## **Crescent Moon Pack Dinner**

Jillian's POV

This morning Damien had to attend a strictly Alpha breakfast meeting. So he le me at home with the pack. But before he le at a very unreasonable hour of morning, he made sure to wake me up and force me to attend training.

So I went and it was good. I lead the pack with Beta Christian in wolf form. Gladys loved to get out and socialize with other members of the pack, she was always like that. She bumped into other she-wolves

and played with the pups. I liked to give her some fun, I knew that I taxed her with my shyness, she was naturally outgoing, and ever since that aspect of me was beaten out, she o en moped when I fled to be alone.

I was now back in my human form, training had passed and I went back inside. I ate some toast and started to do laundry. Once my loads finished I folded the clothes and hung some in the closet. I rested on the bed, recovering from my busy morning. My thoughts

dri ed to last night and how our wolves spent nearly the entire night together; until Damien remembered that he had a meeting in the morning and had us shi so we could go back to the house.

Gladys couldn't stop swooning over Stone, Damien's wolf. She gushed at how he caught a deer and how he licked her fur and spread his scent all over her body. I let her ramble on and on about him for hours. Even while we ran up the mountain to the training grounds she remarked how Stone ran, his grace and perfectionshe had said.

Then a warm sensation filled my head and I smiled to myself, there was only thing that could make my head feel to nice, Hey, Sweethearthis deep voice was music to my ears.

I'm on my way home now, I expect to meet you in my o ice I was already getting up to change out of my sweatpants and oversized tee. I headed into the closet and looked around for something nice to wear, I wanted to look good for my mate. Gladys was influencing me...

When will you be here? asked.

There was no way to stop her.

Hi, Alpha

I loved the closeness of our mind-link, it was comforting to be able to reach out with my mind and communicate with Damien without needing cell phone service or words from my lips.

Umm... maybe an hour or so. See you then, Alphal cut our connection.

Because I had showered when got back from training I didn't need to do much. I found a nice black dress, it was fancy enough for it to seem as if I had tried but at the same time it was casual enough I could go out with it on and not feel wildly overdressed. The bodice was kind of silky with little frills down the center, the tightness ended at my waist and the lacy skirt flared out slightly, ending at my knees. When I put on the dress I looked in the mirror and played with the hem, even though spring was in the air the wind was still chilly when it nipped at your skin. To combat the cold I slipped some leggings on under the dress and draped a cardigan over my arm so the spaghetti

straps of the outfit wouldn't be a hindrance in the cold. When I looked back at my reflection, I felt pretty. Biting my lip, I watched my reflection do the same. I rarely dressed up, and it felt good to do it every once in a while, I did not go as far as to put on make- up though. I was doing this for myself and for my mate. I didn't usually wear makeup like Josie did, and if I did Damien might think I was pretty, but I liked when he looked at me like I was special when I

wore no paint on my face. d I continued to fix myself up until I heard a car engine get cut and my mate's smell entered my nose. It was faint, but I could still smell it. Grinning to myself, I put down my hairbrush and started moving downstairs. Butterflies fluttered to life in my stomach and a blush

climbed up my cheeks, What are you doing to me Gladys? My wolf just snickered at me.

I crossed through the kitchen that Josie was normally in, but she and Kurtis went out somewhere. I guess she forgave him sometime yesterday. I went into the far hallway on the other end of the house that lead to the Alpha's o ice. I could smell him in there...

I stood at the door my hand

I stood at the door, my hand on the knob, trying to compose myself. I don't know why I was so nervous, it was just Damien. We talked all the time.

 "What are you waiting for?" I heard his voice beyond the door, and I

 opened it, only poking my head inside.

 "Hi" I quietly greeted.

He ushered me in with his hand. I had only been in his o ice once or twice, but I never stayed for long. The room was filled with warmth and paper work. Giant deer antlers hung above the door, to symbolize that Damien was the big buck of this pack. There were other pictures on the walls as well, mostly of the pack and the previous Alphas. Damien sat behind his big oak desk, his hair slightly messy and the sleeves to his dark purple dress shirt rolled up to the elbow. I came in and closed the door. When I got to his side, Damien looked at me from head to toe, admiring my dress. I rocked back on my heels and hid behind my hair bashfully, maybe dressing up wasn't the best idea.

"You look gorgeous..." Damien's voice seemed far way. He was resting his chin in his hand that was propped on the arm of the chair, he was slouching really badly. He just stared at me.

Finally Damien cleared his throat and sat up, he patted his lap, indicating that I was to sit there, "Come here, Jillian"

He took the cardigan that was hanging on my arm and put it on the desk in front of us. I bit my lip and sat in his lap, my legs dangling over the side of the chair. "Hi" I repeat shyly. Damien smirked as he tucked my hair behind my ear, both his hands cupped my face and he looked at me dead on, his green eye gleaming. "Hi" I said it again like a little girl to her crush. All swoony and lovey dovey.

asked when he released my face. He kissed my shoulder, right by my mark and I shivered. "How was the meeting?" That was a good question to ask.

Damien leaned back in his seat and looked at me with tired eyes, "It was good. The bacon was...memorable" My eyebrows shot up, what did 'memorable' mean? Gladys started

growling at the idea of our mate being served raw pork in his human form. He could get sick! Damien's eyes popped open, "I almost forgot!" He reached down by

his side and pulled out a brown paper bag, "I got you something" He placed the bag in my hands.

I opened it slowly, inside was a powdered doughnut.

"It reminded me of you, so I got you one" Damien was such a dork sometimes.

"Thank you" I was very grateful. Doughnuts are good. I picked up the doughnut and examined it.

"It has lemon cream in it" He warned me before I took a bite. Sure enough sweet lemony flavor came spurting into my mouth. It was already naturally tasty, but the fact that my mate had gotten it for me as a small gi made the pastry so much sweeter and delicious to my taste buds. I could understand why it reminded him of me. He was tasting my scent almost perfectly, when I had said that smell was everything to a werewolf, I hadn't been lying. "Do you like it?" he was so eager to ask.

I nodded, my mouth was full and I knew my manners as not to talk with food in my face.

"Good, because I almost ate it on the way home. And if you didn't like it then I would feel like I struggled all the way home for nothing"

My mate kept on talking about how hard it was to drive home with a doughnut staring back at him the entire time, and how glad he was that I liked it because he would feel really disappointed if he got me the wrong doughnut... f<sup>6</sup> I had been finished for nearly five minutes and Damien was telling the same story with di erent adjectives. As an Alpha he could talk for

hours and hours, he was bred for charisma and strength, during pack

meetings this talent was very useful, but in regular conversations.... "Every time I looked in the passenger seat-" I pressed my lips to his . My hands buried into his hair and idly moving on place by leaning further on to him and pressing my body to his. Damien's hands tightened around my waist and one traveled up my back and rested on the base of my neck, so he could hold me in his solid grip. Gladys purred with satisfaction, every time we kissed she became ten times more mushy and her love for Damien increased by nearly twice as much. Her devotion and loyalty wasn't questionable. I knew that Damien's wolf felt the same when he pulled me closer as if I would somehow slip away and by the way he growled while doing so. Then the phone in Damien's pocket started to spaz out. Damien growled that we had to be separated, but he dug in the pocket of his well fitted black dress pants. I noticed how nice he was dressed, in a dress shirt and pants, he looked really fancy; besides his mismatched pink and green polka dotted fuzzy socks. đ "Hello?" Damien cleared his throat when he answered the phone. I moved to get up o his lap so he could do his job, but he held me down. "Its for you" He handed me the phone and I took it. "Hi?" "Hey, Luna! Us females were wondering if you wanted to come to the kitchen and help us prepare the pack dinner for tonight." it was Christina's voice, with its gentle rasp and soothing tone. "This morning there was a mix up of who was taking care of the pups, and we are short a few people and have run out of wolves to call, do you think you could help?" I looked back to Damien asking him with my eyes whether or not it was a good idea. "Do it, you need to be more acquainted with the pack anyway" Damien shrugged. I was the Luna it was my responsibility...but there will be people. Get over yourself, Jillian thought to myself and before I knew it I had agreed and Christina was on her way to pick me up. Damien had to stay and take care of some things, but he promised to come to the Pack House when he was done. Standing by the door I waited for Christina to get me, then I saw a red Chevy Tahoe roll up the driveway. It made me question why this pack had an obsession with big SUVs. Josie drove a Hummer and Damien an Escalate; now Christina in a Chevy, I wondered what the rest of the pack drove. I slipped on my sweater and went out to meet her at the car. "Hi there, Luna!" Christina greeted cheerily when I got settled in the passenger seat. "Jillian, please" I asked quietly when I strapped the seat belt across

my chest. It was weird for someone older than me to give me so much respect with the title. Christina was of high ranking though, she was the previous Beta's mate, and she was second to the Luna. I assume her title lost much of its regard when her son took the spot as Beta though. Christina looked much dierent from the party, she no longer wore her black flowing dress, but jeans and a regular t-shirt. Her hair was tied into a bun so it was restricted from falling down her back and swaying with her hips when she walked.

farther and farther from the Alpha's House.

"I also heard that someone challenged you" Christina looked at me from the corner of her eye.

How did she know this? Well, I shouldn't be surprised, pack Females are the biggest gossips. So were the males, honestly. I played with a string on the brown leather upholstered seat. "Yeah, I

was" "Sadly it should have been expected. She-wolves have the hardest time dealing with new comers. Especially other females." at a stop sign Christina looked at me, her face glowing with pride.

"Congratulations on your win, Jillian. Rowdy females are only obedient when they know who's boss. Even though lives can be lost and wolves get hurt, sometimes challenges are necessary for that very reason, whether the challenger is male or female." I personally hated challenges. Yes, at times the pack member brings it upon themselves, but I never believed that death was a reasonable consequence for challenging an Alpha. I just hated physical

punishment. It brought back to many bad thoughts and memories of when I was punished for "disrespect" or "defiance". Desperate to change the topic I said, "Damien is wearing purple today, I like bunnies"

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The pack house kitchen was like a majestic and beautiful place. Food was ever abundant in the pantry and refrigerator. This must be what heaven is likGladys said when we saw two jars of peanut butter sitting on the counter. There were twd Two unopened jumbo sized jars of peanut butter just sitting there! It reminded me of the fact that I ate the rest of the spread for a midnight snack last night.

Curses... But just before I could pounce the jars, Christina and the other head females put me to work. I was tossing salad, checking recipes, and chopping onions for spaghetti sauce, before I could object. Many females were preparing dinner for that night. Werewolves do have a big appetite I cannot lie; so the hands around the kitchen were very appreciated at the end of the day. Around 5 females were cooking the menu. Spaghetti with meatballs, bread and various deserts were being made so the scents were overwhelmingly perfect. Pack dinners were common and in many packs they were an everyday occurrence,but not here. Nevertheless pack dinners were a

meetings and the occasional party. As females in the pack, many of them took old fashioned domestic jobs, whether it be tending to the pups or cleaning and cooking. We chose how we contributed to the pack, not everyone could train all day, we had to eat sometime. It had seemed as if the she-wolves took turns doing the jobs though, that's why the mix up happened and I was called over. Even though I'm a major home body, I enjoyed making dinner with the ladies. The air smelled of sisterhood and acceptance. Smooth conversations were carried out throughout the

necessary time for bonding between the pack besides training, pack

day and laughter was an added ingredient in tonight's meal. "Jillian?" one of them asked, her name was Lana. I turned to her. "Can you get me a wooden spoon and whisk?"

I understood her plea, she was elbow deep in bread dough. "Sure" I responded when I turned my back on her and began to search for the utensils she had asked for. I found the spoon quickly, it was the whisk that I had to search hard for. The way the kitchen was set up was odd, instead of the pantry or closet being within the heart of the cooking space, you had to turn a corner to get there. On the other side of the kitchen there were still spoons and other instruments, so I looked there.

In front of a see-through cabinet were three girls. They were talking and giggling amongst themselves, and I wouldn't have interrupted them if the whisk wasn't right behind them. I went to tap one of them on the shoulder to ask if they could get the whisk for me, but I soon realized that the girl had been the one who challenged me yesterday. I took a hesitant step back and gulped. She was very strong, and I had hardly won the fight. If she didn't make herself vulnerable by plunging at me every time, I would have lost.

"Do you want something?" She rudely asked, when she noticed how I had been staring at them for nearly five minutes. The two other girls looked at me with big eyes, they seemed to be shocked to see me, but this girl seemed rather annoyed with my presence.
"Ummm....well...you see...." My heart was beating faster, why can't I just spit it out and be done with it? They thought I was a weird leader,

and they could never respect me unless Damien was right next to me and interpreted what I said; or rather what I didn't say. Plus just his sent was intimidating; imagine seeing him. "See? I told you she doesn't talk" The girl sneered, she must have

been upset that I beat her yesterday and I wasn't even that strong. I could hardly speak for goodness sake! "Chloe! Don't say that! Remember what the Alpha said?" One of the girls warned, her chestnut brown hair was constantly getting in her

face and she kept on swiping it away. "What can we do for you Luna?" I completely forgot what I was going to say...

I just looked at her with big eyes, clutching the wooden spoon in my hands. Chloe's lips pursed "Whatever it is I bet she can do it herself" af I'm right here! Don't talk about me like I'm not here@ladys growled, fury hot on her tongue whereas I was fearing for my life. If I got Chloe mad enough then she would hurt me.

I looked around to avoid making eye contact. Because we were situated behind a wall by the kitchen, not of the other she-wolves came to switch the topic from me to themselves. Chloe was taller than me and she had placed her hands on her hips, waiting for my response.

If I could just remember what I had come for!

I continued to frantically look around, lamp, chair, painting, walls.... I then looked between the girls and laid my eyes on the whisk in the clear cabinet. I raised my hand and pointed right at it.

"You wanted this?" The third girl reached in and got the whisk to hand it to me. I nodded and smiled, "Thanks" I muttered before I dashed away from

them and gave Lana the two utensils.

The women had all le the kitchen. They had cooked and cleaned up already so they had no reason to stay, but mainly they all le because the men had finished training. So the ones who had mates went to see them, and even the unmated girls liked to see the males with their shirts o.

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I smiled, remembering how Ruby would drag me out there when she was a teenager and I was still young enough to just listen to her with no reason to do so. I still thought that boys smelt bad and touched bugs all the time, but she was in the stage of ogling over them and dreaming of her mate. Many of these females were in that stage as

well. The batter was getting thick...

When the females ran o , I took the time to make my own dish, surrounded with solitude and the comforting silence that made me breath easier. I pushed with all my might, just to make the spoon

move partially in a circle. I was on the verge of chucking the spoon across the room when a warm scent filled me and a big hand wrapped around mine, sending

tingles up my arms, helping me to stir. "Show o " I rolled my eyes at my mate and his strength. He sco ed in my ear and continued to move the batter so it was smooth. I closed

my eyes and leaned my head on his chest, I was tired and it wasn't even dinner time.

We stirred for a few ore minutes until I told him to stop, I wanted the batter to be smooth, not watery. Taking a step back Damien put his hands on his hips and looked at me. "What?" I asked when I started to take small amounts of batter and

rolling them into balls before placing them on the wax paper covered 6cookie sheet.

"Nothing", Damien leaned over the counter and held himself up with his elbows. I looked at him wryly, "Do you need to tell me something?"

"Even if there was something, I probably wouldn't tell you" Damien shrugged and traced the groves and details in the counter-top with his gaze.

I did not like that. He should feel the need to tell me things, I was his mate.

"What is that supposed to mean?" My hand went to my apron clad hip.

"Don't start" Damien growled, still bent over and attention directed on the white marble. "Alpha!!" in came a squealing Annie, arms open and a grin

dominating her cute face. Damien crouched down and picked her up, "Hi, kiddo!"

Suddenly seeing him with a pup made me forget all the anger that I had been feeling for him before. And if I thought hard enough I could understand that what he said wasn't fighting words but keeping us from having deep conversations when a still developing child was

nearby. "Hello, Lillian!" Annie waved her chubby hand. Damien frowned and took hold of her hand, "Her name isn't Lillian, its Jillian" He corrected

kindly. Annie giggled, "I'm sorry..." her voice filled with bubbles but her bottom lip jutted out in a pout to show how apologetic she really was.

"It's fine" I smiled and dunked my hand back into the batter to roll more balls. "Alpha, I got a new coloring book, will you color with me and

Mr.Black?" Annie had her hand on his shoulder, her eyes shining brightly.

"Why thank you for asking, I would love to color with you" Damien agreed enthusiastically. Then with one last glance at me, the two of them le to go color. Leaving me alone, I continued to finish my dessert.

With a deep sigh, I pushed the pastries into the freezer. Then I did my dishes and wiped my hands o on my apron to hang it up and go find my mate and that little girl.

I went out into the hall and used my nose to scout out my mate's scent. "Why can't I color in the lines like you?" Annie complained when I found them. In her lap was a picture of a dog, the majority of

him was blue, but so was the rest of the page. "You will be able to color like me when your hands get bigger and you can hold the crayon better. Come here, let me show you" Damien li ed her into his lap and had her hold the blue crayon, his hand covered hers. I imagine he could have held fi y of her hands in his. Together they colored in the sky and grass, never getting out of the dark black lines.

Annie giggled and grinned while they finished the picture. I walked into the living room and placed my hands on Damien's broad shoulders, "Where's Mr.Black?" I wondered, remembering how

there were going to be three of them coloring. Damien let his head fall onto the plush cushioning of the sofa, "Let me show you him!" Anastasia climbed out of Damien's lap and scrambled to the co ee table. I walked around the couch and sat down. "This is him!" the little girl held up a black stu ed bear with a bright red bow tied

around his neck. "Hello, Mr.Black" I waved to him.

around me. "I finished my book,and the next one doesn't come out for another year." He mumbled into my hair. I place my arm on his chest and looked at him like he was one of the most ridiculous men in the world, "Are you serious?" is this really his excuse for being moody

earlier? He looked down at me sadly "It ended on a cli hanger. Bradley won't

confess his feelings and Emily is going to Siberia to bust a mission on his boss, but he doesn't know that...then the book ended." d<sup>6</sup> That's Damien for ya.

I smiled and looked back at the pup. She was concentrating on the page and the new picture she was working on. Her bear was leaned up against her side, at one point she was trying to make him hold the crayon.

This whole scene seemed like a foretelling of Damien and I's future, with a pup and a pack on our shoulders.

"Where are her parents?" Even at the party when I first met Anastasia, her mother never came looking for her, and her father did not seem present. He could be a guard, so he only attend a part of the event, and her mother might have been caught up talking to one of the other wolves.

"Her mother and father are either dead or still rouge." Damien spoke quite enough so the girl could not hear us, "They were a part of Crescent Moon, until they deserted when the female was pregnant. We found a baby on our boarders a few moths later and a er analyzing her blood we came to that conclusion."

How could her parents be so selfish as to put their pups life in serious danger? What could have made them mad enough to leave in the first place?

"Why did you keep her?" I knew that in my original pack my father had no mercy to trespassers and he would o en kill babes saying "If their parents didn't love them, then why should I?"

Damien noticeably started to breathe a little bit faster and his heart rate increased, "M-My mother had a so spot for orphans..." I knew he was reliving those terrible moments when she died in his mind. Christina had told me about how much the old Luna loved children, but it was funny how her so spot was toward orphans specifically. I found it quite ironic that she indirectly made her own pups orphans

themselves. I put a comforting hand on his knee and leaned my head on his shoulder. "Hey! Dinner's ready" Christina came in, a man with glasses and Lacoste shirt behind her. He was the previous Beta Michael. During Damien's first years as Alpha, this was the man who helped him

through it, even though he too, must have mourned the Alpha and Luna's deaths. "Awesome!" Annie cried and went sprinting out of the room.

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Christina laughed at her, but followed. Damien and I stood, "Jillian I want you to meet Michael, the previous Beta to this pack, and one of my personal mentors" Damien clapped Michael on the back "Hello, Luna" we shook hands.

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"Just Jillian, please"

The Alpha and Luna sat at the head of the table. I was to his right, Christian to his le , Josie next to me followed by Kurtis and the rest of the pack. We all ate with smiles on our faces, the food was passed around like we were all a big family. People talked to Damien like he was an old friend, memories and stories passed around like currency of Damien when he was younger and how much he had changed over the years. I was actually surprised that no one o ered pictures to show. But who am I to complain? The stories were so eloquently told and so detailed I had the pictures running throughout my own head. When everyone was just about finished Josie came up with a clear wrapped plate in her hand. I had completely forgotten my dish! "These were in the freezer, and all three of you have to try them" It

Damien, and Kurtis, leaving me out of the mix. "Okay" Kurtis said when Josie placed the plate down and uncovered it. Each of the men took a ball and held it to their mouths', "On three" Damien said a er he sni ed it "One-Two-Three!" The all popped the

was like she knew I made them because she gestured to Christian,

Kurtis was the first to break, coughing and sputtering, he spat the rest

into his hands. Then the other two fell like dominoes. Christian

ball into their mouth. I watched them with great attention.

gagged and tears bubbled from his eyes. Damien had to put his elbow on the table as he worked through it. "Whoever made this needs to die or stop cooking" He whimpered and his friends agreed. "Guys, I made those..." I muttered when I patted Damien's back, for he had begun to gag uncontrollably. Then all the commotion stopped, Kurtis's mouth rinsing, Christian's coughing and Damien's gagging, all stopped when they comprehended what I had said. "What?" Christian spat. Damien did a double take at me then the oatmeal fruit cake balls. Then Kurtis started yet again another chain reaction, he reached over and placed

another in his mouth, "Wow, Jillian, these are so good right guys?" he said through gritted teeth. df "Yeah, I lovethese so much, you should never make them again" Damien shoved two in his mouth. "I lovethese!" Christian exaggerated, obliviously lying, he ate more.

Josie and I nearly died of laughter. Soon all three of them had finished o the plate. Instead of Kurtis starting things Damien started one himself "I need to go to the bathroom!" then all three of them were headed to the little boys room's situated all over the house.

Josie and I helped clean up and when we finished I went to go find Damien and make sure I didn't accidentally kill him. "She's so stuck up..."

"I know right!"

even cute!"

I crept closer to the voices. I stayed out of sight and continued to listen. It was Chloe and her posse.

"Its sad that she is our Luna. She can't even speak!" They were talking about me! I knew that I should leave, but my ears itched to hear what they would say about me,

"Plus she's not even that good looking, this Pack needs someone beautiful to rule over us. Have you seen her body? She is so fat!" "Yeah, like why does she wear sweaters all the time? Like they aren't

"The worst part is the fact that Josie is one of the only people who pays attention to her, like, Josie used to be cool, but then she came" "She's probably only hanging out with her because the Alpha forced her to. I bet she really can't stand the new Luna."

"Who can?" My head dipped, letting my hair cover my, apparently, ugly face. I swallowed back tears, a er all these years I would think that I'm over the verbal abuse, but it still hurts and churns up some of my insecurities. Gladys tried to lick my wounds and heal them, but my own teeth continued to open them and make her e orts fruitless. Then loud footsteps interrupted the girls chatter, "You know what I think is so amusing about this?" Damien's deep voice asked, it was

calm, and was the true indicator that he was boiling mad. "N-no, Alpha.." I could almost hear them cower. "I think you all are really stupid," his voice was flat and heartless, "I

don't think this because you think yourself better than your Luna, (even though that's pretty idiotic) but because I remember saying that any disrespect towards her would not be tolerated. Was I not clear, Chloe? Claire? Eva?"

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"Yes, A-Alpha, you were clear.." Chloe stuttered. "Oh really?"

"Y-yes"

"Then why do you disobey me?" His voice was slightly raised and I knew that I would wince as well when he actually yelled "For there must be a reason"

"We don't know, Alpha..." I don't know which one was Eva or Claire, but one of them had the guts to answer.

"Well, if you have nothing to say for yourselves, then you should be punished, yeah?"

I couldn't listen to what he was going to say, so I turned around and le to look for Christina so she could drop me o at home.

I have never been particularly insecure about my body, but standing in the mirror in nothing but my underwear, I could see all my flaws. My thighs were like tree trunks and my stomach wasn't tight enough. My hair was too long and not shiny enough, my face was too long and my skin not clear. My eyes weren't even a pretty color, just dark brown and ugly.

I was too short. My boobs were too small. I was too pale.

I sighed and closed my eyes, thinking that when I opened them and looked at my reflection that it would be prettier. I've never been so self-conscious before. At Midnight Shadow the members would bother me about my fighting ability, they would call me a pip-squeak, but they rarely cared about my body or face.

so.I covered my face with my hands, so I couldn't look at my self any more. A er hearing what those girls said, Damien must be reconsidering being my mate, he may not reject me, but he would hate me. He would regret marking me, and hate himself for letting me mark him. He must be revolted by the sight of me, and think that I'm a disgusting, mangy omega-worthy pup of a wolf. I'm a disgrace.

Then a loud banging on the door nearly made my heart stop and my legs shook "Jillian! Are you almost done in there?!! I practically drank my body weight in water and I'm almost 200 pounds, so that's like 100 pounds of water!!" I shoved my legs into some sweats and pulled a shirt over my head. When I opened the door Damien nearly ran me

over like a bulldozer. But I was numb to it. I walked to the bed and pulled the blankets over my head. I curled

into a fetal position, as if to keep my feelings hidden behind my legs that I had pulled to my chest. When Damien finished cleaning up, he came and laid next to me. He didn't touch me or kiss me, he must have though that I was terribly unattractive, so much to the point that he couldn't even imagine cuddling with me. The light turned o , but the white light of Damien's phone stayed on for another twenty minutes.

I nestled deeper into the blankets, I held in my sobs. Even though I held in crying out to the sky and Moon Goddess, to tonight's Quarter moon, to Damien's oblivious attitude and my own weakness- a few silent tears dribbled down my cheeks and onto the bedding. Damien didn't need to hear me cry.

<u>Author's Note:</u>

Hello!

Another part of Damien and Jillian's story.

Its sad how much someones words can a ect you, in the beginning of the chapter Jillian was praising herself in the mirror, and in the end she was ridiculing her reflection.

I want to thank each and every one of my loyal readers and I apologize for my unpredictable update schedule, but you stick with me and continue to read, vote and comment. Its crazy how your comments and votes can really make me feel so awesome. I love all of you <3

Deanna :{

Continue reading next part 🛛