

Chapter 13: You Already Have a Luna

Sable POV

My stomach is growling with hunger. How long was I even unconscious? The staff comes in to check vitals. Even though they are not mean, they are not nice either. I haven't eaten and I haven't seen a doctor since I woke up. Even worse, Jaxon hasn't come back to see me. I guess he doesn't really care about me. Why would he though? He already has Diane. He doesn't need me.

A man walks into the room. I have no idea who he is, but he looks ranked.
"Hello Sable. I'm Beta Matt."

"Um, hi." I say shyly.

"How are you feeling?" He asks.

"Same as I did when I woke up. Sore, my side hurts, but otherwise okay." I responded.

My stomach starts growling loudly. Shit. That's embarrassing.

His eyes turn dark as he looks around the room. "Have you eaten?"

My cheeks heat up. "Um, no. No one has brought anything."

I hear him growl low. "I'll be right back."

After about ten minutes, and right when I thought he left for good, he walks back in with a tray of food. "I'm sorry you were not given food. The staff has been dealt with accordingly."

He places the tray in front of me, "Here. I brought soup and crackers. I'm not sure if you are allergic to any particular foods. I thought chicken soup



and crackers was a safe option.”

“It's perfect, thank you.” I said gratefully, and my stomach growled for a third time.

As I start to eat slowly, I look at Matt and wonder how long I've been unconscious. I decided to ask since he seemed determined to sit here with me.

“Um, how long have I been unconscious?” I asked.

“The doctor didn't tell you?” Matt asked, frowning.

Once again, my cheeks burn red. “Um, the only people to come in are the nurses and they don't say anything to me either.”

I see Matt's eyes glaze over, and I know he is speaking to someone in the mind link. Probably the doctor or something.

“It appears you haven't been treated by the doctor or just treated well in general. I apologize, Sable. You were unconscious for two days.”

“TWO DAYS?!”

“You were stabbed with a silver knife. That will take its toll on your system. So, yes, two days.”

“No one from Dark Flame came to collect the bodies of the fallen?”

“No. We burned the bodies as is custom.” He said. He is eyeing me suspiciously.

“Oh.” That was all I could say. What more could I say? My pack could have taken me home. My mate already has a chosen mate. The staff may not be abusing me, but they are clearly indifferent to me too. There is



nothing for me here.

"How long have you been beta?" I said changing the subject.

"Five years." He said.

"How old are you, Sable?"

"I'm twenty-three." Why does that even matter?

"I see. Do you have anyone waiting for your back in Dark Flame?"

"Me? No. It's the only home I've known. I was born and raised there."

"No boyfriends?"

I chuckled, "Why? Are you offering? If so, I'm not interested."

"Really? Why is that?" He continues probing me for information.

"I'm only interested in being with my fated mate. If I can't be with him, then I will stay alone."

"That's not a typical answer. Most people will take on a chosen mate if they can't find their fated mate."

"I'm not most people." I said clearly.

"So, it would seem."

He stands and grabs my tray as I have just finished eating. "I'll take care of your tray. Let me know if you are being ignored again, okay?" Matt says authoritatively.

"Okay. Thank you for the food. It was good. Hopefully, I will be well enough to leave and go back home soon. I don't want to be anyone's



burden here.”


Matt looks at me curiously again. I feel like I’m missing something, but I really don’t know what it could be.

He casually looks at me, “You are definitely not a burden here, Sable. Don’t let anyone tell you different.”

That statement seems to contradict the actions of this pack so far, but I decided not to argue that point.

“Please extend my gratitude to Alpha Jaxon for sparing my life and having the doctors and nurses attend to my injuries. My wolf says I’ll be fine tomorrow. I will head back home then, if it’s not too much trouble to stay here one more night.”

Right then, Alpha Jaxon walks in startling me as Matt just looks over at me, “He is here now, why don’t you tell him yourself?” as he walks out of the room.

I feel my heart racing. I’m getting a better look at my mate now. Black hair and a short beard, and a mustache. His jawline is sharp and square. He has a manly caveman quality about him in the way he stands. His lips, shit, I’m staring too long at them, but they look thick, and I bet he could use them on me. What am I saying? He has a chosen mate. Even so, I can admire him, right? I love his eyes. A beautiful shade of blue and long thick eyelashes. 

His body is large. Broad shoulders, thick thighs, a lovely “V” shape from top to bottom. He’s tall, too. I would guess six foot three. His hands look rugged, like he isn’t afraid of work. His sleeves are partially rolled up, and I can see a tattoo sleeve on one arm and pure muscle in both. Nia is salivating in my mind.



"Like what you see?" He asks and there is a hint of amusement in his eyes as I turn red from being caught looking at my mate, someone I can't even be with, but he continues, "You seem to be in a hurry to go back to Dark Flame. Even though your mate is here."

"Well, you already have a chosen mate. Why would you still want me?" I said, looking down.

"I'm sorry, what?" He asked.