

## SECOND CHANCE LUNA

### Chapter 16

"I'll say. This pack is screwed if their a doctors are so incompetent they don't even show up," Luke snorted.

"Thats not even the half of it." Chaz shook his head. He herded a pair of pups into the room and helped them sit on another exam bed.

"Pups?" Luke raised an eyebrow.

as "Blake. Emma." Bridget immediately went to them, checking them for any injuries, something she hadnt been able to do in her rush to help

Phoebe.

"The Luna here wouldn't let them into the safe room, something about them using up all the oxygen or some s\*\*t," Chaz growled.

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"Why?" Luke asked, curious and impressed by the pup's forwardness in a small room surrounded by warriors.

"Because we don't have a mommy or a daddy," Emma answered.

"Emma..." Blake tried to warn her, but she paid him no mind.

"But it's true. Miss Phoebe is the only one who cares about us. She takes care of us, but the Alpha made us live in a closet."

"Emm..." Blake nervously glanced at the warriors.

Luke shared looks with Chaz, confused, but it made sense to Jason, who recalled the bedroom in the cottage that was made for a pair of

pups. He had no trouble believing Phoebe would take the pups in, but why had she been prevented from adopting the pups outright? It

wasn't uncommon for pack members to adopt orphaned pups if they didn't have any close family relations.

"Is Miss Phoebe going to be okay?" Emma asked. "Is she going to die?"

"What? No Emma, no," Bridget assured her. "She's going to be fine."

"Really?"

"Yes. There is nothing to worry about."

"But she got hurt because of us," Emma said. "She was protecting us. Are we going to be punished?"

"No. Of course not," Bridget hugged the worried pup.

"Alpha Jason!" a crazed shout echoed through the hospital, causing the pups to yelp and set the warriors on edge.

Graham stormed into the already cramped room trailed by his Beta, the doctor and a whining Luna. Jason stifled a growl, glaring at them.

Luke and the others immediately tensed, not liking the hostile atmosphere near their injured Luna. Noah took a defensive stance, protecting

Bridget as Chaz did the same for the pups.

"This is my territory! You can't walk around like you own it!" Graham said. "Get out!"

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Jason raised his aura to match Graham's. No one commanded him, especially not this pathetic excuse for an alpha. In a calm voice he said,

"My warriors raised the alarm. They were also the first to reach the invading rogues. They were injured defending your territory! So a little

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thanks should be in order.”

Graham shuddered as Jason's aura overpowered his own.

“And where was the a\_dogtor when we warned you there were injured wolves?”

“..It...It wasn't safe,” the q\_dogtor stuttered as the competing auras cascaded around him.

“My warriors called the all clear,” Jason's eyes flashed amber. “What good is a doctor who doesn't do his job?!”

“It's all right,” Kristie stepped forward. “Let's all calm down.”

She reached for Jason as if she could settle his mood with a touch.

“Don't touch me!” Jason snapped.

Kristie stumbled back as Jason's aura forced them to submit. The pups whimpered under its weight.

“Jason!” Luke warned, but it was too late.

“Phoebe, you have to wake up,” Mani quietly pleaded. ‘Mate needs you...Phoebe, wake up...just a little...’

Phoebe stirred at her wolf's prodding. Méani was weakened by the silver, but still aware of their surroundings. Everything was heavy and

indistinct. She reached for the one thing that seemed real, ...Jason...”

Jason's amber eyes immediately darkened. He retracted his aura as he spun around and grasped her hand, “Phoebe? Angel?”

“What's wolfless Phoebe doing here?” Kristie asked, earning a chorus of growls from the Blue Moon warriors.

“Watch your tone,” Jason barely spared her a glance, kissing Phoebe's hand.

“What are you doing?” Graham demanded. “Let go of her.”

“You will not tell me what to do with my mate!” Jason snapped, bristling again though he maintained control.

“Your....mate,” Graham repeated. “She’s mine.”

The tense atmosphere stilled as if they were in the eye of a storm. The words slowly clicked and Jason quietly said, “So you are the one who rejected her.”

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It all made sense. The reason Phoebe avoided the packhouse...the reason she had lost her appetite...why she was so good with pups...why she assumed Jason, another alpha, would reject her...why Graham denied her adoption of the pups...

“What?” Kristie looked from one alpha to the other. “What's going on? Are you saying you're both mated to little, wolfless Phoebe?”

“I warned you once, mind your tone,” Jason growled. “It seems your Alpha rejected his fated mate. But the Goddess always grants rejected wolves a second chance. And here I am.”

Jason stepped closer to his rival, dropping his voice low as he glared at him, “You were dumb enough to let her go. Now she’s mine. And it'll be my name she screams when I fill her up.”

“NO!” Graham moved to attack, but his Beta gripped his arm. “Let me go!”

“Graham! Would you look at the room!” Michael demanded. “This is neither the time nor the place. He’s her mate now.”

“...Jason?” Phoebe stirred with a moan.

Jason immediately returned to her side, kissing her hand, "I'm here, angel. I'm here."

She relaxed, turning her head towards him. A smile twitched his grim expression. He had been worried about earning her trust, but it seemed he succeeded.

Graham shook as he watched Jason kiss Phoebe's forehead and nuzzle her. Her pained expression softened, comforted by his presence.

Rage and jealousy shuddered through him as his wolf whimpered.

"Get off my land!" Graham growled. "Out of my territory!"

"Oh, I will," Jason's eyes swirled amber as he glared at the other alpha. "And I'm taking everything that belongs to me...Luke."

"Moving truck," Luke nodded, taking out his phone and dialing with a single press of a button. It made Jason wonder if he had already anticipated this to some degree.

"Moving truck? For what?" Graham demanded.

"Phoebe belongs to me. I'm not leaving a single trace of her behind."

"...You can't"

"I would advise you to be careful what you say I can and cannot do with my mate," Jason warned. "Now get out. My mate needs to rest."

Graham winced, refusing the alpha command for as long as he could, but could not deny the compulsion forever. He, his Beta and the doctor retreated quickly. Jason snorted at their departure.

"Noah, Cam, get yourselves treated as quickly as possible and get your asses to my mate's home to help pack," Jason ordered. "Chaz, make sure the pups pack too."

“Alpha?”

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“They are precious to my mate, so they are precious to me. Understood?”

“Yes, Alpha.”

The warriors quickly retreated, taking the pups and Bridget with them. Jason breathed easier as the small room was vacated, giving him

much needed space.

“Oh baby, you are so tense.”

His skin prickled and his eyes flashed at the shrill voice. Turning, he saw Kristie had remained. Smiling coyly, she reached for him.

“I can help with that. I can make you feel so good.”

Jason moved like lightning, clutching her throat. Her doe-eyes widened in surprise. She almost seemed turned on until he squeezed enough

to cut off her air. Gasping, she tried to pry his fingers away, but in a contest of strength she was sorely outmatched. Fear finally shone from

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her gaze as she stared at him.

“No one, and I mean no one, touches me except my mate,” Jason growled, letting his aura surround her. “I've wanted to feed you to the

rogues since I set foot in this territory. If you value your life, you will stay as far from me and my mate as possible. Got it?”

With a snarl, Jason tossed her toward the door. Even before she landed in a whimper, he had already turned back to Phoebe. Tenderly, he

smoothed her hair and kissed her forehead. Kristie whined as she stood, clutching her side where she cracked two ribs during her landing.

She glanced at him, hoping for sympathy, but Jason was no longer aware of her as he quietly caressed Phoebe's pale face.

Kristie moved to approach him again when another aura suddenly slammed against her. Turning, she saw Luke watching her, guarding his

Alpha and Luna from interference. She wanted to protest, but found herself unable to break his aura. But how?

She was Luna and he only a Beta. Her aura should have been dominant, but it wasn't. His presence easily overpowered hers and held her in

check. Flushed with embarrassment, she finally fled, allowing them to relax.

Luke sighed with relief before looking at Jason, who continued to stand over Phoebe. Jason pressed his forehead to hers, willing her to feel

his presence and know she was safe. She had to wake up. She couldn't leave him like this. Lobo paced through his mind, whimpering. They

couldn't lose their mate after only just finding her.

Luke wanted to comfort his friend, but remained silent. There was nothing he could say that would make it better or ease his worry. Deep

down, he knew Phoebe was strong. She would pull through.

He didn't know how long they waited before a knock interrupted them. Jason and Luke were immediately on edge, but relaxed when Noah

asked for permission to enter. The warrior stepped in, nodding to both before letting Bridget into the room. She had changed out of her

scrubs and now wore a blouse and skirt. A duffle was slung over one shoulder as she nervously eyed the Alpha and Beta. Noah's wounds

had been treated and he wore a t-shirt and cargo shorts.

Jason held Phoebe's hand as he surveyed them, "Congratulations to you both. I'm always happy when one of my warriors finds their mate.

Bridget, Noah is a good man."

She blushed and even Noah's cheeks flushed a bit.

"You are welcome to come back to Blue Moon with us," Jason said, "or if you prefer to stay, I'm sure Noah can make himself useful here."

There were always hoops to jump through when it came to switching packs, but finding one's mate made considerably less red tape. If the

pair came from separate packs, they were free to choose which pack to join. Usually, the she-wolf joined her mate's pack, but that wasn't

always the case, especially if she had extended family, in which case, her mate would join her pack and take her last name.

"We already discussed it," Bridget glanced at her new mate. "Phoebe is my best friend. I'd rather follow her to your pack. If...that is all right."

"Of course," Jason nodded.

Noah was an excellent fighter and Jason would have been sorry to lose him. What was more, trained medical staff was vitally important to

every pack. He was more than happy to accept Bridget, mate or no, but most importantly, he appreciated her loyalty to Phoebe.

"So...um...the movers are busy packing and I thought if we're leaving I should help Phoebe change," Bridget gestured to the duffle. "So...

maybe you can give us some privacy?"