

Prologue

Tears fell from Lucinda's eyes as she sat in the foyer of the White Lotus Packs packhouse, leaning against the far wall. She was covered in blood, twin girls between her splayed legs; only born 10 minutes ago. Their umbilical cords, roughly severed and knotted hastily, were lying crying on the oor.

Her eyes were watching a horric scene to behold inside the packhouse walls, the invading Alpha: Alpha Darwin and her current Luna, Felecia, were ghting brutally. He was trying to forcibly claim her, now that he had killed her Mate and their Son, the future heir to the White Lotus Pack.

She could see the 60 women and children who had been huddled in here for safety, inside the packhouse, as the raging battle outside had begun, a battle that had turned into a full-blown s*****r. Alpha Darwin was on a mission for only one thing; the woman he was now ghting with to claim by force.

The s*****r she could hear was still going on outside at this very minute, though she knew it was nearly over, this horrid Alpha was leaving no one alive, it seemed.

Lucinda's mate, the future Alpha, was dead. She'd felt his bond be severed so violently that she had keeled over in pain, a scream coming from her lips, but she'd had to push it down and away; it had been only 30 minutes ago, while she had been delivering the twin girls.

Both of her parents and her brother, all warrior ranked and out there ghting, had been killed. Each bond to them, she had felt severe as well. Her whole life was falling apart here and now, everyone she knew was dead, or dying around her.

She had delivered the twins, Luna Felecia's daughters. She had gone into labour, from the stress of the battle outside, and then the death of her Mate Alpha Jude. Her Luna had shoved them into Lucinda's arms, and rushed off to clean herself up and look as though she had not just given birth; a very strong woman.

"Protect them Lucinda, he'll never pick them as mine if he thinks you birthed them." She had then taken a knife and sliced a wound into the inner, thigh of Lucinda's left leg, not too deep as she was wolf-less. Then she had smeared Lucinda's blood on the two baby girls, to hide her scent from him, and make her dress all bloody to look as though she had given birth without assistance.

Lucinda knew the invading Alpha wouldn't give her a second look, she was wolf-less, not that that had actually mattered to her Mate, the future Alpha of the White Lotus Pack. He'd smiled right at her when he had scented her, walked up to her and touched her face gently "Mine." he growled softly, and she had said it right back.

Then he had leaned down, kissed her gently, winked right at her and sank his fangs into her neck, marking her right there in front of all her friends, as they'd walked home from school. Encouraged her to mark him back right then and there; she had.

He had then proudly walked her into his father's oce and stated "Look what I found." a big grin on his face. This pack had several wolf-less females, it was no big deal being wolf-less, all of them were accepted here in the White Lotus Pack.

Her Luna was losing the battle before her, against the invading Alpha.

Lucinda had orders to follow, and though it was breaking her heart, she knew that she had to follow through with them. 'Lucinda please.' her Luna screamed at her through the mind-link. Begging her to help her, to complete the order.

Lucinda closed her eyes, drew in a steadying breath, focused on the blade that was in her right hand, hidden under the dress she was wearing. The blade was one of hers, she knew it well, it was evenly weighted, a perfect throwing blade. She pulled herself together, focused on every ounce of training she had received over the years.

Lifted the blade, and opened her eyes, locked on her target and threw the blade with all the strength she had, it landed with deadly accuracy, and buried deep into her Luna's back, piercing into her heart, and killing her instantly.

Alpha Darwin roared in anger and shock, shaking the now lifeless Luna in his arms. It seemed he didn't understand at rst, then he thrust her lifeless body onto the ground, and turned to the women and children in the room and yelled. "Who dares kill what is mine?"

No one knew, she was under the Luna's orders to kill her.

Her own Luna, mother to her own Mate, had told her roughly of the history between her and the invading Alpha. That she did not want to be r***d by him, or claimed by him, he had been her rst Mate. He had chosen her, forced her into a bond with him, and his abuse had not stopped until she had run away, and turned herself rogue to escape him.

She would never be his again, would rather die than to be taken to by him once more. She had made Lucinda promise to kill her if this was to be her fate again. She had now fulfilled that promise, and tears were again dripping down her cheeks. The Alpha glanced at her, dismissed her quickly once realizing she was wolf-less, and looked like she had just given birth; paid her the least bit of attention.

When he could not get any of the women to confess to the crime, and tell him which one of them had killed, what was his. Which none of them could, because none of them had done it or knew who had. They had all been focused, as she was, on the horric scene before them.

Alpha Darwin had been set off into a rage like nothing she had seen before, he had hacked off the Luna's hand and used it to lock down the packhouse, with them all inside it, and then had set it on re to burn them all to death.

The women and children around her were all suffering the loss of their Mates, mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters as she was. Only sixty of them left, and now the place was on re around them. Lucinda got herself up off the oor, picked up the crying babies, and tried to remember how to get out of the packhouse.

Through the haze that had become her mind, she knew there was a passage hidden and only accessible to the Alpha family and his unit, all of whom were now dead, bar herself. The women and children were all looking at her, she was suddenly their Luna, their only hope for survival.

Everything was up to her, a wolf-less 18-year-old girl who'd only been marked and mated two days prior to this; the bloody slaughtering of her Pack... Yes, they were her Pack now, she was now, the Luna.

She motioned for them to all follow her, and they did. They went down the hall away from where ames and smoke were billowing into the front of the packhouse, and were already rapidly spreading throughout the wooden structure. That she had called home for the past two days, she took them all down to the basement and into the prison cells. They were rarely used, their Alpha a fair and just man, kindly at all times, only trespassers ended up in here.

The cells were dug into the stone under the packhouse so they would not burn. She closed and sealed the door behind them with her hand print. She had everyone move to the back, away from the door, and then they waited, listening to the packhouse as the walls cracked and collapsed.

Here they huddled together listening until there was nothing left to be heard. She knew that they were all scared, that they all thought they were all going to die down here, suffocate and starve to death, but she knew differently. As the future Luna to this pack, this was the rst thing her Mate Matthew had shown her, and keyed in her hand prints for access to it.

A way out in-case the worst happened, and that day was here. It was today. She looked around the remnants of her pack. They were all scared, emotionally worn out, and still feared for their very lives.

Hours after the packhouse above them stopped burning, she led them down a long secret tunnel that opened with her hand print, and told them to be very quiet; the tunnel led them one kilometer north, away from the packhouse. She was the only one to step out and glance around; it was eerily quiet, not even any animals about.

She could not see the destruction, but could smell it, the smell of burnt wood, the smell of burnt bodies. It was all around her. The ghting and invading Alpha had come from the eastern border of the pack, so west they would go. She knew there was a neighboring pack a few hours' walk from the pack.

A deadly walk through no-mans land, where rogue wolves wander at will, they would have to protect themselves, keep the children in the middle of them and pray they didn't come across any rogue packs. One here or there would likely be okay. There were 60 of them, 48 adults and 12 children, not including her and the twins. She was hoping that would deter a single rogue, even if it was male and they were all female.

The sun was not up yet, the sky still dark, they walked quietly, sadly, away from the place they had called home, a place that had been good to live in. From high on a hill some distance away at the very edge of her packs territory, she turned and looked back. The whole place seemed to have been set on re, not just the packhouse, for there was a deep orange glow in the night sky where the center of her pack would be.

They walked across rogue territory, she carried the twins the whole way, never relinquishing them to anyone who offered to carry them. They were her responsibility. She knew that they were hungry but could not do anything about it. No one could. Their angry crying had nally subsided, and nally they slept.

They reached the neighboring pack, and she sagged down on to the ground, on her knees before their border patrol and begged for an audience with their Alpha. He looked her over; she knew he could tell she was wolf-less instantly. His eyes moved from her to the women and children behind her. They were covered in soot from the burning building, their faces were tear-streaked and some of them looked hollowed out and emotionless. They were all, as she was, on her knees waiting for a response.

It didn't take long for there to be a man and woman standing before her, she could tell it was the Alpha and his Luna. She begged for sanctuary, for her women and children. He had asked who was in-charge of the group, and every one of her pack had pointed at her stated "She's our Luna."

It had shocked him completely; she could see it. A wolf-less Luna was not a common thing, but he could not ignore all of them. Sanctuary had been granted to them, and they had all pledged loyalty and allegiance to him, his Luna and his pack. The Half Moon Pack.

Lucinda's grief from all that she had lost was nally able to hit her full force, and she was not able to pull herself together to look after the twins properly. She gained an audience with her new Luna, Luna Lindy, and begged her to nd a more suitable home for the twin girls, as she couldn't in her grief look after them.

Luna Lindy had asked her to explain fully, and so Lucinda had told her the full story about the twins' birth, who their real parents were and who she was to the girls. Luna Lindy had brought her Mate into the conversation and between them, after her tale was told, they had agreed to re-home the girls. Their Gamma and his Mate had only had one and, though they wanted more, had never been able to produce any more pups. A good home, inside the packhouse, safety guaranteed for her sisters, and that is what they were, her deceased Mates' twin sisters, therefore her sisters.