

## Falling For You Pt. 1

Emmaline's eyes lled with tears as growls lled the air. I hated that I kept upsetting Lucas. My heart felt pained. Everyone was asking questions I didn't want to answer. I didn't want to leave Tennessee. I had friends, and I... I had Lucas. I stared into his eyes trying to memorize them. This could be the last time I saw them. My body was literally revolting at the thought.

We began to talk about my situation. Several times, I barely refrained from snapping at them. Oh, an apartment. Why didn't I think of that? I freaking did! No one in their right mind was going to lease a place to a teen-year-old, emancipated or not. My answers were making the tension in the air mount. I wanted to crawl back into my tent to escape their anger, even though it wasn't directed at me. Couldn't they have brought a female on this late night camping run? One to calm them the heck down?

Looking into his eyes made me blurt out things I normally kept to myself. I admitted I'd killed some werewolves. I was pretty sure werewolves with red eyes weren't part of the packs. Honestly, that situation was crazy. I was reaching for a weapon with one hand. I held out my other hand towards the wolf. He leapt at me, but when my hand touched his chest, he basically drowned. Then he somehow turned to water. It was easily the weirdest thing that had ever happened to me.

Silence enveloped the group after my confession. I couldn't slapped myself when I realized what I'd admitted. Thank GOD I didn't mention the drowning by touch then turning to water. They might lock me in the looney bin. Crap... crap ... crap ... crap. Why did I just start spilling my secrets around Lucas? I felt like I belonged with him when I looked at him. STOP IT! He's a literal god he probably has a girlfriend.

I just kept talking. They realized I knew what they were. OH CRAP! STOP TALKING EMMALINE! I needed to get away from Lucas, he was making my lips loose. He was going to sink my darn ship. Great. This is just great. Was I going to werewolf jail? Lucas wouldn't hurt me though. I don't know why I was extremely condent in that, but I was. He wouldn't let them hurt me. They had to realize I wouldn't say anything because I'd know about them the whole time.

They really were stunned I'd managed to kill a werewolf. It was mildly insulting they didn't believe me. Part of the reason I stayed in this area was because it was mostly wolves. Witches and warlocks didn't often interact with werewolves. At least in California. Werewolves tended handle their own problems. Vampires were the ones that had closer relationships with witches.

I'd felt drawn to this area, and I liked the people here. I couldn't exactly explain to Peter's dad 'oh hey unknown fairy on your lands here, and you have a red eyed wolf problem. No worries, I've killed some.' Yeah, that would go over well. Besides, I freaking handled it because I'm a capable fairy. Well, I think as far as fairy's go, I'm capable.

Lucas kept growling and it was doing things to me. It was so sexy. He pulled me against him, and I could feel his muscles rippling with his growl. At this point, I was convinced he might as well be speaking to my nether regions. His voice, his growl, his freaking body were doing things to mine I didn't understand. Lord knows I was hot and bothered. I was also seriously confused. I really wanted everyone to leave so Lucas could take me right here. Which I personally thought was a weird thought to have as a virgin.

Peter's dad rescued me from my spiraling thoughts of lust, asking me follow up questions. They got stuck on several details I found odd. So, I killed a werewolf with a fork. Wolf or not, a nick to the carotid and you're a goner. I gouged his freaking carotid as he scratched the hell out of my side. I lost Ryan's t-shirt because of that attack. It was one of my two sources of comfort. I still had the t-shirt scraps in my bag. It had taken three washing cycles to get the blood out of it, not to mention a crap load of bleach.

Peter and Drake were laughing. The current Alpha's not so much. Good to know current Alpha's did not nd me funny. Future Alphas? I was hilarious to them. Dylan asked more questions that I answered because I was looking at Lucas. I had studied with Dustin for over a year for his EMT exam because David didn't want him to be an EMT. Dustin passed the test with ying colors. Thinking of Dusty made me sad. I didn't know where he was anymore. He could've moved, met his wick, or any number of things.

I was tired of answering their questions. I really couldn't explain that I drowned a red eyed wolf with my hands, and he turned to water. How crazy and made up does that sound? Sometimes, I thought I'd made it up and I was there. Honestly, I didn't kill every rogue I saw. If they left me alone, I left them alone. Except for the little guy. I tried to help him when I could. He was like me, alone and isolated. He and I had a sense of camaraderie out there taking on the world on our own.

I was evading their questions as best I could. My eyes felt like lead in my head. I really needed another hour of sleep. I'd learned to get by on what little I could, but this was going to be a long day.

I quickly explained what I knew about werewolves. Or rather what I thought I knew. I got to their mates. I knew Sam was Drake's. To be honest, it's why I offered to introduce them. It wasn't like Drake was my best guy friend or anything. I just knew they should meet.

Just like now when I looked at Peter, I knew he needed to meet Chelsea. That sounded crazy though, so I just stopped talking. Then I looked into Lucas' eyes and continued to spill my guts. Damn him. I sound like a freaking lunatic telling Peter I thought his mate was Chelsea. I was right though, I could feel it. This was easily the rst thing I'd said so far that made everyone happy.

Peter was staring at the school as if it was going to open and produce Chelsea for him. Sorry dude, but Chelsea is asleep like a normal person at this hour. I really wished we could've had this pow wow when I didn't have to get up for work. Peter was pacing saying he needed to meet Chelsea. His wolf was restless. Uh yeah... We could all see that but thanks captain obvious. Lucas wanted to head home.

I was simultaneously relieved and sad. I was happy I could go back to bed, but I was sad Lucas was leaving. I wanted to beg him not to go. My alarm started blaring. Now I really wanted to cry. Getting more sleep was not in the cards for me, I guess. It was just that kind of day. Lucas was not having that. He pulled me close enough I quickly smelled his chest, like a weirdo. I felt immediately at peace. He told me that we had to work stuff out between their packs, and that he linked Al I wasn't coming to work. Tears lled my eyes. I needed all my tips so I could get that apartment. I hadn't slept on a bed in almost four years. Couldn't they understand I just wanted to sleep on a bed? I didn't even need a nice one or anything, just a plain mattress.

The look of pain that lled Lucas' features made me want to weep. What did I say? Why was he always sad or mad around me? Why did I do this to him? Then he asked if I thought he'd hurt me. What? No! Why would he think that? I knew he wouldn't hurt me. I was prepared to throw myself behind him if the others tried because I knew he'd protect me. The thought of them trying to hurt Lucas got my hackles up though; if they tried, we'd ght them together. I was pretty sure the burly guys and Dylan would be on our side. Numbers wise, we had them.

They wanted me to come to go over the things I saw in Red Run's territory. That sounded like someone was going to get in trouble over what I had to say. I didn't want that. I'd hidden from their patrols. I gured out when they came once a month and hid all my stuff. It was a pain in the butt, but I did it. Peter's dad said there were daily patrols where I was and I frowned, he must be thinking of the wrong spot because there was a monthly patrol where I was, denitely not a daily one. I would've lost my mind with a daily patrol.

All my answers seemed to just upset everyone. I wish I knew Dylan's mat because I'd blurt that out to change topics. Thankfully, Peter had reached his limit. He wanted to see Chelsea. I had no clue where my condence was coming from, but Chelsea was Peter's mate. I was Lucas'. I mentally slapped myself. I had no idea where that thought came from. The god of man currently shielding me from everyone was too good for me. If David ever found out Lucas was helping me, he could hurt him. I couldn't have that.

Peter shifted. I stood there for several seconds absorbing what just happened. Logically, I knew they shifted. When I'd killed the rogues, they shifted back to their human form. To see human to wolf though, was kind of beautiful. Also, it was really fast. He just turned into a wolf in seconds.

I looked at Lucas and had a strong desire to see him shift. I bet his wolf was magnicent. I wanted to see him shift more than I wanted a mattress. That was a big one for me too. Lucas picked me up and we were back at the car in minutes. No wonder those werewolves were surprised I could beat them racing in the pool. I couldn't even get here that fast on my bike.

The ride to his place was not what I would call comfortable. I didn't know how he gured out I wasn't human. No one was ever able to gure out what I was for some reason. It seemed like it was a mystery to the supernatural's. I could've been a human who knew about werewolves. That could be a thing. It honestly wasn't even a fair to ask. He didn't tell me he was a werewolf. I just knew.

Something in me just kept thinking he was mine. I wanted to slap my subconscious for getting my hopes up like this. The car ride ended with Lucas being upset. I just kept upsetting him. I nodded and turned my head so he wouldn't see my tears. I noticed the Red Run group gaping at our car. I wanted to melt into a puddle of shame. Now they all knew I was unwanted when I was thirteen years old. Not only was I unwanted; I was kicked to the curb by my own blood.

Lucas got out growling and he slammed the door so hard I was worried he busted the door frame of his car. Dylan consoled me, "He's not mad at you, pretty little Luna. Alpha's, what can you do? They get all growly about certain people. It's his way of saying he likes you. Be glad we aren't a town over. Alpha no fun is extra growly. I'm trying to help him but...he's resistant." I turned back to him in surprise as he jumped out of the car.

Eventually, it all got worked out and Peter took off into the house. I was the only one not surprised when it turned out they were mates. Well, neither was Drake. He was studying me closely. The whole situation just highlighted that my brain was being mean to me. Lucas didn't call me his mate when we met.

Dylan interrupted my depression and self-loathing spiral to ask how I felt about Lucas. Like seeing him made my whole freaking day. Making him upset was destroying me. The thought of leaving him sent me into a tailspin. He'd entered my life and turned my whole world upside down. He made me feel like I wanted to crawl into his bed and never leave. I wanted to tell him about every part of me and have him love me. I wasn't about to say any of that though.

We walked into a beautiful oce, actually the whole house was beautiful. I felt like I belonged here. Just like I did when Chelsea bought me onto the pack lands. Being beside Lucas intensified that feeling. I was stunned Chelsea's parents just practically announced Peter and Chelsea were having s\*x. That was ... weird, but to each their own, I guess. My mom put Katie on birth control when she turned sixteen and told her she didn't want to know if she was active or not. She just wanted her to be safe. My mom was too young to be a grandma at the time apparently. I'm sure she's changed her stance now if Katie had met her wick.

They started talking about Luna's. My hope started to build that I could be Lucas' mate again because those guys called me that at the diner. There was some logic in that thought. We circled back to the rogue conversation. I let it slip that I'd seen more than the ones I killed. I HAD to stop looking into Lucas' eyes. I mean really, if I killed them all I'd be a freaking mass murderer at this point.

I made sure they would take care of my little guy. They seemed to think he was sixteen. I knew they were wrong though. He might be ten. They anger exploded with each answers I gave. I inched towards Lucas on a reex.

I contemplated telling them I knew about werewolves because I'd met one. David worked with one when I was eight years old on something. Since I'd met one, I could tell they were wolves too. That's why I was always surprised no one gure out I was a fairy. That was a mystery for another day though.

That segued into my new sleeping arrangements. I couldn't just take a handout. I needed to do something to earn my keep here. He told me I could teach the pups to swim. My heart sank. Of course, he had kids. He probably had a ancée or girlfriend. Pain was coursing through my entire being. For the mattress though, I could teach his kids to swim. My heart would just be shattered to a million pieces seeing him with someone else. He ended up saying he didn't have kids or a girlfriend. I wanted out of this room before I asked any more embarrassing questions.

We discussed my siblings and their birthdays. I was going to have to sneak away to get them their presents. This was the ONLY thing I could do to feel close to my siblings anymore. I was sending them their cards and presents whether Lucas liked it or not.

Gemma was my savior, saying I should get settled. Thank goodness. No more questions. I was exhausted. This has been an emotionally draining experience, and I missed a few hours of much needed sleep. Gemma nodded and took my hand and led me out of the room. I snuck one last look at Lucas. I couldn't help but smile because he looked so happy.

Gemma led me upstairs, and she opened the door and my eyes widened. There was a king-sized bed with baby blue sheets, and a mountain of pillows. I whispered, "He can't mean for me to have this room." Gemma smiled and gently answered, "It's denitely the room he wants you in." I looked over at her. My incredulity came out in my tone, "It has a bed, a couch, a tv, a walk-in closet, and that door looks like it goes to a bathroom." My eyes lled with tears. Gemma smiled at me then entered the room.

I was frozen in shock watching her enter the closet. An angry voice asked me, "What the HELL do you think you're doing up here, you little street urchin?! These rooms are not for you!" I turned to see Christy standing there, vibrating with rage. I admitted, "I was just told this was my room." She snorted and grabbed me by the arm. She tried to yank me away, but much to her surprise I pulled my arm out of her grasp. I angrily told her, "Don't touch me." She growled, "Get your skank teenage ass OUT of this room." I raised an eyebrow and challenged her, "I'm not a skank. I've given you no reason to think I am."

Gemma came out of the bathroom and frowned. She rounded on Christy asking, "Christy, what are you doing up here?" Christy narrowed her eyes accusingly and retorted, "What are YOU doing up here with her? These rooms... aren't for her!" Gemma smiled, smugly, "I'm following the Alpha's orders. These rooms are for her. Who else would they be for?" Christy glared at her for several moments before she turned on her heel and left.

I turned to Gemma sarcastically exclaiming, "She's a peach." Gemma frowned, "She's trouble is what she is. If she's around you stick with Chelsea, you hear? Christy shouldn't take Chelsea on her worst day." I nodded, confused. Christy shouldn't be around me much since she didn't appear to like me.

Gemma took me into the room. When she showed me the bathroom, I wasn't even upset that I started crying. There was a jacuzzi tub, a shower, and a double vanity sink. Lucas was like the knight and shining armor I'd always wanted. I could survive on my own, but I was ok with his version of taking care of me. Gemma spoke softly, "Why don't you take a nice bath and then take a nap, Emmaline? I don't know your circumstances, but you seem like you could use some pampering." She handed me some bubble bath and left me in my room.

It was still a staggering. I had a room. I turned on the tub and started to cry again. For the rst time since I was thirteen years old; I had a room. I moaned when I settled in the bathtub. I hadn't had a bath in forever. Quick showers in schools were a luxury to me. I was being spoiled and it was glorious. I got out after about twenty minutes. I grabbed a t-shirt from my bag and slid into the bed. I barely remember my head hitting the pillow.

A knock on the door woke me. I jolted up, startled at being in an unfamiliar place. It all came back to me. I called, "Come in!" Chelsea peeked her head into the room. She blushed, "Oh gosh. Did I wake you up?" I shrugged admitting, "I needed to get up. I'll get my days and nights mixed up if I sleep any longer. I just..." I trailed off then squealed, "You're marked! Congratulations,

Chelsea." She smiled and thanks me, "Peter told me that you told him you just knew we needed to meet. He said that you knew about us being werewolves. That you just somehow knew what we are to each other. Thank you for him. You brought us together." I downplayed my role, "You would've met him at school." She instantly countered, "We might have missed each other, having our wolves go crazy over a scent we couldn't track down. We found each other sooner because of you."

Another knock at the door interrupted our back and forth. Sam popped her head in. She spotted us both then ran in. She took a running leap and jumped on the bed. She happily asked, "So you live here now? Drake said you do and he wouldn't lie to me." I laughed then told her, "In exchange for teaching the kids to swim; I live here now." Both girls squealed.

Sam gave Chelsea and I our schoolwork for the day which was surprisingly light. Another knock brought Valerie to us. She skipped over exclaiming, "This is so exciting! I wonder when Alpha Lucas' parents are going to come back." My heartrate kicked up. I squeaked, "His parents?" They nodded. Sam stated, "They will come back to meet you." I asked, "Where are they?" They looked at each other not speaking.

Eventually Chelsea offered, "Lucas will explain that. Did you really kill rogues, and live in a tent?" I sighed, "They attacked me rst. I left the rest of them alone." Sam laughed at Chelsea's face. She teased, "Peter missed that tidbit while you were mating. Drake told me there is a serious rogue problem in their territory."