

The Alpha's Moon Child by Nocturnes Moon

Chapter 2

Meeting Xavier “Let her finish her job before you mess with her.” Carl was about to argue with him, but he cut him off. I am in charge, and you will listen to me. She needs to feed the prisoners and clean up here. “I can’t stop you from messing with her after your shift because the Alpha allows it, but I can stop you while you’re on duty and I am in charge.” The guard looked at me and gave me a nod to go ahead and continue my duties. I was thankful for him at that moment, but I knew later that night I wouldn’t be so lucky. As I walked down the stairs, I braced myself for what I may see. I expected to see my stuff scattered and torn to pieces, but to my surprise, it wasn’t. I quickly fed the other four prisoners and then walked up to the cell next to mine. He was sleeping in the back of the cell. Then I noticed that he was holding one of my books. It was a book of poetry I had found in the trash in the common room in the pack house. Something had spilled on it, and many of the pages were unreadable. However, what was readable was beautiful. He must have heard me because when I looked back up, he was staring back at me. I jumped and almost dropped the bag of food I had in my hand. Quickly I looked down at the ground and pushed the food under the cell door.” I am sorry. I didn’t mean to scare you, little one.” Little one? I thought to myself, why would he call me that. I took another glance back, and only then did I realize just how big he actually was. He was easily all of 7 feet. He stood up and introduced himself as Xavier Crescent. Crescent. Where had I heard that name before? Xavier POV I couldn’t believe I had let myself get captured so easily. I had become lazy in my retirement. Or perhaps I had become too comfortable in the 288 Wouchers belief that our pack and especially myself could ever be captured by an Alpha as weak as this one. But they had to have had help; he thought, someone that knew the secrets of his pack. While the Amber Moon Pack was sensitive to silver, it wouldn’t render them helpless like other packs. Wolfsbane as well wasn’t as effective. It would have taken much more than just the usual to take

him down as they had. There had to have been someone else involved, a witch perhaps, maybe the Eventura Clan. Those vampires would give anything to watch them fall, even if it meant working with a pack of cutthroat wolves. None the less he now had to focus on getting out of this mess, My mind was going a million miles a second, and I needed something to focus on to calm myself. Looking around the dirty gray cell I couldn’t help but notice the cell next to mine. It looked like someone lived in this one full-time. There was a make-shift pallet-type bed and a small collection of items. There was a worn book of poetry that had fallen from its resting place and into my cell. I decided that maybe some light reading might help me ease my mind. The next thing I remember was the squeaking of the door. I could tell it was dark; I must have been asleep for well over 8 hours. It was the woman from this morning, and from the scent on the book, I could tell that the cell next to mine was hers. I slowly opened my eyes and watched her hand out the food to the other prisoners. I had not noticed I was staring at her as intensely as I had been until she turned to me and our eyes met. She jumped back and

squeaked. It was cute, but it also worried me that making eye contact scared her so much. I could tell she was a human by her smell, but there was something off about her scent, I couldn't tell what, but there was something I just couldn't put my finger on. I watched her as she slid the bag of food under my cell door." I am sorry little one. I didn't mean to scare you," I said. She looked my way, confused, almost like she didn't understand why I would be sorry for scaring her. 11.92 Meeting Xavier 283 Vouchers I picked up the bag and looked inside. I was pleasantly surprised by the contents, a ham sandwich, a bag of chips, a container of some type of leftover casserole, and a cookie. At least I will have a full stomach tonight. After eating, I watched as she cleaned the basement quietly every so often. She would glance up at the clock each time and furrow her eyebrows a little more. What was she worried about?

11:33 Secrets Come To Light