

# The Unprepared Luna

## Chapter 2: Cohen

I feel like a hive of bees have taken up residence in my stomach, making feel a low level of nausea. Malin is arriving today and somehow, I have to tell her that she's my mate. I know she's too young to feel the mate bond, but I have no intention of letting what happened to Rich and Emlyn happen to me.

I know the pack is taking bets on whether or not Rich will punch me because I'm his sister's mate. He doesn't have any room to talk. He was dating Emlyn for two years without any of us knowing.

When I get the notice that Rich and Malin have arrived, I take a couple of deep breaths. Honestly, I'm more worried about Malin punching me than Rich. Rich's punch will hurt, but Malin's punch will hurt my heart. It would mean that she doesn't immediately accept me. The thought makes the bee's nest start buzzing in my stomach again.

Deep breath, count to 10, and now I hear them pulling in front of the packhouse. I need to get down there to greet them.

Just as reach the bottom step, Malin walks in loaded down with bags. "Thanks for the help, Rich," she grumbles, dropping her bags in the entryway.

"Here, let me help you with that," I say, rushing up to help her. Rich is hugging Emlyn, but he turns to apologize to Malin. I'm not sure what he sees on my face. I'm completely enraptured with my mate who, if possible, is even more beautiful than she was the last time I saw her.

Rich snarls stepping up to me and grabbing me by the shirt. "Now everything my father said makes perfect sense."

I have no idea what Alpha Liam said to him, and I don't care.

"You aren't one to talk Rich. Let me go," I say. I may be okay with him punching me because I'm his sister's mate, but I won't be disrespected in my own packhouse.

He glares are me and I'm sure he's about to punch me when Malin steps in between us.

"Let him go, Rich," she says smacking his chest with the palms of her hands, pushing him away from me. As my mate, Malin will also be my Guardian. If the male children of the Guardians know anything, it's that you don't fuck with one of the of the female children of the Guardians. You will lose.

Rich looks down at Malin, clearly startled by her response. He shouldn't be. Maybe he thought that she wasn't my fated mate, but she is, and even if she's underage, she'll feel the need to protect her Alpha. Me.

"Hey Douglas," Emlyn says, calling to our resident bookie. "I win!"

Rich turns and looks at her. "Seriously?"

"You've been out of it for a long time, Richie," she says to him.

"I'm getting back in it, Emlyn," he says, stepping away from me and pulling his mate to him.

I watch as Malin turns to me, confusion and questions written all over her face.

"Come on, I'll show you to your room," I tell her, picking up her bags.

She's quiet as we walk upstairs. I've put her on the Alpha floor with me. It's typical for us to do that when one of our Guardian families stays over, especially since they've started rotating their sparring matches in the different packs, but this time, it feels different. I put her in the room beside mine, hoping that the day will soon come when I can put her in my room.

As we walk in, I put her bags on the bed, taking another deep breath before turning to face my mate.

She's standing just inside the room, her hands are clasped as she rubs her thumbs over her fingers in a way that I know is Malin's tell that she's worried. She's looking at her hands, not at me.

"Malin," I say quietly, needing to see her grey-green eyes.

She looks up and I see her eyes are rimmed with gold, the color of the Guardians. Keena, her wolf, is forward.

"Are you my mate?" she asks.

I nod. "Yes. I wanted to tell you sooner, but I also wasn't sure how you'd feel about knowing when you don't feel the pull of the bond like I do, not yet anyway."

I walk to her, taking her hands in mine. I've never felt the lack of confidence, the vulnerability, that I do at this moment. If she tells me she doesn't want me, it will break something inside me.

"I hope you're not disappointed that I'm your mate," I say, watching her closely.

She smiles softly, then shakes her head, making me smile.

"Are you?" she asks me.

“No. I’ve been thrilled since I realized you were my mate. I’ve felt the pull to you for over a year, but it’s only been in the last few months that I knew for sure.”

I pull her into my chest, feeling how perfectly she fits there. “We’ll take it slow. There’s a lot going on, I know this is surprising for you and you’ve just moved, but I want you to stay here, even after the war. I want you to be my acting Luna until you turn 18 and we can make it official. I’m asking a lot, I know, but I want you here with me, Malin. I need you here with me.”

“My parents know, don’t they?” she asks, looking up at me.

I nod. “I called your mom. It was the only way I could be sure that she sent you here to be with me.”

She looks thoughtful for a moment. “Does that mean that Quinn is mated to Emerson? She’s been feeling a pull to him as well.”

I just smile at her. “Maybe you should talk to your sister tonight.”

Her smile is brilliant. “Are you going to announce it to the pack?”

“Oh they already know. Did you hear Emlyn tell Douglas that she won? Everyone was betting that your brother would punch me. Emlyn reminded them, as the betting pool was closing, that if you are my mate, you’re also my Guardian.”

Malin laughs, a sweet, heartfelt laugh that makes me desperate to kiss her.

“Your pack should know better than that by now,” she says.

I can’t focus on anything but her mouth. I want to taste her. She smells like freshly baked apple pie and in this room, its making my mouth water.

“Malin, can I kiss you? Please tell me that I can kiss you,” I say.

She nods shyly and I lean in, gently pressing my lips to hers, feeling how inexperienced she is. It makes me smile. I’m not exactly experienced, but I’ve kissed some she-wolves in my time and had a couple of hookups. I didn’t want to go into a mating situation without any prior knowledge of how to please my mate. But I’ve made sure that I didn’t do anything that would hurt my mate, and never with anyone in my own pack.

I gently cup her face in my hands and as I tease her lips with mine, I slide my tongue over the seam of her mouth, requesting entrance. She tastes divine, better than any apple pie I’ve ever tasted. I could kiss her forever, and never get tired of her taste.

When she gasps, I slowly slide my tongue into her mouth, teasing her tongue until she realizes what I’m doing and begins to respond. I wrap one arm around her waist, pulling her against me

gently. I'm hard for her and I hope that doesn't scare her. I just want her to be closer to me and to know how much I want her.

I kiss her until she begins to moan softly against my mouth, leaning against me as her arms go around my neck.

I slowly pull back, seeing that her eyes are still closed.

"That felt really nice," she says, her eyes opening slowly.

"Yes, it did. You taste fantastic," I tell her.

She smiles at that. "You taste like the death by chocolate cake my mother makes on my birthdays because it's my favorite, but you taste a lot better than mom's cake."

I tuck that little tidbit away for her birthday in a couple of months.

"You taste like freshly baked apple pie, my favorite."

She smiles, blushing beautifully and I brush the back of my hand over her cheek. "I'm going to do everything in my power to make you happy, Malin. I'm thrilled that you are my mate. I know it may be a bit strange, since we've grown up together, but I swear to you, I will be everything you desire in a mate."

Malin is small, like her mother, nearly a foot shorter than I am. So she has to lift up on her toes, to kiss me.

"Cohen Forte, you already are."