

SECOND CHANCE LUNA

Chapter 8 Second Chance Luna

“Say yes human!® Mani howled.

“Um...all right,” Phoebe nodded hesitantly as he broke out in a broad grin that teased out his dimples. “How about my cottage? Say seven?”

“Perfect,” Jason eagerly agreed.

He smiled again as his eyes swirled amber. His wolf was close to the surface, eager to see her. She shivered as his scent grew stronger and

his aura protectively engulfed her. His arms encircled her, pulling her close. He bowed his head close to her neck, near her marking spot

where her scent would be strongest. Breathing deep, he filled his lungs with her scent: sage and lilac with just the slightest spicy note he

almost missed.

Slowly, he pulled away and rested his forehead against hers again, “Seven. And not a second later.”

“_.All right,” Phoebe agreed, staring at him, shocked by his behavior as much as her own reaction as she fought the urge to press herself against him.

This wasn't what she expected, but it was making her heart flutter and Mani was practically swooning. He raised her hands to his lips and

kissed them. Studying every inch of her face, he committed it to memory before he finally turned to leave.

“Wait!” Phoebe suddenly shook off her stupor and clutched his arm.

Startled, he looked at her.

“Be careful where you step,” she warned, pointing down at the ground.

He followed the gesture to see a large trap glinting cold silver in the dim light of the woods. His nose wrinkled in disgust as he said, “Is

that...”

“Silver, yes,” Phoebe nodded. “That’s our Alpha’s solution to the increasing rogue attacks. His warriors set traps like that all over the

woods.”

“You’re kidding.”

Phoebe shook her head, “You should warn your warriors if you plan on accompanying patrols.”

“I should ask for a map so they can memorize their locations.”

“There aren’t any,” Phoebe said, “I doubt anyone even remembers where half of them are located.”

“The pups!” Jason suddenly whirled around, looking for them.

“They are all right,” Phoebe said. “We’re in the woods all the time so they know where the traps are.”

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“They know...” Jason blinked. “Cam, watch where you put your feet.

“Yeah, I was going to war you, but I didn’t want to interrupt. It’s not so bad if you keep to the trails. A couple of boys were having a

jumping contest over one of them.”

Jason suppressed a growl. Was he serious? These pups were so used to these deadly traps that they treated them like a game? What was

wrong with this pack's leadership? Did they actually think it was okay?

"...Um Alpha Jason?" Phoebe hesitated, sensing his boiling anger. She touched his arm. "J-Jason."

He jerked to attention, turning to her voice. His swirling eyes glimmered amber before darkening to his usual brown as his wolf subsided.

Seeing her startled expression, he gently embraced her, calming himself with her scent and assuring her he was fine.

"Be careful, angel," Jason said. "One of my warriors is out here with you so..."

"I know."

"Y-you know?"

"Well, yeah. Him and your Beta," Phoebe nodded. "I figured he was doing some sort of security check when he followed me from the

packhouse last night."

"How did you..."

"No one comes out to my cottage so it's not really hard to sense when something changes," Phoebe explained, as if it should be obvious.

Jason looked at her, blinked, then broke out into a laugh. Wait until Luke heard his stealth counted for nothing with their new Luna. Phoebe

thought he would be mad at her confession, but surprisingly, he broke out into another broad smile that brought out his dimples as he

chuckled and pulled her close so they stood forehead to forehead.

"You are amazing." He backed off slowly and kissed her forehead. "His name is Cam. Call him if anything happens. He can contact me

directly if you need me, so don't hesitate. I'll drop whatever I'm doing. All right?"

"Okay." Phoebe nodded.

Reluctantly, he released her and headed back the way he came, carefully skirting the trap. Phoebe watched him go with a mixture of

emotions. Her heart hammered in her chest. His scent lingered in the air, making her shiver with longing, suddenly feeling cold and wanting

his warm body next to hers. What was wrong with her?

“Nothing,” Mani answered. ‘It’s natural to want your Mate close to you. Especially one as yummy as ours.’”

“Mani

“What? You think he’s yummy too. Don’t deny the thoughts that have been running through your head the moment he kissed your hands.”

Phoebe blushed. The blessing and curse of having a wolf spirit was that you could never keep a secret from them. Every thought that flitted

through her mind when their mate held her, no matter how lewd or fleeting, was shared with her wolf currently prancing about in her mind.

“You don’t have to be embarrassed. It’s natural.”

“But our first mate...”

“Oh, forget about him! Focus on our new Mate. He’ll make the wait worth it!”

Phoebe sighed. There was no talking to her wolf when she was like this. Mani might be ready to accept their mate at face value, but she

couldn’t help but have reservations. She had been looking forward to meeting her fated mate, but the dream had become a nightmare in a

single moment. Could she really have faith in this second chance and know it wouldn’t also become a nightmare?

Jason returned to the training facility to see not much had changed. Graham and his Beta still hadn’t shown up but Luke had organized the

warriors and drilled them with a proper exercise routine.

“Go back to Mate!” Lobo demanded. ‘Mate not safe out there alone!’

“She's not alone. Cam is watching her

“We should be watching her!’

Jason couldn't help but agree. Her scent was still strong in his nostrils and his clothes. Most she-wolves he met had a sweet smell, either of

fruit or flowers, which generally made him gag. Phoebe's scent, on the other hand, was much richer and earthier, soothing and enticing. It

was like her scent was specifically crafted just for him and perhaps that was true of all fated mates.

But he was her second chance mate. The thought of another wolf touching her irritated him. She said she had been rejected, which was all

the more infuriating. Who would reject such a perfect mate? Her gentle curves fit so neatly against him and he could only imagine how soft

her pale skin would feel under his fingers. And her gray eyes that shimmered silver...

Silver...

Jason frowned. Kristie claimed Phoebe was wolfless but...How then would Phoebe have the ability to sense his warriors if not for a wolf's

extended senses? When her eyes shimmered, was that not her wolf coming to the surface? Why would they say she was wolfless when she

clearly possessed a wolf? Unless...they didn't know? But how could that be?

Perhaps the shock of the bond breaking caused her wolf to regress. He heard of it happening in some cases. Rejected wolves were often

weaker because their wolf spirits suffered horrendous pain and loss when the bonds were broken. They also sometimes lost the ability to

shift because of that. Perhaps that was what happened to Phoebe.

Lobo whimpered at the thought of their mate enduring such pain, but it made sense. It explained why Phoebe avoided the packhouse and

chose to live alone. No doubt, her first mate was a member of the pack and she would want to avoid him, especially if he took a different

mate.

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It also explained why she was so thin. When he held her, Jason couldn't help but notice she was underweight even for her petite size. After

the rejection, she probably lost her appetite, further weakening her and making it more difficult to shift, which took a lot of energy and

calories to maintain.

"Mate hurting." Lobo whined.

"Yes. But not anymore. It stops with us.'

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exclusively available on our site. Happy reading!

"Yes! We make Mate feel protected and loved!"

Jason grinned. He and his wolf were in full agreement. They would erase every bad memory their mate suffered one by one.

"Someone looks happy," Luke commented. "And by your smell...I take it the talk went well?"

"We're having dinner tonight," Jason couldn't wipe the smile from his face if he wanted to. "At her place."

Luke smirked. Given how long Jason waited for his mate, he was certainly entitled to enjoy this moment. In fact, Luke was a little jealous. His

own mate was a horrible cook, but the thought of enjoying a meal cooked by one's mate was very appealing. If he had any skill in the

kitchen, he would treat his mate to a meal as a surprise.

“So it went very well.”

Jason's smile faded.

“What?”

“When I first saw her she asked if I was going to reject her.”

“Why would she ask that?”

“Because that’s what her first mate did.”

“First mate...so you are her second chance,” Luke said.

Jason nodded.

“Well, that explains a few things.”

Like Jason, Luke now understood why Phoebe avoided the packhouse and lived alone. Depression and loss of appetite wasn’t uncommon

for rejected wolves, especially if their mate betrayed the bond after the rejection. But it also meant Jason had his work cut out for him.

Wolves who suffered rejection were often reluctant to commit to their second chance mate, afraid of being hurt again. In such cases, their

mate had to work twice as hard to earn their trust and win their hearts. Luke knew Jason was up to the task. Hopefully, he had enough time

before they headed back to their pack.

“Well, good luck. Not that you need it.”

“Thanks.” Jason grimaced. Though Luke seemed confident in his abilities, Jason was not so sure. He was not a Casanova and had avoided all

romantic entanglements, choosing to stay faithful to his mate. With his lack of experience, did he really stand a chance of winning over his

mate?