

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.