

The Unprepared Luna

Chapter 3: Malin

My first evening in Canyon Ridge pack has been a bit overwhelming. I found out that I'm mated to Cohen, realized that basically everyone but me already knew that, was asked to be Cohen's acting Luna until I can take on the role permanently when I turn 18, and then found out that Emlyn is planning to return to Shadow Falls with Rich. That means I only have a couple of days to learn everything I need to learn about being a Luna before Emlyn leaves.

I've been in this pack many times over the years, but I've never learned all of the pack members' names. They all know my name, of course, and they've started calling me Luna, which is also a bit overwhelming.

Add to all of that, I had my first kiss. It was the everything that I have dreamed it would be and so much more. Cohen's lips were warm, and his taste was like chocolate melting on my tongue.

As soon as I get back to my room, I call Quinn. She answers on the first ring.

"Oh my goddess, Malin, you have no idea what's happened to me today!" she answers.

"If it's anything like my day, it's been overwhelming and exciting."

That makes her pause. "Is Cohen your mate?"

"Yes, is Emerson yours?"

"Yes!" she says and both of us squeal.

"He told you?" I ask.

"Yes, I'm assuming Cohen told you?"

"He did, but not until after Rich almost punched him," I tell her, explaining what happened and that I had stepped in front of Cohen when Rich was ready to attack him.

"Has Emerson kissed you yet?" I ask her.

"No," she says pouting. "I'm hoping he will once dad leaves, but you know how Emerson is. He's so very proper."

The word that comes to my mind is boring, not proper.

"Wait, did Cohen kiss you?" Quinn asks.

There's a knock on my door, and I open it, seeing Cohen.

"Yes, he did kiss me," I say, smiling at him. I step back and let him in. He stays quiet, watching me.

"Oh my goddess, Malin, tell me everything!" Quinn squeals.

'Do you want me to come back?' he mouths to me.

I shake my head, no. I share everything with my sister, but I have every intention of sharing everything with my mate as well.

"It was perfect, Quinn. His lips were warm and soft and he tastes like mom's death by chocolate cake," I say, my eyes on Cohen.

His smile is getting bigger and bigger the more I talk. He takes my hand and kisses it, leading me to the love seat in the room. He sits down and taps his thigh. I'm not sure what he's asking Does he want me to sit in his lap? My father has my mother in his lap all the time.

He gestures for me to sit beside him. When I do, he gently pulls me down so my head is in his lap and he can run his fingers through my hair.

"Malin! Malin, are you there?"

"I'm here, sorry. I got lost in my thoughts."

"How did the pack respond to the news that you're their future Luna?"

"They already knew, Quinn. The whole pack knew. They were taking bets on whether or not Rich would punch Cohen."

"Wow, so it's really happening for us, isn't it, Malin?"

"It is. Are you happy, Quinn?"

"I am. I'm happier than I ever remember being? You?"

"Same. I'm happier than I ever remember being in my entire life."

It's quiet a moment.

"He's there, isn't he?"

"He is."

“Okay, I’ll let you go. Emerson is coming to Shadow Falls tomorrow for some meeting with Cohen and Rich. Take care of my mate for me.”

“You know I will. Love you, Quinn.”

“Love you too, Malin,” she says and we hang up.

“Are you really happier than you’ve ever been in your life?” he asks me. He’s running his fingers through the hair at my scalp then letting them slide through my hair to the ends. Since my hair is long and fine, his fingers slide through easily and it feels fantastic.

“I’m nervous. I’ve never been a Luna before, acting or otherwise, so I want to do a good job for you and for the pack. But yes, I’m happier than I’ve ever been before.”

“Is there anything I can do to make you happier?” he asks me.

I sit up, leaning across his body.

“Kiss me again.”

He growls and it sends a warm glow through my body, straight to my core. I’m not sure how long we kiss, gently caressing each other. Cohen never pushes too far, letting me adjust to this new relationship, but I can feel that his body is responding to mine quickly. Having walked in on my parents way too many times in my life, I understand how potent the mate bond can be.

“Is it hard for you, that I’m not ready for more yet?” I ask him. He’s pulled me into his lap and I’m snuggled up against him, my nose against his throat.

“I get to kiss you, touch you, and taste your sweet lips. Do I want more? Absolutely. It would be a lie if I said I didn’t. But, I know that this is all new to you, Malin, and I want to take it slow. I want to know that on the night that I mark and mate you, that you will be ready for me, ready to take that step and not be afraid of what it will mean. I’m a patient man, Malin, and you’re worth the wait.”

“I want to do everything with you Cohen, but …” I stop, embarrassed.

He pulls back, lifting my chin so I have to look into his glacier blue eyes, just like his father’s.

“But…?”

“I…Well, I don’t have any experience. I don’t know what I’m supposed to do.”

He leans in and gently kisses my lips.

“I don’t have a lot of experience either, you should know that. I have a little, just enough so I was sure that I wouldn’t hurt you when we have our first time together and that I knew enough

so that we're not clambering around trying to figure out what goes where," he says, smiling at me.

I laugh at that. "So you don't mind that I don't know what I'm doing?" I ask.

"I think it will be fun for us to figure it out together. What do you think?"

I smile. I already know that Cohen enjoys having a good time. I'm guessing that this will translate into fun and games in the bedroom while we explore each other's bodies.

"One thing though. If there is ever anything that hurts, that you don't like, then you have to tell me, be honest with me. If we're going to explore and try everything, I need to know if you like it or not. Deal?"

"Deal. Should we try something new tonight?" I ask, feeling daring and a bit heated from our conversation.

He runs his nose over mine. "Like what?"

"Ummm, I'm not sure. Do you have any ideas?"

"I have a lot of ideas," he says, his eyes getting darker.

"Which one would you like to try tonight?" I ask, excited with this new, racy game.

"Why don't we both remove our clothes from the waist up and we can explore each other's bodies, finding out what we both like, where we like being touched, how we like being touched. What do you think of that?"

"That sounds fun," I say, sitting up.

Cohen leans forward, pulling his shirt off. I've seen him without his clothes on before. Nudity isn't something that is unusual in the werewolf world, unless you are one of the youngest daughters to my father and have three older brothers that snarl at anyone that even begins to look at you when you're naked. So, I've seen Cohen naked, but I'm not sure he's ever seen me naked and this close, I feel embarrassed. But he's my mate and I want to do this, so I pull my shirt over my head and then unhook my bra, dropping it to the floor.

I'm so embarrassed that I can't look at him and my cheeks are so hot that they feel like they're on fire.

His finger comes under my chin to lift my head so I'm looking in his eyes.

"No embarrassment. I want no secrets between us. No questions, no second guesses, nothing but truth and love. You are beautiful and I am the luckiest bastard I know. I want you to be confident with me, be who you are, Malin, because you are one hell of a gorgeous woman."

“Really?” I ask.

He takes his time, looking over my chest, lifting his thumbs to stroke my nipples making making me gasp.

“Yes, really. The most beautiful woman I’ve ever met in my life.”

My first night in Canyon Ridge, the first night with my mate is exciting and thrilling. We spend hours touching each other. He finds the spots that make me so heated that I begin grinding on top of him, desperate for a release that I don’t know how to find.

I stroke his body gently, finding the spot where he’s ticklish, the spot that no one knows about but me.

He licks my mate mark, making my body shiver and I find the spot on his neck, when he lifts it for me, that makes his body shiver.

When he finally says we need to sleep, I ask him if he’d be willing to stay the night, curled up around me.

“There’s no where else I’d rather be than by your side, Malin.”

And for the very first time in my life, my first night in Canyon Ridge, I sleep in the arms of a man, my mate, my new Alpha, Cohen.