

SECOND CHANCE LUNA

Chapter 26

Jason squeezed her thigh hard, struggling to appear calm while inside he and his wolf were rolling with glee. Katrina's mouth dropped like a codfish.

"But...I thought Katrina and Jason were mates," Thomas said, trying to regain some control of the conversation.

"And what gave you that impression?" Jason asked. "Everyone knows how long I've been looking for my Goddess-given mate."

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"B-but," Thomas hesitated. "Katrina's eighteenth birthday. We held it here because our packhouse flooded. She said she knew you were

mates as soon as she scented you. You were just playing hard to get."

Jason growled, but the tingles Phoebe's caressing fingers made kept his rage in check. However, it was her reply that stunned him

completely.

scent her mate...a delta warrior named Garrison who she rejected. You remember

Phoebe again looked at Katrina, who stood in utter silence. The she-wolf was pale, almost lifeless, at hearing her greatest shame thrown at

her.

"You'll be happy to know he's one of our most highly-decorated warriors now," Phoebe said. "He also met his second chance mate. A she-

wolf named Amber. They have an adorable, two-year-old son, Billy, and they are expecting again. Garrison is hoping for a little girl."

Jason shot Luke a confused look, but the Beta could only shrug. He knew Garrison. The young warrior had made a name for himself by

volunteering for some of the most dangerous assignments. Luke thought he was like most young males, always testing limits, but now...It

sounded more like a wolf dancing on the edge of self-destruction.

Luke remembered being relieved after Garrison met his mate. The gentle she-wolf calmed the warrior and he stopped taking so many risks.

When their pup was born, Garrison couldn't stop grinning ear to ear.

"H-how do you know that?" Katrina muttered. "Y-you weren't even here."

"I met Garrison today when he dropped Billy off at the pack daycare," Phoebe answered. "He was surprised when I asked him if it was

difficult getting over his first mate. Apparently, he never told anyone about his rejection except Amber. I told him wolves recognize our own

kind."

"Your own kind?" Thomas repeated.

"Jason is my second chance mate. He's already done so much to fill the hole my previous mate left, but a rejection isn't something you just

forget. It stays with you, lingers, festers," Phoebe answered without shame. "That's why I was curious how he coped."

"W-what would you know?" Katrina scoffed. "You're just a rejected cow and a liar."

"If you like, we can settle all this right now," Phoebe said. "As Alpha Thomas's daughter, you have a natural resistance to his command and,

as Jason's mate, I have the same resistance to his. So let's have Jason command you to tell the truth and I'll have your father do the same to

me. We'll see who is lying. Or we can just summon Garrison. I'm good with either. Or you could sit down...and be quiet."

Katrina sank into her seat. She never told a soul about her first mate and hadn't thought about him for a moment since the rejection. It was

her assumption he left with his tail between his legs and wasted away somewhere. Never once did she consider the possibility he had

stayed with the pack or that he had made a reputation for himself, let alone started a family.

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“Alpha Thomas,” Phoebe turned her attention to the shocked Alpha, who seemed to be seeing his daughter for the first time. Her tone until

now had been harsh, but now she spoke gently, “I know it’s late, but I want to offer my sincerest condolences on the loss of your mate. I

can’t imagine how difficult it was for you after losing her.”

“Thank you.” Thomas managed, even as his gaze glistened with tears at the mere memory.

“It’s amazing how you have carried on in her memory and I understand why you have doted on your daughter so much,” Phoebe

continued, “but I hope you are beginning to understand that spoiling her has done her no favors. Since she rejected her Goddess-given

mate, she will have to take a chosen mate. Right now, I’m afraid you will be hard-pressed to find someone willing to settle with her even

with Blood Moon pack as their prize.”

Thomas grimaced, but there was no anger left in him or his wolf. Both were shocked by the revelations she had given them and were

beginning to understand their princess had become someone else entirely. He couldn’t help but think how different it would have been if

his mate had survived.

Katrina lacked a strong female example in her life, which was why he encouraged her to spend so much time with Blue Moon, hoping Norah

could provide that example. But whenever Norah criticized or tried to discipline Katrina, Thomas stepped in to shelter his precious daughter.

Suitably chastised, Thomas nodded in agreement. There would have to be drastic changes. He looked again at the young woman perched

on Jason's lap. It was almost laughable that he thought Jason and Katrina were mates. It was clear the Moon Goddess planned something

important for the young Alpha to give him such a regal mate.

"Thank you for your kind words," Thomas said. I think my daughter and I have a lot to discuss. The she-wolf she hurt...if there is anything I

cando..."

"That is very kind of you to offer," Phoebe smiled. "A friend of mine created a balm to heal silver wounds."

"Really?" he blinked in surprise.

"I would like to tell you more, but Jason is applying to the Council for a patent. Hopefully, we'll hear back soon and can make a public

announcement."

"That is very wise," Thomas nodded. He would have done no less. "We should be going. I would like to meet that she-wolf another time

and offer my apologies for all of this."

"That would be very kind," Phoebe agreed as she and Jason stood.

Shaking hands with them, Thomas offered congratulations before taking his leave, dragging Katrina with him. Luke held the door for them,

closing it and escorting their visitors back to their vehicle.

As soon as the door closed, Jason swept Phoebe off her feet, spinning her around before flopping back on the couch. Phoebe's laughter

tured to a moan as he buried his face in her neck, sucking on her marking spot while his hand plunged between her thighs. Her body

clenched against him, surprised by his intensity. Jason groaned, his desire barely contained.

“Goddess, you were so amazing,” Jason mumbled. “The way you handled both of them was poetry. And when you said she’d be in your

seat... almost lost it.”

He captured her lips. His tongue plunged into her mouth, swirling around hers as his hand continued to grind between her legs. He caught

the spicy top-note of her arousal. He had always loved spicy foods and now his mouth watered to taste her.

“Goddess, you smell so good,” Jason pulled away before he could eat her alive. “Tell me what you want, angel. What do you need?”

Phoebe clung to him as she caught her breath. She had been too caught up in his ardor to think straight. Her skin tingled wherever he

touched and her core was on fire, wanting him to do more.

“Angel, what do you want me to do?”

“L...I don’t know. I just don’t want you to stop.”

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He hummed, kissing her as his hand moved. Undoing her jeans, he gave himself access, slipping his hand inside to reach her warm core,

already wet and ready for him. Phoebe moaned as his thumb stroked her clit, pressing it, twisting it. His finger slipped into her, curling and

stimulating her from inside. Phoebe squeaked in surprise as her hips seemed to work on their own, pressing against him.

He felt her spasm and her juices coated his finger. The spicy note of her arousal grew stronger and he plunged two fingers into her as his

thumb continued to play with her. Phoebe moaned as his motion quickened and she reached another peak even more pronounced than the

first.

Jason held her close as she slowly caught her breath. Her body quivered from its unexpected release. He groaned, reveling in her scent and

her body pressed against his. Goddess, she was divine. He wanted more, but he wouldn't take away her control. She determined their pace.

"How did that feel, angel?"

"Wonderful," she snuggled against him.

"Would you like more?"

"There's more?"

"Angel, the things I could do for you, to you. Just tell me what you want."

"...What I want?"

What do I want?

"Oh, stop thinking so much," Mani nudged. 'Just go with it!'

"Phoebe? Angel?" Jason whispered, kissing her temple.

"...I want you," Phoebe finally whispered.

"What?" Jason pulled away, his throat suddenly going dry. Did he hear right?
"Angel?"

"I want you, Jason," Phoebe repeated. "All of you."

He stared at her, his heart racing.

"Our Mates want us!" Lobo howled. "What are you waiting for human?!"

“Not here,” Jason shook his head, scooping her up and standing. He refused to allow her first time to be on his lumpy office couch.

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Practically sprinting, he abandoned his office, carried her to the alpha floor and disappeared into their bedroom. Carefully setting her on her

feet, he kissed her, tenderly caressing her.

“Do you trust me, angel?”

Yes

He peeled off her top, running his hands along her smooth skin. She shivered as his touch sent electric charges through her body. Jason

growled, happy to see her bra was front clasped. Even so, he almost tore it off in his eagerness to free her breasts. She moaned as he

fondled them.

Her hands suddenly came alive, working the buttons of his shirt. Groaning, he shed it and pulled her body against his, finally feeling her skin

against his. He kissed down her neck. His erection pressed painfully in his pants, but he was determined to take care of her first.

Pulling down her jeans, he laid her on the bed, kissing her heated body before removing them completely, leaving her bare in front of him.

Groaning with pleasure at the sight, he kicked away the last of his clothes before joining her. Phoebe shivered at the sight of his erect

member. It was her first time seeing one and she wasn't sure how it would fit in her.

He started at her feet, slowly working up her toned legs, caressing her smooth skin, gently stroking the bandage that remained as her injury

healed. Every stroke sent tingles through her body. She moaned as he reached her thighs, kissing them, caressing them. Phoebe couldn't

believe how good it felt to be touched.

Jason hesitated as he reached her sweet-smelling entrance. He overheard his warriors talk enough to know the basic idea and technique,

but he had never done it before. Lobo pressed forward, urging him on until he finally ran his tongue through her moist folds. Phoebe

gasped, trying to jerk away in surprise, but his hands held her hips in place as his tongue swirled around her clit still swollen from his earlier

handling. Phoebe whimpered as he buried himself in her rich scent and worked deeper inside her. She moaned as a new wave of pleasure

overcame her. He hummed with satisfaction and the vibration stimulated her even more.

Moving higher, he finally reached her breasts, sucking one as his hand returned to stimulating her core. Her hips grinded against his hand as

his fingers worked inside her with somewhat practiced ease as his mouth moved to her other breast, nipping her erect n****e. Her next

climax made her writhe with pleasure.

Jason finally captured her mouth. Her scent and moans were driving him mad. He waited for so long. His tongue plunged into her mouth,

twisting around hers as he entered her. Phoebe moaned, her body tensing at his entry.

Jason groaned, "Easy, angel. Relax."

Her body responded, relaxing around him. Jason continued easing inside her until he was completely sheathed. He kissed her, letting her

body accommodate him. Many warned him a she-wolf's first time could be painful if he was too forceful.

When she seemed ready, he pulled back before thrusting into her again. Phoebe moaned as he slowly increased his pace. Her back arched

and her hips lifted to meet him as she rocked with his thrusts. She prayed he wouldn't stop as he found the rhythm he liked. Jason sucked

on her marking spot, causing mini explosions of pleasure to erupt through her.

"J-Jason!" she cried out as her body clenched and her next orgasm rolled over her.

He groaned at the sound of his name. His body shuddered, reaching its climax with hers and sending his release deep inside her. Jason

growled satisfaction as he filled her with his essence and, somewhat embarrassed, he couldn't last longer.

Phoebe moaned, falling back trying to catch her breath. Jason lay on top of her, shuddering with the aftermath. Slowly, he pulled out of her,

kissing her gently. She whimpered as his body left hers.

"Shh. Angel," Jason whispered. "It's all right."

She drifted off to sleep as he stumbled to the bathroom. He returned with a warm washcloth and lovingly cleaned her, wincing at the

amount of blood. It was another thing he was told to expect for a she-wolf's first time, but he hoped he hadn't hurt her. Tossing aside the

cloth, he crawled back into bed and took her into his arms before falling into contented sleep, his mate sound asleep in his arms.

Chapter 27

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Phoebe stirred. Her body felt heavy. She ached with a particularly odd sensation between her thighs. Her mind slowly stirred and memories

filtered back to her: playing with the pups, meeting parents, the audience with Thomas and Katrina and then...

Her eyes widened at the memory of what she and Jason had done. They didn't...

"Oh, you did," Mani hummed.

"This isn't funny."

"I agree. What he did was quite serious. Didn't it feel amazing?*

'But...'

"No buts. This is what Mates do, sweetie. I know I should have made you watch some filthy movies once in a while."

"What is he going to think of me after that?"

"He's going to wonder how he can convince you to let him do it again."

"Mani!"

'Well, it's true.'

"It's not even nighttime!" Phoebe wasn't sure what time it was, but she had been summoned to the office shortly after noon.

"What does that matter? I'm surprised he didn't take us right there in the office. I suppose he wanted your first time to be special."

"How am I even going to look at him again?*

"Even better...let him take you from behind."

"Mani!"

"Angel, you smell fantastic right now," Jason lazily stirred, tightening his embrace. "Do you know you get a spicy note to your scent when

you're aroused?"

“D-do I?”

“Mhmm. I've always loved Indian food. Now I know why. It was all to stimulate my appetite for you.”

Phoebe shivered. He nuzzled her, nibbling her ear. The stimulation seemed to go right to her core and she felt herself tighten. He groaned.

She felt his erection press against her back as the sweet undertone of his scent grew stronger.

“Shall we keep going, angel?” he whispered, just as there was a knock at the door. He growled at the interruption.

“What was that?” Phoebe asked.

“Just dinner. It's nearly six. I linked the cooks to bring something up and leave it at the door.”

“Oh.” Her stomach rumbled.

“Seems my angel is hungry for something other than me,” Jason chuckled, kissing her. “Well have to take care of that so I'm back at the

top of the list.”

“Jason?” Phoebe looked over her shoulder as he slipped out of bed.

She caught sight of his ass as he ducked into the bathroom. Blushing, she looked away, trying not to picture his lean, muscular form.

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“So yummy,” Mani sighed. ‘I can’t wait to meet his wolf.’

Phoebe tried to marshal her thoughts as Jason emerged. He had slipped on a pair of sweats and was pulling on a o_ tshirt as he stepped

out of the large closet. Studying him, she couldn't help but picture him in all his glory. Sensing her gaze, Jason smirked. Phoebe blushed,

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hiding her face in the pillow, but it was soaked in his scent.

"You shouldn't be embarrassed, angel," Jason leaned over her, turning her face to his and kissing her tenderly. "All of this belongs to you.

You can undress me mentally or physically anytime."

"Jason!" she squeaked, her blush growing fierce as he chuckled, kissing her neck.

"My angel is so innocent, but I like that. I'm afraid I'd have to kill anyone who had been with you if that wasn't the case."

"Y-you wouldn't," Phoebe jerked away, staring at him wide-eyed.

"An Alpha is very possessive of his mate, angel. wouldn't put anything past me. You have no idea what it takes to keep from hunting down

your former mate and putting him out of your misery...and he didn't even touch you."

"Jason."

"Shh." He kissed her gently. "Don't defend him. Don't even think of him. Think about me instead."

Leaving her with a smile, he went to retrieve their waiting meal before it got cold, though he expected them to use hot plates to keep it all

fresh. Phoebe hesitated a moment before she slipped out of bed. It felt strange to move and an odd wetness dribbled between her thighs.

Ducking into the bathroom, she used the shower to clean herself before wrapping up in a robe.

I should get dressed.

"Or just wear the robe," Mani suggested. 'Our Mate will appreciate the view.'

Ignoring her wolf, Phoebe slipped into the closet. It seemed they were eating in so she didn't need to wear anything extravagant. Still

unsure, she selected a pair of shorts and a hoodie.

Stepping out, she found Jason had wheeled a cart in from the hall. He arranged the dishes on the coffee table in front of the large couch

and was uncorking a bottle of wine that was chilling in a bucket of ice.

"Wine?" Phoebe asked as she approached.

"Seems the kitchen wanted to make dinner as romantic as possible," Jason grinned, pouring them glasses.

Like beer, there were special werewolf wines blended with aconite to enhance the alcoholic stimulations, but knowing their Alpha didn't

enjoy such things, the kitchen had chosen a human variety without the addition. They didn't want to be the reason his mood was ruined.

"Romantic as possible?" Phoebe repeated, her face suddenly going red. "Don't tell me...they know!"

He glanced at her, raising a brow, "About what?"

"About what we did..."

"Their Alpha and Luna disappeared in the middle of the day and then requested dinner in their room. I'm sure they have a fair idea what

that means."

"Goddess!" Phoebe hid her face in her hands. How would she face any of them again?

"Angel," he chuckled, embracing her and kissing her forehead. "It's fine. When Luke and Mona were first mated, I didn't see him for two

weeks. Ben and Lucille were even worse."

Phoebe slowly relaxed.

"I can't disappear for a week, but half a day won't be begrudged. Besides, it comforts the pack to know their Alpha and Luna are together."

"Right," she leaned against him as he nuzzled her.

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"Now let's eat."

He led her to the couch and revealed the kitchen's hard work: beef stroganoff, green bean casserole, tossed salad and rhubarb crisp for

dessert. They enjoyed the meal with little conversation. Jason concerned himself with making certain she was satisfied.

Hunger satisfied, they sat together on the couch, enjoying their close proximity. Jason held her, letting her recline against his chest while she

relaxed. His fingers slipped under her hoodie, gently caressing her skin.

"So what do I normally smell like?" Phoebe dreamingly asked. She couldn't remember feeling so relaxed.

"Lilac and sage."

"And it gets spicy when I'm..."

"Mhmm." He nuzzled her, catching the slightest hint of it now. His chest rumbled with pleasure.

Phoebe fell silent, thinking about that. The lilac and sage she understood. After all, she spent a lot of time in her mother's herb garden, but

she couldn't stomach spicy foods. Her mother never used anything stronger than turmeric at home because of that.

"What about me?" Jason asked.

“Dogwood and campfire,” Phoebe answered, hesitating, “and when you’re...stimulated you smell sweet, like roasted marshmallows.”

“That’s weird.”

“Why?”

“I really don’t like sweets, especially marshmallows.”

“Well, I don’t like spicy food,” Phoebe snorted. “But my parents used to take me camping in the backyard all the time. My dad told stories

while we made s’mores.”

“So I smell like marshmallows, which you love, and you smell like spices, which I love,” Jason said.

“It’s quite a coincidence.”

“Is it?”

Phoebe fell silent.

“Is it really a coincidence that we would be fated mates and smell like each other’s favorite things?”

Phoebe pondered that, suddenly remembering something she had forgotten a long time ago, “Oh.”

“What is it, angel?”

“When I first scented Graham and knew he was my mate, he smelled like evergreen and chocolate. I liked the smell, but it didn’t make me

hunger for him. What do you suppose that means?”

“That he didn’t deserve you. And you shouldn’t think about him anymore.”

“Because I have you?”

“That’s right, angel. You have me.” He kissed her, nibbling her ear and working down her neck.

"I love you, Jason," Phoebe sighed.

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"I love you, Phoebe. Shall I so you how much?"

"Yes. Show me."

Graham growled, stirring from his drunken state in the middle of the abandoned cottage. At that moment, he lay in what had been

Phoebe's bedroom. Her scent had been strongest here, but now it was stale and fading.

Alpha Jason had not been joking when he instructed his pack to take everything. Every scrap of a_furniture, every shelf, even the fridge had

been removed. There wasn't a trace that a wolf ever lived in the cottage, except the beer cans that littered the floor.

Every room was littered with cans, evidence of his obsession since her departure. That day replayed in his mind endlessly as another alpha

claimed what was his. As if that wasn't bad enough, Phoebe seemed to reciprocate, calling out to Jason for comfort. Then, before Graham

knew whether she was all right, Jason swept her away and took every last part of her with him. His parting words still burned in Graham's

ears.

"she'll call my name as I fill her up."

Graham growled, throwing a can through the window he broke the night before in a drunken fit. How dare that alpha touch what was his.

Graham would make him pay and then he'd take back what belonged to him.

Suddenly, his chest felt tight and he struggled to catch his breath. A burning sensation crawled out of the pit of his stomach, bringing an

acid taste to his mouth. He convulsed, emptying the scant contents of his stomach onto the floor.

He managed to catch his breath only for the same sensation to erupt through him like he was injected with pure wolfsbane. Graham clawed

at his skin as the feeling trailed through his veins. Writhing on the ground, he howled in pain.

What's happening!

"Mate is with him," his wolf whimpered vaguely.

Graham almost didn't recognize the voice. It had been years since Grim spoke to him, not since he marked Kristie. So surprised by his wolf's

response he didn't immediately register what was said. Suddenly, he howled in rage.

"She's with him!"

His wolf whimpered.

Graham crumpled as the realization hit him. This was the pain of betrayal as she mated with someone else. Though he rejected her and

marked another, his wolf still maintained a tenuous connection he had not known. Over the years, she never took another male, so he never

felt anything through the bond though his betrayal cut her deep. Now he felt the pain she endured when he was with Kristie. It seemed like

hours before the pain eased and he passed out again.

Michael found him still on the floor. Sneering at the dozens of cans littered around the alpha's prone form, he hoisted up the unconscious

body and hauled him to the packhouse. Reaching it, Michael ordered a pair of omegas to follow him up to the alpha floor where he

dumped the body into the tub, instructing them to clean him up. They complied without a word.

“What's going on?” Kristie asked, looking in and wrinkling her nose.

“Nothing to worry about, Luna,” Michael answered.

“He’s drunk again.”

“Pll handle it.”

“Was he there again?”

“Isaid I'll handle it.”

Scoffing, she spun on her heels and disappeared. Michael sighed. Between his drunk Alpha and w***e Luna the pack was descending into

chaos. Their patrols had stopped completely. In fact, the warriors didn’t even train anymore. Instead, they lounged about, ordering omegas

around like barmaids. He had to lock up a few to sober them up after they tried to force themselves on the young she-wolves.

Paperwork wasn’t getting done and proposals were lying in waste. As much as he and the Gamma tried, there was only so much they could

get done without an alphas authority. The deterioration had been going on for years, but increased quite recently and now he knew why.

‘When Graham returned to the pack, announcing Kristie was his mate and Luna, none of them questioned it. It wasn’t until later that Michael

suspected Kristie was not his fated mate. By then she was already mated and marked.

Chapter 28

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Kristie had no interest in pack affairs and was unconcerned with the education and development of the pups. She ignored requests from the

she-wolves, especially the low and unranked. Kristie brought no sense of unity or cooperation. Instead she let resentments fester and the pack structure slowly broke down.

Only one wolf held it together. She worked quietly behind the scenes. Others sought her out for advice and comfort. Taking the pups' care

onto herself she provided a place for them to belong and learn new skills. She even took in two orphans as if they were her own.

How could he have been so blind?

Kristie was not Luna material...Phoebe was.

Michael sighed. Despite her rejection, and it had to be a rejection, she carried on her duties even without a Luna's authority quietly knitting

the pack's deteriorating bonds. But that was over as soon as Alpha Jason set foot on their territory.

No doubt he scented his mate immediately. The BBQ had to have been the moment he finally saw her. Michael recalled how Phoebe briefly

appeared before disappearing with the pups. Alpha Jason did a remarkable job keeping a low profile considering how long he had been

looking from his mate. While he remained at the party Beta Luke had disappeared.

Michael hadn't thought anything of it at the time but now he realized the visiting Beta had been sent to keep an eye on his pack's Luna

until Jason could claim her himself. He had been too distracted trying to keep Graham sober during Jason's visit to pay attention to the

warning signs.

How was he supposed to keep the pack together now? His alpha was soused and their luna was an airhead. Neither one of them had any

desire nor the ability to lead the pack.

Graham woke with a start shoving away the omegas trying to drag him to bed after cleaning him up. Growling dangerously he scared the

pair away. They disappeared leaving Michael to handle the disorientated alpha.

"There is no more beer," Michael said as Graham stumbled toward the fridge. "You drank it all."

"Buy more."

"With what funds? The pack is broke."

"Get more."

"All of our businesses are in foreclosure because you've been too drunk to maintain them."

Graham spun around ready to fight but suddenly crumpled in pain. He sank to his knees unable to stand.

"What's wrong?" Michael asked.

"She's with him!"

Realization hit Michael. Graham's wolf never relinquished its bond and now he was feeling her betrayal as she mated with another. If his

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wolf was this obsessive to have maintained the bond there was no way to convince it to break it now.

"Doc!" Michael opened his mindlink to the pack doctor.

"Beta?"

"How much wolfsbane would you need to temporarily break the bond of one's wolf?"

"That depends. For how long?"

"At least a few hours."

“Why would you need to?”

“It's for the Alpha.”

“...Isee. I'll be right there.”

Michael waited until he heard the knock. Letting in the doctor they hesitated as their Alpha writhed on the floor. Grimly the doctor prepared

a syringe with a clear liquid. Once ready he nodded to Michael. The Beta held down their Alpha as the doctor injected the syringe's

contents.

They stepped back as Graham snarled before falling silent. He lay sprawled out on the floor. Breathing sighs of relief they watched as he lay

passed out.

“How long will it last?” Michael asked.

“I'm not sure how long he will stay out but his wolf should stay quiet for a couple hours... maybe.”

“Only a couple?”

“Alphas have a much higher tolerance for wolfsbane than other wolves and he's been a heavy drinker for years. Given the disconnection

between him and his wolf it's difficult to estimate how his recovery will be affected.”

“Let's just hope Alpha Jason decides to take it easy given it's his Luna's first time.”

The doctor hesitated then asked, “Then it's true...Phoebe really was his mate...and should have been our Luna.”

Michael nodded.

“I guess that makes sense. Certainly explains a few things.”

"What do you mean?"

"Only that there always seemed to be a particular aura about her. It was calming. She wasn't like the other low ranking she-wolves."

"You knew her well?"

"No. She came to the pack hospital regularly to visit her friend, a nurse. Betty, no Brittany. They were really close."

"Is that nurse still here?"

"No. She's gone. You didn't know? One of the Alpha Jason's warriors was her mate. She went with them."

"Hmm. He took those orphans she was caring for too," Michael sighed. "That means all her close bonds are with her in her new pack."

"Were you thinking of trying to lure her back?"

"The thought crossed my mind but Alpha Jason definitely isn't letting her out of his sight."

"Alphas are very possessive." The doctor shuddered with the memory of Jason's aura. "Especially ones like him."

"Fire! Fire!"

The panicked call stirred both of them to action. Leaving the unconscious alpha, Michael and the doctor darted outside and followed the

link eventually coming to Phoebe's cottage or at least where it used to be. It was engulfed in angry flames. The flames had spread to the

garden. The burning herbs added an odd aroma to the rising smoke. Standing in front of the conflagration was a proud Kristie.

Marching up to her Michael gripped her arm, "What did you do?"

"I took care of the problem," she smirked.

"Do you have any idea what this is going to do to him?"

"This is all that b***h's fault" Kristie huffed. "This pack is better off without her."

"She was the only one holding this pack together!" Michael growled.

"Watch it Betal I'm Luna"

"You were never Luna!" Michael declared to the stunned pack members.

"You've done nothing but tear this pack apart! And I will not

protect you any longer! I renounce you as my Luna!"

He marched away from her toward the growing crowd.

"Get back here, Betal" she ordered.

Her Luna aura washed over him without affect. The disconnect between her and the pack was too great. She had no power to make

demands of them anymore.

"I said get back here!" she demanded but he ignored her.

"Get buckets now!" Michael ordered the other pack members, "We have to keep the fire from spreading. Let's go!"

The pack members complied. Soon they made a baling brigade and splashed water along the perimeter of the fire keeping it contained as it

slowly consumed itself.

After an hour it had burned itself down and the chances of spreading were minimal. Michael sent the majority of the pack to bed selecting a

handful of warriors to guard and watch as the embers slowly died.

"You are going to pay for undermining my authority," Kristie growled as Michael continued to stand watch.

"What authority? You've squandered what little you had," Michael snorted.

"You think those wolves you dragged to your bed did so

because they were in love with you? Abusing your authority is the surest way to lose it."

"Y-you...take that back."

"Truth hurts, doesn't it? You been here for years and never took the least bit interest in this pack. Well, now it's turning its back on you. And

you have no one to blame but yourself:

Before she could retort a howl of rage echoed around them. Michael cursed under his breath. He had forgotten all about his alpha. Spinning

he saw Graham bristling with rage bearing his fangs as his wolf fought for control.

Shit.

Michael looked to the pack doctor who shook his head. He didn't have another dose on him. Graham stumbled forward his gaze on the

slowly dying flames.

"What happened!" he demanded.

The pack members still gathered bared their necks but none dared to speak as his aura washed over them. It had been a long time since

they felt his authority.

"I said what happened?"

"I did what you didn't have the balls to do," Kristie declared tilting her nose up.

His rage-filled gaze fell on her.

"You need to stop obsessing over that w***e. I'm your Luna remember?"

Before she said another word his hand shot toward her slashing open her throat. Wide-eyed in disbelief, Kristie crumpled to the ground like

a puppet that had its strings out.

"Graham you need to calm down," Michael said.

"Were you in on this too?"

"No! Of course not!"

Graham growled his wolf barely in check.

"Look, I'm sorry. Maybe if I'd been paying closer attention when you first brought Kristie here I would have realized...what's done is done.

We have to focus on the pack now. We can still put it back together....and later...you can find a new Luna."

"I already have a Luna!" Graham snarled.

"She's gone! She's been claimed by another! You can't challenge him..."

"Watch me!"

With a howl he suddenly shifted into his large, brown wolf. Michael took a step back. It had been years since he saw his alpha's wolf. He

barred his neck to the enraged alpha wolf. He certainly didn't want to be seen as a threat. With a snarl the wolf leapt off into the night.

Shit.

"Beta?"

"I need trackers! The best we got! Now! And someone dispose of this garbage," Michael scoffed at the Luna's torn body. His concern was

for his Alpha and his pack. He didn't have time to worry about her. At least she couldn't do anymore damage.

Chapter 29

Phoebe stirred. Her head rested on Jason's shoulder, her arm lay across his gently rising and falling chest. How many times had they mated?

She lost count. Each time blended into the next. Her body ached from their long session, but yearned for more. It was oddly contradictory, but satisfying.

"How are you feeling, angel?" Jason asked, sensing she was awake.

"What time is it?"

"Five. The pack should be stirring soon."

"That means we have to get up too."

"Or we can call it a vacation. I'm entitled."

"Is that any sort of attitude for an Alpha to take?"

"If it means spending the day with my beautiful Luna, why not?"

She tried not to laugh as she snuggled closer. His embrace tightened and she caught the scent of his arousal already stirring. She heard

rumors of an alpha's stamina, but he was truly insatiable though his lovemaking was tender. His concern was always for her satisfaction and comfort.

He kissed the top of her head, "What are you thinking about, angel?"

"...So, last night was your first time?"

"Yeah. It was," Jason caressed her. He would never tire of the feel of her skin against his. ... Angel?"

"It's just... Was it good for you?"

"I couldn't imagine a more perfect night," Jason smiled.

She blushed as he pulled her close, kissing her deeply. His warm scent surrounded her, teasing her, enticing her. She could feel her own

need rising to answer his. Reluctantly, she pulled away, trying to collect herself.

“We should...get ready for the day.”

He sighed, “My Luna is too studious.”

“And my Alpha is spoiled.”

He growled, rolling over so she was under him, “Say that again.”

“That you are spoiled?”

“The other part

Her brow furrowed, “You mean when I said my Alpha?”

“That's the part,” he leaned forward and kissed her. “I'm yours, forever.

“And I'm yours,” she whispered.

“My angel.” He rubbed noses with her, teasing and coaxing her.

“Well, your angel promised the pups she would teach them about herbs today. I can't disappoint them.”

He growled, but relented, “Your wish is my command, but know this luv, we will be continuing where we left off tonight.”

“Promise?”

He kissed her again, “Promise.”

Reluctantly, he let her sit up. Phoebe groaned at her body's stiffness, carefully stretching. Worried, he sat up, massaging her shoulders and

back. She leaned into his touch.

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“Are you okay, angel?”

“Yeah. Just sore.”

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“I’m sorry. I should have been gentler.

“No.” She sighed as his arms wound around her. “You were very gentle. It’s just...”

“It was your first time,” he nuzzled her. “I should have known better than to carry on so long.”

There were some things even a werewolf’s recovery rate couldn’t completely combat. Only time and activity would help her loosen her

tightened muscles as well as acclimate her body to such activity. Right now, there was only one other thing that might help her.

“Wait here, angel,” he kissed her temple before heading to the bath.

A few minutes later, she heard the water running in the bath. Phoebe realized what he intended and smiled at his consideration. A warm

soak did sound good and they still had some time. Returning to the bedroom, he scooped her up and carried her.

Phoebe laughed, “I can walk.”

“Not while I’m here, angel.”

Steam was already fogging the mirrors. Setting her on the edge of the bath, he unwrapped her bandage to see her wounds were mostly

healed and the stitches were ready to be removed. Jason frowned a moment before grabbing a scissors and gently clipping the stitches out.

He would accept the doctor's punishment, but right now making Phoebe as comfortable as possible was his priority. Settling her down in

the warm water, he joined her, pulling her into his lap and gently washing her. Phoebe sighed, leaning against him enjoying the trail of

electricity his touch left along her skin. She smelled his arousal even before she felt his erection.

"It seems you have a one-track mind," she said, reaching back to caress his cheek.

"It's because I'm touching you. I can hardly be blamed for that," Jason nipped her ear. "All that matters is making you comfortable. I can

take care of that later

"Or we can take care of it now," Mani suggested.

"Mani.

"What? Exercise will help loosen you up."

Phoebe stifled a laugh. Who knew her wolf would be so insatiable?

"What is it, angel?" Jason asked, confused by her sudden mirth.

"Nothing. Just my wolf."

"Oh? Did she say something interesting?" Jason asked, hoping to encourage her to speak more with her wolf and strengthen their bond.

During their extended love-making session, he noticed her gray eyes flashing silver, a sure sign her wolf was close to the surface. A fact

Lobo confirmed. Given his wolf linked hers without issue, as well as the fact it communicated with Phoebe, it must mean it was emerging

more often. Wolf or no wolf, he loved her the same, but for her sake he wanted her to be whole.

"She did."

“And what was it?”

Phoebe hesitated before she changed position, straddling him, not caring about the soreness of her injured leg as she positioned her core

near his stiff member. Jason sucked in his breath, realizing the danger of this position.

“My wolf said we should take care of your issue now.”

“D-did she?” Jason's throat went dry. Was this really going to happen? “Angel?”

She leaned forward, kissing him. His arms came around her, caressing her, but he didn't try to force her. She was in charge. Briefly, she

hesitated as she had never done this before.

“Relax, I'm here,” Mani said. “Trust me. I'm your instinct after all.

Phoebe shifted position, taking him into her. Jason groaned, not breaking their kiss. Once she sheathed his length, she followed Mani's

gentle urges, rocking back and forth, finding her rhythm. Jason's hips moved with her thrusting upward to meet her as he matched her

pace. She moaned, adjusting and drawing out her pleasure.

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She leaned back as her pace increased. Jason watched her in amazement as she pleased herself on top of him. He thrust harder with her

motion, enjoying the sound of her satisfaction. Sucking on her breast, he felt her near her climax. Her body quivered and clenched around

him, milking him as he reached his release.

Phoebe slumped against him. He held her, gently caressing her as she slowly recovered. Stirring, she shyly met his gaze, asking, "Was that okay?"

She blushed. He wasn't sure if it was from embarrassment or if she was unsure of herself when it came to pleasuring him. Her shyness was endearing in either case.

"Your wish is my command. I'm yours however you want me," Jason kissed her.

"I love you," she smiled.

"I love you."

"So the witch said if I didn't comply she would give me two heads...So I said make it three, I already have two," Luke said, looking at Jason

who had been staring at his computer screen for the last twenty minutes. "Earth to Jason...Jace? Hey!"

Jason blinked, coming out of his daze. Blinking, he looked at his Beta and asked, "What was that?"

"Forget it," Luke sighed. "Did something happen between you and Phoebe? You're distracted, but you don't seem upset like yesterday, so it was something good, right?"

After he escorted Alpha Thomas out, Luke returned to the office to find it abandoned. The lingering scent told him his Alpha and Luna had

gotten rather heated in his absence. Given the conversation he and Jason had earlier, he worried she had fled in fear and assumed Jason

had gone after her to reassure her.

The pair didn't come down for dinner. He overheard the cooks talking about how the Alpha and Luna were having dinner together in their

room. It gave Luke hope they resolved the issue amicably and were spending time strengthening their bond, perhaps watching a movie.

Luke still couldn't believe how she handled Thomas and Katrina. It was like poetry. Ben and Lucille asked him to repeat the story at least five

times, both lamenting they missed it. Even Norah applauded Phoebe's bravado.

Jason and Phoebe arrived at breakfast holding hands, much to the pack's delight. He kissed her just as Blake and Emma ran up to them,

loudly greeting, "Mommy! Dad!"

Phoebe laughed and picked up Emma to rub noses. Jason followed suit with Blake. Since he mixed his blood with theirs to initiate them into

the pack, they carried a slight undertone of his scent. Ordinarily, this would fade into the general pack scent, but he strengthened it daily the

same way he did to Phoebe to reassert his claim. His scent also made it easier for his wolf to accept the pups as his own, though Lobo

didn't seem to have any difficulty in that area.

They carried the pups back to the table where they had been eating under Norah's watch. Jason set Blake down and retrieved plates for

himself and Phoebe, piling hers high. They chatted easily with Norah about the Luna Ceremony. Lucille joined the conversation, asking all

sorts of questions about her preferences. Phoebe laughed at her sister-in-law's eagerness.

Everything seemed fine, so Luke allowed himself to relax. Now Jason sat at his desk, distracted. Luke wondered if he dropped his guard too

soon.

"I mean, you and her are good, right?"

"She said she loves me," Jason said.

"What!" Luke jerked to attention. "She said what?"

"She said she loves me," Jason couldn't control the smile on his face if he tried. Lobo ran circles in his mind practically giddy.

"This calls for a drink," Luke stood, going to the liquor cabinet as he linked Ben to join them.

He selected a bottle of whiskey and three glasses, brought them to the coffee table and gestured for Jason to join him. Ordinarily, he would

have objected, but acquiesced and sat down while Luke poured the drinks. Luke handed him a glass just as Ben arrived.

"What the hell? I rushed over here because you said it was important and I find you drinking?"

"We're not drinking," Luke handed him a glass. "We're celebrating."

"Celebrating what?"

"Phoebe said she loves me."

"Damn," Ben sank into a chair. "When?"

"He was just getting to that. So spill it. Tell us everything. Did she say it last night?"

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"No, this morning...after we... mated."

"After what?"

"After we mated," Jason repeated, his face blushing deep.

"Way to bury the lead!" Ben said, slapping his shoulder.

"I'm going to need another drink," Luke announced.

"So tell us," Ben insisted. "After Alpha Thomas left, you two disappeared. What happened?"

"I couldn't help myself" Jason said. "The way she handled them both all while she was sitting in my lap...Goddess, she was amazing."

"Luke said it was a sight to behold," Ben nodded. "Sorry I missed it."

"I thought I was going to die trying to hold in my laughter," Luke chuckled.

"You and me both," Jason agreed.

"And we weren't the only ones. Thomas's escort was practically shaking from holding it in."

"So what happened after?" Ben asked after they had their laugh.

"Once we were alone...I thought I was going to eat her alive. I was so turned on."

"It smelled like it got pretty heated," Luke nodded. "Did she...get scared with all of that attention?"

"No, the opposite," Jason shook his head.

"Opposite?" Ben repeated with a smile. "So you two didn't disappear because she was upset, you disappeared to...finish."

A pink tinge warmed Jason's cheeks as his Beta and Gamma laughed. Both had been mated for a while so they understood what it was like

in the beginning. It was overwhelming and overrode just about everything. They certainly wouldn't fault their Alpha for succumbing,

especially given how carefully Jason had been romancing his Luna.

"So, in other words, it was a very good night," Ben said. "We should have known when you had dinner delivered."

"She was too self-conscious to go down to the dining hall."

Ben raised an eyebrow. Knowing it wasn't just Phoebe's first time, but also Jason's, the Gamma doubted it was only her who was self-

conscious. This was all new to Jason, but he seemed to be doing well for himself without assistance.

"So you had dinner together. And?"

"And we talked and...other things. And this morning she told me she loves me."

"What's going on in here?" Lucille asked as she entered without knocking. "Drinking before noon?"

"We're celebrating," Ben said as she sauntered in and sat on his lap, taking his drink for herself.

"Celebrating what?"

"Our Luna told our Alpha she loves him," Ben said.

"And they are mated," Luke added, nearly causing Lucille to spit out her drink.

"Seriously!" Lucille exclaimed, staring at her brother, who blushed deeper. "I thought there was something different about you! So my

celibate brother finally managed to seal the deal."

Jason scowled at her. Both of them had chosen to wait until they found their fated mates because of their mother. Lucille was lucky her mate

was a member of their own pack even if she was slow to realize it. Jason's mate had been much harder to find, but he refused to accept any

other, which had led to more than one argument with their father over the years.

"Well, this is a day worth celebrating," Lucille held up her glass and downed it.

“Favorite color?”

“Blue.”

Phoebe chuckled, “That's a little cliché.”

Jason smiled, loving the sound of her laughter as he entwined his fingers with hers, “Maybe, but I'm leaning more toward silver these days.”

They lay together, enjoying each other's company after a passionate session. It seemed their appetite for each other was becoming

insatiable. Her reactions thrilled him, pushing him to explore more of her.

“What about you?”

“Green.”

“Really?”

“It's calming and it's the color of spring and life.”

“It suits you.”

“Thank you,” Phoebe snuggled closer.

Jason growled appreciation as her body pressed against his with nothing separating them. His hand caressed her curves, enjoying her bare

skin under his touch. It was amazing such simple actions brought his immediate arousal.

“Jason, you are incorrigible,” Phoebe chuckled.

“You can hardly blame me when such a beautiful she-wolf is lying in my arms smelling as delicious as you,” he whispered against her neck

where her scent was the strongest.

"I suppose it's a good thing you don't need encouragement since I don't have any experience with that."

Jason paused, pulling back to look at her, "You know I waited. Do you know why?"

Phoebe shook her head. She sensed there was a story, but had been too embarrassed to ask in case it was personal.

"It's because of my mother," Jason explained. "She and my father were fated mates. They tell you meeting your fated mate is supposed to

be magical, right?"

Phoebe nodded. Her parents told her the same thing. Meeting her fated mate had been anything but magical, and she almost ruined

meeting her second chance because of it.

"Well, my parents' first meeting was one to remember," Jason sighed. "My father didn't wait for his fated mate. He actually had several

relationships with various she-wolves in his pack and other packs. His most consistent partner was a Blue Moon warrior named Blanche."

He paused and Phoebe waited for him to continue when he was ready.

"Anyway, a friend and ally of his had his Alpha Ceremony, so my father attended and brought Blanche with him as a sort of bodyguard and

for...other things. They ducked into a bathroom and while Blanche was...satisfying my father...my mother walked-in on them."

Phoebe gasped.

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Jason kissed her forehead, "Yeah. My mother was the daughter of the pack's q_Gamma but spent a lot of time at her mother's pack with

her maternal grandparents, who were Betas. She and my father never crossed paths until that moment. Of course, my mother's eyes went

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right to the she-wolf going down on my father and immediately felt the pain of his betrayal.”

Jason paused, remembering the hurt in his mother's eyes when she told him the story.

“She ran out of the room. My father knocked Blanche over trying to follow. He didn't even know my mother's name, her pack, nothing. He

caught up to her and convinced her to give him another chance. She refused to go with him immediately because she didn't want to travel

in the same vehicle as Blanche. So my father returned home and waited. My mother arrived about a week later, and he introduced her to the

pack as his mate and Luna. His parents were thrilled and so was the pack, aside from a few. About a week or so later, Blanche and two

others attacked my mother.”

Phoebe stiffened, shocked by the idea wolves would actually attack their Luna.

“My mother was the daughter of a gamma and had beta blood, so she had plenty of training. Against three, on a trained warrior, she held

her own as long as she could. They might have killed her if my dad's o__ Gamma hadn't arrived in time.

“Needless to say, my father was furious when he saw his Luna in the hospital, and when he learned who did it he flew off the handle. He

marched down to the cells where the she-wolves were imprisoned. He gave them three choices if they wanted to live: one submit to their

Luna; two, transfer to another pack or; three, he would banish them to be rogues.”

Phoebe caressed his arm, sensing his disquiet and wanting to sooth him. Jason sighed, closing his eyes and reveled in her presence.

“They chose to submit. My mom had her Luna Ceremony and for a while it was fine, except after that day, my mother insisted on two

guards at all times, hand-picked by her. I can’t imagine what my father thought, knowing his Luna didn’t feel safe in her own pack because

of him. But that was her condition for staying. Not long after, she became pregnant with me. She was almost five months along when

Blanche attacked her a second time...this time with a silver knife.”

Phoebe shuddered, looking at him. Werewolf pregnancies generally only lasted six months, so he had been nearly to term when his mother

was attacked. The silver could have killed them both. Jason grimaced at the concern shimmering in her eyes.

“If it weren’t for her bodyguards, we would certainly have died,” Jason said. “My father was away for an alpha meeting. When he returned

and learned what happened, he flew into a rage. According to his Beta, he didn’t even let Blanche say two words before he broke her neck

with such force he nearly ripped her head off. But the damage was done. My mother never fully trusted my father nor any members of the

pack after that. They were never able to properly bond with her.”

Phoebe bit her lip.

“I never wanted my mate to go through that. And I’ll never regret waiting for you. You are perfect, my angel.”

Phoebe propped herself up so she could look at him. Sympathy and concern shimmered in her eyes as if feeling his pain and

disappointment from decades ago. Jason smiled. He loved that about her. Despite her rejection, her heart was open and ready to share his

every hurt and insecurity. Smiling, he pulled her close, kissing her deeply.

“You don’t have to worry, angel,” he nuzzled her. “It’s been years.”

“But it still hurts,” Phoebe said, her hand resting on his chest. “Time doesn’t make pain go away. It just buries it a little deeper.”

Jason grimaced. She wasn’t wrong. After hearing his mother’s story, he resented his father for years and used Blanche as ammunition

whenever they argued. It didn’t help that many of their arguments were about Jasons abstinence.

Outside, the patio was strung with blue and white Christmas lights and paper lanterns. His mother had wheeled out the old piano and

amused herself by playing dance songs for the younger pups until their bedtime. Later, they would rely on the sound system to play songs

from a playlist for the older pups and adults.

Though it was his birthday, Jason stepped out of the packhouse alone to accept the packs congratulations. Ignoring the she-wolves eager

for his attention, he spent most of the night with his sister, Luke and Ben. Halfway through the night, his father took him aside.

“Arent you going to ask any of these fine ladies to dance?”

“Ihave no reason to.”

“Now son, it isn’t polite to ignore such beauties.”

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“None of them are as beautiful as my mate.”

“Oh? You met her?” his father was confused.

A wolf could scent its mate as soon as both awakened. Since alphas awakened early, it was usually several years before they found their

mates. All the she-wolves at the party were from neighboring packs, so Jason met most of them already.

“Not yet, but I know she’s out there.”

“Well...yes,” his father sighed, disappointed. “It’s not good for a young virile male to ignore his urges. It’s okay to explore while you’re

young. How else will you know what you like?”

“Like you did with Blanche?”

His father’s mouth dropped, “How did you...your mother.”

“Embarrassed? You should be.”

His father growled warning, but Lobo was already on guard. Jason’s wolf practically laughed at their father’s attempt to be intimidating.

“How could you do that to her?”

“I visited that pack a dozen times before and never scented her. She was always visiting her maternal grandparents. If I had known. ...I

wouldn’t have...It was a mistake.”

“A mistake? So what is your excuse for keeping that slut around after you found your mate?” Jason challenged. “She even attacked and

almost killed her once and you didn’t think she would try again? She almost killed both me and mom! Was that a mistake too?”

His father bowed his head, no doubt being berated by his own wolf. Because of his father’s actions, they had almost lost their mate. Though

their mate lived, she refused to have any intimacy with them, going as far as to isolate herself during her heat cycles rather than seek him

out. Lucille's conception and birth was practically an accident as Norah's heat coincided with a large celebration and she failed to recognize the warning signs.

"I won't make your mistakes."

"And how will you know what you like?" his father asked. "What will you tell your mate?"

Jason snorted, "What I like? Tell me, since you like blow jobs so much, how often has mother done that for you?"

His father's face grew bright red as Jason walked away.

That was only the first of several arguments. Jason was sure his father probably pleaded with his mother to talk to him and explain what had

happened, but she had already done that. She saw no reason to convince Jason to change his mind if he wanted to wait for his mate.

Though his mother never said as much, Jason suspected the event traumatized her more than she let on. Even after Blanche was disposed

of, Norah maintained her guards and insisted on a guard for Jason when he was a toddler. Jason never understood why there was always a

large warrior around until much later or why his mother slept in a separate bedroom.

His father struggled to be in her good graces, giving her gifts of every sort: flowers, chocolates, jewelry, but he could never give her what

she really wanted...to go back in time before they had met and do things differently. The forced separation from his mate definitely had an

effect on his father as the years progressed.

He lost weight as well as authority. It became more obvious after Jason gained his wolf. As Lobo grew stronger and more dominant, his

father's aura withdrew even more.

Werewolves aged slowly, but Jason's father seemed to age every day before finally succumbing. It was painful to see a once powerful Alpha

waste away in his bed, but Jason had become bitter waiting for his own mate and didn't have sympathy to spare for a father he gave up on.

Thinking back on it now, Jason supposed he should have taken the opportunity to find closure. But he let the moment slip away. Even

though his mother had distanced herself in life, she was at his father's bedside until the end, as was Lucille. Their father had showered her

with affection, treating her like his princess. Lucille probably still didn't know why Jason had stubbornly kept his distance.

Phoebe stroked his cheek, stirring him from his thoughts. She smiled as if knowing his pains. Jason stared at her. Phoebe had been rejected

by her first mate. He had been told it was like having one's heart ripped out. How could she survive and still have such an open heart ready

to take on another's pain while hers lingered?

Pulling her close, he kissed her deeply. She responded by grinding against him and his nostrils flared with the scent of her arousal. Growling,

he tightened his embrace and rolled them over so she was under him. She was so warm, loving and perfect.

"Angel..."

"Shh." Phoebe caressed his face. "Whatever mistakes your father made...he was proud of you for being better than him. I'm sure of it."

Jason groaned, capturing her mouth fiercely. He needed her. He would give everything to erase her past pain. Phoebe moaned, welcoming

his hunger and possessive need. Her body welcomed him as he thrust inside her. Her back ached and her hips rose to meet his. She rocked

with him.

“Angel,” he groaned, “tell me what you need.”

“...Faster...harder...”

Growling, his pace increased.

“...My angel.”

“Have him mark us,” Mani suddenly spoke.

“What? But...”

“He needs to mark us now!”

“Jason,” Phoebe moaned, clinging to him. “M-mark me.”

“What?” his surprise almost made his pace falter.

“Mark me. Mark me now.”

He groaned as his face dipped low, nipping at her marking spot, “Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

Phoebe cried out his name as his teeth sunk into her neck. Her body suddenly seemed charged with lightning as the bond snapped into

place, binding them. He licked the wound clean with a groan.

“Now him! Mark him!” Mani desperately cried.

Phoebe sank her teeth into his neck and felt him shudder as the bond completed its connection and they reached their climax together.

Lazily, she licked his wound clean before both fell into contented sleep completely spent.