

His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 8 - Tips

“Do you have some sort of trauma? I know it is bizarre to ask but... Wait, you do?”

I keep nodding, slowly. Well, I don't know if it can really be called a trauma for real, but... I put a few words down and show her, but she frowns.

“...From when you were eight? And what happened? Can you tell me?”

I hesitate a bit, not because I don't want to tell her, but because I'm afraid. It's not exactly a happy story, and I've never told anyone before. It just makes me so... sad and miserable. And how much can I really tell her without revealing too much? I hesitate a while and end up giving her back the phone. She reads it and sighs.

“Your parents were... Oh, I see... I'm sorry, baby girl. Did they belong to a pack?”

That question again. Somehow, I feel that's what Tonia really wants to know. If I belong to a pack, and if that's the case, which one. I'm pretty sure it's actually Damian who wants to know where I come from, and I don't like it. Why does he want this information for? Before I can answer, Bobo suddenly gets up, turning his head in a new direction. I thought there was something, but as I follow his gaze, I realize it's Nathaniel Black coming to us, with his usual gentle smile. He wears a white shirt under his jacket, for a change, and has a motorbike helmet under his arm. Since his shirt is slightly unbuttoned at the top, I can actually see the crescent moon tattoo he wears on his chest, the same as Damian. I figured it's a common thing within the Blood Moon Clan, as I discovered that Tonia has one, too, though smaller, on her arm.

“Hello, guys. I took a small detour to come to check up on you. How is our princess feeling today?”

I give him a smile as an answer. It's not the first time Nathaniel has come to visit me since I woke up. He never stays long, but he always displays a friendly smile and will talk to me about anything but himself. I have noticed that he just likes to inquire about my tastes, like my favorite colors, or my personal tastes. Like today, he hands me a small carton box, and when I open it, it turns out there are four delicious-looking French cannelés inside. I love those!

“Glad you like it, princess. You really have a thing for French cuisine, don’t you?”

I nod and borrow Tonia’s phone once more to tell him I love his present. Somehow, I’m a bit more comfortable around him now. Maybe it’s because he’s always acting extremely nice to me, bringing me gifts like these and all, but I somehow got used to talking to him, forgetting who he is.

“Really? Well, next time I’ll invite you to my restaurant then. There are only French chefs, and you can try it all to tell me your thoughts on our menu. Let’s have dinner, just you and me. Deal?”

“Oh, the Boss will loooove the idea,” says Tonia, with a mistrusting look

But Nathaniel doesn’t seem intimidated at all. He just winks at me, as if we were now sharing some secret, making me blush. Gosh, why is he so handsome, too! His mid-length hair gives him a wild and juvenile look, and his blue-grey eyes must have all the girls fawning over him. He may not be as breathtaking as Damian, but he still is definitely attractive—and yes, I do realize my judgment is most likely totally clouded by my wolf-self. But he’s more angel-like beautiful, while Damian is the devilishly handsome type.

“Nora, I actually came to tell you that you’ll probably be able to leave the hospital soon.”

What? Really? That’s great! When will that be, and why do I have to wait again? I frown to show him I’m a bit curious about this delay since no one will explain to me. Nathaniel gives me an apologetic look, understanding immediately what I mean.

“Don’t worry, I assure you it will be pretty soon. I…”

But then he stops talking and grabs a smartphone. Oh, it must have been vibrating. He answers it in front of me while I take one of my cannelés to start eating it. This is so good! Crispy outside and spongy inside, so perfect. I have to try making it myself someday. I take one to give it to the siblings. Tonia frowns and declines it -I’ve learned that she’s not too fond of anything sweet or sugary by now-, but Bobo happily gulps it all in one go.

“Yes, yes, understood. No, wait, brother. I’m actually with Nora, do you want to… talk to her?”

I suddenly raise my head. Damian? Is it Damian on the phone? I look at Nathaniel with eyes full of hope, but he suddenly gives me a sorry look and hangs up. Wait, what?

“Sorry Nora, he is... busy. But you’ll see him real soon, okay? I gotta go now. Tonia, Bobo, take good care of the princess, okay?”

He puts his phone back in his pocket, and he just leaves like that in a hurry. But while watching his hand, I saw it.

A stain of fresh blood on his sleeve.

Back into my room sometime later, I’m still thinking about it. Was that real blood? Gosh, I know it was, I’ve seen blood like a million times; how could I be mistaken about that? But I just can’t help but wonder about it. Like, how did he get it on his shirt; what was he doing before coming here?

I’m not naive. I know werewolves get into fights, and it’s not pretty. But the Jade Moon Clan was never a very aggressive clan, so I’ve seen very few fights so far. We usually stand our ground and stay away from trouble. But everyone knows how b****y the Blood Moon pack is... How could they have gone from shadows to domineering half of the city unmatched? They have wiped out an entire clan overnight.

And the leader is Damian.

I usually try to not think about my mate, as he is still a big, intriguing mystery to me. We’ve barely talked, and I know next to nothing about him. Do I want to know more? I can tell from my only meeting with him that he is as frightening and dangerous as the rumors say. Any werewolf could tell he is the ultimate Alpha material, made to dominate people into submission. Tonia calls him the Boss, and even Nathaniel acts differently around him. They are very clear about this position toward him. What about me? How do I fit in this picture as his mate?

“Nora? Everything okay, baby girl?”

I’m sitting against the window, lost in my thoughts. I completely forgot about the book on my lap. Tonia seems concerned, and even Bobo won’t pretend to sleep. I just nod and smile faintly before resuming my reading. I just wish I could leave this place already...

After that, nothing happened for a few days.

Bobo would take me every day to the small courtyard, but we didn't hear from Nathaniel or Damian anymore after that day. Tonia didn't say a thing about it and stopped asking me questions to try and know more about my past, for now. I suppose somehow she understood I didn't want to talk about it anymore and let it go.

Even if I could go out somehow, my days got gloomier. I just felt trapped in there. As the days went on, I was no longer interested in reading books or watching movies, and stopped pretending. It was suffocating, being watched all the time, not knowing when I would be able to leave. The only thing that got better was my throat, as I could now make some sounds and speak in a really soft voice. But that was it. Tonia would try to cheer me up, bringing me new clothes and stuff, but one by one all the medical equipment left my room, and all I could do was wait, hoping to do the same sometime soon.

Then, one night, I suddenly woke up.

I just felt it. That state of nervousness, grasping me from the inside. I instantly knew he was near. The room was completely dark, but I knew it. Sitting up, I reached my hand out in the dark, and I felt his fingers grasping mine.

"You okay?" He whispers with that deep voice of his.

I shiver. That's really Damian. I can feel his warmth close to me. My wolf instantly relaxes—she missed him. A lot.

"Ye...Yes."

It feels so weird to be able to touch him at this moment. I feel like I may be still asleep, dreaming, I'm not quite sure. But I know. This feeling is so unreal, I couldn't invent it on my own. I sit up and try to figure his traits in the dark as my eyes adjust. I find the pair of glowing silver eyes right away.

"What are you doing here?"

"We're going."

"I'm leaving the hospital? Now?"

But... It's the middle of the night! Before I can say a word, I suddenly feel him lift me up, and I'm in his arms, carried like a princess. Gosh, thank god we're in the dark, I must be totally red right now! So embarrassing and intimidating.

But what is this feeling of emergency? I can tell he's tense, and I immediately pick up something's wrong. Why would I have to sneakily leave the hospital in the middle of the night otherwise? And in my pajamas, too. Gosh, this is so embarrassing! At least I'm not wearing anything too childish or revealing, just a long, silk slip dress. I grasp his shirt hesitantly.

"Damian, what's wrong?"

But he won't respond to me. Instead, I feel him walking away, taking me across the room. What about Bobo and Tonia? What's going on? The door suddenly opens in front of us, and we're in one of the hospital's bright hallways. I can finally see him.

He looks so serious, and his eyes are ice-cold. I don't dare to ask again and just hold on to him as he takes me away. I realize Bobo is just ahead of us, leading the way and walking fast, looking around as if he's looking for some sort of threat. They're both so tense, it makes me worry. And where is Tonia?

Everyone lets us pass as soon as they see Damian. Some even bow to him or show a scared look before running off, but he doesn't care. He carries me all the way to the elevator, where Bobo chases some nurses with a growl so we are alone. The machines go down, and I find being in his arms even more embarrassing now.

"I can walk..."

"No."

His tone makes it clear we are not discussing this. I bite my lip and don't dare to argue anymore. What time is it, anyway? I still feel so sleepy... I lean my head against his shoulder, trying to forget all this tension. I feel his shoulders relaxing a little from my touch. Is he reacting to me because I'm his mate? He won't show any expression, though... Now that I'm close to him, I can smell him for the first time. He's wearing some cologne, nothing too strong, though. It smells good and really suits him. My poor excuse of a sense of smell can't figure what is it, though. It's fresh and cooling like the sea, though, wild and strong like a pine forest at dawn. I really might get addicted to this.

The doors of the elevator open in a garage, and Damian takes me to a big car. Tonia's there! She smiles at me and opens the door for us. Damian carries me inside and won't let me go even as we are sitting. Instead, he takes off his jacket and covers me with it. Tonia takes the driver's seat and starts the engine.

"What about Bobo?" I ask.

"He's too big for the car, but don't you worry, baby girl, he's following us. We will meet him there."

But where is "there"?

Tonia starts the engine, and we exit the parking lot. While leaning against Damian's chest, I look out at the window, drowsily staring at the skyscrapers and lights of the city. I love watching the city at night... So beautiful and mysterious.

I fell asleep while gentle fingers stroke my hair, surrounded by this soothing and relaxing smell of his.