

The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 2: A strange Encounter I - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 2: A strange Encounter I

Chapter 1

Nirvana, where Orion's pack was located, was experiencing a heavy snowfall. White snowflakes fell, coating the ground in a pristine blanket. Rumors of a blizzard spread through the pack, urging everyone to seek shelter. Children were safely tucked away in their warm homes, huddled close to heated pots and roaring fireplaces, their laughter muffled by the thick walls.

Despite the impending storm, the guards remained vigilant at their posts by the towering gates of the Nightshade Pack's territory, their heavy coats shielding them from the harsh wind.

The gates were huge and strong, crafted from ancient wood reinforced with iron—a formidable barrier and their first line of defense.

Orion nodded to the guards as he walked out, feeling the chill of the air bite at his cheeks. He knew it wouldn't be long before Ronan, his second-in-command, sought him out. Ronan had a knack for nagging, always reminding Orion of his duties and responsibilities. Sometimes, Orion wondered if he even needed a council of elders when he had Ronan by his side, ready to fuss over him. But beyond his nagging nature, Ronan was fiercely loyal and an invaluable asset to the pack.

As Orion followed his usual route, the crunch of snow beneath his boots echoed in the stillness. The cold didn't deter him; he needed a moment of peace. The council of elders had been pressuring him about finding a mate, especially with the Enclave breathing down their necks.

The elders believed that having an heir, as his father had before his death, would secure the pack's future. They didn't understand that Orion wasn't ready for that kind of commitment, not for a relationship born out of duty. He wanted something real, something like the love his parents had shared. He remembered their joyful moments, watching them dance together during festivals, sharing meals under the stars, their laughter echoing in the night. Their bond had remained unbreakable, even in death, and Orion craved that same connection. Yet with the pressure from the Enclave mounting, he felt the weight of his responsibilities pressing down on him.

The Enclave was the governing body of the werewolf community, a union of Alphas from every pack, led by the Luna, Victoria. They were meant to protect and unite the werewolf world. But that wasn't what they were doing now. The members of the Enclave were blinded by greed and had been the reason Orion's pack had to settle in a desolate

land, one abandoned for years. Their neglect and betrayal was the reason Orion had ensured the Nightshade Pack remained independent.

It had been like that for years. But now, they were sending spies into his territory. They wanted something, and he wanted them to state their needs openly.

He had sent the last Enclave spy back with a stern warning, demanding they reveal their true intentions and cease their clandestine intrusions. If they desired war, he would meet them on the battlefield, so long as he could protect his pack.

Lost in thought, Orion reached his favorite resting spot, a large, old but firm tree that stood proudly against the harsh weather. From up here, he could survey his territory. The snowfall blanketed the land, leaving the homes quiet and warm, the flickering flames within casting a soft glow against the darkening sky.

As he settled against the sturdy trunk, twirling a fallen leaf between his fingers, he noticed something unusual. A figure in a flowing white gown stood at the base of the tree. Orion frowned, sitting upright. Her hair danced in the wind, framing her striking features. He didn't recognize her, not consciously, but a shiver ran down his spine. He knew the woman. He had seen her before, a long time ago, and just like then, her presence sent a chill through him.

He couldn't understand why. Was it fear? Or a desperate need to understand? She was different from humans. Not beautiful, but... unsettling. He had first seen her the night he had received Noctis, the night he had also gained his ability.

"It's you," Orion said, recognition dawning. "What are you doing here? Who are you?" His voice echoed in the stillness.

Instead of answering, she turned and walked away. As if sensing his hesitation, she glanced back, her blue eyes beckoning him to follow.

"What the..."

"Orion?" Noctis called out, a thread of warning in his voice.

"I know her," Orion said as he climbed down from the tree.

She stepped back, creating distance, then looked at him expectantly, urging him to follow.

"I'm not going anywhere until you tell me who you are," Orion stated.

Ignoring him, she turned and began walking.

"What the hell? Wait a damn minute." Orion jogged to catch up, but as soon as he thought he had closed the gap, the distance increased.

She glanced back and broke into a run.

"Not this time. I'm not letting you escape." Orion vowed, following after her.

They moved deeper into the snowy forest until they arrived at an abandoned structure he recognized: the shrine dedicated to the Moon Goddess.

The shrine stood as a beautiful relic, its pale stones glowing softly amidst the thick snow. Flowers, impossibly vibrant in the winter landscape, surrounded the shrine. This shrine had been abandoned for years, its history shrouded in mystery. Orion had discovered this place with his pack when he was sixteen, and there were still mixed feelings about it.

Some pack members believed it should be incorporated into their territory, a place of worship and connection to the Moon Goddess. Others were wary, whispering about curses and ancient spirits. The debate had been so heated that Orion had been forced to compromise: The shrine would remain separate, not officially part of the pack territory, but those who wished to use it were free to do so, provided they were accompanied by a guard.

The stories about the shrine were varied. Some said it was built by humans who worshipped the Moon Goddess, a peaceful community that vanished without a trace. Others claimed it was a place of dark magic, abandoned after a terrible tragedy. Whatever the truth, the shrine held a strange power, a sense of ancient mystery that both fascinated and unnerved him.

Was this woman connected to the shrine? Was she one of the vanished worshippers? Or something else entirely? He was determined to find out.

As he approached the entrance, Orion paused, frowning. Blood stained the snow, stark red against the white. He halted, his senses on high alert. He glanced up—the woman had vanished.

Frowning, he stepped inside the shrine, every muscle tense. He was prepared for battle, but the air was thick with silence, broken only by the soft crunch of his boots on the stone floor.

"Where are you?!" he called out. "Come out."

Silence answered him. The shrine was cloaked in darkness, with only moonlight filtering through the opening above the altar. Then, he saw it: a wolf on the altar, its fur as white as snow, its breathing labored.

The red patch stood out starkly against the wolf's white fur. It was bleeding badly. Orion frowned.

"What the hell...?"

Who was this person? He turned to search for the strange woman, but she was gone. It was as if she had led him here, then vanished into thin air.

Orion approached the wolf slowly, his heart pounding. As he drew closer, the wolf began to transform, its body contorting, its fur receding, until a woman lay unconscious on the altar. Her eyes fluttered open, her gaze locking with Orion's. Those blue eyes... he knew them. He couldn't remember where, but he was sure he knew them. He could not forget eyes as striking as these.

"Who... who are you?" she gasped, her voice laced with pain.

"I should be asking you that. Who are you?" Orion demanded.

Instead of answering, she coughed up blood, and Orion watched in horror as her eyes rolled upward, her head falling back against the stone.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 2

Orion rushed to the injured woman, trying to cushion her fall. He noticed she was bleeding from numerous places. There were knife marks on both wrists and ankles, and she was bleeding from her head also.

"What the hell?" Orion asked in shock.

"This could be a trap," Noctis said.

Orion turned, trying to spot the mysterious woman who had led him there. He couldn't find her, and he didn't like this situation. He turned to leave. He had just taken a step away from the bleeding woman when he heard a voice.

'If you leave her like this, she'll bleed to death.' A whisper, seemingly from the wind itself, brushed against his ear.

'Help her, Orion, son of Alaric.'

He hesitated, glancing around the silent shrine. Was it his imagination? Or something more?

"Did you hear that?" Orion asked Noctis.

"Hear what?"

"Someone speaking."

"Are you sure you're not hallucinating? We're the only ones here: you, me, and the unconscious woman," Noctis said.

Orion turned back to the woman. He was sure he had heard someone speak—a whisper in his ear.

He ignored the whisper. If this was a trap, then he wasn't going to be a part of it.

'Help her,' the voice said again, this time with a plea. 'Please help her.'

"Did you hear that?" Orion asked Noctis.

"Are you having auditory hallucinations?" Noctis asked in reply.

Orion walked back to the woman. He stared at her as if willing her to open her eyes.

"Why should I help her?" Orion asked in a whisper.

"Are you asking me?" Noctis asked, but Orion ignored him, waiting for the voice.

There was no reply from the voice. Orion turned to leave, saying he had done enough and the voice didn't want to answer him, but then the voice whispered.

'Help her, please.'

Orion clenched his jaw. He needed a reason. He wasn't one for games. He walked out of the shrine, but his heart felt heavy, especially at the thought of leaving her alone in that place to die. He walked back into the shrine.

"If I help her, then you owe me a favor. Whoever you are, deal?" Orion asked the voice.

Immediately, without a moment's delay, the voice whispered. 'Deal.'

The voice whispering reminded him of a story his father had told him when he was little, about how the whispers and voices he had heard on the battlefield had made him the

warrior he was. His father had claimed it was the Moon Goddess whispering to him, guiding him, protecting him. Orion had believed that story once, when he still believed the Moon Goddess watched over his family and would protect them. He didn't believe it anymore, not after what happened to his parents, but why was he reminded of it now?

He was making a deal with someone or something he didn't even know.

Without a second thought, he scooped her up, cradling her in his arms, and set off toward the pack.

"You're taking her back?" Noctis asked.

"Nothing left to do. We can't leave her here to die," he told him.

"Is that reason enough to risk bringing her back to the pack? What if she's a spy, Orion? One sent by the Enclave?"

"Have you ever seen an Enclave spy with wounds like these?"

"Maybe she ran into some monsters?"

"Knife wounds, Noctis. This isn't from blunt weapons like the rogues around here use. This is different," Orion argued.

"And what if she is a spy then?"

Orion sighed. He didn't know what she was. But he couldn't just leave her to die.

"Only one way to find out, right?" Orion replied, his jaw tightening.

"Sometimes, I wonder why I'm bound to you. You could be bringing someone dangerous into the pack."

"But what if she's not? Are we just going to let an innocent person die?" Orion countered. "Besides, who's to say this has anything to do with the first woman?"

Noctis sighed. "How do you know the first woman?"

"You remember I got you during the disaster that befell our pack years ago?" Orion asked him.

"As if I could forget. What does that have to do with anything?" Noctis asked.

"I saw her that day. That night I was fighting for my life while shifting, and she was at a distance, just smiling eerily at me, nodding like my screams were a song to her."

"The same time you got your ability," Noctis said as if in deep thought.

"Exactly."

The disaster. He rarely thought about it, but the memory was seared into his mind. The Enclave, specifically Victoria, was the result of the disaster. Years ago, before Orion's pack had relocated, a plague had struck them. Alaric, Orion's father, had gone to the Enclave to beg for resources, for help, but they had ignored him. They later found out that there was a remedy, a plant only found in Victoria's pack. Orion, along with Brynhild and Ronan, had snuck into Victoria's territory to collect the herb.

They had resolved the plague, but then things took a darker turn when rogue wolves attacked them all of a sudden. It was later discovered that the Enclave had sent their guards, disguised as rogues, to destroy the Nightshade Pack. Orion lost his parents in the war. His friends lost people too, and till this day, he blamed himself for going into Victoria's pack. Funny how, after they settled in Nirvana, the herb was available in excess, along with other rare herbs.

"You know," Noctis began as Orion started walking toward the exit, "I was thinking... you know there's a woman who watches over us, right?"

Orion groaned. "What does that have to do with anything?"

"I'm just saying, what if the woman we saw was the Moon Goddess?" Noctis asked.

"The Moon Goddess would be injured and in need of help?" Orion scoffed.

"You know who I'm talking about. You said you saw her the day you got me, the same day you got your ability to detect lies. There must be a reason why she was there, and what happened earlier was unlike anything we've experienced. The distance between you didn't close, no matter how much you tried to run," Noctis pointed out.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 3

Orion laughed. "The Moon Goddess wouldn't even want to look at me. Why the hell do you think she'd appear to me? And besides, who knows if there was some black magic at play? Which I suspect there is. No one should be able to glide the way that woman

did or smile like some demon. I'm sure that person isn't the Moon Goddess," Orion insisted.

"But..."

"Besides, why would she appear now, when she abandoned me and my people a long time ago? She doesn't appear to those who don't believe in her, Noctis. Trust me, I'll know if I ever meet the Moon Goddess," Orion said, his voice laced with bitterness.

Noctis released a sigh. There was no convincing Orion.

Before Orion could reach the gate, he spotted Ronan, the blonde-haired beta and his second in command, pacing at the foot of the tree where Orion usually sat. Ronan's frown deepened as he saw Orion approach, his eyes widening in shock at the sight of the unconscious woman in his arms.

"What in the world are you doing?" Ronan exclaimed, hurrying over. His expression was a mixture of concern and confusion. "Who is she?"

"I don't know," Orion admitted. "But she needs help."

Ronan looked at the woman, then back at Orion in disbelief. "You're bringing an injured stranger into the pack?"

Orion nodded.

"Are you out of your mind?" Ronan demanded.

"She was bleeding in the shrine. If I hadn't taken her, she would have died!" Orion retorted.

"We could debate this later, but right now, she needs help," Orion said.

Ronan sighed. He trusted Orion, but sometimes his impulsiveness made Ronan question his judgment.

"Fine, but this better not backfire on us. When it does, don't say I didn't warn you," Ronan said.

Orion gave him a small nod, walking briskly towards the gate. The guards noticed Orion's arrival and opened it quickly. A collective frown spread across their faces upon seeing the unconscious woman in his arms. Whispers began to circulate among them, and Orion knew it wouldn't be long until the news spread throughout the pack.

He rushed into the pack's medical facility, where healers treated various ailments. The scent of herbs filled the air, mingling with the faint smell of smoke from the fireplace. If

anyone could save this woman, it would be Lysander, Brynhild's mate. Although a grumpy person, Lysander had a remarkable talent for healing, often referred to as death-gifted for his ability to bring the dying back from the brink.

As Orion burst into the medical facility, all eyes turned to him. The healers had been busy, even with the impending blizzard outside.

"Is there a vacant bed?" Orion asked a trainee healer named Rita, who gave him a quick nod and pointed to an empty bed in the corner.

"Get Lysander," Orion instructed with urgency.

But before Rita could move, Lysander stepped into the room, his expression shifting to concern as he saw Orion. "What's going on?" he asked, his gaze fixed on the woman in Orion's arms.

"I need your help," Orion said.

Lysander quickly examined the woman, checking her pulse and assessing her injuries. "Who is she?" he asked, his brow furrowing.

"We're yet to find out," Ronan replied.

Orion had forgotten for a minute that Ronan was still with him, perhaps because he was quiet, unlike Ronan.

Lysander turned to Orion in shock. "You brought an unknown person into the pack? And you want me to treat her? What if she's one of Victoria's spies?"

"I thought your oath was to save lives, regardless of who they are! She could die if we don't act now," Orion retorted.

"I'm not saying I won't help her," Lysander replied, "I'm just concerned about the risks involved."

As they spoke, Orion noticed that Lysander was already springing into action, calling over two other healers who were present. They moved with efficiency, preparing the bed while Lysander continued to check the woman's vital signs.

"Let's figure out if she's a threat later," Orion said. "For now, we need to save her."

"Very well," Lysander conceded, his expression serious as he began instructing the other healers to assist him.

Orion and Ronan stepped outside the facility where they ran into Brynhild, her arms crossed and a stern look on her face. The leader of the guards was not smiling. Orion swallowed.

"I see you've gotten the news too," he said.

"Yes," Brynhild replied, her voice steady. "What were you thinking, bringing a stranger into our pack?"

"And you," she said to Ronan. "You were with him and didn't try to stop him?"

"Don't blame me. I tried to make him see reason, but he wouldn't listen," Ronan replied.

"Look..." Orion began, but Brynhild interrupted him.

"I can't see," she reminded him dryly.

Orion chuckled. "I know that. And I don't mean look in the literal sense. If you had let me finish, you wouldn't need to say that."

Orion released a sigh. "We don't know if she's a spy sent by the Enclave. We don't know anything, which is why I'm putting you in charge here, Brynhild. Just until she wakes up and we can ascertain if she's a threat to the pack or not."

"Okay, but that doesn't explain why you brought her into the pack," Brynhild pressed.

Orion thought of telling them about the voice he heard but decided against it until he had enough information.

"Maybe because I couldn't let her die in my presence," he said to her.

Brynhild sighed. "Fine. But you do know the Council will demand explanations."

"Explanations which I will provide tomorrow," Orion said.

"They are already gathe..."

"And there's a storm coming. I'm not going to be trapped in that building with those nagging old people," Orion interrupted.

"Hey, I'm not old," Ronan protested.

"You're also not young," Brynhild replied with a chuckle.

Orion stretched his shoulders. "I need some rest. Send word if she wakes up, yeah?"

"Sure." Brynhild said to him with a mock salute.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 5: The Unknown - Read](#) [The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 5: The Unknown](#)

Chapter 4

News of Orion bringing in a strange woman spread like wildfire, and the council of elders gathered at the council hall. The hall was a large, circular room built from strong timber, its high ceiling adorned with intricate carvings. Some believed the carvings themselves acted as charms, a suggestion strongly supported by Madam Tyler, the pack's priestess.

A long wooden table occupied the center, surrounded by chairs that bore the marks of countless discussions and debates. The atmosphere was always thick with tension, a testament to the weight of their decisions.

The council was composed of notable individuals in the pack, each contributing their unique expertise. First among them was Orion himself, the alpha of the pack and its leader. He stood at the head of the table, his expression serious, the weight of his responsibilities etched on his face.

Next was Brynhild, the captain of the guards, her presence radiating strength and unwavering resolve. Ronan, Orion's second-in-command, stood beside her, his brow furrowed in thought, his mind already dissecting every possible scenario.

Lysander, Brynhild's mate and the master of medical research, took a seat, his usual grumpy demeanor softened by a hint of concern. He was a healer, first and foremost, and the woman's injuries troubled him.

Other members included Madam Tyler, the priestess, whose deep connection to the Moon Goddess often guided the council's decisions. Her eyes held a knowing glint, as if she possessed insights beyond the grasp of ordinary mortals. Caspian, the oldest member of the pack, sat with a quiet dignity, his eyes filled with the wisdom of ages. Some wondered how he was still alive, having outlived so many, his survival after the tragedies that had befallen their pack nothing short of a miracle.

Eldric, the historian, was tasked with preserving the pack's history and was currently working on deciphering the writings on the altar in the shrine. The writings were tiny, almost invisible to the naked eye, and Orion had only come across them by chance. He had consulted with Eldric, hoping the knowledgeable historian could unlock their meaning, but to date, nothing. The language used was unlike anything Eldric had ever seen or come across.

There were also drawings on the walls of the shrine, faded and worn, but still hinting at a history long forgotten. Perhaps they depicted the creation of the shrine, or the lives of those who had once worshipped there. While Madam Tyler insisted that the shrine should be incorporated into their pack's territory, a place of worship and connection to the Moon Goddess, Orion remained hesitant. There were too many mysteries surrounding the shrine, too many unanswered questions.

Like why the shrine was still standing upright, without even a crack, after so many years. The north was known for its harsh climate, even before Orion's pack had relocated, it was something everyone in the werewolf community knew. The blizzards were relentless, the winters unforgiving.

But even with the harsh climate and the monsters that lurked around, the shrine stood tall and firm, defying the elements. Another thing that plagued Orion was the stones used to build it. They seemed to glow with an inner light, a subtle luminescence that was unlike anything he had ever seen. His pack members were working to uncover the mysteries of the shrine, but progress was slow.

Mary, the master swordsmith, sat with her hands clasped in her lap, her expression unreadable. Daniel, Alaric's second-in-command, a loyal and steadfast warrior, supported Orion in his leadership, his presence a reassuring reminder of the pack's strength. Lastly, Tobias, the master of trade, appeared bored, his gaze drifting towards the window, where the snow continued to fall. He was more interested in wealth and commerce than the current discussion, which revolved around the mysterious woman.

The silence in the room stretched, thick with unspoken concerns. Finally, Madam Tyler spoke up, her voice breaking the tension.

"I heard you found her in the shrine," she said, her eyes fixed on Orion.

"Yes," Orion replied with a nod. "I found her unconscious on the altar."

Madam Tyler's eyes widened, her expression becoming even more intense. "This is a sign," she insisted, her voice filled with conviction.

Caspian shot her a skeptical look, his lips twitching in a wry smile. "Madam, with all due respect, just because she was found in the shrine doesn't automatically make it a sign. We need to be rational about this."

"But it is!" Madam Tyler countered, her voice rising in frustration. "How many injured people have you seen in that shrine? It's been abandoned for years and we've been the only ones using it. This woman's appearance there must have some significance."

Orion sighed, rubbing his temples. "I'm pretty sure she simply lost her way after being attacked by enemies or something and stumbled upon the shrine seeking shelter from

the storm. There is no sign there, Madam Tyler, and we still do not know if she is a friend or a foe."

"But according to some eyewitnesses, she bears a striking resemblance to the Luna from the prophecy," Madam Tyler argued, her voice laced with urgency.

Orion scoffed, his eyes rolling. "Prophecy? More like a myth, a fairytale told to children to give them hope."

"But the prophecy..." Madam Tyler started to protest, but Daniel interrupted her, his voice firm.

"The prophecy never said the Luna will have black hair. That's just one interpretation. The descriptions vary depending on the region."

"Well, no..." Madam Tyler conceded, her voice faltering slightly.

"The prophecy differs in each region," Eldric muttered, adjusting his glasses, his gaze lost in thought. "Those from the south believe she has red hair and striking blue eyes. The West believe she has black hair and green eyes. The east believes she has brown hair and golden eyes..."

"And we believe, or rather, the myth that has been passed down to us, says the Luna has white hair and eyes reminiscent of the moon," Orion said with a smirk, his voice laced with sarcasm. "So, unless our mysterious guest suddenly develops white hair and eyes that shine like the moon, I'm not convinced she's the Luna."

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.