

Luna of the Menae

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Chapter 1

Marco's POV

"Don't pull the trigger."

My name's Marco Sanchez.

"Don't. Pull. The trigger."

I'm twenty-four years old. I'm a werewolf. My wolf's name's Clash.

"Don't pull the fuckin' trigger."

I got a beautiful fiancé. Her name is Musu Goba.

"Did you fucking hear me?!"

We're gonna have pups soon. Twins. A boy and a girl.

"Marco!"

And if I manage not to pull the trigger on my pistol and murder my Alpha, maybe I'll get to see them someday.

"MARCO! YOU LISTENING?!"

"CLASH, I HEARD YOU! SHUT THE FUCK UP, ESE! I'M TRYNA CONCENTRATE!"

"Marco, I can't take the voices anymore."

"I just need you to focus on stopping me so we don't kill the Alpha."

"She tricked us. We trusted her and she tricked us. And you told her to leave!"

"Not now, Clash. We gotta focus on stayin' alive and not killing anyone."

The gun is shaking in my hand, pointed at my Alpha. I'm tryna lower it, but I can't. I wanna lower it, but one of the Luna's sisters just used some sorta magical bullshit to force me to keep it on him. It's taking all of my wolf's strength to stop me from pulling the trigger. She's gone, but that bitch's voice is bouncing around like there's a million of her in my brain.

The metallic scent of blood is thick in the air. It's stingin' my eyes. Or maybe it's tears? It don't matter. The other puta just killed my female Beta, and it feels like a hole is burning itself into my chest cause the pack bond is breaking.

I stood there with my gun ready and couldn't do a fucking thing. I watched these brujas [witches] slice her in half with magic. Kas, my Luna, let her. She just stood there and watched. Lenora wasn't just our female Beta. She was Kas's sister-in-law. I trusted my Luna, and she turned on me. She watched those bitches command me to shoot the Alpha and didn't do shit about it. For a second, I thought she was gonna stay and not follow the creepy ass hands sticking out of the portal she made. I told her to leave. Ain't nothin' good would come from her staying.

There's running coming from the hallway. Milo, my Beta and Reggie, my Gamma come running into the room. When they come through the door, it's like a balloon pops.

I ain't never let my gun hit the ground before, but it ain't in my hands no more and for the first time in my life, I'm cool with that.

I just ran a thousand miles. That's what it feels like. My heart is pounding like a sledgehammer, sweat's pouring down my face, and every muscle in my body feels like it's on fire. At least the voice in my head ain't there no more. Now it's like my brain is empty.

I try to throw my head back and howl with my pack when they mourn for Lenora, but I can't catch my breath.

"Stand up and honor her if you ain't got a voice." Clash is tryin' to give me energy, but his voice is all chopped up. Whatever that bitch did messed with my wolf, too?

I pull myself off the floor onto one knee and lower my head, but a hand around my throat stops me. I get lifted up and off the ground like a rag doll and slammed into the wall. I can feel the drywall behind me crack. Suddenly, I'm lookin' straight into the eyes of the Alpha. No, not Alpha Bronx Mason. Worse than that. His wolf, Saint.

"WHERE'S MY MATE!?" He snarls at me with onyx eyes and thick canines.

If you ever think you been scared, no you haven't. Not unless you was lookin' straight at this face. All I see is anger and hate. It's rolling off him so thick I can feel it. Shit. I can practically taste it. It's kind you hear horror stories about. The kind you see on tv, makin armies drop bombs on innocent people.

I'm tryna shake my head, but he's got me around the neck too tight. I should be showin' my neck to him, but he got his hands wrapped too tight around it. Blood is dripping onto my shirt from his claws. Clash can't heal me fast enough to stop it.

"I don't know, Alpha." My instinct is telling me to grab his thumbs and snap them. Clash won't let me. We can't hurt our own Alpha.

"WHERE IS SHE?" He pulls me toward him and slams me into the wall again. It knocks the wind out of me, but if you think I ain't gonna answer, you crazy.

"She didn't say. She tricked me, Alpha. She fucking tricked me." I barely understand my own words. It feels like he's gonna pop my head off like a grape, but I at least I'm tellin' him the truth.

My vision's getting dark. I can't believe I'm gonna go out being choked to death by my own Alpha. He's more than just my leader. We've fought together in wars. We've saved each other's lives. I've protected his wife for over two years. He trusted me to teach her how to protect herself and fight.

I trusted her. Right up until she turned her back on our whole pack. What happens to my mate? To our children? Will everyone think I'm a traitor? What the fuck did I just do? Goddess, why'd you lead me down this path?

"Bronx, don't kill him." Gamma Reggie tries to pull him off. "He might have information we need. You can't kill him. We have to find out what he knows."

My friends from the pack guard come running into the room. Some are in wolf form, others in human form.

"Alpha? Where did they go?" They look around, trying to find the bitches that killed Lenora.

"It was the Mavri Magea." He answers, but he's still glaring at me. I feel his grip lighten up a little. "All of them. They did this to my sister. How many pack members did they kill?"

"So far, we've counted thirty-seven. We're still doing a headcount to see who's missing." Someone answers. The guards look at me, then at each other. "Alpha, where's the Luna?"

"Collar Marco." He snarls. "Take him to the dungeon."

Fuck. I'm screwed.

"Alpha, what?" Tyree, the Luna's other guard, steps forward and looks at me like he's confused.

"YOU WANT TO JOIN HIM, TYREE?!" The Alpha uses his Alpha tone and lunges at him, but Reggie holds him back. I fall on my hands and knees when he lets go. The air rushes into my lungs and makes me cough. I'm finally able to expose my neck, but it's too late. "ARE YOU A TRAITOR, TOO?"

"No-no Alpha. I-I'll get it right away, sir." Tyree runs out of the room and I feel my chances of getting out of this get smaller.

I slide my hands over my face while they're all distracted and send a mindlink. "Musu, mi Corazon. Tell me you're safe."

"Marco, mon loup [my wolf]! Where are you?" Her sweet voice rings in my mind. "I'm in the bunker."

"Whatever you hear about me, it ain't true, Musu. You know me. I'm ain't no a traitor." I talk as quick as I can. "I don't got a lotta time, but I love you and our pups. With all my heart. I love you."

"Marco, what?" I cut the mindlink before she can ask me what's happening. I don't know what the Hell to even tell her.

"Bronx, you didn't answer Tyree." Gamma Reggie sounds hesitant. "Where's Kas? Was she taken prisoner? We need to get a team together to search for her."

"Spread the word. Kas Latmus committed treason against the Blood River pack. She stood by and watched the Mavri Magea murder Lenora. She willingly walked through a portal to join them. If she wants to clear her name, she will return and defend herself against the accusations." The Alpha announces. He squats down and grabs the back of my neck. "Marco helped them. He held me at gunpoint. Lenora tried to stop him, but you did exactly what that bitch told you to do. Didn't you, Marco?"

Fuck.

"Yes, Alpha." My voice hitches. It's the truth. If I argue, he'll snap my damn neck. If I agree, I'll get collared. I don't know which is worse.

Tyree runs back into the room just in time to stop the Alpha from asking more questions. "Alpha."

I look up and see he's got on thick leather gloves. He's holding a silver collar with sharp spikes running around the inside. They're just long enough to pierce the skin when the collar's locked in place. It blocks you from being able to mindlink. The front of the collar has shackles, with a few short links. Just long enough for your hands to hang six inches in front of your face. Silver is poisonous to us. If it touches your skin, it burns you and your wolf can't heal it. Some people say if you wear it long enough, your wolf can't talk to you. You get slowly poisoned until you die alone.

"Tyree, why don't you prove you weren't helping them?" The Alpha stands up and sounds smug. "Go ahead and collar Marco for us."

"A-Alpha?"

"Go ahead. If you are loyal to the Blood River pack, you'll have no problem collaring a traitor. Right?"

"Yes, Alpha." Tyree takes a knee next to me. I hear the lock jingle as he unlocks it. Under his breath, he whispers. "Bro."

"I did what he said, Tyree." I mumble and keep my head down. "Go ahead. I ain't fightin' it. I'll deal with the consequences."

"I'm so sorry, bro." Tyree murmurs. I squeeze my eyes shut when I feel the heat of the silver on my skin. After just a few seconds, the pain sears around my neck. I sit up on my knees and let Tyree take my hands and lock them into the shackles. I can feel the Alpha glaring at me, but I don't dare look at him. The silver sizzles when it touches the skin on my wrists. I can already smell the flesh burning.

"Put him in the soundproof cell." The Alpha crosses his arms. He sounds deadly calm with his orders. "I don't believe for a second that he doesn't know where Kas is. Milo, check on him once a week to see if he's ready to talk. Collar stays on until he's ready to cooperate. One meal a day. Other than that, no communication. No visitors."

Tyree and Reggie hoist me up by my armpits and take me down to the dungeon down the backstairs. At least they giving me that bit of respect. No one's gotta see them locking me up.

"Guys, check the binders in her office." I murmur as we walk down the stairs. "She keeps everything in the binders."