

SECOND CHANCE LUNA

Chapter 18

Jason dozed on and off during the long drive, waking only when they paused to stretch their legs and change drivers. They were stopped

briefly at the Canadian border, but were quickly waved through when the agents realized they were wolves. They were globally recognized

as their own nation, so most human officials were happy enough to grant them something similar to diplomatic immunity.

Reaching their pack borders, his mind was filled with welcomes and congratulations. Given how many seemed to be up despite the late

hour, he knew the pack had been waiting in keen anticipation for Phoebe's arrival. Blue Moon's Luna would be cherished and protected. He

would assign Phoebe a proper security detail later. Jason was sure everyone would be eager to volunteer, so he had to decide on

qualifications to narrow down the potential list.

They arrived ahead of the moving truck and Luke was already mindlinking the patrols to watch out for it. It was times like these Jason was

grateful for his Beta's efficiency. All he cared about was getting Phoebe to bed where she could rest peacefully.

When the vehicles pulled up alongside the packhouse, Jason immediately got out and went to his Luna's side. Unbuckling her seat belt, he

scooped her up and cradled her against his chest. She still hadn't woken up and he was worried.

"Jason? There you are. Where's..." his excited mother hurried to her son. "Oh my...is this?"

Former Luna Norah looked at the pale beauty in her son's arms and her eyes shone with tears. For years, she waited for him to find his

mate, ever hopeful the Goddess would bless him with the perfect match. While his father complained he should explore his options and

take advantage of his urges, Norah encouraged the opposite, warning him of the dangers of being too promiscuous. The last thing she

wanted for either of her children was to meet their mate as she had hers.

Lucille's mate had been Jason's Gamma, Ben. Even growing up, he had been particularly protective of Lucille. He never showed interest in

other females, contentedly playing older brother to his friend's kid sister. Though Norah had her suspicions, she said nothing, letting the

bond naturally strengthen until first Ben then Lucille reached the age they could naturally feel their mate.

Both of them seemed oblivious to the bond, which wasn't uncommon for fated mates who grew up together. The strength of the friendship

sometimes overshadowed the natural attraction of the mate bond. In fact, it wasn't until the celebration of Luke finding his mate that Ben

and Lucille finally realized the truth. Lucille had gotten drunk and Ben carried her up to bed despite being tipsy himself. After a passionate

night, they woke up together nursing hangovers and the embarrassing realization they were mates.

It was awkward in the beginning, but worth it in the end. Jason was genuinely happy for both his best friends and his sister, but it left him

the odd one out. For years, he and his mother waited, hoping the same happiness for him, and finally it had arrived. Norah gazed at her

daughter-in-law with tears in her eyes and looked at her son.

"Mom, this is Phoebe," he said quietly. "You'll have to wait until morning for official introductions though."

“Oh, that’s all right. Don’t wake her. Let her sleep,” Norah smiled. “She's beautiful.”

“And witty and gentle and charming,” Jason sighed. “Where's Lucy?”

“Asleep. I told her you'd be arriving tonight, but she said she'd see you in the morning.”

Jason shook his head. Phoebe stirred with a shiver, snuggling closer to him.

“Get her upstairs before she catches cold. I'll take care of the rest,” Norah urged. She tuned her attention to the warriors unpacking the

cars and noted the other new arrivals. “You must be Noah's mate.”

“Ah, yes,” Bridget blushed. “How do you do, Luna?”

“What's your name, dear?”

“Bridget. I was a nurse in my former pack.”

“And so you shall be here if you like. I'm sure Noah will be more than happy to give you a tour of our medical facilities tomorrow. Is this

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your luggage?” Norah gestured to the luggage and boxes being taken out of the vehicles and piled at the front steps.

“Oh, no...Those are mine and those are Phoebe’s,” Bridget gestured to the piles. “And those are the pups’. I made sure their things were

packed separately so they could use them as soon as we arrived.”

“Thank you for being so thoughtful. Goddess knows these males don’t know how to plan ahead. And where are my grandpups? Oh!” Norah

spotted the sleeping pair being taken out of the SUV. “They are adorable. Their rooms are all ready. Take their things and Lunas upstairs.

Just place them in the sitting room for now. We can unpack it all in the morning. Someone help Noah, so he and his mate can get settled in

quickly.”

Jason left his mother to make arrangements. Pack members eagerly followed her directives and snuck glances at the dark-haired beauty in

his arms. They all wanted a look at their Luna, but also didn't want to wake her. Jason could already feel the tension of the pack decreasing

like a deep sigh. Once they built their bond with her, he knew the strains of the past would be over.

The Blue Moon packhouse was a sprawling compound, five stories tall. Communal rooms, rec areas, kitchen and cantina made up the first

floor. The second floor had meeting rooms, offices and living quarters for the packhouse staff. The third floor was all residential and guest

rooms. The fourth floor had large suites reserved for important guests. The fifth floor was the Alphas floor.

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Unlike buildings made for humans, werewolves had little need for elevators given their enhanced stamina. Like most packhouses, the only

lifts Blue Moon employed were freight elevators, allowing the maid and serving staff to move between floors more easily with their supplies.

No elevator, however, reached the alpha floor. The nearest one stopped just short of it, so that it could only be approached via stairs.

Most alphas kept the top floor of their packhouse for their exclusive use, but Jason preferred his Beta and Gamma nearby, so each had their

own private wings on the Alpha floor as well. They were like family. It was a comfort to the pack to see their leadership maintain close ties,

especially in the absence of a Luna.

Jason carried Phoebe upstairs, acknowledging the congratulations filtering into his head. He assured them all they would meet their Luna in

the morning. Reaching the alpha suite, he quickly slipped into his room, their room. From now on, this would be their private sanctuary. He

shivered with anticipation; carrying Phoebe passed the sitting area, and continued to the waiting king-sized bed.

Gently, he laid her down, tucking her in. She sighed, but otherwise didn't stir. Kissing her temple, Jason headed to the bathroom before

grabbing a pair of briefs to sleep in. He gazed at the long, walk-in closet. Currently, only his half was in use while the other half had always

been empty. Soon it would be filled with Phoebe's things.

Smiling with anticipation, he returned to the bedroom to see Phoebe had shifted closer to the middle of the bed, her face partially buried in

his pillow. Though his scent had probably gone stale in his absence, she was still drawn to it. Chuckling, he slipped into bed, pulling her

securely into his embrace. He would never be able to sleep alone again. Jason nuzzled her and breathed in her scent already permeating the

bed and spreading throughout the room. It was pure bliss.

Phoebe stirred. She felt safe, warm and secure. Sighing, she slowly opened her eyes, quietly taking in the rich and warm interior. The walls

were a deep, comforting hunter green complimenting the ebony tones of the walnut trim. She felt immediately at home and relaxed, no

doubt due, in part, to her mate's scent.

She felt his presence before while at Rimrock, but he had been suppressing his aura out of respect since he was on another alpha's territory.

Here, he could freely wield it. Here, he was king. Surprisingly, she didn't feel the least bit stifled or oppressed. It surrounded her like a warm,

comforting blanket.

“Morning, angel,” a voice husky from sleep greeted her. “Sleep well?”

She flushed, “You could have warned me he was awake!”

“I figured you'd find out soon enough,” Mani snickered.

Phoebe rolled onto her back so she could gaze upon her mate. His dark eyes were filled with adoration. She could feel her face warm under

his gaze. She shivered as his embrace drew her closer and he nuzzled her.

“You smell heavenly, angel, Jason mumbled, nipping her ear lobe as her scent grew stronger, taking on a spicy note that made his mouth

water. He growled against her throat. “Oh...angel...”

«...J-Jason...” Phoebe shivered, feeling his stubble against her skin as ever increasingly lewd thoughts filtered through her mind.

Jason forced himself to pull away. His gaze swirled amber as his wolf pressed forward. Her eyes shimmered silver in response.

“Angel, you are dangerously tempting this morning.”

Phoebe blushed. He rested his forehead against hers, nuzzling her. Phoebe had never been so comfortable just being with someone. After

her rejection, she gave up on ever enjoying such an intimate moment.

“So...safe to assume we're not at Rimrock anymore,” Phoebe said after a time.

Jason sighed, “No. After the attack I might have said some things that made Alpha Graham order me off his territory. I wasn't leaving you

behind.”

“What about the pups? The rogues?”

“The pups are fine. My warriors took care of the rogues,” Jason said, anticipating her next question. “Cam and Noah are fine. In fact, Noah even managed to find his mate. A nurse, your friend, I believe.”

“Bridget?” Phoebe asked and smiled. “They're mates?”

“Yes. She came with us too.”

Phoebe's expression became pensive. She was happy for Bridget, but she had hoped the nurse would take care of Blake and Emma in her

stead. Phoebe couldn't help but be concerned about their well-being.

“My mother has the pups now, in case you're wondering,” Jason sensed her concern.

“Pardon?”

“Blake and Emma. They're with my mother. She's probably stuffing them full of sugar right now.”

“They're here? How? Why?”

“Because they are precious to you and anything precious to you is precious to me, angel.”

«...I thought males didn't like to care for pups that aren't their own.”

“Angel, if you want to adopt fifty pups I'd have no objections. My only request is that we have a few of our own too.”

Phoebe blushed, earning a fond chuckle from him as he kissed her nose. He smiled at her, loving her reactions and catching the spicy note

of her scent again. After a moment, his smile faded.

“Angel, why didn't you tell me Graham was your first mate?”

Phoebe's expression became pensive again. She had avoided the topic for so long she honestly didn't know how to approach it anymore.

Finally, she said, "I never told anyone...not even my parents."

"Bridget?"

"Tony told her I was rejected. I just...didn't want to think about him."

"And that's why you avoided the packhouse?"

Phoebe nodded, looking away. Jason curled a finger under his chin and turned her to face him again. His gaze was warm and possessive.

"It's not going to be like that here, angel. Never hide your pain from me. I have to know where you hurt before I can kiss it away."

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He captured her mouth. His tongue slipped into her mouth, twisting around hers. He felt her hesitant fingers run through his hair, sending

electric charges through him. Groaning, Jason finally released her mouth and forced a heavy breath, staring into her shimmering eyes.

"You are very dangerous in the morning, angel."

She smiled, earning her another quick kiss before his eyes suddenly glazed over. Phoebe watched and waited, knowing someone was

mindlinking him. She enjoyed this relaxed morning and hated it to be interrupted, but he was Alpha, so it was to be expected.

Jason growled, shaking his head before looking down at her again with a smile, "My sister. She wanted to know when I'm going to stop

hogging you and let the pack meet their Luna. Do you think you're ready?"

Phoebe forced a nervous breath. She couldn't put it off forever if she intended to stay with Jason. Looking at her crumpled clothing, she

said, "I think I should shower first...and change...if I want to make a good first impression."

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“You could never not make a good impression, angel,” Jason nuzzled her, but stood and helped her up.

She winced as she put weight on her injured leg. His arms immediately wrapped around her, holding her protectively.

“Are you okay, angel?”

“Yeah, just a little sore.”

“Do you want me to carry you?”

“No. I should walk.”

Jason kissed her temple before escorting her to the bathroom. He grabbed towels from the linen closet and set them on the sink counter.

Phoebe’s expression became pensive again as she pulled up her pants leg to look at the bandage.

“What should I do about this?”

He looked at the wrap before rummaging in the cupboard under the double sink. Pulling out a trash bag, he asked, “What do you think?”

“Oh, that’s perfect. Thank you.”

“These are the controls. This is to change the water feature. Here is the temp and this is for the sound system if you want music. All right?”

She nodded.

“Need any help?”

“No.” Phoebe blushed before shooing him out.

Phoebe shook her head before carefully pulling down her pants to really look at her leg for the first time. It was securely wrapped, which

was certainly Bridget’s work.

“Méni, are you all right?”

Silver is never a pleasant experience,” her wolf sighed.

Their bodies reacted to silver like a poison. It interfered with their healing abilities and suppressed their wolves, sometimes cutting them off

completely. Mani was different.

Her wolf maintained awareness no matter how pure the silver. In addition, they recovered more quickly and with less scarring than other

wolves. It was too painful to say she had true immunity, but it certainly gave her an advantage. The same was true of wolfsbane. While the

herb was harmful and could be fatal to wolves in large doses, it had less of an effect on Mani.

Phoebe pulled the trash bag over her leg and tied it at her knee before she finished stripping off her clothes and headed to the shower. She

had listened to Jason's instructions, but still struggled with the interface before finally succeeding in starting the water. It was a little hot, but

it felt good on her aching muscles. There were only male bath products on the shelf, but it was fine. As she lathered and rinsed she tried to

shove away her anxiety.

It was going to be fine.