

TWO | A DAY WITH THE BLOODS

Aires

"I hate being looked at like I'm some dangerous killer. It pisses me off."

"But you are dangerous, babe. Hell, we all are in the right circumstances. Just because one dumb kid has a preconceived notion about vampires doesn't mean everyone looks at you that way. We love having you as part of our pack," Alai'a sweetly told me. As the Luna, she was second only to the Alpha, and it was her job to make sure everyone felt loved, heard, and respected. She was treated like a queen by everyone here, and in all honesty, she deserved to be.

"I'm dangerous on the battleield, and to a vamp, I have a contract for, but besides that, I'm just a normal woman trying to live her life. I've never let my vampire side cause any problems here, and I refuse to let someone treat me like I have," I stated.

I was still upset over the incident with Efrain at training, and even after the ladies took me out and we had two pitchers of super-strong mango margaritas and some of the best Mexican food we could nd, I still hadn't entirely calmed down. I was hurt, even if I hadn't dared to say it out loud yet.

"How can we make it better? As ranked members, it's kind of our job to make sure this is settled reasonably. I hate seeing you like this," Morgan, our Beta female, said.

"I don't know, chica. Can I murder Efrain?"

"How would that help anyone to see that you're not a threat? And even though you and Xander dissolved the blood oath you took when you rst came to us, I know you still wouldn't do anything to the people here. Besides a few bumps and bruises at training," Alai'a smiled.

"I need more tequila. Or vodka, that would work too."

"No. What you need is to focus. We've been here for thirty minutes already, and the sales lady is getting antsy," Taylor said.

"**k her ants. She'll get her commission check; I just need to vent, or I'll never be able to connect with the right dress. Let's start with my matrons rst, then we'll look for my dress. How's that?"

"It works for me. I since this is the last wedding for our group, we've got to make it incredible. And sexy. I want Kade to rip the dress off me as soon as he sees me in it," Morgan said with a smirk.

"Could he not do that? Please? At least wait until after the reception is over. Perverts," Taylor replied.

These women kept me grounded and from going crazy. They accepted me the moment I came into their homes, even Taylor, who knew that I'd had a steamy love affair with Tyson back when we were younger. She never questioned the love that I still have for my Oso and never tried to keep me from spending time alone with him. They only saw the woman I was and not who I'd been. And I loved them for that.

After about an hour of searching, we were able to nd dresses identical to one I'd come across online. It had been a screenshot on my phone for months, and nally, seeing my three best friends in it was a dream.

"So, beautiful! You, ladies are gorgeous! Spin around, let me see the back!" I demanded when they simultaneously stepped out of their dressing rooms.

"See, Morgan, all those squats I make you do have paid off. Your ass looks incredible. My bad boy wole won't be able to keep his hands off of you."

She spun around to the mirror to check herself out, then smiled.

"Damn. If I could, I'd bite my own ass. No wonder Kade has been having so much fun back there lately."

"Woah! Morgan, we are in public," Taylor comically scolded.

"Let the girl celebrate; what's better than seeing the fruits of your labor, perfectly draped in black satin? She deserves to be proud of her ass; I know I am."

Morgan used to train with Tyson, but since they spent most of their time trying to kill each other, I took over and transformed her body into that of a badass momma bear.

"You're both crazy. So, are these the ones?" Taylor asked, motioning to the dresses.

"Sil! They are perfect! I love them. This is so exciting! After two and a half years of being engaged, I nally get to have my wedding, and you three are going to be knockouts. Let's nd my dress now!"

I happily jumped up and moved over to the rows and rows of lace, silk, satin, and tulle. There were so many options, cuts, and designs; I almost felt dizzy.

"You'll make yourself crazy trying to look through all of these. Why don't we sit down and you can tell me what you like? We can narrow things down, pull a few options, and work from there. How is that?" The sales lady nicely asked.

"That sounds better, thank you."

I'd never been a "girly-girl" and never dreamed that I would be married one day, let alone be excited about it. But I was excited, more than I'd ever been about anything in my life. I didn't know what real love was until I met my Henry. I thought I'd loved Tyson at some point, and maybe I did, but it was nothing like the way I feel for Mi Amor.

He's on my mind every minute of every day. I wake up thinking of Henry, fall asleep, and dream of him, then wake up and do it all over again. I see him smile in my mind, and my stomach does a ip, and when he speaks to me, all I want to do is lick him from head to toe. Henry Marshal was the blood in my veins and the air in my lungs. He gave me life.

"With your body, please tell me you're going with something form-tting! Ball gowns are beautiful, I can't deny it, but you've got to show off this gure. You know it was one of the rst things I noticed about you when we rst met?" Taylor told me.

"Was it? Why?"

"Why?! Because you're gorgeous! There I was sitting in Eden, the worst establishment in Jade City, about to meet my boyfriend's ex. And then you walk up, tall, curvy, exotic, and sexy as hell. Long legs and feminine hips, oozing s*x appeal. When you opened your mouth and spoke, my heart sank. I was beyond intimidated and couldn't believe Tyson could honestly no longer have feelings for you."

"Aye! Oso stopped caring about my curves years ago. He always wanted you, even when we were together. He even kept a picture of you on his phone. Did you know that? Back when we were both working, and we would hang out, I would sometimes see him staring at the picture, for hours, chica. He was crazy over you, not me."

"A picture? I wonder how he got a picture of me. We hadn't spoken in years," Taylor thought aloud.

"Tiny Oso was in the picture; maybe she sent it to him."

"Aires! You said you wouldn't call me that anymore. I've grown! I'm not tiny anymore!" Morgan protested.

When Kade turned her into a full-blooded bear, with the help of Tyson, of course, Morgan was just a cub and so small. Everyone was bigger than her, and it took time, but eventually, she did get bigger. But she's still not fully grown, so she's "Tiny Oso."

"Small Oso then; you're still little sweetheart, but you're erce. And I love you."

"Whatever," she mumbled with a smile.

Out of the four of us, Morgan and I connected the deepest, probably because we were both werebears. My bear genes took a back seat to my vampire, but they were there, and they did a lot to counteract the vamp ones. My bear made me strong, allowed me to not react to the sun, kept my skin from being sickly pale, and helped to suppress the need for blood. I only drank when I was drained; otherwise, I fed my body with regular foods that everyone else ate. I loved that I had my bear to keep me from being like all the other bloodsuckers of the world, and even if I could never shift into her, she was a significant part of who I was.

I pulled out my notebook and showed the sales lady the dresses I had in mind, and to Taylor's delight, four out of ve would hug me down to my knees. We then set off on the crazy task of trying on dress after dress, with different veils, tiaras, and jewelry. It was exhausting, more exhausting than any I'd ever done in my life, and I needed it to stop.

"None of these feel right, chicas. What do I do?" I asked as I pulled off the seventh dress.

"We keep going until one feels perfect. We have plenty of time, and Henry would still marry you if you were wearing a potato sack and covered head to toe in battle juices," Morgan advised.

"Battle juices? That just sounds horric," Alai'a laughed.

"I thought it sounded better than 'blood, guts, jizz, sweat, spit, and who knows what else,'"

"Jizz? Who's jizzing in the middle of a battle?" Taylor asked.

"I don't know! Some people are into some weird s**t; who am I to judge?"

When we made it back to our territory, my stomach did it's usually happy dance when Henry stepped forward to meet the car. He was so sexy and rugged. And so damn sweet.

"Good afternoon, Luna. Beta, Gamma, how are you, ladies? Did you have a nice time?" He leaned in my window and asked. He'd been running; I could smell the sweat that was running down his neck, and I wanted so badly to sink my teeth into that neck and taste him.

"Why are you always so formal with us? Alai'a! Morgan! Taylor! Use our names, damn it," Alai'a joked.

"Sorry, but not while I'm on duty, Luna. You look beautiful, Sunower. Did you nd your dress?" He asked, nally locking eyes with me.

Even when we were inches apart and craving each other, Mi Amor was always respectful of the hierarchy and never failed to address the ranked members before he did anything else. He took his role in this pack seriously, and I respected him immensely for it.

"No. Nothing felt good enough. We'll try again next weekend."

"I'm sure you'll nd something you love. But you always look perfect to me; it doesn't matter what you're wearing, you'll always be awless in my eyes."

"I can't wait to hear his vows. They are going to be the sweetest words ever! I just know it," Taylor told the car, making Mi Amor blush.

"I can't either. I've been waiting my entire life to hear the words he'll tell me on that day. Toda mi vida," I repeated, resting my forehead against Henry's.

"Go rest your muscles, beautiful. And have a drink; that must have been some shopping trip," Henry said after a few moments.

"What? Nol But I'm not tired; how can I need a drink?" I pulled the visor down and saw the faintest red circle forming around my inses. "It was a lot of dresses, but I'm better than this. Wedding dress shopping will not kick my ass," I pledged.

"I know it won't, baby. Luna, Beta, Gamma, I've informed your husbands that you've made it back safely; they are all in a meeting in the Alpha's oce. Drive safely up to the house, and have a good evening," Henry game me a sly, sexy wink before he stepped back from the window and allowed me to drive off.

"Does he ever loosen up and relax?" Alai'a asked.

"Oh, he gets loose. Mi Amor gets extremely loose; then he gets me loose, then he proceeds to screw me in every position under the sun. He's my king," I happily replied.

"Not what I asked, at all, but I'm happy to hear it. You two are adorable together."

"We're perfect," I corrected. Perfect.