



Same Womb

Jillian's POV

Waking up with a split rib was rather difficult, but not as difficult as waking up to cold sheets and a relatively empty bed. Damien had woken up earlier than I had, as usual.

I was still tired and Gladys was prowling from lack of exposure and the over exertion of trying to heal me. What's that smell? My wolf grumbled. With a brain still in a fog from sleep, the first thing I assumed was that what she smelt was breakfast.

But that's not breakfast we noticed at the same time. I took a deep breath and began to sit up slowly. I could sense the scent of my mate; cinnamon and pine stained the sheets. But this smell was more haunting and instilled fear in my heart.

The most terrifying thing was that it had undertones of me...

"Oh my..." only the smallest of whispers left my lips. My legs hit the ground and I began to walk towards the door. "Luna, is everything alright?" The guard at the door asked. He was large and had brown eyes, tall and strong; I knew he was a good soldier. He was respectful in his tone, and he made sure not to look down on me even though I was so much shorter. I shook my head in response and went down the stairs.

He followed me, Damien was far too paranoid. "Good morning, Jillian" Josie greeted, she was getting waffles out of the iron like it was a regular day when it felt that only hours ago she was fighting for my life. "How was your sleep?" she carried on the conversation all while Gladys and I were still searching the air for the smell that was slowly becoming a stench that burned my nose.

Like a wolf that was going to howl to the Goddess I lifted my nose to the sky and tried to smell so hard that cold air made my nostrils tickle.

"Jillian? Damien should be outside somewhere, he had a meeting with the council this morning. Something about your brother... I think?" Josie informed me and Gladys jumped with recognition of the scent. Him? She gasped.

Unknowingly, I growled deep from my stomach. Josie and the soldier both looked at me like I was crazy. Neither had ever heard or seen me make a hostile sound like that. With the guard still following me, I exited the kitchen and left the house without putting on shoes.

Gladys sat upon seeing her Alpha in his dark, natural, wolf form. An ugly snarl consumed Stone's face. A ridge of black fur was created on his back, the green eye was flashing wildly along with the brown. His growl sent shivers down my spine and automatically I wanted to submit and roll on my back in response. Look, Gladys commanded. I looked to the left and saw the four other Alphas of the council. Only then I noticed what I was wearing. I felt self-conscious until I saw the male that my mate was warning with his aggressive stance and voice. The same male that made my nose ache from his lying, back-stabbing scent.

The Beta was holding my brother roughly, the same frightening look was in his eyes. I watched the scene that played out on the front lawn from the porch of the house. "Alpha..." I brought my sleeve to my mouth to mute the gasp. Was Damien going to kill my brother right in front of me?

Stone's ear turned in my direction, noting my presence. Come here if you don't want him hurt... the Alpha ordered through my head. As if I was under a spell I walked onto the lawn.

I twisted my hair around my finger nervously. What is going on? I thought, but no one answered. I took my place by Stone's side and he pushed me forward with his snout. Do you have anything to say to him before he leaves? I stepped forward, heat crept up my neck, "What is going on?" I whispered to Damien.

He didn't respond, the answer was evident. Devon was no longer welcome in Crescent. He was leaving back to my father's pack, it was customary that when a rouge was found they either be killed by the wolf that found them or they get turned over to be executed in their home Pack.

Fury grew in my stomach like a flower blooming within my soul. I did have something to say "Why have you always been a coward but people blamed that title on me? I grinned and bared it, you ran like a pup, but...no one noticed." My voice was stronger than I expected, but it felt good to say what was on my mind.

Devon didn't respond, Christian had a firm grip on his neck.

"Then you come into my pack and threaten my mate...you aid in hurting him..." My voice nearly broke, a lump had formed in my throat. I clutched my torso with one hand, my rib throbbed from my brisk walking, "You ran away; shouldn't I have run? But you became rouge; isn't that more shameful than me sitting in a cellar being beaten for being born who I am? I'm ashamed to have come from the same womb as you!" Stone pressed his muzzle into my palm, licking my nails.

"You should leave. Please don't come back." I turned away from his face, kneeling down by my mate, pressing my face into his fur. His smell was so good and warm, it filled me with comfort.

That was impressive, Jillian? Damien said in my head, I smiled. Some tears streaked down my cheeks, "I've never done anything like that" Stone licked my tears. It's never too late to stand up for yourself, I'm just happy you decided to do it now.

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Author's Note:

You are probably thinking, "Deanna is such a chump, I can't believe I wasted my time on this book, she doesn't seem to want to finish it."

And you'd be correct in thinking so. This whole story is supposed to be a journey into how our main character, Jillian grows into herself and becomes the woman she needs to be. Its supposed to be a story of how good rises over evil and how so-called failure isn't the end. Jillian had to have closure to her story and I actually had no idea how to do that, so a er "Through the Pain" I didn't know how I wanted the story to end. I had ideas for epilogues where Jillian is a powerful Luna giving speeches, but that didn't really resolve anything in my mind. I wanted her to stand up for herself and look forward to the journey of growing older, emotionally and physically.

This is only the first draft, I intend to revise and edit some things, maybe I will share that with you in the future. I thank you for all your support and kindness to me, I wish that you could see my face and believe how truly grateful and thankful I am to have you guys, before this I was bouncing from idea to idea and writing here helped me to settle down and focus.

I love you all very much, thanks again,

Deanna

The End

Finished Reading
Shy, Scared, and Weak. I'm the Alpha's Mate.