

## Meetings, Meetings, and Markings

**\* Please read the authors note at the end of the story \***

**Jillian's POV**

When I woke up I was snuggled between blankets and pillows. Damien's arms were secured tightly around my waist. I felt like I was being smothered by blankets and my mate's arms weren't helping my chances at breathing. I struggled out of his hold but that caused him to grasp me tighter.

"Were are you going?" Damien asked, his voice deep and groggy from sleep. He was having a hard time sleeping last night saying that "There were too many new smells" So when he finally got to sleep it was around 3 in the morning and now it was 6:30.

"I'm going to the bathroom" I touched his hair and tried wriggling out of his arms again.

But he had fallen back asleep.

"Poor baby" I murmured and managed to snake my way from his arms.

I hopped into the shower and got all ready for the day. I actually tried today compared to my usual uniform of sweatpants and hoodies. I wore black leggings and a tunic sweater, the design was pretty maroon color and I added a suede belt around my waist. I exited the bathroom quietly as not to wake Damien. He was sleeping so soundly and he had a long day yesterday. He looked so sweet, all wrapped up in the crisp white blankets the hotel provided, his hair tousled and messy...

How could someone so scary and angry be so calm and gentle in their sleep? wondered.

I shrugged and continued to bustle around the room, I wanted to make sure that I had every possible thing I needed today. The plan for the day was meetings with other packs, to work on alliances and mergings. Crescent Moon was a large pack compared to many, and because of its size it was extremely strong. Josie had shown me some of the training regimen. The rigorous training that Damien put the pack through showed how much strength the entire pack had in their fingertips. That made me even more afraid of becoming the Luna of the pack, I could not do any of the practices the rest of the pack was doing. If they saw that the pack members would accuse me of being a hypocrite.

My hands started shaking at the thought of the pack members hating me. I took a deep breath and reminded myself that I was going to be fine, and that they would understand that I came from a different pack where the training wasn't so intense.

And even if you screwed everything up, mate would stand up for you and defend us! Gladys reminded me.

Thanks for the encouragement. I smiled. I knew that Gladys would always be someone I could speak with even when I was alone.

Damien moved in the bed and I checked the rustic clock on the wall for the time. It was 7:30, I turned around and noticed that his breathing was faster compared to how slow it was in his sleep.

I didn't even notice I was tracking. Ever since last night and his excitement I had become hyper aware of his movements, his breathing and heartbeat. Breakfast was to be served at eight and (even though I didn't want to) I had to wake Damien from his slumber. I moved to his side of the bed and moved his hair from his eyes. His face scrunched up all funny as his hand came up to swat my fingers away.

"Damien, wake up." I pressed a kiss on his forehead. That seemed to do the trick because he opened his green eye and peered at me.

"Nah." He mumbled and rolled over, hiding under the blankets. I sighed, he's almost as hard to wake up as I am.

"Damien, you need to wake up!" I checked the clock again "Breakfast is in 30 minutes!"

No response from my mate.

"I really didn't want to do this to you!" I moved lower down the bed, right near his feet. "Well here goes nothing!" I muttered.

I lifted the covers off his legs and trailed my nails down the soles of both his feet.

"GAHHH!!!" Damien jerked up in bed and tucked his legs underneath his body and ended up hitting his head on the wall in the process. I burst into fits of giggles, holding my sides and gasping for air.

"Jillian!" Damien tried growling as he held his head, but I knew he wasn't mad at me because he just ended up shaking his head back and forth.

"That was pay back for all the times you wake me up!" I snickered. I went up to him and kissed the back of his head where he hid himself. If he wasn't a werewolf he would have a pretty sizable bump. "Yeah, I'll remember that next time!" Damien threw the blankets off himself and got out of bed. He rummaged through his suitcase and pulled out his clothes. I watched as he disappeared into the ensuite bathroom. I made the bed and sat on it. I kicked my feet while I waited. Damien's phone looked like it was having a seizure on the nightstand.

"Jillian! Can you check that for me?" My mate called from the bathroom. I picked up the phone and pressed the button that awakened the screen.

"No please!" She gasped when the ringer was pointed towards her throat.

She struggled at the ropes that bound and made her writs raw.

"Now now darling, all I need to tell me is where the stone is."

It would be such a pity if I had to place a bullet into your pretty neck."

Emily turned to the interrogator.

"I thought we were in love Bradley!!" Tears burned her eyes.

Emily had never allowed herself to be vulnerable, but when it came to Bradley she forgot all about keeping up her walls up.

He smiled his pretty smile, the smile that Emily had once seen as so attractive.

was now dark and evil.

Bradley had Emily's life in his hands.

He slowly dropped to his knees and brushed kisses to Emily's exposed neck.

It was obvious that in Bradley's eyes, Emily was his lover.

He wanted to love her.

But his own life was on the line.

"Just tell me and you will be safe"

Emily didn't notice how Bradley played with the thin strap of her red dress,

His words were being weighted heavily in her mind.

"I can't"

Bradley's lips came crashing down upon hers filled with lust and fiery passion-

"Damien! What is this?!" screamed as I realized what I was reading.

"WHAT IS WHAT?!" Damien came flying through the bathroom door in a turtleneck to save me. But he ended up slipping on the tile and falling on his butt. With a roar to the sky he clutched his cheek and got up to hobble toward me.

"What is wrong?" Damien sounded tired and angry at the world.

"I was checking your phone like you asked and I saw this!" I placed to smartphone into his hands.

A small blush rose up his cheeks and he smiled awkwardly, "Well..." He started, one of his hands crept up and covered his mouth.

"You read spy romance novels on your phone?" I exclaimed. Damien liked to read romance novels. I pinched his cheeks and laughed.

"Hey! Whats that for?" He grabbed my hands and pushed me back slightly.

"I'm just surprised is all. You're so tough and manly, I didn't know you had hobbies, or feelings?"

Damien puffed his chest and pouted "I have feelings, I'm just romantic...sometimes.... And its spy romance! That makes it 10 times more manly."

I booped his nose and grinned "You never smile though, so its not my fault for thinking that you have no feelings"

His eyebrows rose questioningly "I smile all the time! Well, I smile when I'm with you...." Damien beamed, showing all his freshly brushed teeth. "See? Do you want to know what my phone went o for?"

"Sore" I said shyly. I don't know why but what Damien made me feel like jello on the inside. I knew that he didn't go around flashing smiles to people on the daily, normally he grimaced or scowled. I poked his tough stomach one more time.

"It was an email that said the schedule of the meetings today. We have 9 in all, 6 to attend, and 3 to present."

That's a lot of meetings. "When do you think that everything will be done?"

Damien shrugged and continued reading the email. I could tell that he wasn't actually reading his phone, he was more like staring at it with a dazed expression on his face.

I shuttled into his arms and rested my head on his chest, "I'm sorry that you are so sleepy"

Damien slipped his phone back in his pocket "Its not your fault! I'll just have to drink a couple gallons of coffee. But anyway, all of the meetings we can go back home." He kissed my forehead "You ready for breakfast?"

When we came back to the dining hall I immediately noticed how different it looked for the previous night. Last time I was here the color scheme was filled with gold and a certain fancy classiness that did not resemble at all for the breakfast. The once golden and white table cloth was switched out for a red and white checker patterned covering, the omegas were still serving the guests, but instead of their usual tuxedos they were wearing jeans and button down shirts. The smell of eggs, bacon, sausage, and toast was going to drive me crazy if I didn't get some.

Damien and I sat in the same spot as we did last night, except Mom and Dad were now where to be found. When Ruby and Sharpe sat down I asked them "Where is mom and dad?"

"Because of last night they were kicked out. The two of you would be kicked out as well, but unlike Midnight Shadow, people actually want to make alliances with Crescent." Sharpe explained as he put a healthy dose of syrup on his over sized pancake.

My sister shrugged "As it was shown last night, no one really likes our father, sis"

"What do you mean by last night?"

"Oh well Jillian, I'm sure you wouldn't remember, but last night I kinda beat your dad to a pulp!" Damien ate a fork full of eggs like knocking out his girlfriends dad was a normal thing to do. I rolled my eyes at him. Of course I remembered,

"Speaking of that, what happened when I left?"

"Well, Ian and Cross came to break up the fight, lots of people watched, and everyone knew what happened. Your mate turned our fathers face into what resembled pulled pork within a matter of seconds. People here know that Alpha Kingsley isn't one of violence so it was quickly determined that dad should leave, for he was only invited because he is an alpha within this region" Ruby said as I listened while eagerly eating my buttered toast.

Soon breakfast was over and Damien and I got all our things from the hotel room and packed them back into the SUV, the meetings were not going to be held at the hotel but an hour away. During the car ride Damien stopped to get coffee 3 times. I needed to drive so that he could sleep, but Damien is an ee3b3b as a mule so he drove the entire way.

When we arrived at the big warehouse my stomach flipped. I lightened my quaking hands to fists as Damien went around the front of the car to open the door for me. I stared at him with wide eyes "I can't" I whispered, my cheeks turning red. "Whats wrong?" He asked, taking my fists in his hands and kissing them.

"Everyone is gonna look at me for kissing your mate. And I can't..." my voice wavered.

"You don't have to say anything unless you want to" Damien assured, he gave my hands a squeeze and looked into my eyes.

This whole ordeal reminded me of when I was a pup. The teacher said for me to give a speech on being the Alphas daughter. When I got to the front of the class I threw up on the teachers shoes. She screamed and all the students laughed at me....

"What if I throw up?"

Damien made a face "You won't throw up, and if you do, I'll take you to the bathroom"

I could only imagine how sweaty my hands were, but Damien just held them and didn't say anything about it. "You can do it Jillian, I have faith" He looked at me with his shining mismatched green and brown eyes. I took a deep breath and nodded "O-ok"

We walked up the side walk arm in arm. No one really looked at me differently, they just looked at the Alpha speaking. Other Lunas's were there and some of them put in their own two cents, so I didn't worry about someone calling me out for not talking. To them I wasn't even there.

Just the way I liked it.

During the meetings I took notes and payed as much attention as I could. But my mate just sat there in his own world, every once and a while leaving the room and getting more coffee.

Damien, are you paying attention? asked at one point.

Yes, I've heard all this before anyway!s leg started bouncing and I placed a hand on it to quit the uncontrollable shaking.

You should lay off the coffee, I suggested.

The rest of the meeting went as such; I was paying rapt attention and Damien tried his best not to sleep during the whole thing. I knew that even if he tried to get some sleep he couldn't, he was too wired.

When it was Damien's turn to present his proposals and expansions, I was surprised at how attentive he was compared to when he was listening. It must be the Alpha charisma. It wasn't really well. Alphas and Lunas asked Damien questions and he answered. If I had a question, I mind-linked it to my mate so he could ask or answer it.

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When all the meetings ended it was already 5pm. Damien slung his arm around me "You did really good"

"I didn't do anything" I leaned into his side and smiled.

"Well you didn't throw up"

I guess not. It really was a good educational meeting. "Look" I pointed to the sky. The sun had started to set and the sky was a beautiful mix of purple and pink. The swirls of color over the top of the snowy mountain caps that seemed to pop up all over the place. My mate looked up and a small smile played on his lips "That is very pretty"

"Take a picture" I fished in my purse for my phone and gave it to Damien. "I want to show Josie" I added shyly while I got it out of the camera. A few pictures and crazy poses Damien announced, "I'm hungry. The little sandwiches they gave us were no where near substantial. What do they think we are? Princesses?" I giggled "Lets get some dinner and get out of here"

We stopped at an AEW to get burgers and fries. Damien snagged one of my golden potato sticks and twirled it at him. He had it inches from his lips before I threatened "I'll move the marking date back a week, if you eat that!" I had them sprinkled with sea salt and everything! At this my mate stopped moving the tasty morsel towards his pie hole "Fine" he pouted and popped the fry into my mouth. He propped his head in his hand and looked out the window, taking a long sip of his root beer (Which was practically all ice and diluted root beer so it made an annoyingly loud squeaking sipping sound) But I could care less about the noise my mate looked ridiculously adorable. I had to secretly take a few pictures of him. A few delicious dinner we stopped to fill up the car with gas, Damien had to go inside to pay and I had to use the bathroom anyway so we decided to meet up inside in the candy aisle of the gas station convenience store.

I got a couple bags of chips and Damien decided to get one of ever gummy candy they had. When we payed I noticed how over eager the cashier was. She unbuckled the buttons of her polo to show all her cleavage, and she smiled like Damien was the her one only favorite piece of Halloween candy she got and she had saved it for last. She even batted her false eyelashes at him!

Guuuuuurrr! I ought to cut you! He's my mate, get your own! Gladys growled with jealousy. Jillian you better slap that girl. He's a limit!

Surprisingly I stood up for myself. I came out of my permanent hiding spot behind Damien and I looked at her viciously. Damien was completely oblivious to the girl's crazy obvious attempts at flirting. He just signed the receipt. "So umm... Damon? Wanna hang out sometime?" Her voice was sickly sweet, she snapped her bubble gum and twirled a strand of her blonde hair around her finger. "No" I have a" Damien started, but I interrupted him by kissing him right on the lips. It was quick and angry "A girlfriend, he has a girlfriend. And his name isn't "Damon"" I snarled, picking up the bags and stomping out of the store with Damien in tow.

When we got into the car Damien snickered quietly "Don't worry babe, I'm all yours" he patted my thigh and started the Cadillac. I crossed my arms, growling. I was fuming. "How didn't she see me?" I was right there! Turn this thing around, I'm gonna have a chat with "Flirty Franny" right now"

My mate smiled "Your jealous" he teased.

"Of course I am! I have every right to be! You're mine. Damien. Only mine!"

"Your's so cute when your not angry at me" Damien commented as he turned onto the highway.

A few minutes of calming down I turned to Damien and kissed his cheek. "Sorry I got so upset." I murmured into his ear. "Why?" he asked "You don't need to be apologetic, its actually pretty attractive when you get all possessive of me"

This is why I was mistated to this man, he was perfect when he wasn't making a bunch of mistakes. I settled back into my seat and smiled proudly to myself.

"It was also hot when you called me your boyfriend" Damien opened his bag of gummy worms and stuck a few in his mouth.

"Well what else could I call you? She was a human, and I was not in the mood to explain what mates were"

The car ride back was much more pleasant than the ride up to Canada. Damien and I didn't fight, we just talked, poked fun at each other, he liked to read romance novels, which he defended with all his heart. I learned that the excerpt that I had read was from the third installment of the series, in which Bradley and Emily were still confused about their confusing relationship. It felt really good to laugh with him. When there was a peaceful silence I turned to Damien and asked: "You never talk about your parents, can you tell me about them?"

I knew that they were both dead, they both passed with the same fate, suicide. But I had no idea how they acted or what kind of leaders they were.

Damien's hand tightened around the steering wheel. "Well... ma and dad were both incredible people. They were great parents and leaders of our pack." He shifted in his seat and cleared his throat "Ma was one of the best women I ever met. Too bad I hardly remember anything about her. But she was a pup at heart, none of the other kids liked me that much, so she would always make time to play with me, whether it be tag or we just chased each other around the house. I remember her long brown hair and how I used to pull on it, because she would make funny faces when ever I did.

"When Josie was born, I believe she just became better. She encouraged us and played with us, she taught us all kinds of amazing things. Like how to use dish soap to repel milk or how to tie and untie complicated knots."

"She sounds like a great mother." My mom was never like that. She let her pups to do whatever, she lost track of us all the time.

"She really was. She was also a wonderful mate. She and dad were inseparable, even though they went head to head about silly things like whether pickles were vegetables or fruits, but they would always come back better from it. Dad and Ma always were touching, kissing or hugging, or even small gestures like a hand on a back or a brush of their arms. I think that they were the perfect example of mate devotion and love."

That sounds sweet. I rarely got to see my parents together, and when they were they didn't show any form of care for each other.

"But everything changed when Josie and I were playing Hide and go seek one day. I hid in one of the cabinets in moms bedroom and I had the door creaked open slightly so I could see if Josie had come into the room." Damien swallowed and his Adams apple bobbed up and down. all I wanted to do was hold him in my arms and tell him that everything was going to be alright.

"Mom went through some drawers and bulled out a gun. I knew that dad had silver bullets inside. She rose it to her head and shot herself...right in front of me. And what kills me the most is that I didn't do anything about it. I was to shocked to do squat, all I had to do was say her name or make a noise and she wouldn't have done it."

Damien ended up through his mouth and ran a hand through his hair. "I ran out to find dad, he was training with the other wolves, and when he saw his mate, with her brains blown out...It was the first time I had ever seen him cry. Four years later he killed himself, and in those four years I had never heard someone beg the Moon Goddess for anything so hard. He just wanted to see her, he wanted answers, and a proper goodbye, just one last look at her, one last kiss. The man was tortured, Jillian, tortured to the point that he got desperate. He called witches and did rituals, none of them worked, so he just killed himself one night. I found him hung from the ceiling of his bedroom when he didn't come down for breakfast."

Quiet enveloped the space of the car. "Oh, baby..." I whispered. I grabbed his right hand and kissed it, intertwining our fingers. "Don't feel pity for me, they are together now and they are happy"

"I'm just sorry that they couldn't be together here"

"Me too, Jillian. Me too"

"She sounded happy, do you know why she did it?"

Damien shrugged and frowned "I have no idea why she did it, I have no idea why she subjected her mate and her pups to so much torture. That's why you might have heard me say that I would reject my mate when I met her, I didn't want to lose her and go insane, leaving the pack in shambles or in the hands of my frightened child."

I understood, I really did, I brought his hand back up to my lips and kissed every one of his knuckles, I shed a tear for Damien and his parents.

Within minutes I had drifted to sleep, Damien's hand curled into my chest and my legs on the seat.

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I was stirred out of my nap when strong arms wrapped themselves around me and I was lifted up. The cold night wind bit at me, so I curled deeper not the warm body that the arms belonged to. I had opened my eyes and danced, shining their light down from the heavens to the earth. The moon was a Crescent and clouds seemed to part in its path when its shine came down upon Damien and I. My vision became weary, and when I closed my irises the image of the moon was still behind my eyes.

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When I awoke I was in a bed, so blankets surrounded me that I smelt like pine needles and cinnamon. "Baby wake up, its almost 12, I haven't marked you yet" A gentle voice said, so I yawned and my thigh. "Umm" I groaned when warm hands wrapped around my hips and lifted me slowly into their lap. "Damien"

"You promised that I could mark you today. You didn't change your mind have you?"

"No" I shifted in his lap so that I was straddling him. I wrapped my arms around his neck, and played with some of the hairs from his head that grew down to his nape. I looked into his green eye then his brown eye, the pupils of both were dilated because of the dim light in the room and because his wolf had to surface for his canines to come out. I had been changed out of my sweater and was now in the tank top I had worn underneath. One of his rough hands was placed firmly on my back and the other was on my hip. My shirt had ridden up so I felt his little finger on my skin. Delightful and energetic tingles flared up around my hip.

"Are you sure about this? Because we can do this another time if you are gonna get upset?" Damien asked, making sure about the whole situation.

"Yes, I'm sure"

"I've heard that it can hurt and I don't want to cause you pain..." I placed my finger to his lips. "Are you having cold feet?"

"Why would I have cold feet? I have socks on"

"Then mark me, Damien, I want you to"

Our lips met halfway. His mouth quickly over took mine and I followed his lead readily and obediently. His tongue slid into my inviting mouth ever so gently. But it only stayed to flick my own tongue before his lips found my neck. He moved my hair and tilted my head back so he had more access to the spot between my neck and shoulder. Gladys shivered and I whimpered with pleasure when his lips found the spot where he would mark me as his. His teeth grazed the spot teasingly and my hands tightened in his hair.

He groaned when his canines fully elongated and when they sunk into the tender flesh on my neck I bit my lip. It hurt at first, but it soon became warm and tingly. I let out a relieved moan. When he finished he looked back up at me. I kissed him harder than I ever kissed him before. So hard that Damien ended up on his back with me on top of him.

One of his hands came up to my head and grasped a handful of my hair. He pulled me away only slightly, our foreheads touching and our breaths mixing together. "I love you, Jillian"

"I love you too"

**Authors Note**

**Holy poop, it happened you guys.**

**Jillian got marked!**

**So this part marks the start of Part Two. YAY!**

**Part Two is when all the stuff happens, since they are now done with the 1st part of the mating process they are going to be treating each other much differently that they had been before.**

**Plus Jillian has a ocally become Luna of the pack.**

**Maybe that's a good thing or a bad thing....**

**I want to thank everyone for the votes, comments, and follows. I am so grateful for all of you who read my story.**

**Thanks again,**

**Deanna**

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