Alpha Lucian's Fiery Luna

Chapter 6 - CHAPTER 6 Into the Woods

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As she wandered further from the territory of the Ravenclaw Pack, Athena stumbled upon a quiet stream. Exhausted and parched, she collapsed to her knees and nearly plunged face-first into the water in her desperate attempt to drink.

Her heart felt shattered into a thousand pieces, not only from the painful rejection of her mate but also from denouncing her Alpha. Despite what it did to her, she had always believed that the pack was her home, her shield.

But after what happened, she realized she would never get accepted. Especially her parents and Althea, she was an outcast. Now, she was nothing more than a rogue. A target.

A female rogue. Vulnerable and alone.

"I won't stand a chance out here," she whispered, cupping water into her hands and bringing it to her cracked lips. "But... maybe this is better. Maybe... dying out here is still better than dying inside the pack... even if my parents are still there."

She looked around nervously before lifting her gaze to the sky. The moon shone gently above, casting its silver glow over the forest, yet her vision felt sharper than ever.

"Athena..."

A voice.

A warm breath echoed inside her mind.

"Who's there?!" Athena cried out, standing abruptly, feeling the pain all over her body as the water dripped from her hands.

"I'm weak..."

She froze. The voice... it wasn't hostile. In fact, it sounded like it was in pain, like hers.

"Come out. We can stay together.... I won't hurt you," she called out softly into the silence, hoping to reach its invisible owner.

"Find a place... somewhere we can rest."

Athena looked around cautiously. "Where are you?" she asked again, her voice trembling.

"I'm with you... always. But for now, we need to rest. I'll be out for a little longer, but know I'll return."

Confused but strangely comforted, Athena nodded. Perhaps the voice was part of her mind or something else entirely. Either way, she had to keep moving. She needed shelter. Somewhere hidden, somewhere safe.

She didn't know where she was anymore. But one thing was certain: she was no longer in Ravenclaw territory.

Crossing the stream, she made her way into the denser part of the woods. Athena continued walking. Her breathing started to get even, getting used to her exhaustion. She moved slowly, trying not to make unnecessary noise that could attract an unpleasant and uninvited fellow rogue.

Standing beside a huge tree, Athena slowly sat down and decided to stop. Although she wanted to find a place to hide, she also needed to stop for a while, knowing her body needed rest.

With her eyes closed, sleep started to get her, and she was planning to go to her slumber when something snapped her out, making her open her eyes.

Footsteps. Far, but steady.

She paused, her breath hitching. She sniffed the air, trying to identify the source, but before she could register anything clearly, a massive brown wolf emerged from the shadows, standing just a few feet away.

It was huge and a rogue.

Her breath caught in her throat as her eyes locked with the beast's. Its stare was wild and aggressive.

Slowly, Athena began to get up and move her feet.

But the wolf advanced.

And then it lunged.

She barely dodged, rolling to the side and scrambling back on her feet, heart pounding in her chest.

A loud, guttural growl erupted from the rogue wolf, enraged by her evasion.

"Oh, moon goddess..." she whispered. I'm not trained for this... I've never fought before, not for real!

Panic surged. She turned and ran as fast as she could.

Branches whipped her skin. Her legs ached. But she couldn't stop. Behind her, she heard the rogue's claws tearing the earth. It was catching up really fast.

And then, pain.

The wolf reached her, swiping at her with a powerful paw. She screamed as sharp claws raked across her arm. Blood flowed, hot and fast, as she stumbled and fell to her knees.

"Arghh!" she cried, clutching her bleeding arm.

The rogue lunged again, tackling her to the ground. Its weight crushed her chest. Hot breath and the stench of blood filled her nostrils. Its teeth were bared, saliva dripping. Its snout hovered just above her neck.

This was it.

"This is how I die," she whispered, body trembling in terror.

But before the rogue could sink its fangs into her—

A deep, feral growl shattered the silence.

The ground vibrated.

Even the wind seemed to halt.

The rogue froze. Its ears perked. Slowly, it turned its head.

From the shadows emerged another wolf.

But not just any wolf.

A towering, black werewolf, cloaked in shadow, as if the night itself had taken form. Its fur was darker than death, thick and rippling with power. Eyes burned like golden fire. Intense and unwavering.

Each step it took echoed with authority as though the earth submitted beneath its feet.

Athena's heart pounded. Not from fear but something else. Something ancient. Something... familiar.

The rogue snarled in warning, refusing to back down.

But the black wolf didn't pause.

In a blink, it lunged.

Fur flew. Blood sprayed.

They clashed like titans, teeth sinking into flesh, claws tearing through muscle.

Athena could only stare, wide-eyed and breathless, as the two beasts battled. Her body was battered, trembling, and weak. She had never seen such violence or felt such awe.

The brown wolf jumped and the black wolf slammed into it midair. The sound of their collision echoed through the trees like thunder. The force sent both wolves crashing to the ground in a violent tangle of snarling jaws and slashing claws.

They rolled over each other, kicking up dust and broken twigs. The brown wolf recovered first and lunged again, snapping its powerful jaws toward the black wolf's shoulder. Flesh tore. Blood sprayed. But the black wolf didn't even flinch and countered with a savage bite to the brown wolf's flank, making it yelp in pain.

Snarls tore through the night like war cries.

The black wolf was leaner but faster, darting like a shadow and striking with precision. The brown wolf was huge but the black wolf is larger and heavier. Its brute strength meant it could overpower with sheer weight. They danced a deadly ballet, circling and colliding repeatedly, each clash more violent than the last.

The brown wolf ducked under a swipe and drove forward, claws raking across the black wolf's ribs. It landed with enough force to knock the black wolf back several feet.

Athena gasped. Her vision blurred, but she could still see them and hear the bone-crunching impacts and the snarls that echoed.

"No!" Athena shouted while trying to get up when she realized that the brown wolf was after her.

The brown wolf bolted toward her.

"Grrrr," the black wolf's growl was desperate and raw emotion.

With explosive speed, it launched forward and tackled the brown wolf, teeth sinking into the enemy's hind leg. The brown wolf howled, twisted, and bit back, catching the black wolf on the neck.

They both dropped to the ground, locked in a brutal grapple. Claws tore through fur, through skin. The ground was smeared with streaks of red.

The brown wolf, fueled by rage and obsession, threw the black wolf off and made another break for Athena.

This time, it was close.

It leapt, claws outstretched, eyes locked on her heart.

But the black wolf sprang upward and intercepted mid-leap, biting down hard on the brown wolf's neck and slamming it down with a sickening thud.

Dirt exploded around them as they hit the ground again. The brown wolf thrashed wildly, trying to claw free, but the black wolf didn't let go. With a snarl, it twisted its jaw, teeth locked on the spine until there was a horrible snap.

The brown wolf convulsed.

Then fell still.

Its body slackened, legs twitching once... then silence.

Blood pooled around them. The smell of iron and earth hung thick in the air.

Panting and shaking, the black wolf rose. Wounds covered its body, some still bleeding, but it stood tall, victorious.

The black wolf turned.

And for a moment... everything else disappeared.

It approached Athena slowly, its golden eyes never leaving her face. Then, it lowered its head, and their eyes met.

Athena gasped.

Those eyes... Why do they feel like... home?

But the darkness took her before she could process the thought and speak.

Her eyes fluttered shut.

And she knew nothing more.