

Welcoming The Luna

Jillian's POV "So I was thinking like, Jamien." "Yeah, that's a good one"	ਰ ਰ
"What about Dillian?" "No that sounds stupid. They aren't dill pickles." You'd think this was a bunch of tweenage girls, conversing about their OTP ship names. Nope! This was Crescent Moon Packs Beta, Gamma, and Delta talking about ship names for their Alpha and	a
Luna. "Lets try last names," Kurtis suggested.	a
"Kingsley and Sadem? That will be tough" This was a group of strong, high ranking men. Not a group of fangirling besties, who still all had dreams of marring Justin Beiber.	ď
There's not much of a di erenceGladys reminded me. " Sadesly?"	a
"Yeah, that could work" Christian said. "Oh! I got one! Kingdem! Like kingdom!" Damien looked at me and shrugged, we were currently behind the door to the meeting hall, and we were eavesdropping on how the pack leaders were entertaining the rest of the pack. I bit back giggles. They were too funny!	
"I like that one much better than some. But I created my own: Lupha" Damien strode into the room, I followed behind earnestly. "Like a loofah?" Kurtis asked, "I thought you like puns; Kingdem?"	
"Yeah, but yours implies that you need a shower" "And yours implies we are fairy book characters" Damien snapped. "No, mine implies that you are powerful leaders. Thus Kingdem" "Well I mixed Alpha and Luna. If that doesn't exude powerful leaders don't know what does."	
"It exudes your stink," Kurtis pinched his nose "You need a shower with a Lupha" Damien smiled and playfully cu ed Kurtis on the back of the head,	đ
"Alright then Jortis" A few more seconds of playful banter went on for a few more seconds until Damien turned to the crowd of werewolves that had been watching their Alpha and Gamma, "What kind of pack are we if we don't have a proper celebration for our new member?" he asked them. I crossed over and stood next to my mate, I held on to his arm and used his body to cover half of mine.	
I wonder who the new member is told Gladys. My wolf snorted at me, Sometimes you are so dense. Its obviously you! Oh. Why would they hold another ceremony for me? I just had one. Because your their new Luna, its been years since they had one.	
That made sense. The last Luna has been dead for over fieen years, of course they were excited to have a new on a er all this time.	
"Everyone to the courtyard!" Christian bellowed, pointing his hand in the direction in which he would be leading them. Happy shouts and continued talking started as everyone exited the room. I started to follow them but Damien tugged on my arm, leading me back to him. "You haven't met my Delta"	
I looked up to see a lumberjack. My head tilted to the side, "This is Oliver. Head of security and one of this packs best trackers." Damien explained. Oliver tilted his head "Good morning, Luna" Oliver was a man of healthy height, he was much shorter than my mate, but he was nearly twice as stocky. His brown hair and beard were only half the reason I considered him to like a lumber jack. I ducked behind Damien and held on to his shirt. "Oh, I scared her away" Oliver commented, slightly surprised.	
I gripped the fabric of my mates shirt for dear life. "Oli Pop!" out of the corner of my eye I saw a figure with a curly mowhawk and leather pants give the Delta a big hug. I peeked out from my mate and saw Josie smiling with the Lumberjack Delta. "The Luna hid from me" Oliver told Josie when he saw me look at them. I quickly got back in my position "Oh, Jillian does that to every one." Josie came to me	
and pulled me out, she gave me a comforting hug "Are you doing alright?" She whispered. I nodded. "Does she speak?" Oliver wondered. He crouched down and looked at me, his eyes were brown. "Only sometimes. She has to get used to	
Damien, Oliver and Josie all talked while I stayed tucked under her arm. "Shouldn't we get going? They can't really start the party	đ
without the guest of honor" Oliver and Josie went up font, Damien an I coming up in the rear. We went through a few more hallways and then we came to a sliding glass door that we also went through. When we went outside I was awed by what I saw. There was a courtyard that held all the pack	
members easily. I noticed how the roof was a giant skylight, I assumed because of the cold they had that installed. Seats and chairs were placed strategically around the big space. A fire pit was in the center of the room ignited with a red burning flame. There was a giant banner that read "Welcome Home Luna!!hanging from the doorway.	
Kurtis jumped in front of me "Welcome to your Luna welcome party!!" he did jazz hands, Damien and Christian did the same thing. All grinning stupidly "We planed it all by ourselves!" Kurtis added. "Look!" Damien pointed to a bar across the room "We go all your favorite snacks too!"	່ຜ
He doesn't know my favorite snacks though The three men dragged me over to the snack bar "There's toast, and strawberries" Christian started listing. "And quesadillas!" they all	a
chorused happily. I had nothing against quesadillas, but they weren't my favorite. I wonder why they chose that as one of my favorite snacks.	
"Because we like quesadillas" Kurtis shrugged. "There would be an ice sculpture, but the guy was booked, or something stupid like that" Damien growled lowly. He put his head down in shame "Its ok buddy" Christian said as he and Kurtis patted my mates back. I laughed and kissed Damien's cheek "Its perfect without the ice sculpture." I assured him by whispering in his ear. The smallest smile tugged at his lips.	a
Christian and Kurtis both giggled like school girls, whispering to each other about how 'whipped' Damien was. I cast a warning glare to them. No one makes fun of my mate. Besides me of course.	
Both the Gamma and the Beta stopped and stood straighter, their laughter gone. Quickly shyness over took me and I hid my face in Damien's chest. "Come on, you have to meet some people" Damien pulled me along. Smiling werewolves greeted me and wished me congratulations. I smiled and tried to be as polite as possible without speaking. Having the sentence "Speak only when spoken to" beat	
into my brain, I now didn't speak at all, even when spoken to. It seemed to work, my father seemed to be more lenient when I didn't open my mouth and embarrass him. But that never changed the severity of my punishments.	đ
Too much, Jillian chastised myself, too much Damien lead me over to Oliver and who I assumed to be his mate. She was laughing while another wolf; whom I did not know, spoke with	

wild gestures and his very expressive face. Oliver smiled behind his beard when he saw Damien and I coming near. "Good morning, Sam" Damien greeted the highly animated man, who wore a lopsided grin on his face as well. "Good morning, Alpha. I was just trying to make Mack smile" he gestured on of his long limbs to a stroller. I hadn't noticed it until he pointed it out. In the carriage sat a baby boy

been about five or six months old. He also looked very unimpressed. I matched his gaze with a bored on of my own. A er a minute of our staring contest, Mack grinned, showing his gums, and the slight whiteness of the teeth that were to grow in soon.

"See! How come everyone else can make that baby pleased, but I

wearing a onesie that read "I'm cute, and I know it." He must have

can't?!" Sam threw his hands in the air in an exasperated fashion. He stormed o , leaving the woman bubbling over with laughter. Her curls bouncing as she tried to stifle her ongoing giggles. "Come on Harley, calm down" Oliver placed his hand on her back. Then she caught sight of me, delight still hung on her face, but she stopped laughing. "Hi! Its a pleasure to meet you, I'm Harley. You've already met my mate, or so Iv'e been told." She looked to Oliver suspiciously, who shrugged. Harley was a woman of average height, her shoulder length hair was ombred, electric red to so blonde. Mack had the same big brown doe eyes. Mack actually had many similarities between both his parents, though he was so young he had the beginnings of Oliver's nose, and the makings of Harley's lips. Damien placed his hand on my shoulder, his eyes connecting with mine for a brief moment before he started talking, "This is Jillian" he

introduced me. I wanted to su ocate on my own awkwardness, the tension that surrounded us was nearly unbearable. Speak.J willed my self to not look like an idiot. Speak and speak loudly enough for them to hear you and understand you, be articulate, don't mumble. Talk clearly and stand like Damien taught you.

So I stood straighter, and pushed my hair back with diligence and courageousness, "The two of you make a really nice baby" and a said it boldly.

A little bit too boldly.

Everyone turned; their ears tuned in on the Luna's first words to her pack members. My face must have gone beet red, and my chest tightened with embarrassment.

Really?! "You make a nice baby"?! That's the best you could come up with?Internally I screamed, externally I froze with fear. Soon they would all start laughing and calling me names like "Creep Luna", or something terrible like that.

Since I emptied my stomach about an hour before that, I had nothing I needed to barf up. But I wanted to run all the way to Damien's house and hurl myself into the bed. No one would judge me there. My mouth was dry, but my eyes were wet, my cheeks burned.

Even it must have been for only a few moments, when the pack turned away it felt like an eternity before they decided to do so. "I know, right!" Harley squealed joyfully and giddily, "If were lucky, Mack will look just like his dad" She poked her mate playfully. She completely ignored my weird comment, in fact she made a joke out of it!

Crisis averted Gladys' tail twitched with pride.

This is exactly why I don't like talking to people.

Covering my mouth with the long sleeve of my sweater, I hid the smug smile that crept up on me. I went back to being wordless, everyone else did the talking for me, which was very good. They have already seen what type of silly things I could say. Damien and I mingled with a few more pack members until he was

separated from me, by a younger male who looked very intent on talking to him alone.He was very sure to specify that. In turn I shrugged and found myself a seat away from everyone else. Curling up on the so couch I closed my eyes and tried to drown out all the commotion that surrounded me. If I couldn't be alone, then I could imagine it. Being introverted had its downsides, but being socially awkward andan introvert was like being the human child of a deaf donkey and when you try to communicate all the other donkeys just scream, "He Haw! He Haw!"

Even though I had been avoiding all social contact by tuning everyone out, my ears perked at the sound of my mates name. "Its a shame that the Alpha met his mate. Your birthday is tomorrow." My interest was piqued, who's birthday was tomorrow? And what did

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that have to do with me being Damien's mate? "Even if I turn eighteen tomorrow, he could have told me that I was his mate, he wouldn't have been able to mark me though" The girl sounded kind of sad. I remember when all the girls of my old pack would get together and dream of their mates, many of them had romantic relationships with other males, and prayed that those males were their mates. But if the Moon Goddess granted their wish, they could only find that out on their eighteenth birthday. I guess I had been eavesdropping on how this girl had hoped that Damien was

her soulmate. Only to find out that another girl claimed that position. "I wonder what the new Luna is like" Said another voice. The voice of the girl I had been pitying before turned cold, "She probably doesn't know how lucky she is" she sneered.

"Yeah, she doesn't deserve the Alpha" The second girl quickly agreed. Who did deserve him? questioned myself.

"Don't you think its a bit harsh to judge her so quickly? You hardly know her. If you really love Alpha Kingsley, you would be happy for him." This was the same girl who seemed as if she wanted to meet me. Without knowing her I liked her much more than her two friends. Gladys was snarling, her teeth bared and her claws digging into the ground to hold her firmly in place.

"Well she ran away before we could talk to her. And she seems to be attached to his side, they have been together the entire party." The snobby one said

"Yeah you're right, I don't see either of them.Too bad I don't know her scent."

Hey, I'm getting a drink, want anything? y mate asked in my head. We have Dr Pepper, water, orange juice, cider-I want lemonadel answered promptly.

Apple cider, hot chocolate, co ee He continued as if I hadn't interrupted him.

Lemonade.

Sprite, coke, root beer, cream soda-

I want lemonade.

Let me finish! What if you hear something that you want more than lemonade?He barked exasperatedly.

than lemonade right now, but if you insist He continued the list of drinks, and in the end I got lemonade like I

had wanted anyway. The girls continued talking, I had concluded that they were a few seats behind me by the time Damien came over to me with two drinks in his hands as well as a really big quesadilla. "Here" He handed me my lemonade as he sat next to me. "Thank you" I took a long sip. Putting his arm around my body, Damien got comfortable next to me. "Are you gonna make it until dinner?" he asked, the arm that he wrapped around me went up and down as if to warm me up. "I think so. When is dinner?" I looked back up at him, the cup of lemonade in both my hands, I was almost done with it. Damien checked his watch "Three more hours."

Three hours, that was a lot of time. A lot of time avoiding people. "Yeah" Nestling into his side, I took more sips of my drink. I watched as Damien ripped the quesadilla in half, its cheesy innards dribbling all over the plate, "Here" he gave me one. I hardly noticed the fact that I was pretty hungry for I had vomited up my breakfast. We ate in silence, the girls had become very quiet, and I was tempted to turn around to look for them, but knowing Damien and how he would handle the situation, I thought better of it. While I chewed on my piece of quesadilla, Christina came up to us.

though her expression conveyed that she would take me kicking and screaming; with or without Damien's consent. She held a pack of cigarettes in her hand and slightly waved them around while she talked. Damien looked down at me, "Sure. Only if she wants"

I shrugged when I looked back up at Christina her face read, Come or I will force you toWithout a second thought I li ed myself o the couch and followed her outside. Her long black flowy dress gave her the illusion of floating when she walked. Christina had beautiful straw blonde hair, that cascaded down her back in voluminous curls. Once we exited the big courtyard I shivered at the di erence in temperature. Pulling my big cardigan closer to my body I watched Christina light her cigarette. She took a long elegant pu , "Isn't that

unhealthy?" I commented quietly, I knew that gum disease and cancer was common for smokers. Her eyebrow quirked, "For humans, but.." She li ed her hand that wasnt holding the cigarette and preformed a partial shi , making her hand into a golden brown paw, the claws flexing and reaching for anything to slice. "That doesn't mean you are invincible" I countered.

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cold wind battle with the warm steamy fog before it disappeared entirely, and she took another pull. "Maybe not, but I won't live forever, so why not enjoy the life I have?"

She released a pu of smoke through her rounded lips, watching the

addiction" I buttoned up my sweater and rubbed my hands together. To my surprise Christina burst into laughter, her melodic voice

carrying high on the wind, "And they said you were shy" she muttered

"You could enjoy it much more if you weren't hindered by an

only to be interrupted by her own bout of endless laughter. My hands clenched into fists around the long sleeves of my cardigan. I can't help that submission was beaten into me, but even if it wasn't I knew my boundaries when it came to speaking. And I could not lie that I had problems with insecurity and anxiety. But a deeper part of me hated that I had been categorized as "shy" because in my heart I knew that Damien deserved someone who wasn't quote-on-quote "shy". He deserved a Luna who could stand up and defend herself and others and a woman who was intimidated by nothing. A woman who was nothing like me.

halted. "The Alpha may seem as if he has high standards, and yes he has expectations of you, just as you have expectations of him, but all he really wants is your safety and comfort."
I swallowed, bowing my head and letting my hair shield my blushing face. Maybe so, he did say that he felt responsible for my safety and well-being. His Alpha gene coming into the light, protection was

wired into his DNA like instinct. Protect, defeat, help, heal. If I ever tapped into his mind, those words floated around his head constantly, like a chant that he could not quiet, or a broken record. Slowly I moved closer to Christina. During my coronation she seemed so ethereal and calm, but the more I talked with her the more I

so ethereal and calm, but the more I talked with her the more I realized that she was snarky and didn't take no for an answer. Luna qualities.

"Can you tell me about the past Luna?" I asked cautiously. With a quirk of her eyebrow and a pumore from her cig, Christina looked at me before she smiled so ly "Chelsea was a wonderful Luna and mother. Sometimes I was convinced that she loved them too much."

I could imagine that, both her pups had very fond memories of their mother. She treated them well.

"She was one of my best friends, she could give the best advice, and she could console anyone's heart. Josephine must have gotten that from her. Along with their bull-headedness." Christina looked ahead of her, obviously thinking of blissful memories. "She passed wonderful traits to her children, even if she didn't live long to teach them. They learned well from her."

wonderful traits to her children, even if she didn't live long to teach them. They learned well from her." "What about her mate?" "The Alpha?" Christina snorted "Cole was on of the hardest men to

love. His brazen actions, to his obnoxious speech made him one of the most critical, and out spoken Alphas this pack has ever seen. But that made it so that when he complement you, you knew that he was honest. He was one of the worst lairs in the world. Both human and supernatural. But if you said one bad word about him Chels would have your head on a platter"

If Damien was frank, I could only imagine his father. "How did he treat his mate?"

"He was good. Both he and Chelsea were destined to be together forever. Even as pups everyone could see it. Even as mean as Cole could be, he had a so spot for Chelsea. They did have their squabbles at times, but that's what happens when you have two equally stubborn werewolves mated together. You can learn much from their relationship actually. As Alpha and Luna they both lead the pack to new heights that their son exposed through his reign." Her wisdom shone through her words, she must have grown up with them to know so much. But there was a slant in her voice that

them to know so much. But there was a slant in her voice that showed the fact that she missed their presence in her life. As well as the rest of the pack's. "As I said they were destined for eternity, and that's what they are doing now." She spoke wistfully. I gave her a moment to think, she put out the flame in her cigarette. "Can I ask you a question?" I wondered.

"You just did" Christina smirked.

I blew out of my mouth and watched the condensation move just as it did with everyone of Christina's pu s. "How can I be a good mate to Damien?"

"You want relationship advice?" She questioned with disbelief. I shrugged.

"Okay...I have one piece of advice for you. Never take a moment for granted, you don't know how long until your time time together is." She looked away into the distance again. She looked startlingly serene for a moment, until her lips quirked into a rueful grin. "Another ounce of advice, Luna: Never let your Alpha out of your sight

for longer than five minutes." My head cocked, "What do you mean?"

She started to laugh, "You've le him alone for too long. Let's go to the kitchen, Jillian"

Together we entered the pack house, Christina lead me through halls and doorways. I heard them before I smelt them. Laughter and the clinking of porcelain. We rounded the corner and Christina shouted, "What is going on here?!"

Oliver was siting on the counter, Christian had half a cookie in his hand, Kurtis was in the middle of getting his hand out of the cookie jar, and Damien stood in the middle of them, content that he had a

cookie to nibble on. a³ "IT WAS HIS IDEA!" all four of them accused in unison. Damien pointed to Kurtis, Christian pointed to Damien and Kurtis pointed to Christian, Oliver pointed to Damien. Christina looked at me with her hands on her hips, her face spoke for her, What are you going to do

about this? Pushing my hair back I strode over to Damien, "Whats this?"

His hands went behind his back "Nothing" "Really?" I turned slowly to take in my surroundings, crumbs littered the ground, leaving a trail that lead right to each one of the men in

the kitchen. "Yup" Damien pulled out his hand from behind his back to reveal a

half eaten chocolate chip cookie, "In fact I was getting **you** a snack" He put on his biggest grin.

"Then why does it have a bite taken out of it?"

Damien looked down at his hand and gasped like it was the first time he saw the bite "What?! That was not there when I took it out of the jar. I swear!"

"Uh huh" I took the pastry out of his grasp and took a bite of it. Stepping away from my mate, I looked to each of the guys in the

room, Oliver had cookie remnants in his beard. "I want this room

cleaned in time for dinner, understand? If you have any questions speak now and su er my wrath, or clean up this mess and stay on my good side."Christina ordered.

good side."Christina ordered. All four of them blinked, "Nose Goes!" Damien stated loudly, Kurtis, and Christian covered their noses. All eyes on Oliver whose nose was

in full view. af

got a dustpan and broom from the closet. I looked at my mate expectantly, Help him.

Damien hu ed and bent down to help Oliver with the dirty ground, Kurtis and Christian aided as well.

 Kurtis and Christian aided as well.
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 "That's how you keep and Alpha under control." Christina murmured in my ear before she le the room.

Thirty Minutes Later

When the boys finished cleaning up their mess we went back out to the party. A er mingling for an hour and one male practically begging me to let him call me 'Jill', dinner was set out on long bu et tables,

ready to be eaten. Damien and I were in the middle of claiming our seat when the guard

Damien and I were in the middle of claiming our seat when the guard who had taken our coats at the door came up to Damien and I. He seemed winded, as if he had run all the way here.

"Alpha."

"Yes, Hudson?" "A request for your presence, Alpha Kingsley"

Damien's eyebrow rose suspiciously, then he looked at me "I can get your food for you. Go do your job." I told him with a shrug. "Is there

anything you'd like?" " I'm not picky." Damien stood up and followed the guard away, "Request granted" If my mate had work to do, I wouldn't want to be a

hindrance. He had the responsibilities of carrying an entire pack on his shoulders. If he was bending to me, then everyone would get hurt. I moved to the bu et table. Other wolves were piling their plates with food all around me. Grabbing two plates I started to pick around the table for something he would like. A er ladling a few spoon fulls of mashed potatoes on the plate, I heard some puttering beside me.

I looked down to see a little girl with long blonde ringlets, standing on the tip tops of her Mary Jane's, trying her absolute best to reach a

plate. "Do you need help?" The girl looked at me, her blue eyes shining "No. I can do it." She continued stretching for a plate. I grinned and discreetly pushed the stack of paper plates loser to the edge sh she could at least touch them. But the stack was high, and I ended up handing her one

"Thank you" she smiled at me.

anyway.

my hip.

"Can you see the food?" She must have been only three or four years old, and only about two feet tall. She pouted "Nope" Without second thought I placed the plate I had been filling on the table and li ed her into my arms. "Isn't that better?" I propped her on

She shi ed and looked me in the eyes "Uh huh"

"What's your name?" This girl was beyond adorable with her long blonde curls and big blue eyes. Her nose was a button and her cheeks were flushed. " Ani- Ana- Anastasia, but you call me Annie" She stumbled through her full name for a few moments, but she finally

got it, just to tell me to call her by her nickname. "I'm Jillian." I o ered her my and to shake. She gave me the wrong hand so I ended up shaking her arm, causing her to giggle uncontrollably. I helped her with getting rations on to the plate she had been trying to reach for a time. When we finished Annie threw her arm around my neck "Thank you! Thank you!" She cried happily

to have gotten help. "Don't worry about it" I chuckled. I felt a presence come up behind me, his warmth and pine scent emitting from him like the heat from a fire.

"It good to see you getting along" He said.

"Apha!" she squealed when Damien took her from me. "Hey there kiddo" She hugged him as she had hugged me, arms around his neck tightly.

"She helped me" Annie pointed to me when they separated. "Oh yeah?"

Something about the way he held the pup made my heart beat faster. Gladys was near the bring of fainting.

"Yup" Annie confirmed, she placed her hand around Damien's ear to cup it and cover her lips as she whispered to him. Damien winked at me and listened to her. When Annie was done she and my mate shared a look, "I agree" Damien nodded. They continued to talk for a few more minutes before he let her down and I gave her the plate. Annie skipped away.

Damien stepped closer and kissed my temple. "What did the guard want?" I asked; my protective Luna side showing. The more I get to know the pack, the more I want to keep them safe. "His mate got sick, and needed some help with the pups, so I gave his the rest of the day o ."

"That was nice of you" I handed him his plate, and I began to prepare mine.

"Jillian" I looked to my mate who had said my name "I don't like peas" he was looking down in his hands at the plate. One side was nearly covered with little green peas. I sco ed, "I thought you weren't picky"

"I'm not thatpicky. I just do not like peas."

I shook my head, "Well you ate a bunch of cookies before dinner. You know that can ruin your appetite. Plus peas are very good for you." We went back and forth about the peas on his plate, but I ended up winning that little dispute and we sat down at the table. During dinner the pack talked and laughed around ad with us. Some elders told stories and jokes were told. Damien flicked his peas into Josie's hair when she wasn't looking, until I caught him and pinched his arm, but by then half his peas were gone.

All in all the day was good, I got coronated, I got to meet the rest of Crescent Moon Pack, my relationship with my mate got better and I made one more step in getting over some of my insecurities. When we got home Damien helped me out of my coat, and gave me a big hug "You're the best" He said into my hair. I smiled slightly, "Not

really" Damien pulled away and looked at me like I had grown tentacles and they were coming out of my chin. "If you weren't the best, then I wouldn't show you this." Taking me by the hand, he lead me into the kitchen, where he opened the freezer side of the fridge. "Wow" I marveled breathlessly. Ice cream took up the entire top shelf. All

kinds of flavors and types. "See? I only share with the best." Damien kissed my cheek. "I can't say no, but I already have my own frozen snack" I dug around for it. "There it is!"

"Whats that?" Damien took out a pint of vanilla and pointed his spoon to my jar. "Its peanut butter!" I beamed. "You froze peanut

butter?" we started to go into the living room. "Yeah, I put it in a few days ago, I made sure to put it in the warmest

part of the freezer so it didn't turn rock solid by the time I ate it." "So that's where the it went! I tried to make a sandwich, but I ended up with a PB&J with only jelly" Damien pulled me into his lap on a living chair by the fireplace. We ate our iced deserts and started talking about the weirdest sandwiches we had ever eaten when Kurtis and Josie walked in.

"Mind if we join?" Josie asked.

"No", "Yes" Damien and I said at the same time. Josie sat down either way. "How has your day been, Jillian? If my butt-headed brother bothered you, just say the word and I'll rip out his toenails for you" Josie's legs rested in her mate's lap by the time they had gotten comfortable on the sofa.

I shook my head, Damien could keep his toenails. Christian joined us, sitting on the couch adjacent to us, a drink in his hand. "I think today was one of the best day the pack has had in a long time. People were smiling and laughing, the whole mood was lighthearted." Christian observed.

"Yeah," Kurtis agreed he was playing with the curls in Josie's hair, he picked out something and frowned, on further inspection I realized that it was a pea. "Not everyone was smiling, Mr. Grumpy-Alpha over there looked like the world was about to end."

"The humorless, infamous, Alpha Kingsley" Josie remarked. I tilted my head to the side to see how Damien was taking all this, he was just eating his Ice cream, his expression blank. But they were right, I had never heard him laugh out loud, its like he never found anything amusing. It seemed as if the world was placed on both his back and it burdened him down so bad that happy thoughts were hard to come by.

"You can't really tell a joke either, you are far to serious." Christian chuckled to himself.

Christian's bottle. "No,why?"

"Did you drink any of that yet?" Damien asked, gesturing to

Without a second thought Damien snatched the bottle from his hand and licked around the rim whilst glaring at Christian. He placed it back in his Beta's hand, "Your not even gonna drink it?!" Christian fumbled through his words, o end that his friend wouldn't allow him to enjoy his own drink.

"Nah." Damien shrugged. Christian sighed and sat back in his seat, placing the bottle back on the co ee table.

"Can you tell us a joke, please?" I wondered quietly. Damien sighed and propped his head on his hand "What is red and smells like blue paint?"

What does smell like blue paint? A freshly painted red wall, I guess Gladys and I started to crack this puzzle of a joke. How can it be red, and smell like the blue paint?

"Oh, Jillian... Don't over think it. The answer is red paint" a

Hello! Thanks for reading, commenting and voting. You guy's are awesome, I hope yo enjoyed this chapter. :{

Continue reading next part

Deanna