

SECOND CHANCE LUNA

Chapter 71

Chapter Seventy-One Ww Chapter Seventy-One

“Don’t hesitate now.”

Selena couldn't tell if it was meant to be a taunt but it infuriated her

~ How dare this she-wo./ ck her! And yet her own wolf was cowering, not wanting to fight. In fact her wolf was whimpering

“We should beg for forgiveness.”

“We are not begging to her!” Selena snapped forcing the shift

gned but it wasn’t easy. Her wolf was not cooperating. Her shifts were getting

“mate. Her wolf had grown morose and barely even spoke from the deepest

It was unacceptable. They were royalty. They deserved only the best

Even her wolf had to admit the best wolf for them was Jason. No other would do and yet her wolf dared pine for another?

The shift was exhausting and afterwards Selena shakily stood on her paws catching her breath. Her wolf still refused to come forward

forcing her to control her body alone. She took a tentative step forward trying to get used to four legs. Looking up she saw Phoebe

watching with an amused gleam in her eyes

Selena snarled. Her rival hadn't even transformed yet and she had the audacity to look down on her. Selena leapt forward intending to drag

Phoebe down. Yet she hadn't taken two steps before Phoebe dropped shifting smoothly into a wolf shimmering silver as if formed from the

Chapter Seventy-One Y moonbeams themselves

Phoebe always thought her shifts were faster and smoother than other wolves. Mani said it stemmed from how in sync they were with each

other. The more in sync one was with their wolf the easier and smoother their shifts became

The princess hadn't managed two leaps before Phoebe shredded her gown and dropped to all fours ready to meet her. Startled by the

sudden shift Selena tried to stop but it was too late. Mani bound forward and met the princess's charge. Grabbing her by the scruff of the

neck Mani shook her violently before tossing her aside

Landing in a heap Selena let out a sharp yelp before trying to stand

Before she could get her paws under her Mani leapt onto her. She landed with the princess trapped between her forelegs and snarled.

Yelping in terror Selena immediately rolled onto her back and bared her neck

Growling Mani stood over her opponent and snorted in disgust, "So this is what the royal bloodline has come to? How disappointing."

Taking the princess's muzzle in her mouth as a sign of dominance and victory Mani stepped away her tail held high as the undisputed victor

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Reaching the torn gown she paused letting her blue-gray eyes take in her audience noting their startled, shocked and disbelieving looks

"This could be bad," Phoebe warned

Turning their attention to Jason they saw he looked as shocked as everyone else by the silver wolf in front of him. A soft whine escaped as

they worried about his silence. Was he angry? Disappointed?

He blinked seemingly coming out of his stupor before stepping forward. Coming to stand before them he knelt so they could be face-to-

face. Hesitantly he reached out cupping her head in his hands and letting her silky fur run between his fingers. Tingles of their bond erupted

Chapter Seventy-One from his touch and with it his soothing presence

“So, you're Mani,” Jason murmured. “You are as beautiful as Phoebe and Lobo can't wait to run with you.”

Her tail wagged and their worries faded. Wiggling with excitement Mani pressed forward licking his nose and earning a chuckle for her

brazen attitude

Maybe we should shift back, I Phoebe said. ‘It'll make it easier to explain.’

“Fine. But I better get to run with my Mate soon,” Mani huffed before allowing her control

Mani's consciousness slipped back allowing Phoebe to come forward again. As they switched places the shift took over. Their body

realigned and bones snapped back into place. Their fur withdrew and as her knees settled on the cold cobblestone Phoebe suddenly

realized she was, in fact, naked in front of the gathered alphas and lunas

Her face burned with embarrassment not sure what she should do when a soft cloth suddenly settled over her shoulders. Looking up she

saw Jason kneeling in front of her tucking a satin table cloth around her like a blanket and growling at their audience for daring to look at

his Lunaina compromising position

©... Jason.”

He cut her off with a kiss, warm and promising much more when they were alone. Phoebe found herself blushing for a whole different

reason as he swept her into his arms and held her bridal-style safely cocooned in her covering

“You're not hurt, right?” Jason murmured

“No. I'm fine.”

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“Did he not see what just happened? She couldn't even touch us!” Mani huffed

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exclusively available on our site. Happy reading!

“Good,” Jason kissed her forehead. “Then I'll let it go. But if she had so much as scratched you she wouldn't be allowed to breathe a

moment longer. Let's go.”

Turning he headed toward the door only to stop as the king suddenly emerged from the crowd, “Jason! Halt!”

Growling in irritation Jason paused looking back at the royal. Phoebe frowned as her gaze settled on the king. Over the years she had

gotten used to looks of pity and disgust from her former pack for being wolfless but the hatred burning in the king's gaze was something

new

“Jason, you must reject that wretched creature this instant!” the king demanded earning a startled gasp from the crowd. “I'll command it!”

Asnarl erupted from Jason like a thunderclap and his aura poured out

making even the king shudder as the crowd took a step back. Phoebe shivered as it rippled over her but she felt no fear. For her it was like a

blanket: soft and protective

“With no due respect, your Highness, you have no authority to tell me what to do with my Goddess-given mate!” Jason snapped

enunciating each word carefully. No wolf's authority extended beyond the Moon Goddess

“You have no idea what you're doing!” the king struggled under the weight of the aura emanating from Jason. “That creature will bring

chaos and destruction on us all!”

“A-actually, your Highness,” Kleio hesitantly stepped forward. “You are

mistaken. Silver wolves are messengers of the Goddess herself. They

appear whenever we have strayed too far from our path. That makes them

Chapter Seventy-One Y heralds of change and realignment. If chaos follows it is only because we refuse to accept the Goddess's design.”

After the king's declaration the crowd had become unsettled. Many spent time in Phoebe's company and found her quite charming but the

king's words made them wonder if she was a wolf in sheep's clothing meant to lull them into a false sense of security. With Kleio's

announcement they were relieved. After all, New Moon was the authority when it came to anything history related

“told you, you read too much,” Mani muttered

The New Moon Luna wasn't finished, “And 1, for one, find it rather disturbing our King would even suggest his authority surpasses the

Moon Goddess.”

She frowned warily eyeing him as her words sent another shockwave of surprise through the assembled alphas and lunas. While this wasn't

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the first time the royal family had been caught doing questionable things it was the first time anyone openly challenged it. Now, not one

but two pack leaders from the most powerful packs were doing just that

The king hesitated glancing at their audience. Though none spoke out against the princess's challenge it was clear they didn't support it

and none of them spoke in support of him either. They clearly expected the king to stand down

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"Jason, your father and grandfather were fierce and loyal alphas. Do you really mean to dishonor them by continuing this challenge?" the

king tried to look the picture of a forgiving, benevolent ruler

"Wrong question," Jason met his gaze without a shred of submission

"The question you should be asking is do you really intend to challenge me?"

Turning Jason marched toward the door. Phoebe's gaze remained on

Chapter Seventy-One the king as long as he was in sight. His eyes were practically glowing with hatred. Subconsciously she shivered even as

Jason's embrace tightened

The crowd parted before them and her gaze took in a myriad of different reactions: fear, confusion, respect, awe, but nothing close to the

hatred radiating from their king. For once even Mani was silent

Phoebe expected the royal guards to stop them but none dared approach Jason with his aura preceding them. In fact, most bowed, baring

their necks at his approach and didn't move until he passed by. Making it to the front door he carried her down the steps to their hastily

summoned limo. At the very least the driver didn't seem surprised to see them or the state of Phoebe's undress

Holding the door the warrior bowed to them as they approached

Refusing to release her Jason climbed in and slid across the seat still cradling Phoebe in his lap. Only then did his aura ease and he breathed

a sigh of relief

“Jason?”

“Phoebe, are you sure you're not hurt?” he caressed her cheek

“Jason, I'm fine. Pm...”

He cut her off with a kiss. Cradling her head he stole her breath with unrestrained passion flooding their bond as his tongue curled and

dominated her mouth

“Jeez, if you're going to do that we'll call a cab,” Lucille said as she and Ben slid into their seats across from them

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Chapter Seventy-Two

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A growl erupted from Jason as he glared at his sister. Blushing bright red Phoebe buried her face in his shoulder. She had completely

forgotten the others

~

“Oh, don't give me that,” Lucille huffed. “Try to control yourself, brother.”

“You can always get out and walk,” Jason answered through clenched teeth

"Tn thaca haale? Ara vn Liddina?" Lucilla ecnffad hafare looking at Phoebe.
"But damn, Phoebe! Your wolf is something else!"

With an awkward smile Phoebe settled in Jason's lap as it was evident he wasn't going to let her go any time soon

"Did you know?" Ben asked

"That she was silver, yes," Phoebe nodded. "But I didn't know about the whole messenger of the Goddess thing. My wolf awakened early

and we shifted early too but even my parents didn't know."

"How could they not know?" Lucille asked, confused

"Well," Phoebe hesitated

She knew from the beginning Mani was not a typical wolf. Everything from her sudden awakening to her coloration was unorthodox.

Phoebe wasn't sure she could explain it or even if she should. It was Mani who insisted on secrecy from the beginning and after meeting

the king Phoebe finally understood why

"It's alright," Mani finally spoke. 'Mate is here now. We don't need secrets to protect ourselves. Mate will protect us.'

Chapter Seventy-Two M2 'Will he? Against the king?'

"Phoebe," Jason cupped her chin and turned her to face him sensing her disquiet through the bond. "No matter what..I won't let anyone

hurt you. Believe me, angel."

He caressed her cheek smoothing away tears she didn't know were there. She could feel his dedication through the bond. His warmth, love

and determination surrounded her. He would defend her against any threat. He would take on the whole world if necessary

"Phoebe?" Jason gently prompted

“My wolf said we shouldn't tell anyone. She awakened much earlier than most wolves and as long as she stayed in the back of my mind no

one seemed to notice,” Phoebe said. “When it was time for us to shift she woke me up and told me to go outside without waking our

parents. Afterwards she still insisted on hiding herself.”

“That's why everyone assumed you were wolfless,” Jason surmised

Phoebe nodded, “I didn't know anything about silver wolves. I hadn't even heard of them. There was only one book in my father's entire

collection that mentioned them calling them harbingers of chaos. To be honest it kind of frightened me. Sometimes others could sense her,

or at least their wolves did.”

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“Luke and I wondered why everyone kept calling you wolfless when we could definitely sense her.”

“You did?” Phoebe asked genuinely surprised. “Then maybe my wolf was right. She said the reason everyone thought we were wolfless was

because they weren't in tune with their wolves.”

“Makes sense,” Ben agreed. “It could also be because you and your wolf are so in sync that it is not easy to sense one from the other. When

Chapter Seventy-Two your wolf comes forward we don't always feel it the same way as with others.”

Phoebe felt her cheeks warm but was it really that unusual? Then again... After her experience with Graham, Katrina, Camilla and even their

recent alpha visitors she really couldn't argue. In fact it did seem a lot of werewolves put themselves at odds with their wolves. It was a

worrying trend

“So...about your rejection,” Ben hesitated to bring it up but there were still so many questions

Phoebe felt Jason's embrace tighten. She just shook her head saying, “There isn't much to tell. I graduated school early and went to college

so I never met Graham until he came back from the Alpha School. He took one look and rejected me. My wolf said not to worry and that

we'd be all right but..it still hurt. I didn't want to talk about it but I think on some level my parents knew. They never tried to force me to go

to the packhouse. We usually stayed home. Mom fretted I wasn't eating enough. My wolf did too

It's not like being a silver wolf saved me from the experience.”

Jason kissed her temple hugging her close and not wanting her to dwell on such memories but he had his own question that was nagging

him, “What about your wolf? When we first met she didn't seem all that eager to link with mine.”

«Oh, well, she said a lady should play hard to get.”

“So, in other words, your wolf is a tease.”

“Are you upset?”

“No,” Jason smirked. “In fact, she should feel free to tease my wolf any time she wants.”

“Traitor,” Lobo huffed but Jason sensed he really didn't mind. There was nothing their Luna couldn't do

Chapter Seventy-Two Y

"Is it really okay for us to leave like this?" Phoebe asked. "I mean, the royal family..."

"It's fine," Ben waved off her concern. "It's not like we didn't see this coming."

"I don't understand."

"The truth is the royal family has been losing power for centuries," Ben explained, "and they really didn't have much to begin with. The

Council technically holds more authority. They are the ones who draft our laws

The only thing the King is needed for is to ratify any changes they want to enact. Other than that he doesn't hold any more power than a

high-ranking alpha."

"Really?"

"As far as rank goes Blue, Full, New, Blood and Harvest Moon alphas surpassed him long ago. The only ancient pack that still lags behind is

Crescent Moon and that's because they are so small: barely seventeen hundred members last I checked," Ben nodded. "The only reason

they are still in power is because no one else wants the job. Hard enough to manage a pack of Blue Moon's size let alone oversee all the

packs worldwide even with the Council doing the heavy lifting."

"I don't understand," Phoebe frowned, "how has the royal family lost so much standing?"

"For starters, the first Prince is a cad, a pig and a sadist," Lucille scoffed.

"Apparently it's a miracle for any of his bed partners to survive a

night with him, not even his fated mate from what I hear. And you've met the Princess so you've seen what she is like. But that's just

scraping the surface. Rumor has it she not only rejected her fated mate she is also

addicted to wolfsbane.” Phoebe shuddered

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“Not to mention the royal pack is broke with all the spending the King does,” Ben nodded. “The only business they run that makes them

any money is the Alpha School. The tuition is so high because they are desperate for the money but the curriculum is a joke. Remedial math

and watered down history at best.”

“Really?” Phoebe blinked. This was all news to her. Rimrock’s previous alpha has been so proud to send Graham there

“Why do you think we all avoid it?” Lucille asked. “No alpha of the ancient packs has attended in centuries. And don’t get me started on

their little palace here.”

“The royal family only moved here after they lost their castle overseas, * Ben agreed

“They lost it?”

“They took out a loan from New Moon,” Ben said, “with the castle as collateral and couldn’t pay it back. I’m guessing there was as non-

disclosure agreement because New Moon has not made any official statements and won’t if you ask their ranking members. About the only

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royal family member worth his breath is the second Prince but if rumors are to be believed he isn’t even the King’s blood.”

“What?” Phoebe blinked

Lucille nodded, “The current Queen is the King’s second or third mate

She was mated to one of the King’s guard who died mysteriously. Her coronation was rushed and the Prince was born shortly afterward. So

unless she was having an affair with the King to begin with it's highly unlikely the Prince is of the royal bloodline."

Phoebe slowly digested all of what she had been told trying to recall the royal family. There had definitely been tension among them and

while the first Prince and Princess did share features from their father the second

Chapter Seventy-Two Prince largely took after his mother

"Are you all right, Phoebe?" Jason asked. "Angel?"

"Yeah. It's just...this is all news to me," Phoebe shivered. "How is it that this is all secret?"

"I wouldn't say secret," Ben corrected, "it's all rumor and unsubstantiated gossip."

"It doesn't explain why the King hates me."

"True," Ben nodded. There was no denying the contempt in the king's gaze toward Phoebe. "It would help if we knew more about silver

wolves but we aren't New Moon. They are practically the Alexandria of our history and lore. Our library at Blue Moon is a small-town, public

library in comparison."

"Could we just ask them?" Phoebe suggested, "I mean, about silver wolves?"

"We could contact them. It depends on how much they want to share," Ben said. "We have good relations but they might not want to get

in the middle of a feud between us and the royal family. For now, I think it's best to keep all of this off open channels. We also need to find

out more about the royal family. There are plenty of rumors but the royal family keeps its biggest secrets hidden pretty deep."

"What if they attack Blue Moon?" Phoebe asked. "They could declare war and..."

"They can't," Jason cut her off

"He's right. Only the Council has the authority to declare war," Ben agreed. "Even if the King challenges Jason for his title it'll only be a one-

on-one duel with the Council as witnesses. Aside from using his sons as proxies there isn't much he can do."

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Phoebe slowly relaxed with their assurances though she was still on edge. Mani was restless with the prospect of a future confrontation

"It's probably best your wolf was so secretive," Ben said. "Given the King's reaction tonight if he heard even a whisper about a silver wolf

when you were still with Rimrock he could have wiped it off the face of the Earth

and no one would have known the truth."

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Chapter Seventy-Three

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A shiver traveled down Phoebe's spine at the thought of Rimrock being overrun and slaughtered by royal warriors. Jason's embrace

tightened quelling her unspoken fears and reminding her she was no longer with that pack. That's right, she was with Blue Moon now and

the situation was different

No matter how much he might want to the king couldn't just march in and raze the pack. Blue Moon was too strong and too notable for

that. They also had too many allies, allies that would not stand idly by. Did Mani know this would happen? Her wolf was being oddly silent

“So..what happens now?”

“First, we return to the estate and get you a change of clothes,” Jason said making her blush

That's right she was still very much naked, covered only in a tablecloth

“Then Ben is going to contact our pilots and arrange for immediate departure. The jet needs to be refueled and we need to file a flight plan

with the humans.”

Ben nodded. Jason didn't often make use of Blue Moon's private jet unless time was of the essence. Most wolves preferred to keep their

feet on the ground. Returning to the pack as quickly as possible and keeping Phoebe safe was his priority. The king could not challenge Blue

Moon outright but as long as they were here they were only a small force and vulnerable to attack

Even as their limo pulled up to Blue Moon's estate Ben was already on

Chapter Seventy-Three the phone making arrangements. It was like a mini pack of its own. The mansion served as the packhouse and the

grounds included acres of forest all enclosed in a stone wall and guarded by its own dedicated group of elite warriors

With just over two hundred and fifty staff residing in it year round it really was like a small pack all its own while still enjoying the benefits of

a larger pack. Phoebe had been nervous when she first arrived never having any contact with these wolves but she found them equally

welcoming to her and eager to meet their Luna. They were so focused on making Phoebe's stay as pleasant as possible they virtually

ignored their alpha

Ben joked Jason was nothing but chopped liver in comparison

“So, we can’t go for a run?” Phoebe asked. She could feel Mani’s annoyance at having to wait again

Jason hesitated, saying, “I’m pretty sure if we don’t my wolf will revolt. He’s wanted to run with his mate for months. We have a little time.”

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Their driver opened the door allowing Jason to carry her out. He left Ben to make arrangements for their departure as he carried Phoebe

around the estate to the spacious backyard and enticing woods beyond. It was nothing like the vast tracks of land encompassing Blue

Moon's territory but for a quick run it would do. It was also closely monitored by cameras and patrols so help was close at hand

Jason carried her into the trees and finally set her on her feet. Phoebe wobbled before finding her balance again while still cocooned in the

tablecloth. Curling a finger under her chin Jason tilted her face toward his kissing her tenderly and filling their bond with his love and

adoration. It was almost overwhelming

With a sigh Jason slowly eased back stroking her cheek with his

Chapter Seventy-Three thumb, “Wait right here and don’t look away.”

“Okay,” Phoebe agreed not sure what he wanted

Reluctantly taking a step back Jason shed his jacket hanging it over a tree branch then yanked off his tie before unbuttoning his shirt

“Um..Jason?”

“Don’t look away, angel,” Jason said. “Lobo wants to meet you.” Phoebe’s cheeks heated up as he shrugged out of his shirt before

loosening his belt. While most wolves quickly lost their inhibitions when it came to nudity Phoebe had never been around wolves while they

shifted

To make matter worse she couldn't help but ogle Jason's fit frame and

averted her gaze to the ground

“Eyes up, angel,” Jason reminded

Hesitantly she looked up to see he had kicked off his shoes and shed his pants. His briefs were about to follow but he refused to remove

them until she met his eyes. Phoebe bit her lip struggling to hold his gaze as he removed his last cover and stood in front of her in all his

glory

He smirked as she fought waves of embarrassment and arousal at the sight before her. His eyes swirled amber as he lowered himself and let

the shift take over. Dark from bristled all across his body as his joints and bones snapped, realigned and lengthened. There was no sign of

pain and happened rather quickly. Perhaps not as smooth as her own shift it was certainly close and in a matter of moments a large,

chocolate-brown wolf stood in front of her

In the dark of night he was nearly black but in the lights of the distant mansion and the moon above Phoebe could just make out the subtle

reddish variation of his coat making it brown. His amber eyes practically glowed gold as he took a careful step forward. He was a massive

wolf easily outweighing any other by a hundred pounds. Approaching slowly he

Chapter Seventy-Three whined hoping she was not afraid of his sheer size. He would never harm her

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Crouching Phoebe held out her hand. Wagging his tail Lobo pressed forward rubbing his cheek against her palm. Phoebe stroked his soft,

warm fur. Lobo raised his head licking the tip of her nose. She chuckled which pleased him judging by how his tail whirled in the air

“Okay, you've had your fun. My turn!” Mani insisted

Planting a kiss on Lobo’s cold nose she stood, backing away from him

She hesitated before dropping the tablecloth and giving control to Mani

settling on all fours Mani shook herself enjoying the moonlight shimmering across her coat

since they had never shifted in front of others Phoebe didn’t have a proper idea of scale for Mani’s size. She was quite a bit larger than

Shannon's wolf but she was only an omega. Now standing in front of Lobo she could see Mani was nearly as tall though lacking his bulk.

Touching noses she gave him a lick before ducking under his chin and rubbing her body along his as she circled him. Lobo growled in

appreciation as she rubbed her scent over him

“You have one hour, Jason warned his wolf

“Whatever.”

“I mean it. We need to get them back home where they are safe.”

“know. know,” Lobo huffed but despite his irritation he would adhere. Their mates’ safety came first but that didn’t mean they couldn’t have

some fun

With a spring in his step Lobo headed deeper into the woods his tail held high. Mani trotted alongside him and Jason couldn’t help but

wonder what kind of picture they made together: one wolf as dark as night and the

Chapter Seventy-Three other shimmering silver like captured moonbeams. Suddenly Mani burst forward bounding several paces ahead

“Phoebe? What’s wrong?” Jason asked as Mani turned capering in front of them

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“She wants to play. Hope you can keep up.”

With that she took off like a silver streak. With an excited woof Lobo sprang forward in pursuit. They had always been the biggest and the

strongest. No wolf was capable of overpowering or subduing them. They had yet to meet the wolf that could keep up with their speed and

stamina

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However, Mani flitted through the trees like a moonbeam and almost as soundlessly. It was clear Lobo was just as amazed and enamored

with his mate as Jason as he struggled to match her playful bounding

He circled around a particularly large tree and suddenly came up short. He chuffed and looked around him but didn’t see the silvery form

he had been following but her lilac-sage scent was fresh and more fragrant now in her wolf form. He felt no distress through their bond

which assured him she was well and nearby

Cautiously he stepped forward trying to locate her through their bond

The longer she was out of sight the more anxious he became. A whine tore out of his throat before he was even aware of it. At the same

time teeth clamped on his tail sending telltale tingles through him as the bond ignited

Lobo whirled around as Mani released him. With a happy yip she dropped her forelegs so that her tail was held high in the universal canine

gesture for play. He wanted to berate her for disappearing from his sight but he couldn't help but be impressed. Yet he had to maintain his

dignity as she bounced around trying to elicit his playful side

Chapter Seventy-Three sf

"Oh, come on Mister Serious! Play with us!" Phoebe laughed in his mind

"Is your wolf always so playful?" — Jason chuckled at his own wolf's hopelessness

"What do you expect? She's never been able to run around with another wolf before. We've had to be careful no one saw us. We've always

run alone."

At that Lobo whined and suddenly all thought of being dignified was gone. If his Luna wanted to be silly and frolic like a pup then so could

he, anything to make her happy. Dropping his guard he chuffed and mimicked her play gesture. Excitement and elation flooded their bond

as she nipped at his nose before bounding off. With a possessive growl he followed. The things they did for their mate

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Chapter 74

Chapter Seventy-Four

Chapter Seventy-Four

Phoebe shivered as the hot water streamed down her body. Jason's hands lazily caressed her curves carefully washing her as he nuzzled her

neck and nipped at her mark eliciting a soft moan

Their wolves had frolicked and...other things. ..for longer than he intended but it had been difficult to deny his wolf the chance to be with his

mate. He should have made time for them long ago but he kept putting it off as other concerns piled up

Eventually they had to return to the estate and prepare for their eminent departure. Though he had downplayed the potential danger,

truthfully the king still had a dedicated group of supporters. The sooner they returned to their territory the better. There Jason had much

more control and Phoebe would be safe and secure. Jason was under no illusions. The king was dangerous and would certainly kill Phoebe

if given the chance. To keep her safe Jason had to eliminate as many variables as he could and that started with getting her home where his

influence was strongest

Shutting off the water Jason stepped out retrieving a towel and wrapping her in it both to help her dry and to keep her warm. After their

wolves had their fun it was clear she had caught a bit of a chill. Phoebe blushed at his care but it felt too nice to protest. Tucking her into a

warm robe he gently dried her hair before quickly drying himself and escorting her back to their bedroom. He would have given just about

anything to take her to bed but his mind was buzzing that preparations for their departure were complete

“Dress warm, angel,” Jason kissed her temple. “We'll be leaving

Chapter Seventy-Four shortly.”

“Oh..50 soon?” Phoebe looked at him with a note of disappointment

Perhaps she wanted a little more time together

“Yes. I don't know when the king might make his move and I want you somewhere he can't reach when he does.”

Phoebe shivered at his warning. Jason's embrace tightened not wanting anything he said to disturb her. He would protect her and flooded

their bond with his reassurance

Phoebe snuggled into him accepting his comfort and strength. She hated to think she would annoy him by depending on him too much

but he growled the moment he sensed her hesitation. His life belonged to her

Reluctantly parting from him she quickly went to the closet and selected something to wear. She hadn't brought much with her but Lucille

took her shopping almost as soon as they arrived. Her sister-in-law insisted they buy far more than she could ever wear in a week they

originally planned to stay saying she could just leave the wardrobe there when it was time to leave. Apparently Lucille kept a closet of

clothes at all Blue Moon's properties so she never had to pack. It seemed a bit much to Phoebe who had always lived frugally but also

strangely appealing

Selecting leggings and a sweater she finished drying and changed

The sweater was cashmere and the softest thing she had ever worn. At the time she thought it was far too expensive but now she was glad

Lucille talked her into it. Stepping back into the bedroom she saw that Jason was already dressed. Here, they each had a separate walk-in

closet much to Jason's chagrin

Seeing him in black trousers, matching leather jacket and cream turtleneck she couldn't help but think how regal he looked. He was a true

Chapter Seventy-Four

Alpha. It didn't matter what he wore he looked strong and capable. In contrast she was...small. She would never be able to command a

room simply by walking into it like he could

It wasn't the first time she thought herself inferior to him. She still didn't feel like a Luna despite how the pack treated her. There were just

some things one had to be born with and she was still just a nameless cog even if she now had more clothes than she could ever wear in a

lifetime

"Phoebe?" Jason came to her side sensing her disquiet. "Are you over thinking again?"

"No, L. It's just.."

He held her close, nuzzling her, "Angel, you really need to stop doubting yourself. I've never seen a more natural Luna than you."

"You're bias."

"Maybe. But that doesn't make it any less true."

Phoebe tried to stifle a laugh but he sensed her mirth through their bond

“You have been my Luna officially for four months,” Jason gently intoned. “The pack is whole and complete because of you. You have

changed how our pups are taken care of and educated. You absolutely changed how pack members treat and interact with each other. They

love you, adore you, almost as much as I do. So please, stop doubting yourself”

He cupped her face in his hands caressing her cheeks with his thumbs

His eyes swirled amber showing his wolf was close and in full agreement

“You may not have been born a Luna, but you were destined to be one,” Jason said. “You were destined to be my Luna.”

Chapter Seventy-Four

Phoebe shivered as his words flowed through her touching the restless part of her soul. How did he always know just what to say to settle

the part of her that needed his words?

“Feel better?” Jason smirked

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She nodded, not trusting her voice

“Then let’s go home.”

Though they had arrived with luggage they wouldn't be taking anything back. Not only did Jason want to travel light but Phoebe’s

wardrobe had expanded considerably making it unnecessary. It would also make returning to the estate easier by leaving some essentials

behind

Taking her hand he led her to the garage where their escort waited

“Finally,” Ben chuckled, “as long as you two were taking I was beginning to wonder if you decided to finish everything your wolf started.”

Phoebe blushed but Jason merely growled at his audacity

“Everything ready?” Jason asked glaring at his Gamma as he addressed the estate’s security chief

“Yes, Alpha,” Casper answered ignoring the friendly banter between the two. “Vehicles are ready and our spotters have eyes on two

lookouts.”

“Only two?” Jason asked

Casper gave a small shrug. They knew the king would move quickly but it seemed he lacked the numbers to maintain surveillance. It was

odd considering they were essentially in royal territory or perhaps he was underestimating them

Casper was an older wolf and already out of his prime when Jason was still a pup. He had been injured during a rogue attack and now

walked

Chapter Seventy-Four with a permanent limp. This injury was what finally took him off active duty but his mind was still sharp and his

experience invaluable

He had taken the lead position over the estate’s security as a form of semi-retirement. It was as quiet post, allowing him and his mate to

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enjoy their twilight years. His mate, Matilda, was head of the staff and ran everything with the efficiency of a drill sergeant. Yet she was

generally soft spoken and treated everyone as if they were family

“Luna,” Matilda greeted as soon as Phoebe appeared, “I wish you could have stayed longer.”

“I do too,” Phoebe readily took her hands not minding the calluses. * Next time we'll bring the pups.”

“Oh yes! Please do! I haven't had pups to spoil since our own outgrew my knee.”

“Shall we take them out?” Casper asked, drawing Jason's attention away from Phoebe quietly chatting with the staff

“Positions?”

“One is in the tree across the road and another on the house just east of the gate.”

“Let's see if we can stir up the nest,” Jason said. “Take out the one in the tree.”

Casper nodded, his mindlink with their sniper already open, “Shot is green on target one.”

wae

Perched on the estate roof and lying flat to avoid being seen Jacob stirred. He was among the best shots in all Blue Moon, a title he took

very seriously. Most of the personnel at the estate fell under one of two categories: those who retired from active service and those on

extended

Chapter Seventy-Four leave due to injury

Jacob was among the latter having taken a bullet for the dignitary he had been assigned to protect. Luckily the bullet wasn't silver. Even so

it had come close to his heart. It had been a struggle to even get out of bed in the beginning of his recovery but now he was chaffing under

doctor's orders and eager to once again join the active rosters. Perhaps this mission was his chance to prove he was ready to his alpha

“Shot is green on target one.”

Asmile twitched the corners of his mouth as Jacob peered down the scope at the amateur the king sent. Sliding the bolt home he loaded

the single silver round and settled his sight on his target. Beside him his mate and spotter kept watch on their second target

“Don’t miss,” Nathan taunted not taking his eyes from target two

“If you're trying to be distracting, it’s not going to work,” Jacob snorted letting out a long easy breath as his finger settled on the trigger

and squeezed

His shoulder absorbed the kickback while the silencer ensured no sound. Watching through the scope he saw his target jerk as the bullet hit

its mark before slumping forward and falling from his precarious perch to land in a heap on the ground. Though the bullet was silver and

would kill its target unless removed it was a point of pride to make a clean, kill shot

“Target one neutralized.” 16 940 31 Comments Vote

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Chapter Seventy-Five

“Target neutralized, Alpha,” Casper relayed

“Send Team One.”

“Team One. You are good to go,” Casper relayed

At the front door the estate sat three unmarked SUVs with a team and drivers waiting. Once the word was given the doors opened and four

figures were quickly escorted to the waiting vehicles. The motorcade pulled away and headed out the gate

“Decoy is away,” Casper nodded once it was confirmed

“Good.” Jason looked back to where Phoebe stood with the staff. « Phoebe.”

She turned seeing his outstretched hand before bidding the staff farewell and returned to his side

“Oh, Luna. Here. It's rather chilly tonight,” Matilda approached with a woolen jacket

With a grateful smile Phoebe pulled it on before Jason helped her into the unmarked SUV. Ben and Lucille climbed into another as the

escort team took their places

“Shot is green on Target Two,” Casper intoned and waited for the all clear before signally them to proceed

The garage doors opened the trio of SUVs departed. Phoebe nervously fidgeted at they moved out in silence. This certainly was not how

she expected their brief vacation to end. It was meant to be a relaxing week away from the pack but it had become its own sort of

nightmare

Phoebe pensively stared out the window. A warmth suddenly

Chapter Seventy-Five

enveloped her hand and tingles traveled up her arm. Turning she looked to see Jason watching her with concern and she realized he felt

everything through their bond. Leaning forward he kissed her

“I won't let anyone hurt you, Phoebe.”

“Jason it's not—if someone gets hurt because of me...”

“If someone gets hurt it won't be your fault,” Jason shook his head. “ It'll be on the king. Remember that.”

Phoebe nodded not sure what else she could do. Perhaps he was right but that wouldn't alleviate her guilt in the slightest. Ultimately it was her presence that brought this conflict

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“This conflict was set into motion long before us,” Mani suddenly spoke. “Wolves have turned their back on the Goddess and now they must pay the price.”

“What do you mean?” “You'll see.’

Phoebe bit her lip wanting Mani to continue but apparently her wolf said all it intended to. She could never be certain how much her wolf

really knew. It didn't feel like Mani was deliberately keeping information from her. Perhaps it was something her wolf could feel but not

describe. Their wolves usually had a sixth sense when it came to trouble and danger

Maybe that's why her wolf could only give hints

But how could any wolf turn against the Moon Goddess?

Unless..

Did it have something to do with the rogues? Or was it about the fact so many were taking chosen mates over their fated ones? Or was it

both? Was it all connected?

It seemed to Phoebe the Goddess had definitely been trying to tell her

Chapter Seventy-Five

children they had taken the wrong path given the difficulty for wolves to find their fated mate. Maybe it was more than just a sign. What if

she had been right all along?

And the rogues.

She thought back to Mona's finding. What if all of them had been rejected by their mates? But surely that was impossible. Certainly that

many wolves couldn't have rejected their mates

till, she couldn't forget the royal family and everything Ben disclosed

The state of any pack was reflected its alpha. Jason was studious and organized as was Blue Moon meanwhile Rimrock had fallen apart as

Graham did. Even if the king didn't hold power some at least revered him

His dismissive attitude towards mates trickled down to the lower-ranking wolves

But it obviously didn't extend to all wolves. Jason, Ben, Lucille, Luke, Mona, Reed, Chloe, William and Lily all had their fated mates. Clearly

not everyone followed the king's example and yet they were also suffering from increasing rogue attacks. So what did it all mean?

"Hey," Jason gently tugged her closer, sensing her anxiety, and kissed her temple, "I promise I'll keep you safe."

Phoebe snuggled into him accepting his comfort. Right now it seemed the future was unstable and she needed to cling to everything she

could count on. He was number one on that list. No matter what lay in the future they would face it together. She wouldn't be alone

Jason's chest rumbled comforting her and pleased when he sensed her contentment. This was not how he expected their life together

would be. He knew she was special but seeing her wolf completely blindsided him. She was magnificent

Despite Phoebe's petite size her wolf was larger than a Beta though

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Chapter Seventy-Five

lankier which made her look smaller. He had glimpsed her speed earlier that night. She flitted through the trees like a ghost. Even Lobo had

been stunned. Of course that didn't stop him from indulging in his mate

He certainly hadn't heard of a silver wolf and Luna Kleio's speech left him with more questions than answers. Jason had no way of knowing

if anything she said was true and quite frankly he didn't care. Phoebe was his mate and nothing would change that not even if they said

she was the Goddess herself

More confusing was the pure hate radiating from the king. Jason had been ready to tear him apart and Lobo practically crawled out of his

mind wanting a bite out of the king the moment he tried to command them to reject their mate. If Phoebe had not been in his arms he

might have let his wolf loose

Phoebe had to be kept safe and out of the king's reach. Getting her back to the pack's territory was step one. But what then? He couldn't

remain defensive. There was one surefire way to end it and that meant taking out the king and anyone who stood at his side

He didn't doubt his pack's strength but he wasn't sure an open conflict with the royal family would be supported by the werewolf

community at large or his allies for that matter. There was always danger in challenging the status quo. Jason certainly didn't want them

thinking he was some power-hungry dictator. To protect Phoebe he would be just as ruthless

The trio of SUVs entered a short tunnel under an overpass and pulled to a stop beside the median. Jason quickly ushered a confused

Phoebe out of their vehicle as Ben and Lucille emerged from another. As soon as their Passengers were out the SUVs drove onward.

Scooping Phoebe into his arms Jason headed to the median and stepped over it to where three

Chapter Seventy-Five identical vehicles waited with Garrison's team

They ushered in their passengers and waited for the all clear before they started up and drove away now heading in the opposite direction

Phoebe nervously glanced out the windows and looked to Jason who seemed completely at ease

"Jason?"

"It's all right, angel," he kissed her hand, "just a little shell game."

"We're not leaving by plane, are we?"

"Not this time," Jason smirked

Phoebe didn't quite share his amusement but she relaxed in her seat resting her head on his shoulder. Jason held her close and nuzzled her.

He would keep her safe. He had to

kee

They reached the pack territory late in the evening the following day avoiding larger towns whenever possible and stopping only for fuel

and to change drivers. Phoebe had finally fallen and Jason had no desire to wake her. They kept watch for suspicious vehicles but didn't

notice any tails. It appeared their shell game had worked. With a sigh Jason slid out of the SUV and gathered Phoebe in his arms

Entering the packhouse Jason couldn't help but feel they were setting a strange precedent. This was the second time he carried Phoebe up

to their room after fleeing a dangerous situation. Reaching the top floor he found it still quiet meaning most were likely asleep. They would

greet the pups in the morning as a surprise since they originally planned to be gone a whole week

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Laying Phoebe down on the bed he gently removed her shoes before taking off his own and shrugging out of his jacket. Jason returned to

the bed frowning. He really didn't want to disturb her rest but she would sleep

Chapter Seventy-Five more comfortably if she changed out of such warm clothes

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"Angel?" Jason leaned over her nuzzling her and found she seemed to be slightly feverish. "Angel?"

Phoebe mumbled in her sleep. He placed a hand on her forehead and noted her rising temperature. Even her face was getting a little

flushed

"Angel? Phoebe, are you all right?" Jason gently shook her wondering if he should call the doctor

Werewolves rarely got sick. Their healing ability handled most things without displaying symptoms. When they did actually manifest

symptoms it usually meant something serious was brewing

It couldn't have been anything she ate. Only pack members prepared her meals and he ate the same things. He hadn't allowed her to touch

anything at the princess's birthday celebration. The pack members made them sandwiches for their hurried departure though they

purchased snacks on their occasional stops. Still, there was nothing unusual in that

Phoebe had been anxious since the confrontation with the king. She had a big heart and hated anyone getting hurt on her account. He

wouldn't

put it past her to worry herself sick

"Phoebe, angel, I need you to wake up for me," Jason urged

She finally stirred forcing her eyes open. They seemed glazed over making him worry even more as he got her to sit up and removed her

jacket. He peeled off her sweater to find her covered in a layer of sweat and

her skin hot to the touch. She whimpered as the cool air hit her fevered body

"Phoebe, are you all right? Angel?"

Her vacant gaze seemed to sharpen and she saw him for the first time

Suddenly she grabbed him smashing their lips together. Jason tried to

protest wanting to call for a doctor but her tongue dove into his mouth, dominating his as her scent flared. He growled as its musk filled his

lungs

His own body temperature rose and a possessive snarl burst out of him as she tore his shirt off eager to feel his skin. He flung the rest of

their clothes to the side not caring if they were intact before forcing her down on the bed. She growled presenting herself as he thrust into

her. In all the times they mated he always took his time to pleasure her but now there was only one goal, one need: to claim her and fill her

with his seed

“Yes! Yes!” Phoebe gasped in ecstasy as he buried himself inside her

Her back arched and moved her hips to meet his as he thrust with increasing force. “Yes Jason! Yes! Faster! More!”

Usually she was rather quiet, seldom voicing anything more than demur moans but now she practically howled. Her cries urged him to take

her with everything he possessed until her body finally clenched milking him dry and filling her

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Chapter Seventy-Six ad Chapter Seventy-Six

Jason groaned slowly stirring. His head pounded and every sound echoed painfully in his ears. Every inch of his body ached, even his hair if

that were possible. His chest felt tight as if a weight rested on it. Forcing his eyes open he found the weight was quite literal as Phoebe lay

with her head pillowed on his chest

~ Her dark hair spiea ove snouraer and her arm draped across his waist. She breathed deep and relaxed. Though he certainly didn't

mind the view he wondered how late they had slept

“Earth to Jason,” Lucille’s voice intruded. “Any survivors?”

Jason growled as his headache pinched, “Now js not a good time for

“Luce”

The link vibrated with her laughter, “/t’s almost one o'clock.”

“What?! How could you let me sleep so late?! I have to organize patrols, increase security...”

“Relax! Already done and done. Luke increased patrols and the warriors are on high alert. Ben's making inquiries into the royal family and

everything to do with silver wolves so relax.

Jason let out an uneasy sigh. He was glad things were being done but they shouldnt have let him sleep so long

“By the way... hope you are sitting down. We got back to the pack three days ago.”

“Three days. It's been three days!! How?”

Chapter Seventy-Six Lucille’s mirth echoed through the link, ‘It's called a heat cycle, brother dear.” Jason's gaze widened as he recalled

arriving at the packhouse and carrying Phoebe to bed. She felt like she had a fever. And then..

Oh.

That was three days ago? But how? He shifted his aching body. Did they mate again after that? How many times in three days? “Hey Jace,

everything all right?” “Yeah. I suppose. I remember getting back but not much after

Just snippets.” “Phoebe’s heat probably triggered a rut,” Lucille answered rather sagely. “Memory loss isn’t uncommon, especially for your

first time.” Jason ran a hand through his hair

“It's lucky your bedroom is soundproof I can only image how badly our ears would have bled.” He groaned and felt his face warm at the

thought

"Mom and I have been sliding food trays under the door for you two

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Your wolf definitely wasn't letting anyone near his Luna during her heat."

"Sorry." "It's fine. But if you are coherent you probably want an

actual meal. If it's safe shall I send up some?" Jason's gaze shifted to Phoebe. He ran his fingers through her hair

She moaned softly, snuggling against him. She looked so peaceful he hated to wake her but if what Lucille said was true then she hadn't

had a descent meal in three days and that he couldn't allow, especially now

"Give us another hour," Jason finally said. "Then send it up."

Chapter Seventy-Six

"sure"

He couldn't help but hear her chuckle. With a sigh he turned his attention to Phoebe still sleeping peacefully, no doubt as unaware of the

past three days as he was

"Phoebe? Angel? You need to wake up, luv."

She sighed muttering unintelligibly as he nudged her. He shook her shoulder a little more forcefully trying to stir her awake

"Phoebe?"

Finally she raised her head groaning at the soreness that had settled throughout her body. Jason grimaced at her discomfort but movement

would help. She slowly stretched looking up at him

"Jason?"

"Hello, angel," he cradled her close as he rolled so they lay facing each other.
"How do you feel?"

"Um..sore? What time is it?"

"One."

"One! In the afternoon?" Phoebe suddenly sat up only to whimper as a pain pierced her temple and she fell back down

Jason held her close allowing the bond to sooth her as he gently caressed her smooth curves. He didn't have to imagine the discomfort she

felt as he was certain it mirrored his own

"Take it easy, angel," Jason sighed. "There's more." "More?" "It's one o'clock three days after we arrived home."

"It's been three days?" Phoebe's brow furrowed trying to grasp the strands of memory just as he did. "How?"

"You went into heat as soon as we got back," Jason explained. "We've

Chapter Seventy-Six been in bed three days. It's finally done."

"Three days and we've been..." Pheobe's voice trailed off as she blushed. Three days of non-stop s*x? /s that what he was trying to say?

Jason chuckled kissing her forehead as his hand moved to caress her stomach, "That also means in all likelihood you are already carrying my

pup:

Phoebe stiffened, her eyes going wide. That's right. Normally if a fated pair mated during a female's heat cycle they were practically

guaranteed a pup. According to Mani their chances were a little different but she hadn't told him that bit of information yet. Looking at his

heated gaze now she couldn't say it

"Our pup," Phoebe finally corrected

"Ours," he smiled and kissed her. "I'll get a bath running. Lucy is sending up dinner soon."

Oh, well. 'm not.."

"No," Jason frowned. "No missing meals. You're eating for two now

He kissed her again before rolling out of bed and heading to the bedroom. Phoebe watched him but her mind was concerned with other thoughts

"Mani?" "Yes?" Are you, okay?" "Oh yes. Our Mates certainly know how to satisfy. I wouldn't mind another three days." "What about, the other thing?" "Other thing?"

Chapter Seventy-Six

Yason thinks we might be pregnant."

After all that I should say so."

"But you said we'd only be fertile on the full moon, remember?"

"Sweetie, I don't know if you noticed but it was the full moon."

"It was?" Phoebe struggled to recall the princess's party. It had been overcast but she and Jason had gone on a moonlit run afterwards and

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the skies had been clear then. Yes. The moon had been full, or nearly so

"I'd say the chances are ninety-nine point ninety-nine percent," Mani snickered

Phoebe felt her face warm all over again as her hands settled over her stomach

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"We'll know soon enough," Mani said. About a week or so."

"Right"

Early pregnancy tests could be inconclusive, but she-wolves generally sensed their pregnancies far sooner as their bodies prepared to carry

the growing pup. About the time its heartbeat was audible their scent would change alerting their mate of their condition

Phoebe bit her lip caressing her stomach. She was pregnant. They were going to have a pup. It would be hers and Jasons. She couldn't

believe it. The news simply wouldn't sink in

"Ready, angel?"

She looked up to see Jason had returned. He smiled as he scooped her into his arms and carried her to the bath. Easing her into the warm

water he joined her pulling her into his lap so she could lean against his

chest before turning on the jets letting the warmth and bubbles ease their aches

Phoebe sighed leaning against him. His hands caressed her stomach as his chest rumbled in pleasure. There was no mistaking his joy in the

simple hope they would soon have a pup. Thanks to Mani's assurance she knew it wasn't a false hope but what did that mean for the future

and the conflict looming over them?

"This is probably the worst timing of worse timings," Phoebe said

"Hmm? Are you thinking about the king again?" Jason asked. "Don't

TI never let him touch you. I'll protect you and our pup, angel. I swear it."

“Just make sure you come home,” Phoebe said as he held her. “You are important too. I don’t want our pup growing up with only stories about you.”

“I won’t let that happen, angel. Promise.”

Phoebe snuggled into his chest breathing in his scent and enjoying the strength of his embrace

If the future was uncertain she would hold onto these moments. She wasn’t sure what the Moon Goddess planned for them but it wouldn’t

tear them apart. They would find away to stay together. Their pack was strong,

their love stronger

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Chapter Seventy-Seven

Phoebe hesitantly stepped into the dining hall. Her face immediately warmed as the scant crowd turned their attention to her. By now most

probably knew about the confrontation between her and the princess as well as the king’s ultimatum. She hadn’t even been among them

for a year and she was already bringing danger to the pack. Yet as she studied their expressions she didn’t see any resentment or anger.

Rather they all seemed hopeful and happy

“Over here,” Lucille waved

Nervously Phoebe crossed the room and settled in the seat across from her sister and mother-in-laws. They both smiled with knowing grins

making Phoebe’s face heat up again

"We were beginning to wonder if we were going to have to call the fire brigade," Lucille teased

"S-sorry we worried you," Phoebe mumbled

"Lucy," Norah admonished before reaching for Phoebe's hand. "How are you dear? Your first heat after being marked can be quite

overwhelming especially with wolves as synced as yours and Jason's."

"What do you mean?"

"When you are as in tune with your wolves as you two are they often come forward and, in some cases, take over. So don't be surprised if

there are gaps in your memory."

"Oh." Phoebe nodded. Yes, she did notice her memory was a bit fragmented over the last few days and what she did remember blended

together so it was impossible to separate one day from another. "Will all

Chapter Seventy-Seven my heats be like that?"

"Yes and no," Lucille shrugged. "This was your first and we're in the middle of a stressful situation so I'm sure that contributed to all the

chaos

It probably won't be as overwhelming next time but with Jason being Mister Possessive Alpha, who knows?"

Phoebe nervously glanced around the room to see many were watching her. She didn't feel any hostility. They remained curious and eager

as if waiting for her to give them some sort of command

"Why is everyone staring at me?"

"Because they all want to know if you're pregnant," Norah chuckled. It's been almost twenty-five years since pups was born to a high-

ranking wolf and this one will be an alpha so everyone is excited. Don't be surprised if they start following you around and offer to

complete whatever mundane task they can for you."

"You'll never have to lift a finger again," Lucille chuckled

"don't need them to do that," Phoebe shook her head

"That won't matter," Norah said, "you're their Luna, their very pregnant Luna. You'll be treated like a queen."

"I don't even know if I am."

"You will soon enough," Norah chuckled, "and Lucille isn't wrong. You will be waited on to ensure the pup develops properly so don't be

surprised when the kitchen staff starts changing up your meals."

nae "He lives!" Ben exclaimed as Jason stepped into his office

Jason growled as he faced his Beta and Gamma. One was bad enough

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and here both of them were waiting to ambush him. His cheeks tinged pink, "I suppose asking you two to drop it won't do any good."

Chapter Seventy-Seven

Luke rolled his eyes gesturing for him to sit, "Come on, Jace. Sit."

With a sigh Jason moved to the couch. Smirking Ben poured him a drink as they sat across from him. They shared amused looks at how

uncomfortable their Alpha looked

"So, how are you doing, really?" Luke finally asked

Jason scrubbed his hands down his face. He suddenly lurched forward, grabbed his glass and downed it in one swig

"That well, huh?" Ben said as he refilled Jason's glass. "Come on, be honest. We know you adopted Blake and Emma and you've been

honing those daddy skills. But really, what's it like knowing you have a bun in the oven, hmm?"

Jason sighed looking at his glass before he finally spoke, "I think it's the most electrifying and terrifying feeling in my life. I can't decide if

it's the best or the worst timing."

He looked up at them his gaze reflecting his elation, fear and awe. It wasn't simply worry for the new pup. With the threat from the royal

family hanging over them it was a much more complicated situation

"Hey, take it easy," Luke reached over and squeezed his shoulder. "You're not alone. There isn't a single wolf in this pack who wouldn't lay

down their life for their Luna. We'll all help you keep Phoebe safe."

Jason nodded letting out an uneasy breath

"That's right," Ben agreed, "We should hear something soon."

"How soon?"

"Very. You know how my sister likes to work."

Jason nodded struggling to recall the she-wolf he hadn't seen in years

He remembered a rather serious woman who had very little time for young male antics, even if the male in question was her brother: or

rather

Chapter Seventy-Seven he

step-brother. Christina's mother, Dolores, had been part of a different pack

She was another nameless cog like Phoebe and, like Phoebe, had been mated to her alpha

Rather than rejecting the mate he thought unworthy of him the alpha instead kept her chained in the pack's prison calling for her whenever

he needed to satisfy himself. She was repeatedly raped and tortured for years, forced to endure his infidelity as he liked to keep multiple

partners

Somehow she managed to conceive and give birth to Christina who grew up in the same prison cell her mother lived in

When Christina turned ten her father set his sights on her ready to give her the same treatment as her mother. Despite her weakened state

Dolores's protective instincts flared and she leapt to defend her daughter

He might have killed them both if Ramon, Jackson's Gamma, hadn't been touring the prison. Having only just lost his own mate in

childbirth, he and his wolf became enraged

After beating the alpha to within an inch of his life Ramon forced him to accept her rejection before sweeping both mother and daughter

away and into the protection of Blue Moon's pack. It took months of patience and dedicated nursing to heal both mother and daughter. But

the greatest balm for Dolores's wounds was an infant Ben who was in desperate need of a mother. In the end Ramon took Dolores as a

chosen mate and fully accepted Christina as his own

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Though they were only chosen mates there was no denying the deep abiding love existing between them. Her previous abuse and

malnutrition prevented them from having more pups but they devoted themselves to Christina and Ben. Ramon treated Christina like a

princess and Dolores was the only mother Ben ever knew. They were so closely bonded most were surprised to learn the blended nature of

their family

Chapter Seventy-Seven

Unfortunately the abuse Dolores suffered had lasting effects on her health. Her wolf was underdeveloped. She struggled with seasonal

maladies and a weakened heart. Still she managed to hold on long enough to see both her children mated. Ramon followed shortly after

unable to bear the loss of two mates

Jason thought Christina took the loss of their parents much harder than Ben. She found it difficult to stay in the packhouse and the Gamma

suite where so many memories dwelled. Instead she elected to travel, eventually becoming something of a spy for Blue Moon. She had a

wealth of contacts and informants at her disposal. If there was something she didn't know she knew how to find it

Jason never asked Christina or her mate, Emily, how they got their information or why so many owed them favors. Some things he figured

were best left unsaid

"Jenny I've got your number, I need to make you mine, Jenny don't change your number, eight-six-seven-five-three-oh-nine!" the infamous

eighties hit erupted from Ben's phone causing him to almost spill his drink

"Really? That's your ringtone?" Luke scoffed

"What? It's a classic."

Luke and Jason shared a look as he answered the phone

“Chris? Hey, I've been waiting for your call. Yeah? Oh, wait. Jace is here. Let me put you on speaker,” Ben tapped the screen and set the

phone on the table. “Go ahead.”

“Hey Mister Alpha, how are you doing?”

“Hi Chris, we missed you at the Luna Ceremony.”

“Sorry about that. We couldn't get a flight out in time.”

Chapter Seventy-Seven

“Yeah, my mom rushed it so it could be on the blue moon.”

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“Sounds like her. How was it?”

“Eventful,” Jason said not wanting to go into details. “So, Ben says you have news?”

“Straight to business. Right now Em and I are in Mercantour National Park chasing down a lead.”

“Mercantour? Why there?”

“We picked up a rumor about the king consulting with witches.”

Jason shared a confused look with Luke and Ben. Unlike vampires, werewolves and witches shared a more amicable history. While wolves

praised the Moon Goddess, witches invoked a separate deity though they also recognized the Moon Goddess. During werewolf-vampire

conflicts witches maintained a neutral stance though some covens openly supported wolves and a limited few vampires

“I'm pretty sure I heard the king state how much he hates witches,” Jason said with a frown. “Why would he consult with one?”

“Well, not our current king, one of his ancestors,” Christina explained

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“The problem is there is virtually no record of it outside of rumors which means it was considered top secret, if it’s true. We think we might

have found the coven though.”

“IT see. What about silver wolves?”

“Ill let Em explain that.”

“Hey Alpha,” a new voice chirped

“Em

“So I've been through just about every book on lore and history I could find and...nothing.”

“Nothing?”

Chapter Seventy-Seven

“That's right, or just about. I've found maybe two or three references to silver wolves. I mean we know they exist and that they are rare but

almost nothing else aside from the prophecy of doom thing. Which is super weird, right? You would think that if there is a wolf out there

that is going to bring about the end of werewolf society we would know everything about them.”

“So, we're at square one,” Luke sighed

“Not quite. Remember the old saying history is written by the winners? The problem with history book is whoever writes them has a bias

which skews their perspective. Anyway, let me ask you this..who writes werewolf history?”

Jason's brow furrowed sensing where she was going

"New Moon," Emily supplied the answer they expected. "I have a feeling they've been hiding the truth about silver wolves. The question is why?"

"So how do we find out the answer?" Luke asked

"You can ask them. They want to meet you, you and Luna."

Jason let out a growl

"Jace, it might be the only way we get answers," Ben reminded. "What are their conditions?"

"Only that they can talk to both of them. We can choose the time and place and any conditions you want to impose. What do you think,

Alpha?"

Chapter 78

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Chapter Seventy-Eight

Chapter Seventy-Eight

Luna Kleio stepped out of the & SV smiling at the warrior who had accompanied her across Blue Moon's border. He acknowledged

her with a nod but remained on alert. Her driver had also been rather anxious constantly checking mirrors and monitoring the road after

picking her up in

neutral territory

It made her rather nervous but also comforted. There was no doubt in her mind the alertness was due to the threat posed against their

Luna

Kleio was glad Blue Moon's Alpha was taking the safety of his mate so seriously. If not she had been prepared to insist Phoebe return

with her to New Moon where they could protect her

She followed the warrior to the front door where Beta Luke waited for her. With a stiff smile he escorted her inside. It had been years

since she last set foot in Blue Moon's packhouse, not since she was nineteen. Her father sent her to visit for a summer as a way of

strengthening their ties, though it was mostly to see if she and Jason were mates. She didn't know who was more disappointed more by

the revelation they weren't: her father or his, but it turned out all right in the end. Kleio certainly wouldn't trade Hymen for anyone in

the world and she knew Jason felt the same way given how devoted he was to Phoebe

Luke brought her to the office entering without knocking. Jason sat at

his desk but immediately stood to greet her, "Kleio."

"Jason," Kleio nodded

"Have a seat," Jason gestured to the couch and Q chairs

She sank onto the couch as he sat across from her. Studying him she noticed his pensive expression. Kleio briefly wondered if he was

recalling

Chapter Seventy-Eight their brief history or if it was the future that concerned him more

Probably the latter

Jason studied the Luna in front of him. At one point his father hoped they would be mates. It seemed like ages ago. He barely

remembered it to be honest but he did firmly recall the princess's birthday celebration

Phoebe and Kleio got along rather famously, discussing all sorts of history and once again reminding Jason just how well-read his Luna

was

But even more important was how Kleio stepped forward to defend Phoebe when the king practically demanded her head. That took

courage and he was grateful she spoke with such ease

"I never got the chance to thank you for what you did," Jason finally spoke, "for standing up for Phoebe."

"Oh," Kleio blushed, "you don't have to thank me for that. It was the right thing to do."

"still, it couldn't have been easy in a room full of alphas and the king."

Kleio snorted, "The king doesn't have much of an aura. He couldn't command a Chihuahua."

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visit

"I've noticed," Jason smirked. "still, thank you."

"I only told the truth," Kleio shrugged though pleased with his gratitude

Before either said more, Luke opened the door allowing Phoebe to enter carrying a serving tray loaded with a tea setting and small

cookies

Jason was on his feet immediately as she approached and set the tray down

"I thought we could use some refreshments," Phoebe said as she poured

Chapter Seventy-Eight wy

“Oh, you don’t have to,” Kleio tried to protest

“Nonsense, how do you take your tea?”

“Oh, ah, milk is fine.”

Phoebe nodded adding milk to her cup before handing it to her. She offered Jason a cup but he declined. With a note of exasperation

she made her own cup. Before she could move to sit Jason tugged her into his lap

“Jason,” Phoebe protested making sure she didn’t spill her tea

“It’s fine,” Kleio chuckled, “I think your Alpha needs the reassurance you are close and safe.”

Phoebe felt her face warm even as she leaned against him. Ever since her heat ended three days ago he had been more attentive than

ever. She still hadn't confirmed her potential pregnancy but that didn't dampen his, or the pack's, enthusiasm

“Oh! This is excellent,” Kleio exclaimed sipping her tea

“Thank you,” Phoebe smiled, “my mother loved tea. She said making it was an art.”

“She wasn’t wrong,” Kleio sighed. After another sip she set down the cup choosing her next words carefully. “What do you know about

Lycans?”

Jason raised an eyebrow. This certainly wasn't the line of questioning he expected. He thought the Luna wanted to talk about silver

wolves. Why was she suddenly concerned about Lycans?

“They were our ancestors,” Phoebe said

“Predecessors, not ancestors,” Kleio corrected, “but yes. They were the first children of the Moon Goddess. When they shifted they were

humanoid beasts with wolf heads and tails. I imagine they looked quite

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Chapter Seventy-Eight wy grotesque but like us they received the Goddess’s blessing of increased strength and speed especially under

the moon.”

Kleio paused gauging her audience. Phoebe was naturally intrigued though Jason seemed confused. He probably had no idea where

Kleio was going but that was the nature of history. One needed to start at the beginning

“But that’s where the similarities ended,” Kleio said. “Their beasts didn’t have consciousnesses of their own like our wolves. They were

pure instinct. They also didn’t have fated mates. Since they valued strength they naturally sought out the strongest mates. They

maintained a deeply stratified society with a king at the top and omegas below. The different statuses didn’t mingle or interact let alone

mate. They also regularly challenged each other in fights to the death over mates they believed were rightfully theirs.”

Phoebe nodded. It was the basis for the laws that pervaded today and allowed the princess to challenge her in the first place. She

couldn't help but think a change was long overdue

“Lycans lived between two hundred and two hundred-fifty years so they were never very fertile and they didn’t have heat cycles so pups

were never a given. Not surprisingly this led to many switching partners in hopes of conception,” Kleio continued, “eventually new kinds

of Lycan’s were born: the so-called beastless

“Lycan beasts were awakened from the moment they were born but a few were born as weak as humans without beasts. These few were

looked down on as inferior and some killed outright. The few that survived had beasts that awakened as they matured. And their beasts

weren't just base instincts. They were true pieces of their souls and a living consciousness within them

Chapter Seventy-Eight bs

“As you might guess they were the first werewolves. Of course there

was some disappointment when they shifted into actual wolves. They were naturally smaller than Lycan beasts but much faster with

senses uniquely honed and superior to their predecessors. And they could mindlink with each other. Even so they were viewed as weak

and treated as mistakes or slaves. Many left Lycan society all together escaping into the forest to live as wolves. Until the next vampire

war

“The vampires attacked unexpectedly and almost overran the Lycan defenses. Werewolves who were much quicker tured the tide of

battle led by a particularly ferocious she-wolf: Kirke Gabris. As special recognition she was brought in front of the ruling Lycan Prince

Enlil. As soon as he came in front of her he caught the most delicious smell.”

ke

“Mate,” Kirke said as soon as the Prince stood in front of her

There was no mistaking the intoxicating scent: pungent, musky salvia and almost elusively spicy saffron. Her gray eyes swirled silver as

her wolf pressed close eager to meet the mate it had been longing for

“What?” Prince Enlil asked his nostrils flaring at the scent of lemon and slightly sweet fennel filling his nose. What was that intoxicating

smell? Was it emanating from this petite beastless shifter?

“Mate,” she said again. “You're mine and I'm yours. The Goddess declares it.”

“What?”

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“Your scent. You smell it too, don't you? You can feel the bond calling out to your beast.”

Enlil shifted uncomfortably. His beast did feel off trying to push closer to her as if drawn by a leash. All around them his warriors

watched in

contusion. He felt the pressure of their unasked questions. It just wasn't

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Chapter Seventy-Eight as possible

Standing in front of him was the most beautiful female he ever laid eyes on. She was petite and far paler than the dark, olive tone skin of

the Lycan's around her, unmated Lycan males. Enlil had the sudden urge to crush her in his arms and protect her from the other males.

He wanted her body against his, to lick every inch of her and fill her with his quickly hardening member. What were these thoughts?

He shook his head, scowling, "Impossible. I would never mate with such a weak creature."

"Are you rejecting the Goddess's gift?" her gaze suddenly became stone-cold gray

"Of course I am!" he snapped

"Then say the words," her gaze seemed to darken as if daring him

Enlil licked his lips at her challenge. He could hardly back down now, "I reject..."

"Your full name and title," she snarled

"I, Enlil Karalis, Prince of Lycans, reject you Kirke Gabris as my mate," he growled before suddenly doubling over as a sharp pain pierced

his chest. The bond that had begun to form shattered and his beast wailed in pain

"I, Kirke Gabris, accept your rejection," Kirke said calmly and quietly. Her wolf whimpered but they refused to beg for a mate unworthy

of them. "Congratulations, your Highness, you have turned your back on the Goddess and she will no longer aid you. The moon will

never give you strength again. You will never be whole. And your name will go down in

history...as the last Lycan Prince. Enjoy your twilight."

She spun on her heels and headed for the door, her intoxicating

Chapter Seventy-Eight
The scent swirling around her. His beast whimpered in longing and agony

"Stop her," Enlil groaned. He would break that pride and make her beg for him

One of his warriors reached to grab her but she was quicker, lashing out. Her strikes were like lightning as she struck pressure points and

brought them to their knees. Goddess, did she know how sexy she was as she took them out with such ease and grace?

One of his warriors managed to shift into its beast form and lunged for her. Enlil briefly panicked imagining her body impaled on razor

sharp claws. Instead she dropped to all fours shifting into a shining silver wolf. He stared in wonder at the beauty of her shimmering coat.

She avoided her attacker with ease, leaping up to grip his throat with her jaws, tossed him aside and into the door which flew open. Her

way now open, she spared the prince a single glance before darting off into the night. Enlil stumbled to the door desperate to call her

back as her mournful howl echoed around him.

Chapter 79

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Chapter Seventy-Nine

"Prince Enlil never saw her again," Kleio said. "Records indicate he chased every mention of a silver wolf, hoping to find her, but she was a

ghost flitting from one battlefield to another. And her words proved correct. The prince never conceived an heir with any of his bed

~ partners. In fact, no Lycan did. And they also lost their strength. The moon no longer enhanced their auras or attributes."

"So sad," Phoebe leaned against Jason as he hugged her close.

"As he neared the end of his life with no heirs in sight, Enlil called for a tournament to find the strongest Lycan to be his successor."

He had always loved but it was a hollow taste. Now it reminded him of her: her pale

B L L "he thought made his beast whimper. It was the only thing it seemed capable of

doing even after twenty years. What's more his strength and aura had waned since that day. He could barely muster the energy to shift

anymore but he wasn't the only one weakening

In twenty years not one Lycan pup had been born. Lycans were never very fertile but not one pup in twenty years was unheard of Making

matters worse, vampire attacks were on the rise. They were whittling the away at the Lucan's numbers. There were barely a hundred left

On the other hand the werewolves, or just wolves, as they called themselves were rising in numbers. The Moon Goddess not only blessed

them with speed but also enhanced fertility. In twenty years they had more than quadrupled their numbers. In addition they seemed to have anew

Chapter Seventy-Nine wa ability, telepathy. They called it mindlinking, allowing them to communicate and coordinate even over great distance

On the battlefield their hunting howls preceded their arrival and they swept in like an incoming tide. If one fell under attack and was

overwhelmed two or three others would answer its call and come to its aid

When the battle was over the wolves withdrew with the same speed as they arrived barely glancing at the Lycans

Every battle Enlil strained to glimpse his silver goddess. He followed every rumor of a silver wolf but he never saw her no matter how much

he longed for her. And now he felt his end coming. Her words had cut him deep but the truth was settling in his bones. He would never sire

an heir but maybe he wouldn't be the last Lycan prince

He made his way to the arena where twenty warriors were gathered to complete to be his successor. With only a hundred Lycans left twenty

was more than he expected. After a few brief words he took his seat and watched the tournament. One warrior in particular soon caught his attention

Rather short for a Lycan warrior, he was fast taking out his opponents quickly and decisively. Enlil was not surprised when the warrior ended

up in the finals and even less surprised when he won. While the others licked their wounds Enlil approached the victor

“That was an amazing show of...” Enlil's voice trailed off as he caught the faint spicy-sweet smell of fennel

The warrior turned and Enlil found himself staring into very familiar silver-gray eyes. His brow furrowed in confusion. Was he finally going

insane?

“Hello, your Highness,” the warrior said, “my mother sends her regards.”

Chapter Seventy-Nine ZF

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“Your mother?”

“After you rejected her she found her second chance mate,” the warrior told him. “But you wouldn't know anything about the Goddess's

gifts.”

“Kirke...” Enlil whispered the name he often cried out in his sleep

The warrior smirked turning toward the exit

“W-wait”

The warrior paused with a sneer, "You never deserved her. I only came here to keep her promise. You will be the last Lycan prince."

kee

"So she found her second chance mate and had pups," Phoebe smiled softly. "But I still don't understand how silver wolves become a harbinger of chaos."

"Well, that is a trick of history," Kleio said. "Lycan's were already weakening and her appearance only hastened their demise but it nonetheless set it in stone. And it wasn't just her."

"There are other silver wolves?"

"One other. You are only the third silver wolf to exist," Kleio said. "The second silver wolf appeared a few thousand years after the first. At the time wolves kept to their own packs and had no central leadership. Vampires were less of a threat but still something for us to fear."

When werewolves weren't fighting them they were declaring war on each other. She helped organize the packs under a hierarchy which eventually led to the formation

of the royal pack. Of course, she nearly caused a war to do so but there are only a few records from that time so her story is rather incomplete."

Phoebe sighed. So she was only the third silver wolf? Were they really

Chapter Seventy-Nine we so rare?

"From what I've been able to gather silver wolves appear when the Moon Goddess wishes to correct us," Kleio said, "Kirke appeared when

the Lycans were practically killing themselves off. Eris appeared when we were poised at each other's throats fighting for dominance."

“So what about now?” Phoebe asked. “What am I supposed to be doing?”

“That I can’t tell you,” Kleio said, “although I do have a thought. We all know how many wolves are taking chosen mates instead of their

fated ones as well as the rise in rogue attacks. Since silver wolves appear in times of turmoil I'd say one or both of those issues is why you

have appeared now.”

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Jason's embrace tightened as he growled at the thought of Phoebe not being his mate

“I mean, in addition to your mate, of course,” Kleio chuckled

Phoebe pondered everything she had learned. Yes, she supposed she could see why silver wolves were labeled agents of upheaval if their

emergence brought such drastic change. But it seemed chaos already existed before they appeared. In fact, it seemed silver wolves brought

things back into balance. Why then were they known as chaos bringers?

“Not a clue,” Mani stirred from her own contemplation

Are you sure you don’t have an idea?’

“Not my area.” Is there anything you do know?" “Our time is nearly here.’

“Time for us to do what?”

Chapter Seventy-Nine Zw

I'm not sure.’

“Mani.

It's not like I have all the answers. It's just a feeling I have, like when I cautioned against showing ourselves in our old pack. It's not like I

knew the royal family would react that way when we showed ourselves."

"wonder why the king hates us so much."

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"Maybe our new friend knows?"

"Do you have any idea why the king is so vindictive toward me?" Phoebe asked. "If a silver wolf established the royal family wouldn't he be grateful?"

"That's a good question," Kleio agreed. "I don't have an answer for that."

Phoebe sighed but she supposed she could hardly expect less. The situation seemed a lot more complicated now than when she didn't

know anything. Jason nuzzled her sensing her disquiet. He was desperate to reassure her. They would find their answers together

She smiled at him allowing his comfort to ease her worries. That's right. She wasn't alone. They would be together, always. That was why

Mani waited so long to reveal herself. But what did the rest of it mean? How was she supposed to know what to do?

"Can I ask you some questions?" Kleio asked

"Of course," Phoebe nodded

"Your wolf, what is she like? I mean, is she like other wolves?"

"I'm not sure how to answer that," Phoebe said, "she's the only wolf I have. If you want to know if she is some great mystical sage, no. I'd

say she has a greater connection to other wolves, like how I can tell rejected

Chapter Seventy-Nine Per wolves, even years afterwards. In fact, she seems to have a great concern for rejected wolves but I don't know if

it's because if that is part of her purpose or because we were rejected."

"Why assume it's one or the other?" Kleio asked. "If you and your wolf are here for a purpose then it stands to reason all of your

experiences contribute to it in some way."

Phoebe considered that. She supposed she was thinking about it the wrong way. Mani described their rejection as a trial to prove

themselves worthy but maybe it was an experience for them to gain empathy and wisdom

"So, safe to assume the Goddess doesn't speak to you?" Kleio said with a note of disappointment

"I'm afraid not," Phoebe shook her head. Sometimes Mani had surprising insights but nothing that pointed to direct communication

"should we tell her about your resistance to silver and wolfsbane?" "No. Definitely not." "You don't trust her?"

"don't think she is malicious but I don't think she'll keep this information to herself and the less others know about us, the better."

"Then telling her about our pup is definitely out." "Definitely." "Can you feel it yet?" "Not just yet." "I'm sorry I couldn't give you more

answers," Kleio said after a moment

"It's all right. It's more information than we had but it does raise the question why none of this is in our history books," Phoebe said

Chapter Seventy-Nine WZ "Actually, I can tell you that," Kleio announced. "Several generations

ago the king ordered all history of silver wolves destroyed and purged all books mentioning them. New Moon hid copies and prevented them from being destroyed. Knowledge and history is our packs preview."

Jason and Phoebe shared a confused look. Just what was the royal family trying to hide?

Chapter 80

Chapter Eighty wy Chapter Eighty

Prince Nolan scowled as he entered his bedroom to see a female lying in his bed. With a growl he seized her by the hair and kicked her out

with a snarl as a maid brought him some tea. Keeping her eyes downcast she arranged it on his table preparing a cup

Nolan's nose wrinkled in disgust. Would his father never stop meddling? He waited until the maid had left before pouring the tea down the

drain

For years his father had been obsessed with having several heirs to carry on the glory of the royal line. When his first mate couldn't provide

more than one he moved on to a new one. Nolan had no idea how his mother tolerated him but after what he did to her first mate perhaps

she felt she had no choice. She never said as much but Nolan had serious doubts the king was his biological father yet he had enough

sense of self-preservation not to ask

Achan was the elder prince and Selena the princess. Between them there was more than enough drama to keep anyone busy. As long as

Nolan kept his head down the king was content to ignore him. All that changed after Selena shifted. Suddenly his father had a vested

interested in his love life

Nolan wasn't sure why. Something seemed to be gnawing at the king

He was distracted during meetings asking strange questions. At least they seemed strange at the time. Silver wolves, he always wanted to

know about silver wolves. Had any been seen? Were there rumors about unusual happenings?

Nolan couldn't decide what was stranger, his father's preoccupation

Chapter Eighty @ with some mythical wolf or his complete lack of attention toward Selena

Ever since she was born he catered to her, spoiled her..until the day she shifted and revealed herself. White wolves were a rare spectacle but

the king hadn't been delighted in the slightest. In fact he flew into a rage

Afterwards he started his unusual inquiries

Silver wolves

Why silver wolves?

Nolan thought he was crazy until he saw her: an actual silver wolf. She wasn't anything like he imagined

The petite werewolf in Jason's arms hadn't really attracted his notice

She seemed pleasant enough but that hardly mattered in a room full of harpies. It was lucky she was in Jason's company or else she would

not have an easy time. But why was she in his company?

Nolan certainly wasn't prepared for Jason's announcement. He had found his fated mate and the petite she-wolf was it. They could

practically hear a pin drop the same time Selena's mouth did. She pursued him for so long only for this strangely pale she-wolf to snatch

him away. Selena walked away only to fume as she danced staring at the petite, unassuming she-wolf with such a coveted spot

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Nolan, on the other hand, was secretly happy for Jason. He knew how long the latter searched for his fated mate. Watching Jason as he

escorted his Luna it was clear how much he cherished her but that meant nothing to Selena who had been raised to never accept anything

less than she deserved. The problem was she thought she deserved things she didn't

To tell the truth, Nolan always felt sorry for Jason once his sister set his sights on him. If the Alpha ever accepted the princess for a mate he

was certain to regret it. Luckily Jason's disinterest couldn't have been more

Chapter Eighty Ld apparent. And his love for his Luna even more so. Nolan thought his sister would finally admit Jason was out of reach but

of course she couldn't, but even he didn't expect her to actually challenge the other for her Luna title

When Jason's Luna shifted into a silver wolf, Nolan thought he was dreaming. By the look on Jason's face it was clear he hadn't expected it

either. She was gorgeous and practically glowed in the moonlight. Seeing an actual silver wolf Nolan wondered why others made such a big

deal about white wolves. His sister was nothing in comparison and Jason's Luna quickly proved it by tossing her like a ragdoll

Nolan sighed as he stepped out of the shower. The look on his father's face was definitely something to behold: surprise, outrage, disgust,

hatred ..pure hatred. He shivered just thinking about it

He never saw his father like that before. Nolan had actually been afraid. His father's hatred was second only to Jason's absolute dominance

and protectiveness. Jason swooped in and carried his Luna away without hesitation daring the king to try and stop him

His father wilted and didn't dare stand in his way. As soon as Jason's aura withdrew the king's rage was uncontrollable. He ordered

everyone out and stormed off. Selena was a whimpering mess but Nolan could hardly bother with her. He was far more worried about his

father who was unpredictable when he was enraged

Achan thought it was hilarious but then he thought everything was funny. Nolan was nervous. He didn't know what to expect. Mercifully

their father backed down from Jason's challenge and left the party quietly

Nolan briefly thought it would blow over. Then he learned the delta warriors had been sent out to recon Blue Moon's estate. It seemed his

father wasn't planning to simply let her go after all

Chapter Eighty Lf

Jason; however, was prepared. The spotters were dealt with decisively

and the delta teams wasted the entire night chasing decoys while Jason and his Luna quietly slipped away. Nolan couldn't help but admire

Jason's foresight. They still didn't know exactly where the pair had gone but Nolan was ready to put money down they managed to return

to their pack's territory. Blue Moon could play defense knowing full well the royal pack didn't have the strength to attack them and no pack

would dare set themselves against Blue Moon

Nolan sighed stepping out of the shower and tying a towel around his waist. There were too many unknowns and he didn't know how any

of this would play out. The king was getting more neurotic and unpredictable

Meanwhile Nolan's siblings played their little games and he had no answers as to why a silver wolf was so important. But somehow he knew

she was

Stepping into his bedroom he found a she-wolf once again lounging on his bed. She smiled displaying her assets prominently beckoning

him closer. Nolan slowly approached reaching the edge of the bed where her legs draped tantalizingly over and displayed her most intimate

anatomy

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Lazily she sat up to stroke his chest

“I know that tea would help you relax,” she smiled

“It would have... I drank it,” Nolan answered before seizing her neck and cutting off her air

She gasped in surprise, clawing at his hand but she was defenseless as he gripped tighter until she finally went limp. Releasing her he

watched her crumple like a marionette whose strings were cut. Would his father never stop?

“Everything all right?” the voice of his Beta intruded

“Sure. Except my father is playing his games again.”

Chapter Eighty LY “I’ll be right up.”

A few minutes later there was a knock at the door and his beta entered. Corwin was the son of their father's Beta and they had grown up

together. When his father declared he and Achan should have assistants as well Corwin was a natural choice. It also made it easier to keep

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him close and off his father's radar

“So, special tea and playmate,” Corwin said surveying the bed

“Yeah”

Nolan rubbed his temple fending off a headache that was ever present when his father played his games. With a gentle smile Corwin

moved closer cupping his face before kissing him deeply. Nolan moaned as their tongues fought for dominance in an erotic dance he

wished they could complete but it was too much of a risk. If his father ever found out...but how he longed to claim what was rightfully his

“Better?” Corwin smiled

“No,” Nolan shook his head. “This is all wrong. My brother spends his time torturing she-wolves for kicks, my sister either pines for what

doesn’t belong to her or she’s zonked out of her mind on wolfsbane, my father is raging after some mythical wolf that happens to be real

and I can’t claim what is mine.”

“It’s all sorts of wrong,” Corwin nodded reluctantly moving away to wrap the dead she-wolf in the sheets like a burrito to mask her form as

best he could and dispose of her without drawing attention

“Did you find anything?”

“Aside from that rumor about your great-great-grandfather consulting

with a witch? No.”

“No clue why?”

Chapter Eighty @

“No. There is no official record,” Corwin shook his head, “just a flight manifest and mention of a trip. Obviously, he didn’t want to leave any

evidence.”

“You pass on that information?”

“Yeah. Hopefully they can make better use of it than I can.”

Nolan nodded sitting down at his small breakfast table. Corwin hefted the rolled up bedding onto his shoulder and headed for the door

“Sorry for making you clean this up.

“Im your Beta, it's my job. Don't worry. This can't go on forever

“That's what I'm afraid of” Nolan grimaced watching his mate leave

With a sigh he stood and headed back to the bathroom

In moments the maids would enter to remake his bed and he could finally get some much needed sleep. Or so he hoped. He couldn't help

but think the end was coming and he had no idea how it would fall out

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