

Alpha's Blind Luna, Chapter 8

“What’s your favorite breakfast food?”

I smiled. “French toast. What’s your favorite hat?”

Logan laughed. “Fez.”

Laughing as well, I asked “A fez, really?”

He nodded. “I look damn good in a fez. Don’t knock it till you see it.”

We had been paying ‘20 questions’ for an hour now. We were well past 20 questions and had moved on from the regular favorite color or candy.

“What was your mom like?” Logan was quiet for a bit before he asked.

I took a deep breath and leaned back in the seat. “From what I remember? She was like sunlight; you just wanted to be with her and soak up the warmth. But at the same time, she was the forest. Proud, mysterious, and magical. We used to take walks in the forest, just us. Sometimes she would take her wolf form, sometimes not, but we would always go and walk.” It took me a minute to think of another question. 1

“I know the stories of how you took over the pack and that your parents died in a rogue attack. Was it hard?”

I could hear Logan chewing on his lip. “It was hard losing my parents. But I think had I wallowed and not had anything that I needed to step up into, it would have been harder. I was passed the title of Alpha at the worst possible point for our pack. Half of them had been wiped out by the rogues and the other half mourned for them. I think we all had to learn to adapt and it was hard but we came out stronger for it.”

There was silence that hung heavy from the topics, each in our own thoughts. It was already 11pm and still had an hour or so away from his pack. Tomorrow I would wake up in a completely new place, with all new people, and nothing that belonged to me other than the small box I brought.

Tomorrow would be the start of something completely new and unknown. The thought popped up and I realized I was supposed to show up for my 3 month work stint. 2

“Oh shit!” I spurted out my tea.

“What? Whats wrong?” Logan had a slight panic sound.

“Can I borrow your phone?” I looked at him through Kia.

Morgan would worry so bad if I didn’t call him from our usual pickup spot.

Logan furrowed his brow. “Do you not have a cellphone?” I shook my head. “We will have to remedy that immediately.” He shifted in his seat and handed me his phone.

I looked at it, a black square. Where the hell were the numbers? How the hell was I supposed to use this? My confusion must have come off because he chuckled and tapped the screen and a photo of a sexy woman showed on the screen. I smirked and looked over at him.

“Fuck.” He was red as a tomato. “Just...Jesus fuck...the phone dial is on the right bottom corner. Just tap it.”

I held back the laughter, trying to make it more awkward for him as I tapped the corner. Conveniently placed on the sexy’s lady upper thigh. The number pad popped up and I dialed the number I knew by heart. Morgan was my Papa and was the closest thing I had to someone who would be my actual loving parent. He saved me from the streets when I was ten while working at the factory. We had been inseparable ever since.

The phone rang on the other end and I could see he was curious about who I was calling.

“Hello? Who is this?”

“Papa!” I smiled over the line.

“Ah! My cub! Whose number is this? This isn’t a payphone.”

“No no. I...managed to find my mate.” I looked up to Logan who was looking at me confused.

“Well! Princess! That’s great news! Tell me he is taking you away from that fucking shithole.”

I laughed and saw the tension in Logan ease a little. “Yeah. We are driving away as we speak.”

“Thank the lord. I’m assuming that means you won’t be coming in tomorrow for work.”

“Yeah. That’s what it seems. I might be by later, I’d like to introduce you to him. If he’s open to it.” I looked at Logan again, he was looking at the road. “I think he’s a good one Papa. He might understand.”

“I’ll trust your judgement my little cub. Don’t worry. You settle in. Call me when you can. I want to make sure you are okay.”

“I will. I love you Papa.” I whispered the last part, my eyes filling with tears.

“Don’t cry princess. I love you too. We will see each other soon. Don’t you worry.”

Otherwise I will march my undead ass over to you and start an entire war just to give you a hug.”

I choked out a thank you before hanging up the line. I passed Logan back his phone and wiped my tears with my hands.

Morgan was someone who meant the world to me. Not a lot of werewolves would understand me having an adoptive vampire father. He insisted on calling me a cub and said that until I turned at least five hundred years old he wouldn’t stop. I used to get so mad when I was little but now it was endearing to hear him call me that. He had taken over my paycheck when I turned fourteen so I wouldn’t need to continue to work at the factory. So technically, I worked for him, while also doing some odd jobs here and there. Earning a separate income that I saved myself. We used to joke about who my mate would be and how good or bad they would be.

I kept my life with Morgan, with my second family, a secret. My odd jobs earning me fame in the supernatural world but it wasn’t something that belonged within the pack mentality. I was not weak, not matter how I looked. Kai got mad so many times when I would take the abuse at home, knowing full well that my father did not scare me. He was still my father though, they were still my family. No matter how fucked up they were.

“It sounds like you at least have someone you can count on.”

I nodded. Looking at Logan, who was passive except for how tight he was holding the steering wheel. “Thanks. He would have started to worry if I didn’t show up for work.”

“I’m surprised they let you have a job.”

I laughed. “How do you think they paid for my sisters dress?”

Logan’s face turned to me, horrified and I just laughed more. It was funny now. Now that I was being taken away from it all. It was going to be behind me, and not something I would have to deal with again. Except on my terms.

I leaned against the seat, exhausted. I closed my eyes for a moment and felt sleep taking over. Logan put his hand on my thigh which, at first, only served to heighten my anxiety. The feel of electricity coursing through me. As he started to move his thumb back and forth, stroking me in the most gentle way, a calmness set in. I closed my eyes again and just felt it wash over me. It didn’t take me long to fall asleep knowing that I had a protector to keep away the nightmares.