

The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 31: Fury at the Gates

- Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 31: Fury at the Gates

Chapter 30: Fury at the Gates

Sophia whirled around, her heart slamming against her ribs like a caged beast. The hand on her shoulder belonged to a man in battered armor, his frown carving deep lines into a youthful face.

He couldn't have been more than twenty, with unruly brown hair spilling from under his helmet and freckles scattered across his nose like stars in a winter sky. His hazel eyes held irritation laced with urgency, but no malice, just the strain of a young man thrust into a role too heavy for his years.

"Who are you?" Sophia stammered, her voice a whisper swallowed by the chaos around them, the clank of armor, the shouts of warriors positioning on the walls.

Her curiosity, that relentless spark, refused to let her retreat. She had to know what was out there, what had turned the pack into this storm of steel and resolve.

The young guard's frown deepened, his grip loosening but not releasing. "Dren," he said curtly, glancing at the gate. "One of the watch. You're the newcomer, the one who was attacked by the skylur. What in the Moon's name are you doing here? This isn't a spectator's spot."

Sophia's mind scrambled for an excuse, her eyes flicking to the massive wooden gates, reinforced with iron bands. Archers above nocked arrows, their bows creaking under tension.

"I... got turned around," she lied, forcing a sheepish smile. "I was with Caspian, but everything happened so fast. I just wanted to see if I could help or at least understand what's going on. I'm not useless, you know."

Dren's expression softened slightly, but his voice stayed firm, heavy with duty. "Help? You're brave, I'll give you that, but this is no place for curiosity. Whatever's coming, it's dangerous. The horn doesn't blow for sport. Could be rogues, could be beasts. Get too close, and you'll be in the way or worse, bait."

He grabbed her arm again, intent on pulling her back to the inner compound.

Sophia resisted, digging her heels into the frozen dirt. "Wait, just tell me what's out there! I heard something about a Skylur and..."

A guttural wail tore through the air, a piercing, unearthly hiss that twisted into a three-toned screech, like voices screaming in agonized discord. It clawed at Sophia's ears, sending a shiver down her spine that had nothing to do with the cold. The ground trembled, and even the warriors on the walls faltered, their bows wavering for a heartbeat.

Dren's hand froze on her arm, his face paling as he turned toward the gate. "By the Goddess..." he whispered, his mouth falling open in awe.

Sophia twisted free, her curiosity drowning any fear. She pressed closer to the barricade, peering through a narrow gap between the logs. Beyond the walls, the forest churned with movement, shadows shifting under the pale morning light. Then they emerged.

Six Skylurs burst from the trees like avalanches given form, their massive bodies, wolf-like in agility, bear-like in bulk, thundering forward. Their white fur rippled like storm clouds, matted with frost and blood from a fresh kill. Each was a nightmare of fangs and claws, yellow eyes glowing with feral cunning, snarls ripping from throats that could swallow a man whole. They moved as a pack, coordinated and relentless, paws tearing gouges in the earth.

Slithering alongside them, dwarfing even the Skylurs, was the Trihydra. A colossal serpent with scales like polished obsidian, it uncoiled from the underbrush, its three heads weaving independently. Each head was crowned with jagged spines, forked tongues flicking, eyes, six in total, burning with venomous green light.

Its body was as thick as a tree trunk, rippled with muscle, propelling it forward with terrifying speed. Hisses escaped it in a discordant chorus, one head screeching high, another rumbling low, the third a guttural snarl.

Sophia's breath caught, her hands gripping the barricade until her knuckles whitened.

These weren't just beasts, they were abominations, forces of nature twisted into something unholy. The Skylurs alone were horrifying, but allied with this beast? It defied reason. The air thickened with the stench of musk and rot, the ground shaking with their approach.

Dren stood beside her, his earlier urgency forgotten as he gaped. He looked younger up close, perhaps eighteen, his freckles stark against pale skin.

His mouth hung open, eyes wide with terror and wonder, mirroring Sophia's awe. "I've... never seen anything like that," he whispered, barely audible over the growing roar.

Sophia glanced at him, her curiosity shifting momentarily. He wasn't dragging her away now; the spectacle had rooted him too. "You have no idea what that is?" She asked him pointing to the three headed snake.

"I've seen pictures. It's a Trihydra." Dren shook his head, transfixed. "But Trihydras... they're solitary. They hunt the Skylurs. They shouldn't be together at all."

Sophia frowned, absorbing the information. If they shouldn't be together then why were they together now? It didn't make sense.

Suddenly, Sophia's fierce battle cry rang from the walls snapping her out of her thoughts. Brynhild leaped into action, her form a blur of motion. She shifted mid-air, her body shimmering with fur and light, from human to wolf and back, swords flashing as she descended on the lead Skylur.

It was mesmerizing, a deadly ballet. In wolf form, she was a sleek shadow of black fur and snapping jaws, darting low to slash at the beast's legs with razor-sharp claws. Then, in a heartbeat, she was human, twin swords drawn in a whirl of steel, slicing deep into the Skylur's flank as it roared in fury.

The warriors followed her lead, arrows raining like deadly hail. One Skylur fell, an arrow piercing its eye, its massive body crashing in a spray of snow and blood.

The remaining five pressed on, undeterred, their howls shaking the trees. Brynhild danced between them, shifting fluidly, wolf to dodge a sweeping paw, human to drive her blades into vulnerable joints. Blood stained her fur and armor, but she moved like the wind, untouchable, her pregnancy forgotten in the heat of battle.

Sophia couldn't look away. Brynhild wasn't just fighting; she was a force, her movements a symphony of grace and violence that left Sophia breathless. "How... how does she do that?" she whispered, more to herself than Dren.

Dren's mouth was still agape, his eyes shining with admiration. "She's the best. Always has been. Watch, she'll take them all if she has to."

The pack surged forward, a storm of fangs and steel. Archers picked off flanks, ground fighters harried the Skylurs' legs, forcing them to slow. One warrior shifted fully into wolf form, tackling a Skylur's hindquarters and tearing into its hamstrings.

Another, a burly man with a scarred face, swung an axe, cleaving into a beast's shoulder with a crunch of bone. The Trihydra loomed as the true terror, its three heads weaving like serpents in a deadly trance. One head lunged at a warrior, fangs dripping venom that sizzled on the snow. The man dodged, but the venom burned through his boot, drawing a scream.

Then, from the chaos, a lone figure charged the Trihydra: Orion. His wolf form was massive, larger than any other, a towering beast of silver and black fur, muscles rippling under a hide scarred from countless battles. His eyes burned amber, glowing with primal fury as he leaped at the serpent.

He shifted mid-charge, human to wolf, his sword flashing as he slashed at the Trihydra's central head. Scales parted with a wet hiss, black blood spraying. The left head snapped at him, but Orion was already wolf again, his massive form dodging with unnatural speed, claws raking across an eye. The Trihydra shrieked, all three heads thrashing, tails whipping like thunderclaps.

Sophia's awe deepened, her curiosity a roaring fire. Orion fought alone against that monstrosity, his wolf form a juggernaut of power and precision. He anticipated each head's strike, feinting left to draw one out, then slashing right at another. Venom splattered near him, but he leaped clear, his blade sinking into a neck with a triumphant roar.

The beast recoiled, one head lolling, but the other two redoubled their fury, forcing Orion back step by step.

Ronan, meanwhile, stood at the gate, barking orders to the warriors.

"Hold the line! Archers, aim for the eyes!" His voice carried over the chaos, steadying the pack as he directed reinforcements, his own sword sheathed but ready.

The battle raged, the air thick with blood, snarls, and steel. A Skylur leaped the wall, only to meet Brynhild mid-air, her wolf form colliding in a tangle of fur and fangs. They crashed to the ground, Brynhild shifting back to drive her sword through its throat. Blood sprayed, but she was up, swords spinning, facing the next.

Dren whispered beside Sophia, his voice hoarse. "They make it look... easy. But it's not. Not against those things."

Sophia nodded, speechless. The tension was palpable, the pack fought with everything, but the beasts were relentless. Arrows thudded into hides, spears pierced flanks, yet the creatures pressed on, driven by some unseen force.

A Skylur's roar shook the gate, and Sophia pressed closer, her breath fogging the air. She had to know more she couldn't just watch from afar.

Dren grabbed her arm. "We need to go, we can't get too close, it's dangerous."

Sophia shook him off, eyes locked on the fray. The Trihydra lunged at Orion, one head clamping his shoulder, he roared, twisting free, blood streaming down his arm. Brynhild howled a command, and warriors surged to aid her.

The battle teetered on a knife's edge, the pack's resolve holding back a tide of fangs and venom. Sophia's heart raced, curiosity had brought her here, but now, a fierce loyalty to these people who had saved her kept her rooted. As the Trihydra's heads reared back, venom dripping like acid rain, she wondered if they could hold, or if this was the beginning of something far darker.

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

The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 32: Eyes of the Abyss - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 32: Eyes of the Abyss

Chapter 31: Eyes of the Abyss

The air at the Nightshade compound's gate was thick with the stench of blood and venom, the clash of steel and snarls of beasts a deafening cacophony.

Sophia pressed herself against the barricade, her breath shallow, eyes locked on the battlefield beyond. The six Skylurs, their white fur stained crimson, lunged at the pack warriors, but it was the Trihydra, its three obsidian-scaled heads weaving like death itself, that held her gaze. And at its center was Orion, his massive wolf form a silver-black juggernaut, larger than any other, tearing through the chaos with primal fury.

Orion fought alone against the Trihydra, his movements a blur of raw power and precision. He shifted fluidly, human to wolf, his sword flashing as he slashed at the serpent's central head. Black blood sprayed, sizzling on the snow like acid.

The left head snapped at him, fangs dripping venom, but Orion's wolf form dodged with uncanny speed, claws raking across an eye. The beast shrieked, a discordant wail from all three throats, its tails whipping the air like thunderclaps.

Sophia's heart raced, her curiosity a wildfire, she couldn't look away from Orion's relentless dance with death.

From the gate, Ronan bellowed orders, his voice a steady anchor in the storm.

"Archers, aim for the flanks! Spears, hold the line!" He wasn't in the fray yet, his sword sheathed but ready, as he directed warriors to support Brynhild's assault on the Skylurs.

His eyes flicked to Orion, tracking his friend's battle, ready to leap in if needed. Arrows rained from the walls, one finding a Skylur's throat, felling it in a spray of blood. Brynhild, a whirlwind of black fur and twin swords, shifted mid-air to tackle another, her wolf form tearing into its hindquarters before she drove her blades deep as a human.

Sophia's breath fogged the air, her knuckles white against the barricade. The pack fought with ferocious unity, but the Trihydra's presence was a dark omen, its alliance with the Skylurs unnatural.

Orion roared, his wolf form leaping to meet the Trihydra's right head. His claws sank into its neck, tearing scales free, but the central head lunged, grazing his shoulder with venomous fangs. He snarled, blood streaming down his silver fur, and shifted to human

form, driving his sword into the beast's underbelly. The Trihydra thrashed, its heads weaving erratically, but it wasn't finished.

Its left head, one eye now a ruined mess, snapped toward the gate, and locked onto Sophia.

Her breath caught, a shiver slicing down her spine like ice. The Trihydra's remaining eyes, green, glowing, and impossibly alive, bore into her. It wasn't just looking; it was seeing her, as if peeling back her skin to glimpse her soul.

A low hiss echoed in her mind, not a sound but a feeling, words she couldn't grasp, a cold, slithering presence that whispered of hunger and intent. The creature's gaze pinned her, and for a moment, the battlefield faded, the roars and clashes muted. It was coming for her.

Sophia stumbled back, her legs buckling, her heart hammering with primal fear. The barricade caught her fall, but the Trihydra's gaze lingered in her mind, a shadow that wouldn't fade.

She pointed a trembling finger toward the beast, her voice shaking. "It... it was watching me. Like it was coming for me."

Dren, still beside her, his freckled face pale and mouth agape, blinked at her in confusion. "What? Where did it come for you? Have you grown two heads or something?"

He squinted at the Trihydra, now thrashing under Orion's assault, its left head's remaining eye pierced by an arrow, oozing black ichor. "It's not looking at anything now. Come on, we gotta go!"

Sophia shook her head, her pulse still racing, the memory of that gaze searing her mind. "No, I swear, it saw me. It wasn't just looking, it was... like it knew me."

But the words felt foolish even as she spoke them, the battlefield's chaos drowning her certainty. There was no way The beast could know who she was. She had never seen anything like that in her life. She was almost certain if it if not for the fig in her brain.

The Trihydra was faltering, Orion's blade sinking deep into its central neck, but that moment of connection left her rattled, a puzzle her curiosity couldn't yet solve.

Dren grabbed her arm, his youthful urgency returning. "Whatever you saw, it's not safe here. Let's move before..."

"What in the Moon's cursed name are you two doing?" a voice thundered, cutting through the din.

Caspian stormed toward them, his eyebrows furrowed in a scowl, his weathered face a mask of fury.

His cloak billowed as he closed the distance, his presence looming despite his age. "Dren, you're not a guard yet, armor or no! And you, Sophia, did I not tell you to stay put?"

Sophia froze, her cheeks flushing as she lowered her gaze. Dren's shoulders slumped, his helmet tilting as he stared at the ground, looking every bit the scolded boy. They stood like children caught stealing sweets, the weight of Caspian's anger pinning them in place.

Caspian jabbed a finger at Dren, his voice sharp. "Your mother's worried sick, lad! She's pacing the council hall, thinking you're out here playing hero. Armor doesn't make you a hunter, it makes you a target if you don't know what you're doing."

Dren mumbled, "I just wanted to help, sir. I thought..."

"You thought wrong," Caspian snapped, then turned to Sophia, his eyes narrowing. "It's too dangerous and you aren't strong enough, you know that."

"And you! I told you to stay safe, not sneak to the gate like some reckless pup. Do you have any idea what's out there? Those beasts could tear you apart before you blink!"

Sophia's head dipped lower, her defiance wilting under his glare. "... I just needed to see," she muttered, her voice small but still laced with that stubborn curiosity. "I'm not helpless."

Caspian sighed, exasperation softening his anger. "Not helpless? Pray, do tell, what it is the both of you were going to help the warriors with."

They kept quiet because they knew deep down there was nothing they could do to help.

Caspian turned, gesturing for them to follow, his boots crunching on the frosty path. The battle's din, roars, hisses, the twang of arrows, still echoed behind them, but Caspian's stride was relentless, leading them toward the cluster of homes where non-combatants had gathered. Sophia glanced back, catching a glimpse of Brynhild's swords flashing as she felled another Skylur, its body collapsing in a heap of fur and blood.

As they moved, Sophia stole a glance at Dren, who trudged beside her, his armor clanking awkwardly. "So," she said, her voice low, "why're you dressed like a warrior if you're not one?"

Dren's freckled cheeks reddened, his eyes fixed on the ground. "And why'd you lie about getting lost?" he shot back, dodging her question. "You didn't just wander here, you wanted to see the fight."

Sophia's lips twitched, a spark of amusement breaking through her embarrassment. Neither answered the other, their silence a mutual acknowledgment of their shared recklessness.

The path wound past stone houses, their windows shuttered, the air heavy with the tension of those waiting inside. Mothers clutched children, elders whispered prayers to the Moon Goddess, and the distant roars of the beasts underscored every step.

Caspian led them to a central courtyard, where a crowd of non-fighters, elders like him, children, and those untrained for battle, huddled under the watchful eyes of a few armed sentries. The air here was quieter, but no less tense, the horn's echo still lingering in everyone's minds. A woman with gray-streaked hair rushed forward, her face pale with worry, and grabbed Dren's arm.

"Dren! You foolish boy!" she cried, pulling him into a fierce hug. "I thought you'd run off to fight those monsters!"

Dren mumbled an apology, his armor clinking as he hugged her back, looking every bit the chastised son. Sophia watched, a pang of something, envy, perhaps, tugging at her chest. She had no one to worry over her like that, no family to scold her recklessness. Her amnesia left a hollow space where those ties should be.

Caspian turned to her, his scowl softening slightly. "You're lucky, Sophia. If those beasts had breached the gate, you'd be a liability out there. Stay here, with the others. No more sneaking."

She nodded, her gaze drifting back toward the gate, where the sounds of battle still raged. The Trihydra's gaze haunted her, its green eyes burning in her memory. What had it wanted? Why had it felt so... personal? She burned with a need to know the answer but she knew she had to stay here.

The courtyard buzzed with hushed voices, children whispering about the monsters, elders murmuring about omens. Sophia's eyes flicked to Dren, now sitting with his mother, his armor looking comically oversized on his lanky frame.

She sank onto a bench, her mind racing. The pack was fighting for its life, Orion and Brynhild at the forefront, but that gaze... it wasn't just a beast's hunger. It was something more, something tied to her, to the secrets locked in her missing memories.

A fresh roar split the air, followed by a triumphant shout from the walls. Sophia's head snapped up, her heart leaping. Had they felled the Trihydra? Or was it breaking through? She leaned forward, straining to hear, her curiosity a living thing, pulling her toward the truth even as Caspian's warning echoed in her ears.

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

The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 33: Echoes of Victory

- Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 33: Echoes of Victory

Chapter 32: Echoes of Victory

The roar of battle faded into an eerie stillness, the air heavy with the acrid scent of blood and venom. Inside the central courtyard of the Nightshade compound, where Sophia sat among the non-fighters, elders, children, and those untrained for combat, the tension was a living thing, coiling tighter with every distant snarl or clash of steel.

The horn's echo lingered in their minds, a reminder of the peril beyond the walls. Sophia's fingers fidgeted on the bench, her thoughts spiraling around the Trihydra's chilling gaze.

It had seen her, spoken to her in some wordless, primal way. Her curiosity burned, but Caspian's earlier scolding kept her rooted, surrounded by the anxious murmurs of the pack.

A sudden cheer erupted from the walls, sharp and jubilant, shattering the silence. Sophia's head snapped up, her heart leaping. The courtyard stirred, children peeking from behind their mothers, elders exchanging hopeful glances.

A young girl, clutching a rag doll, whispered, "Did we win?"

Before anyone could answer, a guard burst through the courtyard gate, his armor dented and streaked with blood, but his face alight with triumph.

"They're down!" he shouted, voice hoarse but exultant. "The Skylurs, the Trihydra are all dead! The pack held the line!"

The courtyard exploded into chaos, joyful, unrestrained chaos. Mothers laughed, hugging their children; elders raised trembling hands to the sky, murmuring thanks to the Moon Goddess.

Smiles spread like wildfire, the relief palpable as fear gave way to celebration. Sophia found herself grinning, caught in the tide of the pack's elation. Strangers clapped her shoulders, their wary glances replaced by warmth, as if her presence at the gate had woven her into their victory. For the first time, she felt a flicker of belonging, fragile but real.

The gates creaked open, and the warriors streamed in, their faces a mix of exhaustion and pride. Blood stained their armor, some limping or cradling wounds, but their eyes shone with the fire of survival.

The crowd surged forward, spilling out of the courtyard toward the main square, eager to greet their protectors. Sophia followed, her worry for Brynhild and Orion pushing her through the throng. The pack's unity was a living pulse, families reunited, friends shouting praises, children darting between legs to gawk at the bloodied heroes.

In the square, the scene was both triumphant and grim. Fallen Skylur pelts lay in heaps beyond the gate, their white fur matted with crimson. The Trihydra's massive corpse sprawled like a dark scar across the snow, its three heads limp, eyes dull. Orion stood nearby, his silver-black wolf form gone, now human, his armor gashed and blood dripping from a wound on his shoulder. He barked orders, directing the cleanup, his voice steady despite the strain etched into his face.

Sophia scanned the crowd, her eyes landing on Brynhild. The warrior stood tall, her twin swords sheathed, blood streaking her face and armor.

Her black hair was matted, her silver eyes, blind yet piercing, fixed on the horizon as if expecting another threat. The pack cheered her name, and she offered a faint smile, but Sophia noticed her sway slightly, one hand clutching her belly.

Lysander pushed through the crowd, his lean frame moving with purpose. His sharp eyes scanning for the wounded. He reached Brynhild, his voice low but heated, words lost in the din. Sophia edged closer, her worry spiking. Brynhild's face tightened, her hand waving off Lysander's concern, but her words were sharp, a retort that made the healer's jaw clench.

"You can't keep pushing like this!" Lysander snapped, loud enough for Sophia to catch. "Not in your condition..."

"I'm fine," Brynhild cut him off, her voice a blade, but her stance wavered, her breath hitching.

Before Lysander could respond, Brynhild's knees buckled. She collapsed like a marionette with cut strings, her body crumpling to the ground.

The crowd gasped, the cheers faltering. Lysander's demeanor shifted in an instant, gone was the arguing healer, replaced by a man who was filled with worry for his partner.

He dropped to his knees, scooping Brynhild into his arms, heedless of the blood soaking his tunic from her wounds. Her head lolled against his shoulder, her face pale, and Sophia's stomach twisted with dread.

"Lysander!" Sophia called, pushing forward, her curiosity now drowned by fear for her friend. She ran after him as he hurried toward the medical center, a sturdy stone building glowing with soft light. The crowd parted, their joy tempered by concern, whispers of "Brynhild" rippling through the pack.

Sophia's feet pounded the earth, her breath fogging in the cold air. She had to know if Brynhild was okay, her strength, her warmth, had been a lifeline in this strange place.

But before she could reach the medical center's doors, a strong hand clamped her arm, yanking her to a stop. She stumbled, turning to find Orion towering over her, his amber eyes blazing with a mix of exhaustion and fury.

Blood streaked his face, his armor dented, but his presence was a storm, unyielding and menacing.

He pulled her away from the crowd, his grip like iron, steering her toward a low stone building, the alpha's office, its heavy oak door carved with runes.

Sophia's heart raced, her earlier relief swallowed by the intensity in his gaze. What had she done now? The Trihydra's eyes flashed in her mind, that chilling connection, but she pushed it down, focusing on Orion's anger.

He shoved the door open, dragging her inside. The office was sparse but imposing, stone walls adorned with maps, a wooden desk littered with scrolls, and a single window letting in pale light. Orion released her, slamming the door shut, the sound echoing like a thunderclap.

He rounded on her, his voice low and dangerous, each word a blade.

"What did you think you were doing?"

The room seemed to shrink under the weight of his question, his eyes boring into hers, demanding answers she wasn't sure she could give. Sophia's breath caught, the Trihydra's gaze and the pack's victory swirling in her mind, but Orion's fury held her pinned, waiting.

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

The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 34: Clashing Tides - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 34: Clashing Tides

Chapter 33: Clashing Tides

The heavy oak door of Orion's office slammed shut with a resonant thud, the sound reverberating off the stone walls like a war drum's final beat. Sophia stumbled forward, her arm still tingling from the iron grip Orion had used to drag her inside.

The room was a fortress of cold efficiency, maps pinned to the walls with rusted daggers, a cluttered desk groaning under the weight of scrolls, and a single narrow window casting a pale, ghostly light across the floor.

Sophia wasn't surprised by the scrolls especially because just recently, Ronan and Orion had been running around the pack due to his negligence of paperwork.

The air smelled of ink and leather, underscored by the faint metallic tang of Orion's blood-streaked armor.

Orion loomed over her, his broad shoulders heaving with each breath, his eyes filled with a fury that could melt the snow outside. Blood crusted along a gash on his shoulder, a testament to the Trihydra's venomous bite, yet his stance was unyielding, a predator sizing up its prey.

Sophia's heart pounded, her mind a whirlwind of the Trihydra's haunting gaze and the pack's recent victory, but Orion's glare pinned her in place.

"What did you think you were doing?" he growled, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through the room.

Sophia blinked, her confusion bubbling to the surface as she rubbed her arm where his hand had been. "What are you talking about?" she asked, her brows knitting together in a frown.

Orion's eyes narrowed, his lips curling into a snarl. "You know damn well what I mean," he snapped, stepping closer, his shadow swallowing her smaller frame.

The heat of his anger was palpable, a storm brewing in the confined space.

She tilted her head, a spark of defiance igniting in her chest despite the tremor in her hands. "I don't speak grumpy," she retorted, crossing her arms and meeting his gaze with a defiant lift of her chin. "Care to translate that into something resembling a sentence I can understand?"

His jaw tightened, a muscle twitching as he loomed even closer, his breath hot against the cold air. "Don't play dumb with me, Sophia. You think you can just waltz around like you own the place?" His voice rose, each word dripping with irritation. "I saw you at the gate. What the hell were you doing there?"

The accusation hit her like a slap, and her mouth opened, then closed, a stutter escaping her lips as her mind raced. He knew?

How could he have seen her pressed against the barricade, watching the battle unfold? Her cheeks flushed, a mix of embarrassment and panic, and she took a step back,

bumping into the desk. "I, I didn't think you'd..." she stammered, her voice faltering under his piercing stare.

"Didn't think I'd what?" Orion pressed, his tone sharpening as he crossed his arms, mirroring her stance but with a menace that made the room feel smaller. "Didn't think I'd notice you sneaking around where you don't belong? Or maybe you're trying to kill yourself out there? Or...wait, do you know something we don't? Did you know the Skylurs and that damned Trihydra were coming, and you wanted to see for yourself if they'd gotten their mark?"

Sophia's eyes widened, her breath catching in her throat. The Trihydra's gaze flashed in her mind, that icy connection she couldn't explain, but his accusation ignited a fire in her gut. He really was mad if he thought she had anything to do with the beasts.

She straightened, her voice dropping to an icy edge as she glared at him. "You've gone bonkers if you think I have anything to do with those monsters. I just found out what a Trihydra is today, you insufferable oaf!"

Orion's face darkened, his fists clenching at his sides. "Don't call me that," he shot back, his voice a growl. "You were out there, risking your neck, and ours, when you should've been safe with the others. Explain yourself, now!"

Sophia's lips pressed into a thin line, her anger surging as she took a step toward him, closing the distance with a boldness she didn't feel. "You're not my father, Orion," she spat, her words sharp as a blade. "Mind your own damn business!"

The room seemed to pulse with their rising tempers, the air crackling with unspoken tension. Orion's eyes flashed, a storm of frustration and something deeper, hurt, perhaps, but it vanished before Sophia could define what it was. He leaned in, his voice dropping to a dangerous whisper.

"Insufferable," he hissed, the word dripping with venom. "You're insufferable, Sophia. I should've left you to die when we found you bleeding out under that Skylur. Would've saved us all this trouble."

The words struck her like a physical blow, and for a moment, the world tilted. Her breath hitched, a fresh wave of anger and pain crashing over her as memories of that day flashed before her eyes. If he hadn't come, she would have died. If Tobias hadn't even given her the whistle she wouldn't be here right now.

Her hands trembled, but she channeled the hurt into a fiery retort, her voice rising with each syllable. "Go fuck yourself, Orion! You should've left me to die! I'm sure Brynhild was the one who saved me, even with her pregnancy, carrying me back while you stood there barking orders like some self-important prick!"

Orion's face hardened, his eyes narrowing to slits, but he didn't correct her. The truth, that he had been the one to carry her, bloodied and unconscious, back to the compound, remained locked behind his clenched teeth.

"I'm only going to ask one more time, what the fuck were you doing at the gate?" He growled out. "And you better give me an answer this time."

"That won't work on me. I'm not some kid, Orion." She growled at him.

"But for the time you are with us in this pack, you are under my protection and I have every fucking right to ask you what you were doing at the gate. If you don't want to answer then you can leave. It'll save us all the trouble with your unknown past." He spat out.

Each word he said to her made her hurt more but she steeled herself. She did not understand why he was being this angry or livid with her especially since she didn't hurt anyone.

"Fuck you!"

"No, fuck that shit. Answer me!" Heroared angrily.

"I was curious!" She shouted at him in anger. "There, are you happy now? I was curious as to what was happening. I wanted to know what you guys were fighting."

"So you went to the gate when every person who isn't liable to fight were gathered safely?" She asked her.

"Yes."

Orion scoffed. She wasn't lying, he knew that but he could not wrap his head around what was going through her tho

ught process. She was about to hurt herself because she was curious?

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

The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 35: Frayed Edges - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 35: Frayed Edges

Chapter 34: Frayed Edges

Orion's scoff still lingered, a harsh echo in the stone-walled room, his furrowed brow betraying his struggle to comprehend her admission. She was about to hurt herself

because she was curious? The words replayed in his mind, fueling a fresh wave of frustration.

He rubbed a hand over his face, the gash on his shoulder throbbing as he stepped around the desk, closing the distance between them.

"Are you okay?" he asked, his voice a gruff mix of exasperation and a sarcastic undertone that suggested that she was out of her mind. His eyes narrowed, searching her flushed face for any sign of regret, but all he found was that defiant spark that drove him mad.

Sophia's lips curled into a wry smirk, her hands planting on her hips. "Oh, I'm just dandy, thanks for the concern," she shot back, her tone dripping with mockery.

"What's next, a sermon on how to stay out of trouble, oh wise alpha?"

Orion's jaw clenched with irritation, he stepped closer, his towering frame casting a shadow over her. "I'm not joking, Sophia. What if you'd put yourself in danger out there? What if that Trihydra had gotten to you, or a Skylur? What if we hadn't held the gate?" His voice rose, each question a hammer strike, the memory of the beasts' snarls flashing behind his eyes.

The thought of her fragile form against those monsters sent a chill down his spine, though he buried it beneath his scowl.

She lifted her chin, her defiance unshaken. "Then I would've fought," she declared, her voice steady but laced with a lie she couldn't quite hide.

The image of her facing a Skylur with anything but a panicked flail was absurd, and Orion's scoff cut through the air like a blade.

There was a ringing in his ears as the words settled and that prickling sensation

"Fought?" he repeated, his tone thick with disbelief. "Do you even know how to fight?"

His gaze bore into hers, and when she averted her eyes, staring at a crack in the stone floor, he shook his head. "Didn't think so. You're being foolish, Sophia. Curiosity killed the cat, and I won't let you put my people in danger over it."

Sophia's hands balled into fists, her nails digging into her palms as anger flared. "I only went to see," she argued, her voice rising. "I wasn't planning to play hero, I just wanted to know what you were all fighting for! Is that a crime now?"

Orion's eyes narrowed, and he leaned in, his voice dropping to a growl. "You were stupid for even thinking you could just see and walk away unscathed. Those beasts are

dangerous, Skylurs that can rip a man apart, a Trihydra that nearly took me down. You think a little look satisfies that kind of threat?"

"I know they're dangerous!" she snapped, her voice cracking with frustration. "I saw them, Orion! Don't you dare tell me I don't get it!"

He shook his head, his expression hardening into a mask of resolve. "I'm not sure you do," he said coldly. "If you did, you wouldn't be so foolish as to risk hurting yourself or the members of my pack. One wrong move, and you could've been a liability, drawing their attention when we were barely holding the line."

Sophia's temper erupted, her words spilling out like venom. "And you don't get the fact that I didn't draw any attention." She told him. "At least not one that could have put the pack in danger. I only went to look, that's it. I didn't hurt anyone at all. Is that so hard for your noble self to get into that thick skull of yours?"

Orion's face flushed, his hands clenching as he stepped closer, his voice a low thunder. "Watch your mouth, Sophia. I'm trying to keep you alive, not coddle you. You think this is a game? That curiosity gives you a free pass to endanger us? I ought to lock you up for your own good!"

"Lock me up?" she sneered, stepping into his space, her dark eyes blazing. "Try it, and I'll break out just to spite you. You're a control freak, Orion, and I'm sick of your sanctimonious bullshit!"

The argument spiraled, their voices clashing like storm waves against a cliff. Orion accused her of recklessness

"You're a walking disaster waiting to happen!"

while Sophia hurled insults back "Arrogant bully!" and "Overgrown mutt!" her hands gesturing wildly as she paced the small space.

The room seemed to shrink, the weight of their words pressing against the stone walls, drowning out the distant voices from other members of the pack who were still rejoicing from the little battle with the beasts.

"You don't get to dictate my life!" Sophia shouted, her voice echoing off the ceiling. "I'm not one of your obedient wolves!"

"And you don't get to play martyr when you can't even swing a sword!" Orion roared, his patience fraying. "I've lost enough to those beasts and even people don't make me lose more because of your damn foolishness!"

The words hung heavy, a raw wound exposed. Sophia's chest heaved, her anger warring with a flicker of guilt, but she masked it with a scowl. "Maybe you should've let the Skylur have me then," she muttered, her voice low but cutting.

Orion's eyes darkened, his breath hitching, but before he could respond, the office door swung open with a resounding bang.

Lysander stormed in, his huge frame taut with anger, his long blonde hair pulled into a tight bun that seemed to quiver with his fury. His eyes, sharp and unyielding, darted between them, his healer's pouches clinking as he moved. Blood stained his tunic, likely from tending to Brynhild, and his clenched fists suggested he was ready to intervene.

"Are you mad?" Lysander demanded, his voice silenced their bickering.

His gaze fixed on Orion, ignoring Sophia for the moment, though the tension in his stance hinted at a deeper fury. The air shifted, the argument's heat giving way to a new storm, and Sophia stepped back, her breath ragged, wondering what Lysander's anger would unl

eash next. And thanking the goddess that it wasn't on her.

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

The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 36: Fractured Bonds - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 36: Fractured Bonds

Chapter 35: Fractured Bonds

The office door's resounding bang still reverberated through the stone-walled room as Lysander stormed in, his towering frame taut with fury, his long blonde hair pulled into a tight bun quivering with every step.

His eyes, sharp and unyielding, blazed with anger, darting between Orion and Sophia. Blood stained his tunic, a grim testament to his frantic efforts tending to Brynhild after her collapse, and his clenched fists suggested he was ready to unleash his wrath.

Sophia stepped back, her breath ragged from the earlier argument, a flicker of relief washing over her that Lysander's fury seemed directed elsewhere.

Orion's gaze shifted from Sophia to Lysander, a flicker of resignation crossing his eyes. He'd known this confrontation was coming, especially after Brynhild's dramatic fall in the square. The weight of her condition had hung over him like a storm cloud, and Lysander's protective rage was no surprise.

He rubbed the gash on his shoulder, the pain a dull ache beneath his armor, and took a steadying breath. "Lysander, I..." he began, his voice low, an attempt at an apology cut short as the door swung open again.

Ronan stepped inside, his usual confident smirk replaced by a rare frown that etched deep lines into his youthful face.

The sight caught Sophia off guard. Ronan, with his ear-length blonde hair dusted with frost, was almost always the pack's lighthearted jester. His dark eyes, typically warm with a mischievous glint, now held a seriousness that made her stomach twist. She pressed herself against the desk, her curiosity warring with unease as the room grew denser with tension.

"Are you mad?" Lysander's voice cracked like a whip, silencing the air as he glared at Orion and Ronan. His tone was a mix of accusation and desperation, his hands flexing as if restraining himself from lashing out. "What the fuck is wrong with both of you?"

Orion raised a hand, his expression softening as he tried again to de-escalate. "Lysander, I'm sorry. We didn't mean for this to happen. I should've..."

Ronan cut in, his frown deepening as he crossed his arms, his broadsword still slung over his shoulder. "Brynhild's the one who didn't want to be treated like an invalid just because she's pregnant," he said, his voice steady but edged with frustration. "She insisted on fighting, Lysander. You know how stubborn she is."

Lysander's face darkened, his eyes narrowing as he turned on Ronan. "I told you both to watch over her!" he snapped, his voice rising. "I told you to ensure she wasn't hurt! She's carrying a child, and you let her leap into that battle like some reckless warrior!" His fists trembled, the healer's pouches at his side clinking with the movement, a stark contrast to the bloodstains on his hands.

Orion stepped forward, his own anger flaring as he met Lysander's gaze. "We did that at first but she noticed we were giving her less responsibility, Lysander. She got angry, and said she wasn't some fragile doll to be coddled. What were we supposed to do? Tie her down?" His voice carried the weight of their impossible position, the pack's reliance on Brynhild's strength clashing with her vulnerability.

Ronan nodded, his frown easing slightly as he leaned against the wall. "Chill, Lysander. Brynhild's okay now. She's resting. You made sure of that." His tone was light, an attempt to diffuse the tension, but it only fueled Lysander's anger.

Lysander whirled on him, "I don't care!" he roared, his voice echoing off the stone. "She should take a break from being captain, stop fighting altogether! She's putting herself and the child at risk, and I won't stand for it!" His chest heaved, the fear beneath his fury laid bare for a moment before he clenched his jaw.

Ronan scoffed, pushing off the wall with a shake of his head. "You should talk to Brynhild first, brother. Good luck with that, she's not exactly the listening type." His lips twitched, a hint of his usual smirk returning, though his eyes remained serious.

Lysander's expression twisted, a mix of frustration and resignation. "She wouldn't listen," he muttered, running a hand through his bun, disheveling it slightly. "That's the problem. She never does."

Ronan's gaze softened, and he stepped closer, his voice lowering. "That's the issue, yeah. She wants to belong, Lysander. She feels like if she stops fighting, she's letting the pack down. You know how she is, pride's her armor."

Lysander cursed under his breath, the sound a sharp exhale as the frown melted from his face, replaced by a haunted look. He sank into a chair by the desk, his hands trembling as he buried his face in them. "I know," he said, his voice breaking. "But I can't lose her. I've lost almost everyone, my family, my mentors. She's all I have left, and that child..." His words trailed off, raw emotion cracking through his usual stern demeanor.

Ronan's lips quirked into a teasing grin, a flicker of his old self returning. "I'm hurt, Lysander. You don't care about me at all?" he quipped, clapping a hand on the healer's shoulder.

Lysander let out a reluctant laugh, the sound rough but genuine, cutting through the tension. "You're a pain, Ronan, but you'll outlive us all with that thick skull," he replied, a faint smile tugging at his lips.

Orion watched the exchange, his own expression softening as he stepped forward. "I understand why you're worried, Lysander," he said, his voice steady but carrying a hint of exhaustion. "But before we can figure this out, we need to..." His words faltered, his eyes rolling upward as a shudder ran through him.

The gash on his shoulder pulsed, a sudden dizziness overwhelming him, and before anyone could react, he collapsed, his armored form hitting the floor with a heavy thud.

Sophia gasped, her heart leaping into her throat as she rushed forward along with Lysander and Ronan, their body tightening with worry.

'What the actual hell?' Sophia asked herself, her mouth agape.

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

**The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 37: Venom's Grasp -
Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 37: Venom's
Grasp**

Chapter 36: Venom's Grasp

The heavy thud of Orion's armored body hitting the stone floor reverberated through the office, a sound that froze the air in Sophia's lungs. Her heart lurched as she stared in shock, the alpha's collapse shattering the tension that had gripped the room moments before.

Without a second thought, she was the first to move, her feet carrying her to his side as Lysander and Ronan surged forward, their faces etched with worry. She dropped to her knees beside him, her hands trembling as she reached out, her fingers brushing against his cheek. His skin was as stiff as wood, unnaturally rigid, and her breath caught as her gaze fell upon the black veins snaking up his neck and hands, a dark web spreading beneath his skin like a spider web.

"Orion!" she gasped, her voice a choked whisper.

'What's wrong with him?' She asked herself.

Lysander cursed under his breath, a sharp, guttural sound that snapped Sophia out of her shock. The healer knelt beside her, his long blonde hair trembling from the sudden movement as he pressed two fingers to Orion's neck, his eyes narrowing with professional intensity.

His face tightened, and he muttered another curse, his hands steady despite the panic flickering in his gaze. "His pulse is faint," he said, his voice low and strained, the weight of his diagnosis hanging heavy.

Ronan, hovering over them, noticed the frown etching deeper lines into Lysander's face. His usual jovial demeanor was gone, replaced by a rare seriousness that made his dark eyes glint with concern.

"What's wrong?" he asked, his voice rough with urgency and worry.

Lysander's jaw clenched, his hands still pressed against Orion's neck. "I suspect he's poisoned," he replied, his tone grim. His eyes darted to the black veins, a telltale sign he couldn't ignore.

"By what? The Trihydra?" Ronan's voice rose, a mix of disbelief and fear, his hand instinctively gripping the hilt of his sword.

Lysander nodded, his expression darkening. "Yes. That venom's notorious, slow to kill, but deadly if it spreads."

He moved with practiced urgency, his fingers working to unfasten Orion's blood-streaked armor. "We need to administer first aid now. The poison's spread too far already."

As he peeled away the leather and metal, revealing Orion's sweat-soaked tunic, he cursed again, louder this time. "How in the gods' names were you standing, let alone arguing with us, with this massive poison in you?" he muttered to the unconscious alpha, his voice a mix of awe and frustration.

Sophia's eyes widened as Lysander tugged the tunic aside, exposing a deep gash on Orion's side, the flesh torn and puckered around two distinct teeth marks, unmistakable signs of the Trihydra's bite.

The wound was inflamed, the black veins radiating from it like tendrils of death. Lysander's hands moved swiftly, pulling a leather pouch from his belt and spilling its contents, dried herbs, a small mortar, and a vial of murky liquid, onto the floor. He began grinding the herbs with a small pestle, his movements precise despite the tremor in his fingers.

Ronan hovered closer, his frown deepening. "Will everything be okay?" he asked, his voice quieter now.

Lysander didn't look up, his focus absolute as he mixed the herbs with the liquid, creating a thick paste. "I'm going to try my best," he said, his nod curt but resolute.

He glanced at Ronan, then Sophia. "Go to the medical facility. Get me feverfew, yarrow, and charcoal root, hurry. Sophia, bring warm water. Now!"

Sophia nodded, her legs shaky as she scrambled to her feet. She stumbled, tripping over the hem of her cloak, but caught herself against the desk, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

Determination flared, and she bolted out of the room, the cold stone corridor a blur as she raced toward the building Brynhild had described as the kitchens, and the thank the goddess the first person she saw was a cook who attended to her without question.

Back in the office, Lysander worked frantically, his hands coated with the herbal paste as he applied it to the gash.

Orion's skin burned with fever, his forehead slick with sweat despite the chill in the room. Lysander pressed a cloth to the wound, hoping to slow the venom's spread, his muttered prayers to the Moon Goddess barely audible. "Hold on, you stubborn fool," he whispered, his voice thick with emotion.

Ronan returned first, his arms laden with the requested herbs, his breath visible in the cold air as he burst through the door. Moments later, Sophia staggered in, a clay bowl of warm water sloshing in her hands, her dark eyes wide with anxiety.

She set it down beside Lysander, her fingers trembling as she stepped back, watching the healer's every move.

Lysander wasted no time. He poured a portion of the warm water into a shallow bowl, adding a pinch of feverfew to create a steaming infusion, its bitter scent filling the room.

He dipped a clean cloth into the mixture, wringing it out before pressing it against Orion's forehead to combat the fever. With the yarrow, he crafted a poultice, mixing it with the charcoal root to draw out the poison, and applied it thickly over the gash, securing it with a strip of cloth torn from his own tunic.

His hands moved with a healer's grace, but sweat beaded on his brow, a sign of the pressure he was under.

"Help me move him," Lysander instructed Ronan, his voice firm as he finished the initial treatment. "We need to get him to the medical facility immediately. The venom's still active. And I'll work better there."

Ronan nodded, stepping to Orion's legs as Lysander supported his shoulders. They lifted the alpha's limp form, his armor clanking softly, when a sudden, violent cough wracked his body.

Black blood sprayed from Orion's mouth, splattering the stone floor and Ronan's hands. The room fell silent, the sound of the cough echoing loudly in the room.

"Gods above!" Ronan exclaimed, his voice shaking as he adjusted his grip, his eyes wide with horror. The black blood glistened, a stark contrast to the pale stone, and Sophia's stomach churned, her hands flying to her mouth.

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

The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 38: Shadows of Survival - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 38: Shadows of Survival

Chapter 37: Shadows of Survival

The office fell into a stunned silence as the black blood glistened on the stone floor, a stark omen of Orion's dire condition. Lysander's pale face, drained of color, loomed over the alpha's limp form, his hands still gripping Orion's shoulders. "It's the purging," he said, his voice tight with urgency, the words cutting through the tension like a blade. "We need to get him to the medical facility, now!" His eyes, sharp and unyielding, bore into Ronan with a command that brooked no argument.

Ronan wasted no time, he moved to Orion's legs, his broad hands securing the alpha's armored boots, while Lysander hoisted his shoulders. Together, they lifted Orion's heavy frame as they maneuvered toward the door.

Sophia stood frozen for a heartbeat, her mind reeling from the sight of the black veins and blood, but instinct propelled her into action.

She snatched Orion's massive sword and armor from the floor, the weight nearly doubling her own as she slung them over her shoulder. The steel bit into her skin, but a determined glint sparked in her dark eyes, pushing her forward.

Outside buzzed with pack members loitering after the celebration, their voices a low hum that turned to gasps as Lysander and Ronan emerged with Orion.

"What's wrong with him?" a woman's voice trembled, her eyes wide with shock.

"Why does he look like that?" a young warrior muttered, his hand hovering near his blade as if expecting an attack.

The black veins snaking up Orion's neck and the blood staining his tunic drew horrified stares, but Lysander pressed on, his jaw set, ignoring the questions.

Sophia followed, her steps uneven under the burden of the armor, the sword's hilt digging into her side. She stumbled, her foot catching on a loose stone, and winced as she nearly dropped the load, but she gritted her teeth and kept moving, her determination unwavering despite the pain.

The medical facility loomed ahead, Lysander and Ronan burst through the heavy wooden door, quickly lowering Orion onto a vacant cot.

His assistants, two young healers with deft hands and focused expressions, rushed to Lysander's side, their aprons already stained with the day's earlier efforts.

Sophia dropped the sword and armor with a clatter near the door, her arms aching, but her gaze remained fixed on Orion. His chest rose and fell shallowly, the black veins now creeping toward his jaw, a silent testament to the venom's relentless advance.

She stepped closer, her breath catching as her eyes traced his form. A dark stain caught her attention, seeping through the fabric of his pants at his thigh, the blood spreading fast and thick. "Lysander!" she called, her voice sharp with alarm as she pointed. "I...I think he's bleeding somewhere else!"

Lysander's head snapped up, his curse ringing out as he pushed past an assistant to inspect the new wound. "Gods damn it!" he barked, his pale face tightening with frustration.

He yanked a pair of shears from a nearby table, cutting away the fabric to reveal a jagged tear in Orion's thigh, the flesh swollen and oozing a mix of red and black.

"Get me a tourniquet, now!" he ordered, his voice a whipcrack. "And bring the silverthorn extract and clean bandages!"

The assistants scrambled, their movements a blur as they obeyed.

Lysander turned to Ronan and Sophia, his expression hard. "Both of you, out! Now!"

His tone left no room for debate, but Ronan hesitated, his fists clenching at his sides.

"I'm staying," Ronan growled, stepping forward. "He's my best friend and brother, I can help!"

Lysander's eyes flashed with a rare fury. "Hes my best friend and brother also!"

"Get out, Ronan! I need space to save him. Trust me...please." His voice softened on the last word, a plea wrapped in command, and Ronan swallowed hard, the fight draining from his posture.

With a reluctant nod, he backed toward the door, his broad shoulders slumping.

Sophia followed, her mind a whirlwind as she stepped into the corridor. The weight of Orion's sword and armor lingered in her muscles, but her thoughts were consumed by the suddenness of his collapse.

Just hours ago, he'd been towering over her, his voice a thunderous roar in their argument. Now, he lay broken, poisoned by a beast she couldn't shake from her memory. She leaned against the wall, her breath ragged, the cold stone grounding her as Ronan paced nearby.

"How?" She muttered more to herself than Ronan but he understood what she was asking.

Ronan stopped pacing, his dark eyes meeting hers. "I don't know either. I don't understand. I was watching him, ready to jump in despite his stupid order if he was in danger. I know he took a hit during the fight," he said, his voice low. "But I never saw the trihydra inserting it's teeth in him..." He trailed off, his frown deepening as he glanced at the closed door.

Inside, Lysander worked with relentless focus. The tourniquet was applied, a tight band above the thigh wound to stem the bleeding, while an assistant handed him the silverthorn extract, a rare antidote known to neutralize Trihydra venom.

He poured the viscous liquid into a small bowl, mixing it with a crushed leaf of feverfew to enhance its potency, the sharp scent cutting through the room's herbal haze.

With a steady hand, he dabbed the mixture onto the gash, watching as the black tendrils seemed to recoil, though the blood continued to seep. "Hold his leg steady," he instructed an assistant, who pressed down with gloved hands as Lysander packed the wound with clean bandages soaked in the extract.

The second assistant prepared a saline solution, heating it over a small flame to cleanse the area, but Lysander's attention shifted to Orion's neck. The black veins pulsed faintly, a sign the venom hadn't fully retreated. He cursed again, grabbing a thin reed and dipping it into the silverthorn mixture, then carefully inserted it into a vein near the gash, hoping to deliver the antidote directly. The process was delicate, his hands trembling slightly as he worked, sweat beading on his forehead despite the chill.

Outside, the corridor grew crowded with pack members, their whispers a constant murmur. "Is he dying?" a young voice asked, quickly hushed by an elder.

Sophia ignored them, her mind replaying Orion's harsh words, "Insufferable", and the way he'd carried her back from the Skylur attack. Guilt twisted in her gut, mingling with fear. She'd challenged him, defied him, but now she needed him to survive.

Ronan leaned against the wall beside her, his arms crossed. "He's tough," he said, as if reading her thoughts. "Toughest bastard I know. But this..." He shook his head. "He'll get through this. Lysander is the best healer I know." He said as if reassuring himself.

Sophia nodded, her throat tight. "He was fine until..." She hesitated, the Trihydra's gaze flashing in her mind. "Do you think it's because of me? Because I was at the gate?"

Ronan's brow furrowed. "You were at the gate?" He asked her.

Before she could answer, the door creaked open, and an assistant poked his head out, his face grim. "Lysander's still working, but he says to stay close. It's touch and go." He retreated, but before closing the door, Sophia caught a glimpse of Orion's pale face, the black veins stark against his skin.

Inside, Lysander adjusted the tourniquet, loosening it slightly to restore circulation while monitoring the bleeding. The silverthorn was working, the black blood slowing to a trickle, but Orion's fever spiked, his body trembling on the cot.

Lysander wiped his brow, his pale face reflecting the strain, and turned to his assistants. "More feverfew infusion," he ordered. "And keep the bandages tight, we can't lose him now."

The assistant nodded, rushing to comply, while Lysander leaned close to Orion, his voice a whisper. "You've fought Skylurs, Trihydras, and me you're not giving up here." It was a plea, a challenge, and a prayer all at once.

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

The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 39: Whispers in the Dark - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 39: Whispers in the Dark

Chapter 38: Whispers in the Dark

The medical facility hummed with a tense quiet, the flickering torchlight casting long shadows across the vast room where Orion lay.

The air was thick with the bitter scent of herbs and the metallic tang of blood, a testament to the battle waged against the Trihydra's venom.

Lysander stood beside the bed, his hands finally still after hours of relentless effort. His clothes, once a crisp tunic, were now filthy, stained with Orion's black and red blood, clinging to his sweat-soaked frame.

Strands of blonde hair had escaped his bun, framing a face etched with exhaustion, his pale skin sallow under the strain. He wiped his brow with a trembling hand, letting out a deep, weary sigh that seemed to carry the weight of the night.

Orion's chest rose and fell with shallow breaths, the black veins on his neck and hands having receded slightly, though the gash on his side and the fresh wound on his thigh remained bandaged and raw. Lysander had done all he could, administering silverthorn extract, crafting poultices, and delivering the antidote directly into Orion's veins. All that was left was for Orion to wake up.

Ronan lingered nearby, having been told by Lysander that he could enter now that he was done with administering treatment.

"How's he holding up?" he asked, his voice low, breaking the silence.

Lysander turned, his expression grim but steady. "I've done everything possible. The venom's been neutralized for now and the worst is avoided. But he may have delusions here and there and I don't mean when he wakes up. It's common with Trihydra poison, a side effect of the mind fighting the toxin."

Ronan's head tilted, concern deepening. "Delusions...okay, we can handle that. When will he wake up?"

Lysander's shoulders slumped, and he avoided Ronan's gaze for a moment, staring at the blood-streaked floor. "I don't know," he admitted, his voice rough. "He'll be out of sorts for some time, days, maybe longer. The delusions could linger, but he's strong. He'll pull through if his will holds."

The words hung heavy, a mix of relief and uncertainty that settled over the room.

Ronan nodded, processing the news, while Lysander ran a hand through his loose hair, trying to gather the strands back into some semblance of order.

Before the silence could deepen, the door creaked open, and Rita, one of the apprentices, stepped in. Her youthful face was drawn with fatigue, her apron smeared with herbal stains, but her eyes held a flicker of hope. "Lysander," she said softly, "Brynhild's awake. She's asking for you."

Lysander's head snapped up, a spark of life returning to his tired features. The medical center was a sprawling complex, its many rooms separated by thick stone walls and arched corridors. Orion's treatment room, with its bed and scattered medical tools, was distinct from the recuperation chamber where Brynhild had been resting, her own battle with exhaustion and pregnancy having taken its toll. He glanced at Ronan, a question in his eyes.

"Go see her," Ronan said, his voice firm but gentle. "I'll stay with Orion. He's not waking anytime soon, and I owe him that much." His gaze shifted to the alpha, a silent vow in his stance.

Lysander nodded gratefully, his filthy hands brushing against his tunic as he moved toward the door. Sophia, who had been hovering near the bed with her eyes wide with worry, stepped forward.

Her hands twisted the hem of her cloak, the weight of the night pressing on her shoulders. She'd carried Orion's gear, fetched water, and watched the healers work, but the sight of him, pale, motionless, veins still faintly dark, kept her rooted in fear.

Ronan noticed her distress and approached, his presence a steadying force. "Sophia, go to your house and sleep," he said, his tone kind but insistent. "It's past midnight, most of the pack's bedded down after Lysander's word that Orion will survive. You need rest."

She opened her mouth to argue, her stubborn streak flaring, but a huge yawn betrayed her exhaustion, stretching her jaw wide.

Ronan chuckled, a sound that lightened the air for a moment, and gave her a gentle push toward the door. "See? Even your body agrees. Go on."

Sophia hesitated, her mind racing. "But what if it's my fault?" she blurted, her voice trembling. "We were arguing, and then he collapsed. Maybe the Trihydra... maybe it was because I was at the gate." The words spilled out, a confession born of guilt, her eyes darting between Ronan and the bed.

Lysander, pausing at the door, turned back with a scoff, his exhaustion giving way to exasperation. "That's nonsense, Sophia," he said, his voice firm. "The venom was in him long before your spat. I'm sure of it. Trihydra poison doesn't work that fast or care

about arguments. It's a beast's doing, not yours." His certainty was a lifeline, and though his rough demeanor softened, it carried the weight of his expertise.

Sophia exhaled, the tension in her chest easing with his reassurance. After a moment's persuasion from Ronan, another gentle nudge and a promise to send word if anything changed, she relented. "Fine," she muttered, her yawn returning as she shuffled toward the exit. "But wake me if he stirs." Ronan nodded, watching her go with a faint smile.

As Sophia disappeared into the corridor, Lysander made his way to Brynhild's room, the distance between the chambers a short but heavy trek. The medical center's vastness echoed with the soft shuffle of assistants and the occasional groan from other patients, but Brynhild's chamber was a haven of quiet strength.

He pushed open the door, his heart lifting at the sight of her.

Brynhild lay propped against pillows, her black skin contrasting with the pale linens, her hair spilling over her shoulders, the packed-up portion slightly askew from sleep. The scar on her left cheek, a jagged line from a past fight, caught the dim light, a mark of her resilience.

Her nose scrunched up as her brows furrowed in confusion. "I love you but I'll be honest with you." She said to Lysander.

"What's wrong?" He asked her worriedly.

"You smell."

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Chapter 39: Lysander, you smell

The medical facility's vast corridors stretched into shadow as Lysander lingered by the door, his tired gaze softening at Brynhild's teasing words. "You smell," she had said, her nose scrunching and brows furrowing in that familiar mix of affection and disapproval.

The bluntness caught him off guard, especially because they were just seeing each other after that scare he received, he tried to hold it in but he couldn't and a weary laugh escaped his lips, the sound rough but genuine, cutting through the tension that had gripped him for hours.

"I love you too," he replied, a faint smile tugging at his mouth. "I need to wash off first, but I just came to see you. Rita said you were awake, and I couldn't wait." His voice carried a warmth that belied his filthy state, his tunic crusted with Orion's blood, his hands still stained from the night's battle against the Trihydra venom.

Brynhild's silver eyes seemed to pierce through him, her heightened senses picking up every nuance. "You better wash up," she said, her tone firm but laced with concern. "I may not be able to see you, but I can smell the blood from here. Whose is it?" Her voice sharpened, cutting through her fatigue.

Lysander's smile faded, replaced by a solemn nod. "Orion's," he admitted, his voice low. "He took a bad hit from the Trihydra. I've done what I can, but he's out cold delusions might hit when he wakes, if he wakes."

Brynhild sat up abruptly, the linens rustling as shock and worry flashed across her face. Her hair shifted with the movement, the packed-up portion loosening slightly. "Is he...?" she began, her voice trembling with worry.

Lysander raised a hand, stepping closer to reassure her. "It's alright, love. The worst is past, the venom's neutralized for now. He's strong, but it'll be days, maybe longer, before we know more." His words were steady, a lifeline for her as much as for himself.

Instinctively, he leaned in to kiss her, but the stench of blood and sweat hit him mid-motion.

He froze, pulling back with a grimace, the realization of his filth sinking in. "Gods, you're right," he muttered, a flush creeping up his neck. "I'll be right back." With that, he turned and rushed out, his footsteps echoing down the stone corridor as he headed for their home.

The journey was short but felt endless, his mind replaying the night's chaos, Orion's collapse, the black veins, the desperate race to save him. Their home, a sturdy dwelling not too far from the medical center, offered a brief sanctuary.

Lysander stripped off his stained clothes, the fabric peeling away like a second skin, and scrubbed himself raw under a basin of cold water. The water was freezing but he didn't care because he was focused on getting back to his wife.

He changed into a clean tunic and trousers, running his hands through his blonde hair to tame the escaped strands, ensuring no trace of blood lingered. Brynhild's heightened senses, tripled by her pregnancy, were a force he couldn't ignore.

Just her blindness had sharpened her smell and hearing to an extreme, and now that she was pregnant, it was excess. He knew even a faint scent could unsettle her. Satisfied, he returned to the medical center, his steps lighter but still heavy with fatigue.

As he re-entered her room, Brynhild tilted her head, her nose wrinkling slightly. "You tried your best," she said, a hint of amusement in her voice, "but I can still smell a faint trace of blood." Her tone was gentle, though the effort to detect it showed in the slight furrow of her brow.

Lysander paused, concern flickering in his eyes. "Does it irritate you? If it does, I'll change again." His voice was earnest, willing to do whatever eased her discomfort.

Due to how heightened her senses were especially during this period, a smell she didn't like could send her throwing up all the organs in her stomach.

She shook her head, a small smile breaking through. "It's not so bad. I can handle it." Her resilience shone through, a testament to the warrior she was, even confined to this bed.

Relieved, Lysander closed the distance between them, his arms wrapping around her in a tight hug. The warmth of her body against his clean clothes grounded him, a moment of solace amid the storm.

"Don't scare me like that again," he murmured into her hair, his voice thick with emotion. "Seeing you collapse...it nearly broke me."

Brynhild leaned into him, her hands resting on his back. "I really thought I was okay," she admitted, her voice soft but laced with regret. "I felt strong enough to lead, to fight. I didn't realize..."

Lysander pulled back slightly, his hands framing her face as he met her unseeing gaze. "You pushed yourself too much," he said, his tone gentle but firm. "You were lucky this time, Brynhild. But if it happens again, you could lose the baby." The words were a quiet hammer, the truth they'd both avoided since her collapse.

She fell silent, the weight of his statement settling over her. Her hands dropped to her lap, fingers tracing the edge of the linens as she processed the risk. Lysander took her hand, his grip warm and steady, and spoke calmly, "You'll have to be on bed rest for the remainder of the pregnancy. No arguments, no heroics. I need you both safe."

He braced himself for her defiance, expecting the fiery captain to rail against the confinement. But Brynhild surprised him. She gave a slow nod, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. "I understand," she said, her voice steady despite the emotion. "For the baby... for us. I'll do it."

Lysander exhaled, relief washing over him like a tide. He squeezed her hand, pulling her close again, their foreheads touching in a silent pact. The room seemed to still, the distant sounds of the medical center fading as they held each other, a fragile peace settling between them.

Outside, the night deepened, the compound quiet under a blanket of snow. Sophia had reached her small house, the warmth of the hearth a stark contrast to the cold dread in her chest. She sank onto a rough wooden chair, her mind replaying Lysander's reassurance that the Trihydra's venom predated her argument with Orion. Yet the beast's gaze lingered in her thoughts, a puzzle piece she couldn't fit. She rubbed her temples, the yawn from earlier returning, but sleep eluded her.

She decided to take a bath to wash off the stress of the day and finally collapsed on her bed, sleep overtaking her but it wasn't peaceful.

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