

SECOND CHANCE LUNA

Chapter 19

Second Chance Luna

Jason chuckled as the door closed behind him. He turned, resting his forehead against the cool door, his wolf-hearing listening to every little

sound she made until the water started running. His thoughts swirled, thinking about his petite little mate in the shower...nude...water

running down her gentle curves. It took every bit of his self-control not to pull the door off its hinges.

This is going to be hard.

“That's not the only thing hard. Lobo chuckled.

“Not helping pal,” Jason sighed, looking down at his pants. ‘And you neither.

To distract himself, he retrieved Phoebe’s things from the living room. It took several trips, but he moved three boxes and two suitcases into

the bedroom, piling them alongside the trunk at the foot of the bed. He would have begun unpacking but didn’t want to invade her privacy.

“Um...Jason?”

He turned to see her standing at the bathroom door wrapped in a towel. The towels she used at her home were over-sized and covered her

easily. His towels were considerably smaller, which meant he had a full view of her delicately pale legs. Jason swallowed hard before

approaching and embracing her. He leaned down, burying his nose in her damp hair, which now had the unmistakable tang of Old Spice.

The masculine scent combined with hers was strangely erotic and he fought his ever-growing desires. He nibbled her ear, letting his scent

rub off on her. Until they were marked and mated, he would have to do this every time she washed to make sure his scent remained on her.

Not that anyone in the pack would dare come between him and his Luna, but it also kept Lobo at ease.

“Angel, you smell and look divine,” he mumbled.

Phoebe blushed, but loved the way he caressed her and nipped at her ear and neck. He made her feel desirable, wanted and loved. Jason

raised his head, kissing her waiting lips, loving all her little reactions and shivers of pleasure. His wolf was silent, which could only mean

Lobo was linking his mate. They would build their bonds with their mates brick by brick if they needed to.

Jason let out a growl as he broke their kiss. His eyes glazed over as he mindlinked with someone. Shaking his head, he looked again at

Phoebe stroking her cheek.

“My sister again.”

Phoebe chuckled.

“You can laugh all you want, angel, but if my sister doesn’t back off I’m going to make her pay...painfully.” He kissed her nose.

“I wouldn’t want to start a family feud,” Phoebe said. “Do you have anything for me to wear?”

“Of course,” Jason led her to the bed, lifting the suitcases and setting them on the trunk. “Bridget made sure to pack your clothes for you.”

“These are mine?” Phoebe blinked, eyeing the boxes as well.

“That’s right,” Jason hugged her from behind. “I’ll have the omegas unpack for you later. I’m sure my mother and sister will want to take

you shopping.”

“Shopping? Oh...but I don’t have any money,” Phoebe bit her lip. Working as the pack pup teacher earned her a small stipend. It had been

enough for her and the pups to get by, but it certainly wouldn't cover a new wardrobe.

“Don’t worry about it, angel. You can take my card this time,” Jason nuzzled her. “Ben will issue you your own later. 'm going to hop in the

shower so take your time getting ready.”

Reluctantly, he retreated to the shower, leaving her to choose her outfit and dress. Phoebe breathed a sigh of relief, pleased by his

consideration. She wasn’t ready to be naked in front of her mate just yet. What should she wear?

“The towel is fine,” Mani suddenly chimed. ‘Our Mate liked it.”

“Mani, be serious!”

“Oh fine. Choose something warm. We are further north so it's chiller here.’

“Right.”

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Phoebe settled on a pair of leggings that stretched over her bandages without being too tight and a dusty pink sweater that was both soft

and warm. Her gaze drifted around the room. She was immediately drawn to the mantel and the pictures arranged on it. She limped over to

it. There was a picture of four young pups, ranging from twelve to seven, and were clearly a young Jason, his Beta along with two others she

assumed were his Gamma and sister.

Another image displayed a distinctive gentleman and woman Phoebe knew to be his parents, given the features they passed down to their

son, but there was something strange. Despite the couple's proximity, they seemed disconnected, their facial expressions strained. She was

certain Jason said his parents were fated mates, so why did they look as if they didn't want to be in the same room?

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"Jason is taking a long time, isn't he?" Phoebe asked, wanting his comfort.

"Considering the state of his little friend, I can see why," Mani chuckled.

"Friend? What friend?*

"Oh sweetie...did you not notice the tent in his pants?"

"Why would he...Oh."

"Face it... We're just too sexy in a towel."

Phoebe was mortified but Mani just laughed.

"Don't act like all those thoughts from earlier were just mine.'

"Manit' Phoebe admonished. Her wolf truly had no shame. 'Can you be serious?'

"Tam always serious."

Phoebe rolled her eyes, 'Have you been linking his wolf at all?*

"Oh...sometimes."

"Sometimes?' Phoebe was surprised given how concerned her wolf was about secrecy.

"Well, a lady should play hard to get.'

Phoebe shook her head. Her wolf was truly incorrigible.

Jason groaned, leaning against the wall as he stroked his member. Phoebe danced in his thoughts...the smell of her smooth, pale skin...her

glorious dark mane...the way she fit so neatly against him... her legs, wrapped around him... he shuddered as he ejaculated, letting the

shower wash it down the drain.

Jason sighed. He could do this. It was all about making Phoebe comfortable. Gradually, he would earn her trust. Washing quickly, he

stepped out of the shower and wrapped his lower half in a towel before entering the closet through a sliding door. He didn't waste time

picking his outfit, grabbing a black t-shirt and jeans.

Stepping back into the bedroom, he found her studying the photographs on the mantel. Quietly, he slipped his arm around her waist and

kissed her neck. Phoebe shivered with pleasure, leaning against him. Her receptiveness had Lobo practically bursting as his chest rumbled

with a possessive growl.

"What are you looking at, angel?"

"Your family photos. You were such a cute kid."

"I'm still cute. Don't you think?"

"Maybe."

Jason nipped her ear. Phoebe chuckled, loving the way he held her.

"We'll add to this soon enough. I can't wait to have pictures of you and the pups up here...and your parents."

"My parents? But all of my family photos are back at Rimrock."

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Jason chuckled, kissing her, “You think I would leave anything of you behind?”

He escorted her back to the bed and gestured to the boxes, “We packed all of your keepsakes for you. Everything else was loaded into a

moving truck. It's all stored in one of the pack's storehouses for you to sort through later.

“Everything?”

“The entire contents of your cottage, all your father's books, the piano...everything.”

“Why would you...” Phoebe stared at him in wonder. “The expense alone.”

“It was precious to you,” Jason shrugged. “If I could have uprooted the whole cottage and garden I would have. Phoebe...”

She suddenly pulled his face down, pressing their lips together. Jason stared in surprise, but quickly wrapped her in his embrace, kissing her

deeply. He certainly didn't mind her being aggressive in the least. He eventually released her so they could catch their breath.

“I take it did good?” Jason smiled.

A fresh blush colored her cheeks, but she nodded. He bowed his head to nuzzle her. They might have lingered longer, but her stomach

suddenly grumbled. Phoebe blushed, but Jason chuckled, kissing her forehead.

“My Luna is hungry. I can't have you missing a meal.”

Jason escorted her out of the room, through the common areas and down the stairs. On the first landing, she hesitated, wincing as the

effort of descending the stairs pulled at her stitches. Jason was at her side immediately to scoop her into his arms. Carrying her bridal-style,

they reached the bottom floor quickly.

Jason carefully set her on her feet outside the double doors, leading to the pack cantina and dining hall. Even with the doors closed she

could hear the sounds of playful banter and conversation. Suddenly, she was very nervous. Walking around her own pack was one thing, but

Blue Moon was considerably larger and she knew almost none of them. She couldn't even remember the last time she had a public meal.

On top of that, they were expecting her to fulfill the role of Luna.

Jason's arms wound around her and he nuzzled her, "It's all right, angel. They are going to love you."

Phoebe took a deep breath and calmed herself. She nodded when she was ready. Jason took her hand, kissing it before leading her through

the door.

The constant din of the cafeteria immediately fell silent as Jason's aura reminded them their Alpha was home. But it was the addition of a

petite, pretty she-wolf at his side that had all of their attention. Word had been spreading since his return late last night. Those who had

seen Jason cradling his Luna like a bride related her pale, smooth skin and dark, brown hair. She was as pretty and petite as described.

Some were old enough to recall Norah's introduction to the pack and were anxious about meeting their new Luna. Yet, as Phoebe quietly

observed them, they felt a calm, abiding aura despite her obvious nervousness. They were intrigued and drawn to her.

"Miss Phoebe!" a squeal erupted as Emma ran toward her.

Phoebe greeted the pup with a dazzling smile and scooped up the adorable little girl. Pressing her forehead to Emma's, they rubbed noses

as a mother would do with her pup.

“Did you sleep all right in your new bed?” Jason asked when the pup’s gaze fell on him.

“Ah-huh. Grandma Norah said I have the princess room.”

“That’s right. A princess room for a princess,” Jason smiled, gently tugging on one of her pigtails.

In fact, his mother had given Blake and Emma his and Lucille’s childhood bedrooms, which were connected through a shared bath. Emma

giggled shyly at him. It would take time for him to build a strong bond with the pups, but he would. This was the beginning of the family he

and Phoebe would build together. Jason glanced at Phoebe to see her eyes shimmering. It seemed the surest way to hers and her wolf’s

heart was through the pups.

“Why don’t you two head to the table? I’ll grab us breakfast,” Jason smiled, planting a kiss on Phoebe’s temple.

Phoebe blushed, but carried Emma to the table occupied by the pups, Luke and several she-wolves she had yet to meet. The pack

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continued to watch her, scrutinizing every movement she made as she set Emma down and sat next to her.

“Everyone, you’ll have your chance to meet your Luna so relax,” Luke commanded over the pack link, reminding them of their manners.

“Good morning, Luna.”

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“Good morning,” Phoebe blushed. That was not a title she would get used to quickly.

“Let me introduce you... This is former Luna Norah, my mate Mona, Gamma Ben and his mate, as well as your sister-in-law, Lucille.”

Phoebe smiled at them.

“Oh my Goddess! You are so pretty!” Lucille squealed. “Now I feel bad about joking my brother would end up with a hound.”

“Lucille! Language at the table!” Norah said, making the pups giggle. “Hello, my dear.”

“Hello Luna...”

“Ah,” Norah shook her head. “That's your title now. Norah will be just fine.”

“Why do you call Miss Phoebe Luna?” Emma asked.

“Because she is my son's mate and he is Alpha,” Norah explained.

“Oh...then are we supposed to call her Luna too?”

“No. I think she and my son would prefer mommy and daddy once you are comfortable.”

“Really?” Emma bounced in her seat. “We can really call them mommy and daddy?”

“That's right, princess,” Jason said, returning with two heaping plates, one of which he set in front of Phoebe. With a free hand, he roughed

Blake's hair playfully before sitting beside Phoebe as she looked over the stack of Belgian waffles he had brought.

She gave him a questioning look, one would have been more than enough.

“No arguments, angel,” Jason gently linked her. “You're too thin and need to eat more.”

Phoebe blushed as Mani agreed. After her rejection, she lost her appetite, often skipping meals. Mani practically forced her to eat. She

improved over the years, but Mani continued to complain she wasn't eating properly.

"You don't have to eat all of it...at least half Jason encouraged.

It wouldn't do her any good to eat too much too soon, but he was determined to increase her meals. She didn't argue, digging in to

appease him. The others at the table shared grateful looks. Luke had already given them a rundown about Phoebe's life with her old pack,

including her rejection, so watching her eat brought them all comfort.

The meal fell into pleasant conversation as Mona, Norah and Lucille described different aspects of the pack. Not surprisingly, Phoebe was

particularly interested in the pup daycare. Also, unsurprisingly, Lucille declared they would go shopping.

"Not today," Jason frowned.

"Oh, come on, brother!"

"I haven't even gone on patrol yet," Jason glared at her.

"We're headed into town, not the woods!" Lucille scoffed.

Jason growled. This wasn't unexpected, but he hoped to show Phoebe around the packhouse and give her time to acclimate before taking

her out. It would also give him time to check the pack's security.

"Just send Ben and a couple of warriors with us," Lucille sighed, unperturbed by his growl. As a family member, she had a certain amount of

resistance to his authority and aura unless he truly unleashed it.

"Children," Norah said, "no fighting at the table."

Blake and Emma snickered. Since waking in their new beds, they had been nervous about their surroundings. Norah was waiting for them

when they emerged, helping them settle in by unpacking and showing them around. She wasn't quite like Phoebe, but nearly as good. They

were particularly nervous about their new Alpha, but he was genuinely friendly and seeing how Norah put him in his place certainly made

him less scary.

Chapter 20

“Can't you do anything right?”

Their pleasant meal was interrupted by a clatter as a tall, blonde she-wolf tossed her plate on the floor in disgust. Standing, she loomed

over the omega server and slapped her across the face, claws extended to gouge several large cuts across her cheek.

“I said ham, cheese, no mushrooms and light pepper, you incompetent mutt!”

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“What's the matter, your highness? Can't have waffles like a normal person?” Lucille taunted.

The blonde was the daughter of their closest ally, Alpha Thomas of the Blood Moon pack. Since they were pups she had visited their pack

often. Sometimes it seemed she spent more time with Blue Moon than her own pack, much to Lucille's irritation. In fact, none of them could

stand her, but they couldn't simply turn her away.

She turned up a week or so after Jason left on his security tour. They had hoped she would turn around and go home. Instead, she insisted

on her usual suite as she wasn't allowed on the alpha floor.

“If I were you I'd be quiet,” the blonde sneered. “Once I'm Luna there will be changes around here.”

Jason rose to his feet, growling, "You are a guest here, Katrina. You will respect this pack's ranking members!"

"Oh Jason! You're back!" the blonde's attitude changed immediately as she coyly smiled.

"You dare harm a pack member in front of me!" he snarled, his eyes swirling amber as his wolf pressed forward.

"Oh...she's just a worthless omega. She needs to learn her place."

Katrina waved off the whimpering she-wolf, doing a double take as Phoebe suddenly appeared with a damp washcloth and gently cleaned

the wounds. The omega stared at her with wide eyes, but felt immediately calmed by Phoebe's silver-gray eyes. ..as if she was looking into

the Moon Goddess's gaze.

Phoebe tenderly cleaned the wounds, noting the particularly red edges and a slight burnt skin smell which meant only one thing.

"Silver." Mani confirmed.

"Jason, you can't be lenient with these lower ranks," Katrina loudly declared. "They need to learn to mind their betters."

Phoebe's eyes shimmered silver as she gave the washcloth to the omega and turned on the other she-wolf.

"What do you want?" Katrina sneered.

Without a word, Phoebe slapped her hard across the face, sending her stumbling back in surprise. The cafeteria fell silent, staring at their

untested Luna.

"Discipline?" Phoebe declared. "Your idea of discipline is coating your nails in silver and using them on pack members! Wounds like that can

maim a wolf for life. That's your idea of justice for forgetting pepper that's readily available on the table!"

As Phoebe spoke her aura seeped out, slowly filling the room rivaling Jason's. Compulsively, Katrina bared her neck before she realized what

she was doing. Phoebe turned away in disgust and hurried back to the omega, gently taking back the cloth and continuing to clean the wounds.

"Who the hell do you think..." Katrina suddenly came back to herself, ready to attack the she-wolf who dared humble her.

Jason clutched her hand, glaring at the blood-stained nails with a snarl, "You attacked my pack with silver?"

"No. Yes—No. I didn't..." Katrina stared at him wide-eyed.

"Leave!" he ordered, sending his alpha authority into his words. "Go home and stay there. You are not welcome here!"

"J-Jason..."

"Get her out of my sight and off my land!" Jason shoved her aside.

Luke and Ben were immediately on their feet and roughly escorted her to the door, linking pack members for a car and her things. On their

way out, they passed Noah and Bridget on a tour of the packhouse.

"Oh Bridget!" Phoebe eagerly called her over. "Do you have any balm with you?"

"Why? What happened?" Bridget immediately fell silent at the sight of the omega. She shared a grim knowing look with Phoebe. "Take her

to the pack hospital. I'll grab it.

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No other words passed between them. Phoebe gently escorted the omega out of the cafeteria, following her directions to the pack hospital.

Jason followed, curious about what she planned. Lucille, Norah and the others also trailed behind.

Reaching the hospital, Phoebe looked at the nurses, "We need a room please, a quiet one."

They hesitated at her request, but complied under Jason's scrutiny. Phoebe sat the omega down and continued to clean her wounds,

knowing the cool water helped ease the burning sensation of silver.

"Alpha," the Q doctor arrived.

Helen Evans was a pretty she-wolf with an air of authority even Jason couldn't dare overrule when it came to medical procedure and

knowledge. She had yet to meet her mate and dedicated herself to her pack's health, unsure if she ever would.

"Doctor," Jason acknowledged, not taking his gaze off his mate.

"What happened?" she looked into the exam room and saw the strange she-wolf nursing an injured omega. "Who's that?"

"My mate."

Helen blinked in surprise, looking at her Alpha with wide eyes. Like everyone else, she heard the rumors, but she hadn't expected to see her

new Luna calmly cleaning wounds while she chatted with the injured omega.

"What's your name?" Phoebe asked, trying to take the young she-wolf's attention away from the injury.

"Shannon."

"That's a beautiful name."

“Her name is Phoebe,” Jason told the doctor, watching his mate. “Apparently, Katrina used silver to scratch the omega’s face. The cut looks pretty deep.”

“Oh dear,” Helen shook her head, looking again at the unfortunate omega.

Werewolves had amazing regenerative abilities, but silver wounds were the exception. For them, silver acted like a caustic agent causing

chemical burns and slowing their natural regenerative abilities. Wounds caused by silver never healed properly and were guaranteed to scar.

While a silver wound could be seen as a badge of honor for a warrior, for a young, unmated she-wolf being maimed for life was a daunting

prospect.

“I got it!” Bridget announced, scooting past their audience. “Oh, pardon me, doctor.”

Helen nodded, having already been introduced to the new, prospective nurse. She had conducted an informal interview and was impressed

by Bridget’s herbal knowledge and medical skills. She didn’t interfere with Bridget as she took Phoebe’s place and began to treat the

omega. This would certainly be a good practical test.

First, Bridget used novocaine to deaden the pain and stitched the worst of the wounds closed. The bleeding had all but stopped, making it

easy to work. Before bandaging, she opened a small canister and generously smeared the yellowish balm over the wounds.

“There, I’ll need to see you in a couple of days to check on the healing and reapply the balm,” Bridget said. “Al right?”

The omega nodded, fighting tears, “H-how bad is it going to scar?”

“It’s too soon to tell, but I think we’ll be able to avoid scarring completely.”

“R-really?”

Bridget smiled encouragement, “Try to keep the bandage dry.”

“Okay. Thank you! Luna, thank you.”

“Of course,” Phoebe smiled.

They saw the hopeful omega off and Phoebe suddenly found herself wrapped in Jason’s protective embrace. He nuzzled her, whispering,

“You were amazing.”

She blushed, noticing he wasn’t alone. Norah, Lucille, Mona, the pups as well as Luke and Ben had joined them along with Noah, who had

followed his mate.

“Not bad,” Helen nodded to Bridget after she tossed her gloves and washed up. “But it would be wise not to get the patient’s hopes too

high.”

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“Sorry?”

“Silver wounds scar no matter how well they are treated,” Helen said.

“That’s why I used this,” Bridget said, giving her the container of balm.

“What’s this?”

“It’s a healing salve. It helps silver wounds heal and prevents scarring.”

“What!”

Bridget jumped as everyone exclaimed in one voice. She stared from one to another before sharing a look with Phoebe, who seemed

equally startled.

“Where did this come from?” Helen asked.

“We made it,” Bridget said, nodding to Phoebe.

“We?” Jason stared at Phoebe.

“Bridget did all the work. We just used my kitchen to mix and experiment,” Phoebe explained.

“I’m going to need more information,” Helen said.

“Well...” Bridget hesitated.

“The Luna of our former pack also liked to paint silver on her nails,” Phoebe explained. “Anyone who upset her was at risk of suffering at her

hands, so these kinds of wounds were pretty common. Bridget had the idea of creating a healing balm, but the pack Q doctor thought it

was a waste of time and refused to let her use the lab, so we used my kitchen. I also have a pretty extensive herb garden. It made a good

place to experiment.”

“And it works?”

“Of course. It speeds healing and prevents scarring,” Bridget nodded. “We had plenty of opportunities to test it, unfortunately.”

“Do you have proof?” Helen said.

“Well...I used it on Phoebe’s leg a couple of days ago,” Bridget said.

Everyone looked at Phoebe, who leaned against Jason, suddenly self-conscious.

“Luna? You were injured?” Helen asked.

Jason sucked in a breath, “She was. There was a rogue attack. The Rimrock pack used silver traps and Phoebe’s leg was caught in one.”

"I stitched them and used the balm before applying bandages," Bridget said.

"I see. Luna, I think I should examine your injuries."

"We should change the bandages too," Bridget added.

Phoebe nodded. Taking the omega's place, she carefully rolled up her pants' leg and sat back as Bridget carefully undid the wrapping and

exposed the rather gruesome wounds. Jason squeezed her hand, growling at the sight. He bowed his head to hers, not wanting to affect the

doctor and nurse trying to help her.

"And these were inflicted by silver traps?" Helen asked.

"Is it bad?" Lucille asked, looking at the rather angry-looking wounds that were still raw and healing.

"Actually, I've never seen silver wounds heal so quickly. We can already remove these stitches, here and here. I don't see any signs of

infection or disease. There is very little redness. Despite how deep these are...they shouldn't scar at all." Helen picked up the canister of

balm, opening it and sniffing. "And you can make more?"

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"As long as I have the ingredients," Bridget nodded. "A few are hard to find in large quantities, but most are common enough."

"And your pack never applied for a patent?" Helen asked.

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"We didn't even think about it," Bridget looked at Phoebe. "We were just looking to help our fellow pack members."

"And you made it yourselves...no help from anyone?" Norah asked.

Phoebe and Bridget nodded.

Helen and Norah looked at Jason with knowing gazes. Much like with the human patent process, werewolves had their own. Whether a pack

applied for one was at the discretion of the alpha and required rather extensive paperwork, including a complete history of how the product

was created and any testing that was done to prove its use and effectiveness. When it came to certain technological advances, they could

choose not to file and keep the technology secret. However, if it was stolen or copied, the pack could not seek legal compensation.

However, with medical advances that could benefit the whole of werewolf kind, applying for a patent allowed a pack to make the discovery

public as well as control production and distribution, as well as ensure its quality.

Every pack had its specialty. Blue Moon's specialty was in security: data and physical. They had several computer security programs as well

as offered trained security personnel for traveling dignitaries. Anyone would apply to the pack for a security detail, but would also have to

sign a waiver that if they engaged in activities against the pack's standards, protection was null and void.

Treaties with human authorities granted packs the same legal rights as independent nations as well as ensuring friendly trade and fair

conduct. Given Blue Moon's ancient origins, they were not only respected among wolf communities, but treated as an authority by human

officials as well, which meant their services were highly sought after.

While Jason was proud of his pack's extensive network, they weren't equipped to mass-produce a new healing balm. However, other packs

were and if a patent was approved they could make a deal with another pack to produce it. Profits for their pack would be less, but it would

mean the balm would be readily available for others to use.

“Bridget,” Jason said, “I’m going to need a detailed history of exactly how the balm was made, ingredients and any results you have as

proof. I’ll also need a signed statement proving you and Phoebe are the sole creators and your former pack did not offer any assistance or

facilities to aid in its creation. All right?”

“Yes, of course, Alpha,” Bridget nodded.

“So you want to apply for a patent?” Norah asked.

“This is far too important to keep secret. I know Alpha Reed will be interested in a partnership.”

Norah nodded. Their packs would share profits with Harvest Moon handling the manufacturing and distribution. Such an arrangement

would ensure the balm was readily available to all werewolves.

“Well, that’s all fine and good, but it can wait,” Lucille announced. “I thought we were going shopping.”

Jason growled.

“Now, Jason,” Norah gently admonished. “Phoebe is going to need a gown for her Luna Ceremony. The next full moon is not far off and it

will be a Blue Moon.”

Jason was ready to argue, but the thought of Phoebe in a gown under the light of a full moon made him pause. That was right. She needed

a proper Luna Ceremony where she would be officially acknowledged as Blue Moon’s co-leader. It was important not only for her, but the

pack. Afterward, they would shift to lead the pack on a moonlit run. He would finally see her wolf if they could coax it out by then.

“Um, Jason?” Phoebe looked at him.

“What do you think, angel?” Jason nuzzled her.

“Well... guess I don't really mind,” Phoebe leaned against him.

“There, you see. She wants to go,” Lucille stated before anyone could argue.

“All right,” he sighed. “But you'll have a full escort.”

“Fulli” Lucille cried out indignantly.

Jason glared at her in warning.

“Oh, fine. More hands to carry our bags, I guess.”

“That's not the purpose of an escort,” Jason growled even as Bridget applied balm and rewrapped Phoebe's leg after the doctor finished

her examination and removed unnecessary stitches.

By the time they were done and Phoebe was on her feet, it had been decided. Norah and Lucille would take Phoebe, Bridget and the pups

shopping in Juneau with a full escort of security personnel led by Ben. Jason would settle for nothing less.