

Chapter 3

Author: Lana Mora © 2024-10-29 19:42:56

Olivia's POV

The heavy iron gate slowly slammed shut behind me.

The thud of metal echoed in the basement, like a final verdict on my fate.

Chill air rose from the ground, sending shivers down my spine as goosebumps rose on my skin.

Just when I thought I was gonna be alone in the dark forever, I heard footsteps approaching.

Beta Jeffrey showed up holding a dim oil lamp, the flickering light dancing on his stern face.

I looked up at him, a glimmer of hope welling up inside me.

"Jeffrey," I called out, my voice echoing in the empty cell, "you know I'm innocent, right?"

He avoided my gaze, a helpless look on his face.

"Luna Olivia, I..." he hesitated, clearly torn between loyalty and justice.

"Please get me outta here," I pleaded, my voice shaking a bit. "This isn't right."

His eyes showed sympathy, but it was soon replaced by determination.

"Luna Olivia, I'm sorry, but I can't defy the Alpha." His voice was low, laced with a hint of helplessness.

And just like that, I was left alone in this cold, dark cell again.

The next day, I was woken by the light seeping in through the cracks in the door.

With the sound of the key turning, Beta Jeffrey walked in.

Standing at the doorway with a frown, he piped up, "Luna Olivia."

After a moment of hesitation, he went on, "Alpha Marsh wants me to ask if you're willing to apologize to Emily."

I looked up to meet his gaze before firmly replying, "Not gonna happen. I didn't do anything wrong."

"I get it, Luna. But Alpha..." he sighed.

"Enough," I interrupted him, "I know you mean well, but I'm not gonna say sorry for something I've never done."

Jeffrey fell silent.

A while later, he added, "If you refuse to do it, Alpha Marsh won't let you out."

Not feeling like arguing with him, I just shut my eyes.

He let out a sigh and walked out, closing the door shut.

The silence returned, yet the agony and fury kept simmering inside me.

I called out to my wolf in my mind.

She just replied with a whimper. Apparently, she was as hurt as I was.

Just then, a bold idea hit me.

"We should end things with Marsh," I told her.

Elara countered, but her protest got weaker and weaker.

I could feel her pain and her disappointment with Marsh.

"I know it's tough," I continued, "And our company has merged with his. We can't just leave now. Without money and pack, we'd end up as rogues."

Just when I was trying to figure a way out, I felt a rumble at the pack border.

This rumble mostly represented danger and invasion.

I rose to my feet, listening carefully.

As the rumble grew stronger, I could feel the unease in the pack.

I closed my eyes in the basement, trying to mind-link the shifters in the pack.

Mind-link was a special gift for werewolves. It enables us to communicate through the mind.

I concentrated and soon sensed the alarm from the pack guards.

Their voices sounded urgent and horrified, telling me that there was a rogue attack on the pack border.

"Beta Jeffrey," I urgently called out to him through mind-link.

"Let me out, I'm the Luna. It's my duty to protect our pack!"

After a moment of silence, Jeffrey's voice finally came through.

"The cell and the gate have already been unlocked, Luna."

I immediately dashed out, my heart beating like a drum as I ran down the dim corridor.

When I arrived at the pack square, all I could see was complete chaos.

Many shifters were retreating in a panic, fear written all over their faces.

'Time to join the fight,' I told myself.

I shifted on the spot, my silver fur shining under the sunlight.

As I raced towards the pack border, a sense of bloodlust boiled inside me.

As soon as I got there, I saw five rogues attacking our guards in their wolf form.

Their eyes flickered with wildness, their claws flailing in the air.

Marsh had shifted too, and he was fending them off with all his might.

Without hesitation, I joined the battle.

Just then, Emily let out a scream.

Her shrill, panicked voice caught Marsh's attention.

Distracted, he took a swipe from a rogue.

Despite howling in pain, he didn't retreat.

Another rogue, noticing me, made a lunge. I nimbly dodged to the left, avoiding his claws.

As he turned to face me, I leaped onto his back, all swift and decisive.

With my front paws gripping his fur, I sunk my teeth into his neck.

In the blink of an eye, I took him out.

Then, I turned my focus to another enemy.

This rogue appeared stronger, with a fierce gleam in his eyes.

Instead of fighting him straight up, I started circling him, looking for a weak spot.

When he was trying to attack me, I sprang up and landed a solid kick to his gut with my hind legs.

Then I spun away, dodging his counterattack.

My cooperation with the pack guards was perfect. Whenever a rogue attempted to breach our line, one of us would step in to deliver a lethal blow.

Finally, the fight wrapped up with all invaders down except one escaping.

I shifted back to my human form behind a tree and put on the spare clothes.

The minute I returned from behind the tree, I heard Emily's cry.

She rushed towards Marsh and then turned around to accuse me, "It's all your fault! You're the reason Marsh's hurt!"