

Luna Forsaken

C 1

Arya's POV

James came home looking like something had crawled under his skin and stayed there.

I felt him before the door even opened. The bond tugged and my focus went straight to him. Ria, my wolf, shifted under my skin like she had been waiting for him.

'Mate' she purred.

My pen stopped mid-line. I'd been working on the number for an hour now: patrol rotations, food stores, repairs that kept piling up no matter how many hands we had. The pack needed structure. The Union needed proof we weren't just surviving on stubbornness.

But the second he stepped into the room, none of it mattered for a second. Not properly.

James didn't speak. He just looked at me.

His hair was damp. There was dirt on his boots. A small scrape on his knuckles. His jaw was set. He had that controlled face on, like he had been polite all day and wanted to bite someone for it. It was obvious. I stood without thinking.

"Alpha," I said softly and deliberate, because I liked the way it hit him. Like a reminder of who he is and how far he had come.

His mouth twitched like he wanted to smile but then, he swallowed it back.

"Arya," he murmured, and my name sounded lower than it should have, like he'd been holding it back all day and finally got to say it out loud.

He crossed the room in a few long strides. He crossed the room like he'd been holding himself back all day.

James was unfairly handsome. He had strong jaw, blue eyes, curls that never behaved and tonight, the way he looked at me made breathing feel optional.

His hands framed my face as if he needed to confirm I was still real Then he kissed me, hard and immediate, like he had been holding it for hours and if he didn't touch me now he will lose it.

A sound slipped out of me, half surprise, half need. My hand slid into his hair and held on. He tasted like cold air, grit, and a sharp trace of whiskey. His restraint lasted two breaths, then the bond flared hot, possessive, mine, and Ria surged in approval.

"All day," he muttered against my mouth, voice rough, "I've been thinking about this."

"About kissing me?" I managed, breath already uneven.

"About coming home," he corrected. "To you."

The words hit somewhere tender.

Because lately home felt... negotiable . Like something men with title could bargain over.. Especially with the Union circling us like a decision waiting to be made, with powerful men offering protection like it was a gift instead of a leash.

I didn't let that thought grow.

I kissed him again before fear could get clever.

It wasn't always like this.

We weren't always alpha and Luna. We were rogues once, starving , hunted, surviving on spite and each other. I pulled him out of a silver trap and he gave me a reason to stop running.

We built Nightwind with blood, grit, and promises we meant.

I once took a hit meant for him, and he carried me after like the world couldn't pry me from his arms. Those were those days. But now all James seemed to care about was safety and joining the union. I couldn't blame him. We fought enough battles and lost many comrades to last a lifetime.

James sighed and lifted me easily, like I weighed nothing, like he'd been built for carrying burdens and decided tonight I was the one thing he wanted to hold.

My legs wrapped around his waist without hesitation.

He moved us to the bed with that same urgency, controlled, but barely. He laid me down like I was precious, then stripped his jacket off in one impatient yank and came over me, bracing himself on his forearms.

His breath brushed my cheek.

“Tell me,” he murmured, “you’re still with me.”

The question should not have twisted my heart the way it did.

I’d never left him. Not when we were two rogues with nothing but bruises and pride. Not when we built this pack out of the unwanted. Not when the nearby Alphas tried to crush us just for refusing to bow.

So why was he asking like he needed the answer?

Something had happened today.

I didn’t answer with a speech. I pulled him down and kissed him until the edge of his control finally cracked.

James’s mouth left mine, trailing hot kisses down to my throat. His lips pressed possessively against my skin, each one reverent, like he was worshiping the pulse beating there.

His hand slipped under my shirt, his warm palm flattening against my waist, sending a shiver racing through me. His fingers traced up to the mark on my neck, his claim, his claim warm under my skin, the thing everyone saw even when they pretended not to.

He kissed the mark slowly , once ... twice, until my breath caught and my whole body went tight.

“I’m with you,” I whispered, my voice trembling. “I’m always with you.”

He froze for a second, his forehead pressing against mine, breath mingling hot and ragged.

Then his eyes met mine. There was hunger there... yes.. But something else too. Fear. The kind he hated admitting. It, nearly broke me open.

“Thank you,” he murmured, low and quiet.

“For what?” I breathed.

“For staying,” he said, his breath went rough, “ through all the shit, Through me being me... through the parts you didn’t deserve. I know what I have put you through, Arya.”

My throat closed up tight.

James didn’t bare his soul like this. He charged ahead with iron will, bared his teeth at threats, threw punches when the world closed in. So when he spilled this vulnerability between us, admitting the terror gnawing at him, it cracked the earth under my feet.

I traced my fingers over his cheek, feeling the stubble scrape my skin. “You never have to thank me.”

“I do,” he growled softly. “Because you’re why we’re not broken yet.”

Then he claimed my mouth again, the kiss slower, deeper, pouring devotion into every slide of his tongue against mine. Like he was trying to say something without saying it. Like if he’d stopped he’d have to face whatever happened out there today.

The bond between us heated, pulsing like a live wire. I surrendered to it, letting it pull me under.

His hands started gentle, exploring my sides, thumbs brushing the undersides of my breasts through my shirt. But tenderness ignited into hunger fast. He yanked my shirt up and over my head, tossing it aside. His mouth latched onto my nipple, sucking hard, teeth grazing the peak until I arched into him with a moan. My hands fumbled with his shirt, dragging it off to reveal the hard planes of his chest, scarred from battles we never talked about. Battles we fought together.

We stripped each other bare in frantic pulls, my pants shoved down my legs, his belt clinking open, jeans kicked away. His cock sprang free, thick and hard, veins pulsing as he gripped my thigh and hauled me closer on the bed.

He pushed me back onto the sheets, his body covering mine, weight pinning me in the best way. His fingers dove between my legs, finding my pussy already slick and aching. He stroked my clit with rough circles, then slid two fingers inside me, pumping deep and curling to hit that spot that made my hips buck.

“Fuck, you’re so wet for me,” he groaned against my neck, biting the mark again as he finger-fucked me harder.

I clawed at his back, nails digging into muscle. “James... please...”

He withdrew his fingers, slick with my arousal, and positioned himself at my entrance. His eyes locked on mine, dark and commanding. “Look at me,” he ordered, voice thick with need.

I did, holding his gaze as he thrust in, stretching me wide with his cock. The burn turned to bliss as he filled me completely, bottoming out with a grunt. We both stilled for a beat, breaths syncing, the world narrowing to just this, his body buried in mine, our bond thrumming like a heartbeat.

No Union bullshit. No councils scheming. No threats battering our walls.

Just James. Just the slick heat of him sliding out slow, then slamming back in, setting a rhythm that built like a storm. His hips snapped against mine, cock dragging over every sensitive inch inside me. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him deeper, meeting each thrust with my own grind.

He gripped my hips, angling me so he could pound harder, the bed creaking under us. Sweat slicked our skin, his mouth devouring mine in messy, desperate kisses. One hand slid up to pinch my nipple, rolling it until I cried out into his mouth.

“Mine,” he rasped, teeth nipping my jaw. “All fucking mine.”

“Yes,” I gasped, pleasure coiling tight in my core, hot and unrelenting. His cock hit deep, over and over, the friction building friction until I couldn’t hold back.

He shifted, one hand dropping to rub my clit in firm strokes while he fucked me relentlessly. The dual assault shattered me, I came hard, pussy clenching around him, waves of ecstasy ripping through me as I screamed his name, fingers bruising his shoulders.

James groaned, thrusts turning erratic, chasing his own release. “Fuck... yes...” He buried himself deep one last time, cock pulsing as he spilled inside me, hot cum flooding my core. His body shuddered, collapsing half on top of me, both of us panting like we’d run a war.

He rolled to the side, pulling me against his chest, arms wrapping tight like he’d never let go. I pressed my ear to his heartbeat, thundering steady now.

It should’ve been pure calm.

It should’ve been everything.

But I felt it anyway: the carefulness under the afterglow. Something he was holding back, tucked behind his ribs like a blade he didn't want me to see.