power to not look and confirm what my heart already knew. “This building is 80 stories high, with three convention centers, fully kitchen, lobby and much more.” The first slide was of the ground floor. The blueprints showed one convention

Center, kitchen, lobby, bathroom and office space. The second floor was the other two convention spaces. The walls can open up into one massive room. The next 50 floors was strictly office space and the rest was living quarters.

“Finally, everything is negotiable. If you feel more living quarters is needed, we can adjust to your liking.” The lights turned on and the projector turned off. The whole thing took an hour to show.

“That is a good start.” His voice was velvet to my ears. I was forced to look at him. As soon as my eyes looking into the golden brown of his, the bond snapped into place. I couldn’t breath. I watched him frown and lean back into his chair.

I had to clear my throat. After taking a sip of water, I continued. “What changes would you like to see?” I asked politely and most importantly, leveled.

“Let us take a moment to discuss. Please excuse us.” The man to his right said to me. He broke my eye lock with Waylon. I have never been more thankful.

“Of course. Take all the time you need. Press 4 on the phone and that will page my assistant.”

I walked right out of the conference room. It wasn’t until I was back in my corner office that I was able to breath. As much as I needed this project, I couldn’t accept him. I needed to reject him and move on. Hopefully, my wolf would survive.

My nerves were too jittery to sit so I walked over to my floor to ceiling window. I was lucky to have this office. The only reason I did was because the other architects didn’t want to move. It was the smallest office but it had the best view. Unbuttoning my jacket, I put my hands on my hips.

I stood there for a good five minutes before I heard my boss walking to my office. Without even knocking, he walked in

“That went well despite you being late.” He was human and probably didn’t even notice my discomfort.

“Yes, Mr. Simpson. Maybe we should let Max take over the project? He has much more experience and after running late, the clients might appreciate him more.”

“I’m surprised you giving this up. However, that is the right call.” He picked up my phone and paged Max Carlson to my office.

“It is what is best.” I said trying to keep the disappointment out of my voice. I think Max practically ran because he was in my office in three minutes.

“You paged, Mr. Simpson?”

“Yes, I would like you to take over Ms. Peterson’s project.”

I smelled him before the knock was sounded at my door. Max and Mr. Simpson looked confused but Max opened the door.

“Mr. Jenkins! We would have come down to meet you!” Mr. Simpson said. Waylon and the man that sat next to him walked in. I watched at Waylon’s eyes looked at my coffee stain. Thanks to the mate bond, I could feel his amusement.

“Not needed. I wanted to see where Ms. Peterson’s office was.” I kept a straight face. There wasn’t a simple piece of personal item in here. Nothing to tell him who I was. Charlotte Peterson wasn’t even the name I was born with. When you run from your past, you create a whole new identity.

“Have you made a decision?” Mr. Simpson asked. My boss was a shorter, plump man that was balding. His high end accessories told everyone just how successful he was.

“Yes, we would like to move forward with the design. We do have a few changes we would like to discuss.” Waylon said.

“Perfect. Max Carlson will be taking over for Ms. Peterson. If you would like to head to the conference room, we can get started.” Mr. Simpson said.

Waylon’s eyes darted over to me. I kept my face passive and my heart steady. “I believe it is what is best.” I said to him.

“I’m afraid I don’t wish to change designers. If Ms. Peterson doesn’t continue with her project then I will look elsewhere.” Waylon said firmly.

Mr. Simpson and Max looked confused at each other. Absentmindedly I bit the inside of my cheek. Shit.

“As-as you wish, Mr. Jenkins.”

“If you could please excuse us, I would like a word with Ms. Peterson.”

Crap. Not good.

“Of course.” Mr. Simpson and Max left my office.

“Please have a seat.” I said professionally as I took a seat behind my desk.

“Which pack are you from?” Waylon asked.

“I don’t have ties to any pack.” Not a full lie. “You?” I admit, it was a tad disrespectful.

The guy beside Waylon lifted an eye brow. "I am the Alpha to the Blood Moon Pack. This is my beta, Axel Heckathorn"

"Canada." I said more to myself. They were in incredibly dangerous pack. Last I knew, his dad was the Alpha but I haven't been in touch with that life in years.

"Correct, Ms. Peterson." It was my turn to raise an eye brow. He hadn't told Adel we were mates. Otherwise he would be calling me Luna.

"Well, I'm sure I can provide excellent work for your needs. Let's discuss what changes you would like to see?"

Waylon kept quiet as Axel took over. "You will be on probation as we continue to work since you are hiding your identity. A background check will be issued and we will be keeping a close eye on you."

I didn't take the threats nicely. "I don't appreciate the threat." Opening my desk drawer, I pulled out the background check they will find if they look. It would take quite the hacker to realize this wasn't real. Firmly, I placed the paperwork in the edge of my desk for them. Axel took them and looked it over.

"I'm sure you can understand my hesitation in this matter?"

"In fact, I do not. My life does not affect my work. You don't need to know a single thing about me for me to provide excellent designs. Nothing about this is personal. I wish to keep it that way."

Axel opened his mouth but Waylon lifted his hand, signaling him to stop. My temper was rising and I'm sure he could feel it. He, however, was confused but not fazed at all. "Let's talk about your design."

Finally, "Let's. What concerns did you have?" I pulled out my copy of the blueprints. Carrying them to the bulletin board, I pinned them up.

"I would like more of an outdoor area. Maybe a gazebo and a water fountain. A few more bathrooms. One on each side of the building for the public areas."

"All very doable." I nodded as I wrote them down.

Waylon's phone rang. I caught a glimpse of it. The caller I.D. said Jasmine. Waylon felt annoyed but answered it anyway.

"Hey baby!" She yelled in his ear before he made it out of the office. My heart sank. I mean, I knew we were going to be getting together but it still stung.

"I don't take lying well. I will find out."

