

Falling For You

Emmaline's eyes filled with tears as growls filled the air. I hated that I kept upsetting Lucas. My heart felt pained. Everyone was asking questions I didn't want to answer. I didn't want to leave Tennessee. I had friends, and I... I had Lucas. I stared into his eyes trying to memorize them. This could be the last time I saw them. My body was literally revolting at the thought.

We began to talk about my situation. Several times, I barely refrained from snapping at them. Oh, an apartment. Why didn't I think of that? I freaking did! No one in their right mind was going to lease a place to a fifteen-year-old, emancipated or not. My answers were making the tension in the air mount. I wanted to crawl back into my tent to escape their anger, even though it wasn't directed at me. Couldn't they have brought a female on this late night camping run? One to calm them the heck down?

Looking into his eyes made me blurt out things I normally kept to myself. I admitted I'd killed some werewolves. I was pretty sure werewolves with red eyes weren't part of the packs. Honestly, that situation was crazy. I was reaching for a weapon with one hand. I held out my other hand towards the wolf. He leapt at me, but when my hand touched his chest, he basically drowned. Then he somehow turned to water. It was easily the weirdest thing that had ever happened to me.

Silence enveloped the group after my confession. I could've slapped myself when I realized what I'd admitted. Thank GOD I didn't mention the drowning by touch then turning to water. They might lock me in the looney bin. Crap... crap ... crap ... crap. Why did I just start spilling my secrets around Lucas? I felt like I belonged with him when I looked at him. STOP IT! He's a literal god he probably has a girlfriend.

I just kept talking. They realized I knew what they were. OH CRAP! STOP TALKING EMMALINE! I needed to get away from Lucas, he was making my lips loose. He was going to sink my darn ship. Great. This is just great. Was I going to werewolf jail? Lucas wouldn't hurt me though. I don't know why I was extremely confident in that, but I was. He wouldn't let them hurt me. They had to realize I wouldn't say anything because I'd know about them the whole time.

They really were stunned I'd managed to kill a werewolf. It was mildly insulting they didn't believe me. Part of the reason I stayed in this area was because it was mostly wolves. Witches and warlocks didn't often interact with werewolves. At least in California. Werewolves tended handle their own problems. Vampires were the ones that had closer relationships with witches.

I'd felt drawn to this area, and I liked the people here. I couldn't exactly explain to Peter's dad 'oh hey unknown fairy on your lands here, and you have a red eyed wolf problem. No worries, I've killed some.' Yeah, that would go over well. Besides, I freaking handled it because I'm a capable fairy. Well, I think as far as fairy's go, I'm capable.

Lucas kept growling and it was doing things to me. It was so sexy. He pulled me against him, and I could feel his muscles rippling with his growl. At this point, I was convinced he might as well be speaking to my nether regions. His voice, his growl, his freaking body were doing things to mine I didn't understand. Lord knows I was hot and bothered. I was also seriously confused. I really wanted everyone to leave so Lucas could take me right here. Which I personally thought was a weird thought to have as a virgin.

Peter's dad rescued me from my spiraling thoughts of lust, asking me follow up questions. They got stuck on several details I found odd. So, I killed a werewolf with a fork. Wolf or not, a nick to the carotid and you're a goner. I gouged his freaking carotid as he scratched the hell out of my side. I lost Ryan's t-shirt because of that attack. It was one of my two sources of comfort. I still had the t-shirt scraps in my bag. It had taken three washing cycles to get the blood out of it, not to mention a crap load of bleach.

Peter and Drake were laughing. The current Alpha's not so much. Good to know current Alpha's did not find me funny. Future Alphas? I was hilarious to them. Dylan asked more questions that I answered because I was looking at Lucas. I had studied with Dustin for over a year for his EMT exam because David didn't want him to be an EMT. Dustin passed the test with flying colors. Thinking of Dusty made me sad. I didn't know where he was anymore. He could've moved, met his wick, or any number of things.

I was tired of answering their questions. I really couldn't explain that I drowned a red eyed wolf with my hands, and he turned to water. How crazy and made up does that sound? Sometimes, I thought I'd made it up and I was there. Honestly, I didn't kill every rogue I saw. If they left me alone, I left them alone. Except for the little guy. I tried to help him when I could. He was like me, alone and isolated. He and I had a sense of camaraderie out there taking on the world on our own.

I was evading their questions as best I could. My eyes felt like lead in my head. I really needed another hour of sleep. I'd learned to get by on what little I could, but this was going to be a long day.

I quickly explained what I knew about werewolves. Or rather what I thought I knew. I got to their mates. I knew Sam was Drake's. To be honest, it's why I offered to introduce them. It wasn't like Drake was my best guy friend or anything. I just knew they should meet.

Just like now when I looked at Peter, I knew he needed to meet Chelsea. That sounded crazy though, so I just stopped talking. Then I looked into Lucas' eyes and continued to spill my guts. Damn him. I sound like a freaking lunatic telling Peter I thought his mate was Chelsea. I was right though; I could feel it. This was easily the first thing I'd said so far that made everyone happy.

Peter was staring at the school as if it was going to open and produce Chelsea for him. Sorry dude, but Chelsea is asleep like a normal person at this hour. I really wished we could've had this pow wow when I didn't have to get up for work. Peter was pacing saying he needed to meet Chelsea. His wolf was restless. Uh yeah... We could all see that but thanks captain obvious. Lucas wanted to head home.

I was simultaneously relieved and sad. I was happy I could go back to bed, but I was sad Lucas was leaving. I wanted to beg him not to go. My alarm started blaring. Now I really wanted to cry. Getting more sleep was not in the cards for me, I guess. It was just that kind of day. Lucas was not having that. He pulled me close enough I quickly smelled his chest, like a weirdo. I felt immediately at peace. He told me that we had to work stuff out between their packs, and that he linked Al I wasn't coming to work. Tears filled my eyes. I needed all my tips so I could get that apartment. I hadn't slept on a bed in almost four years. Couldn't they understand I just wanted to sleep on a bed? I didn't even need a nice one or anything, just a plain mattress.

The look of pain that filled Lucas' features made me want to weep. What did I say? Why was he always sad or mad around me? Why did I do this to him? Then he asked if I thought he'd hurt me. What? No! Why would he think that? I knew he wouldn't hurt me. I was prepared to throw myself behind him if the others tried because I knew he'd protect me. The thought of them trying to hurt Lucas got my hackles up though; if they tried, we'd fight them together. I was pretty sure the burly guys and Dylan would be on our side. Numbers wise, we had them.

They wanted me to come to go over the things I saw in Red Run's territory. That sounded like someone was going to get in trouble over what I had to say. I didn't want that. I'd hidden from their patrols. I figured out when they came once a month and hid all my stuff. It was a pain in the butt, but I did it. Peter's dad said there were daily patrols where I was and I frowned, he must be thinking of the wrong spot because there was a monthly patrol where I was, definitely not a daily one. I would've lost my mind with a daily patrol.

All my answers seemed to just upset everyone. I wish I knew Dylan's mat because I'd blurt that out to change topics. Thankfully, Peter had reached his limit. He wanted to see Chelsea. I had no clue where my confidence was coming from, but Chelsea was Peter's mate. I was Lucas'. I mentally slapped myself. I had no idea where that thought came from. The god of man currently shielding me from

everyone was too good for me. If David ever found out Lucas was helping me, he could hurt him. I couldn't have that.

Peter shifted. I stood there for several seconds absorbing what just happened. Logically, I knew they shifted. When I'd killed the rogues, they shifted back to their human form. To see human to wolf though, was kind of beautiful. Also, it was really fast. He just turned into a wolf in seconds.

I looked at Lucas and had a strong desire to see him shift. I bet his wolf was magnificent. I wanted to see him shift more than I wanted a mattress. That was a big one for me too. Lucas picked me up and we were back at the car in minutes. No wonder those werewolves were surprised I could beat them racing in the pool. I couldn't even get here that fast on my bike.

The ride to his place was not what I would call comfortable. I didn't know how he figured out I wasn't human. No one was ever able to figure out what I was for some reason. It seemed like it was a mystery to the supernatural's. I could've been a human who knew about werewolves. That could be a thing. It honestly wasn't even a fair to ask. He didn't tell me he was a werewolf. I just knew.

Something in me just kept thinking he was mine. I wanted to slap my subconscious for getting my hopes up like this. The car ride ended with Lucas being upset. I just kept upsetting him. I nodded and turned my head so he wouldn't see my tears. I noticed the Red Run group gaping at our car. I wanted to melt into a puddle of shame. Now they all knew I was unwanted when I was thirteen years old. Not only was I unwanted; I was kicked to the curb by my own blood.

Lucas got out growling and he slammed the door so hard I was worried he busted the door frame of his car. Dylan consoled me, "He's not mad at you, pretty little Luna. Alpha's, what can you do? They get all growly about certain people. It's his way of saying he likes you. Be glad we aren't a town over. Alpha no fun is extra growly. I'm trying to help him but...he's resistant." I turned back to him in surprise as he jumped out of the car.

Eventually, it all got worked out and Peter took off into the house. I was the only one not surprised when it turned out they were mates. Well, neither was Drake. He was studying me closely. The whole situation just highlighted that my brain was being mean to me. Lucas didn't call me his mate when we met.

Dylan interrupted my depression and self-loathing spiral to ask how I felt about Lucas. Like seeing him made my whole freaking day. Making him upset was destroying me. The thought of leaving him sent me into a tailspin. He'd entered my life and turned my whole world upside down. He made me feel like I wanted to crawl into his bed and never leave. I wanted to tell him about every part of me and have him love me. I wasn't about to say any of that though.

We walked into a beautiful office, actually the whole house was beautiful. I felt like I belonged here. Just like I did when Chelsea bought me onto the pack lands. Being beside Lucas intensified that feeling. I was stunned Chelsea's parents just practically announced Peter and Chelsea were having sex. That was... weird, but to each their own, I guess. My mom put Katie on birth control when she turned sixteen and told her she didn't want to know if she was active or not. She just wanted her to be safe. My mom was too young to be a grandma at the time apparently. I'm sure she's changed her stance now if Katie had met her wick.

They started talking about Luna's. My hope started to build that I could be Lucas' mate again because those guys called me that at the diner. There was some logic in that thought. We circled back to the rogue conversation. I let it slip that I'd seen more than the ones I killed. I HAD to stop looking into Lucas' eyes. I mean really, if I killed them all I'd be a freaking mass murderer at this point.

I made sure they would take care of my little guy. They seemed to think he was sixteen. I knew they were wrong though. He might be ten. They anger exploded with each answers I gave. I inched towards Lucas on a reflex.

I contemplated telling them I knew about werewolves because I'd met one. David worked with one when I was eight years old on something. Since I'd met one, I could tell they were wolves too. That's why I was always surprised no one figure out I was a fairy. That was a mystery for another day though.

That segued into my new sleeping arrangements. I couldn't just take a handout. I needed to do something to earn my keep here. He told me I could teach the pups to swim. My heart sank. Of course, he had kids. He probably had a fiancée or girlfriend. Pain was coursing through my entire being. For the mattress though, I could teach his kids to swim. My heart would just be shattered to a million pieces seeing him with someone else. He ended up saying he didn't have kids or a girlfriend. I wanted out of this room before I asked any more embarrassing questions.

We discussed my siblings and their birthdays. I was going to have to sneak away to get them their presents. This was the ONLY thing I could do to feel close to my siblings anymore. I was sending them their cards and presents whether Lucas liked it or not.

Gemma was my savior, saying I should get settled. Thank goodness. No more questions. I was exhausted. This has been an emotionally draining experience, and I missed a few hours of much needed sleep. Gemma nodded and took my hand and led me out of the room. I snuck one last look at Lucas. I couldn't help but smile because he looked so happy.

Gemma led me upstairs, and she opened the door and my eyes widened. There was a king-sized bed with baby blue sheets, and a mountain of pillows. I whispered, "He can't mean for me to have this room." Gemma smiled and gently answered, "It's definitely the room he wants you in." I looked over at her. My incredulity came out in my tone, "It has a bed, a couch, a tv, a walk-in closet, and that door looks like it goes to a bathroom." My eyes filled with tears. Gemma smiled at me then entered the room.

I was frozen in shock watching her enter the closet. An angry voice asked me, "What the HELL do you think you're doing up here, you little street urchin?! These rooms are not for you!" I turned to see Christy standing there, vibrating with rage. I admitted, "I was just told this was my room." She snorted and grabbed me by the arm. She tried to yank me away, but much to her surprise I pulled my arm out of her grasp. I angrily told her, "Don't touch me." She growled, "Get your skank teenage ass OUT of this room." I raised an eyebrow and challenged her, "I'm not a skank. I've given you no reason to think I am."

Gemma came out of the bathroom and frowned. She rounded on Christy asking, "Christy, what are you doing up here?" Christy narrowed her eyes accusingly and retorted, "What are YOU doing up here with her? These rooms... aren't for her!" Gemma smiled, smugly, "I'm following the Alpha's orders. These rooms are for her. Who else would they be for?" Christy glared at her for several moments before she turned on her heel and left.

I turned to Gemma sarcastically exclaiming, "She's a peach." Gemma frowned, "She's trouble is what she is. If she's around you stick with Chelsea, you hear? Christy couldn't take Chelsea on her worst day." I nodded, confused. Christy shouldn't be around me much since she didn't appear to like me.

Gemma took me into the room. When she showed me the bathroom, I wasn't even upset that I started crying. There was a jacuzzi tub, a shower, and a double vanity sink. Lucas was like the knight and shining armor I'd always wanted. I could survive on my own, but I was ok with his version of taking care of me. Gemma spoke softly, "Why don't you take a nice bath and then take a nap, Emmaline? I don't know your circumstances, but you seem like you could use some pampering." She handed me some bubble bath and left me in my room.

It was still a staggering. I had a room. I turned on the tub and started to cry again. For the first time since I was thirteen years old; I had a room. I moaned when I settled in the bathtub. I hadn't had a bath in forever. Quick showers in schools were a luxury to me. I was being spoiled and it was glorious. I got out after about twenty minutes. I grabbed a t-shirt from my bag and slid into the bed. I barely remember my head hitting the pillow.

A knock on the door woke me up. I jolted up, startled at being in an unfamiliar place. It all came back to me. I called, "Come in!" Chelsea peaked her head into the room. She blushed, "Oh gosh. Did I wake you up?" I shrugged admitting, "I needed to get up. I'll get my days and nights mixed up if I sleep any longer. I just..." I trailed off then squealed, "You're marked! Congratulations, Chelsea." She smiled and thanks me, "Peter told me that you told him you just knew we needed to meet. He said that you know about us being werewolves. That you just somehow knew what we are to each other. Thank you for him. You brought us together." I downplayed my role, "You would've met him at school." She instantly countered, "We might have missed each other, having our wolves go crazy over a scent we couldn't track down. We found each other sooner because of you."

Another knock at the door interrupted our back and forth. Sam popped her head in. She spotted us both then ran in. She took a running leap and jumped on the bed. She happily asked, "So you live here now? Drake said you do and he wouldn't lie to me." I laughed then told her, "In exchange for teaching the kids to swim; I live here now." Both girls squealed.

Sam gave Chelsea and I our schoolwork for the day which was surprisingly light. Another knock brought Valerie to us. She skipped over exclaiming, "This is so exciting! I wonder when Alpha Lucas' parents are going to come back." My heartrate kicked up. I squeaked, "His parents?" They nodded. Sam stated, "They will come back to meet you." I asked, "Where are they?" They looked at each other not speaking.

Eventually Chelsea offered, "Lucas will explain that. Did you really kill rogues, and live in a tent?" I sighed, "They attacked me first. I left the rest of them alone." Sam laughed at Chelsea's face. She teased, "Peter missed that tidbit while you were mating. Drake told me there is a serious rogue problem in their territory."

I did not want to talk about rogues anymore. I changed the subject by asking her, "Why aren't you marked yet, Sam? Or... is that not something I should ask? I'm sorry." Sam laughed, "Drake and I want to live together when he marks me. I'm not ready to leave this pack yet and live with him. I guess if Chelsea is going though; I will too. It's been hard not marking each other." Chelsea laughed and quickly said, "I'm not moving in with Peter until we graduate. We talked it over."

Sam squealed, "Really? Drake will be thrilled if I let him mark me. My wolf and I really want to mark him too." Chelsea teased, "Of course, silly! Peter wasn't super thrilled I wasn't moving right away, but he understands. Plus, I think he knows we will spend a lot of nights together regardless."

I interjected, "She's right. You go get yourself marked, Sam." They laughed. Valerie joined in, "I think you should go get you some of the Alpha, Emmaline." I

blushed trying to play it cool with my response, “I don’t know if he wants me.” Valerie grabbed my hand. She emphatically said, “He definitely wants you.”

While I was holding her hand, I suddenly got a flash of a beautiful girl with dark hair. She looked a little like Lucas. My friends were all with her when they were younger. One of them called her name. It was Lacy. It hit me out of nowhere. Lacy... she was perfect for Dylan. With a growing sense of dread, I realized who Valerie was perfect for. Ryan. My brother Ryan. Ryan was Valerie's mate, and she was his wick. I didn’t know how to deal with that, or how to get them together. I was about to tell her when I smelled Lucas.

My friends left really quickly after he showed up. I needed them to stay before I lost myself in delusions about Lucas and myself. When he told me we were mates, joy and confusion flowed through me. He explained it all to me. I couldn’t have been happier if I tried. I was not confident in my ability to be in a relationship. I couldn’t really focus on guys running for my life. Grayson, the other human transfer, invited me to a dance last year. I saved to buy a dress from the thrift store. Which all led to Grayson giving me a peck on the lips outside the gym. He never asked me out again.

I wanted to do way more than kiss Lucas though. Our kisses were intense. I didn’t know you could feel like this when kissing. I felt sparks all over my body. We made out, touching each other all over. I started exploring his body. Honest to god, his muscles had muscles. Did he spend all his time in the gym? Did they have a gym here? I got to his butt. I decided they absolutely had a gym. I was going to give thanks to it somehow.

Dylan interrupted us. Which reminded me about him and Lacy. I was certain she was his mate. They bantered about some call. Dylan said I was mischievous. A sad smile played on my lips. My siblings all used to tell me that. Katie would always say it was better than being boring and dull. She was right. We always used to have a lot of fun together.

After Dylan and Lucas left, I decided to go find Chelsea. I wanted to see what I could find out about Lacy. I quickly found Chelsea on the sofa in the pack house. She teased, “Hey, you. I didn’t think I’d see you again tonight.” I told her, “Lucas had a call to make. Can I ask you something?” She nodded. I quickly asked, “Who is Lacy? My follow up question is where is she? I need to talk to her.” She sucked in a breath. She sadly asked, “You know about Lacy?” I didn’t understand her reaction.

I couldn’t really explain I saw her in Valerie’s memory. I skirted that fact when I replied, “Kind of. I need to talk to her.” Chelsea looked away. She whispered, “We all do. Lacy is Lucas’ younger sister. She ran away. None of us know why.” I frowned. Poor Lucas.

I sighed defeated, “Oh, ok. I’m sorry I didn’t mean to upset you.” She shrugged, “You didn’t know. I’ve got to run. I’m meeting Peter at Al’s.” I smiled then yelled after her, “Wait! Before you go where can I find Valerie?” She turned and pointed up the stairs. She quickly said, “First door on the left.”

I went up and knocked on the door Chelsea instructed me led to Valerie. Valerie opened the door. Before she spoke, I did, “Can we go somewhere private to talk?” She was surprised but agreed. She led me to a track. They have a freaking track? Good lord almighty! How rich was Lucas?

Valerie pulled me out of those thoughts by asking, “What did you want to talk about?” I sighed then jumped into what I needed to say, “Ok, I need you to let me get this all out before you ask questions.” She nodded. I closed my eyes admitting, “I’ll also preface this with I probably can’t answer any questions you have. I will answer if I can though. Your mate's name is Ryan Forrester. I don’t know where he is now, but he used to live pretty far away from here. I can’t tell you how I know him. I can’t be near him, or I’ll be in danger.” Her eyes widened. Wow, that did sound bad.

I quickly said, “Not in danger from him. That’s not what I meant. He’s a great guy. He’ll love you so much. I just... If you find him, I need to know if he’s coming here. I would just need to stay away while he’s in town. If you find him, you can’t say a word about me. I just couldn’t not tell you about something so important. It hit me upstairs right before Lucas came in.” Her eyes were turning black and back to green.

She took a deep breath. She absorbed the information then purred, “Ryan Forrester. I love his name. I will let you know when I find him because I will find him. I won’t say anything about you, I promise.” I nodded reiterating my point, “Just... please let me know if he’s coming here. If you go to him... Will you... no, never mind. Just find him and be happy. He used to live in California.”

She nodded and gave me a hug. She whispered, “I won’t tell anyone about this. Thank you, Emmaline! Thank you so much!” She took off. I watched her go, hoping I hadn’t just ruined everything. Ry needed his wick though, and I wanted him to be happy. I wanted to ask her to take a picture with him so I could see him again.

Eventually, I left the track and head back to the main house. The door to Lucas’ office was open. When I passed by, I saw Dylan sitting there. I might as well tell him now. I knocked and awkwardly stated, “Hey Dylan... so... this is weird... But you need to find Lacy. She’s perfect for you.” Dylan’s head snapped up. His eyes widened. They were turning back and forth to black like Valerie’s did.

Lucas' voice shook with emotion from behind me as he asked, "What did you say?" I turned and saw him in the corner of the office. I stammered, "Umm just that well... Lacy... Dylan asked me to keep an eye out for him. I didn't see her in person... But I just know... I'm ... gosh, this is weird. I'm sorry." I went to leave, but Lucas wrapped me into a hug.

He pressed his lips to my hair. He told me, "Don't be sorry. That's amazing news. My best friend and my little sister." Dylan growled, "We need to call Alpha no fun. We need to see if his wonderful mate has spoken to her brother about her finding Lacy. We need to find her. Right NOW, Lucas."

Lucas teased him "Oh, so now she's just his wonderful mate? You were her humble servant a few days ago." Dylan huffed, "She's my friend. I need Lacy. Now that Emmaline has said it, it's like I know it to be true. My wolf is pacing and growling at me. Fang is not used to be serious any more than I am. It's not a fun state of being for us."

Lucas looked at the wall. He admitted, "I feel it too, that Lacy is yours." I asked, "Who's Alpha no fun?" Dylan laughed and started to munch on popcorn. Lucas looked at him. Dylan taunted, "That question is all yours man. Unless you'd like me to answer with pizzaz." Lucas growled, "No. No pizzaz." Dylan snickered. Lucas glared at him. He sighed dramatically and left.

Lucas told me, "He calls Eric Connors Alpha no fun. We are actually very good friends with a deep connection. He's our neighbor. We used to be the oldest Alpha's without mates. He stumbled onto his six months ago. Their first pups were born recently. They had triplets." I snorted, "Your math isn't adding up there, cowboy." He laughed, explaining, "She's a fairy, and he's a werewolf. She was only pregnant for four months. She wolver pregnancies are three months, fairies are five. Their pups birth split the difference between the two."

I gulped. That was a lot of information to process. So, one day, when we decided we wanted kids: I'd be pregnant for four months. I needed to get on birth control. With that in mind I asked him, "Speaking of, do you have a pack OB?" Lucas raised an eyebrow. He seemed confused when he replied, "I do. Why?" I blushed. Did he really not get it? I hurriedly explained, "Well... I... I'm not on birth control. I don't want to be a mom right now, but I want to have sex with you." Ok I NEEDED to find my filter around this man.

Lucas growled and pushed me against the wall. He spoke as he sniffed my neck, "That's good, baby girl. Because I can't wait to have you screaming my name while I'm filling you up." I shivered. He smirked. He tapped my nose and informed me, "You have an appointment after school at four with pack OB."

I stared at him, stunned. I asked, "How?" Did he already set this up? That was presumptuous. He tapped his temple. He told me, "I can talk to the pack. Any member of the pack can link each other. It's called mind link." My jaw dropped. I yelled, "It's called mind blown. That's just super freaking handy. Can we do that?" He smiled and whispered in my ear, "Once we have mated, yes we can." He bit my ear. I couldn't stop my moan.

Dylan came back into the room. He tried to quickly explain, "Lucas... Your..." He was cut off when an older couple came bursting into the room. The woman pointed a finger at him and yelled, "You are in SO MUCH TROUBLE! You meet your mate, and I don't even rate a damn phone call? Alpha Kyle and Luna Marissa told us that you'd met her, thinking we knew. That they knew before us is shameful. It was embarrassing honestly, Lucas..." She trailed off when she saw me. This was so not how I wanted to meet Lucas' parents.

She looked me up and down evaluating me. I looked at Dylan who winked. Lucas' mom spoke, "Well, aren't you pretty. This is her, right? If she's not, I'm going to slap you upside the head for how I found you two." I was going to be permanently blushing around these people. Lucas laughed then introduced me, "Mom and dad, this is Emmaline, my mate. Emmaline, these crazy people are my parents."

Lucas' mom instantly wrapped me into a hug. She squealed, "I am SO excited! I was getting worried that Lucas was going to give up on finding you. Then he'd probably make awful Christy his chosen Luna. God, I dislike that woman. She's horrible Lucas. Honestly, what were you thinking messing around with her?"

I knew I hated that Christy chick for a reason. She and Lucas dated. That's probably why she had been so awful to me thus far. At least I had the fact that I was nicer than she was going for me. Lucas tensed along with Dylan.

Lucas' dad stepped forward. He grabbed his mom and teased, "Now Debbie, there's no need to tell her about Lucas' past. Next, you'll be talking about him and Eric." I couldn't stop my laugh. They'd both spilled the beans somewhat

unintentionally. Did that mean my mate was Bi-sexual? Did all fairy's get bisexual mates? Because Lucas said Eric's mate was a fairy. That would be interesting if true.

Dylan was looking all over the room. After scrutinizing me, he started eating more popcorn. Lucas looked like he was going to kill his dad. Lucas gritted his teeth. Debbie spoke, "Really? Because I think you just told her about Eric, Dale." Lucas growled, "GET OUT!" They all left in a hurry.

He put his hands up when he turned back to me. He sounded small when he said, “I didn’t mean for you to find out that way.” I asked, “That you’re bi? It’s fine. I mean I’m not down to be with you, Eric, and his wife or anything.”

He growled and pinned me back against the wall. He told me, “I wouldn’t share you, and he wouldn’t share her. You’re it for me, Emmaline.” I frowned, “Well, I wouldn’t want you too not be who you are or anything.” I didn’t want that; I didn’t want him to deny himself.

He smiled for the first time in several minutes. He tried to explain, “I’m not really bi-sexual. It was just Eric. He was the only man I’ve been with. It was a comfort to us both.” That was moderately intimidating given my lack of sexual experience, but at least I didn’t have the equipment to be compared to whoever Alpha Eric was.

I absorbed all that then asked, “Ok... how old are you?” He threw his head back and laughed. When he stopped, he asked me, “That’s your question? I’m twenty-six.” I considered that, “Ok then. I mean it’s not like you can compare me and Eric in bed. He’s working with different equipment than I am. Your being with Christy concerns me more. She seems like she knows what she’s doing.” Lucas smiled and laughed, “Different equipment? God you’re amazing. No one and nothing can compare to what I feel with you. Those kisses we shared were the best of my life.” He led me back upstairs to bed.

The whole next day passed by so quickly. I spoke to Al during my shift. He wanted me to take some time off and adjust to being mated, and my new living situation. He said I had a lot of new changes that had blown into my life. I didn’t really want to take time off. I’d been working since I was thirteen in some capacity. Ultimately, it was his decision though. He told me I should be a normal kid now that I had the chance. My last shift for a while would be tomorrow right before the school mixer.

After school ended, I had my appointment with the pack OB. We decided to go with the arm implant that she had already placed. She said I would sore, but so far it wasn’t bad. By the time I left, the barbeque was in full swing.

Sam ran up to me and pulled me into the main house. She pushed me towards the stairs. She told me, “I got you a blue t-shirt dress from my closet. Put it on and come out back outside. Everyone can’t wait to officially meet you.” I nodded; grateful she’d picked an appropriate outfit. I hadn’t had time to figure any of their dynamics here out.

I quickly changed and walked back outside. Everyone was on the opposite side of the lake, except three little girls. They were playing on the dock. I watched them for a second until everything went into slow motion. One of the girls slipped, hit

her head on the dock, and fell into the water. The other little girls started screaming. Growls and other screams filled the air.

Before I processed what I was doing, I was running towards the girls. I was the closest person to them. I was her best chance at not drowning. I kicked off the flip flops I'd put on while I was running. I ripped off my dress as I reached the dock. I heard Lucas' panicked yell as I dove in, "EMMALINE!" I opened my eyes expecting them to sting from the lake water, but I could see perfectly. That was weird, but I didn't have time to think about that.

I spotted the little girl several feet below me. She was sinking fast, and clearly unconscious. I kicked it into high gear. I quickly had her in my arms. My lungs were screaming at me for air. I reached the surface with a gasp. I somehow pulled the little girl up on the dock with me. One second, we were in the water, and the next we were on the dock.

I could hear people running towards us. I laid her down on the dock and checked for a pulse. I got nothing. I remembered all those times Dusty had me practice CPR with him. Instinctually, I began to administer CPR to the little girl. I had done two rounds when she turned to the side and coughed up water. I sighed in relief.

A frantic group of adults reached us. A man, who I hoped was her father, yanked her into his arms. He held her rocking her back and forth. He locked eyes with me. His voice shook with emotion, "Thank you Luna! Thank you!" He looked at his daughter, "Elouise, what were you thinking?" She just cried and clung to him. He stood and took her to the pack hospital.

Lucas took off his shirt and handed it to me. I put it on and checked out his abs. Why was he so dang lickable? Lucas looked me up and down. He told me, "I have to go make sure she's ok." I nodded, "I understand. I'm just going to go shower. I'll be back out to meet everyone when I'm cleaned up."

He pulled me to him. His kiss was passionate and demanding. When he pulled back, he admitted, "You scared me. My heart stopped when you took off running to the water. You saved her life. We wouldn't have gotten to her in time. Thank you." I nodded, a little dazed from our kiss.

I headed back up to the house. I showered quickly and searched the drawers and found a hair dryer. Once my hair was dry, I hurriedly walked out of the bathroom in a towel to find something to wear. The smell of chocolate assaulted my senses. I gasped as Lucas grabbed me. He pinned me against the wall. That must be his turn on. Pinning me against the wall. He buried his face in my neck. He growled, "All those unmated wolves saw you when you ripped off your dress. Fuck... I need you. I need to claim you, Emmaline."

I was convinced there was a wet spot on his jeans because his words were making me pant with need. I wanted to point out the dress would've weighed me down. I couldn't keep it on for crap's sake. Before I could say anything, Lucas whispered in my ear, "I can smell your arousal. It's killing me, baby girl." I pulled his head back so I could see him. I kissed him. There was only a towel and his pants between us.

I had never wanted anything more in my life than I wanted him at this moment. I barely recognized my voice when I huskily replied, "Well, we can't have you dying now can we." He froze and asked, "What do you mean? Do you mean..." I told him, "I want you Lucas, please." He growled, "Fuck the barbeque." He threw me onto the bed.

He hovered over me. His lips were back on mine. His hand pinched my nipple. I moaned as my hips started moving on their own accord. Suddenly his lips were off mine. He turned towards the door and snarled. It was an angry and yet somehow possessive sound. My eyes went wide. He turned back to me and nipped my ear. He gently said, "Don't worry about that, little mate. It's taken care of."

Before I could ask, his mouth sucked on my nipple. Good god... my hips were really in a groove now against his. I could feel the bulge in his pants growing. I was getting worried he was going to bust the zipper if he didn't take them off.

As if he heard me, he stood and stripped them off. He parted my legs. I asked, "What..." It was all I got to say before his tongue was on me. I gasped as a delicious tingling started within me. After what felt like seconds, stars were going off behind my eyes, I screamed, "LUCAS!"

He chuckled. The vibrations from his laugh were about to send me off the bed. He brought his arms around my legs, firmly holding me in place. He asked, "Was that your first orgasm, little mate?" I retorted, "I have fingers. They've never felt like that before though." His eyes went black for a second. He told me, "Sometime, you're going to show me how you get yourself off, baby girl." I found that oddly exciting.

I felt his finger circling my entrance. I bucked against his hand. He slowly entered me. I moaned and started to move my hips again. He bit the inside of my leg, teasing me, "My little mate is so eager. I like it." He inserted another finger. I cried out, "LUCAS, PLEASE!" I wasn't really sure what I was asking him to do.

He seemed to know though. He explained, "You are really tight, baby girl. I'm not small by any means. I need to make sure you're nice and warmed up for me. Ok? Just trust me, I'll take care of you." I nodded. Of course, I trusted him. We were

naked together. That would not be the case if I didn't trust him. I said aloud, "I trust you."

Lucas seemed to be elated with by my words. He gave me four orgasms before his tongue left me. He hovered above me with love in his eyes. I felt the tip of him at my entrance. He studied me before saying, "Are you sure?" I nodded, "Yes." He told me, "This will hurt for a second, but after that; it won't hurt anymore. I'll make it feel even better than it did with my fingers, ok?" I whimpered, "Please, I need you." He smiled and slowly entered me.

I gasped at the feeling. He was barely inside me, and I could feel all the pieces of my heart falling into place. Like he was what had been missing from me. He paused then pushed further into me and I winced. It stung. Lucas instantly apologized, "I'm sorry. This is the only time it will hurt. I've got you, baby girl. I've got you." The pain quickly subsided.

I nodded to him. Once he was all the way in, he smiled. He smugly stated, "You can take all of me. We are going to have so much fun together in bed." With that he pulled halfway out of me then slid back in. I gasped at the sensation. Lucas was right. This was better than his fingers.

He kept a steady pace. I felt something building. Words tumbled out of my mouth, "Oh... god... Lucas... Faster... Please..." He growled and sped up. Whatever he was hitting inside me tingled with pleasure with each thrust he made. He asked, "Do you like that? Is that what you want?"

I gripped his back, not caring that my nails were digging into his skin. I screamed, "Yes, please! Don't stop Lucas, please. It... I'm... AHHH!" I barely registered his teeth elongating. He bit down on my neck. I think I went up to heaven and back at the pleasure I felt. I wished I could give him the same sensation.

My hands started to glow. The light from my hands went into Lucas. Oh no... What was that? What did I do? Lucas growled then groaned, "Fuck, Emmaline! JESUS CHRIST!!" he pounded into me.

I heard a bunch of howls outside. Oh crap... What did I do now? I worriedly asked, "Lucas, are you ok? I..." He cut me off, by kissing me. When he pulled back, he assured me, "I am more than ok. That was amazing." I wanted to say something because it was obvious he didn't notice the light thing I did. I should probably tell him, but I don't know what it was. Or how to explain it. I still tried, "I heard a lot of howls... Did I hurt you? Do they feel your pain?" He laughed admitting, "They howled because they felt your link to our pack. They howled because their Luna is marked."

I flushed, stammering, “So... they all know what we just did?” Lucas kissed me. He said, “They do, but this is normal for us. There’s no need to be embarrassed.” He sighed adding, “We should go join them.” I didn’t want to do that just yet. I wanted to snuggle. Lucas slid out of me. I winced at the sensation. I was a little sore. It also felt like something was missing now.

I countered his proposal, “Or we could stay in bed.” Lucas growled, “Baby girl, I will keep you in bed all day soon, but you will be sore. This was your first time.” I grabbed his hand and pulled him back to me. I pleaded with him, “I don’t care. It feels like there’s something missing now that you’re not inside me anymore.” He growled then crashed his lips to mine.

He rolled onto his back. He told me, “I’m going to teach you to ride me.” He guided my hips down his length. I closed my eyes in ecstasy. He was so far inside me; it was the most amazing feeling. I opened my eyes to see him smirking at me. He sexily asked, “You like that, don’t you? The feeling of me deep inside you.” I bit my lip nodding, “Yes, it feels amazing Lucas.”

He guided my hips to slide up and down his length. I caught my rhythm eventually. I put my hands on his chest scratching his stomach lightly. He growled and started to jerk his hips up with mine. I moaned, “Lucas.” I started to move faster. Lucas cursed, “Shit, Emmaline!” His fingers went between my legs. He gritted his teeth, “I’m close. I need you to come with me.” He started to stroke my clit. I instructed him, “Pinch it lightly, please.” He smiled and did what I said.

I screamed, “Oh... yes... just like that... LUCAS!” I came. He groaned as his legs stiffened underneath me. I collapsed on top of him, breathing hard. Lucas chuckled, “That was so hot when you told me how to touch you.” I buried my head in his neck. He gently pulled me off him. We stayed there for a few moments.

Lucas gently said, “Let’s get you in the tub.” He drew a bath, and he got in. He guided me so that my back was against his chest between his legs. He kissed the side of my head. He told me, “You’re so perfect. I can’t ever let you go, Emmaline.” I smiled at him. The sense of home and belonging slammed into me. Marking was forever with mates.

I assured him, “I don’t want to be anywhere else. You feel like home to me, and I haven’t felt like I was home in a long time.” He wrapped his arms around me. We stayed in the tub for a while. I could feel him getting hard behind me. I smirked, deciding to take advantage of that.

I turned and nibbled his neck. Lucas weakly protested, “Emmaline, we shouldn’t... You need to take it easy.” I nibbled his ear, “Doing what you should do is rarely fun. Besides, I haven’t met Dominic yet.” His eyes flashed with surprise. He told

me, “You will meet him, just not tonight. He needs to claim you too. He came out briefly when I marked you.” I pouted, “Alright.”

I realized I hadn’t seen my mark yet. I got excited and jumped out of the tub. Lucas laughed asking, “Where did you go, baby girl?” I called over my shoulder, “I want to see what my mark looks like.” I grabbed a towel and wrapped it around me. I faced the mirror and turned my neck. I loved it. I didn’t have a wolf like I had seen on Liz’s neck or Chelsea’s. I had Lucas’s name in small letters that were black with the bite marks around it. I smiled and touched it. Lucas came up behind me. We both stared in shock as the ink turned from black to blue then green. It faded back to blue and pulsed for a second before going back to black.

Lucas stared at my neck. I squealed, “That’s so cool! It’s really pretty, and it changes colors.” Lucas kissed my mark. I shivered as desire filled me. Lucas teased, “You know there are other things I can do to keep you satisfied all night long.” I teased him right back, “Well, you are an Alpha male. I wouldn’t want to upset your apple cart. I guess I just have to let you have your wicked way with me.” He growled and carried me to the bed.

His tongue was on me until I literally passed out from the orgasmic haze I was in. When I woke up, I was briefly confused at my surroundings. I was trapped in Lucas’ vice grip in the most comfortable bed. I looked at the clock stunned to see it was past nine in the morning. I couldn’t remember the last time I’d slept this late.

I turned to face Lucas. His sleepy eyes met mine. He asked, “How are you feeling?” I stretched, discovering I was pretty sore. Not in a bad way though. I admitted, “A little sore, but I don’t mind it.” Lucas smiled and kissed my forehead. He nuzzled me, “I should’ve been more careful with you, but you, my naughty little minx, drove me wild.” I was oddly proud about that fact. I told him, “I’d do the same thing again. I don’t regret a thing about it. Last night was perfect.” He smiled and kissed me.

When he pulled back, he told me seriously, “It was perfect. You are my everything.” The smile on my face seemed to be permanent. I felt little flutters in my chest at his words. I felt his sheets. I told him, “This bed is amazing. I haven’t slept on a bed in years, but my bed back home wasn’t even close to being this comfy.” Lucas frowned, “Have you lived in a tent since you were thirteen?” I shook my head and whispered, “No, I had to learn I needed the tent. At first, I just had a sleeping bag; it was a learning experience.” He growled, “I hate your parents for what they did to you.”

I sighed and decided to give him a piece of the puzzle. I admitted, “Parent. My biological father didn’t have a part in it. I don’t know who he is, and I don’t know if he knows who I am.” Lucas looking into my eyes. He stated, “I could help you try to find him, if you wanted. Whenever you’re ready to share your whole story

with me; I will be there for you.” I winced, “It’s hard for me to share. I don’t want you to get hurt. Or go looking for trouble.” Lucas frowned. He got out of bed.

I took in his every feature. Lucas cleared his throat, “I am pretty hard to take down, baby girl.” I quietly said, “So is he.” Werewolves' hearing must be next level because Lucas suddenly growled. He was back on top of me in a flash. He growled, “Who is he?” I sighed, “I guess I should call him my stepfather. I thought he was my dad until I turned thirteen. Apparently, he was under the same impression. When he found out I wasn’t his... well, you can guess how well it went over.”

Lucas was stunned. He carefully responded, “Baby girl... are you saying that you were emancipated because you weren’t his biological daughter? That’s... a judge wouldn’t grant that.” I sighed, “I don’t know why the judge granted it, but I’m guessing it’s because my stepfather is a powerful man. I didn’t know until he gave me the document, forged with my signature along with both his and my Mom’s. He said he gave her a choice, and she chose.” I started to cry admitting, “She didn’t pick me. I don’t know why that still hurts, but it does.”

Lucas growled and held me to him. He comforted me, ‘I’m so sorry that happened to you. You are safe here, and I will kill anyone who tries to hurt you.’ He wiped my tears away and rocked me back and forth. A knock sounded, annoying Lucas.

Lucas growled, “What?” Dylan asked, “Is everyone decent?” I shrieked and grabbed Dusty’s hoodie. I threw it on as Lucas grabbed a pair of shorts. He opened the door. He greeted, “Hello, Dylan. Did you forget about linking being a thing you can do?” Dylan came in smiling. He told Lucas, “Of course not. A certain naughty Alpha has his blocked out. The pups are clamoring for their first swim lesson with the Luna. I figured since you ditched the barbeque to be buried inside Emmaline, you might have forgotten to mention to her that you told them all she’d be giving them swim lessons.” I turned bright red. Lucas smiled at me then growled.

He yelled, “Whose hoodie is that?” I looked down, even now that I’d stopped growing Dusty’s double extra-large hoodie went down to my mid-thigh. I answered “My brothers. My mom packed my bag that day they kicked me out before I got home from school. She threw in this hoodie and one of my other brother's t-shirt’s in there. It got ruined in the first rogue attack. I eventually managed to get the blood out of it. So, I still have the scraps.” Understanding came into Lucas’ eyes. Dylan looked moderately horrified and sad.

Lucas crossed the room and hugged me. He asked, “Do you want to talk to them again, your siblings? I can reach out to them quietly.” I shook my head, “You can’t. Their dad would find me.” Lucas frowned, “Why would that matter? I know you think he’s powerful, but Emmaline they are your siblings. They must be

worried about you. I worry about Lacy every day.” I looked into his eyes again like an idiot I answered him, “Because their dad wants me dead. There’s a bounty on my head. Or there was three and half years ago.”

Dylan growled while Lucas... Honest to God roared, “HE PUT A BOUNTY OUT ON A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD KID?! I’LL FUCKING KILL HIM!” I put both hands on his chest. I assured him, “They aren’t looking for Emmaline Richards. It’s ok.” He snapped his gaze back to me. He surmised, “So, you did change your name. I wondered. What is your birth name?” I put my head on his chest.

I whispered, “I can’t... Lucas... Not yet... It hurts to say it. It’s legally changed my name is Emmaline now.” He held me and consoled, “Shhh, it’s ok baby girl.” He ran his hand on the back of my head stroking my hair. He told me, “We will keep you safe here. You are safe now.” I admitted, “I know.”

Dylan cleared his throat, “You guys keep making be the buzzkill. The pups are waiting though.” Lucas pulled back from our embrace. He told me, “There are swimsuits for you in the closet.” I frowned, “I only have one suit.” Lucas smiled “I might have had some purchased for you.” I smiled, “Well you shouldn’t have done that, you silly wolf.”

Dylan snorted, “Yeah you silly wolf you. He’s so very silly, Emmaline.” Lucas smiled. He told me, “I’m going to spoil you.” I laughed, “You gave me a mattress. I’m already spoiled.” Dylan’s jaw dropped. Lucas cleared his throat, “Yes, well... I’m going to keep spoiling you.”

I laughed and skipped to the closet. I turned on the light and gasped. I yelled, “LUCAS LYONS! What did you do?” The entire closet was full of clothes. Both casual and fancy. There were tennis shoes, flip flops, high heels, sandals, and wedges. I gasped and ran over to the jewelry. It was so shiny and pretty. Lucas laughed at me. Dylan looked at him like he was missing something.

Lucas asked, “Do you like it? You can replace anything you don’t like.” I looked around, subtly wiping tears from my eyes. I told him, “It’s amazing. The jewelry is so shiny and beautiful. I want to spend all day going through it. You didn’t have to do this Lucas; I just need you.” He wrapped his arms around me and disagreed with me, “I did have to do this. You are my mate, and your lack of clothes angered me. I want you to have everything, and if it’s in my power I’m going to give it to you. I can afford the clothes. I’m very well off, financially. WE are well off. I’m going to take care of you now Emmaline.”

He was too good to be true. David didn’t even care about my mom a fraction as much as Lucas cared for me. David did love my mom in his way, but if he did something like this for her it would be about status. It was a little scary how quickly those deep feeling were happening between us, but I was going to embrace it.

Lucas opened the drawer that had the swimsuits. I squealed and yanked out an Athleta swimsuit. It was a one piece with multiple shades of blue. I whispered, "Lucas, this is one of the best swimsuit competition brands!" He smiled, "Nothing but the best for my baby girl. You seem to like blue and green, so I got you those colors." I smiled, "Blue is my favorite color, green is a close second. What's yours?"

Lucas answered, "Red."

Dylan cleared his throat, "Sorry to interrupt your hallmark moment, but... Everyone needs to get a move on. You two also need to stop making me Beta Buzzkill. I'm the funny one." I laughed while Lucas glared at him. Lucas gave me a kiss that was full of promise for later then left me to change. I threw on my new swimsuit and ran down to the lake.

There were ten kids with their parents waiting. I quickly greeted them, "Good morning! I'm Emmaline. I heard you all want to learn how to swim." They nodded. I spoke to the parents, "Let's go ahead and get into the water with them."

Everyone quickly followed instructions. I worked with them in groups. I had some on the dock learning how to hold on and climb out. Then for fun had them jump into the water to their parents. I had their parents immediately turn them around once they surfaced to look for the dock. This helped them learn if they needed to hang onto something it was right there. I had another group working on floating on their backs.

After about an hour, I called for everyone to get out. I told them, "That was a good first lesson! One thing to remember is the water is something you should respect. It can be great fun for us, but it can also cause us to panic if we let it. Always remember if you get tired don't panic. What do you do?" The kids all said, "Look for a stable place to hold onto." I nodded, "Good job guys!" They all squealed, "Thanks, Luna!" They took off. Their parents thanked me and ran after their kids. I took some extra time for myself, and just sat by the water listening to it. Water always had a calming effect on me.

I sensed someone near me. I turned around and barely withheld my groan of annoyance. Christy was glaring at me. I greeted her, "Good morning, Christy." She sneered, "Is it? I think it's started being bad since you showed your face in this town." I retorted, "You've been having bad mornings for over a year? That's unfortunate." Christy countered, "No, since your school burned down." I shrugged, "I've been working at Al's for over a year. My face has been shown in this town well before Red Run burned down." Christy growled at me, "You're ruining Lucas!" I stared at her in shock.

I asked, "How? Because he's not having sex with you anymore?" She gaped then shrieked, "YOU KNOW? About me and Lucas?" I nodded, "Obviously, I know. Did you not hear what I just said? I thought werewolves had great hearing." She growled again, "He killed three werewolves because OF YOU!" I frowned asking, "What are you talking about?" She smiled as if she'd just won a prize. She mocked me, "Oh, so you don't know that Ms. Know it all?" I said nothing. I wouldn't give her the satisfaction.

She continued, "The day Lucas met you some guys apparently manhandled you. You're such a little slut, you probably asked for it. Lucas, being the man the is, wouldn't stand for them putting their hands on you. Did you lie to him and tell him it was against your will? He killed those men for touching you."

The blood drained from my face. Not from her calling me a slut, but because she had to be talking about Ralph, Jerry, and Simon. Lucas killed them? The memory of the words he spoke, saying he'd kill anyone who hurt me rushed to mind.

Christy, thinking she had me, softly warned, "See? You need to leave, Emmaline. This will only get worse. You're not the first to try to ruin him. I got rid of her too." I frowned. Who the hell was she talking about? Did Lucas have another mate before me?

I grabbed her hand to try to see if I could get a picture of who she meant. I briefly and got a flash of Lacy. That had to be wrong though. Lucas's sister wouldn't try to hurt him. Plus, he missed her. Christy yanked her hand away from me. She warned, "Leave, Emmaline or you will regret it." She walked away. She was sadly mistaken if she thought she scared me. David was far scarier than she was.

I numbly went to go find Lucas. I found him in his office with Dylan. Initially, he smiled when he saw me. It quickly turned to a frown. He asked me, "Baby girl, what's wrong?" I looked around the room and only saw Dylan in here. It seemed safe to talk since they were alone.

My voice came out very strange sounded, "Did you really kill Ralph, Jerry, and Simon because of me?" Both their jaws dropped. Their lack of denial told me it was true. I didn't know how to deal with the odd sensation of warmth I felt. That had to make me a bad person. I was feeling comforted that Lucas cared enough about me to do that. That wasn't normal, but when had I been normal?