

The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 22: Let's Vote - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 22: Let's Vote

Chapter 21

Orion's gaze sharpened, disbelief washing over him like cold water. "You? You're the one we came for?"

Before he could say another word, before he could take a step toward her or demand why she was out here alone, Sophia's eyes fluttered violently, rolling back until only the whites showed. Her legs gave way, crumpling like a rag doll as she collapsed face-first onto the icy ground.

"By the gods!" Orion swore, dropping next to her in an instant. His hands were firm but gentle, tracing her face, her neck, searching for signs of life. Her skin was burning beneath his touch, hot and damp, a contrast to the frigid air and temperature.

"She's burning up." He muttered to himself as he tried to ensure that she was protected from the harsh weather.

Brynhild settled beside him, her silver eyes steady and sharp despite the daunting sight. They shared a look charged with urgency. Neither wanted to admit how fragile Sophia's condition had become.

"Fuck," Brynhild cursed immediately her hands made contact with Sophia's body.

Orion turned to Brynhild. "I'll leave you in charge here. Find the remaining Skylur. You and Ronan can do it right?" He asked her.

Just then Ronan approached them, his eyes wide with surprise. "That's not who I think it is right?"

"It sure is." Orion said to him.

"What about Tobias then?" Ronan asked him.

Orion paused. He wasn't sure why but he felt like Tobias wasn't present. He wasn't here with Sophia and he didn't really see anything that pointed that he was. But one could never be too sure and besides, she was holding his whistle. Who knew if he was hurt somewhere?

"Find him, then." Orion said to him. "If he's here, that is. Search every corner, destroy the remaining Skylur and if Tobias is anywhere around here, bring him back. He may be injured."

Without hesitation, they nodded. "Consider it done."

"I can't smell Tobias though." Brynhild told Orion.

Yeah...neither could he.

"Just make sure. Be certain." He told her and she gave him a nod.

Orion turned, urgency propelling his movements. He let Noctis take over, his bones reforming as the changes began. Ronan placed Sophia gingerly on Noctis' back and with a nod, he took off, sprinting toward the trees.

The forest seemed to close in around them, a sea of white silence and shadowed ice as they moved fast but cautiously. The bitter cold bit through layered leather and wool, but adrenaline kept Noctis burning.

The compound's familiar scent hit long before he saw the walls, the comforting smell of pine, burning wood, and animals restless in their pens. He approached the medical facility where Lysander stood outside as if he had been expecting him. Lysander took Sophia from Noctis and Orion shifted back to his human form, walking into the medical facility also.

Lysander moved fast preparing his herbs and tools, the sterile light of his infirmary a harsh contrast to the wilderness outside.

Lysander's practiced fingers moved over her body, steady and sure.

"She's running a high fever which is dangerous," Lysander said, voice clipped but worried. "Likely hypothermia."

Orion's jaw tightened, frustration building. "Can you help her?"

Lysander gave him a look. "I'm not a beginner. This is something I can cure. She likely has an infection also." Lysander said as he observed a cut on her wrist.

"Did she fight anything in the forest?" He asked Orion.

"She was the one who blew the whistle. We...um we found her facing off with a skylur." Orion told him.

Lysander frowned. "A fucking Skylur?" He asked.

"Yup."

"Those are carriers of diseases. If she was struck by one then it's no surprise that the wound is infected." Lysander spoke to him.

"But you can save her right?" Orion asked him.

"Yes."

Orion rose, stepping out to the hall where he ran into Caspian, leaning against the stone wall with his usual sly grin.

"Back from the snow chase, eh?" Caspian said, folding his arms. "What's the damsel doing here again? Didn't you send her packing?"

"I did but there were certain circumstances that demanded I brought her back."

"Thought you went to get Tobias though." Caspian pointed out

Orion met his gaze. "That's the problem. I don't know how she got the whistle, the one belonging to Tobias. She either stole it or he gave it willingly. Either way, she's back."

Caspian's eyes flickered with curiosity and something darker. "Stole it? I'm more inclined to believe that stubborn boy gave it to her."

"Yeah me too." Orion said to him. "But that doesn't matter now. We answered her call, and we barely got here in time." Orion scowled, then turned away.

Hours slipped by under frozen breath until the heavy doors swung open and Brynhild returned, flanked by a grim group of hunters carrying the bodies of six killed Skylur, stripped where bite marks and wounds had been exchanged in vicious battle.

They entered silently, the flickering torchlight tracing the brutal reality of the battle.

The council assembled quickly, elders and trusted warriors gathering in the central hall with low murmurs rising and falling like the tide.

This time, Orion decided to let everyone in the pack decide and not just the elders. This was something that concerned all of them after all.

Mary's voice cut through the uneasy silence. "She's back on our land. This pack has been fractured before. We need to decide, do we accept her back or send her away for good?"

The room bristled with cautious voices, old fears rising. Doubts about trust, broken ties, and unknown dangers.

"Her origins are a mystery," Eldric reminded softly, pushing his glasses higher. "Anything unknown carries risk."

Daniel's scarred jaw tensed beneath silent scrutiny.

But Brynhild's clear, commanding voice silenced all arguments.

"We keep her," she said firmly. "Keep friends close, and enemies closer. Sophia fought to survive out there. If she's a threat, we will deal with it swiftly and relentlessly."

The council fell to contemplative silence, the weight of Brynhild's words heavy, undeniable.

"How about a vote?" Caspian spoke up. "Since this concerns everyone in the pack, let's vote to decide what should be done. Do we keep her, or send her away?"

Voices raised in agreement with Caspian and Orion released a sigh, standing in the middle of the room, he spoke up.

"All in favour of the mysterious woman staying in the pack, raise your hands."

One after another, the elders nodded assent. The pack members were not left behind, a good majority nodded their assent, with hands raised to keep Sophia in the pack with them. The decision was unanimous, Sophia would stay. But if she turned dangerous, the pack would not hesitate.

As night deepened, the sterile air of the infirmary filled with soft breaths and quiet hope.

Sophia's eyes fluttered open slowly, dimly adjusting to pale light and shadows. The unfamiliar room felt cold and sterile, alien after the wild.

Orion approached quietly, his steps deliberate.

"How are you feeling?" He asked her.

"Like trash." She muttered.

"You look like trash too." He told her, expecting her to reply but Sophia turned her face away, eyes swollen, voice tight and raw. "I'm not speaking to you, besides trash don't speak."

"You are speaking right now." Orion pointed out.

"Trash can't speak, check your ears, I'm sure you are hallucinating." She told him.

"Really?"

"Yes. And besides you sent me away without a care in the world, so I'm not telling you anything. Now, if you're done, I need to sleep. Trash does need rest, don't you think?" She asked him.

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