

Anxious

Jillian's POV

The blankets felt so er than ever and when Damien's hands touched my waist, happiness spread through me like wild fire. Even though I didn't want him for a mate, I couldn't help how he a ected me.

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I wonder if this is how Sharpe treads Ruby.

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Ruby.

God, how I missed her.

My sister was like my life line, we were best friends. Even though we argued and fought at times, we always came back better for it.

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What is she doing now? Pining a er me as I was her? Or was she happy and calm, doing her job as Luna?

Luna.

The word haunted me like a spirit. I was mated to an Alpha, I would soon hold the title.

I had many reasons why I couldn't be Luna 1) I wasn't brave strong or fierce 2) I wasn't a good role model and 3) I was extremely shy and quiet.

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Luna's were always women who could handle themselves and the ones around them with a cloud of comfort. Like my mother or sister. I, frankly, could not do that. I had anxiety and depression issues. Calmness was foreign to me, and as my sister would say, "Acted like I had a stick shoved up my butt"

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I sighed at the idea of leading wolves.

Why Moon Goddess, why?

I burrowed deeper into the so and inviting blankets.

If only Ruby was here.

Authors Note

I know this was a short part, and sorry. But I accidentally started the chapter before this, without actually writing this one.

Oops...

But I thank all of you who have been reading my story, I really appreciate it.

Please comment and vote.

See you next update!

Deanna

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