

Alpha's Blind Luna Online Free

The King's Alpha-Chapter1

I grabbed my duffel bag out of the upper compartment of the plane. I also pulled the suitcase for the woman who was sitting next to

me. She was in her fifties and we had chatted most of the flight.

"Thank you, dear. I never did catch your name."

I smiled at her, setting the bag down on the floor. "Vale, Vale Everfell."

"A beautiful name for a beautiful man." She winked and I laughed. "Thank you for talking to an old woman like me. I know most people in first class take it because they don't want to be bothered. I only do it for the leg room."

Shaking my head, I moved into the aisle and let her take up the spot in front of me. "Honestly, I think my mom books first class for me because she knows I talk too much and would annoy everyone around me. I can't really sleep on planes. So I should be thanking you for dealing with a whippersnapper like me."

Her laugh filled the cabin. "Whippersnapper? Sometimes, you don't seem your age."

"My Grandpa was a big part of my life growing up. There are some things I picked up from him too." I blushed slightly.

"My dear Vale, you have a wonderful trip. Make sure you tell that mom of yours that I said she did a damn good job raising you."

I smiled and nodded. "I will."

The line of people in front of us started to move and disembark the plane. She thanked me one more time before disappearing into the sea of humans that filled the airport terminal. I followed the flow of people to the exit.

I hadn't brought any other luggage than my bag and so I was glad I didn't have to wait for

another bag. It was crowded enough. It smelled of humans and it had been years since I had been in such a crowded place. Not only did I tower

over most of them, they all stared at me. My hair was currently pulled up into a bun but I knew the platinum white color was also a beacon for people to stare. It didn't help that I took after my mom so much.

Taking a deep breath, I was glad I didn't inherit her height. I don't know what I would have done being an under 6' werewolf. Let alone an Alpha. Dad and my brother Tyr still were taller than I was but I was happy with my current height. I knew I was more built than them, so I had that

going for me.

Vale!

My head perked up and I looked around. My face lit up when I saw my mom, standing out even with her 5'6" frame. Her grey eyes somehow had locked with mine but I knew she didn't see me. I strode over to her and wrapped my arms around her shoulders. Her platinum white hair braided down her back. I inhaled her earthy scent. She smelled like home.

"Mom. I missed you."

I missed you, my dear. I'm glad you finally decided to leave that stupid library of yours. Her mind link came through loud and clear.

I laughed, kissing her forehead. "Please. You saw me two months ago. Or do you want me to tell Dad?"

Her eyes widened and then narrowed. "Don't threaten me, son. We know how well that goes."

I chuckled. "I do. I'm sorry. Who came with you?"

Her smile widened and she took my hand,

pulling me outside the airport. My eyes glanced over the line of cars when I saw a man, leaning against the car. He looked immaculately dressed in a suit minus a tie but he smiled at me.

"Grandpa!" I threw my arms around him and I'm sure our little family turned some heads.

He laughed and pulled me into a hug, slapped my back. "Good to see you, Vale. It's nice not having to brave the High Council castle to see you."

My mom smiled and brought her hands up. Her sign language was so fast that it took a minute for me to track her movements. Morgan, my grandpa, had no issues and laughed.

"Everyone knows I would need dragon fire to melt the stones. No one has that shit laying around and if they did, that castle would have been burned to the ground twenty years ago."

I coughed out a laugh. "Please don't. That is still my home."

Both of them turned up their noses at me. I chuckled and shook my head.

My mom signed at Morgan, still too fast for me. He nodded.

"We should head out. Your bother allowed the borders to be opened for us but only for a few hours."

I looked at my mom whose face was solemn. She opened the back seat and slid in. I slid in after her.

My Grandpa scoffed. "Fine. I'll be chauffeur. It's fine. I'm dressed for it."

My mom smiled brightly. Her hand came up and touched my face. She brushed her fingers over my face and up into my hair, squishing my bun a couple times.

You're so grown up.

"What's it like feeling the male version of

yourself, Auri? Cause frankly, it's shocking to me how much you took after your mom." Morgan pulled out of the airport lot

"I mean, Tyr, Freya and Syf all took after Dad. Tyr is literally the carbon copy of Dad. I don't think it's all that odd that someone had to take after her."

I felt the shift when I mentioned my brother. My eyes narrowed. "Guys, what is going with the pack?"

Morgan cleared his throat and looked into the rearview mirror at my mom. "Auri?"

She shook her head and I threw up my hands. "I'm gonna figure it out eventually. I already get the feeling Dad and Tyr don't know I'm coming, do they?"

My mom nodded slowly and I rolled my eyes.

"It's been a little stressful around the pack. So we didn't want to add to it." Morgan kept looking at my mom in the rear view mirror.

Her face didn't change. It was a mask, showing no emotions. I'd seen it too many times to not be able to pick it out. Something big was going on and it wasn't good.

"You didn't ask me out to."

No, sweetheart.'

Her head turned to me and she smiled. My mom was the strongest person I knew. She still, without telling my dad, would run missions for the high council. It's how I still was able to see her every few months. Since I was sixteen, five years ago, I moved to the High Council's castle in Germany. My mom ended up raising me after I had my first shift, nearly solo. Like my mom, I got my wolf Naresh at twelve.

When my wolf came, my dad and my brother started to alienate themselves from me. At first, I thought it was something I did. Something that I could fix or control. My mom explained it wasn't. That's when she sat me down and told me about what it meant to be an Alpha King. That Dad and Tyr were struggling to deal with the fact that they felt submissive to me.

Tyr, the older brother who I loved and followed around, started to ignore me. He taught me so much but suddenly turned his back on me, yelling and getting upset if I did something or came near him. For years, I thought I would be his beta. We would run the pack together. Everything changed though and even when I explained multiple times I never wanted to take the pack away from him, he felt threatened by

me.

My mom ended up breaking up a challenge that he issued to me. I wanted to show him I didn't want the pack but Tyr was serious. It left us both scarred and our relationship never mended after that. Not even when he took over the pack

officially. Dad tried harder, tried to be there for

me. He loved me and I knew it. Cato also did. We were special in his eyes, taking after mom. But it became hard while mom was teaching me to control my presence. How do you handle baring your neck to your own son when he was only thirteen?

Mom used to laugh and say it was the same way she used to order him around but he never found it funny. She was my rock. Teaching me to fight, to control, to be better and to actually embrace who I was; that I was chosen. When I was

sixteen, my dad and mom gave me a choice. She could continue my training, focus on building on the basics that she instilled in me or I could go with the high council. Stay with them, learn from them. I chose to move to the high council. I thought it would help Tyr, help Dad.

I looked out the window, my eyes narrowing as we weren't heading in the direction of home. Grandpa pulled up to a house with a wrap around porch, surrounded by the forest but the clearing itself was devoid of trees. It had a huge garden though, rows and rows of different plants. Mom opened up the door and got out, as did Morgan. This place was on the far edge of the territory of the pack and I wondered if it even was on the territory.

"Mom?"

She walked up the steps and opened the door leaving it open for my grandpa and I. I grabbed my duffle but he stopped me.

"Your Dad's been at the pack house. He's been staying there for a couple weeks. Helping your brother."

"Grandpa, what is going on?"

He had a sad smile on his face. "Your mom and Tyr got into it. Badly got into it."

"What happened?"

He shook his head. "I don't know the specifics. She won't go into it but he issued an official challenge. One she felt she couldn't refuse."

"She kicked his ass, didn't she?"

Chuckling, he nodded. "It wasn't even fair. But...your Dad stepped in. He..."

"He backed Tyr. Whatever the issue was."

My grandpa nodded again. "He challenged her again. Same as Tyr. Cato was not happy and apparently refused to help."

I shook my head. "Of course, he lost too. Dad couldn't even beat Mom in his prime. Did he think he could beat her now?"

"I think he thought she would submit."

I snorted. My mom never submitted. Dad should have known better than that. She was his mate, but if anyone asked who the Alpha really was in the family, everyone would point to her. She couldn't see, couldn't speak, didn't have a wolf, but she had an aura that, to this day, still brought people to their knees.

"So she's been out here? On her own? Grandpa, that's."

"Her choice. She said the other house was lonely. Your sisters have been gone and while she could have gone to stay with them, or your uncle Ty or even your Aunt Maddie, she said she still will protect this pack."

I sighed and walked up the stairs with him. He shut the door behind us. The house looked like a showroom. Everything was light, airy, pops of color here and there. It felt like a vacation home but not a real home.

There is the bedroom at the top of the stairs to the right. That's yours.' Mom was banging around in the kitchen. 'Go drop your stuff, wash up, and I'll have dinner ready when you come down.'

"Thanks, Mom."

I nodded to Grandpa before heading up the stairs. Surprisingly, the bedroom she put me in felt less like a showroom, more homey. It had darker tones and the furniture was a little older. I smiled, seeing some stuff from my old room scattered around.

Throwing my bag on the bed, I headed into the bathroom. It was tiny compared to the one back at the castle but the shower head was actually above me,

which could not be said for a lot of hotels and homes I'd stayed in. I leaned against the tile, rinsing off the grossness I felt whenever I traveled by plane.

My mind wandered a bit to my dad and brother. What the hell they were thinking going against

mom, for one? But two, why mom was so adamant enough to fight the both of them? We used video chat often, allowing her to sign while we talked. She hadn't ever mentioned any issues with the pack. It obviously wasn't enough to be brought up in the high council meetings or I would have known about it.

My role was not on the High Council itself but I was a figure of power. In some cases, making decisions for packs of individual werewolves coming in. Things that wouldn't necessarily be deemed High Council worthy to step in but definitely something a king should handle.

The High Council boasted the best collection of supernatural books, history or otherwise. I learned from the kings of the past. It wasn't until my dad was born with the gene, did a king not sit on the throne to rule. The High Council still did not know my mom had received the Alpha King gene from my dad way before the end of his rule. The books just say it got passed to me. Not that mom died the day she birthed me, which then transferred the gene to me. They just knew I was born with it. ①

Now, while I didn't have a pack, or a throne per say, I stepped up as a leader. Twenty-one was young but Naresh and I had knowledge of the kings past running through us. Along with the Alpha King presence they couldn't be ignored. I was the Alpha King, no matter who liked or disliked it.