Chapter 10: Luna's Deception

River Colder

"You've got to be fucking kidding me!" I growled in anger before my fist met one of the trees, easily creating a hole in the middle.

"That's the fifth outsider that managed to cross our border this month. If it wasn't for Aspen, they would have gotten through our stock. How the hell do they keep getting past you and your comrades?!" My anger is getting the better of me and as much as I try to breathe in and out, it's not working

Nothing's worked for the past few years especially when we kept getting bombarded in our own home.

"We're sorry, Alpha. It's just that..." One of the warriors has suddenly gone quiet, biting his lip as if he's stopping himself from saying something which pisses me off even more.

"I don't have all day, Bjorn! What is it?!" I shout out to him and he flinches, slightly making me feel bad.

I wasn't always like this. I was an Alpha that treated his Pack like my own family, someone I would never belittle. But things are different now. So much more different after what happened.

After she was gone...

"Keira! Keira used to be our best night patrol! The warriors looked up to her and trained with her. When she was banished, nobody could mimic her incognito skills. Until now, we still struggle to stay hidden at night because she used to give us instructions, but even Aspen can't figure it

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out." Bjorn finally gives in and confesses what's been boggling his mind, but he looks visibly uncomfortable. 2

He thinks I'll rip him into pieces right now for daring to say her name out loud in front of me. Technically, it's what is supposed to happen after one is banished from the Pack, but if I was to torture or hurt each one who's talked about her these past few years, then nobody would be left.

I guess, not even me.

I let out a frustrated sigh and Bjorn and the others in front of me trembled out of fear. They thought I was going to do something terrible to them, but I just let them go back to their designated areas.

They might as well train and do their goddamn jobs properly.

"Fuck," I growled angrily into the open woods.

These past five years have been tough. I thought it would get better, but it's as if the more I think about it, the worse it gets.

First it was Skye, my little brother. When she left, he had turned into a recluse. It was a whole damn year of him not leaving his room all because of her leaving the White Castle. I had no idea that it would impact him that way, but ever since then, even when he stepped out of his room and went back to being his old self, he never really did become his real old self again.

He didn't hate me, but I felt him harbor a sort of contempt for what I did. On the other hand, Ivy, he definitely hated her. At eighteen years old, he could still act like a child with a grudge around a twenty four year old woman.

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Then it was the Pack protection. It took me years to build our reputation amongst the other Packs and yet in under two years, that all somehow dissipated. For some fucking abhorrent reason, Aspen couldn't manage his warriors the way Keira used to do with the night wolves. It was so fucking frustrating and little by little, this caused a decline in our image.

Eventually, it began to affect our deals and friendly alliances. I knew that if I didn't fix it soon, we would become so weak I won't have a way to protect us.

On top of all of that, my mate, my Luna, as harsh as it sounds, if I could describe her with one word, it would be... useless.

I mean, yeah, the sex is great as hell. I'm a man, I have my needs, and she could definitely fulfill them, but other than that, she wasn't useful with anything. She was a child stuck in a woman's body. She acted like one amongst the other White Howlers which inevitably angered them as she treated others like they were her slaves.

She abused her role as Luna without actually being a real Luna because a real one would know how to help. She was supposed to be beside me, making the Pack better, stronger, but no. All she did was lavish around the White Castle.

But truly, what was the icing on the cake? A horrible fucking tasting cake? My mate couldn't even give me an heir.

Five fucking years and without a single pregnancy to show for.

"Fuck my life," I groaned angrily as I was walking back to our room.

Suddenly, I heard squeals of girls and this made me pause for the sole

+15 BONUS

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reason that the sound was new to me in the sense that the girls were not White Howlers

I knew instantly when I caught the scent of Ivy that it was likely her friends from her old Pack. She brought them here again to use up our resources. Fucking hell.

As pissed off as I was, there wasn't much I could do. Every time I tried to talk to Ivy, she would switch on her pouty look and her face almost looks like she's about to cry that I falter. The fucking mate bond wouldn't let me get mad at her even if I wanted to. The sorry blowjob was a bonus too, though.

Just as I was about to walk away and continue my route to my room to wash up, someone spoke up and caught my attention immediately.

"Wasn't your Alpha in love with someone else before?"

An intrigued smirk formed on my lips. Women and their gossip.

"Oh honey, that's old news. That bitch is far and gone from him."

I hear Ivy talk ill about Keira and a part of me feels somewhat... uncomfortable.

"How are you so sure? You know what they say, the first love never dies." The group of girls giggle and knowing Ivy, she is likely pissed as hell for not believing her.

As much as Ivy annoyed me sometimes, she was still my mate and I did value her. We've been together for five years with a terrible amount of ups and downs, but our connection was forged by the Moon Goddess and I would rather not let her be belittled by her old 'friends'.

Commented [Ma1]:

