

# Alpha's Blind Luna Online Free

## Chapter 7

I Vale Maximillion Everfell!

Before I realized it, I got a mouthful of pillow. Blinking, I looked over, my mom who was readying another pillow to hit me with.

"Woah woah woah. What the hell was that..." I was hit in the face by the second pillow. "...for?"

The first one was because you explicitly

disobeyed my instructions on not to use your power unless it was an emergency. Not fucking around because you wanted to impress your mate. Goddess, Vale, you could have hurt people.'

"I know. I know. But I didn't think it was... wait... you knew it would work on everyone?"

A cheeky smile graced her face. 'Of course I did. Did you think that your grandpa gave you the last bite of cake for a year because he wanted to?'

My eyes widened. "I was forcing Grandpa to give it to me?" She nodded and I threw up my hands. "No wonder he stopped eating cake around me.

Mom, you should have told me!"

Her eyes narrowed. 'What? That you are the most powerful Alpha King there has been and that you, as a fifteen year old, could force anyone to do anything for you? I know you were a good kid Vale, but that's a temptation I was not willing to hand you.

My lips pursed. "And now? I'm twenty-one

Mom. I can control it now."

Oh yeah? You just gave into peer pressure from your wolf and girlfriend. You showed just how mature you are

I huffed and crossed my arms over my chest. "Then what the hell was the second one for?"

My mom laughed, the hissing that made me smile even against my pout. 'Because you didn't give your mate a chance and you ran away. What if there was more to the story than what you overheard? What if he wanted to be with you? You didn't even give him a chance. If you had, it might have been better to allow the rejection to happen. You could move on, have a chosen mate. But it will never feel right now since you have found them but never officially rejected one

another. You ran

"I was scared! I was hurt! And angry! What else was I supposed to do? My heart already felt like it was falling to pieces!" I yelled and tried not to cry

She gathered me into her arms. It seemed silly, considering how big I was but somehow she felt bigger. Felt like she was holding me together and protecting me. For the first time since I was fifteen, I cried like a child in her arms. Her lips pressed against my head as one hand rubbed my back and another combed through my hair

I'm sorry, sweetheart. I'd always hoped for an easier path for you than I had. I never wanted you to feel heartbreak. Shhhhh. It's okay, dear. It will all be okay. You too, Naresh. The hole will heal. I promise. One day. It might not be today, or tomorrow but it will

My mom just let me cry. After five or ten

minutes, I took a couple deep breaths and was able to settle the sobbing. Sitting back on the sofa, I leaned my head back and closed my eyes

"Never again."

Grown men cry, Vale. It's okay. It happens. Especially when dealing with our mates

Everything becomes twisted and it seems like we are weak but really, we are stronger for it. The moon goddess gave you your mate for a reason. That reason, might not be to stand by your side but a lesson or a path to another.

I sighed. "Well, right now, I'm filing an official complaint with the moon goddess. The first being I'm not actually gay

My mom exhaled. 'Doesn't mean you're straight either, dear '

I turned to glare at her but the soft smile on her face softened my gaze. "How did you do it? Didn't, at one point, Dad turn his back on you! Even after you were mated?"

She brought her legs up and wrapped her arms around them. When she was like this, Jess was right, she felt more like a sibling than my mom. She felt younger, more vulnerable.

A lot had happened. A lot of different factors were at play. It hurt, a lot. I crumbled but I had your Grandpa and a wonderful friend to help me through it. A friend who loved me and I thought I could love him back just as much.

"That was Maximillion, right?"

She nodded. "So even when it seems like you're staring into darkness. There is light. Sometimes it takes a while to see it, but it's there. Maybe one day, like me, you'll end up with the whole story. The whole story and a request for forgiveness."

Sighing, I covered my eyes with my arm. I didn't realize just how exhausted I was. Especially after not sleeping on the flight and an outpour of emotions. A yawn escaped me and I groaned.

Go to bed, sweetheart. It's late.

I nodded and got up. "You going to bed too?"

She nodded. "In a minute. Go. Even your heart rate slowed just now."

I smiled and kissed her on the top of the head. "Thank you, Mom. I love you."

Love you too, dear. Sleep tight.

I made my way up the stairs and looked back down at my mom. She was still curled up in the corner and I realized I should have asked her what was going on with her and Dad. It was too late now and I was too tired.

Opening and closing my door, I opened up a window and flopped down on the bed. It was surprisingly comfortable and without meaning to, I fell asleep without even properly laying on the bed.

My eyes fluttered open and I looked up, staring into the dark green eyes of my mate. I gulped but raised my hand, brushing his clean-shaven cheek. His

eyes closed as my fingers touched his skin and he pressed into my hand. Looking him over, his hair was braided as it was the first day I saw him. The colored threads wrapped around pieces of his hair were actually designs as they went down. Roaming over his face, I memorized his cheek bones, the way his jaw came down sharply but curved smoothly at his chin

Taking a deep breath, I brought up my other hand and ran it down his neck. There was a low rumble that erupted from him and I smiled. I continued my exploration of his body as my fingers brushed against his collar bones and over his shoulders. His chest started to rise and fall more prominently, but I couldn't hear his heart hammering over my own. He was perfect and as my hands ran over his chest, trailing down his abs, I was rewarded with another low rumble

Meeting his eyes again, it was a moment before his lips crashed against mine. It was different, so different for my past experiences. His dominance shocked me for a moment, but then the battle began. I kissed him with a fever and a need that I wanted to do the moment I smelled him. The moment I wanted to hold his face and take him. My nails dug into his skin and I dragged them up his back, earning me a much more prominent growl that turned into a moan

Reaching out, I grabbed his braid and yanked him back. He might be on top, but that didn't make me submissive. I would not submit and he would learn that. With his head slightly pulled to the left, I lifted up to lick and nip at his right shoulder. His whole body started to shake as I brushed my canines over where my mark should

be. This should have been mine. I nipped it,  
drawing blood

In my anger, I didn't want to be under him. Quickly locking a leg around his, I swapped our positions. His head bounced against the pillow and I smirked at his surprised at our new

position. I wanted to say something, wanted to let every single sarcastic and dirty thing leave my mouth but I was afraid the moment I spoke, this dream would end

Sitting back and resting on his hips, I took my mate in. His dark tan skin made mine look that much whiter. My time in the library did not help one to suntan. His abs were cut and I let my fingers trail down each one, feeling the muscle

move under me as he writhed beneath me

omirking, I leaned down and let my lips brush his skin. His fingers wove into my hair and he tried to pull me up. Growling, I ground my hips into his, eliciting a deep moan. It made me shiver but his hands went slack to grab the sheets under him

I took this opportunity to move back further. It was silly, but I had looked up some gay porn. Honestly, I didn't know how this worked but I knew half the battle was getting hard and porn didn't do it for me. This man, though, was everything I wanted and needed. The way he writhed, breathed, moaned, was everything to me and I needed him. Putting my fingers in my mouth, I ran my tongue over the two of them and then took them out. My heart hammered as I placed them at his asshole. He jumped for a second but as I slowly pushed my fingers inside I watched his body.

At first, his fingers clenched the sheets tighter, holding onto them for dear life. His face screwed up tightly but I continued to push in until my

lingers were all the way in. I waited for a

moment, waiting for him to relax and when his brow un-furrowed is when I started to create the fiction. Suddenly, small moans started to come out and I smiled.

It took a couple of minutes but he was nearing the edge. My hand placed on his pelvis to keep him from writhing too much. I had added another finger and then another, stretching him more. Sometimes curling them ever so slightly to hear a different tone of moan

Just before I saw him teetering over the edge, I pulled my fingers out. I was already dripping in pre-cum and I rubbed my dick with my wet fingers before I pressed the tip up against his ass. Biting my lip, I took hold of both his legs and pushed into him. He gasped, his back arching as I pushed myself into him

After giving him a moment and allowing him to adjust to me, I started to move. He was scimpossibly tight and I was struggling to keep my composure as I thrust. A moan filled the room and I smiled. I must be doing something right because he was crumbling before my eyes. There were tears in his eyes but with every thrust, his body moved to meet mine. Breathing hard, I realized I was far too close. It felt too good.

A low growl erupted from me this time. He was right there with me. I started going faster, slamming into him harder. Reaching out, I grabbed his shaft and started to pump it but wasn't even a minute when he came, crying out. My movements were getting jerky as I got close and finally came, emptying myself inside him. Falling forward, my hands held me over him and my eyes met his.

"I'm so fucked."