

Alone Jillian's POV My tongue felt like sand paper in my mouth, the dryness nearly su ocating me. I flopped my hand over to the other side of the bed to pat my mate on the back and ask him to get me some water. But all I felt was the cold, unused sheets. Slowly my eyes parted, clearing the bleary fog that had created a film over my eyes. I rolled on my side to see if I could find him out of my Again I was met with cold and wrinkled sheets. Gladys whimpered and all the memories of last night invaded my mind like an infiltry. The lies, the alcohol, the pain and the betrayal. I chewed on my lip and sni ed, my thirst forgotten. My sleep had been restless without my mate. I had become used to him holding me or at least being there during the night. Just the slightest smell of him was comforting. The door began to rustle and I pulled the blankets closer. When I broke down last night I had ripped of my dress and slept in my underwear. I was too ashamed to go into the bathroom and possibly see my reflection. It would be so embarrassing if someone saw me. The door opened to a girl. She was tall and had blonde hair that was pulled into a low ponytail. In her hands she had a tray of food. She closed the door and the closer she got to me the more I began to recognize her. Same strong shoulders and mischievous, cra y look in her eyes. Same swaggering walk, even though it had been made submissive, it was still there exposing her obvious ego. The girl who had challenged me, the girl who had talked about me behind my back. The girl that made my self esteem so low I was willing to get myself hurt for the likes of others. The girl who led me to disobey the Alpha. This was all her fault. My eyes narrowed and I swallowed while she placed the tray on the bedside table next to me. "Here, Luna" she mumbled bitterly. On it was two golden slices of toast, eggs, bacon, along with a small dish of butter to spread on the bread. Orange juice was in a glass. I wasn't hungry so I turned over and pulled the blankets closer. I knew that I should say thanks for the breakfast, but I was too out of it to say anything. I closed my eyes and pretended that she wasn't there. "Alpha ordered me to stay with you" He ordered her to stay with me? Damien knew how poorly I got along with Chloe. She didn't like me and I couldn't care less for her. This wouldn't have happened if you just listened to mat6Jadys sneered, recalling last night's craziness. a I didn't say anything to Chloe. If she was going to stay all day then she would stay in silence. Tugging one of Damien's pillows close to my chest, I began to doze o . Last night I really hoped that he would come back and sleep with me, but I guess he was to mad for that. He had been gone the entire night, and sleeping without him had been di icult. His smell and warmth lulled me to sleep; to substitute that I used one of his most fragrant pillows tucked under my nose. It felt as if I had been asleep for only moments, but by the time I woke up the sun was shining through much brighter than before. Chloe was sitting on one of the arm chairs by the window, looking out over the land. I watched for a few seconds until she jumped and looked at me. "You're awake! Well its about time-- I mean did you sleep well?" she sat straighter and closer to the edge of the chair. Not really, I didn't feel refreshed at all. I blinked at her while running my hand on the silky bed-sheet. Chloe tried to smile kindly "The Alpha would like for you to eat. Are you hungry now?" The mention of his name had le her lips like my appetite. I shook my head, "Why not?" Chloe got up and came close to the bed. "Are you sick?" she rose her hand to lay it on my head, but flashes of our fight made me move back almost instantly. My heart rate picked up, and the temptation to run out the door was nearly maddening. a Chloe moved back, "What happened?" She must be wondering why her Luna was pouting in bed when she should be running a pack. Guilt knotted up my gut when I thought of how weak I was. Compared to her, compared to this pack I was considered a weakling who just so happened to have the highest rank. I was hypocritical and untrained, I was weak and ugly. Chloe had said it herself. I bit my lip and stared at her. I would do the same thing if my Alpha had been mated to a puny- Stop that! You are none of those things! Gladys barked. You are wonderful and Damien loves you. This is just a bump in the road that you two can get over and master. Once this is all over you will be a stronger couple. You are the perfect Luna for this pack, Damien had said it himself! I'm so sorry, Gladys. I never meant to ruin everything like this. I just...I guess I have no good excuse. I fought tears. I forgive you. Gladys sat and gave me the closest thing to a grin a wolf could muster. Tongue hanging out the side of her head and tail flapping up and down so fast it was just a blur. "Luna? Please eat" Chloe nudged the tray closer to me. I moved to sit up, but them remembered that I was in nothing but my bra and underwear. "Ummm..." my voice was quiet and raspy from the lack of use. "Can...umm.... can you get me...uhh...a..a-a pair of...sweat-p-ppants and a shirt. Please?" My hands felt sweaty and gross, I wanted to vomit. My heart thumped in my ears and I hated my awkwardness. Why couldn't I speak like everyone else did? Chloe ran into the closet to answer my stuttering request. When she emerged she had my gray sweats with an o -white thin v-neck. She turned around while I changed quickly into the comfy clothes. I pulled the tray into my lap when I sat up and began nibbling on the now cold bacon. Chloe watched uncomfortably while I ate, "Look, Luna-" "Jillian" "Right, well Jillian, I just wanted to apologize for some of the things that I've done and said. I never really meant them." She clasped her hands behind her back and rocked on her heels. She looked truly sorry. "Then why did you say things that you didn't mean?" I wondered, picking up a piece of scrambled egg with my fingers. "I-I was jealous..." I cocked my head but didn't say anything more. Personally I couldn't seem to find anything about myself that was actually worth being jealous of, but I accepted her apology. We spent about an hour just sitting around. I ate and she sat. When I finished my meal I rolled back over in bed and napped for a bit. I kept dreaming of Damien and all the times he wasn't mad at me. At one point I had gotten up and made the bed, only to sit on it again and try to read a book. With my mate on my mind it proved to be a di icult task. I continued to replay last night, the drinks, the guys, the fight. I remembered Damien's sad and slightly mad face. He was so angry but at the same time so reserved it was slightly nerve-racking. It must have taken years of practice for him not to completely unleash his temper on anyone. He used his composure to truly frighten people. "What's it like having a mate?" Chloe asked randomly. My mind was ripped from the world I had been in. "What do you mean?" are you really that stupid Jillian? She just said what she meant. "Like, is it really as awesome as everyone says?" Chloe was my age, maybe a few months younger, she was at the age at which she could find her mate; though it wasn't guaranteed. She must feel anxious. "It depends on your mate, I guess" I picked at my nail and closed the book. Damien wasn't the type of guy to take me on a dinner-date. He'd rather spend time with me comfortably at home, watching TV while cuddling. I liked that. "What's it like for you?" Chloe looked truly intrigued. I remember at Harvest Moon whenever a girl would get her mate she would gush all about him to her girlfriends. I was never that girl, talking was not my forte, especially to girls who I was sure hated me just a few days ago. I shrugged at her question, "He's better than I thought he would be..." Chloe looked at me kinda funny, "You expected him to treat you badly? But, he's your mate!" "So?" I shrugged. My father could care less for my mother, and they were mates. Many werewolf couples who have been blessed by the Moon did have feelings for their mate but mistakes happen and things change. Physical abuse isn't common amongst wolves because we end up feeling the pain from it ourselves. Mental and verbal abuse is much more prominent. Most of the time it occurred without the other's knowledge, if they did then their inner wolf would nag them with guilt for eternity. a Yes, my mate was my soulmate, but who says that I have to recognize that right away? It wasn't unreasonable for two mates to have to wait to get together for reasons such as time or inconvenient circumstances. "But mates are meant to love each other. Once you meet them your wolves begin to yearn for the other." Chloe argues. My eyes flash to her. Has she never seen pain, or betrayal, or neglectfor a moment I am envious. I envied her lack of knowledge of hateful parents and a mean pack. But at the same time I was glad that she did not have to endure what I did for so long. I clenched my fists around the bedspread before sighing in defeat. She had a point, soulmates picked by the Moon did yearn for the other naturally. Like how Gladys is so head over heels in love with our mate, was how other werewolves felt. It was how we were programmed. I got quiet again, I didn't want to talk anymore. It felt like every time I did I messed something up. 5:00 pm I flopped down into one of the couches by the window to watch the sunset. It was a good distractor since Gladys was constantly pacing in the back of my mind because Damien hadn't come back yet. He was gone all night and all day. It was probably payback for last night. I had gotten back at three o'clock. Chloe was just sitting on the seat across for me looking blankly into space. I assumed she was either mind-linking or talking to her own wolf. I craned my neck to see the sun dip behind the trees, but the window faced the east. So instead I watched how green the trees were and how peaceful the expanse of woods and forest was in fort of me. Gladys whimpered something about the Alpha and his territory. I tried to ignore the feeling in my chest. This entire day had been a vicious waiting game. I highly doubted that Damien would want me to leave the bedroom, so I stayed. But I hated waiting for him. It was torture, I missed how we could talk about nice things and be happy. It was saddening to think that our personalities were so conflicting that we fought so much and were angry when we saw one another. I closed my eyes and thought of his smile, the way his lips curved ever so slightly then it soon became a childlike grin. I remembered the so feel of his lips gently pressing to mine and how quickly the gentle feeling was gone and soon replaced with passion. Gladys thought of that night with Stone, his dark fur and how sweet he smelled to her. Then I could smell it. Pine and cinnamon. The sensation was small and distant, just a faint reminder of him. But I could actively smell it! Then I could hear it too! The thud of boots against wooden stairs, slowly crawling up towards me. Gladys sprang forward and the urge to shi prickled my senses. My mate was near. Beyond the door in fact. Chloe noticed too, for she sat taller and straighten out the wrinkles in her shirt. The door rattled and opened. I wanted to jump into his arms and kiss him. But Damien could still be mad forced myself to relax in my chair. "What are you doing here Chloe?" his voice was tired and deep. He must not have slept well last night. Damien stepped into the room, he wore a navy colored hoodie with his jeans and regular steel toed boots. He looked beautiful, even with his tired expression and lazy choice of clothing. "Alpha, this morning you said that you wanted someone to tend to the Luna" Chloe stood keeping her eyes cast down in respect. "Yes, but I thought that I assigned that job to Ava." He knew what he "Yes, but she asked me to do it for her..." Chloe played with her fingers. "Is there a reason why?" his eyes found mine and they seemed to ask if I was alright being in Chloe's care all day. "She just gave it to me..." "Okay then. Next time I see Ava we are going to have a talk about respecting the Alpha's wishes." He said it as if he were leaving himself a mental note. Though I could tell it scared Chloe. "You may leave, Chloe." "Yes...Alpha" She turned to me and waved slightly. I gave a halfhearted salute back. Soon she was scrambling out the door. Damien looked at me keenly before he sauntered over to my spot by the window. With his arms crossed over his chest and his height towering over me I shuttered. He had that disappointed look in his eyes and it shocked me when he ran his fingers down the length of my jaw, sliding under my chin and forcing me to look up at him. His stubble was thicker than usual, his eyes were dull and his face paler. He had not gotten any sleep last night it seemed. His hand ran over my head, combing through my hair, sending energy to my scalp. He opened his mouth to say something, but he shut himself up quickly. "Damien?" My hand found his hand in my hair and held it, "Can I apologize for last night?" He shrugged. "I am so sorry for what happened, it will never happen again. I didn't even want it to happen but it did and we have to move past this to become stronger. I shouldn't have put your trust on the line and I apologize " Damien's eyes so ened significantly, "Come here, sweetheart." He opened his arms slightly. I rushed to get in them, I longed for his warmth and smell. The so ness of his jacket was inviting and I clung to him, breathing in every ounce of cinnamon and trees. Damien's head dipped to my neck and he inhaled, igniting my mark with fire. "I can't loose you. Not you too." his voice was so fragile and sad. More guilt crept up my spine, "I won't leave you. I will always come back" "But- But she didn't and he didn't. How can I know that you will?" He was speaking about his mother and father. They had both taken the easy way out, they chose to leave this life of their own accord. It was even more painful that Damien had been exposed to all that when he was just a pup. He was so scared that I had le, that I was gone like his parents. It broke my hear to thousands of little pieces. I ran my fingers through his silky hair all the way down to his nape to guide his face upward so I could look into his eyes. "You just have to trust me, I guess" I looked into his eyes and smiled. His miss-colored irises tinkled both equally, the green not more vibrant than the brown and the brown no longer was dull. He nodded in agreement. His normally hard features were so ened and soon our lips found each other. My hand tightened around his jacket and he pulled me closer. The roughness of his face sent tickles around my lips, it made me never want to separate from him. We had our ups and downs, like all couples trying to understand each other, I knew that we would always come back. I needed him and he needed me, so even if the biggest thing came between us and our relationship I knew that some how, some way, we would eventually be together. We sightly untangled, the only thing that wasn't touching was our lips. Damien's hands on my back, one under my shirt and heating my

lower back, the other near my neck to hold me in place. My hand was clenched around his jacket while the other was in his dark, velvety hair. Our foreheads touched, "This means that you will have to trust me too, Jillian." Damien said breathlessly. "I do." As soon as the words le my lips my feet le the ground. I squealed and clung to my mate for dear life. I remembered when Damien had li ed me up a er my three days of moping when we first met. I remembered my fear of him and his dominating power, but now I feared falling, so I held him tighter. Damien was what I trusted to keep me from falling, at first I could only trust myself to stay upright. But now Damien had that power. My legs curled around his hips and my hands wrapped around his shoulders. Damien was my rock....my stone. 45 minutes later Damien and I snuggled on the bed for almost an hour. We talked about our day, the pack and just stu in general. He played with my hair while we spoke, his warm fingers massaging my scalp and running through the length of my dark tresses. I told him how much I

wanted to steal his hoodie and wear it for eternity, but he just looked at me like I was crazy when I tried to tackle it o him. We just played.

"What's not fair?" He asked, beckoning me over to sit next to him with his arm out. I crawled up next to him. "Its not fair that you always win

He pressed a kiss on my forehead, "It's not my fault" He responded into my hair. I smirked and crawled away to his side of the bed. "Where do you think you are going?" he snarled grabbing my ankle and dragging me back to his side. "They put the new season of House of Cards on Netflix..." I smiled weakly before trying to leave again. But he pulled be back, "Did you watch the last episode without me?"

"Are you serious? I waited a whole season for you to catch up and you went on without me!" Damien allowed me to go because he crossed his arms over his chest and pouted like a toddler. "Now I'm gonna be

Yeah right. "So you just had a conversation with yourself in front of me?" He can't just do this! I needed to know things, Damien had a bad habit of leaving me out of the loop and it was aggravating.

"Fine," he rolled over on his back, "Lets rephrase my answer: It was

"I said that they meant nothing!" he growled. Gladys urged me to stand down, but I ignored her. "I am the Luna, I need to know what's

"Well I'm the Alpha of this pack and I have every right to not tell you!" He sat up, fire blazing in his eyes turning them dark. My shoulders slumped submissively, he yelled at me and I didn't even do anything

Are you that stupid? I heard Stone snarl, You're gonna make her cry

"Look, sweetheart..." Damien grabbed at my arm, "That came out

Could I do that? This wasn't just something you could forget. I think you should trust himGladys decided. Of course she would, she had full faith in Damien and all his actions. She didn't question anything.

> *** 2:00am

wrong! I turned away and hid behind my hair curtain.

wrong...You just have to trust me on this one, okay?"

somebody that meant nothing"

"Who was that somebody?"

going on in the pack."

again!!

the tickle fights because you aren't ticklish"

Damien now had me pinned underneath him. He had tickled me down and o him and how he loomed overhead while I laughed like a school girl. He growled playfully before dipping his head down to my exposed stomach and blowing raspberries on my belly button, "Om nom nom!" I continued to cackle and eventually kick him o . "Its not fair!" I sat up a er he leaned on the headboard, far away from my

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I dug around in Damien's top drawer of his night-table for the remote. "We can always re-watch it, I fell asleep last night" I cuddled up to him again, turning on the TV. "You watched it last night?" He sounded like I had just told him I refused to eat peanut butter ever again. "I couldn't sleep" I explained. Damien hu ed, "I slept on my desk. Not atmy desk. Onmy desk." "I'm sorry" I kissed his cheek. I was scrolling through Netflix when Gloria Estefan's Conga began to play from Damien's pocket. When he fished it out of his pants and looked at the caller ID he growled. Not just the playful growl, but the Imma-kill-someone-growl. He got o the bed causing me to fall over on my side, so much for being my rock "Yes?" he answered the phone impatiently. Like he was already exasperated by what the person on the other end hadn't even said yet. Damien leaned up against the wall with the phone up to his ear. His expression calm. Every once in a while his eyes would snap to the phone with annoyance and he would sigh. "I'm afraid that cannot happen" Damien responded, he began to listen to what the other person was saying. I could only hear the mu led voice on the other end, my mate was too far away. Damien then chuckled mockingly. Who was he talking to? My eyebrows rose when Damien shrugged, "Okay, whatever you say" and hung up. While walking back to me he tossed his phone on the couch and flopped on the bed face first beside me. "Who was that?" I wondered when he groaned frustratedly into a pillow. "Nobody" his voice was all smashed and mu led by in the down pillow.

stomach.

Damien speculated.

"Wellllll....."

lost!"

"I just want to help you" I said weakly. I tucked my hair back behind my ear and looked at him again. "I know, Jillian. And you are helping; I'm trying to help you" Damien collected me in his arms. "How?" Damien smirked,"I don't want you to throw up on me" "Alpha" My eyes opened slightly, my my Moon Goddess it was bright! My eyes rolled into the pack of my head while I tried to focus. "Alpha!" "Huhhhhhhh?" The mass next to me groaned into my ear and shi ed slightly. "I'm sorry to wake you, I really am, but Rogues just made an appearance on the North Western Sector." The other voice said, it was where the light was coming from. familiar. The Beta!

le the room.

enough...Soon I was fast asleep.

dark figure came closer to me.

But nothing happened.

No.

territory. inject them. should do. things. "No!"

form a word, Damidemise. No! No!! Don't scream! Don't breathe! Don't think! "Sweet dreams,beautiful" **Damien's POV** such danger? waste my time? tape dispenser o the desk. once he finished with the map. thoughts. I looked to him. Yes, I can tellI remarked. Those Rogue were dead before I could interrogate them and find information. No! Listen Stone barked frantically.

felt like my spine was being wrung out like a dish towel, snapping all the vertebrae. The urge to scream in agony was so tempting, but it seemed that my voice no longer worked either. I struggled against the invisible binds that paralyzed me, but no matter how hard I tried, nothing worked. Mind-link! I tried to reach out, feel the warm bodies of the house and speak with them telepathically. I worked so hard to feel with my mind and extend my perception. I barely found my mate and his wolf, I began to The pain was twice as sharp as before, it caused my head to throb and my jaw tighten. It felt like tiny claws were sinking into my scalp and throat. The figure was still there, smiling, no, grinning at my Then something was raised to my mouth; a white cloth. The cloth was pushed up to my nose, covering my mouth. In ways I know not, chloroform seeped into my lungs like blood from a wound. The figure's lips moved, but my ears seemed to be covered. I felt as it I was drowning when the world seemed hazy and feathery as I fell from consciousness. I was li ed from the comfort of my bed into the figure's arms. My limbs hung limply like wet noodles. Then I understood what it had said right before I fell out.

I raced down the stairs in nothing but my sweatpants. There was no time to put on a shirt. I moved through the kitchen and took a good whi of the air, Oliver was here. So I wouldn't have to wait about him. Two Rouge werewolves crossing my territory in less than one week! What was I thinking to let Jillian out of the territory when we were in I barged into my o ice and looked at the three men there. Oliver, the Delta, on his laptop, Christian digging around in my desk, and Kurtis mid-tak of the Map of the Crescent Territory on the corkboard. They all paused what the were doing when I came in. I sign of respect I assume. "There is no time! Resume!" I barked at them. How dare they Stone quivered under my skin as they continued their duties. "Alpha" The Delta addressed me, gesturing with his computer, "In the North Western Sect we sent out ten well trained guards to defend." "Good, how many Rouges?" I sat in my chair and snatched up the "It was estimated about 20, sir" Oliver typed on his laptop while speaking. I wasn't worried about my soldiers, they were highly trained my me and handpicked for their positions. "How were they identified?" I interrogated, the tape slipping from my hands and back in again within moments. "Smell" Kurtis piped up My fists clenched around the object in my hands and I heard it crack loudly in my ears. If they were identified with sight, then we really would be in danger for us wolves had bad sight. If by ear then I knew we had time to wait, the werewolf's hearing could range for miles if trained. But smell! Good Goddess, they were too close on my Stone was seething, How dare even think about stepping on my property?He growled at the same time I did. I took a deep breath, I guess I'll have to rethink my guards. If their senses were that bad, then I didn't care if I had to use pack funds to "Do you have any ideas?" I asked, placing the broken dispenser down. Then my men began to throw around strategies of what we My thoughts dri ed to my phone call earlier in the day. He talked of revenge and tried to o end me by calling me a pup, which was funny because he was the on made Alpha by title, not birth. If anything he was the stupid pup, messing around with the big bad wolf and his "Alpha, this is important" Oliver's voice snapped me out of my "All the Rouges appear to be dead already." Oliver seemed scared. Even since we were pups he was the one to back out or overthink "They committed suicide?" Kurtis was shocked. There is something wrong. Stone stirred within me.

I listened, drowning out the voices of my friends all around me. He was right....there was vacancy in the house. I jumped up so fast the chair toppled over and I began to run up the stairs. "Alpha!" they called out to me, but I kept on running. No, this wasn't happening. Thiswas nothappening right now. I lost balance on the way up the second flight of steps and I was caught by my paws. Fur prickled out of my skin, I felt my face change along with my ears. Everything felt more vibrant, my senses naturally heightened. Stone jumped over steps as he picked up momentum. We sni ed the air to confirm our suspicions, she was gone. Christian ran up a er me, his footfalls hitting the ground so hard they must have shook the house. Stone bust through the door, ripping it from its hinges and the panic set in when we saw the ru led bed sheets and open window. Nose to the ground he sni ed all the way to the window, our adrenaline up so high we nearly leapt through. Stone was tackled down, gripped tightly in a half nelson we writhed against the Beta. We must get our mate back!! Stone bit at his hands but the pressure that was applied to the back of his head made hid feel dizzy. "Damien you can't do this to yourself! If you die now then who will Jillian come back to?!" He shouted in my ear. Stone howled to the sky. Begging the Moon Goddess to make this some sort of dream that we would wake up out of and mate would be by our side, safe and sound. The howl became sorrowful when he knew that it wouldn't just happen like that. He cried out to the sky, to our mate, to the moon. His lamentations carried through the windy night as far as other packs nation wide. He hoped for a howl back, a so musical howl of safety and reassurance. There was none. **Author's Note:** What do you think? On my side, I'm having heart palpitations I'm so nerve-wracked by what I just wrote. My chest physically hurts!

Who do you think took her?

What about Jillian?

Have a good day,

-Deanna

How is Damien gonna handle this?

appreciative of them, I love you all.

Thank you so much for the comments and votes. I am so

Continue reading next part \Box

Damien jerked up, "Wait what?" he spat. "You need to come, like, now" The other voice urged, I realized that it was male and oddly "Meet in my o ice, get out the map, and dispatch guards across the area. If it moves, it must die, leave one or two for interrogation. I want the Delta up and here in ten!" Damien commanded, within seconds Christian had le out doorway. My mate was getting out of bed when I flipped over and grabbed hold to his arm. My mind was foggy and I hardly comprehended what the two men had just said, but it was important. "Where are you going?" in the night my tongue must have fallen asleep too because it just sounded more like, "Wharouuging?" Damien bent over and kissed my forehead, "Its okay, sweetie, I'll be right across the house. Get some sleep" He kissed my head again and I shrugged and moved to a comfy spot on the bed. The blankets felt just right, my body was positioned just right, it was warm Not even minuets later there was a funny noise, like a sliding door being opened or a fridge being closed. I squinted into the darkness and gentle footsteps were absorbed into the carpet so much so that only a wolf's ear could hear it. It must be Damien thought when a Wind blew in and gently burned the skin on my nose that wasn't covered by the duvet. The figure was looming over me, its black clothes darker than the night, maybe even darker than my eyes. Wait a second, why was the window open? And why was there a funny smelling creature looking at me? I was no longer tired, my mouth opened and I scrambled up against the head board. My heart beat faster and my fangs along with my claws began to elongate from the adrenaline. The figure's white teeth gleamed in the moon light and were oddly bright in the black night, "Not so fast" it whispered and a sharp pain ran all the way up my thigh into my back. Gladys who had been awake and kicking fell, her breathing labored. I swung my arms and kicked my feet to fend o the intruder. My muscles were against my own body! The pain was killing me! It

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