

## SECOND CHANCE LUNA

### Chapter 4

“Jace. Earth to Jace. Hey wake up!”

Jason jolted awake grumbling as his Beta playfully swatted him. They had known each other since they were pups so there was no need for

formality between them when they were alone. Yawning, Jason stretched in the passenger seat and looked out the window at the same

scene that had surrounded them the past several hundred miles.

~ “Where are we?”

“About another hour before we reach the next pack,” Luke answered.

“And which one is that again?” Jason sighed. After visiting six other packs, they were all beginning to look alike.

~anding it to him.

Jason dutifully read the pack’s dossier. At just over four hundred members, it was a mid-level pack. Like other packs, they had been

experiencing more rogue attacks of late, which was the reason for his little tour...at least publicly.

Jason was Alpha of the Blue Moon pack, one of the six ancient packs. With over five thousand members strong, it was the largest pack in

North America and one of the most prosperous. At thirty, he had been running the pack for almost ten years, making him one of the

youngest as well. As with most alphas, Jason was tall and muscular without excess bulk.

He had dark brown hair. His chin was usually softened by a trim goatee, but due to the tight travel schedule, he had a bit more stubble as of

late. There was very little his sharp, brown eyes missed. Others characterized him as a hard-ass, but those who knew him knew he was quite

amicable, witty and charming despite his growing despondency.

His wolf spirit had awakened early, a testament to the sheer power contained within it. Lobo was a large brown, nearly black, wolf with

burning amber eyes and stood almost a foot taller than other wolves, even other alphas, including his own father. Lobo's early emergence

was one reason Jason assumed the mantle of leadership sooner than planned. His alpha aura was simply too powerful, over-shadowing his

father's and funneling the pack's loyalty away from his predecessor whose rule was waning.

Jason always knew he would be Alpha, so he had no problem assuming the mantel. His one regret was not having his Luna at his side.

Normally, Jason would have marked his Luna before leadership was passed, but despite years of searching and traveling among his

neighbors, he had yet to scent the one fated to stand by his side.

Once they experienced their first shift, they were able to sense their fated mates. He had been promised he would know her immediately by

her scent. It would be so intoxicating he would have difficulty focusing on anything else. His Beta and Gamma, even his sister, found their

mates with relative ease while Jason still searched for his own.

To pass the time, many wolves engaged in s\*\*\*\*| activity to take the edge off their pent-up drive. Jason; however, abstained from such

frivolous activity. The last thing he wanted was to be covered in another she-wolf's scent when he finally found his mate. He was

determined she would be his first, only and last. Lobo was in complete agreement.

But after a decade of searching, they were both feeling the strain. A pack was meant to be led by a pair. An Alpha was the pack's strength, but a Luna was its heart. Tensions were ready to snap and discord wormed its way into the pack harmony. Jason was beginning to wonder how long it could maintain its tenuous balance.

Wanting to help, his mother suggested a security tour. Rogue attacks were on the rise. It was a good time to tour the packs most affected

Follow on [NovelEnglish.net](http://NovelEnglish.net) and evaluate their security levels to determine if they were adequate. It was also good cover to extend the search for his Luna as he would be visiting packs he hadn't before. That was the real reason for this trip, but after a half dozen packs he was beginning to lose hope, especially after the last one.

Jason cringed at the memory of the alpha's daughter naked in his bed covered in rose petals. Despite numerous complaints and even threats, she continued to try and enter his bedroom. Lobo was ready to go on a killing spree, so Jason cut his visit short.

"Cheer up, Jace," Luke eyed him with concern. "Hey, lucky number seven. Right?"

"Right." Jason sighed, looking again at the dossier. "Looks like the Alpha is a little younger than me...and he's mated. Lucky bastard."

"Y-yeah...well, maybe not. If rumors are true, they aren't fated mates."

"He took a chosen mate?"

Jason frowned. It was common knowledge a mated alpha was more powerful than an unmated one and a fated bond stronger than a chosen one. That was the reason why alphas went out of their way to locate their fated mates as it would guarantee them more influence

and strength. There was no reason for a young alpha to resort to taking a chosen mate if his fated was not yet found. Was the Rimrock's

Alpha just impatient or had he lost his mate in a rogue attack in which case the Goddess would certainly have granted a second chance

mate?

There was no way the Alpha would have done the unthinkable and actually rejected his mate, right? The Goddess was benevolent and

caring, but she never forgave anyone if they rejected their fated mate. While the rejected wolf would be given a second chance, the one

who rejected them would not. Their soul would be cursed never to know the serenity of being complete. They would have no choice except

to settle for a chosen mate, which was cruel enough, but when they died they would be cursed to wander the Moonlit territory alone...

forever.

Lobo stirred, whining. His wolf was desperate to find its mate, but not so desperate to resort to taking a chosen mate. No. Their fated mate

was out there and when they found her she would be...perfect. Lobo settled in the back of his mind, comforted for the time being.

Jason turned his attention back to Rimrock's dossier and tried to forget his anxiety, but that was easier said than done. His apprehension

remained as they entered the packs territory and arrived at the packhouse. With a sigh, Jason opened the door and climbed out while Luke

conferred with their escort emerging from two other vehicles and reminding them of proper visitor conduct.

Grabbing his jacket, Jason breathed deep and suddenly froze as Lobo practically leapt to attention and surged to the forefront of Jason's

mind. It was a struggle to keep his wolf in check even as he breathed in the cool air again. There was no mistaking it: she's here.

“Jace, what's up?” Luke asked, joining him. “Jay? You look like you've seen a ghost.”

“She's here.”

“What? Who?”

“My mate.”

Luke blinked hardly willing to believe it, “Are you sure?”

“Yeah. It's faint but it's definitely her scent. She's here.”

“I told you lucky number seven,” Luke grinned. Spying their approaching hosts, he said, “But let's keep it together for now.”

Jason growled. His dark eyes swirled amber as Lobo pressed closer, wanting nothing more than to tear straight through the pack until he

found his mate. He had waited long enough.

“Easy Jace,” Luke muttered, feeling Jason's aura washing over him. “Your mate is here, right? We'll be going on a tour soon so it'll be the

perfect time to find her, right?”

“Right.” Jason breathed deep, slowly regaining control.

Lobo whimpered, ‘Mate!’

“I know. We'll find her. We are not leaving without her.”

“Yes! Find Mate!” Lobo finally receded, allowing him to withdraw his aura.

“Patience, buddy. We'll find her

Jason stepped out of the bathroom, drying his hair before dressing. After a tedious tour of Rimrock's packhouse and surrounding grounds,

he now had to sit through a welcome party with his hosts. Lobo impatiently prowled the back of his mind. They had picked up their mates

scent numerous times, but it was always faint and impossible to track.

Their mate was like a ghost: everywhere and nowhere, except in the packhouse. Oddly enough, her scent was everywhere except within it. It

was strange. The packhouse was the one place most wolves spent the majority of their time, especially unmated ones. It was only through

mingling and meeting others that one found their mate after all. Unless...

Had his mate given up on finding him? Or did she have a mate previously and lost him? Though he was somewhat disappointed he would

not be her first, his heart ached for her if she had gone through the pain of losing a mate. Lobo whimpered his sympathy. In any case, they

wouldnt know the answer until they found her.

Dressing in a pair of simple slacks and a button-down shirt, Jason was ready long before Luke arrived to collect him. Together they headed

to the back patio where tables and decorative lights had been set up. Pack members manned grills and a steady stream of omega servers

brought out salads and sides from the kitchen.

Every pack he visited insisted on these welcome parties, hoping to impress him. This meant he sat through the same party seven times. Only

the faces changed. Still it was a pleasant and relaxed atmosphere. Jason saw several of his warriors mingling with the crowd. Aside from

Luke, his escort consisted of unmated wolves.

It was not only difficult for alphas to find their fated mates, but also for warriors to find theirs. To help his warriors as much as possible, he

always traveled with unmated ones, giving them the opportunity to search for their mates. Whenever his warriors found their mates, he was

both happy for them and jealous. But now, finally, he was close to finding his own mate.

Reaching the coolers, Jason considered his options. There were bottles of water and a few sodas, but most were beer. That fact alone didn't

bother him as werewolves' superior recovery rate eliminated alcohol almost as soon as it was imbibed. However, werewolves had developed

their own brews, using small amounts of aconite, otherwise known as wolfsbane.

In large amounts, the herb was deadly, but in small doses, in conjunction with alcohol, it slowed their recovery rate and allowed them to get

drunk. There were three different strengths to this special concoction determined by how much aconite was used. It was easy to tell the

strength of the three brews based on the color of the label: blue for the weakest, followed by amber and finally red for the strongest.

Looking at the coolers, Jason was rather disappointed to see the majority were red-labeled with a few amber ones but no blue. Lobo

growled as Jason grabbed an amber-labeled bottle. He supposed it wouldn't look good for an alpha to walk around with a bottle of soda,

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though he had no intention of drinking the beer in his hand. The red-labeled beer wasn't even allowed in his own territory.

Greeting nervous pack members, he made his way to his host who held one of the red-labeled bottles with two empty ones on the table in

front of him. Jason was careful to keep his expression neutral. Lobo hated it when Jason imbibed aconite beer as it caused some pain to

their wolf spirits and weakened their connection. Jason wondered if Alpha Graham could even feel his wolf anymore after three.

Luke joined Jason, shooting him a glance after seeing their host's growing stock of empty bottles. No doubt the Beta was thinking the same

thing he was. They didn't have a problem with someone kicking back and relaxing, but that didn't mean there still wasn't a need for self-

control.

“Alpha Jason,” Luna Kristie greeted, sauntering toward him in a rather short skirt and a blouse so tight she was practically bursting out of it.

She sidled close to him, fondling his arm and making his skin crawl. “How do you like our little party?”

“It’s nice to see the whole pack together,” Jason agreed, gritting his teeth as he tried to control Lobo who wanted nothing more than to rip

out her throat as she stroked his arm.

“I’m sure it’s nothing compared to what you are used to,” Luna Kristie smiled, batting her eyes. “You’re from an ancient pack so this must

be quaint.

Jason’s brow furrowed, trying to figure out if she was complimenting his pack or insulting her own. A pup brushed past them, chasing her

brother. He chuckled at the pups excitement. Tonight must feel like a festival.

Beside him, Luna Kristie practically snarled, “Where is that useless, wolfless girl? These spawn are her responsibility.”

Jason frowned. A Luna was the heart and soul of her pack and the one who secured its future. As such, lunas were particularly maternal,

treating all pups like their own. He recalled the rumors Luke mentioned during the drive. Though it was far from proof, he found it hard to

believe she was a true Luna.

“Finally!” Kristie exclaimed, moving away much to his relief.

Jason sighed as the night breeze cleared away her overwhelming perfume. A new scent reached him far more intoxicating than any artificial

odor. It was a mix of sage and lilac and made Lobo practically roll onto his back.



‘Mate! Mate is here!’

Jason turned into the breeze and watched as a petite she-wolf stepped onto the patio. She was rather pale for a werewolf, but her hair was a

mane of rich, walnut brown. Her clothing was simple: turtleneck, denim jacket and jeans that hugged her small frame and teased him with

what lay underneath. But it was her eyes that captivated him. Her gaze shimmered silver in the moonlight like captured slivers of the moon

itself.

Jason broke into a sweat, his hands went clammy and his throat constricted at the vision in front of him. After a decade of searching, he

finally found her. And she was perfect. Lobo practically bounced off the walls of his mind. Their mate was here!

“Miss Phoebe!” an excited squeal erupted from the crowd as several pups emerged from the crowd.

They ran up his mate like moths drawn to a flame. A dazzling smile warmed her face as she knelt embracing the first little she-wolf who

reached her. They rubbed noses in a familiar gesture usually reserved for mates or between mothers and their pups.

Another she-wolf approached carrying a two-year-old, handing off the pup to the silver-eyed beauty. She accepted the pup without

hesitation. The pup didn’t show the least amount of stress as its mother gave it to another. It was clear the pup was used to these handoffs

and contentedly clung to the she-wolf who tenderly nuzzled him.