

# Depression

## Damien's POV

af

As I rolled over in bed, I was greeted by the sweet, sweet smell of my mate. She was curled up on her self. Her breathing so and calm. But her face didn't show calm or peace, but sadness and hurt.

Her lip twitched in her sleep, and her grip tightened on the blankets. She looked like she was in pain.

My wolf howled at the thought.

Just as I moved to wake her up from her obvious nightmare, Jillian buried herself back under the duvet, not wanting to be bothered.

That was day one...

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"It's been three days" I groaned to my sister, Josephine. I placed my head in my hands. I felt helpless and useless my mate needed me, and all I could do was hope for her to get better.

Jillian hasn't le the bedroom for three days. I knew that she slept most of that time, for I always had my ears tuned to hear her heart beat, or breathing. But she whenever I went up to see her, of deliver her food, she seemed exhausted. Dark purple bags hung under her eyes constantly. Jillian also rarely spoke, which made me feel horrible, because I'm her mate, and she should want to talk to me about her problems. She should trust me enough to tell me the things that bothered her.

af

I am here for you, Jillian.

My sister shrugged as she continued to stir her chicken soup. "I don't know what's wrong with your mate, but she sounds depressed"

I stared at the granite countertop. Jillian could be depressed, but what made her sad? I tried my best to treat her right, and I gave her space when she needed it, food to eat, and a roof over her head.

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"Why?" I asked Josie.

"She could miss her pack, or her family. She might be confused, or anxious. There are many things she could be upset about."

"How do I fix it?"

af

I was a very tactical man, if something was broken, fix it as quickly and efficiently as possible. So if something was wrong with my mate, I wanted to make her feel better.

That is my job as her mate, I have to protect her.

Josie shrugged again, "Tough love maybe?"

She placed a bowl of soup in front of me with a spoon. I picked it up and started going upstairs to bring Jillian her lunch.

af

Once I started nearing the room, I heard rustling, so I knew Jillian was awake.

"I'm coming in" I announced as I opened the door.

What I saw broke my heart. My wolf whimpered, he wanted to comfort her in any way he could.

Jillian's dark eyes were unfocused and glassy. The darkness under her eyes was extremely obvious, her hair messy from being in bed all day.

What hurt the most was the fact that she seemed to shy away when I walked nearer to her.

Oh, Jillian....

I sat on a chair near the bed, "Sit up" I ordered. Jillian sat straight against the headboard, pulling the sheets with her.

"I have soup."

Jillian stared at the wall.

"You have to eat some"

She nodded; her eyes still on the beige wall.

Slowly, as not to startle her, I loaded the spoon with soup and brought it to her lips. When she took a sip, a hint of a smile came to her lips.

"You like it?"

Personally chicken soup was my favorite. Even though I was never sick, I always loved it.

af

As an answer Jillian took the bowl gently from my hands and ate more herself.

"Its my mother's recipe"

Jillian smiled without her teeth, showing gratitude. Even though she didn't finish all of it, I was content when she placed the bowl on the nightstand, and rolled back into the bed.

As I was walking out of the room, I heard so ly "Thank you, Damien"

oooooooooooooooo

The next morning, I decided that Jillian must get up. She needed to eat properly and get fresh air.

I hated to see her this way, sleeping and moping. When she smiled yesterday I made up in my mind that I wanted to be the reason for her smile.

I wanted Jillian to smile.

Once I got up and ready I was prepared to get Jillian.

No wolf should live this wayMy wolf, Stone whimpered when we saw Jillian holding tightly to the mattress, never wanting to let go.

af

That's why I won't let her live like this.told him as I tapped Jillian's shoulder.

She stirred but stayed asleep.

I tried tapping her again, but got the same results.

After a few minutes of poking and prodding for Jillian to arise from her slumber, I hurried in exasperation before I hoisted her up over my shoulder. A surprised gasp followed.

"No! No!No! Please!!" Jillian's shrill screams indicated that she was finally awake. She kicked her legs and flailed her arms about. "Please put me down!!"

"Will you come downstairs today?" I asked as I placed her back on the ground, my hands firmly on her waist in case she tried to jump back in bed.

I looked into her eyes. Eyes could tell a lot about a person, they were full of fear and frustration. I felt guilty for being the cause of her sadness right now.

One thousand emotions seemed to go through her face; regret, discomfort, sadness, anxiety, resignation, understanding, but over all she showed fear.

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"Y-yes I will go downstairs. But please please, don't pick me up like that again" she begged, she seemed to be on the verge of tears.

My hands went slack at my sides, even though all my arms wanted to do was wrap her up and comfort her. I didn't mean to scare her, "I'm sorry, Jillian"

But she had already run into the bathroom.

I stood for a moment in shock, because my mate ran directly away from me.

af

She didn't want to be near me.

Ouch.... Need some butter? Because you just got toastestone chortled at his own stupid joke.

af

Don't ask me, I don't know why my wolf is so weird.

af

Shut up, you know you need her more than anything.

Just trying to lighten the mood

As I moved to make the bed, I linked all the wolves in the house. My sister, my Beta, and my Gamma. Everyone meet in the kitchen.

af

After a few minutes, Jillian emerged from the bathroom dressed in leggings and a sweatshirt. She didn't say anything as we went down the stairs. I walked behind her in case she decided to make a run for it. But I could tell all she wanted was a way to get back in bed and hide from everyone.

af

Not under my watch.

af

I heard the distinct voice of my sister coming from the kitchen, all three of them were there. Jillian heard them too, because she whimpered and took a place behind me,clutching my arm and using my body as a shield.

This action made me feel much better after this morning when she looked so petrified. I was protecting my mate properly.

Stone snickered, Maybe we should put her in uncomfortable situations more often.

You are sickI replied.

af

"Everyone, meet Jillian, my mate, and your new Luna"

af

## Author's note

**Thanks again for reading my story. Just seeing that people have read it, encourage me to write more.**

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**Deanna**

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