

# **Alpha Lucian's Fiery Luna**

## **Chapter 3 - CHAPTER 3 Mate Scent**

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A loud yelling pierced the break of dawn, followed by the icy splash of cold water crashing against her skin, ripping Athena back into painful consciousness.

"Wake up, you cursed!" shouted a warrior, his voice laced with rage and disdain.

Athena flinched. Her body trembled at the sting of the fresh wounds on her back, the iron weight of the chains that bound her wrists, and the creeping coldness that seeped into her bones. She shut her eyes tightly, not just from the physical pain, but from the deeper kind of ache... the one slowly growing roots inside her chest.

Without warning, a tall warrior yanked her upward, harsh and merciless. Her back slammed against the steel post behind her, eliciting a gasp of pain. He unclasped the chains from her bruised wrists with a clang, but there was no relief, only the numbness that followed suffering.

"Ahh!" Athena couldn't suppress the cry that escaped her lips, eyes squeezed shut.

Her body slumped forward, her shoulders drooping with fatigue, as the warrior gripped her arm tightly, forcing her to stay upright.

"Get dressed!" he barked, throwing a ragged piece of clothing at her. A faded, tattered dress that looked like it had been fished out of a dumpster. "You've been summoned to the packhouse. You have duties to fulfill now as a slave!"

Before Athena could respond, another voice cut through the tension like a blade. Deep, startled, and simmering with restrained fury.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" demanded Alton, groggy but alert. He was awakened from falling asleep to where he was standing the other day as he guarded his little sister.

"You don't need to interfere, Alton," the warrior snapped, showing neither respect nor fear. His tone was cold, almost mocking.

"From now on, she works at the packhouse. And you have no right to stop that."

The words hit Alton like a punch straight to the chest. It was as if cold water had been dumped over him, shocking him into stillness. He was the son of a Beta, the one

expected to inherit the title in the near future. And yet, this man spoke to him as though his rank meant nothing.

Guilt swelled in his chest, choking him. It was the same guilt he had carried since that awful day, when he had done nothing to protect the person he was meant to protect.

His jaw clenched. Anger surged, burning his throat with unsaid words.

He wanted to say something. But before he could, Athena spoke first.

"I'm fine, Alton," she whispered with a weak, almost fragile smile.

"Athena..." His voice cracked. "You're still bleeding. You need to be in a hospital, not forced to work. This is insane, this is—"

"I said I'm fine," Athena repeated, softer but firmer and steadier this time. "If this is what it takes to make them stop hating me... then maybe it's worth it. Maybe... someday... this will all be over."

She tried to smile again, but Alton could see it. That smile wasn't hope. It was a surrender.

And to him, that was the most painful thing of all.

What good was being the future Beta if he couldn't protect his younger sister?

Silence fell between them, thick and suffocating.

Then Alton spoke again, his voice barely a whisper.

"...It's your birthday today, Athena."

The words struck her like lightning, freezing her in place. Her eyes widened, lips parting as if only now remembering the date. The day she had once dared to dream about in secret. The day she had counted down to in whispers.

Her eighteenth birthday.

The day of freedom. The day of escape.

But today... It had become the day of surrender.

Alton could do nothing as the three warriors dragged Athena away, pulling her helplessly toward the packhouse. He watched, jaw clenched and fists tight, but he didn't lift a finger to stop them.

In the packhouse, with a harsh thud, Athena was thrown into the kitchen like a sack of meat. Her back hit the floor hard, a pain sharp enough to feel like a thousand needles piercing her spine all at once. She landed face down at the feet of Elsie, the head omega supervisor in charge of the packhouse duties.

"Agh!" Athena groaned in agony, only to be met with a merciless kick to her stomach.

"Get up and start cooking," Elsie snapped, her tone cold as ice and sharp enough to cut. "Everything better be ready before Alpha Johannes and Alton come downstairs. They hate delays... and incompetence."

Still trembling, Athena nodded weakly. She placed her palms against the freezing floor and tried to push herself up, fighting back the tears that threatened to spill.

But just as she nearly straightened her back, another vicious kick hit her side, knocking her back down. Her body curled as she whimpered quietly.

But something shifted inside her.

Her vision blurred, not from tears but from something darker, heavier, and hotter. There was pressure in her chest, like a heart beating out of sync.

It pulsed wild, angry, and ancient.

Suddenly, Elsie saw her standing.

In one swift, unnatural movement, her hand shot out and gripped Elsie by the throat, slamming her against the nearest wall with terrifying strength. The trembling in Athena's fingers was gone. Her touch is now scorching and unrelenting.

Elsie gasped.

The look in Athena's eyes... they weren't hers. They blazed like twin flames, red and unholy like the inferno stared through her.

"You're lucky. Athena is kind," a voice hissed from Athena's lips, though it wasn't her voice at all. It was colder, deeper... something inhuman. "But prepare yourself... because once I take full control of this body, I'll burn the entire Ravenclaw Pack to the ground. With you and every last one of its members. No one will survive."

Elsie began to shake, not from the cold but from pure, paralyzing fear.

This wasn't the meek, obedient Athena she had always pushed around.

The hand around her throat heated further, searing her skin. She winced in pain but still couldn't break free. It felt like electricity and fire were coursing through her.

"Tell anyone what happened here..." Athena leaned closer, her voice like poison. "And the next time I appear... you'll be the first I burn alive."

A thin trail of smoke escaped Athena's lips as she grinned. A wicked, devilish smirk that made Elsie's blood run cold.

Then, as quickly as it came, the fire vanished.

Athena blinked.

The tension drained from her body, and her expression turned confused.

"W-What just happened?" she asked, blinking rapidly, her voice fragile and unsure.

"N-Nothing. Just... get to work," Elsie rasped, stepping back as if bitten by a wild beast. Her hands trembled at her sides. She didn't dare touch Athena. Not now. Maybe not ever again.

Even though part of her wanted to run straight to the Alpha and report what happened, the fear rooted her to silence.

What if that thing came back?

What if she were the first to be set ablaze?

She swallowed her fear and said nothing.

Hours later...

Breakfast had been served. The warriors were gone. Silence filled the kitchen, broken only by the soft clatter of dishes as Athena washed them.

Elsie didn't hit her again, but the commands continued, though her voice had a noticeable edge. A wariness that wasn't there before.

Athena was scrubbing a large pot when something stopped her.

A scent.

It drifted into her nose gently, like morning mist after a thunderstorm. It was earthy and fresh, with a hint of crushed pine and a wet forest floor. It wrapped around her chest and made her heart skip a beat.

Her knees buckled.

Her eyes fluttered shut.

"Mate..." a confident voice whispered in her mind. Slow, deep, sensual. The sound of it made her toes curl.

Meanwhile, down the hallway...

"Althea, I don't have time to waste—"

Clark stopped mid-sentence. His nose twitched. His body tensed.

That smell.

It was sweet, like ripe tropical fruit kissed by sunlight. But grounded by a rich, forest-like musk that seemed to wrap around Clark's senses like a spell.

His wolf stirred violently within him.

'Mate. Mate. Mate.'

Clark couldn't ignore it. Without a word, he turned away from a protesting Althea and followed the scent down the corridor, each step drawn by something primal and magnetic.

His heart pounded in his chest, and a dreadful thought clung to the edge of his mind.

Please... don't let it be an omega. Anyone but an omega...

He stepped into the kitchen, hesitant but hopeful.

And there he saw, Athena. Her hair was a tangled mess. Her skin glistened with sweat. Her clothes are like rags. She turned slowly to face Clark, eyes locking onto him as she was captivated by the scent that just hit her nose.

Athena couldn't believe it. She didn't know whether she would jump for joy, and she was about to when she remembered how the man in front of her treated her. But the pull was so intense that she wanted to jump at Clark, claim him, and mark him.

But Clark on the other hand, in that moment, he knew.

Those eyes... they pulled him in. Like a gravitational force, he couldn't escape.

Clark staggered back a step.

"No! Not you! Never you!" he shouted, his voice filled with horror, the veins on his neck popping with fury.

Inside him, his wolf raged.

"Mate. Claim her. Take her now!"

But Clark fought it with everything he had. He couldn't, wouldn't, accept that his mate was the lowly omega standing before him.

'What am I going to do?' Clark asked himself. He was tempted to go to Athena and hold her in his arms, especially when his wolf wanted that too. Her scent that penetrating his senses was so strong. It was intoxicating.

"No, but I want you..." Clark murmured, but Athena heard him clearly—so clear that she was happy.

But behind Clark, unnoticed...

Althea stood smirking, her eyes gleaming with jealousy, but her lips curved in delight.

"Oh... this is going to be fun," she whispered.