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ALPHA EDWARD

Edward's cell phone rang, pulling his attention from the sky.

His warriors were already on the move, shifting back into human form and dressing in combat gear.

He nodded in approval. A feeling of danger and an unknown threat had swept through them all, and it was smart to take precautions.

"Alpha Edward Oru," he snapped into his phone.

"Alpha, this is Ronald Harbo of Neutral Region Two. I apologize for the late call, but we're witnessing something here we've never seen before. I hesitate to declare it an emergency, but we aren't sure what's happening.

"Can you advise?"

Edward occasionally gave counsel to the leader of the neutral territory between packs Oru and Luko, sometimes even meeting the passive wolf at his restaurant.

He knew immediately why he was calling. "We're aware and are watching it now."

"It's...very serene. Are you feeling that?"

"Serenity is not what we're picking up," Edward snapped. "You don't have the senses an alpha has, but there's been some kind of massive shift in the natural order."

He was aware of the rumors—Pack Oru was falling apart; Alpha Edward was a greedy, two-faced alpha who always had an ulterior motive—but he didn't appreciate the doubt in Ronald's tone.

Or what it implied.

Edward was now their last resort for information. But only because Alpha Luko scared the shit out of everyone.

“I’ll call Alpha Luko and see if he’s picking up anything.”

“Um...” He could feel Ronald’s nerves through the phone. “We believe it’s coming from his pack lands, but...we were leery of reaching out to him.”

Edward and Carson exchanged looks. Dread filled the silence between them.

“I’ll call you back, Ronald,” Edward barked into the phone.

Edward felt a low-key threat through the pack link, and the warriors started shifting in response.

Suddenly, Carson opened his mouth in a silent scream, his eyes rolling back in his head.

“Carson!” Edward growled, his nails and canines extending in response to the wave.

But his son was already on the ground, claws gripping the earth as his back arched. A fierce roar tore from his chest, accompanied by a burst of alpha energy that knocked several warriors off their feet.

LUNA HAZEL

Hazel stood at her front door, looking on in alarm as her husband and son shifted along with the rest of the guards.

She’d followed them out when the sky had lit up, and had been enjoying the golden light show until—

A sense of dread flooded her bones when the phone rang in the house.

She hurried inside to answer it. “This is Luna Hazel.”

“Luna, it’s Taylor. I’m sorry to bother you, but I’m worried.”

“Stay inside. Close up the house. No one knows what’s happening, but both the alpha and Carson are shifting. I’ll come sit with you as soon as I can.”

She hung up and went to the window, watching as her mate's and son's two gigantic wolves took off, followed by a large group of warriors.

She reached out to Edward, but he didn't respond. Then she felt the pack link lock down; no communication allowed. The sense of threat and panic cut off abruptly, along with everything else.

Hazel quickly packed a few things in her bag and asked her group of escorts to take her to Carson's house. Carson wouldn't want Taylor to leave, so Hazel thought it best to go to her.

The drive was quick with the pack lands so quiet. With the link locked down, everyone knew to stay in their homes behind reinforced doors and thick walls. And windows with bars that could be secured from the inside.

Hazel felt much safer once Taylor let her inside.

After the last of her fierce protectors left to guard the outside, Hazel put the extra braces on the door, then let out a breath and went into the kitchen, where Taylor was sitting at the table, eyes wide.

"Why don't I make us something to eat? Relax, we're safe." Hazel wasn't sure who she was trying to convince more, herself or Taylor.

She tried nudging Edward through their private link again, but she was blocked.

ALPHA EDWARD

Edward and Carson and a large group of their best warriors ran to the border, keeping an eye on the pulsing sky.

Edward pushed himself to the limit, doing his best to hide his weakness and pain from the others. But his son wasn't fooled. He was modulating his own pace to make Edward's lack of speed less noticeable.

When they arrived, he sent Beta Jacob and a smaller group of warriors on a small scouting mission along the border fence.

"What do you think?" Carson asked him as they stood side by side, watching the sky.

“I think we have a fucking problem. That is definitely coming from Luko’s land. And the lack of contact from the Canavers is a huge indication that something’s going on.”

Carson straightened up to his full height and puffed out his chest. “I think we should stay here for the next couple of days and send a scouting group into the part of the neutral region that butts up against Pack Luko’s western border.”

“That’s thinking like an alpha. I’m proud of you, son. It’s a good idea.” He gestured to the sky. “Now tell me your thoughts about this.”

“That light was a blessing from the Moon Goddess for a graced luna.”

Edward snapped his head toward his son. He knew in his soul that there’d been a shift in the wolf world—and his pack was not in the Moon Goddess’s favor. But that didn’t mean he wanted to be right.

“How do you know this?”

“I’ve been studying.” Carson flashed him a wicked, shark-toothed grin. “Just like you suggested.”

CARSON

Several large trucks pulled up with the tents and provisions. They’d been following the group on an access road.

Smiling to himself, Carson watched his father go up to the first truck and give the driver some instructions. It wasn’t often he got one over on his dad.

He’d been studying graced lunas in secret, gearing up for Abigail’s return. So he knew what must be causing this golden glow and the pulses of power.

A ceremony of some kind, though he couldn’t remember exactly what it was for.

He’d never been much of a scholar, but he recalled reading that the Moon Goddess would bathe the lands in a golden light upon a graced luna doing...*something*.

His wolf suddenly surged forward; all this thinking about graced lunas was making him *pissed*. His need to get Abigail overwhelmed Carson, and he started to shift.

“Carson! Pull in your wolf. Now!” he heard his father bark, followed by a vicious warning growl.

Carson fell to all fours, battling with his wolf. It was minutes before he was able to stand, but he successfully took control. He rounded on his father, eyes glowing red.

“Get Michael and Fiona back here. *Now.*”

His father raised his hands. “I’ll give them a deadline, thirty days. I have to play nice. Once we get them here, we can lock them down.”

“Call them, or I will,” Carson snapped.

His father pulled out his phone. It went straight to voicemail.

“Michael, Fiona,” he said into the microphone. “I hope you’re enjoying your time with Abigail. I’d like you to return as soon as possible so Carson doesn’t slip back with his training. I’m formally requesting a call back.”

Carson nodded. All he cared about was getting Abigail, his true mate, back, and having her parents under his control was an important first step.

Abby belonged to him, and nothing was going to stop him from getting her back.

Not even if it took a war.