

Chapter 2

Lorna POV

“Lorna!! Wake up!! Lorna!”

I jolted awake to nd the only kind eyes in the pack staring down at me. Mrs Clarke.

“Quickly child, it’s morning, you must hide! The Alphas are due to arrive any moment!” She continued to whisper shout as I slowly pulled myself round. Exhaustion still pulls at my subconscious, as is common of late, then realisation suddenly occurs, and I bolt upright almost knocking dear Mrs Clarke over. She caught herself just in time.

I hasten to gather all my things and remake the bed. What a fool I was, I hope this room won’t be occupied as I’m sure to be in trouble as soon as my scent is discovered all over those buttery sheets.

Running from the room with Mrs Clarke hot my heals, and hands full of cleaning products we dash to the back stairs just in time.

Alpha Gregory and Luna Margot reach the top of the others stairs, just as we drop out of view. They disappear into the rooms checking they are ready.

“My darling, what a wonderful job you have done preparing the quarters. You must have been cleaning for weeks to get them so nice. How lucky our pack is to have such a gracious Luna” Alpha Gregory exclaimed to a preening Luna Margot.

Mrs Clarke pulls me along, almost tripping over my feet. “Quickly! Quickly! We must hurry or you will be discovered. I have hidden food and water in the old wardrobe that at entrance to the cellar. You know the rules, the Alphas will be here for ve days, there is enough food for you to last at least half that and I will get more to you in a few days. Only move around the cellar at night, and what ever you do, do not go outside” Mrs Clarke took a large breath at the end of her speech. It is the same speech I always get, and the same rules I always follow. These are the only times when I feel like I can rest without fear, and where I have no chores to do.

Five whole days to myself, with the chance of regular meals when I’m hungry and not just when I’m permitted to eat whatever is left.

“I know Mrs Clarke, do not worry, I will see you in a few days” for the rst time in as long as I can remember, I smile. The promise of ve uninterrupted days of solitude too good to let pass by without one, or perhaps it is the prospect of dreaming of that white wolf again.

I take my usual route to the cellar, making sure to cover the grate, with the ostentatious and wildly over fragranced potted plants, then make my way through the crawl space. I do sometimes wonder about the look on Luna Margot’s face if she were to ever realises that those awful plants contribute to why they can’t nd me when I disappear. No wolf with a heightened sense of smell would ever go near them willingly.

I’ve been so tired lately, more than usual. I feel tired all the way to my bones. Despite having stolen a few restful hours of sleep, I’m already exhausted and desperate for more. I seek out a comfortable spot near the boiler pipes and drift off back to sleep.

.....

Dreaming

.....

The lush green elds of moss beneath my feet, coated in dew only found on the crispest of mornings, a haze all around as my feet carry me towards the lake. The moon setting on the distant horizon, pinks and oranges streaking across the sky. Dawns kiss on the landscape.

A feeling of calm washes over me, cleansing me, healing me. Like the caress of a loved one. A comfort that I long to feel.

A stunning Blonde wolf sits on the shore, watching my approach, pulling me towards him. Such majesty and power radiates off her aura yet the look in her eyes matches my own. Longing. Like two halves of the same spirit, drawn to each other.

Each step drawing me closer, but not quickly enough. My steps come, faster and faster until I’m running towards her. Some part of me knowing that’s where I’ve always been running to.

Finally, I’m mere steps away, gazing into her eclipsing green eyes. Eyes like my own. Warmth encompasses me. She stands, closing those last few moments between us, so tall before me. I should feel scared, I know I should. Yet the feeling never comes. Instead, she leans her forehead against mine. Fur so soft yet coarse as well.

A word echos inside my mind, a voice I do not know, yet is somehow familiar to me.

“Athena”

.....