

Chapter 15

I drop Molly off with the kids again, because I anticipate not enjoying these fights. I don't want to see Jack get hurt, or Jett. I didn't want to scare Molly with my stress. We're sitting on the bleachers and then it's announced only 2 Alpha's signed up because of the short notice. Short notice? Sure. They're afraid to lose. Jack just looks at me and smiles, I can tell he's thinking exactly what I am. Then I hear Jett mind-linking me,

-Lexi, can you come up to the packhouse. Grace is a wreck about me fighting. Can you help me talk to her?

-Of course-

"I have to go to the packhouse, Jett needs me to talk to Grace. She's not happy about Jett fighting." I tell Jack.

"I'll come with you," he offers.

When we get up to the packhouse grace is sobbing and begging Jett not to go. "Look, baby, look at Lex. She fought like 5 times today, and she looks fine. We heal fast, you don't need to worry. Just stay in here, and I'll be back soon, okay?" Jett tries to reason with her.

"He's right Grace. We get hurt all the time training, and we heal so fast no one really notices. He's going to be fine. Trust me." I try to reassure her.

"I can't just stay in here when you're out fighting, and I can't go and watch you fight," Grace argues.

"I'll stay with you if you want." I offer and Jack groans. Obviously not liking the idea of me missing his

fight.

“Please Jett?” she sobs, and I can’t stand to see her so upset.

“Okay, your mate and our Luna is pregnant, and she’s stressed out. That’s not good for her or your pup, Jett. Is this meaningless fight worth it?” I ask as I hold a protective hand over her stomach, and he groans.

I look at Jack, with pleading eyes. He rolls his eyes, “I understand if you want to cancel the fight. If I were in your position, I wouldn’t be able to refuse my mate.” Jack admits.

I can’t even help that I am beaming at his response. I move to Jack and snake my arms around his waist. I feel so small in his arms, but it’s like we’re perfect puzzle pieces. He wraps his strong arms around me and holds me close.

“Thank you,” I whisper. I stand on my tiptoes, and he gives me a sweet peck. “Let’s take a little walk before we pick Molly up for dinner,” I whisper. Jack smiles, “Make an announcement we both wanted to cancel the fight,” Jack says while grabbing my hand, and leaving the packhouse.

We walk behind the packhouse away from everyone. I look at my watch. “It’s 6:10. I need to pick Molly up at 6:30. We have 20 minutes.” I tell him as we walk hand in hand. He pulls my arm so I’m facing him. I see the mischievous smile on his face, and it gives me butterflies. He pulls me in and kisses me. It’s a slow and passionate kiss, and I can feel the desire in it.

He grabs my ass and pulls me up, so I have my legs wrapped around his waist. Our bodies so close together feel so good. When we break the kiss, I find myself giddy with excitement. Jack is smiling, as he continues to carry me further away from everyone and just the sight of that

beautiful smile does something to my insides. I've never felt anything like this before. A few minutes later, after passing some trees, he finds the perfect private grassy spot.

"I just want to hold you for a few minutes without anyone else," Jack admits.

"Me too!" I agree. Jack sits down without letting me go. I'm straddling him now, and at first I just hold him close for a minute breathing in his delicious manly scent and enjoying the way his body feels against mine. I feel like I've needed this contact so desperately all day.

Finally, I pull away a little to look at him. I trail my fingertips across his face, studying each bit of it. His strong jawline, his 5 o'clock shadow, his perfectly straight nose, and his deep green eyes. "You're so handsome," I admit to him as I lean in to kiss him.

He smiles into my lips and kisses me back. It starts soft but I soon find myself lying in the grass, with Jack on top of me, kissing me with my legs wrapped around his hips. Our kisses deepen, and it's getting more intense. He grabs my face and moves it to the side as he kisses his way to my neck. It all feels so good. It feels like my entire body is tingling, and it can only be described as euphoric.

I find myself trying to catch my breath and maintain control, but when I feel his hardness pushed against me, a moan escapes my lips. That only seems to have added fuel to our fire, because he's kissing with more urgency and now I'm grinding into him, chasing my own pleasure.

I feel desperate for him, all of him. But we can't. Not here. Not now. "Wait, what time is it?" I pant. I look at my watch and it's 6:22 pm. I groan, and he grabs my arm to take a look.

"2 more minutes," he says, and his lips crash against

mine. I trail my fingernail gently on his back, under his t-shirt and when he groans, I pull him closer to me. I feel like I want to tell him I love him right now, as well as tell him how much I want him inside of me, but it's too soon for love, and he obviously can't be inside me right now, so I keep my thoughts to myself. He pulls away, but comes back to give me one more peck and then looks me in the eyes and I see the flecks of black swirling in his eyes.

"You're so beautiful... and those lips," he groans. He takes a deep breath, "Let's go get Molly!" He says while standing up, and pulling me up with him. We dust ourselves off, he 'rearranges himself' and then he picks the strands of grass out of my hair.

"I don't want any evidence that I was being indecent with you. Well except for that," he says as he points to my neck, with a proud smile.

"What? Did you give me a hickey?" I ask, suddenly feeling mortified.

"I had to, guys have been hitting on you all day," he states plainly.

"I needed to let them know you're taken. You're mine!" He states firmly, and I raise my eyebrows.

"And are you mine?" I ask.

"Definitely!" He adds. Maybe I shouldn't like him saying that I'm his, but the way he said 'definitely' with such certainty that he was mine, just gives me butterflies.

Dinner is a BBQ, but it's served in the packhouse cafeteria. The tables in the Cafeteria fit 8 people per table, so our table consisted of Jack, Molly and I, Jack's parents, Lev and Gracie and Jett. Everyone is getting along well, and Grace is happy as can be. You'd never know she was having a meltdown 30 minutes ago.

She's quick to point out the hickey and it's so



embarrassing, especially because Jack's parents are here. It doesn't seem to bother Jack though, he just smiles with pride. He's glad everyone knows I'm his. Before we started eating, an announcement was made that Black moon beat Cold moon by 3 points in the games. Jack is so proud, and Jett is taking the loss with a good attitude.

"So what's the plan, Lex? When are you moving to Black Moon?" Lev asks. I didn't fully wrap my head around the fact that I would be moving 4 hours away. Leaving all my friends and family behind.

"I don't know, we haven't talked about it," I answer.

"As soon as possible," Jack answers and rubs my leg. I give him a small smile. It's a big commitment to just up and leave. Especially considering I'm picking up Molly's whole life, and uprooting her. Jack is looking at me intently, almost waiting for an answer.

"We'll talk about it after dinner," I smile and lean into him.

"I know I'll miss waking up to my little princess every morning," Lev adds with a frown and then I frown.

"Guys it's only a 4-hour drive," Jack adds.

"I'll miss you too Lex, and your cooking and baking," Lev tells me, with a small smile. I know he's trying to lighten the mood.

"Hey you're about to start travelling more for work, and you're going to find a mate and you'll be glad you're not living with your little sister and niece anymore," I tell him. He nods half-heartedly. "This auntie is going to miss you both," Grace says and starts to cry.

"Gracie, baby, don't make it harder for her," Jett whispers. Grace doesn't usually cry so much, it must be the pregnancy hormones. Molly leans over and kisses Grace on the cheek.

“Aunt Gwacie’s sad?” Molly asks Grace. Grace lets a little laugh out and scoops her up.

“Now I’m happy. You made me all better.” Molly smiles and gives her one more kiss.

“Mama sad?” She asks.

“I’m happy baby, see,” I say to her and smile big at her. She comes over to me, and kisses me, and hugs me. I was holding it together well. No one thinks I’m upset, but Molly knows. She senses so much. When we’re done, I notice Molly is getting a little cranky.

“Let’s get you home. We’ll get you a bath and to bed. You had a big day today, didn’t you, Miss Molly?” I ask.

“Do you want to come over and just hang out until I get her to bed, or do you want me to just call you or text you or something when she’s sleeping so we can figure out a plan?” I ask Jack.

“We were supposed to head back to Black Moon after dinner,” he admits.

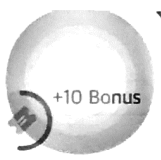
“Don’t go,” I frown and he smiles broadly and nods.

“Mom, Dad, you guys can go and have someone drop a vehicle off tomorrow morning to me,” Jack instructs them. We say our goodbyes, and Lev, Jack, Molly and I head back to my house.

I take Molly up for a bath right away, and I can hear Lev and Jack talking downstairs. I’m glad they’re getting along. As I’m reading to her in my bed, I hear a knock. I look over and Jack is leaning in my door frame.

“Hey, you wanna come listen to the story too?” I ask.

He smiles, and I pat the bed. He comes in and lays on the other side of Molly. I continue. I always do different voices for the different characters. In this story, I was doing the granny voice, and a baby voice, and when it



came to the man's voice, Jack chimed in and read those parts. Such a small thing, but it made me so incredibly happy. When the story is done, I tell Molly it's bedtime.

"Do you want to give Alpha a hug goodnight?" I ask her. She crawls over and lays her head on his chest. He wraps an arm around her and she just stays there. Then he uses his other hand to stroke her hair. It reminds me of all the times I cuddled up and hugged my Dad. I always felt so safe and secure in his arms. I hope she has that same feeling with him one day.

I lay beside them and watch as her eyes get heavy. She feels safe with him already. My heart feels like it's going to explode with pride and love. I'm falling hard.

After a few minutes, "she's sleeping," I whisper to him and he smiles.

He smiles and wraps both arms around her and kisses her head.

Chapter 16

“She’s a really sweet kid, Lexi,” he smiles as I walk back in my room from putting her in her bed.

“She is, and she took a liking to you,” I beam. He sits up.

“It was meant to be,” he adds, sincerely.

“Come, sit. Let’s get this whole situation figured out, it’s stressing me out,” he says with a pat on my bed. I sit, and I tell him about how I don’t want to just uproot Molly’s life.

“She has an aunt and uncles here, and she has little friends. It’s just hard,” I admit.

“I get that, but at the end of the day, whether you prolong it or rip the band-aid off, it’s still going to be a drastic change and adjustment for her. I know I don’t want to be away from you, but if you’re not ready, or if you don’t think it’s what’s best for Molly, I’ll wait... very impatiently, but I will,” he confesses with a small smile.

The fact he’s so sweet just makes it even harder to think about staying away from him. “Okay, so what does moving to Black Moon look like? Where would we stay?”

“Well, I’m not sure what you’re comfortable with. At our pack, I don’t live in the packhouse. I live in a house beside the packhouse. I live there alone, it has 5 bedrooms. I would like it if you both would live there with me, but if you’re not comfortable then I can set you up in a house on my pack-lands.”

His green eyes are staring at me intently, trying to figure me out, and what I'm thinking. "And if you live in my house with me, you can still have your own room, if that's what you want," he adds.

"And Molly?" I ask.

"She'll have a room of her own, of course."

"So?" he asks.

"So what?"

"Do you want to live together or apart?"

I can tell he is nervous about my reply. "I think it would be pointless to live separately, I don't think it would stick," I smirk. His megawatt smile is so beautiful. He moves in and gives me a little kiss.

"I'm so happy to hear you say that, I don't want to live apart from you," he adds.

"So the big question... When?" He presses. He's looking at me with such tender eyes.

"Why don't you let me sleep on it, and I'll let you know tomorrow?"

"Sure," he agrees.

I asked lots of questions about Black Moon. I found out they have a child care center too, and I got lots of information about Jack's pack in general. Black Moon is a large pack as well, and they are probably the only pack as big and strong as Cold Moon. Jack insists they're the strongest. It'd be a safe place for Molly, and it sounds like it'll be a great place to live. It has a large park on the pack land, a splash pad, and also a lake where the pack gets together for parties and BBQs in the summer.

It sounds great, but I'll really miss my family and friends. I see Jack looking at me, and the way he's looking at me, makes me feel so beautiful and loved. I scoot closer to him and slowly place my lips on his. He kisses



me slowly, and passionately. It makes me feel weak in the knees. I pull his shirt, as I lay down, taking him with me. I feel a mind-link coming through.

-Lex, Sophie's at the door for you, I'm leaving for a few minutes but she's in the house waiting.- Lev tells me.

I break the kiss and groan "I'll be back," I tell him. I walk downstairs, and I see Sophie standing at my front door.

"Hey, Sophie, what's up?"

"Are you seriously going to act all innocent with me? You steal my man, and then you talk to me like everything is peachy," she asks, her tone laced with anger and disgust.

"He's my mate Sophie, I didn't plan this." I try and stay calm. I remind myself of who her father and brother are, and that I can't lose it on her ass for talking about my man like this.

"Sure... Maybe that's why you didn't make me a better fighter. You planned this all along. And look at your neck. You're such a slut."

"First off, I didn't plan this. Second of all, your ability to fight is based on the work you put in. You went to group classes, we worked together, but you refused to take it seriously, and you paid the price for it. As for the hickey, let's be honest, if Jack gave it to you, you'd be wearing it with pride. You're just bitter, you need to move on." I say calmly but firmly.

"Bitter? Maybe I am. He's mine!" She raises her voice at me. I'm starting to not care who her family is.

"NO, he's not." I raise my voice.

"What? Do you think he's yours? You're a Gamma's daughter. There is some sort of mistake. You can't be mated to Jack, he's supposed to be with me." She's pissing

me off, but before I can respond I hear Jack's deep voice cut through the tension.

"I'm hers, and she is mine," he says firmly while walking down the stairs. The sight of my sexy mate, coming down the stairs and declaring our claim on each other has me beaming with pride... and lust.

"Jack, I didn't know you were here. Baby, can we go for a walk and talk. I think there is a mistake," she uses a cutesy voice. Instantly, I want to kill her.

"Call him Baby one more time and see what happens," I growl. She takes a step back from me and Jack wraps his arm around my waist.

"Listen, and listen carefully. I knew I couldn't be with you before I even found out Lexi was my mate. You're selfish and spoiled, so stop blaming her. There is nothing between us. There never was. Leave my mate alone, and go home, you're embarrassing yourself," he orders, calmly.

Her face is red. If she wasn't embarrassed before, she is now. She shoots me a dirty look, probably trying to mask the embarrassment, and hesitantly leaves.

As soon as the door closes, "I like seeing you all possessive and jealous," he whispers in my ear, while still holding me close. He nips at my neck and then leans in to kiss me. I smile into the kiss, feeling my cheeks burn with a pink of their own. Our kiss went from sweet to hot very quickly, and then I heard the door open beside me. I break the kiss, and look over at a disgusted Lev, "Gross, Lex!" He groans. Lev quickly runs upstairs, trying to get away from the image that seems to have burned his eyes.

"I should go," Jack whispers.

"Don't go, stay for the night..." I ask sweetly.

Our foreheads are touching, and we have our arms

wrapped around each other.

“Things seem to escalate quickly with us, and I don’t think it’s a good idea,” he says quietly.

“What if you just sleep here, and I promise not to even kiss you, so we don’t lose control. We can just sleep together? Just cuddle and talk?” I ask. I did use the sweetest possible voice I could muster, and I did stoop so low as to use puppy dog eyes. But it worked, so I have no remorse. His face slowly starts to soften, and then he groans. I can’t even help it. I chuckle and pull him close into my arms. I’m falling so hard for him.

I pull him upstairs, and when we get to my room I close the door. “Don’t close the door,” Jack instructs me.

“Well you’re not going to sleep in all those clothes, you’ll probably just sleep in your underwear, so I should still close the door,” I tell him. Part of me thinks maybe it’s too soon to have s*x with him, and another part of me really wants to jump him.

So maybe I’m setting us up for failure, by telling him to get down to his underwear but I’m okay with that. “I’m not going to sleep in my underwear, Lexi,” he tells me with one eyebrow raised.

“Why not?”

“Because that’s a recipe for disaster,” he states.

“Disaster?” I ask with a smirk.

“You know what I mean,” he responds.

“Well you won’t sleep well in jeans, so how about we both turn around, and I’ll get my PJ’s on, and you can take off your pants and then get into bed, and I won’t look,” I tell him. You’d think this conversation would be the other way around.

“Fine, but I’m keeping my shirt on,” he remarks.

“Fine!” I agree, but I wish he would take it off. We

both turn around, and I get naked and put on a navy blue camisole, and navy blue shorts.

“Are you done?” He asks. Waiting to be able to turn around.

“Yup,” I agree. I turn around and he does the same. I see his eyes scanning my body, and I do the same to him, even though I told him I wouldn't look. I see the bulge in his boxer briefs and it's big.

“F**k, Lex... Put something else on,” he groans.

“Why?” I ask.

“That's too sexy, I can see... too much,” he says while biting his lip. Okay the way he's looking at me turns me on. “This isn't even sexy. I would wear this around the house in front of my brother,” I remark.

“Well, that's wildly inappropriate!” He responds.

“What's sexy about this?”

“Are you serious?” He asks and I nod, wide-eyed.

“Well I can see the shape of all your body,” he tells me, but I see his eyes land on my chest for a second. I'm guessing the no bra, and thin tank top is what he's referring to.

“Is it just the top that bothers you?” I ask, with a smirk. I'm trying to contain how giddy it makes me, knowing that I have this effect on this gorgeous man.

“It doesn't bother me. It's just, I ... It's distracting.” He remarks. I smile.

“Ok, I'll put a different shirt on... or do you just want me to wear a bra?” I ask.

“Either, or both.” I turn around, and grab a baggy grey t-shirt, and change my top.

“Better?”

“I guess, you're still not wearing a bra though. Just get

under the blankets, and hide,” he chuckles. I do as I’m told, and snuggle close to him.

Our legs are intertwined together, my head is on his shoulder, and I put one hand on his hip, and slip my hand under his shirt, and rest my hand on his bare stomach. I feel the definition of his hard stomach, and with all this skin-to-skin contact, I find the sparks are erupting all over my body. He smells and feels so good, and with his body so close to mine, while being in bed under the blankets, I feel like it’s so intimate, and I find myself wanting him so much more.

“Babe, you’re not helping me at all right now,” he says in his huskier voice.

“What? Why?” I ask.

“I’m struggling myself, and then I can smell your arousal,” he tells me as if I’m physically hurting him.

“I’m sorry, my sexy mate arouses me,” I whisper, breathing a little bit faster.

“I should go. I told you this was a bad idea.” I really don’t want him to go.

“Don’t say that... but why can’t we... have s*x?” I ask him. He groans in pain again, now he knows I wanted all of him.

“Your brother and you share a wall, and Molly is down the hall, it’s not a good idea.”

“Molly is sleeping in her room. If we only ever had s*x when Molly was out of the house, I have a feeling we’d have a pretty scarce s*x life,” I respond.

“Okay, but your brother... at least we know Molly is sleeping, but I don’t want your brother to hear us,” he explains. I understand that because I would be mortified if he did. He’d call me out on it too.

“You’re right about Lev. I’ll move away a little and



cool off, and we can talk, and then when we're dead tired, we can snuggle. I promise I'll try harder at containing my thoughts," I admit.

He agrees and we spend over 2 hours talking and getting to know each other better. I feel so much closer to him now that I'm learning more and more about him. We spent the whole time talking, laying in bed facing each other, with over a foot between us, and Jack held my hand the whole time. Often giving it little kiss. Finally, we were dead tired, and we cuddled up to each other and fell fast asleep.