

Chapter 2 - Her Alpha's Orders

Jo-Anne POV 10 Years Later

Jo-anne was all packed, most of her belongings already given away to good will, just a few boxes left and they were all being shipped back to the Eclipsed Moon Pack, to go into storage until she was due to return in 2 years.

Alpha Damien had put quite a few rules on her while she'd been out here away from the pack, working off pack territory, in an art gallery after completing her university degree's. Had obtained two degrees, spent a good 6 years at university living in a dorm room. Now she lived in a third floor studio apartment with a small balcony where she enjoyed sitting and having a cup of tea every morning and every night before retiring to bed.

The rules he'd given her were simple and manageable, no visiting other packs, even allied packs without first requesting his permission and getting it. No moving without requesting his permission, and allowing him to approve it. She must report monthly on her income and a percentage of it would be allocated back to the pack, so she was contributing to the pack even though she was not in the pack currently.

That any other pack who approached her and wanted to hire her for her artistic talent as a portrait artist had to all go through him. She had to contact him and report immediately before agreeing, was not allowed to say yes ever, only he could approve outside pack requests. It was not his allied packs that he was concerned about obviously. But the packs that were not allied to his at all, that she had come across and wanted her to work for them.

She also must at all times wear the packs' symbol as either a pin on her clothing or on a necklace. She'd opted for the pin.

Word had been spreading in the past 3 years of her skill and Alpha wolves and high-ranking members, did like to have portraits of themselves or their Mates. Some packs had grand hallways where they displayed portraits of all the Alpha's, who'd run the packs, she knew because the Eclipsed Moon Pack had just that, though all their portraits were hung in the grand library on the 2nd floor of the pack house. Growing up, all she had ever wanted was to have one of her paintings go up there.

Not likely to happen anymore.

So, all her art work commissioned or not, anything she produced and sold, a percentage was given to the pack to help it grow, made her a productive member of her pack even though she lived an hour and a half away at all times. Never went back there, not for anything at all.

Alpha Damien had informed her that art for other packs had to go through him to keep her safe from harm. Alpha Damien knew and understood why she had not returned home, heck everyone in the pack would know why.

To Jo-anne's surprise, after she had left the pack, unexpectedly and without permission, to live on campus, not only had it been approved, but both Alpha Damien and his Mate Luna Natalia had paid her a visit in person.

Had appeared at her dorm room, shocking her completely. Had thought they were going to turn her rogue. But they had not, had asked to come in for a chat. Which had been them asking her how she was doing, seeing as what they knew of her and West, being his parents. Maybe they had felt responsible for her mental well being at the time.

Jo-anne had rejected their son, they didn't seem to mind at all, didn't even bring him up at the time. Just wanted to know that she was alright. Had actually offered and paid for all of her university tuition and told her of a wolf psychologist that they thought might be a good idea for her to see, had actually already made her an appointment and told her she would be seeing him.

She had actually needed it, spent 2 years in therapy with the man they recommended. Not only had she been able to confide in him all her thoughts and feelings, when Clova had returned to her, he had helped the two of them work out their issues over what Jo-anne had done to her own wolf. Clova could now understand, though she had been very happy with Volt, her Mate. Jo-anne had not been happy, and could now understand why she and West had never gotten along, due to the unfortunate circumstances.

That they were not fated Mates and that with West and her being forced to be together it just couldn't work out between them, no matter that she had tried. There was too much anger in the man over it. Clova had been sad that Jo-anne had walked away and rejected West, that it meant she and Volt were no longer Mates either, but had come to accept it.

Jo-anne had managed to heal herself and unite with her wolf. She had studied and gotten a Bachelor of Arts, focused on oil paintings and watercolours, and also had a Masters Degree in Language and Linguistics. She was a fully dedicated artist with her first international art exhibition about to be launched in Seoul, South Korea, in just a few days, she had managed to apply for and secure a job within an art gallery assisting with Art Exhibitions. This is what she did here in Seattle when not painting.

Was happy to be moving there for the next 2 years, but was then required to return to the pack. To work from the pack for good. An art studio would be built for her, seeing as she was rising in popularity among the ranked members of their allied packs. She had already, in the last year, painted 3 portraits of Alpha's and their Luna's, some standing together and others separate for each of their offices.

These 2 years away from the pack in Seoul, Korea she had really had to fight for. Alpha Damien and his Beta Jonathon had turned up at her apartment when she'd done the stupid thing and hung up on her own Alpha over him, originally not allowing it. Had to hang up or she had been going to incur punishment, for losing her temper and yelling at him. Not something someone like her was ever allowed to do.

She had been thinking about going rogue to get her own way, was still debating it when there had been a knock on her door hours later, opened it to find Alpha Damien and Beta Jonathon staring at her. Thought she was going to be seriously punished, but apparently just a very serious sit-down discussion was all he'd wanted, as to when she would be returning to the pack.

Alpha Damien had pressed hard on the matter, did not want to have to force her to come home due to her and Wests' past relationship, but told her it was time to come home. She couldn't just stay away forever. So, in the end, this agreement had been made, 2 years in Korea, then she had to return home for good. No if's and's or butt's. He would build her a studio within the packs grounds and she could have it tailored to her needs and wants.

If she did not agree to his request, he would simply take her back to the pack right then and there, order it if need be. Jo-anne had agreed, she'd really had no other choice, this was her first overseas exhibition and she really did want to go. There was only one other condition. She had to go home and pledge her loyalty and allegiance to Westley. As he was taking over as Alpha of the pack. Her attendance was mandatory.

Jo-anne had stared at him for a long minute. She had known it would happen sooner or later "Saturday." she'd nodded. Knew it was West's birthday on Saturday. So, of course, that was when he would be sworn in. She was a little surprised that it had not happened before now. The man was 32 or would be on Saturday. Was a little curious as to why his father had put it off for so long. But did not question her Alpha. It was his pack to run as he saw fit and handing down to his Heir was also up to him, when he did that.

"You'll come home Friday," Alpha Damien had told her.

"My flight is Sunday afternoon."

"I know your itinerary. I approved it," he commented "Friday Jo-anne. I mean it. Or I will rescind your contract, all of them."

"Yes Alpha." she had bowed her head respectfully.

It was Friday now, she was only an hour and a half from the pack. There was no real rush, technically had til midnight to turn up, but had the distinct feeling that wouldn't go down well with Alpha Damien. So was ready to go. It was only 10am and the pack's movers would be here shortly. They had called and told her they were only 10 minutes

away. Her suitcase, just a carry-on for her flight on Sunday, was sitting by the door along with her hand bag and passport and tickets all safely tucked in the front pocket.

She was only a little bit nervous to be going home. Her life here in Seattle had turned out to be good for her, she'd made plenty of friends and had actually been able to go back to her normal happy self after a few years. Loved living out here, people were nice to her, no one expected anything of her, she was allowed to be, just who she was.

Jo-anne often had dinner out, went night clubbing to dance with her friends, spent time shopping and had spa days, even the occasional girls' weekend away. Life was really good now. She had set herself free and turned her life around. Living her life the way she had always thought it would be, before West.

A shiver shot through her body and Jo-anne gasped, "Not now" she muttered, the movers would be here any minute. "Goddess let it pass quickly." she prayed, as her hand hit the wall to support herself.

Her whole body was trembling, her back was suddenly hot all down the moons, something that had just appeared on her back when she had turned 18, had woken up at 3 in the morning all hot and sweaty and felt this burning sensation moving down her back, only to see in the mirror as 5 moons appeared down her spine, from her neck to the middle of her back. Phases of the moons, and some star constellations around them as well.

She had looked it up after taking a photo for reference, 'Celestial Moon Phases' it was known as, and ever since she had gotten them, the shivers had come. That's what she called it, because she had not known what it was, but it always started out as a shiver deep and warm. Then it evolved into more.

Pleasure was starting to roll through her body within a minute of it starting, a moan escaped her as both her hands were on the wall, goddess it was so strong today, closed her eyes and bit down hard on the cries that were trying to escape her as the pleasure started to rip through her body, between her legs was wet and hot and her insides were pulsing as the waves of pleasure got faster, felt her knees buckle, and sank down on to them, her fingers all pressed against the wall, knuckles white, her back arched and she bit down harder on the cry that was welling in her, even Clova was howling with pleasure inside her mind.

Heard the door bell ring "No." she moaned, there was no way she could get up and get it. To let them in, the waves were quicker and it was coming so strong, had no choice but to wait it out. Finally, it passed and her orgasm left her sagged to the floor a little exhausted. Still trying to recover from it. She heard the door bell again.

Jo-anne pushed herself up off the floor, 'Goddess they are going to be able to smell me.' she knew her panties were soaked through. She could smell her. Called out "just a minute." so they knew she was there. Though it was likely they already knew, their

wolf's hearing would have picked up everything. Would have heard her in this apartment moaning and cumming as she had an orgasm out of bloody no where.

She just had to own it, like every other damned time wolves were around to hear it and smell it.

Walked over to the door, took a quiet breath in to steady herself, plastered on a smile and opened the door, could tell instantly they had heard her moaning in orgasm, she'd not been able to hold it in, never could at the end. Some times it was over quickly, other times it took a long time and then there were nights when it happened multiple times.

The two wolves smirked at her knowingly "Gentlemen." she greeted them "Come in." she stepped aside as though nothing had happened a minute ago, as though the scent of her arousal was not still all around her. "Lock up after you leave please." she told them and handed one a key, then grabbed her suitcase and handbag and left the apartment as though she didn't care at all. As though they had not just heard her or could smell her.

Heard them laughing as she walked down the stairs, on somewhat still shaky legs. Sometimes she could recover quickly, other times not. Today seemed it was, a not, day. Still trying to breathe normally as she got in the car, she took a minute for herself to close her eyes and just breathe, try and relax.