



## Connecting

### Ophelias POV

I can feel Les pushing forward in my mind as I begin explaining to Jordan what happened with Derrick. Shes upset for me not only because of what happened but also the fact that she couldnt help me in time. I dont blame her, at least I dont anymore. I may have had a lapse in judgement at first but then she explained that she wasnt able to come to me before that. So I forgave her.

As I explain what happened that morning, Jordans eyes keep switching between his sea foam green to his wolfs electric blue. I know he is probably angry and wants revenge but I need him to listen so he can make an informed decision about whether he wants to mate with me or reject me.

"The reason Derrick said I was weak and rejected me," Jordans growl rips through the room and I give him a small watery smile as I continue. "The reason any of this happened was because I didnt meet my wolf until right before Derrick tried to kill me. I have never shied nor have I had any type of training. I dont even know what my wolf looks like. I am telling you all of this so you can make a conscious decision if you want to mate with me or not. If you want to find a Luna more suited to take on caring for a pack and protecting your pack, then I will understand completely."

Jordan jerks back like is slapped him in the face. He looks exasperated. He reaches for my face but I move back from his touch. If he touches me, I wont be able to handle the rejection at all. He isnt having that though because he reaches for me again and this time takes my cheeks between his palms and slides his thumbs through the tears that I didnt even know were sliding down my cheeks. I cant look at him in the eyes if he is going to reject me. The touching is already too much but I will break if I have to look in his eyes. Instead, I lower my eyes to the dark blue satin bed sheets and fiddle with the edge of my t-shirt waiting to hear the dreadful words.

"Ophelia, look at me, please," Jordan pleads.

I raise my eyes to meet his and all I can see is love and admiration in his eyes. That makes me sob harder. I was not expecting to see that. I was so used to seeing disgust and pity in everyones eyes.

"Baby, I would NEVER reject you. For one, we have both been through that before and I would rather kill myself than cause you any kind of pain. Secondly, YOU. ARE. MINE. I dont care that you met your wolf later in life. That just means we get to learn her together. I dont care that you havent had any training. It means I get to train you myself so I know you will be properly trained. You are so strong, sunshine. You survived a mate bond being torn from you, a beating with no way to heal properly, and a stabbing all within hours of each other. Most grown and experienced wolves wouldnt have been able to survive that. You are so beautiful. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen so whatever that shithead said to you, is so far from the truth. Asmo agrees whole heartedly. Ophelia, you are strong, you are beautiful, you are courageous, you are the Luna of this pack, and most importantly, you are mine forever, if youll have me, mate," Jordan says with so much confidence that I have to choke back a sob. 𐄂

Jordan holds me while I cry on his shoulder with my face pressed into his neck. He slowly rubs up and down my back. A er a while, I pull back and look him in the eyes.

"No one has ever said anything like that to me. I am so lucky that the moon goddess chose you as my mate. Forever Jordan. Thank you," I say while smiling so brightly.

Jordan smiles for the first time and I swear I have never seen anything more handsome and sexy than my mate smiling at me.

"No Ophelia, thank you. Thank you for coming into my life even if the way you dropped in was the worst circumstance, I am so thankful that I have you now. I cant wait for our lives together, Sunshine."

I feel our bodies dri ing closer to each other. I dont know if its a conscious thing or if its the mate bond but I am totally here for it. Les is jumping around in my mind, excited and happy to have our mate. Jordan reaches for my face again and this time I lean into his touch.

"Can I kiss you now baby?" he asks while staring at my lips. 𐄂

"Please," I whimper.

"Thank Goddess," he whispers and then crushes his lips to mine.

**Continue to next part**