The Alpha King And His Chosen Luna

Chapter 197

Churn

A day of answers

(Isla)

Caius and I walked back to our quarters together. The afternoon had settled quietly over the pack house, and neither of us was in any hurry to get anywhere. My thoughts were still on the training ground, and I already knew I'd be thinking about it for the rest of the day. I wasn't sure I'd ever look at a simple symbol the same way again.

When we stepped inside, I closed the door behind us and looked at him.

"I think we've earned a shower."

A smile spread across his face.

"I think we have too."

I walked over and slipped my arms around his waist.

"Together?"

"I was hoping you'd ask."

I laughed.

"I thought you might."

We headed toward the bathroom together, letting the warm water wash away the dust from the training ground. By the time we finished and changed into clean clothes, I felt refreshed. My hair was still damp as

I stepped back into the bedroom. Caius was fastening the buttons on a fresh shirt.

He reached for his jacket.

"I need to spend some time in my office," he said.

I looked at him.

“Work?”

He nodded.

“A few things need my attention.”

I smiled.

“I suppose being Alpha King doesn’t stop just because we spent the morning training.”

“It doesn’t.”

He picked up the journal from the table.

“I’ll see you later.”

“I think I’ll go and find Sera.”

He looked at me.

“Bored already?”

“A little.”

A small smile appeared on his face.

“I didn’t think you’d admit that.”

“I’ve already trained with you today. If I stay here, I’ll spend the rest of the afternoon thinking about tomorrow.”

“I don’t doubt that.”

I laughed.

“So I’ll let you work while I keep Sera company for a while.”

“I’m sure she’ll appreciate the company.”

I stepped closer and kissed him.

“I’ll see you at dinner.”

“I’ll see you then.”

I waited until Caius was out of sight before leaving our quarters.

Clan

The walk through the pack house gave me a chance to clear my head, but it didn't work. Every time I stopped thinking about the symbol, I started thinking about the silver light instead. I wasn't sure which one stayed with me more.

The infirmary was quiet when I stepped inside.

Sera was putting fresh bandages away.

She looked over as the door opened.

"Isla."

"Hi."

She smiled.

"What brings you here?"

"I was looking for someone to keep me entertained."

She laughed.

"You came to the wrong place."

"I don't believe that for a second."

Sera laughed again and set the bandages aside.

"If you're looking for excitement, the infirmary isn't the place."

"I don't know," I said. "I think you hide all the interesting things in here."

"I do no such thing

"You'll never convince me of that."

She smiled.

"So, what really brought you here?"

"I didn't want to sit in my quarters all afternoon."

"That sounds unlike you."

“It probably is.”

She studied me for a moment.

“Something happened today.”

I couldn’t hide my smile.

“Is it that obvious?”

“It is.”

I laughed.

“I’ve been smiling that much?”

“You have.”

I looked down for a second before meeting her eyes again.

“Caius started training me this morning.”

Her eyebrows lifted.

“He did?”

I nodded.

“We spent the whole morning with the journal.”

“And?”

“I used my gift.”

For a moment she simply stared at me.

“You what?”

“I actually did it.”

Clown

A smile spread across Sera’s face.

Isla…”

“I know,” I said. “I still can’t quite believe it either.”

She stepped closer.

“Start from the beginning.”

I laughed.

“I was hoping you’d say that.”

So I told her everything.

From the moment Caius opened the journal to the first symbol he showed me, I told her how nothing happened at first, how I kept trying, and how the silver light finally answered. By the time I finished, Sera hadn’t interrupted me once.

She looked at me for a long moment.

“I knew this day would come.”

“You did?”

She nodded.

“I just didn’t know when.”

I smiled.

“Neither did I.”

“You should be proud of yourself.”

“I am.”

The words came easier than I expected.

“I’ve spent so long wondering what being a Celestial wolf actually meant. Today finally gave me an answer.”

Sera smiled.

“And there will be many more.”

“I hope so.”

“There will.”

She rested a hand on my arm.

“You’ve only just begun, Isla.”

I smiled.

“want to keep learning.”

Sera smiled at me for another moment.

“I think this calls fortea.”

I laughed.

“Is that your answer to everything?”

“Almost.”

She disappeared into the small room at the back of the infirmary before returning with a kettle.

“I’ve learned that good conversations usually happen over tea.”

“I won’t argue with that.”

A few minutes later we were sitting at the table with warm cups between us.

The room was quiet.

Outside, I could hear pack members passing by, but nobody came inside.

Sera wrapped both hands around her cup.

“Alpha King Caius will make a good teacher.”

“I know.”

“He won’t rush you.”

“He already told me that.”

She smiled.

“Then trust him.”

“I do.”

She nodded.

“Learning something this important takes time.”

I smiled.

“I know it does.”

I looked around the infirmary.

“I just realized I haven’t been back here since my ankle and back finished healing.”

Sera smiled over the rim of her cup.

“You wouldn’t need to.”

A day of apar

Haughed.

“I suppose not.”

“They healed exactly the way hoped they would.”

“I’ve noticed.”

“You don’t even think about them anymore, do you?”

I shook my head.

“No.”

“And that’s a good thing.”

“I think so too.”

I looked down at my cup for a moment.

Not that long ago, I’d spent more time in this room than anywhere else outside our quarters. Every visit had been about healing, pain, or trusting that my body would recover. Now I was here because I wanted the company, not because I needed treatment.

I liked that.

So much had changed in such a short time. As I sat across from Sera, I realized my thoughts weren’t on everything I’d survived.

They were on everything still waiting for me.

The weight of a king

The Alpha King And His Chosen Luna

Chapter 198

The welght of a king

(Caius)

The walk to my office gave me enough time to leave the training ground behind.

At least, that was the plan.

It didn't work.

Every few minutes my thoughts returned to the silver light that had answered Isla's touch. I'd always believed the journal would respond to her one day. Seeing it happen was something else entirely.

I set the thought aside as I stepped into my office.

Work came first.

Pryor was already waiting beside my desk.

"There you are."

"I told you I'd be here."

He handed me the first report.

"Three patrols returned this afternoon. Two trade requests came in from neighboring packs, and there are supply requests that need your approval before the stores are restocked."

I nodded.

"Let's get started."

The rest of the afternoon was spent working through the reports.

Pryor worked through the reports while I read each page before signing where it was needed. Patrol updates, supply requests, repair schedules, and training reports filled the next hour. None of it came as a surprise, but every decision mattered. Leading a pack wasn't only about protecting it. It was about making sure every part of it continued to work.

When we finished the last report, Pryor gathered the empty folders.

"That's everything for today," he said.

"For now."

He smiled.

"I'll leave you to it."

Once he was gone, the office became quiet again.

Hleaned back in my chair before my eyes settled on the leather bound journal resting on the corner of my desk.

The weight of lang

Hreached for it without thinking.

The page we'd studied that morning was still marked. I looked at the first symbol before turning to the next page. More symbols filled the paper, each one different from the last.

The journal held the knowledge.

Teaching Isla how to use it was my responsibility.

After a few minutes, I closed it and set it aside.

Tomorrow we'd continue.

Until then, there was still work to do.

I picked up my pen and opened the next report.

The training grounds needed repairs before winter.

Two young warriors had requested permission to begin advanced combat training.

One hunting party wanted to extend its route farther into the western forest.

I approved the repairs.

Denied the hunting request until the border patrol finished checking the area.

Approved the training.

Simple decisions.

Necessary ones.

Each signature represented someone trusting me to make the right choice.

By the time I set my pen down, the pile on my desk had grown noticeably smaller.

Outside the window, the afternoon sun had begun to sink behind the trees.

Without meaning to, my thoughts drifted back to Isla.

1 wondered if she was still with Sera.

She'd said she didn't want to spend the afternoon sitting in our quarters. Knowing the two of them, they were probably sharing tea by now. Sera would want to hear every detail about the training, and Isla would happily tell her all of it.

A small smile crossed my face.

She'd waited a long time to understand what it meant to be a Celestial wolf.

Today had given her the first real answer.

There would be many more lessons.

Some would be easier than others.

I'd known that before we ever opened the journal

I also knew I'd be beside her through every one of them.

I gathered the completed reports into one stack and pushed them aside.

There was still enough daylight left to check on the training grounds before dinner.

I stood, straightened my jacket, and headed for the door.

Work wasn't finished yet.

It rarely was.

The moment I stepped outside, I spotted Zeron crossing the courtyard.

He noticed me and changed direction.

“Alpha King.”

“What is it?”

“The repairs to the eastern fence have already started.”

I nodded.

“Good.”

“The workers think they’ll have it finished before sunset.”

“Tell them not to rush it. I’d rather it be done properly than quickly.”

“I already gave them the same instruction.”

A small smile appeared on my face.

“I should have known.”

He nodded once.

“The afternoon training session is underway as well. Everything’s running as it should.”

“Let’s have a look.”

We walked toward the training grounds together.

Warriors were spread across the field, working through drills while the instructors watched and corrected them when needed. Wooden training weapons struck together as others practiced hand to hand combat or ran the obstacle course.

I stood beside Zeron for several minutes without interrupting.

Everything was organized.

Everyone knew their role.

The weight of king

Exactly as it should be.

“You’ve done good work,” I said.

“We all have.”

I looked across the field one last time before turning to him.

“Keep me informed if anything changes.”

“I will, Alpha King.”

I left the training grounds and headed back toward the pack house.

Claun

Dinner wasn’t far off, and there were still a few things I wanted to finish before the day came to an end.

The evening had settled over Wraithbone. Pack members were finishing the last of their work before dinner while others gathered outside their homes to talk. Children laughed somewhere across the courtyard, and I stopped for a moment to watch them.

This was why every report mattered.

Every patrol. Every decision. Every lesson.

None of it existed on its own.

It was all for them.

I stepped inside the pack house and climbed the stairs to our quarters.

When I opened the door, I found Isla sitting by the window with a book resting on her lap.

She looked up immediately.

“There you are.”

“There I am.”

She smiled and closed the book before setting it aside.

“How was work?”

“Busy.”

“I expected as much.”

“There always seems to be something that needs doing.”

I crossed the room and kissed her.

“How was your afternoon?”

She smiled.

“Sera made tea.”

The weight of lang

Haughed.

“I could have guessed that.”

“And I told her everything.

“I thought you would.”

She slipped her hand into mine.

“I can’t stop thinking about the journal.”

“I wouldn’t expect you to.”

She looked at me with the same excitement I’d seen on the training ground that morning.

“I can’t wait for tomorrow.”

I smiled.

“Neither can I.”

She leaned against me, and I wrapped an arm around her.

Neither of us spoke for a while.

We didn’t need to.

After everything the day had brought us, standing there together was enough.

Clou

The Alpha King And His Chosen Luna

Chapter 199

Clan

The next symbol

(Isla)

I woke before the sun.

For a moment I stayed where I was, staring at the ceiling while the room rested in comfortable silence. Then I remembered why I'd opened my eyes so early.

Training.

A smile found its way onto my face before I could stop it.

I turned my head.

Caius was still asleep beside me. His breathing was calm, and one of his hands rested close enough that I could have reached for it without moving very far.

Instead, I slipped quietly out of bed.

The journal was waiting on the table where Caius had left it yesterday.

I walked over and rested my hand on the cover.

Nothing happened.

I smiled to myself.

"I didn't really think it would be that easy."

I opened it anyway.

The first symbol looked exactly the way it had yesterday.

Beautiful.

Strange.

Full of meaning I still didn't understand.

I studied it for another minute before closing the journal again.

"You know," Caius said from behind me, "I was wondering how long it would take before you walked over there."

I turned and found him watching me with an amused smile.

"I tried to wait."

"I can see that."

I laughed.

"I made it longer than I thought I would."

"You did."

He sat up and leaned back against the headboard.

"I was expecting to wake up and find you already reading."

"I was curious."

"I know."

His smile grew.

"I'd be disappointed if you weren't."

I walked back toward the bed.

"So, what happens today?"

"First," he said, "we have breakfast."

I laughed.

"And after that?"

"Then we'll see what the journal has to teach us next."

"I don't know how you're thinking about breakfast."

He laughed.

“I’ve had a little more time to get used to the journal than you have.”

“I don’t think I’ll ever get used to it.”

“You will.”

“I hope not.”

He raised an eyebrow.

“Why?”

“Because I don’t want it to stop feeling exciting.”

His smile grew.

“I don’t think you need to worry about that.”

I climbed back onto the bed and sat beside him.

“Do you already know what we’re doing today?”

“I have an idea,”

“Only an idea?”

The next symbol-

The journal has many symbols. I want to choose the right place to continue.”

“So we’re not just turning the page and hoping for the best?”

He laughed.

“No.”

“Good.”

He looked at me for a moment.

“You trust me.”

It wasn’t a question.

“Of course I do.”

He reached for my hand.

“Then we’ll figure it out together.”

His fingers stayed around mine for another moment before he stood.

“As much as you’d like to skip breakfast, we’re still eating first.”

I sighed.

“I know.”

“You sound disappointed.”

“I am.”

He laughed.

“I’ve created a monster.”

“You’ve created a very impatient student.”

“There’s a difference.”

“I hope so.”

He smiled and held out his hand.

“Come on.”

I slipped my hand into his, and he helped me to my feet.

“What if the journal doesn’t respond today?”

“It will.”

“You sound certain.”

“Fam.”

“How?”

“Because yesterday wasn’t luck.”

I looked at him.

“You really believe that?” (

“I do.”

He held my gaze for a moment.

“The journal answered you because you were ready.”

His words settled something inside me.

Yesterday hadn’t been an accident.

It had been the beginning.

Caius smiled.

“Now, let’s go eat before your curiosity gets the better of you.”

I laughed.

“I think it already has.”

“Then we’ll have breakfast quickly.”

“And then?”

He opened the bedroom door.

“Then we’ll begin today’s lesson.”

I smiled as I followed him out.

The dining hall was already busy by the time we arrived.

The conversations around the room quieted for a moment before people began smiling.

“Good morning, Alpha King.”

“Good morning, Luna.”

“Good morning.”

Caius greeted them with a nod.

“So did I.”

Every greeting made me smile. It wasn't the title that mattered. It was knowing they truly accepted me.

A few people smiled as we walked past.

One of the older women bowed her head slightly.

"It's good to see your this morning, Luna."

"It's good to see you too," I replied with a smile.

We reached the serving table and filled our plates.

Breakfast was simple.

Fresh bread.

Eggs.

Fruit.

More than enough for me.

We carried our food to a table near one of the windows.

I tried to focus on eating.

I really did.

After a few bites, I looked at Caius.

He smiled before I even spoke.

"You have a question."

"Maybe."

"You've had one since we left our quarters."

I laughed.

"Was it that obvious?"

"It was."

I picked up my cup.

“How many symbols are in the journai?”

“I’ve never counted them.”

I blinked.

“You’ve never counted?”

“No.”

“I thought you would have.”

Clawn

The next symbol was more interested in understanding them than counting them.”

That made sense.

“So we’re not even close to the end?”

He smiled.

“We’re closer to the beginning than the end.”

I couldn’t stop smiling.

I liked the thought of that. It meant there was still so much waiting for me inside the journal. More symbols, more lessons, and more chances to understand the gift inside me.

I picked up another piece of fruit and ate it while my mind drifted ahead to the training ground. I wondered which symbol Caius would choose next. Would it be like the first one? Would the silver light return?

I had too many questions, and breakfast suddenly felt much longer than it was. Caius continued eating across from me without rushing. He looked completely at ease. Somehow, that helped me settle too.

He believed the journal would answer me again. I believed it too. Yesterday had shown me the gift was real. Today, I wanted to see what else it could do.

I finished the last of my breakfast and set my cup on the table.

My eyes drifted toward the doors before I looked back at Caius. He noticed immediately but didn’t say anything. A small smile appeared on his face as if he already knew exactly what I was thinking

I wasn’t trying to rush him.

Not really.

I was just ready.

Ready to open the journal again.

Ready to see the next symbol.

Ready to take another step toward understanding my gift. That had been waiting inside me all along.

The Alpha King And His Chosen Luna

Chapter 200

You are the pot

You are the point

(Isla)

Clawn

Caius pushed his chair back.

“Let’s go,” he said simply.

I was on my feet before he finished the sentence.

He didn’t comment on that. He just picked up the journal and walked toward the door and I followed him out into a morning that felt different from every other morning I could remember. Not because anything had changed out there. Because something had changed in me.

I was starting to understand what I was.

That was new.

That was everything.

Caius didn’t go to the flat stone this time.

He stopped in the center of the clearing and handed me the journal.

I looked at it and then at him.

“Me?” I asked.

“You,” he said.

“I’m choosing the symbol?”

“You’re choosing where we begin today.”

I looked down at the open page in my hands.

That was different from yesterday.

Yesterday he had led.

Today he was asking me to.

I turned the pages slowly. Not because i didn’t know what I was looking for. Because I wanted to find it the right way, not just stop at the first one that caught my eye.

Three pages in I stopped.

The symbol was different from the first one. More lines. Less space between them. Something about it felt less like an invitation and more like a question.

I looked at Caius.

“This one,” I said.

You are the pott

He looked at the page without reacting.

“Why that one?”

“I don’t know,” I said honestly. “It just felt right.”

He nodded once.

“Then that’s where we start.”

He took the journal from me and studied the symbol for a moment before handing it back.

“Draw it,” he said.

Chair’s

I picked up the stick from where we’d left it yesterday and crouched down. The symbol was more complex than the first one. I took my time with it, copying each line carefully, making sure the spacing looked right before moving on to the next.

When I finished I stood back.

It didn’t look exactly like the one in the journal. Close, but not perfect.

I looked at Caius.

“It’s not the same,” I said.

“No,” he said. “But it doesn’t need to be.”

“Why not?”

“Because the symbol isn’t the point,” he said. “You are.”

I looked at the drawing in the dirt.

That was a different way of thinking about it than I’d expected. Yesterday I’d assumed the precision mattered, that getting every line right was part of what made it work. Now he was telling me it wasn’t.

“Then what does the symbol do?” I asked.

“It gives your gift somewhere to go,” he said. “A direction. The drawing is just the beginning of that.”

I looked at the lines again.

“So it’s more like a door than a key.”

He looked at me. “Yes,” he said. “Exactly that.”

I hadn’t planned to say it that way. It had just arrived, and the fact that it fit made something settle in me.

“Stand inside it,” he said.

I stepped into the center of the symbol.

Nothing happened immediately. I hadn't expected it to. Yesterday had taught me that waiting was part of it, that the gift didn't respond to impatience. I stood still and let the morning be what it was around me, the sounds of the territory going about its day somewhere past the trees, the ground under my feet, the air

You are the pent moving through the clearing.

I stopped thinking about the symbol.

I just stood in it.

Vaela stirred. Not the slow comfortable stirring of a wolf at rest. Something more alert than that, more focused, the way she got when something had caught her attention and she was deciding what to do with

'Do you feel that?' she asked.

'Feel what?' I said.

'The edges,' she said. 'The lines you drew. They're there.'

I frowned slightly. I looked down at my feet and the lines in the dirt, and then I understood what she meant. Not visually. Something else. A faint awareness of where the symbol began and ended, as though the drawing had become something more than marks in the ground.

'Yes,' I said. 'I feel it.'

'Good,' she said. 'Now don't move.'

I stayed exactly where I was..

The silver light came faster than yesterday. It started at my hands and moved up my arms before fading back again, quicker than before, like something testing the distance between here and where it came from.

I looked at Caius.

His expression had changed slightly. Not surprise. Something more like recognition.

"It came faster," I said.

"Yes," he said.

"Why?"

“Because you chose the symbol yourself,” he said. “You brought your own intention to it.”

I looked at my hands.

“So the symbol responds differently depending on who chooses it.”

“I think so,” he said. “We’re still learning that part.”

I liked that he said we.

I stepped outside the symbol and looked at it from a different angle. It looked the same as it had when I’d drawn it. Just lines in the dirt. Nothing remarkable about it to anyone who didn’t know what it was.

But I knew.

You are the potht-

I stepped back inside.

Cham

The awareness of the edges came immediately this time, without having to wait for it. Vaela lifted inside me and the light returned, staying a little longer than it had the first time, spreading past my hands to my wrists before it faded.

I let out a slow breath.

“It’s getting stronger,” I said.

“No,” Caius said.

I looked at him.

“You’re getting more comfortable with it,” he said. “There’s a difference.”

I thought about that.

He was right. The light wasn’t brighter than yesterday. I was just less surprised by it, less in the way of it, less likely to break my own concentration by reacting to what I was seeing instead of staying inside it.

I looked at the symbol beneath my feet.

More lines. Less space. A question rather than an invitation.

I was beginning to think I’d chosen it for a reason I hadn’t understood yet.