

# **Alpha Lucian's Fiery Luna**

## **Chapter 5 - CHAPTER 5 Rogue**

### **Chapter 5: CHAPTER 5 Rogue**

Athena's entire body aches down to the very core of her soul when she opens her eyes. Every breath was a struggle, as though a burning stone had lodged itself in her chest, weighing her down, paralyzing her.

The room was dim and silent but familiar. As she moved, Athena recognized the feeling and sound of her old cot. She knew she was in her bedroom in their attic.

"Why am I here? How?" her thoughts whispered as she lay motionless.

The last memory she could recall was Clark's icy, mocking stare as he uttered the words that shattered her world—

"I reject you, Athena Higgins, as my mate."

And the silence followed, and the collective breath of the entire pack before they all turned their eyes on her as if she were nothing more than filth under their shoes.

The shock she saw in their eyes wasn't from the rejection.

No.

It was from the revelation that she was the mate of their future Alpha.

A fang of pain pierced her heart once more. There's no greater pain a werewolf could ever feel than the rejection of their mate, the person the moon goddess gifted them with.

Athena shook her head. She didn't want to remember that incident or the pain anymore.

She shut her eyes tightly as if trying to block out the pain. It felt like her heart was being scraped out with a rusty knife.

She is eighteen now. Old enough.

Old enough to shift. Old enough to feel her wolf. Only if it was truly awakened.

So she focused, waiting... praying.

"Hello? Are you there?" she whispered, desperate to hear the faintest response from her wolf.

Nothing.

The silence that followed wasn't just empty. It was suffocating, a quiet that screamed in her bones.

Swallowing the lump in her throat, she slowly pushed herself up, wincing as pain flared in every joint. Her eyes scanned the small room until they landed on something unfamiliar: a backpack sitting by the door.

Her brows furrowed.

"Did I leave that there?" she asked herself, as she couldn't remember ever owning a bag like that.

Trembling, she stood on weak legs and shuffled back to the bed with the bag in her arms. It was heavier than it looked. Inside were a few clothes and a piece of folded paper.

Her heart skipped.

Hands shaking, she unfolded the letter.

"Athena, you have to leave the pack. I believe you'll be safer and happier outside this place. At night, I've seen you practicing the moves you watched as the warrior trained. I know you're capable of protecting yourself. Don't let anyone step on you again. Don't hold back from fighting for yourself. I believe in you."

The words wrapped around her chest like a blanket. Warm and soft but heavy with sorrow. Tears welled in her eyes, spilling before she could stop them.

"Alton... you're the only one left," she whispered.

"You're the daughter of a beta, Athena. That strength runs in your veins. Inside the bag is my ATM card, it has everything I've saved. I'll try to keep adding more when I can. Leave the moment you wake up. I've cleared the path. Just follow the usual route you use when sneaking out at night."

She choked back a sob. Her tears stained the letter, blurring the ink, but she didn't stop reading. Her brother's words were her lifeline now.

"I didn't expect this... but he's right," she whispered shakily. "I can't stay here anymore."

She carefully folded the letter and placed it back in the bag, checking the ATM that Alton mentioned before zipping it shut.

She caught a glimpse of herself in front of the old mirror in the corner. Swollen eyes. Pale skin. And even in the faint light, the bruise on her cheek, Clark's doing, was unmistakable.

Her jaw clenched. Rage flickered beneath her sorrow.

As the minutes passed, she felt her strength returning, not in full, but enough to leave.

She pulled out a worn hoodie from her broken wardrobe, slid it on, and slung the bag over her shoulder.

"You won't pull me back anymore, Clark. You won't break me, Alpha. Mom, Dad, Althea. I'll make you see my worth. You'll be nothing but a stranger to me when that time comes."

She stepped toward the door but froze.

"Athena..."

A whisper. A voice. Behind her.

Her eyes widened as she spun around, but the room was empty.

Silent. Still.

Her skin prickled with goosebumps.

A ghost of the past? Or a warning of what's to come?

She took a deep breath, turned the knob, and crept out. Careful. Silent. Every creak of the wooden floor was a landmine.

Outside, she exhaled, finally. No one had seen her. No one had stopped her.

"One more step... past the territory," she thought.

She knew Alpha Johannes would never approve of her leaving. But Alton had promised. He had cleared the way. She clung to that promise.

She chose the path behind the house, where she used to practice her fights, hidden from the pack's eyes. The earth was cold beneath her feet. She stumbled once or twice and slipped on roots and rocks. But she didn't stop.

Until finally, she stood at the edge of the pack's territory.

She turned back. Just once.

And with a voice steady but laced with pain, she spoke the words that would seal her fate:

"I, Athena Higgins, daughter of Beta Sebastian Higgins of the Ravenclaw Pack, accept your rejection, Clark Jones, as my mate. I also denounce you, Alpha Johannes of the Ravenclaw Pack, as my Alpha."

In an instant, a pain unlike anything Athena had ever known ripped through her chest. She collapsed to the grass, clutching at her heart as if it were being torn apart from within. But she didn't scream. She wouldn't give them that satisfaction.

The flaming red eyes she just had suddenly turned black before her vision blurred. Then, faint but fierce, she heard a voice.

"Get up, Athena. This is not the end of your story."

And guided by the moon's pale light, she rose to her feet.

One step. Then another. Each one was heavier than the last, but she moved forward.

And as she walked away from the place she once called home, she whispered to herself:

"I will live. I will be strong. I will be free. No more family. No more packs. No more, mate. But I have tomorrow, and this time, it's mine."