

Chapter 2 of Luna of the Menae

My name is Marco Sanchez. I'm a werewolf. My wolf's name is Clash. I'm twenty-four years old. I've been in a soundproof cell in the dungeon of the Blood River pack house for ten days. I'm charged with treason, but I'm innocent. If you get this message, tell my fiancé I love her. Don't tell her my I've been wearin' a silver collar since they threw me in here. Don't tell her the skin has burned away from my wrists. Just tell her I love her.

My name's Marco Sanchez. I'm a werewolf. My wolf's name was Clash, but I think he's gone now. I'm twenty-four years old. I think I been in a soundproof cell in the dungeon of the Blood River pack house for thirty days. I lost track of time. They charged me with treason, but I'm innocent. If you can hear me, tell my fiancé I love her. I think our pups were born. Don't tell her I'm dying. Just tell her I love them.

My name's Marco... Sanchez. Marco Sanchez. I'm a werewolf. I'm twenty somethin' years old. I can't fuckin' remember. They got me in a soundproof cell. I don't know how long it's been. They think I'm a liar. I told 'em everything I know, but I'm still here. Somethin' changed in the air. Another prisoner. I sense 'em. Tell my fiancé and pups I love 'em.

I'm Marco. I was a werewolf, but I don't got a wolf no more. I'm somethin' different now. I'm in a cell and no one can fuckin' hear me. They don't feed me no more. The lights flicker and I don't know if it's real or my spirit leavin' this world. I don't know how much longer I got to be alive. Not long. Tell my girl and pups I never forgot them.

I had a name, but it's gone. I don't know if I'm close to sleep or death. I hear talking. If it is the ferryman, I should stand and wait for him. If it's the Moon Goddess, maybe she heard my prayers. Maybe she came to show me mercy.

I drag myself off the floor and stand up and look out the little window. There's a light out there. It ain't the ferryman. It's war. He looks like my old Alpha, but I know better. I'll go out fightin'. I throw my shoulder against the door and kick it, but he don't even look at me. Fucking coward.

I'm just gonna lay on my back with my hands on my face. They all forgot about me. I die alone. Maybe I already did.

The lights flicker again, and my heart is being ripped out of my chest. I wanna lower my hands and cover my chest, but they numb from the shackles. I wanna roll over, but I'm too weak. I used the last of my energy bangin' on the fuckin' door.

I don't know if I ever cried before, but I can't. I don't know how.

I was a werewolf. A howl. That's it. I can do that.

It's soft and weak, but it's all I got left. I let my eyes close. Time for me to go. Ain't nothing left for me, anyway.

"Come on, big guy. Your heart is still beating. I know you're in there." A voice calls me from the darkness. "You've been pardoned. Time to get you the hospital wing."

I try to open my eyes, but the light's too bright. For the first time ever, my hands fall away from my face and the burn around my neck ain't as bad.

"Bro, how are you so damn skinny and still so heavy?" Someone grunts and I'm lifted off the ground onto a pile of feathers.

"Musu?" It's the only word I remember, but I don't know what it means.

"Don't worry. She's waiting for you, big guy." A hand touches my shoulder. "Hang in there, Marco."

Marco? I know that word.

"Mon loup, wake up, my love." A beautiful sound. Small sparks of electricity under my skin. "There's two little ones ready to meet you."

I take a deep breath. Sofrito and platanos maduros. I ain't never smelled something so good before. Between the sounds, and the electricity, and the scents, I have to see what's happening.

The most gorgeous woman I ever seen is holding my hand to the side of her face. Una belleza de ébano [An ebony beauty]. My wrist's got a bandage on it, but it don't hurt anymore. There's bright light behind her. It makes her ebony skin... sin tacha [flawless]... and glow on the edges. She looks like she was crying. I can't let that happen. I move my hand to wipe her tears away. I hope it don't scare her.

"Por favor, no llores. [Please, don't cry.]" I think it's my voice. I ain't never heard it before though.

She leans on my hand and smiles at me. My heart beats faster the longer I look at her.

"Doctor, he's awake."

An old man stands next to her. He's dressed in blue. "Welcome back, sir. Can you tell me your name?"

"Me llamo...?" What is my name? Did I ever have one? "Mi nombre es Alpha?"

"No, that's your bloodline, son. Probably the only reason you survived the last four and a half months." The man pats my chest and chuckles. "What's your given name?"

I think about it more. “Musu?”

“No, I’m Musu, mon loup, but we need you to tell us who you are.” The stunning woman is Musu. Her name is just as beautiful as she is. “It’s a test. A test you need to pass to be able to come home.”

“Quién es Kas? [Who is Kas?]”

The doctor and the woman named Musu look at each other.

“She’s our Luna.” Musu squeezes my hand. “What about you? Who are you? Do you remember English or only Spanish?”

Our Luna? That’s important. I just can’t remember why. “Mi corazón estaba roto.”

“Your heart was broken?” Musu looks at the doctor. “Maybe he means when the pack bond broke?”

“Or when she went through the portal?” The man shrugs at her and looks at a paper in his hand. “Alright, I think that’s enough for now. We’ll try again later. Why don’t we get you something to drink? We’ll start with water. If you can keep that down, we’ll get you some clear juice and work our way up.”

Drink?

“Tengo mucha sed. [I’m so thirsty.] Sí, Gracias.”

“The nurse will bring it right away.” He writes somethin’ down and leaves. Musu looks at me like she’s worried.

“Que pasa, Señora?” Someone so beautiful should have no worries.

“You’re only speaking in Spanish when we’re speaking to you in English. I guess it’s a concern for another time. Just hearing your voice again is like heaven.” She smiles again and my heart beats faster. She pushes a button on the side of the bed. It makes me sit up and I can see the whole room. She stands up and goes to the corner of the room and takes a blanket out of a carriage. “Would you like to meet your children?”

The scent of mango gets stronger when she gets closer with the blanket. She puts it in my hands and flips it open. There’s a baby inside. It has dark curly hair and a deep skin tone. It opens its dark brown eyes and looks at me and makes a little squeaky sound. My heart jumps.

I look up at Musu with my mouth open. She smiles and brushes her fingers on my cheek. “This is Inez. She’s your daughter.”

I look down at the baby in awe. Una niñita? My baby girl. I touch her hand and let her grip on my finger. “Mija es fuerte. [My girl is strong.]”

Musu comes over with another blanket. She moves Inez to make room and puts it on my arm, then pulls it open. There’s another baby. It smells like toasted coconut. Same dark hair with wispy curls at the ends. Its nose and eyes are a little wider set and its skin tone is lighter than Inez.

“This is Deago. He’s your son.” Musu sits on the side of the bed and smiles at me.

I have a son? How is this possible? I look at the little boy and the little girl. “Mellizos [twins]?”

“Yes, twins. They’re ours.” Musu leans over and brushes her hand over Deago’s head. “He has your attitude, and he hates wearing clothes, just like you.”

“Mijo es como yo? [My boy is like me]” I look at him again. He yawns in his sleep and growls. His yawn makes me yawn.

“Haha!” Musu’s laugh rings like an angel’s voice. “Comme le père, comme le fils [Like father, like son.]”

I pull them closer to me and give each of them a kiss on the forehead.

I’m a father? These are my children?

A whisper of a voice speaks from inside my mind and tugs at my attention. “Protect our pups.”