

Chapter Sixty-Three: A Sudden Shadow

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Damon POV:

The road stretches before us, endless and winding, a ribbon cutting through the darkening landscape as we head back to Red Moon. The Alpha King's proposal still hangs in the air, thick like the storm clouds gathering above. None of us are keen on the idea of bargaining with futures not ours to trade, yet the offer clings to our thoughts, an uninvited specter at the back of our minds.

"We can't seriously be considering this," Axel breaks the silence, his voice tight with tension.

He's driving, hands gripping the steering wheel like he might tear it from the dashboard. Zane, sitting shotgun, rubs his forehead, looking out the window at the passing trees.

"It's not about considering. It's about leveraging. We don't have to decide anything now. But it gives us an angle, something to hold onto if things get worse."

I'm in the back with Adam, who's been unusually quiet since we left the palace.

"It feels like a damn shackle," I mutter, unable to keep the edge from my voice. "Trading a future kid's freedom for a bit of safety now? Sounds like desperation."

"It is desperation," Axel agrees sharply. "But desperate times, right? We're not just fighting some rogue challenge or territory dispute. This is about survival."

Adam shifts uncomfortably, looking between us.

"Isn't there another way? Anything else we can do that doesn't involve... this?"

His voice is hopeful, almost pleading. The kid hates conflict, always has. Before anyone can answer, a sharp pain lances through my chest, so intense and sudden that I gasp, clutching at my shirt. It feels like a hot iron's been pressed against my heart.

"Damon!" Axel glances back, his eyes wide with alarm, but before he can say more, he grunts and swears, his face contorting in pain as he too is hit by the same invisible force as the car swerves around the around before braking just before banging a tree. Zane curses loudly, nearly doubling over as he clutches his chest.

"What the hell is this?"

Adam, untouched but wide-eyed with panic, looks back and forth between us.

"What's happening? Are you guys okay?"

The pain is blinding, debilitating, but it ebbs as suddenly as it appeared, leaving a residual ache and a heavy dread.

"It's her," I manage to get out between strained breaths. "Fuck! It's Phera. Something's happened to her."

Axel recovers enough to keep the car on the road, but his hands are shaking.

"Fuck! What is happening! What are they doing to her. This isn't normal. This isn't just the mate bond reacting. This is something else." His voice deep his wolf on surface alongside him.

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"We need to get back," Zane says, the urgency clear in his voice. "We need to find out what's going on."

Adam's still looking at us, confusion and worry etched across his features.

"But what can we do? If it's this bad, if you can feel it all the way here despite even completing the bond yet..."

Adam didn't need to complete the sentence for us to know what he was applying. If this wasn't my little brother and the phantom pain and thoughts of Phera weren't swirling in my heart right now I would've gutted the motherfucker who dared talk about my Luna that way.

"We do what we have to," I say, setting my jaw. "We get back, and we move heaven and earth to find her. Whatever it takes. Even if it fucking means agreeing to the alpha king"

The car speeds along, cutting through the twilight as we race against an unknown clock. Each of us is lost in our thoughts, the weight of the Alpha King's proposal now overshadowed by a more immediate, more terrifying concern. Phera is in danger, more so than before, and every second we waste, every moment we're not there to protect her, is a moment too long. We need answers, and we need them now. For her, for us, for the very soul of the Red Moon.

Axel POV:

The car swerves abruptly as I yank the wheel around, the tires screeching against the asphalt, a sound that echoes the chaos brewing inside me. My brothers are caught off guard, bracing themselves against the sudden movement.

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"Axel, what the fucking hell are you doing?" Damon shouts from the back, his voice a mix of concern and anger.

"We're going back," I growl, my voice laced with a fury that's been building, a storm ready to break. "I can't—I won't sit by while she suffers. We need to confront the King now, demand his intervention immediately. Any future children will have understand why we agreed."

Zane, who's been trying to keep his cool, finally cracks, his frustration boiling over.

"Damn right. This waiting game, this political manoeuvring—it's bullshit. We need action, and we need it now."

Adam, ever the voice of reason, tries to interject,

"But will this risk his majesty temper? What if—"

"I don't give a damn about the fucking King's temper right now!" My outburst slices through any further discussion.

The road blurs under us as I push the car faster, every turn taking us closer to the Alpha King's stronghold.

"Phera is out there, possibly hurt or worse. Our priority isn't some future political alliance; it's her, here, now."

Damon and Zane don't argue further. They understand, just as I do, that every second counts. The pain that lanced through us wasn't just a warning; it was a direct cry from our mate, a plea for help that I can still feel resonating in my bones.

"We'll stand by you," Damon finally says, his voice firm, resolved. "Whatever it takes, Axel. We're in this together."

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The drive back to the palace is tense, each of us lost in our own turbulent thoughts, but united by a single purpose. The gates of the Alpha King's estate loom ahead, more imposing under the cloak of dusk, shadows stretching long and ominous.

As we approach the guard station, I don't slow down, my grip on the steering wheel iron-tight. The guards step out, hands raising to signal us to stop, but the look on my face must tell them all they need to know. This isn't a courtesy visit; it's a demand for action.

We're barely out of the car when I start barking orders, my brothers flanking me as we stride towards the main doors. "Get the King," I snap at the first official who fucking dares to block our path. "Tell him the Alphas of Red Moon demand an audience, now Thta we accept the damn proposal!"

The official, taken aback by our intensity but recognizing the urgency, nods hastily and disappears into the depths of the palace.

Standing there, in the grand foyer, waiting, the weight of our situation settles on my shoulders like a physical burden. This palace, a place of power and decision, might as well be a battleground today. We're not just fighting for Phera's safety but for the very soul of our pack. The doors to the throne room open, and we're ushered in, the King already seated, his expression one of mild surprise that quickly shifts to concern when he sees the raw anger on our faces.

"Your Majesty," I start, my voice hard as steel, "we need your help. Our Luna, our mate, is in danger. We felt her pain, her distress. We cannot, we will not, wait for

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bureaucratic channels or formal alliances while she suffers. If its a union between our heirs you wish then so be it"

The room is heavy with the gravity of our plea, the air thick with tension and the unspoken stakes riding on this conversation.

We stand ready, a united front, not just as leaders or Alphas, but as desperate mates fighting for the life of the one we love. This isn't just a royal audience; it's a call to arms, and the Alpha King's response will decide more than just our fate—it will decide the fate of the entire Red Moon Pack our fucking heart and soul because if there's anyone who can help us its the king himself.



H.A. Shah Author

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Four more updates coming in the morning!! I'll be updating this story as much as possible in this week to finish it before the month ends if not sooner ❤️❤️
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