

SECOND CHANCE LUNA

Chapter 14

“Miss Phoebe, can I take Jack?” one of the older girls swam up to her.

Phoebe handed off the two-year-old with a smile. The older girl often helped wrangle the younger pups so she felt confident in letting her

handle the toddler. Watching the pups, Phoebe smiled, letting herself relax. It had been a rather unusual week.

“Phoebe, rogues,” Mani suddenly spoke up.

~ ~

‘Where?’

“They just crossed our northern border.”

Phnaho wadad hack tn chara arahhin har towel and hurriedly drying before pulling on her jeans. She didn’t want to appear panicked as

“They just crossed our border. You should raise alarm with your warriors,” Phoebe said, pulling on her shirt. “Pups! Let’s go!”

“But we just got here!” the pups protested.

“Rogues! Now!”

The pups immediately rushed back in without further protest. The lack of panic surprised Cameron and Noah as the kids reached the shore,

wiped off most of the water before pulling on their o_ clothes, leaving their o_ shoes.

“Kyle, run to the packhouse and raise alarm. Go!” Phoebe ordered, taking Jack.

The oldest and fastest of the pups immediately sprinted off into the woods. Though Phoebe sent warning through the pack's link, she knew

from experience many would ignore it as it didn't come from a high-ranking wolf.

"How far is the border?" Cameron asked as Phoebe swaddled Jack in his towel.

"Roughly five miles," Phoebe said.

Cameron grimaced. For a wolf, five miles was nothing, but for the pups, even half that distance could take a while. Even as Noah alerted

their warriors, the pups broke into pairs with older ones guiding the younger ones as they disappeared into the woods.

"Where are they going?" Cameron asked, wary of leaving the trail.

"Cutting through the forest saves almost half the distance," Phoebe explained.

"But the traps..."

"They know where they're located so they can avoid them."

Cameron stared at her, slowly comprehending her words. This was not the first time the pups evacuated the pond. Quite probably, Phoebe

practiced this drill with them several times. It explained why neither she nor the pups were panicked despite the threat heading their way.

"You two..."

"We'll stay with you, Luna," Cameron said. "Alpha will skin us alive if we let rogues harm you or the pups."

Phoebe nodded as she clutched the two-year-old to her chest and took off into the woods with the dedicated warriors close behind her. As

she ran she called out warning for traps in their path.

"Stay away from that tree! Avoid that log!"

Behind her, Cameron and Noah struggled to keep pace. Despite remaining in human form, she was fast and agile, flitting through the woods like a fairy and avoiding deadly traps with ease.

“Cam! Noah! Where are you?”

“Heading south, Alpha,” Cameron answered. “We're taking a shortcut through the woods, but there are a lot of traps.”

“Phoebe...”

“Luna is leading the way. I can't believe she knows where all these traps are.”

“Stay with her! We're headed your way. Keep the link open!”

Follow on NovelEnglish.net

Jason's desperation filtered into the link. It had taken their Alpha so long to find his Luna, they understood his anxiety at the mere thought

of losing her. But they wouldn't let that happen. Their pack needed its Luna. They would make sure she made it home.

Behind them, they heard the rogues' hunting howls as they found their discarded belongings, but there were no answering howls from the

Rimrock's warriors. Where were they? Shouldn't they have felt the intrusion of the border as well? Unless...

Their Alpha and Beta were concerned Rimrock was not maintaining its borders. If the border markings were weak then rogues could

infiltrate without the pack knowing unless they were as close to the breach like Phoebe. No wonder she sent a pup on ahead to raise the

alarm.

The howls grew louder and they realized any aid would come too late. Sharing a look, the warriors suddenly came to a halt, turning back

the way they came. Phoebe paused with her escort, giving them a curious glance.

“Keep going, Luna,” Cameron said. “Take care of the pups. We'll take care of the rogues.”

“But you don't know how many there are.”

“It doesn't matter. It's a warrior's duty and honor to lay down their lives for their pack and Luna.”

Phoebe hesitated.

“Go Luna!” Noah said, shooting her a nod. “Now.”

Phoebe bit her lip before turning and running with Jack still clutched to her chest. Noah gave his partner a look as they faced the

approaching howls. Each of them was more than a match for two or three rogues, but if they were surrounded they could still be

overwhelmed. What was important was to buy their Luna as much time as possible to get to safety.

“Cam! Noah! We're still six miles out!”

Cameron grimaced, “The rogues are only two, Alpha.”

“Reinforcements are on their way!”

“It's all right, Alpha. Just focus on Luna. She's gone on ahead. We'll hold them here.”

“Cam...”

“He's right, Alpha,” Noah seconded. “It's our honor to lay our lives down to protect our Luna.”

They abruptly closed their link to focus on the task at hand. Six miles was nothing for their Alpha to cover even in human form. Their Luna

would be safe. They just needed to buy her a few minutes. The pair pulled off their shirts, tossing them aside. They stood in a small clearing,

giving them some space and ground clear of traps. It was as good of a spot as any. Without a word, they shifted, their wolves shredding the

last of their clothes as they stood side-by-side.

Ravenous and foaming at the mouth, the first of the rogues broke cover before coming to a sudden stop at the sight of a pair of mottled

gray wolves. The trained warriors were almost twice the size of the mangy rogues with a clear advantage in strength as well as size, but the

rogue's desperation wouldn't make it an easy fight even for two veterans.

"Might as well get this started," Noah growled, leaping on the attack.

Planning your weekend reading? Ensure you're on noveLLSs.com for uninterrupted enjoyment. The next chapter is just a click away,

exclusively available on our site. Happy reading!

Phoebe darted through the woods pausing when she heard the rogues' howls change and she knew they had found the warriors. She bit

her lip. If only she could have given them more information.

Mani's connection to the territory was stronger than most others and often sensed intrusions before even their elite warriors. Not only that,

she could usually estimate the size of the opposing force with relative accuracy. But the pack's borders had deteriorated, making it difficult

for even Mani to sense the encroaching danger.

"They'll be fine," Mani said. 'They are trained fighters.'

"They aren't immortal.'

"Maybe we should have stayed to help. You're a good fighter.'

"And what were we going to do with the pup? Fight with it in our teeth?"

Phoebe grimaced, holding Jack close. She could have given him to one of the older girls, but carrying the extra burden would have slowed

them considerably. In all their drills it worked best for Phoebe to carry the pup.

“Do you know how many of them there are?”

“More than five. Maybe ten?”

“Ah!”

Phoebe stumbled to a stop at the pained cry. She was within a half mile of the woods border with a clear path to the packhouse, but she

could hardly ignore the call for help. Turning left, she plunged toward the sound.

“Oww! It hurts Blake!”

“Don’t worry. I’ll get you out!”

Blake crouched down, pulling on the edge of the rotten log, trapping his sister. Emma whimpered, tugging at the wood as well, but her foot

was hopelessly stuck. It had been so long since they came this way they had forgotten the placement of the traps and almost stumbled into

one. To avoid it, she had stumbled to the side and ended up in another kind of trap. Blake grunted, trying to pry away the log, but he didn’t

have the strength to widen the opening.

“Blake, you’re too little,” Emma said, wounding his pride. He was the big brother.

“Blake! Emma” Phoebe exclaimed as she reached them.

“Miss Phoebe!”

“What are you doing here!” Phoebe handed Jack to Blake who struggled to hold the pup as he watched her seize the log. Phoebe pried

apart the rotten edges, breaking the hole wider and freeing Emma's foot with ease. Checking the pup for injuries, she said, "You two are

supposed to head directly to the packhouse, you know that."

"But if we go there Luna Kristie won't let us into the safe room," Emma said. "That's why we were going to your house."

Phoebe frowned. Like all werewolf homes, her parents built theirs with a hidden safe room in case of sudden rogue attacks. The entrance

was a trap door hidden in the pups' closet. As with all drills, Phoebe had taught them how to open the hidden door and lock it once inside.

In some ways, it was more secure than the packhouse room, which was neither hidden nor secret.

"My house is three more miles away. You know you need to go to the nearest safe point."

"But Luna Kristie..."

"Luna Kristie would let you in with me," Phoebe said. "I was right behind you."

The pups fell silent. That was true. Despite the difference in status, Kristie could never contradict Phoebe when she made her decisions. On

the other hand, Phoebe had no difficulty in defying Kristie's orders when she chose to. Perhaps that was why they didn't get along.

Helping Emma to her feet, they suddenly froze as a rogue came crashing through the undergrowth and stumbled to a halt. Its glazed eyes

settled on them. Phoebe pushed Emma behind her as she stared at the hesitating rogue.

"Where did it come from?*

"Must have slunk off when the others faced those guards," Mani answered.

Though they didn't share a direct link to either Cameron or Noah, they had spent enough time with them to establish a temporary bond.

Through it, Mani could sense the warriors were very much alive and still fighting, though they couldn't mindlink them.

"Blake, take Jack and Emma and run to the packhouse, now."

"But Miss Phoebe..."

Follow on Novel-Online.com

"Now Blake! Run!"

Awkwardly clutching the two-year-old, Blake grabbed his sister's hand and pulled her in the direction of the packhouse. The rogue growled,

its gaze following the retreating bodies.

"Hey! Don't look at them! Look at me!" Phoebe demanded, raising her hands to get the rogue's attention again. The rogue's gaze snapped

back to her.

"Good. Now what?*

Mani could handle the rogue, but it was not without danger. And how would she explain what happened when she was supposed to be

wolfless? Even with their second chance mate now present, she felt Mani's reluctance to show herself. Stay and fight or run?

"We can't let this one near the kids."

"West," Mani suggested. 'I sense our Mate there.'

Phoebe shivered at the thought of the mate they only met yesterday. After one meal, she felt so at ease with him, so much so she agreed to

let him spend the night. All night long, he held her and for once she felt perfectly safe. She couldn't recall a night she slept half so well. Even

now, his scent lingered on her clothes.

The rogue in front of her snarled, readying for the attack. Phoebe's eyes shimmered silver as she waited. Not until the wolf sprung forward,

did she bolt to her left, running west. No longer burdened with the two-year-old, Phoebe was much faster as she weaved through the trees.

Her sharpened gaze picked out the gleam of traps with ease. She had run through these woods many times and knew where they were

located.

A thought occurred to her. She started cutting closer to the traps, skirting them by inches, hoping to catch her pursuer off-guard. Yet, the

rogue kept pace, its feet narrowly avoiding the traps it couldn't see in its eagerness to catch its prey. Cutting around a tree, Phoebe was

finally rewarded with the sound she wanted: a sharp metal snap followed by a piercing yelp.

Phoebe skidded to a stop, catching her breath as she turned. There, the rogue lay on its side stunned for a moment before it struggled to its

feet. The chain clanked noisily as it pulled at the trap firmly clamped on its leg. It whimpered as the silver burned and festered in its wounds,

slowly leeching into its bloodstream. So in pain, it seemingly forgot about Phoebe as it struggled.

Phoebe winced as it bit at its leg and twisted, trying to shake it free. It growled and whimpered as it struggled, its glazed eyes finally settling

on her. Phoebe stepped back as it bared rotting teeth.

The silver would eventually kill it, but it would be a painful death and would take hours unless it managed to bite off its leg. It would

probably still die. The thought of anything suffering so much pain was intolerable. She couldn't simply leave. Even if it was a rogue, it

deserved the dignity of a quick death.

"Easy," Phoebe said, slowly approaching.

The rogue watched her approach. Pain seemed to make it blind, or perhaps that was its madness. Wolves that went rogue eventually lost

their mental faculties. Since they spent most of their time in the wild, they remained in their wolf forms for extended periods. Gradually, they

forgot how to shift back. Their ability to link and communicate faded. Eventually, they forgot they were ever human.

How quickly this process happened depended on the rogue and whether they spent time in human cities or joined a group, which would

help them maintain their mental awareness. There was also a possibility of joining a new pack, depending on the circumstances that forced

them out in the first place. If enough joined together and staked out an independent territory they could even form a completely new pack,

though that was rare. By the look of the one in front of her, Phoebe knew this rogue was too far gone to be saved even if they treated its

wounds.

“I’ll make it quick, promise.”

The rogue watched her, wary and uncertain. When Phoebe was within a few feet it suddenly lunged, gnashing its teeth and aiming for her

throat. With a shout of surprise, Phoebe stumbled back.

Snap!

Pain coursed through her as another trap’s silver teeth sunk deep into her leg. Phoebe fell back with a cry. She could feel Mani surge

forward, trying to lessen the pain even as the rogue readied for another attack.