

The Unprepared Luna

Chapter 1: Malin

It's finally happening! Quinn and I are finally being taken seriously as Guardians.

It's not like we haven't proven our strength on the training field or in sparring matches against our brothers, but no one has ever treated Quinn and I like they've treated Leana, Lily, or Emlyn. Even Riley, Emlyn's younger sister is seen as more of a Guardian than we are. Heck, even our younger sister Reagan is seen as more of a Guardian, and she's three years younger than we are.

But when our mother called Quinn and I to Rich's office to tell us that a war is coming that that we were going to be stationed in the other packs to help with their defense, all of that changed. I'm being assigned to Canyon Ridge Pack with Alpha Cohen and Quinn has been assigned to Safe Haven pack with Alpha Emerson.

I can feel her excitement at being assigned to Safe Haven. Quinn has had a crush on the stuffy Alpha for years.

For me, I've always thought that Cohen was the most attractive of all the new Alphas. And unlike Emerson and Rich, he's fun, not taking his role as Alpha too seriously. Not that he isn't a good Alpha, but he recognizes that life doesn't have to be serious all the time just because you're an Alpha. Even the feeling in his pack is more relaxed than our pack or Emerson's pack. So, I'm thrilled that I'm being assigned there.

Rich tried to argue with our mother, but he knows she's right. We're Guardians, protecting the packs is what we do. Our brothers may be children of the Guardians, but the Guardian line descends through the females, not the males. Our brothers are stronger than most Alphas, but even so, they aren't stronger than a Guardian. We, their sisters, are the strongest of all pack members.

Today, we're heading to our temporary packs. Quinn and I are fraternal twins, and we may be very different people, but I love my twin more than anyone in the world. She and I are very close, sharing every secret, every thought. Quinn is like an extension of my own mind and body. Even our wolves, her wolf Minka and my wolf Keena are similar.

"It's going to be so strange not having you near me, Quinn," I say as I finish packing my bag. I'm leaving with Rich to go to Canyon Ridge. His mate and pup are there, so he's driving me. He's anxious to see them, especially after everything that has happened. Quinn is leaving later with dad, going to Safe Haven pack.

"It's going to be awful, isn't it?" she asks, stopping with the shirt she's folding in her hands.

"The worst," I say, rushing to her. We hug tightly.

“This is our time to shine, Malin. This is our chance to show everyone just how strong we are. We can do this,” she says.

I nod against her shoulder. “We should still talk every day.”

“Without a doubt,” she says.

I pull back, looking at her. “And you’d better be careful and take care of my twin.”

“Same goes,” she says.

“Are you scared?” I ask her, going back to my packing.

“Yes, but excited, too. You?”

“Same. I’m thrilled that I might finally get to use my strength at full capacity, but afraid of what might happen if I’m not strong enough. What if I’m not enough to protect the pack?” I ask her.

“You are!” she insists. “We are!”

I nod and we’re quiet for a bit.

“So, what do you think of working so closely with Alpha Cohen?” she asks teasingly.

“I’m excited about it. You know I think of him as the fun Alpha. I still don’t know what you see in Emerson. He’s so stuffy.”

She gets a far away look in her eyes. “That’s exactly what I like about him. I want to worm my way through that tough exterior that he wears like armor and see how soft his underbelly is behind that stoic facade.”

I begin to giggle, imagining Quinn wiggling under Emerson’s armor to stroke his stomach that is anything but soft.

“Do you think he’s your mate?” I ask her.

“I hope so. I really do hope so. The thought of anyone else but me putting their mark on him makes me furious, Minka too,” she says.

“Minka too? That’s a good sign, Quinn. We’re only a few months away from our birthdays. Maybe we’ll get lucky and Emerson will be your mate and Cohen will be my mate and we can see each other all the time,” I say.

“That would be perfect. Then we’d still be in the packs, unlike Leana and Lily who live so far away.”

“Yeah, even Xander and Cayd are barely home anymore. Personally, I want to stay here. I don’t want to move away.”

“Me either,” she says. “But the Moon Goddess works in mysterious ways.”

“Very true.”

Quinn and I have always loved being a part of the pack. While Lily and Leana are both Queens to immortals, one to the Fae King and one to a Vampire King, I prefer to be here, in the packs, with the forest surrounding me.

“Malin!” Rich calls from the front of the house.

“Well, I guess it’s time for me to go. I love you, Quinn.”

“I love you too, Malin. Stay safe.”

“You too,” I say, zipping up my bag and pulling it over my shoulder. I hug her again before walking out to the front of the house. Both of my parents are there to see me off as is my younger sister, Reagan.

I hug my mother first.

“Be careful, sweetie and remember, you are a Guardian, the strongest of all werewolves. You are stronger than you know. Trust your instincts and trust Keena. I love you with all my heart.”

“Thanks, Mom. I love you too,” I say, pulling away and looking at my dad.

He opens his arms and I walk into them. My father is a tall, muscular man. I’ve seen him rip a werewolf’s head off with one swipe, but to me, his daughter, he’s never been anything but gentle. He holds me close to him, rocking me gently.

“If you need anything, if you’re unhappy with Alpha Cohen for any reason, you know you always have a place here.”

“Thanks, Daddy,” I say, using the name I used to call my father. For some reason, I feel like this is the last time that I’ll leave this house as a child. I feel like, once I leave, once I take my role as a Guardian, I will become an adult and this feeling of being protected by my father will never be mine again. My role will become the protector. I will be the shield that protects others, rather than standing behind the man who has always acted as my shield.

“I love you, Daddy,” I say quietly, feeling tears prick my eyes.

“I love you too. And you will always be my little girl,” he whispers in my ear.

I smile. My father somehow always seems to know what I’m thinking.

I step back, hugging Reagan and telling everyone to be safe, before I turn, leaving my home and following Rich to the car before we drive off to my temporary home in preparation for the coming war.