Training Day Jillian's POV a⁰ I am currently in a dusty barn with George Clooney, Mathew McConaughey, and Scarlett Johanson. Scarlett lost her red ruby slippers that she needs to get back to her home Kansas. Sadly the wicked witch tricked us by acting as Glenda the good witch, and taking Scarlett's slippers in a dusty Texas barn. While in the Texan heat I am feeling quite faint, luckily George was able to get us out of the sun and safe in a dusty, humid barn that smells like manure. "Thanks, Clooney, you were a real help"... a "Jillian" Mathew starts to cry for his mother. I guess the witch scared his that badly. I mean it was Damien in a bubble gum pink tutu, everyone can get scared of something as horrendous as that. I try to console him, but my dehydration has proven that talking is hard, even standing up from my hay bale bed that Scarlett had been weaving together while we waited for the evil witch to appear, wasn't the easiest task. "Jillian, I'm serious, you need to wake up." "Kevin Bacon?! When did you get here?!" Mathew, George, Scarlett and I all gasp in unison. Kevin laughs out loud, "I'm not Kevin Bacon silly!" his voice was much higher than I imagined it really would be "I'm Momma McConaughey. I heard Mathew crying, so I came as quickly as I could to see what was wrong" She still looked like Kevin Bacon. Momma waved her wand and smiled, while placing a hand on her son's back. "OMGosh!" Scarlett jumps up and down, "We should all cry for our-" "JILLIAN! GET UP!!!" Lights! Blankets! "AAARGGGHH!! DO YOU WANT ME TO RIP OUT YOUR BRAINS AND FEED THEM TO THE CANNIBALS?!" å Damien stepped back, "No, not really..." đ I hu ed and pulled the blankets back over my body, hiding from the light emitted from the lamp by my bed. Actually it was the only light in the room. The window that usually shone with sunshine and morning happiness was dark. "Jillian, I'm serious. We are gonna be late if you don't get you right now" "Late for what?" I mumbled angrily into the sheets. What kind of jerk wakes someone up before the sun and tells them that they will be Even I agree with you on this, we need our beauty sleekladys covered her eyes with her tail. "We have training today. And we need to lead the morning run." Damien explains while shaking my body slightly. I drag a pillow over my head and push it to my ears tightly. The thought of training with the pack sounded like a poop and bologna sandwich kind of idea. The entire pack would laugh at me when I tried to complete the tasks, then the pack would revolt me and try to kill me. How can they follow a leader who appoints to them tasks that they can't even accomplish for themselves? a When I didn't answer Damien rips the blanket o my body and I squeal from the sudden exposure. "No! Please! I'm too young to die!" I cry when he pulls at my legs, trying to drag me out of the comfy bed. I kicked and thrashed, holding on to the mattress, trying to combat Damien's strength. My e orts proved to be futile and Damien rips me form the bed and leads me to the closet. "Get ready" He orders. I must have made him mad for not obeying the first time. I opened my mouth to apologize but he already turned his back to me and started making the bed. I got dressed in maroon quarter sleeve and simple black running pants. I quietly went into the bathroom and brushed my teeth. When I got out Damien handed me a hair tie. "Whats this for?" I asked taking it. "You will be running a marathon length run up and down a rocky and icy terrain, I expect you to keep up without hair Quickly I pulled my hair into a high ponytail, his response was icy and emotionless, a true indicator that he was upset. Damien and I find ourselves leaving out the back door and the morning wind sends shivers down my spine, Damien doesn't even look phased and he's wearing a short sleeve shirt. A giant group of werewolves are doing stretches and getting ready. "Why aren't they shi ing yet?" I whispered to my mate, tugging on his arm. "We don't shi today, we are training the human form" My mouth went dry. If Gladys got out, I had a chance of keeping up, but in my human form the most exercise I've gotten was rolling over and turning on the T.V. a Josie waved to me from the side of the crowd, I smiled in her direction, shooting up two fingers in a salute. Her face was grim. Maybe she was just tired. I jogged to the front with Damien. "Good morning. I thank everyone who was able to make it out here today. As you should know, no shi ing is allowed until a er the run. Keep to the path and follow me. The Beta and Gamma are to your east and west sides, if you have any issues contact them please. Enjoy the run." He announced loudly and within moments he was o, along with all the others eager to run around. I took in a breath and started running with them. I took in the scenery around me, the sun was just starting to rise, only its bright rays shining over the evergreens. People went by me in flashes, and I made sure to keep up as well as I could. Within minutes I was at the back of the group panting and getting stitches in my sides. But I thought of my mates convicted face and stern growl. I forced myself to get over the pain and enjoy the area, and keep my footing. The sun rose up as sweat began to moisten my brow. The ground wasn't snowy but the earth was loose and the soil came up every time someone in front of me moved their legs. But I didn't find it that bothersome, in fact I found it comforting that someone else was putting in as much e ort as I was. I pushed myself to continue and be strong. Even though I was behind, I was still trying my best and that was all that mattered. By the time the sun had gotten up, I felt like keeling over and dying. You can do it! Gladys cheered, acting as my cheerleader. Using sheer power of will I managed to continue for another four hours. But will and strength of mind can only get you do far. I knew the end was near, for a red flag was only a few yards away, but it seemed so far. My knees buckled and I collapsed down on the ground. The cool soil that had been kicked up soothed my burning skin. I panted and wheezed, my thighs and calves convulsing from the unusual strain. I heard the heavy footfalls grow weaker and weaker until they were so faint I could no longer concentrate on them, but my labored breathing. I watched an ant crawl over a blade of grass, for a moment I was jealous of its strength. If it was able to make it over the giant piece of grass why was I a failure at staying with my pack? Why did a tiny insignificant ant have more strength than me?! Why could'n't I be worth anything in comparison? a I stayed there on the ground thinking like that for who knows long until I heard a gru voice "Did you get a cramp or something?" I wheezed in response. "Jillian?" A warm hand laid on my back "Get up" So much for compassion, Alpha. "You are so close and I know you can hear me. All you need to do is get up and move about ten more steps. You can even walk." Damien patted my back. Ten more steps my foot, no way was I gonna move ever again. I needed this nightmare to end, soon I would wake up on the couch watching reruns of "The Real Housewives of Beverly Hills" with a party size bag of potato chips in my hand. "Jillian. Get. Up" a His voice was stern and the words chanted in my mind, soon the strong hand was gone and my back was met with the chilly a ermath of its warmth. Get up. Get up. Get up. Get up. Get up. "GET UP!!" I jumped up and fell into my mates arms, I had gotten jelly legs. He held me up and wrapped an arm around my waist, "Ready?" he asked, I nodded immediately. "ONE!" We took one exaggerated step. "TWO" another step. "THREE, FOUR...." we were walking together, each of our leg extensions synchronizing "SEVEN, EIGHT..." two more to go!"TEN!!!" đ "Yay!" I rasped, I grabbed the red flag out of the ground and threw it down. Damien helped me wipe the dirt and grime o my face. "I ran a marathon..." I fell back into his arms and weakly pumped my fist. "I'm gonna die now..." ď He smirked and held me up, kissing my forehead he handed me a bottle of water. I glugged it down without a second thought. I was slowly healing, and eventually I felt like I could live for a few more plastic bottle and tossed it into a very convenient recycling bin. "Come on" He urged "There's more stu up ahead" "More running?" I groaned. "Not necessarily" Damien pulled me along. Thankfully the ground was flat so walking wasn't nearly as hard as running up a mountain. Soon we came upon a vast plateau, pack members were training either by Christian who was directing them in basic self defense, or I saw some heading into the woods that were just beyond the training grounds. A ring was set up near the center for sparring, Josie was leaning on one of its posts, fuming. I strayed away from my mate and headed towards her. "Are you felling okay?" It was a stupid question to ask, of course she was mad, I could practically see the steam coming form her ears and nose! "No, I'm just peachy" Josie responded through clenched teeth. She grabbed my wrist roughly and took me to the edge of the woods. She began pacing, as proven by her brother, was the Kingsley way of being upset. Kneading her temples she growled, "Why are men so stupid?" Oh, so it was something Kurtis did. "What happened?" "I was in the wrong place at the wrong time" Josie sighed and kicked a rock over with her foot. "I overheard Damien bothering Kurtis about something stupid he did. I was prepared to defend my mate, but then Damien brought up something." My eyebrow rose. "He talked about how Kurtis killed an Alpha, and he blamed him for all the craziness in the pack that had been happening in the past few months." a "Then why are you mad?" "Because henever told me If he put this pack in danger, and he wasnt my mate...Do you have any idea what Damien would do to I winced because I knew the answer. "He would kill him! Torture him until he would rather die than live. Break all his bones so they became like sawdust! That's what my brother would do..." Hot angry tears threatened to break from her red glossy eyes. "That's how he met you, actually" Damien said that he would tell in due time why he was passing through Harvest Moon territory. He must have been trying to bargain or make treaties with the Beta of that pack to make amends with them for the death of their Alpha. I sat down on the rock that Josie had turned over. I was the Luna of this pack and I had no idea what was going on inside it. I found my mate in the middle of this mess. I could only imagine being in Josie's position, with the only thing keeping her soulmate alive was the fact that she was the Alpha's sister. It was bad enough how Damien showed no restrains on his Gamma when he was around or even remotely got on his nerves. "Why are you crying?" the deepest, silkiest, voice asked from behind, causing me to jump. "I wasn't" Josie responded, edge in her tone; her shoulders square. Damien hooked his thumb back to the sparring ring, "Well, good, because sparring is about to start. Challenges are bring announced first." I took Damien's arm and followed him, Josie ran up in front of us to get to the group first. "Were you listening?" I cast my eyes on the ground. "Of course I was" Damien answered coldly. "When were you gonna tell me?" We had gotten to the crowd of people around the sparring ring. Beta Christian was talking to them with a loud voice, but I drown him out to hear my mate's answer. "As I said before, I would tell you in due "I'm the Luna now, I need to know about pack a airs" I looked into his green and brown eyes. đ đ a a a á

him?"

"You are, I cannot deny that. But you also worry more than you I was just formulating a response when Damien's eyes narrowed and clouded. He pulled me to his chest, growling protectively. "D-He looked down at me "Be careful, when it gets to tough, you have every right to end it. You can even deny the request." I was just about to question his words when I heard the most horrifying and nerve-racking words I had heard in a long time "I challenge the Luna!" The girl who said it had the same voice as the girl from yesterday who had been hoping that Damien was her mate. She was taller than me, her blonde hair secured in a bun. Her features were hard and heartless, her eyebrows turned down. My mouth felt as if sand was poured into it, it had become so dry, all my blood rushed to my ears and I could hardly breathe. If a higher up in the pack was challenged by an Omega the fight was to the death. And I do not have the capacity to kill someone, and I could only imagine if I was in that ring, fighting for my life. Don't do it.Gladys advised. Why not? Damien would be so proud of us if we win. I want to make him happy! countered. Same here, but if you get hurt, he wouldn't forgive himself. You can say no, you have never trained here before, you don't know her skills, you don't know how she operates. If I decline then the pack would have a hard time looking up to me, I need to show them that I am strong. Its what Damien would do. Mate is nearly twice as big as you, he could kill her with a twitch of his pinkie finger. Are you willing to kill? Jillian, listen to me, I'm begging you. Say 'no' and a er a few more weeks of training you could face her. But-"I accept" My mouth spoke while my brain was a few steps behind, I almost gasped along with the others in the pack when my ears heard and registered what I had just said. Damien's hand dropped to my wrist and his grip was rock hard. He leaned forward "Don't loose" The crowd made way for me when I started to step forward. Gladys bared her teeth and prepared for battle. I stood as tall as I could and tried my hand at intimidation. Chin up, shoulders square, balance evenly. J got to the ring and stepped between the ropes. "Now ladies, the Alpha has decided and demanded that this is not a regular challenge between an Omega and Alpha." so it wasnt to the death, thank the Goddess. Christian went through all the rules, I sized up my opponent. She had about five or six inches on me, so she was heavier, but she could be slower as well. "I want a clean fight" The girl readied her stance, and I prepared a proper fist. "Begin!" A loud male voice barked, and I took a second to realize that it was Damien's. That's when I got punched right in the face, sent flying across the ring, landing on my back. The wind was knocked out of me, I struggled to breathe, stars dancing across my vision. I gagged on my own blood that had fallen into my mouth from my freshly busted lip. Rolling over I spat as I fought against gravity so I could stand. But physics was far too strong for my mortal being. Too strong. Using the ropes of the ring to li myself up, I faced her again. If this wasnt a fight to the death, it was surely a fight to knock-out. My head swam when I stood up again. She launched herself at me when I got steady on my feet. I groaned loudly when we landed, tangled. She got on top of me and started beating me. My senses overloaded, the power in her punches brought back terrible memories from when I had been hit like that. Gladys wasn't reacting well to the dominance either, Submit, chanted, understanding that submission got us out of a lot of pain. It was defiance, and the possibility of defiance that had gotten us into that pain in the first place. Memory a er memory flooded my mind, it was all rushing back. From the first time his laid his hands on me in a way that no father should treat his daughter, to the last time he had the opportunity. The cell that smelled like my own blood and the weapons that penetrated my skin. The restless, sleepless nights that came because of my sore back, or the fear that he would enter my room in the night and get mad at me for being at ease. His twisted smile and dangerous glint in his eye, the way blood would drip from his fingers-Then a new feeling overcame me, good memories of my mate and how I smiled when I was with my sister. I could hear them telling me to be strong, whether it was Damien telling me how he though I was made of thicker material "She has untapped power that she doesn't know she possesses" he had said. The girl hadn't pinned my arms down. When she hit me once more, I took the moment to catch her in the abdomen. Thankfully she had a glass stomach. When she lolled over, clutching her gut, I swi ly got out from under her and bounced up. Panting, I felt my vision clear up, for my swollen eyes were being healed by Gladys. I widened my stance and brought my fists up, fist-a-cu s. She stood slowly, that was the one solid hit I had gotten on her. Mentally I frowned, but I recovered because I had gotten a solid hit on her! I predicted her movements when she jerked at me again, I successfully dodged her attack, a simple side-step was all it took. I used her height and weight to my advantage. Before she could turn and tackle me down again, I chopped her right in the neck. Lights out. I had won! Then something snapped in me, fear swept over my body once again. I let out an unintelligible whimper and fell to the ground, curling into a ball. I was hiding. Noise almost immediately began, pack members were talking and shouting, trying to see up close. My lungs burned and I shook, so much adrenaline was pumping through my veins. Warm tingles danced around my scalp "Get up, Jillian. I'm gonna take care of you" I peered up at my mate, he had a bottle of water in his hand, and with the other he was stroking my hair. Footsteps were coming closer "Do not touch her!" Damien commanded. His voice was always somewhat gru, but this sounded slightly dierent... Alpha tone. The footsteps halted as if possessed. Damien hauled me to my feet and took me away from the crowd, keeping me tucked in his arm. We stopped at the forest. "Lemme see" his voice commanding and authoritative. His fingers li ed my head by the chin and he tilted it from le to right to examine my face. I knew it wasn't too bad, Gladys had done all the hard work. He uncapped the water bottle and handed it to me, "Rinse" I took some water in my mouth and swished it around. I couldn't help that my mouth was all bloody. Sometime while she had been pounding on my face I must have bitten my own tongue. "Spit" I spat on the ground; the mix of diluted blood and water was quickly absorbed my the earth. "Again" I rinsed and spat several more times before Damien let me stop. Cupping my face in his big hands, my mate's eyes darkened with worry. "Why did you do that?" It was a simple question, but it had a much deeper meaning. I didn't want the pack to think I was weak. If I was challenged then I should accept to demonstrate my strength. "You had every reason to say no. This was your first training, you've only o icially been apart of this pack for a day. Your the Luna for goodness sake, you can do what ever you want!" "I-I wanted to make you proud..." Damien took in a deep breath and looked above my head at the tall tree that stood behind me. When he exhaled he looked back at me. "Jillian..." he pressed a kiss between my eyebrows, over my closed eyelids on my forehead, on my cheeks, my nose. Then he kissed my lips. He pulled me into his chest and propped his chin on my head. "You don't need to do that. You just worried me" We embraced for what seemed like moments. Just enough time to notice that spring was upon us, the weather was pleasant but still in the chilly side. Some animals started to wake up from their winter sleep, I saw a few critters scamper about. I inhaled Damien's scent, the sweetness of pine, and the tang of cinnamon. Gladys purred. "ALPHA!!!" a sweaty guard came sprinting toward us. Damien spun around, is attention no longer on me, but on the man. "Yes?" "Rogues, Alpha" The guard panted and he was sweating profusely. He must have run all the way from the house. "Where?" "North eastern sector, Alpha Kingsley." Damien cursed under his breath, he then turned to me. His hands rested on my shoulders. "Jillian, I need you to listen to me. Get everyone here to the cellars. Josie will help you." I swallowed and nodded. Josie had shown me the cellars, it was where all the pack hid in case of an emergency. Even though this was a fighting pack, they still had a back up plan. Damien and the guard both sprinted away, to what I assumed to be the north eastern sector. I ran in the opposite direction. When I caught sight of Josie I mind-linked her, Josephine, rogues were spotted and we need to get everyone safe now. Josie got to action right away "Hey! To the cellars, now! You know the drill!" She made a grand gesture with her arms, and the pack started moving. Maybe she should've been the Luna... The cellars? More like catacombs! Deep in the ground caves had been constructed, the security of this place completely intact by the hundreds of feet underground we must have been. Jagged rock acted as stairs as we headed down, deeper, ever deeper. My hand ran over the cave walls, leaving a thin layer of dust coating my palm. He my scent all over so I could find my way back in the event we got lost. With every step we too further into the cellars, the more I could feel my blood pump harder, faster. Adrenaline flooded my veins, leaving them rich with energy. With ever corner we turned, further into the underbelly of the Crescent Moon Pack itself, the more questions swarmed my mind like mosquitos on a hot summer day. Was my mate safe? Was he protected, or acting as the protector? Were my wolf brothers and sisters safe where we were headed? Was I safe? Taking in a deep breath of the musty and fertile smell of the earth, I reminded myself that I was surrounded by werewolves who could fight and defend themselves. I reminded myself of my own wolf, and as small as she was, I remarked her strength and ruthlessness. I reminded myself of my mate, an Alpha who would got to the ends of the Earth and to the moon to defend his pack and his family. The pack was trailing behind Josie and I. On each corner were low torches that le a warm and so glow on the area that surrounded us. The lighting made everything seem so much more surreal and gritty. The smell proved centuries of wolves moving through these very catacombs, the scent still strong from the lack of ventilation. Footsteps were-as it seemed, permanently etched into the ground from the stomping and constant movement down into the dirt. We all stopped when Josie halted in front of two big steel doors. They were tall and shiny. Over her shoulder, Josie winked and smirked at me as she used her body weight to push open the doors. When we entered my eyes widened with shock and disbelief. There has been a recurring trend with the architecture of Damien's pack. The Alpha's home was a cabin and so was the pack-house. Both were filled with wood and dark, rick colors. But this underground sanctuary was completely dierent, the area was a mix of rugged and modern. The rocks were polished and jutted out from random areas around the foyer. Wooden spiral stairs buried lower into the core of the Earth, possibly leading to bedrooms or sleeping quarters. How many times had this pack been endangered of them to create something as elaborate as this? The rest of the pack entered the space and Josie closed the doors back, with the help of some males. Pack members mingled, making sure that their loved ones were safe and others sat on the rocks. The space had minimal furniture, but the seating was plentiful with the rocks that came up from the ground and from the "Come on" Josie ushered me forward. We rounded a corner of wall to see a huge pit. My eyebrows rose, "What is this?" Josie tugged o her shirt so she was only dressed in the tank top underneath. The tattoos on her shoulders were fully displayed to the world. Since it was winter time, I had never gotten to see that far up her arms. Skillfully done swirls of color and sharp edges of depth drawn onto her skin was utterly beautiful and breathtaking. "This is the kitchen. Us wolves need to eat" a At her words my stomach growled for attention. I was dragged out of my bed this morning and my feeding had been neglected. Josie dug around in the pantry and motioned to the pit. Not too far away was a metal rack, much like the one used in a regular gas grill. I angled it over the pit and just before I could drop it down, Josie threw me a pack of matches. My wolf reflexes caught it without my full comprehension. Turning the box over in my hand I freed my other arm by holding the rack up with the side of my body. "Light it and throw it down there. Its a long way away so we won't catch on fire" Josie was currently handling cans and cans of food in her arms. Many threatened to fall out but she managed. I lit the match and tossed it down into the pit. She was right, when I heard the wooden stick hit the end of the hole it was a er many heartbeats, the flame was very small at first, but it quickly caught and ignited strongly. I placed the rack atop the rounded mouth of the pit. Josie had put down her cans and started moving forward a huge cauldron. I went to help her. We put the pot over the pit and on top of the rack, the heat from the fire easing to the bottom of the big, black cauldron. We filled it with water, and using our claws to puncture the thick aluminium of the cans we emptied their contents in the pot to create a stew. While it cooked and Josie stirred the soup, I sat down and played with the crescent necklace on my neck. We had been down her for over an hour. My thoughts dri ed to my mate, and I began to sweat with anxiety. I didn't know where he was or if he was safe. He could be head to head with another alpha, he could be strategizing his fighters next move. He could have that evil look of blood lust in his eye, he could be burdened with worry. "Jillian, he's fine. You'll break some vital organ if you look like that all the time." Josie commented. I looked to her and frowned, "You don't know that" she didn't know anymore than I did. Gladys has been pacing in my head ever since Damien and I separated, I had every right to be scared. Josie shrugged, "I get that you are worried, just don't hurt yourself doing it. Ok?" I looked back down at the pewter pendant, my thumb running over its smooth surface. "Know what? If you take a shower, maybe that could make you feel better and he could be back before you know it." Josie smiled at me. She pointed me in the direction of the showers, and I took her advice and took a nice shower. It wasn't the best (I mean we are under ground) but somehow it did make me feel better. The water was warm and I got clean. Its surprising how you physical appearance and hygiene can make you feel mentally. I got out of the showers and went into the main area where all the other wolves had congregated. Josie had started to hand out soup to them. When I passed they nodded their heads and smiled, while sipping on their stew. When I caught up with the Alpha's sister I helped her hand out the food. She had a cart and hundreds of bowls had been balanced on the sides. The cauldron sat in the middle. Soon everyone had been fed and we all started falling asleep with full bellies. I sat leaned against Josie and I had just started dozing when she hopped up and jumped over sleeping people to run into her mates arms. Groggily I became curious to where he had come from. He wasn't here before... Then Gladys slammed awake. Mate.Was all she said before my legs started to move forward and pass Kurtis and Josie who were passionately kissing in the middle of a sleeping pack. I went out the doors and tuned my ears for my mate's voice. He sounded authoritative, and slightly annoyed. And when Damien sounded slightly annoyed, it meant that he was really, really annoyed. I turned a corner and caught my mate's scent, stronger than ever. He was speaking with the Beta about something important. "Wake everyone up...I want the rogues out, better yet, I want them deadby tomorrow morning" The Alpha dismissed his Beta and leaned against the wall, propping up his leg behind himself. Letting out a deep sigh he beckoned me closer with an outstretched arm. "Come here, baby" a I stepped closer cautiously, I nervously played with my hair and placed myself between his legs. "Is everything going to be okay?" I was whispering. I noticed that he had changed from what he was previously wearing. He now donned jeans and a v-neck instead of his track pants and worn crew neck tee. He must have fought... Damien played with my hair and nodded, "Everything is taken care of, the rogues have been detained and were took in for interrogation. From the looks of it we are gonna be fine." Sparks tingled against my skin when he gently stroked from my jaw to my shoulder. He looked tired and exasperated, his expression showed it. I looked into his eyes and assessed for any damages. From the looks of it he was just fine. He pressed a long kiss to my forehead. "We are going outside" he mumbled. Ok then Alpha, if we are going outside then we aregoing outside. Using wolf speed Damien lead me through the passage, he knew it like the back of his hand from the way he moved with precision and accuracy. In no time my back was against a tree and Damien was dangerously close. How did that even happen? One moment we were in this deep maze and the next we were in the thick of the forest, my back shoved up to a tree, my mate standing over me dominantly. His hot breath fanning against my mark, causing a shiver to crawl up my spine. I touched his cheek and rolled my thumb over the high of his cheekbone. The day was almost closing and the sun was near the point of setting, but we had about an hour or so until it made its final decision. The beauty of twilight engulfed us with peace and comfort. Damien's hand buried into my hair and the other was placed firmly on my hip. His gaze was intense, a mix of anger and passion, all bottled up into two di erently colored eyes. I gasped when he kissed me. It was a kiss full of sensation. It was a hazy mix of small short kisses and long, drawn out passionate ones that made me weak in the knees. Warmth flooded my face, a side e ect of the maddeningly pleasurable sparks that exploded like fireworks across my face, and caused me to kiss Damien back with just as much passion as he was kissing me. I broke away and kissed down the side of his mouth and jaw, his stubble tickled my lips as I traveled further down his neck. Instinct had taken over and I searched for the spot where his scent was strongest. I was rewarded with a so growl when I had found it. I teased him with my tongue until my own body couldn't take the wait any longer and my gums ached. My canines elongated and the animalistic urge to mark him was impossible to ignore. He held me tightly against his own hard body, filled with sharp edges and corded muscle "Do it, Jillian" He rasped, wondering why I was delaying for so Damien hissed when I bit down, his tangy and thick blood coated my tongue. Soon his pain became pleasure just as it had done fore me when I was marked. Damien relaxed considerably, and he groaned lowly when I licked the wound closed. Normally the female was marked first, and the male was marked depending on the closeness of the couple and how they treated each other. I know that my mother had not marked my father, for reasons I know not, the male's marking was a milestone in the mating process, just not a necessary one. It in fact had some drawbacks as well, unlike the female's marking. While it made the couple closer, it also made them near inseparable, and the e ects of pain one's wolf experiences from their mate's absence is heightened greatly by both being marked. I stepped back from my mate I covered my mouth with my hand. A smile blessed his lips as he rubbed his neck. "You marked me. ",he said it calmly and happily, "You've accepted me" I was just about to respond when a sharp twitch caused him to step back and hold his head. He murmured in pain, while his eyes flashed from black to green to brown. "Damien?" He shook ever so violently, his speed causing him to flash from place to place. Damien's eyebrows creased and his canines came in and out. He stumbled back onto another tree, he slid down it and curled into a fetal position. a Did I do something wrong? Did I mark him incorrectly? Did I hurt him? My mind racked for answers, then it came to me. Damien hadn't shi ed in nearly two days. As a female I could withhold from shi ing, for my body was designed for months of pregnancy, a period in which it was unwise for my body to undergo such construction and deconstruction. But males- especially Alphas had nearly twice as much testosterone as a regular human, or shewolf. His wolf demanded a shi every day. But with me becoming Luna, he just hasn't had the time to do so and let his wolf roam and stretch his limbs. The fore-coming my wolf had to do to mark Damien must have triggered his wolf to think about coming out himself. "Damien", I said as soothingly as possible, "We should shi " **Authors' Note** Hello! Seriously the days need to have thirty hours instead of twenty-four. Then I could have more time to write! But here is another part, it seems as if I update only once a month, and I hate it, but what happens happens. Hopefully you can forgive me with the length of the chapters. Thank you for reading, commenting and voting. You have been so sweet to me and it makes me so happy to see the nice things you say to me. **Thanks** Deanna

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