Jillian's POV

The Alphas Sister

"Meet Jillian, my mate and your new Luna" Luna There that word was again. I shied away from my new house mates, by hiding behind Damien's body. I held on to his strong arm tightly and pleasurable sparks tingled my hands. I could peak out from behind his arm every once in
a while if I wanted to see something. The two men bowed their heads, showing me respect in a way no other wolf had ever done. I had never been li ed up like this before. "This is my Beta, Christan" Damien gestured to the man on the le.
The beta's job in the pack was to act as the right hand man of the Alpha, usually they were best friends who understood one another and gave each other good advice. I blinked at Christan, a tall, broad shouldered man, with sandy blond hair and dark brown beady eyes. The beta's job in the pack was to act as the right hand man of the Alpha, usually they were best friends who understood one another and gave each other good advice. I blinked at Christan, a tall, broad shouldered man, with sandy blond hair and dark brown beady eyes.
I'll keep that in mindl promised. A er giving him a good look I ducked back to my place behind Damien. "This is the Gamma, Kurtis"
The Gammas role in the pack was to be the third in command, the Beta being second. The Gamma would rule the pack while the Beta and Alpha were away. Kurtis was quite like the Beta but he was a bit shorter and had brighter hair, his eyes not nearly as conniving, but were bright green shining with humor and happiness. He gave me a friendly smile and wave, which made Damien glare
daggers at him. "Finally this is my sister, Josephine. She's Kurtis's mate" The alphas sister was nearly as scary as her brother!
She wasn't nearly as tall as the men she was standing next to, but she called attention to herself by being extremely vibrant. Her eyes were like one of Damien's eyes, so brown with little specks of green near the center. Even with the kind smile on her face and shone through her eyes, she still seemed beyond intimidating. She had many shared features with Damien, including head shape and eye color, along with their noses. But other that that, they were compete opposites. Her hair was much more curly and bright; the sides of her head were shaved, leaving a mohawlk of hair behind. Her combat boots and dog collar choker necklace increased the fear factor greatly. She held herself proudly, squaring her shoulders, her legs far apart as if ready to fight, and her fingers hooked in her belt loops.
"Never call me Josephine, its Josie" She remarked, a glint of humor in her eye. I nodded and gripped Damien's hand tighter.
"The two of you leave, I need to talk with them" Damien told his Beta and Gamma. They obeyed, leaving the three of us in the kitchen. Damien pulled me out from behind him and held me tightly, he didn't want me to hide anymore.
"Jillian, you will spend the day with Josie." I felt like a ton of bricks was thrown at me from all angles. My jaw nearly hit the floor. What?! exclaimed through the mate link. Why can't I spend the day with you? "Because I have work to do."
At his words Gladys whined and whimpered, she was obviously in pain I honestly shocked, The mate pull is already a ecting me? Doesn't this usually take weeks for such love to develop that mates can't stand to be without one another? Doesn't it take time for me to slowly die without him? I soon became fearful, the Moon Goddess made it so that mated wolves wouldn't be able to live without each other if one died, or was
It's the alpha gene, Jillian Gladys reminded me. I was an Alphas daughter, because this I carried the Alpha gene, and in times like this I expressed it. Alphas have stronger emotions compared to other wolves. That's why so many Alphas go literally insane without their mates. That's also why Alphas could never control their tempers.
I reached out and gripped his shirt in my hands, holding him there in the kitchen. "No. No. No. Don't leave me" I murmured as I buried my head in his chest. So ly Damien stroked my hair, and took hold of my hand. "I'm sorry sweetheart, but I have to go" I looked up at him, and I suddenly realized how close we were to each other. Slowly and reluctantly I took a few steps back. "When will you
be back?" I whispered, I held on to his hand for dear life. "Five" But it was nine o'clock now, that's eight hours!
Get a grip Jillian, he has work to do. Stop being so clingy and needly, scolded myself. "Ok" I have his hand one last squeeze before letting him walk out the back door. Gladys got really quiet.
I blinked at the door, watching through the glass as Damien disappeared into the forest. "You miss him already, don't you?" I gasped at the voice. I spun around and my hands turned to fists at my side, I glanced at the stairs, readying my escape plan.
"He locked the bedroom doors, so don't even try it" Josie slid her hands into the pockets of her skinny jeans. My heart sank, why didn't I realize that he locked the door? But I understood why, Damien didn't want me to go lock myself up again.
I looked at the tile floor and my sweater boots, awkwardly. My hair created a curtain so I didn't have to look her in the eyes. "Not much of a talker, eh?" She stepped closer. My fingers regained their fist shape, and I shrugged bashfully.
"Well, Damien gave me a job to do. He told me about how you freaked out this morning." Wait what? He told her? Did she even deserve to know?'I have a question for you, are you scared of my brother?" I was cutting myself with my nails from how hard I was squeezing my
hands together. I bit my lip and shook my head "no". Even though it was a big fat lie. Damien never did anything to hurt me, except for this morning. He just seemed like him in so many ways, I couldn't handle it. Too many memories, Jillian, to many I guess Damien made me nervous. He could hurt me so badly, but at
the same way he scared me, he could comfort me in a way that no one else could. I still missed him when he was gone. During those days I spent in our room, constantly I would be counting the hours untill he brought me
lunch, or came to bed. "My brother isn't scary at all, he would rather die than hurt you. You should feel safe around him." Josie advised. "Follow me, Luna" Oh, please. "Call me Jillian" I muttered. "Oh, so she found her voice! Alright then, Jillian" Josie stared walking
into a grand living area. The entire room was centers around the hearth, a few of the embers still glowed from the dying fire. Plaid upholstered couches with wooden legs looked very inviting with the pillows and faux fur blankets that laied casually on them. The windows showed the outdoor snowy scene just beyond the walls.
bit, picked up a book o the mantel. "Come here, look" Josie sat down on the rug by the warmth of the fire. I sat next to her. "My brother isn't scary at all. See?" She opened the book and pointed to a picture of a baby holding a little bunny stu ed animal in his tiny fists. His eyes closed peacefully from the slumber he was in.
Wait! I know that face! "Yup, that's Damien. Whenever he blows up or looses his temper, just remember that he was once a cute little baby." I nodded and we moved on to the next picture. I could barley contain
my giggle at this one. Damien was now about three or four in this photo. He was sitting on a hospital bed with a woman who I assumed was his mother, and a little newborn, freshly swaddled in a pink blanket was in her arms. The baby was sleeping, and the mother was grinning at the camera. But Damien was another story entirely. He was staring at the baby with distain and disgust written clearly on his face. His little nose was wrinkled and his lips curled oddly at the bundle of joy. So maybe he wasn't so intimidating.
We looked through more pictures in the album, untill Josie stopped at one. A woman holding a heard shaped box of roses laughed as two children kissed either side of her cheeks. Love and happiness seemed to glow from the picture, causing me to smile.
stated, a sad smile tugged at her lips. Woah, that was unexpected. "Damien was only eight. He saw things he didn't need to see that day. That's why he acts the way he does now." Josie continued, "No child
Should watch their parents kill themselves" My jaw dropped in shock. Damien saw his mom kill herself?! That's horrible! You have no idea how worried he was when you got depressed. He must have been thinking about how depression causes people to
take their own livesGladys reminded me solemnly. How could I be so selfish and irresponsible? I was hiding from my job as Luna and I had no idea how much stress I was causing my mate. SOME LEGENDS ARE TOLD, SOME TURN TO DUST OR TO GOLD, BUT YOU WILL REMEMBER MEEEE! REMEMBER ME FOR CENTURIES! 1 jumped as I fumbled in my pockets for my phone, that was blasting
Fall Out Boy; causing me to be lurched from my thoughts. AND JUST ONE MISTAKE IS ALL IT WILL TAKE, WE'LL GO DOWN IN HISTORYYYY, REMEMBER ME FOR CENTURIEEES! When I received it I glanced at the screen, which made me breathe so much easier. My sisters smiling face showed as the caller id. I looked at Josie who was chuckling to herself, as I exited the room to pick up.
I went into a hallway and picked up the phone, "Hi Ruby" I greeted, a smile tugging on my lips from being speak with my sister. I missed her so much, her blond hair, to her bold personality. My entire life we were together, and with her being the Luna of her own pack, she couldn't just leave with me.
able to pick up" She sounded healthy, but a bit out of breath. "Why are you panting?" I wondered. "Oh, I just came up the stairs" I frowned. My sister didn't just run out of breath from going up stairs, she was one of the healthiest she wolfs I know. "Are you sick?" "What? No, pshh." My sister exclaimed into the phone. I didn't believe
her, but I let her be. If it's something important she will tell me. thought to reassure myself "I want to know what's up with you. How's your mate?" Ruby was just begging for juicy details. "Um, well he's Um" In played with my hoodie strings, thinking of words I could use to describe Damien.
Tell her how hot he is!Gladys piped in. What Gladys said was true, my mate was pretty good looking. But then again all werewolves were. They were each created by the Moon Goddess a er all. I ignored Gladys anyway. "He's what? Your not locked up in a tower and I have to retrieve you right?" My sister became extremely defensive and protective, she was always like that.
"No, he hasn't. He treats me fine. I'm not locked up somewhere." I confirmed all whilst giggling. "That's good." She paused to gather her thoughts. "You didn't think he'll reject you, right?"
"No," but he had every reason to. No Alpha would want a little weak mate like me. "Why did you ask?" Rejection was quite rare amongst werewolves. Rejecting ones mate will leave you unmated for the rest of your life and a part of your wolf will die if you refuse your mate. "It's nothing." Ruby quickly responded.
A little too quickly. She wasn't telling me the truth. "What is it Ruby? What are you hiding from me?" "It's nothing! Everything is fine. I've just heard things, you know?" She chucked nervously. "Things? What things?"
"Things? What things?" What could people say about our mate? How could they insult him by speaking behind his back like that! Gladys started to become furious. "Just silly stu. It probably means nothing! "Ruby backpedaled."
"Ruby Adeline Sharpe! Stop leaving me out of things! Tell me, now." Anger was now corrupting me and my feelings. "Ok! Ok, chill. I've just heard that Alpha Kingsley would reject his mate as soon as he met her."

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Of course he would reject me.

My eyebrows knit together, and I leaned in a wall.

I was weak, and shy. I was ultimately useless.

Is he gonna reject her? He better not.

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<u>Authors note</u>

Deanna

Damien said what?