

SECOND CHANCE LUNA

Chapter 11

Jason closed the connection. Now calm, he managed to change in the bathroom that was hardly bigger than a linen closet. The Q t-shirt

was far too small so he tossed it aside. The flannels were loose if short and were like capris on him, but would suffice for tonight. Leaving his

Q lathes in a neat pile on top of the hamper, he stepped back into the hallway.

Reaching the bedroom doors, he paused to peak into the opposite room. To his surprise, it was not just a childhood bedroom, but one

made for two with twin beds and dressers. Even more surprising was the relatively fresh smell of wolves that permeated it. Phoebe said she

was an only child and she didn't claim pups of her own, but there was no doubt the room had recently been used. The scents were

~ beginning to stale, meaning they were at least a week old.

Intrigued and confused, he pushed aside his questions to focus on his mate. There was time enough to ask her about the room later when

he had built some trust. Facing his mate's room, he took a deep breath and knocked, hoping she hadn't changed her mind.

After an anxious moment, the door opened to reveal his mate. Phoebe wore a pink, two-piece silk pajamas. The shorts gave him his first

mp in his throat, noticing the blush rising to her cheeks. She averted her eyes and

Stepping forward, he gently took her in his arms and kissed her temple. He wanted to assure her he wouldn't try anything but also didn't

trust himself if he tried for a more passionate kiss.

still blushing, she retreated to the bed, hurriedly slipping under the covers and settled on one side of the bed facing away from him. Jason

watched, holding his breath as he glimpsed her round butt, yearning to touch it.

“This is going to be hard.”

“You can say that again,” Lobo laughed. You should check your pants.’

“Quiet. You are not helping.”

Jason tried to ignore the uncomfortable feeling in his borrowed pants. It was not easy to do surrounded by his mate's heavenly smell. Once

he was certain he could control himself, he circled to his side of the bed. He eased under the covers, noting her reaction. It was clear she

never shared a bed with anyone by her rigid posture and how she positioned herself on the very edge, giving him ninety. percent of the

mattress. Once he was lying down, he eased closer to her and pulled her into his embrace, spooning her so she rested firmly against him.

©... Wait”

“Shh. It's okay, angel,” he kissed her temple. “I promised nothing will happen that you aren't ready for...but I can't have you falling off the

bed.”

She snorted at the thought of falling out of her own bed, but slowly relaxed as he nuzzled her. His embrace was firm, but not wandering,

though he desperately wanted to caress every inch of her. Satisfied he would keep his promise, she relaxed, letting his scent sooth her to

sleep. Though Jason was used to restless nights, this time he fell asleep easily with his mate safe in his arms.

Sunlight peaked through the curtains as Jason stirred. He couldn't remember a night he slept so deeply and he found it difficult to stir with

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his mate's scent permeating his lungs. Breathing deep, he reveled in it, reaching for her only to find he was in bed alone. Jerking awake, he

bolted upright.

The bedroom was small and a bit cramped, with a bed, two bedside tables and a dresser. And, of course, there was a bookshelf heavily

burdened by books, making the space even smaller. The closet door was partially open, allowing him a view of the equally small space. It

pained him knowing his mate lived in this cramped environment for so long. She deserved so much more. For starters, he would build her a

library, maybe an entire replica of the cottage, since they couldn't take it with them. But first...

Swinging his legs over the bed, he stood. The bedroom door suddenly opened and Phoebe entered wrapped in a towel. Her thick, brown

mane was contained and twisted in another. Her eyes suddenly went wide, seeing he was awake and hesitated.

Jason closed the distance between them and held her. Bowing his head near her neck, he breathed in her scent, now freshened after her

shower. Raising his head, he kissed her forehead before pressing his lips to hers with a relaxed, lazy kiss.

"Good morning, angel."

"Morning." She blushed at his intimate yet chaste gestures. "Did you, um, sleep well?"

"Best I have in years." He chuckled, nuzzling her. "And you? Did you sleep well?"

"Yes. did."

"Good." Jason kissed her temple.

“Hope I'm not interrupting...” Lukes voice suddenly announced through their mental link.

Stifling a growl, Jason answered his Beta's entreat, “This better be important.”

“I took the liberty of packing your things. I left your bag on the porch.”

“Fine.”

“Why so grouchy?”

“It just so happens I was greeting my mate before you interrupted.”

“Oh. Oops. I'll be going now.”

“Is something wrong?” Phoebe asked, feeling his tension.

“No. My Beta thinks he's funny,” Jason shook his head.

Phoebe smiled at his excuse. It never occurred to her that a beta could be funny, but perhaps that was the difference between an older pack

like Blue Moon and a younger one like Rimrock. Or perhaps the difference was in how the alphas managed their respective packs, which

allowed them to be more casual.

He kissed her forehead again before slowly releasing her, “He dropped off my bag so...if you don't mind, I'll use your bathroom.”

“Oh! Yes. That's fine. The towels are in the linen closet right as you walk in.”

“Thanks.”

“...I'll make breakfast. Omelets sound okay?”

“Sounds perfect.” Jason smiled, taking a final long look at her, wanting nothing more than to rip away the towel hiding her from his sight

before he forced himself out of the room.

His ill-fitting pants were already uncomfortable and it was getting more difficult to temper his desires when he was around her. It was clear

she desired him, but her mind and body were at war with each other. She had been hurt deeply and her trust was not easily earned. This

wasn't how he envisioned meeting his mate, but he would not give up. He would show her his earnestness and find a way into her heart.

Jason headed to the front door, finding his bag where Luke left it. Silently, he hefted the duffle and carried it to the bathroom. He leaned

over the sink, breathing deep. The small space was hot, humid and heavy with Phoebe's scent. Lobo lazily stirred. Normally, his wolf was

restless in the mornings trying to claw its way out of his mind, but now Lobo was practically comatose, utterly relaxed, surrounded by their

mate's scent. All night long, he hadn't stirred once.

"You still alive, buddy?" Jason chuckled.

"Mate smells so good.

"Yes. She does."

"And she feels so soft and warm."

"Yes." Jason agreed, remembering how neatly she fit against him.

"But she's too thin." Lobo whimpered.

"I know." Jason sighed.

Luke had mentioned it and there was no denying it when he held her. While Phoebe certainly wasn't skin and bones, it was clear she was

thinner than she should be. He heard rejected wolves often pined for the mates who rejected them. They often fell into deep depression

and loss of appetite was not uncommon. Some even went as far as harming themselves, though that was exceedingly rare as it was their

wolf's instinct to protect their body.

Thankfully, that didn't seem the case with Phoebe, but it was clear she suffered the effects of the broken bond. Lobo growled at the thought of their mate longing for another.

"We'll make her forget she ever had another mate," Jason assured him.

"Yes! Mate is ours!"

Though curiosity gnawed at him, Jason refused to ask about Phoebe's previous mate. He didn't want her thinking about that wolf and not

just because of his selfish pride, but because he didn't want her to remember the pain. From now on, she would never have to think about

it. She had him. Lobo yipped agreement.

Shedding the too short flannels, Jason struggled to change in the small space and was again struck by how cramped the cottage was and

how much more Phoebe deserved. Yet this was her parents' home and she would be reluctant to leave. Somehow, he had to convince her to

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go home with him. His pack anxiously waited for their Luna.

Normally, it wouldn't be an issue. Mates were naturally attracted to one another and wouldn't dream of being separated, but Phoebe had

suffered one rejection already so she was hesitant and distrustful. He had to prove to her he was different from her first mate and that it was

safe to trust him. But how?

Phoebe tried to marshal her thoughts as she made omelets over the griddle. Her mind was muddled. Though Jason had only been in her

home for a short time, his scent and aura were already permeating every corner of the cottage, especially in the bedroom.

It made it difficult for her to think straight even in the shower. The entire time Mani whined they were washing away their mate's scent. Her

wolf didn't calm down until they returned to the bedroom and Jason embraced her, rubbing his scent back on her. Phoebe hated to admit

it, his presence and scent were soothing, but it was making it hard to think.

Jason was an alpha and not just any alpha. Blue Moon was one of the oldest packs in the world. In fact, it was one of the six ancient packs

first originating in Europe. With such a long history, it was no wonder the pack held so much sway that even the Royal pack differed to

them.

And she was supposed to be his Luna?

Phoebe wasn't sure what the Moon Goddess was thinking. She had been surprised enough to be mated with Graham and the prospect of

being Rimrock's Luna, but the thought of stepping into that position with the Blue Moon Pack was daunting and terrifying. She couldn't do

it.

"We'll be fine." Mani said. "You'll see."

Phoebe frowned. Her wolf made it sound so easy.

"What are you thinking about, angel?" Jason asked as he came up behind her. His arms wrapped around her waist and he nuzzled her neck,

breathing deep.

Phoebe's heart raced at his touch and she struggled to keep herself from moaning. Desires she assumed dormant were stirring. She wanted

him to stay, to sweep her off her feet and take her back to bed, though that might have been her wolf talking too.

"You smell fabulous in the morning," Jason said, growling against her skin.

After one night, she would already feel the possessiveness in his aura expanding around them. She could almost sense his wolf prowling around the perimeter warning intruders away. The very thought made her own wolf roll on its back, belly-up, wagging her tail. Before she even realized what she was doing, Phoebe leaned against him offering her neck. Jason's embrace tightened as his teeth grazed her marking spot. His scent took on a sweeter smell, like roasted marshmallows, that made her mouth water.

“Oh angel...” Jason struggled to gain control of himself.

He could feel her succumbing to his aura and longing. If he swept her into his arms and carried her back to bed she probably wouldn't

protest, but she would regret it later. Her mind and body were fighting for control. He wanted her willing, which meant her mind and body

had to be in agreement.