

## SECOND CHANCE LUNA

### Chapter 12

“Is this breakfast?” he asked, finally dampening his aura.

“Um...yes. It’s almost done,” Phoebe struggled to regain her composure. “C-could you grab the juice from the fridge: apple or orange, whichever you prefer.”

“My pleasure,” Jason kissed her temple before releasing her.

Opening the refrigerator, he grabbed the carton of orange juice before moving to the table. He paused before filling their glasses, smiling to

see she set the table with the place settings beside one another rather than across. It was already progress. Breakfast with his mate sounded

no less appealing than dinner. Lobo was already strutting through his mind.

Phoebe plated the omelets and brought them to the table along with fresh toast and jam. Jason held her chair for her and helped her to sit

before taking his own seat. His omelet was as large as the plate and hers was nearly as big, which he was happy given how thin his mate

was. He hoped his presence was helping her get back the appetite she lost after her rejection. Pleasing aromas of egg, cheese, bacon,

hashbrowns, peppers and mushrooms seeped from his meal, letting him know she packed their omelets with a farmer's market. His mouth

watered.

Reaching over, he grasped her hand and kissed it, saying, “I love eating anything you make... but you know I don’t expect this, right?”

Phoebe blushed, “I like to cook. It’s relaxing.”

Jason kissed her hand again, "As long as it makes you happy, angel. I'll never say no."

Phoebe's blush deepened. He released her hand before he pushed her too far. He didn't want to ruin the progress they made by rushing

her. Turning his attention to the meal in front of him, Jason cut into the omelet and took his first bite. Jason softly moaned in ecstasy of the

medley of flavors invading his mouth. He knew nothing about cooking, so he didn't attempt to name the herbs she used. But it was heaven.

"Is it really that good?" Phoebe asked, watching his reaction, trying not to laugh.

"Phoebe..." Jason hesitated, then took her hand and kissed it. "It tastes almost as good as you."

She blushed crimson. They ate in companionable silence, enjoying their private meal. After weeks of visiting other packs, it was a welcome

moment of rest for Jason but also a reminder he had a schedule to maintain. Today he was supposed to patrol.

The thought of spending even one minute away from his mate was intolerable, but her safety was his top priority, which meant a patrol of

the pack's land was a must. Lobo prowled restlessly, torn between guarding his mate and securing the territory.

"...50 do you have plans today?" Jason asked.

"I'm taking the pups swimming," Phoebe said.

He breathed a sigh of relief, immediately picturing them poolside splashing and carefree, "I'm sure they'll enjoy the pool."

"Oh no. Not the pool," Phoebe shook her head. "The Luna banned them permanently after she came here. There's a pond in the north

woods I take them to."

“A pond?” Jason repeated. Lobo growled.

“Yeah, it’s actually very pretty with a natural waterfall and a rock they like to jump from.”

It did sound picturesque, but all he could think about was how far she would be from the safety of the packhouse. From the sound of it, she

wasn’t planning to take any warriors with her either.

“The pups are banned from the pool?” Jason asked. “Why?”

“Luna Kristie likes to relax beside the pool and they are not allowed to go anywhere she will be.”

“Since when does a Luna hate pups?” Jason growled.

“I don’t know other lunas,” Phoebe said after a moment, “but she was a chosen mate, so perhaps that makes a difference?”

“So, she is a chosen mate,” Jason said. “My Beta and I had our suspicions.”

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“You did?”

Jason nodded.

“Is a chosen mate...bad?”

“They would be fine if they took the position seriously...but a fated Luna wouldn’t have to try.”

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“So what are fated Lunas like?”

“They are strong and dignified,” Jason thought for a moment, and Phoebe’s heart sank. She knew she wasn’t up to the position. “They are

kind and gentle, maternal and protective.”

Phoebe’s brow furrowed. Could one be strong and kind at the same time?

“A Luna is the heart of the pack. They are a pack’s guiding star and moral compass. That’s why they are so cherished and loved by their

pack...and, of course, their Alpha,” Jason coyly smiled.

Phoebe felt her face warm and looked away.

“My mother used to say an Alpha may lead the pack, but a Luna rules the Alpha.”

Phoebe fought a laugh, “Your mother sounds like an amazing Luna.”

“She is. I can’t wait for you to meet her.”

Phoebe bit her lip. What would she do once she was face to face with such a prestigious Luna? She could only imagine how disappointed

Jason’s mother would be to have her as a daughter-in-law and successor.

“she’s looking forward to meeting you,” Jason said, watching her reactions closely. “I told her about you the first night I saw you. She said

the whole pack is preparing a party to welcome you.”

“Th-they are?”

“They will absolutely love you,” Jason assured her, his eyes swirling with desire as his wolf pressed close.

His gaze was too intense for her to hold. She averted her eyes to focus on her breakfast. He sounded so sure, but she found it hard to

believe. What did she know about leading a pack or being Luna?

“Phoebe,” Jason reached for her hand, gently caressing it. He waited until she dared meet his gaze. “You’re a natural. You’ll make a fantastic

Luna.”

“What makes you so sure? You've only known me for a day.”

“A day is all I need,” Jason smiled, “especially after seeing you with the pups. No wolf could be better than you. I just hope I don't fall short

of your expectations.”

“H-how could you fall short of anyone's expectations? You're perfect...and...” Phoebe fell silent and blushed, realizing what she said.

Jason chuckled, kissing her hand, “I'll do everything I can to live up to your high standards.”

Phoebe's blush deepened as she thought it should be her making that promise. Even so, it was nice to feel someone thought she deserved

to be earned, that she was worthy. Was it selfish of her to want him to keep saying such things?

Jason suddenly frowned, “I don't like the idea of you and the pups out there unprotected.”

Phoebe blinked, giving him a curious gaze.

“I haven't patrolled your packs lands yet, but after seeing the warrior's train and knowing they are using silver traps...I don't think it's

safe.”

“The kids and I go to the pond all summer,” Phoebe protested. “It's fine.”

His grip tightened. He let out a growl that startled her as his aura swept over her. Jason struggled to contain the outrage bubbling up from

him and his wolf.

“Phoebe,” he said when he was finally able to speak, “you have gotten so used to being unsafe I can barely stand it. It's not right. And the

pups... The fact the pack thinks it's all right for them to wander in the woods...Right now all I want to do is rip that so-called Luna limb from

limb.”

«...Jason.” Phoebe shook her head, wanting to protest, but his aura surrounded her. It was overwhelming. He was fighting his wolf for

control, but she knew they both wanted to keep her safe. What should she say to calm them down?

“sit in his lap,” Mani suggested.

“Mant”

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“I'm serious. Our touch and scent will calm them faster than words.”

Phoebe hesitated, recalling how he embraced her, breathing in her scent each time. Perhaps her wolf had a point. Without a word, she

moved to his lap. His arms wrapped around her as he growled possessively.

“Run your fingers through his hair,” Mani suggested next.

“It'll help. Trust me.”

Hesitantly, Phoebe followed her advice, running her fingers through his silky, dark brown hair. Jason groaned, pressing his face close to her

neck breathing deep. He pulled her against him as his growls slowly faded to satisfied sighs.

Phoebe chuckled as his morning stubble tickled her, “Your stubble tickles.”

“...Yeah, I forgot to shave,” Jason muttered. Lobo finally quiet. “Sorry.”

“I like it,” Phoebe said.

Jason slowly sat back, looking up at her, his dark eyes sparkling with amusement, “You do?”

Phoebe bit her lip, hesitantly stroking his cheek. It was a lot of work for wolves to maintain a clean shaved look as their hair tended to grow

rather quickly. Her father let his grow to a full beard. She remembered being tickled by it every time he kissed her good night. A full beard

was a bit much for her, but Jason's stubble felt just as nice.

"I do."

"Then I'll keep it like this just for you," Jason smiled, pulling her close. Kissing her neck, he breathed in her scent. His hand caressed her

thigh, squeezing.

"...Jason."

He sighed, slowly easing back, not wanting to make her uncomfortable. He reached up to stroke her cheek. Her gray eyes shimmered silver.

"I won't tell you not to go," Jason finally said. "All I ask is that you take two of my warriors with you."

"But..."

"Two, I can spare without drawing attention or else I cancel my schedule and escort you myself with all of my warriors in tow."

"But if you do that, everyone will know... I'm your mate."

"They'll know it sooner or later," Jason said. "The only reason I'm not shouting it from the treetops is because I don't trust this pack,

especially not that Luna. I'm not going to let her near you."

Phoebe's gaze widened. He was doing all of this to protect her from threats he sensed. Just thinking what Kristie would do if she found out

about Phoebe's connection to a more powerful alpha than Graham made her shiver. Kristie's jealousy knew no bounds and the entire pack

would suffer because of her frustration.

“I won’t let her hurt you, Phoebe. She tries anything, I really will tear her apart.”

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“Jason...”

He cut her off with a kiss. Last night his kiss had been tender and gentle. This one was possessive and hungry. Nipping her lower lip, he

begged for entry before his tongue slipped into her mouth, twisting around hers. Their lips parted reluctantly.

“Phoebe...”

«...Okay. I'll take two of your warriors,” Phoebe said, not wanting him to beg. It felt incredibly good knowing someone cherished her and

wanted to protect her.

Jason sighed relief and Lobo relaxed. His wolf was still not happy, but satisfied for now. She would at least be protected while he patrolled

the pack’s lands himself. She would be guarded at all times.

“Thank you,” he whispered, kissing her again. “We should finish breakfast before it gets cold.”

“Right.” Phoebe agreed, her blush returning as she realized she was still seated on his lap.

He was reluctant to let her go, but helped her back into her seat. Throughout the rest of the meal he held her hand, occasionally kissing it as

much to sooth his wolf as to comfort her.

As Phoebe cleared their empty plates, Jason opened his link to his Beta, “Luke, how’s breakfast?”

“More of the same. The cooks around here definitely lack imagination. How about yours...or should I even bother asking?”

“Omelets with bacon, hashbrowns, peppers, mushrooms and cheese.”



“Stop already! There is such a thing as cruel and unusual. But I don’t think you want to talk about food.”

“I’m pulling Cam and Noah from the patrols today.”

“Okay...”

“Phoebe is taking the pups swimming at some local pond. They will be her guards.”

“Ah! That makes sense. But why a pond when they have a perfectly serviceable pool?”

“The Luna banned the pups from the pool.”

“...P’m getting real tired of calling her Luna when she doesn’t act like one.”

“Agreed. And Phoebe confirmed she is a chosen mate, not the Alpha’s fated.”

“So it’s as we suspected... just spotted Cam and Noah now. Ill let them know to report to you after they are done eating.”

Jason closed the link and returned to Phoebe, who was busy washing dishes. He slipped his arms around her waist as he kissed her neck.

“Jason!”

“I can’t help myself, angel. And it will keep my wolf quiet.”

Phoebe chuckled, leaning into him and tilting her head to offer him better access. Jason growled in appreciation. Lobo remained close to

the surface, reveling in their mate’s nearness as well as her receptiveness to their advances.

“If I had it my way we would spend all day in bed,” Jason huskily whispered.

Phoebe softly moaned, forgetting about the dishes as his hands gently caressed her. Mani swooned in the back of her mind, sending the

occasional lewd suggestion and stirring her dormant desires. It felt so good to be touched.

“You smell so good, angel.”

“...Jason.”

“Alpha, we're here.”

Jason growled at the intruding voice. His warriors had about as good of timing as his Beta.

“Jason?” Phoebe asked, sensing him tense.

“Just my warriors. They got here more quickly than I thought,” Jason sighed. “I'll go tell them the plan, so take your time.”

“Okay.” Phoebe nodded, already nervous. She tended to avoid her pack's warriors, so had no experience interacting with them. On top of

that, she wasn't sure what these wolves would expect from someone proclaimed to be their Luna.

“They'll love you,” Jason whispered, kissing her temple before heading to the front door.

She wished she was as confident as he was.