

The Hidden Luna Queen

Chapter 100

Third Person POV

Three days later...

The night was still throughout the kingdom. The citizens slept peacefully in their warm, comfortable beds without a care in the world, only dreading the rising of the morning sun, when work and responsibilities beckoned for their begrudging attention. Families were at ease, having gone to bed knowing that their loved ones were safe and well under the watchful eye of their mighty Alpha King.

On the border dividing the werewolves from the bear-shifters, however, it was anything but silent.

Low, menacing growls emerged from the thick throats of the bear-shifter troops, in all their monstrous, terrifying glory, while a small nighttime patrol of werewolf forces valiantly attempted to stand their ground against an enemy over thrice their size. What they lacked in brute strength, they made up for in numbers... but even that was not enough to withstand the unexpected assault they faced.

If they kept at the battle, they faced every chance of losing.

"We must retreat, Alpha!" one of the wolves howled. "There are too many of them, and all reinforcements are miles away!"

"Yes!" another whined, grunting in pain. "We need to regroup so we can live to fight another day!"

The alpha in question, however, refused to back down. "Only those willing to accept failure choose to retreat!" he countered with a growl, the forceful determination in his deep voice forcing every wolf in the vicinity to listen. "Unless we're down to a single soldier left standing or we're buried six feet under, then we still have a fighting chance!"

A chorus of nervous, yet roused murmurs began to stir from the exhausted soldiers under his watch.

"We will not allow those damn bear-shifters to take even an inch of our territory!" he spat with a powerful stomp of his foot. Slowly, his icy blue eyes started to glow in the dark of the night, illuminating his righteous wrath. "Everyone we know and love is counting on us to keep them safe! We will not let them down!"

The murmurs grew louder and louder with every word from their commanding officer, encouraged by his unwavering resolution. "We will show them just what it means to be wolves!"

Murmurs turned into barks and howls of fervent agreement as angry paws dug at the ground, antsing to fight.

The commanding alpha's muscles rippled, his muscularly-endowed body giving way to the brilliant silver fur of his powerful wolf. A loud growl emerged from the depths of his throat as his pristine white teeth extended into thick, sharp fangs, bared and ready to tear into the flesh of his enemies.

Despite being in awe of their alpha, the wolves quickly readied themselves at his order.

"Now-ATTACK!" he roared with a mighty howl, throwing his head up to the moon as the soldiers in his stead howled in response, bristling and teeming

with adrenaline and the urge to follow their orders. The wolves charged at their bear enemies

-as static buzzed on the battle radio inside Alpha King Arlan's office.

As he sat at his desk, wrought with nerves and fury, he had been listening in on the battle the moment it happened. The assigned alpha on duty had the brilliant foresight to connect to the king's channel as soon as danger made itself known, allowing the king to be actively aware of the situation at hand.

King Arlan paced around his room, unable to keep still knowing his men fought miles away. "Keep them at the border!" he yelled through the radio intercom. "We must contain this at all costs!"

"we're trying, Your Majesty!" the alpha on the other line growled, distracted by the battle. "There are

And then the line went quiet, tense with heavy breathing.

King Arlan gritted his teeth. "Damn it, what is going on?!"

"Shit "the commanding alpha cursed, heavy with dread. "More are coming... prepare yourselves, men!"

Panic surging throughout his body, King Arlan swiftly summoned his royal beta to his side. "Samson! Bring my sons immediately!" His fists clenched white at his sides, trembling with anticipation. "We need everyone aware of what's going on!"

MAEVE POV

Alright... I let out a small, tired breath of relief as I gazed at myself in the large vanity mirror. It's all black again...

It had been almost a week since I had last dyed my hair, possibly longer than that. To be honest, I always lost track when it came to this tedious task. Father and Victoria had instilled in me at a very young age the habit of darkening my hair every week, and it quickly became such a deep-rooted muscle memory that I found myself moving even without thinking.

If I chose to put it off any longer, my roots would have started to grow out again.