

# **The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 41: Echoes of the Abyss - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 41: Echoes of the Abyss**

Chapter 40: Echoes of the Abyss

Sophia lay curled on her narrow bed, the weight of the day pressing her into a fitful sleep. The bath had washed away the grime, but not the turmoil in her mind, the Trihydra's gaze, Orion's collapse, the guilt that gnawed at her. Exhaustion finally dragged her under, but her rest was far from peaceful.

Sophia settled into a restless sleep. There was no point pondering on what had happened. She needed to rest and besides it wasn't like she cared for Orion but more that she was worried that something like that had happened in her presence.

In the depths of her slumber, the world shifted. She found herself standing in a vast, snow-laden field, the air thick with swirling flakes that stung her skin.

The landscape stretched endlessly, a white void broken only by the dark, sinuous form of the Trihydra slithering toward her. Its three heads swayed, each pair of eyes glinting with malevolent intent, their scales glinting like obsidian under the pale moonlight. The creature moved with a deliberate grace, approaching her like it had something to do with her. She moved back trying to create a little distance between them but it released a sound.

A low, guttural rumble that echoed across the field, filling her with dread. It wasn't a sound of joy, but a mocking taunt, as if it reveled in her fear. It was like it was laughing at her.

Sophia's heart pounded, her breath hitching as panic seized her. She turned and ran, her boots sinking into the snow, each step a struggle against the deepening drifts.

The Trihydra's laughter followed, warping the dreamscape around her. The field twisted, the horizon bending as if the world itself mocked her efforts. She ran in circles, the beast always in her peripheral vision, its heads tilting as though amused by her futile escape.

Its eyes bore into her, a connection that felt too real, too personal, and she screamed silently, her legs burning with exhaustion.

Abruptly, the scene shifted. She stumbled, falling against the rough wood of a barricade, the same one she'd clung to during the Trihydra's attack. The snow faded, replaced by the acrid scent of smoke and blood.

She was back at the gate, but the pack was gone. Dren, the young warrior who'd stood beside her that day, was absent, leaving her alone amid the wreckage. The barricade was splintered, the ground littered with the charred remains of tents and weapons. Black shadows writhed up from the earth, tendrils of darkness climbing her legs like living vines, cold and suffocating. She clawed at them, her nails digging into her skin, but they tightened, pulling her down.

A figure loomed before her, Orion. His broad frame was hunched, his eyes were clouded with pain. The black veins she'd seen during his collapse snaked across his neck and hands once more, pulsing with a sickly glow.

Blood gurgled from his mouth as he staggered toward her, his voice a wet rasp. "Why?" he choked out, the word dripping with accusation. "Why did you do this? What did we do to you?" His gaze locked onto hers, and the shadows seemed to pulse in rhythm with his words, amplifying her guilt.

Before she could answer, the dream warped again. The field returned, but it was a graveyard now. The pack lay destroyed around her, Brynhild's lifeless form sprawled in the snow, Ronan's broad body crumpled, his sword broken beside him; Dren and others she'd passed in the compound, their faces frozen in silent agony.

The sight tore a sob from her throat, the unreality of it crashing over her like a wave.

"No. No."

Tears streamed down her cheeks, freezing against her skin as she staggered back, her hands trembling.

"This isn't real," she whispered, her voice breaking. "It can't be."

But the Trihydra reared its ugly head once more, its massive form blocking out the moon. Its wide mouth gaped, revealing rows of jagged fangs that gleamed with a sinister light. The sound returned, a deafening roar that shook the ground, and it lunged toward her. Sophia screamed, a raw, primal sound, as the beast's maw closed in, its breath hot and rancid against her face. The shadows tightened, dragging her into darkness...

She jolted awake, her scream echoing in the quiet room. Sweat poured from her forehead, soaking her hair despite the icy chill that had settled since the hearth died out.

Her chest heaved, her hands clutching the thin blanket as she blinked into the dimness. The night was still, broken only by the distant hoot of an owl, its mournful call piercing the silence.

The dream's terror lingered, the Trihydra's sound ringing in her ears, Orion's accusing "Why?" searing her mind.

The small house was cloaked in silence, the hearth's embers long extinguished, leaving a chill that seeped into the wooden walls.

Sophia swung her legs over the bed, her bare feet hitting the cold floor. The room was dark, the faint glow of moonlight filtering through a cracked shutter. She pressed a hand to her chest, feeling her racing heartbeat, and stumbled to the window.

Outside, the compound slept under a fresh layer of snow, the medical facility a distant silhouette against the night sky. The dream had felt so vivid, too vivid and the weight of it pressed on her, a burden she couldn't shake.

Sophia moved to a basin of water and washed her face. Her hands shook from fear. She didn't understand the dream. And what irked her more was that it didn't seem like a dream. This was too real. But why will Orion say that to her?

She shook her head. This was probably due to the fact that the trihydra had looked at her. She was sure it was because she locked eyes with it. Perhaps Orion wasn't wrong after all. She really should have minded her business and not let curiosity get the better of her.

She took in a deep breath before releasing it.

"It's just a dream, Sophia. Whatever happened wasn't real."

But even as she said those words, she couldn't shake off the feeling that something wasn't right.

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

## **The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 42: A visit to Brynhild's Home - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 42: A visit to Brynhild's Home**

Chapter 41: A visit to Brynhild's Home

The night dragged on after Sophia's harrowing awakening, the Trihydra's mocking laughter and Orion's accusing "Why?" haunting her thoughts.

Sleep eluded her for most of the night as she fought a losing battle against the vivid images of destruction and guilt that refused to fade.

Only in the early hours of the morning, as the first gray light seeped through the shuttered window, did exhaustion claim her. It was a poor, restless rest, plagued by fleeting shadows and muffled roars, leaving her weary and disoriented when she stirred.

She rose with a firm shake of her head, and pain at her side due to how badly she slept, deciding to keep the dream to herself. It was just a dream, a manifestation of her fear from the Trihydra's piercing gaze at the gate.

There was no point in troubling the pack with her fears especially with Orion's condition already a heavy burden. She dismissed it as her mind's way of grappling with the beast's unnerving focus, vowing to move past it.

Shivering in the cold room, she moved to the basin, the water chilling her skin as she washed away the sweat of her restless night. She wondered if there was a way to get hot water especially due to the weather. Surely, there must be a way. She had been quiet about it but keeping quiet would just give her more pain especially because the weather seemed to be getting worse. She decided to ask Brynhild or Ronan later.

She dressed in warm layers, thick woolen trousers, a knitted sweater, and a heavy fur-lined cloak, bracing for the freezing bite of the wind. The clothes were a bit bigger than her, another thing to ask about, if she could get clothes tailored for her. Brynhild had lent her some clothes but they weren't exactly the same size, only similar.

With a deep breath, she opened the door to her modest house, the snow outside glistening under the pale morning light. Orion's home was a few feet from here but she didn't Pinder on it. She had never even gotten a good look at his home because of how insufferable the owner was.

Sophia's plan was to visit Brynhild who had woken up the previous night. If there was one person she could refer to as a friend now, it would be Brynhild.

First, she headed toward the medical facility, its sturdy silhouette rising against the snowy expanse. The compound's houses flanked her path, a testament to the north's harsh demands. Built from massive stone blocks quarried from frost-riven mountains, they were designed to withstand blizzards and attacks. Ancient runes glowed faintly along their surfaces, warding off cold and unseen threats, while blackened iron chimneys puffed smoke to warm the interiors.

Steep, snow-covered roofs sloped sharply, insulated by packed ice, their edges lined with carved totems to appease northern spirits. Wooden shutters, reinforced with metal bands, sealed the windows against howling winds, and narrow, ice-slick pathways wound between low walls that served as windbreaks and defenses. The rugged beauty spoke of survival, each house a fortress against the elements.

As she approached the medical facility, a young girl stepped out, her apron stained with herbal residue. It was Rita, the same apprentice who'd informed Lysander of Brynhild's awakening the previous night.

Her youthful face brightened with a smile. "Good morning," she greeted, her voice cheerful despite the early hour. "How may I help you?"

"Morning," Sophia replied, her breath fogging. "I'm looking for Brynhild. Is she still here?"

Rita tilted her head, considering. "No, she's back at her home now. Lysander moved her last night."

"Oh, okay." Sophia nodded, grateful.

Rita gave her a smile and continued her business while Sophia stood rooted to the ground as she realised she didn't know Brynhild's home. They have never met in her house before and during the tour...Brynhild never finished it, not after that distraction.

She turned to Rita. "Um...excuse me?"

"Yes?"

"Could you point me in the direction of her home?" Sophia asked her.

Rita gestured toward a path leading from the facility, not far off. "Head that way, past the healer's herb garden. It's a stone house with a porch and a rocking chair out front, you can't miss it. It wouldn't take you long to get there, about three minutes or so."

"Thanks," Sophia said, offering a small smile before setting off.

The snow crunched underfoot as she followed the path, the houses looming with their rune-etched walls and smoking chimneys. She passed a family home where children peered out, their breath fogging the glass, and another with a totem swaying in the breeze. The medical facility faded behind her, its torches dimming in the daylight.

Soon, Brynhild and Lysander's home came into view, a sturdy stone structure standing slightly apart. Its facade was weathered but strong, runes glowing along the edges like a protective web.

There was a porch, its wooden floor swept clean of snow, stretched across the front, supported by posts carved with swirling patterns. Steps led up to the door, and a rocking chair sat on the veranda, its worn wood suggesting frequent use, perhaps by Lysander or even both in quieter moments.

Potted plants, herbs and small evergreens, lined the edges, their green leaves a defiant splash of life against the white. Sophia suspected they were Lysander's because Brynhild had admitted to not having that touch Lysander seemed to have, a healer's touch.

She climbed the steps, the wood creaking softly, and knocked on the door.

A warm, tired voice called from within, "Come in." Her hand hesitated, then pushed the door open, the hinges groaning as she entered.

The interior enveloped her in warmth, the air rich with the scent of burning wood and dried herbs. A large hearth dominated one wall, its fire crackling behind a stone mantel etched with pulsing runes. The floor was wooden, polished smooth by years of use, covered in spots with thick rugs woven from wolf pelts. Stone walls held shelves laden with jars of salves and scrolls, Lysander's healing domain, while a sturdy table bore a steaming kettle. The space felt lived-in, blending Brynhild's warrior practicality with Lysander's nurturing care.

"I knew it was you." Sophia heard a voice say and a smile curled up on her lips.

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

## **The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 43: Warmth and Shadows - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 43: Warmth and Shadows**

Chapter 42: Warmth and Shadows

Sophia's lips curled into a smile as the warm, tired voice called, "Come in," a familiar comfort cutting through the chill of the morning.

She pushed open the door to Brynhild and Lysander's home, the hinges groaning softly, and stepped inside. The exterior, a modest stone structure weathered by the northern gales, belied the vastness within.

The house was a deceptive shell hiding a spacious haven. From the outside, it looked small and cozy but the inside was anything but small.

The air in the room enveloped her in a cozy warmth, rich with the scent of burning wood, dried herbs, and a faint hint of spiced tea.

The interior stretched unexpectedly wide, the high ceiling supported by thick beams carved with protective runes that pulsed faintly in the firelight. A large hearth dominated the far wall, its crackling flames casting a golden glow across the room, the stone mantel etched with swirling patterns to ward off the cold.

The floor was wooden, polished smooth by years of use, covered in patches with thick rugs woven from animal pelts, their gray white and even brown fibers adding a rugged elegance.

Stone walls, reinforced with the same rune-etched blocks as the exterior, held shelves brimming with jars of salves, scrolls, and dried plants, which Sophia suspected was Lysander's domain, while a sturdy oak table bore a steaming kettle and a tray of bread.

The space felt homey yet functional, a perfect marriage of Brynhild's practical strength and Lysander's nurturing care, warmed by the hearth's steady heat.

Along the walls were weapons, spears and swords alike with armours. Each of them had their own distinct beauty. There was a target at a far corner with small pocket knives in it. She suspected that was Brynhild's doing.

Near the hearth, Brynhild sat in a sturdy wooden chair, its arms worn from use, a warm cloth draped over her lap to ease the strain of her pregnancy.

Her black skin glowed softly in the firelight, and her hair was released from its normal bun, instead everything spilled over her shoulders, framing her face with a wild grace.

Though blind, her eyes tracked Sophia with an uncanny precision, heightened by her condition. She wore a simple tunic, her twin swords absent, the blanket a quiet concession to the bed rest Lysander had imposed.

In a corner, Sophia's gaze caught sight of baby items, a small crib crafted from dark wood, its sides etched with protective runes to shield the unborn child from northern spirits, and a soft pile of furs and woven blankets dyed in earthy tones.

Beside it stood a narrow bed, its frame sturdy and unadorned, piled with pelts to insulate against the cold, a practical addition for the healer's late-night vigils or Brynhild's restless nights. The setting fit the rugged northern weather but also provided that sense of belonging. Sophia reminded herself that this home belonged to Brynhild and her spouse so of course it would provide a sense of belonging.

Sophia stepped closer, her breath easing in the warmth. "Your home is beautiful," she said, her voice soft with admiration.

Brynhild's lips curved into a smile, "It was all Lysander's doing...at least most of it was his doing. He was with the planners before it was built and he pestered them endlessly to make it his way. I didn't care how it was built as long as it had space for my treasures."

"Treasures being your weapons?" Sophia asked her with a smile as she pointed at the weapons and armour adorning the walls like they were decorations.

"What else?" Brynhild asked matter of factly making Sophia laugh. "I wanted a place for my treasures and Lysander wanted somewhere just for his herbs although if you ask me, there is no need for that especially given the fact that our home isn't that far from the medical facility."

Sophia chuckled, settling into the moment. "So you say. But I can't imagine Lysander pestering anyone. He seems too calm for that."

"Calm." Brynhild asked her.

Lysander is a bit calm but people refer to him as grumpy instead.

"Calm and grumpy. But you get my point, he doesn't seem like someone who would pester people." Sophia said to her.

Brynhild's laughter rang out, rich and unguarded, filling the room with warmth. " True, that. And he didn't do it himself. He made Ronan do the pestering." She gestured to a cushioned stool nearby, her tone inviting. "Enough standing, take a seat."

Sophia obeyed. She glanced at Brynhild, curiosity piquing. "How did you know it was me?"

Brynhild tapped her nose with a knowing grin. "You've got a distinct scent, something like pine and steel, with a hint of outsider dust. My nose picks it up clear as day, especially now."

"You sure it's not just the outsider dust you perceived?" Sophia asked her.

"Perhaps. But I'll never tell." Brynhild said to her.

The cloak Sophia wore carried Orion's scent. But the fact that it was mixed with Sophia's scent which smelled faintly of flowers made her know it was Sophia not Orion but she wasn't going to tell Sophia that she lied about her scent.

Sophia nodded and released a sigh. "I never thought I'd smell like pine. I was thinking of a more floral or girly scent but here I am."

Brynhild chuckled.

"Are you okay now? After yesterday?" Sophia asked her.

Seeing Brynhild collapse after coming back from her fight with the Skylurs sent a sharp pain through her ribs. But before she could close the distance between them, Orion had taken her to his office.

Brynhild's smile faded slightly, her hand resting on the cloth over her lap. "I pushed myself too much, fighting off the Skylurs. Lysander says it's why I collapsed, but as long as I take it easy, there's nothing to worry about. Bed rest, no captain duties, no fighting." Her voice carried a trace of frustration.

Sophia groaned, a sympathetic sound. "I understand, but it's a shame. You looked so cool fighting that Skylur! The way you swung your swords at the gate, dodging its claws like it was nothing. I was there, watching from the barricade. You were like a storm, unstoppable! You were like bam! Wham! Gbosh! " Her words spilled out in a fan-girl rush, her admiration genuine, her memory of the gate fight vivid in her mind.

Brynhild stiffened, the smile vanishing from her face as the words sank in. The mention of the gate...Her gaze narrowed, her posture tensing as she turned her head toward Sophia.

"You were at the gate?" Her voice was low, edged with a sudden, sharp curiosity and a trace of anger that hung in the air, marking the end of their easy exchange.

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

## **The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 44: You were at the gate? - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 44: You were at the gate?**

Chapter 43: You were at the gate?

Sophia swallowed nervously, the lump in her throat tightening as Brynhild's gaze narrowed and her question hung heavy in the quietness of the room.

The hearth's crackling fire seemed to dim under the sudden shift in mood, the cozy vastness of the home feeling less inviting.

Sophia shifted on the cushioned stool, her hands twisting in her lap. "Was it bad that I was there?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper, laced with uncertainty.

Brynhild's posture remained stiff, her blind gaze fixed on Sophia with an intensity that belied her lack of sight. "Why were you there?" she pressed, her tone measured but carrying the weight of her authority as captain.

Sophia took a shaky breath, opting for honesty. "I was curious. I wanted to see what was going on. I noticed the hunters, warriors, even the guards picking up weapons. No one seemed outright scared, but I could feel it. There was this tension in the way people moved. While they didn't shake outright or physically, I could feel it beneath the surface. There was this shift. They were so happy one minute, laughing and cheering Orion and Ronan, and the next minute, their guards went up. I needed to know what could make people like that change so fast."

"You heard the horn." Brynhild pointed out.

"I know but that's what made me more curious." Sophia admitted.

Brynhild leaned back slightly, the warm cloth over her lap rustling as she processed the explanation. Her expression softened, but only just. "It's obvious isn't it? People arm themselves to protect what's theirs. Their home, pack, life. Curiosity may have very well killed you, you know right?"

Sophia's shoulders slumped, a flush creeping up her neck. "I'm sorry. Orion already scolded me for it, and I don't want to be scolded or treated like a child again." The memory of his sharp reprimand stung, his voice echoing in her mind.

Brynhild fell silent, her senses were attuned to Sophia's every movement, the slight tremor in her voice, the way her fingers fidgeted. She lacked Orion's gift for detecting lies, but her own observational skills, honed by years of command, served her well.

She studied Sophia, searching for cracks in the story. Was this outsider truly just curious, or was she gathering information for those she'd once worked for? Perhaps she still even worked for them? Brynhild wasn't sure. She had fought for Sophia's place in the pack, vouching for her when others doubted, yet trust remained a fragile thread.

The doubt gnawed at her, but she masked it with a soft sigh, letting the tension ease from her face.

Sophia caught the sigh and offered a tentative smile, misreading it as acceptance. "Thanks for not scolding me. It means a lot." She paused, then ventured, "Is there a way to get hot water for bathing? The cold water's been rough, especially with the weather getting worse."

Brynhild's eyebrows shot up, aghast. "Cold water? Since when?" Her head swiveled as if to ensure Lysander wasn't lurking, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Don't let my husband hear that, or he'll go into a fit about how hypothermia can kill people faster than a Skylur's claw. He'd have you bundled in furs and lecturing you and believe me, I love the man but his lectures are a bore especially when I'm not interested in it."

Sophia chuckled, the sound lightening the room's mood. "I can imagine that."

Brynhild smiled. "You have a kitchen though, don't you?" She asked Sophia.

"Yes."

"Then all you need is how to get the fire going. You just need the kettle..." she paused when she saw Sophia's expression. "Wait...is there anything in your kitchen?"

Sophia shook her head, a sheepish grin tugging at her lips. "Not really."

"So Orion only told Serena to prepare the room, not the basics like a kettle or stove?" Brynhild asked.

"I have a bath though." Sophia pointed out.

"But that's not enough. Due to the cold weather every home has a kitchen with the basic necessities. Those who can cook use their private kitchens a lot while the rest of us make use of the dining hall...but you get the point." Brynhild told her.

Sophia nodded. She had been getting food from the kitchen during her stay here.

Brynhild stared at her, incredulity etching her features. A soft, muttered sound escaped her lips, something like "Not surprised," tinged with exasperation. She rubbed her temples, then sighed again. "I'll get word to someone. They'll bring the necessities, kettle, stove, whatever else. We can't have you freezing to death."

What she didn't voice was the unspoken cost: these items required coin, a burden Sophia, as an outsider, might not yet grasp. But there was no need for Sophia to worry. Brynhild planned to charge everything to Orion's account because he had been the one to neglect ensuring that Sophia's stay will be okay and comfortable.

"Um...during the tour you never showed me a place to get clothes...I don't know if there's such." Sophia told her nervously.

"Is there an issue?" Sophia asked her.

"Except the fact that I don't have undies or clothes to wear that aren't my size, nope. There is no issue at all." Sophia told her.

Brynhild couldn't help it, she laughed loudly.

"I don't see how my predicament could warrant that much laughter." Sophia grumbled, making Brynhild laugh again.

"I'm sorry." Brynhild said between laughs. "I'm really sorry, I couldn't hold it in and now you've made me piss my pants due to how hard I laughed."

Sophia's brows furrowed as she tried to see if anything would pour from the chair Brynhild was seated on but there was nothing.

"I don't see anything." Sophia told her.

"It's little, of course you wouldn't see it. At this stage of my pregnancy, it happens a lot. Laugh too much and it just comes out." Brynhild said as she stood up from the chair albeit with Sophia's support.

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

"I just need to change. That's all."

"Oh."

Brynhild offered her a smile as she made her way behind a door. Sophia stayed counting the runes she could make out and was already at the third when Brynhild walked back in.

Sophia noticed how she tried to feel from the chair which made her frown in confusion. Brynhild finally sat on it and released a smile.

"All set. I'm so used to things being in one place but we moved this chair here yesterday." Brynhild told her. "Is there something more you want to say?"

"How did you know?" Sophia asked her.

"You give off a nervous energy. Your breathing isn't very relaxed." Brynhild pointed out.

Sophia didn't mind the fact that the reply was weird. She turned to Brynhild, lowering her voice as if sharing a secret. "There's something I want."

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

## **The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 45: Orion's the better Fighter - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 45: Orion's the better Fighter**

Chapter 44: Orion's the better Fighter

The hearth's crackling fire filled the vast interior of Brynhild and Lysander's home with a steady warmth, the golden light dancing across the rune-etched beams and stone walls.

Sophia sat on the cushioned stool, her nervous smile lingering in her face.

"What could that be?" Brynhild asked her.

The room, deceptively spacious within its modest stone exterior, exuded a homey charm. The wooden floor, polished smooth and patched with wolf-pelt rugs, creaked softly under her shifting weight. Shelves along the walls held jars of salves and scrolls, Lysander's healing touch evident, while the oak table bore a steaming kettle and a basket of bread, its aroma blending with the herbal scents. In the corner, a small crib of dark wood, carved with protective runes, stood beside a narrow bed piled with furs and woven blankets in earthy tones, a quiet promise of the baby to come.

Sophia took a deep breath, steeling herself. "Could you teach me to fight?" she asked, her voice tentative but earnest.

The words tumbled out, gaining momentum as her admiration spilled forth. "You were practically a goddess out there on the field! The way you swung your swords against the Skylur at the gate, dodging its claws like it was nothing...I couldn't take my eyes off you. It was incredible!"

Brynhild's eyes narrowed, a snarky edge creeping into her voice. "Keep mentioning you were at the gate, darling, and I'll have to scold you properly. You're testing my patience."

Sophia's mouth snapped shut, her cheeks flushing. "I'll shut up now," she muttered, clamping her lips together. The silence lasted about five seconds before her enthusiasm bubbled up again. "But seriously, I know you're the best warrior in the pack. I'd love for you to teach me, please?"

Brynhild's laughter rang out, rich and unexpected, filling the room with warmth. "Best? Hardly. That title belongs to Orion." She leaned back in her chair, the warm cloth over her lap shifting slightly as she adjusted.

Sophia made a face at the name, her nose wrinkling in distaste. "Orion?" she echoed, the word tasting sour.

Brynhild's laughter deepened, a sound that eased the tension.

"Dont make me pee myself again. But yes, Orion. He's the one you'd want," Brynhild said, her tone softening.

"But I don't want Orion even if he's the best. I want you." Sophia told her.

"But I can't train you, not with this bed rest. Lysander's orders are clear: no fighting, no duties. And except you want to wait for months before training then that's not going to happen. You shouldn't worry about learning to fight though, it's not like you aren't protected here."

Sophia's jaw tightened, her mind flashing to the dream, Trihydra's gaping maw, Orion's bloodied accusation, the pack's destruction. The fear lingered in her bones, a visceral urge to be prepared even if her rational mind dismissed it as impossible. She didn't voice this, keeping it locked behind a determined gaze. "I want to learn," she insisted, her voice firm. "Just in case."

Brynhild studied her, her heightened senses picking up the undercurrent of unease. She sighed, relenting slightly. "If you're that set on it, meet Orion. He's a good teacher. He has an eye for what fits and doesn't fit most people. He trained half the warriors here."

Sophia grumbled, crossing her arms. "I don't want to meet him. I don't like him either and he's insufferable." She could still remember his words as he scolded her. The

annoyance with which he referred to her. Right from the first day they met, there was just something annoying about him.

Brynhild raised an eyebrow, a smirk playing on her lips. "Suit yourself, then. Be quiet if you don't want to learn to fight." Her tone was teasing, but it carried a challenge.

Sophia grumbled again, louder this time. "Are you sure that stubborn ogre will even teach me?"

Brynhild's smirk widened. "Use your charms, girl. Work your magic."

Sophia rolled her eyes, a huff escaping her. "Orion wouldn't know charm if it hit him in the eye. He's too busy shouting orders and pretending to be a good person. Annoying freak that he is."

Brynhild's laughter erupted again, the sound echoing off the rune-etched walls. Brynhild didn't correct Sophia. Orion was a good alpha. He'd been alpha from a young age and always put the pack first before himself. He'd make sure others were cared for before caring for himself, hence why his injury from the trihydra had spread like that. There was also the fact that he hated being a burden to people choosing to hide his pains and worries than speak up.

"You'll never know until you try. Maybe he will be eager to teach you." Brynhild told her.

Sophia scoffed at that. She doubted Orion would be eager to teach her but he was her only choice for now.

Soohia and Brinhyld fell into an easy conversation and the minutes slipped by in a comfortable rhythm. Eventually, Sophia's gaze drifted to the corner, where the baby items stood.

The crib, its dark wood gleaming with protective runes, and the narrow bed with its pile of furs drew her curiosity. She rose, stepping closer, her fingers brushing the edge of the crib.

"Are you excited?" she asked, turning back to Brynhild with a gentle smile.

Brynhild's hand moved to her stomach, a soft smile curving her lips as she rubbed the slight swell. "I am. It's a new fight, in its own way." Her voice carried a quiet joy, tempered by the uncertainty of her condition.

Sophia's smile widened. "Can I be an aunty when the baby comes?" The question was impulsive, a hopeful bridge between them.

Brynhild nodded, she didn't dare voice that Soohia would only be an aunty if she was able to stay in the pack until the birth of the baby especially given the fact that they still

knew nothing about her. Lysander had told Tobias to check for any books about Sophia's condition so they could better understand it since he had little knowledge about the condition. Time will tell if Sophia was a friend or foe.

As the fire crackled, casting shadows across the room, Sophia glanced at the hearth, then back at Brynhild. "Any news about the annoying oaf?"

"Oaf?" Brynhild asked.

"Please don't make me say his name." Sophia begged her.

"You mean Orion?" Brynhild asked her.

"Who else is not him?" Sophia asked.

"No. He hasn't woken up yet." Brynhild told her. "Why though? Do you care?"

Sophia mimicked throwing up. "Care? Care for him? No way. I cannot care for someone like him. He collapsed in my presence and that's the only reason why I'm asking to know if he's okay. But I'll take my leave now. It's nice to see you awake." Sophia told Brynhild who just smiled.

"Well then..." Sophia said as she began her walk to the medical facility to see the ogre.

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

## **The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 46: Brain Circuit? - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 46: Brain Circuit?**

Chapter 45: Brain Circuit?

Two days had slipped by since Orion's collapse, his body succumbing to the Trihydra's venomous strike, and still, he hadn't stirred. The medical facility, a dim sanctuary of stone and herbs, hummed with quiet tension under the night's cover.

The air carried the faint tang of antiseptic and the earthy scent of drying plants, the only light from a flickering lantern casting long shadows across the room. Orion lay on a narrow cot, his broad chest rising and falling in shallow breaths, the black veins that had once pulsed across his skin now faded to faint, ghostly traces. His eyes remained closed, his face pale and still, a stark contrast to the commanding alpha he'd been.

Ronan, now in charge of the pack since Orion was not available, moved with a steady resolve, his deep voice a low murmur as he coordinated the pack's defense.

Brynhild, true to her word, had found someone to provide the necessary changes for Sophia to live peacefully.

Sophia found solace in the changes to her own space. Her kitchen, once bare, now held a sturdy iron stove, a gleaming kettle, and an array of utensils, pots, pans, and wooden spoons, arranged with care. Too bad she had no idea how to use most of the utensils.

The warmth of her bath water eased the chill from her bones, a luxury she relished after days of bathing cold, freezing water.

Her clothes, too, were being tailored, thick woolen trousers and a fur-lined cloak cut to her frame, replacing Brynhild's oversized loans.

Ronan had covered the costs, his gruff generosity a surprise, though Sophia insisted, "I'll pay you back, I promise," her voice firm with determination.

Sophia had no idea that the clothes even required payment. It wasn't until Ronan paid with his coin that she realized. And she was determined to get the money to pay him back.

That night, the medical facility grew quiet as the pack settled. Tobias returned from his business. He slipped into the room where Ronan, Lysander, and Orion rested, the door creaking softly behind him. The lantern's glow illuminated their faces as they gathered at a little distance from Orion's cot, their voices hushed to avoid disturbing the unconscious alpha.

Ronan leaned close, his broad frame casting a shadow. "You're later than usual, Tobias. What held you up? You said you'd be back in three days."

"I kept my promise to Sophia. I told her I'll try to find her when I get back and so I searched for her. I tried to ensure she was okay, tracked leads, asked traders. But I couldn't find any trace of her. No travelers, no records. So I came back after everything hoping she was here. She is here, right?" He asked them.

He wouldn't be able to live with himself if he found out that she had been hurt and he just neglected her.

"She is." Lysander replied.

Ronan's lips twitched into a grin. "You've taken a liking to her, haven't you? You never warm to people this fast."

Tobias chuckled, a dry rasp that barely rose above a whisper. "Maybe she's got a spark. Or maybe I'm just tired of your sour face."

He moved his hands to his satchel and brought out a book.

"For me?" Ronan asked him with a smile.

Tobias scoffed. "As if."

Tobias gave the book to Lysander. "I got what you asked for." He told him.

Lysander, hunched over a cluttered table nearby, accepted the leather-bound tome with a grunt. His blonde hair, tied back with stray strands escaping, framed his face.

He flipped through the yellowed pages, his brow furrowing as he skimmed the text. "There is nothing here that I wasn't already aware of," he grumbled. "This is just basic and common amnesia knowledge..."

"Can't say it's common since I never even knew of the condition." Ronan said but Lysander ignored him, pouring over the book.

"This just contains vague triggers which are useless. And not a single drug to help cure the condition. What's the point?" He turned to a page with intricate drawings, cross-sections of the brain, labeled with looping script, and diagrams of neural pathways in fine ink. "Look at this," he muttered, tapping a sketch of a brain split into lobes, each marked with tiny, rune-like annotations. "They've mapped the memory centers like a mapmaker's dream, see this fractured network? It's like a dam holding back her past, trauma locking it tight. And here," he pointed to a drawing of blood flow with glowing lines, "they suggest memory loss shifts the mind's rivers, but no potion to redirect it. These sketches, brain layers, neural threads, are art, not answers. I need a key, not a painting!"

Tobias leaned closer, his brow knitting. "Speak simpler, healer. I'm no scholar."

Lysander sighed, rubbing his neck. "Fine. It's about the brain, how Sophia's amnesia might work. I don't get it all yet, but I'll study it. The drawings are clever, showing memory blocks, but no cures. I'll figure it out." His grumbling held a spark of intrigue, a healer's mind wrestling with the puzzle.

"So you mean Sophia has a brain injury?" Ronan asked him.

"Wasn't that obvious?" Lysander asked him.

"But how do you know she has a brain injury when we can't even see inside her brain?" He asked them and Tobias nodded, also getting in line with Ronan's question.

"Gods help me," Lysander muttered with his gaze fixed to the sky before turning to them. "When I say injury, I don't mean it in the literal sense."

"Um...but injury is injury right?" Tobias asked him.

"Yes. But there are some injuries one can't see. For example, an injury to your wolf spirit." He told them.

"I'd feel it if Dracon was injured." Ronan pointed out.

"That's it. You feel it but people don't see it. Sophia's condition is like an injury to the circuits of the brain. Like I said, something is blocking her memory..."

"So...what's a circuit to the brain?" Ronan asked him.

Lysander blinked, he could not understand how he was friends with people like this. He released a sigh and explained it the best way he could.

"It's like a road to the brain. It sends information from the body to the brain." He told them.

"Like the road to the black market?" Tobias asked him.

"Like that."

"So that part...memory lane is blocked right? Like when that huge rock fell over the road to the black market?" Ronan asked Lysander who nodded.

"That's intense." Tobias said.

"So how do we remove the rock?" Ronan asked Lysander.

"That's what I'm trying to research and why I told Tobias to get me this book." He told him as he raised the book in his arms.

"Oh."

"Yeah oh. Now do you all understand?" Lysander asked them like he was speaking to students.

"Maybe." Tobias said to him the same time Ronan said, "not really."

Lysander ignored them, done with their antics and their brains and went back to the book.

Tobias shifted his gaze to Ronan, "Why are there so many Skylur bodies lately? I heard five were dragged in today."

Ronan straightened, his voice dropping to a whisper. "To be sincere, we don't know. The day Sophia was sent out, we found her being attacked by one and we know Skylurs

don't travel alone but in packs of at least four or so. If not for the whistle you gave her, we would have walked in on her body."

Tobias' eyes widened. "Really?" He asked in shock.

"Yeah, that's why Sam was sent to you. We had to make sure you were okay and that the whistle wasn't stolen or you were injured somewhere." Ronan told him.

"As you can see, I'm good. Do I get my whistle back?" Tobias asked him.

Ronan removed it from his pocket and gave it to him. Tobias wore it and gave him his thanks.

"But I saw ten bodies, not five." Tobias pointed out.

"That's because we were attacked some days ago. A trihydra was with the pack." Ronan told him.

Tobias's eyes narrowed with worry. "How the fuck is that possible? Trihydras and Skylurs are enemies."

"I suspect there's something wrong but we don't know yet. Nirvana has always been mysterious, maybe some magic is making them unsettled." Ronan pointed out.

"Brynhild said the same thing." Lysander muttered.

"Shouldn't we go out to check then?" Tobias asked them.

"I'm planning on it. I've put a team on standby in case they hear anything or see anything strange. I plan on speaking with madam Tyler about reinforcing the charms, once Orion wakes up, I'll lead a team into the forest to see if we can pinpoint what's wrong."

Tobias nodded. "Anyway, this just gives us good business. Someone's been searching for Skylur fangs in the black market."

Lysander frowned, his voice a hushed question. "Skylur fangs?"

"Yeah." Tobias replied to him.

"Why?" Lysander asked him.

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

# **The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 47: Money is Everything - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 47: Money is Everything**

Chapter 46: Money is Everything

Tobias leaned against the wall, his dark eyes narrowing as he addressed the healer. "What do you mean by 'why,' Lysander?"

Lysander's gaze flicked to Tobias, his brows furrowed in confusion. "Why would anyone want anything from a skylur and especially the fangs? Skylurs are carriers of diseases, fever, rot, things that can wipe out a pack if they're not handled right. I can't imagine someone wanting those fangs unless they're mad or desperate. It's reckless."

Tobias shrugged, a casual gesture that belied the gravity of the topic. "Who cares? I'm only after the money. If someone wants to jerk off to a Skylur fang collection, let them, as long as it brings coins to the pack, I don't care." He replied to Lysander.

Lysander's brow furrowed, his frustration bubbling up. "Not everything's about money, Tobias. We're talking health, survival, things that can't be bought with coins."

"Are you sure about that? Because I remember selling some of your herbs to people who were dying. That translates to health is money."

Lysander groaned. "That's not what I mean. The skylur is a dangerous animal and we all know they only exist in Nirvana, if not for the fact that we've experimented with them..."

"You mean you've experimented," Ronan told him by Lysander ignored him and continued.

"...we wouldn't even know the beginning of the diseases they carry. It's dangerous."

Tobias shrugged. "I don't care as long as it doesn't affect us. Like I said, we just need the money, we have the resources, someone pays, we get the money, it's a very simple transaction."

"And I'm telling you that sometimes money isn't everything." Lysander told him.

Tobias's lips twitched into a wry smile, his voice dropping further. "You'd think that, but the enclave proved otherwise. They offered people money to out us, our own allies sold us out for a handful of coins. If we'd had money back then, we wouldn't have ended up in Nirvana, scraping by in the cold." His words carried a bitter edge, a memory of betrayal etched into every syllable.

Lysander scoffed, crossing his arms. "You know deep down money wouldn't have protected us. It might've bought food, but it couldn't shield us from the enclave's blades or the blizzards that followed. Strength and unity did that."

Tobias fell silent, his gaze drifting to the floor. After a long pause, he muttered, "Maybe not fully, but it would've helped a bit."

When the enclave sent them out, they had nothing. There was only very little money, with no supplies. Most people died from starvation and the cold. They all had to build everything themselves, hunt, scavenge. Tobias' father had died from the intense cold. His father was an expert trader, though he was the first to venture out, selling the rare herbs they found in Nirvana. Knowing the Enclave still had a warrant out for anyone belonging to the nightshade pack, he disguised himself and he was very good at it. He taught Tobias most things he knew but when he first started trading, the pack had not adapted as that had now. Things had been extremely difficult. His mother died after giving birth to him while his father just froze to death while coming back from a trade.

If they had the money, all they would have done was to get some supplies. Maybe blankets and warm clothes to help them but instead they did everything themselves with frostbite taking off some people's arms and legs. Tobias' shook his head, there was no need to dwell on the past.

The atmosphere grew heavy, even Lysander knew there was a little truth in Tobias' words.

Tobias may be young but he had an understanding of the hardest lives they've lived here. He was still very much a child when they came to Nirvana, a red faced child who had only just started to get used to his feet. At least for Lysander, he had lost his father when he was around twelve and he wasn't really sad because to him, his father was never a good person. He wasn't as loving as Daniel who argued with his son, Ronan but would also do anything for him.

Neither had he been like Alaric, Orion's father who loved like it was an extension of him or Timothy, Tobias' father who always hid the bad parts from his son ensuring the boy always saw him with a smile. When there was hardly any food, Timothy would ensure Tobias ate something even putting his own life at risk.

At least by the time they arrived in Nirvana, Lysander's father was dead. People remembered his father as a good warrior, protecting the pack but he remembered him as a shitty dead. One who hit him numerous times just because he was into medicine. One who hit him numerous times because he was always spending the day at Brynhild's home with her family or running about with Orion and Ronan who he was told to look after. One who hit him because he had gone with Orion to Victoria's pack to get the herbs that would likely make them criminals.

Perhaps if they had the money, things would've been better but the enclave didn't give them an opportunity to get the money and Lysander wasn't mad that his father died but not everyone was him. And the money would have only helped when they were in Nirvana but that was the past. He shook his head, willing himself to forget especially because they were in a better place now.

Ronan, sensing the shift, cleared his throat, attempting to lighten the mood.

"Well, at least we've got Tobias's trading skills now, maybe he can sell those Skylur fangs to the enclave and buy us a warm summer!" His joke fell flat, the tension unbroken, but his intent was clear.

"Was that supposed to be a joke?" Tobias' asked him with a frown.

"No, it was an attempt on my life, of course it was a joke." Ronan replied.

"That was an attempt on my life." Lysander muttered dryly.

"Oh fuck off, I was just trying to lighten everything because our thoughts had deviated to something else." Ronan told them.

Before anyone could respond, a low groan rumbled from Orion's cot, a sound that sliced through the silence like a blade. The three men froze, their breath catching in their throats, eyes locked on the alpha.

His chest heaved slightly, and there was a flicker of movement beneath his eyelids. The lantern's light danced across his pale face, and everyone in the room except Orion, held their breath.

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

## **The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 48: He's Awake - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 48: He's Awake**

Chapter 47: He's Awake

Orion's groan sliced through the heavy silence of the medical facility, the sound rumbling low and rough.

The dim lantern light flickered over his cot, casting jagged shadows across the stone walls as Ronan, Tobias, and Lysander froze mid-conversation. Their breaths hitched, eyes locked on him, waiting and hoping for him to stir awake.

His broad chest heaved, a twitch running through his arm, and for a heartbeat, it felt like he'd wake up. But nothing happened. The moment passed, and their faces fell, sullen

and tight, as they turned back to their hushed talk about Skylur fangs and the enclave's betrayal.

Ronan opened his mouth to speak again, probably to drag the mood back from the edge, when Orion's voice cut through again, gruff, disoriented. "Why the fuck are you all gathered here?" The words slurred out, raw and edged with pain, but they were his.

Ronan whipped around first, his face lighting up like a teenage girl spotting her crush. He lunged toward the cot, throwing his arms around Orion in a bear hug that made the alpha groan louder, a mix of annoyance and discomfort. "You're awake, you bastard!" Ronan whooped, planting a sloppy kiss on Orion's cheek.

Orion's eyes fluttered open, those brownish hazel depths narrowing as he swatted weakly at Ronan. "What the hell's wrong with you? Get off me!" His voice cracked.

Lysander chuckled, a sound that broke the tension, while Tobias raised an eyebrow, leaning against the wall. Ronan pulled back, grinning like a fool, and turned to the others. "It's not a dream, you two! He's really awake!"

Lysander's laugh deepened, and Tobias chimed in, his dry rasp cutting through. "Was the kiss and hug really necessary, Ronan? You're acting like he's a long-lost lover."

Ronan shot back, hands on his hips. "How else was I supposed to know he's real and not some ghost? You try waking up after two days and see if you don't get a proper welcome!"

Orion groaned again, trying to push himself up, but a sharp stab of pain made him collapse back, his face twisting.

Lysander was on him in an instant, hands gentle but firm as he pressed Orion down. "Relax, you stubborn mule. Let me check you." His fingers moved deftly, probing Orion's pulse, inspecting the faded black veins, his eyes scanning for any sign of trouble.

"He's alright," Lysander announced after a moment, stepping back with a nod. "Pulse is steady, venom's receding. You'll live..."

"He's already living." Ronan pointed out and Lysander glared at him.

"Shut up, I know that. I'm saying he's okay." Lysander said pointedly.

Orion grumbled, his voice a low rumble. "Why're you all acting like I just woke up from the dead? I feel like shit, but I'm not a corpse."

Lysander's expression hardened, a wry smile tugging at his lips. "You may as well have been. Two full days and you've been out cold. Trihydra venom doesn't mess around. We thought we'd lost you."

The room settled into a tense quiet, the weight of those days pressing down. Then Lysander's eyes narrowed, a storm brewing behind them. Ronan's grin vanished, and he bolted from the cot, grabbing Tobias by the arm and dragging him to a corner like a kid dodging a scolding.

Orion, catching the shift, looked to Ronan for backup, but Ronan just shook his head, muttering, "You're on your own, man."

Tobias turned away, pretending to inspect a shelf of herbs, leaving Orion to face the music alone.

Lysander loomed over the cot, his voice rising from a whisper to a sharp lecture. "Why the hell didn't you tell us about that injury, Orion? You hid it, you don't! Keeping it to yourself like some damn martyr!" His hands gestured wildly, his frustration boiling over. "You're an alpha, not someone invincible. That venom spread because you didn't let me treat it early, black veins eating you alive while you played tough guy. Stop this nonsense! You can ask for help, you know. Being alpha doesn't make you a ghost that can shrug off death. It makes you the one who holds us together, and you can't do that if you're dead!"

Orion flinched, the words hitting harder than the pain in his side. His jaw tightened, but he didn't snap back, the lecture sinking in. Lysander's voice softened, but the edge remained. "I've seen too many die because of the lack of help and now we have the help you need but you keep on keeping things to yourself. You are not omnipotent, Orion. You can't carry things on your own, Orion. Let us carry some of that weight. Next time, you tell me, or I swear I'll tie you down and dose you with bitterroot until you beg for mercy."

The room held its breath again, the tension thick enough to cut. Ronan and Tobias exchanged a glance, the corner offering no escape from the raw truth spilling out. Orion's groan had shifted the night, but Lysander's words reshaped it, peeling back the alpha's armor. The medical facility, with its clutter of herbs and the cot's creak, felt smaller, the lantern's light pooling around them like a spotlight on a stage.

Outside, the wind howled, but inside, the focus was on Orion. His collapse two days ago had left the pack reeling, Ronan stepping up in his place as leader since he was indisposed.

Lysander's hands, steady from years of healing, trembled slightly as he recalled the sight, veins pulsing like they had a mind, a magic beyond his herbs.

Orion shifted, wincing, his voice rough. "Alright, alright. I get it. I just didn't think it was that bad." He admitted.

Lysander's eyes softened, but his tone stayed firm. "Bad doesn't cover it. You're lucky the venom burned out. Next time, you don't decide what's 'bad', I do. Alpha or not, you're human, Orion. Lean on us." He stepped back, giving Orion space, but the lecture lingered, a lesson etched in the air.

Ronan crept back, a sheepish grin on his face. "Since we are done with the lecture...can we move on? My best bud just came back so can we stop with the lectures? We should be celebrating instead."

Tobias snorted, rejoining them. "Um...you do know he's my brother too?" Tobias asked him.

"We are all brothers but he's my best friend even if I hate him." Ronan said.

Orion groaned. "Can we stop with the lies? I just came back from the dead."

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

## **The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 49: Bedside Banter - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 49: Bedside Banter**

Chapter 48: Bedside Banter

"You were not dying." Lysander replied to Orion dryly.

"You sure about that?" Orion asked him with a raised eyebrow. "Cause it sure feels like I just came back from the dead."

"If you don't shut up, I'm going to send you straight to the underworld." Lysander told him with a glare.

Orion mimed zipping up his lips and slumped on the cot, the lantern's flicker dancing across his pale face, as he fought the pounding in his head from Lysander's lecture. The best thing he could do now was to escape.

He swung his legs over the side, grimacing as pain shot through him, but he pushed through and muttered, "I'm out of here."

Lysander's glare hit him like a brick wall, sharp and unyielding, pinning him mid-motion.

Orion froze, his pride deflating, and dropped back onto the cot, pretending to fuss with the linen. "Just checking if these sheets are clean," he grumbled, smoothing them with exaggerated care, his face a mask of forced nonchalance.

Ronan, lurking nearby, bit his lip so hard it might bleed, his broad frame shaking as he fought to stifle a laugh. Orion's glare snapped to him, all fire and frustration, which only made Ronan's snorts louder, turning the struggle into a losing battle.

Lysander pivoted, his gaze shifting to Ronan with the precision of a hawk. "Until Orion's fully healed, no pack talks."

"But..."

"He needs rest, not your damn meetings." Lysander told Ronan.

Ronan's jaw dropped, his attempt at dignity crumbling. "What? I'm just the assistant! Orion's the leader, he's supposed to handle this crap. I've been doing his work since he collapsed two days ago!" His voice rose, a whine creeping in, his hands gesturing wildly.

Lysander crossed his arms, unmoved. "I don't care. He's out of commission until I say otherwise." His tone was final and Ronan knew that.

Orion wasn't the only one that Lysander could instill fear in, Ronan was also scared of facing Lysander's wrath.

Ronan pouted, his lower lip jutting out like a sulky kid, and Orion couldn't help it, a wide, shit-eating grin spread across his face. No paperwork? No endless pack disputes? Hell, he'd take the bed rest for that alone.

But Lysander's head whipped around, catching the smirk. "Don't get too cozy, alpha. You can handle pack activities only if it's important, no slacking."

Ronan's pout flipped into a sly smile, and Orion's grin vanished, replaced by a scowl. He knew Ronan too well, that crafty bastard would dig up every important task under the sun to drag him back into the grind.

"You're a pain," Orion muttered, glaring at Ronan, who just winked.

Orion shifted, wincing again, and rubbed his side. "Can I eat anything? I'm starving." His voice was rough, a growl softened by hunger.

Lysander arched an eyebrow, deadpan. "Eat the Trihydra. Might teach you both a lesson."

Orion stared, blinking, then let out a long, exasperated sigh. "I'm debating if I really like you. But fine...I get your point." He leaned back, conceding defeat.

Lysander nodded to Tobias. "Go get him food, something to replenish his strength. And help me prop him up." Tobias slipped out, his dark hair catching the lantern light as he moved.

Lysander maneuvered Orion into a sitting position, pillows stuffed behind his back, the alpha grumbling the whole time. "Easy, you big oaf," Lysander muttered, adjusting the linen with care. Orion's groan was more annoyance than pain now, but he stayed put, the glare still fresh in his mind.

Tobias returned, a wooden tray in hand, the aroma wafting in, warm and earthy, a promise of sustenance. On it sat a steaming bowl of bone broth, rich with marrow and simmered herbs, its surface dotted with slivers of soft root vegetables, carrots and parsnips, cooked down to a tender mush.

Beside it was a slice of bread spread with a thin layer of butter and a cup of warm water.

"From the kitchen stores," Tobias said, setting it down. "Cook said it'll build you back up."

Orion eyed the tray, his nose wrinkling. "Where's the meat? I want a damn meat." His voice carried a petulant edge.

Lysander snorted, crossing his arms. "You'll get meat tomorrow, if you behave. This is what your body needs now, not some greasy slab. Eat it."

Orion muttered under his breath, something about Lysander being a tyrant but he picked up the spoon, sipping the broth with a reluctant nod. The warmth hit his gut, soothing the ache, and he grudgingly admitted it wasn't awful. He tore off a piece of bread, the butter melting on his tongue.

The room settled into a quiet rhythm, the tension easing as Orion ate. Lysander watched, satisfied, then stretched, his fatigue showing. "I'm heading home. Brynhild'll skin me if I'm late. Keep him in line, you two." He grabbed his cloak, the door creaking as he left, the night air slipping in briefly.

Orion, finished with half the tray, leaned back against the pillows, a smirk creeping up. "Look at you two bloody singles stuck spending the night with me. Pathetic."

Tobias bristled, opening his mouth to argue. "I'm not as single as Ronan, Sam and I, we've got something going." He paused, the words catching, and his face fell. "Wait, no... Sam doesn't want a relationship. Shit." He cursed under his breath.

Ronan and Orion burst out laughing, the sound rough but genuine, filling the small space. Tobias's scowl only fueled it, "Laugh it up, you bastards. At least I tried!"

Orion wiped a tear from his eye, still chuckling. "Tried and failed, mate. You're as lonely as Ronan here, guess we're a trio of losers tonight."

Ronan grinned, elbowing Tobias. "Speak for yourself. I'm married to the pack. You're the one stuck with no love life, Orion."

"Married to the pack? Is this because no woman wants you in their bed after the last mess you created?" Orion asked him.

Ronan stood straight. "I can just find company with someone outside the pack."

"So you keep saying." Orion said with a laugh.

"You know, at least I'm not being pressured by the elders to get married." Ronan said with a smirk on his face.

Orion groaned when he remembered just how much the council of elders had pestered him to pick a mate, one he wasn't ready for. They were quiet now but he knew soon enough, they'll resume their pestering.

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

## **The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 50: Teach me to Fight - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 50: Teach me to Fight**

Chapter 49: Teach me to Fight

The news of Orion's awakening rippled through the pack like a warm wind cutting through the northern chill. By mid-morning, the compound buzzed with a new energy, people moved with a little more pep in their steps, their shoulders less slumped, their voices carrying a hint of relief.

Sophia noticed it as she trudged through the snow, her newly tailored cloak hugging her frame, the fur lining brushing her chin. A smile crept onto her face, softening the edges of her usual guarded look.

Orion's recovery meant stability, and though she'd never admit it out loud, it eased a knot of worry she hadn't realized she'd been carrying.

She owed him an apology, a debt she'd been turning over since the gate incident. She shouldn't have been there. She should have just apologised to him when he tried to rip her a new one but her stubbornness wouldn't just let him have the last word. Orion was annoying and she wasn't going back on her words.

With a deep breath, she headed toward the medical facility, her boots crunching the fresh snow.

Inside, the air was thick with the scent of herbs and the faint hum of recovery. The lantern cast a warm glow over Orion's cot, where he sat propped up, his broad frame still pale but alert.

Tobias sat next to Orion's cot. They were in deep conversation and Sophia wasn't sure she should distract them. The stone walls, lined with drying plants, felt less oppressive today, the space alive with the alpha's return.

Sophia stepped in, her nerves tingling as she contemplated disturbing them when Tobias glanced up, a grin spreading across his face.

"Sophia." He called out. "Did you come to see me?" He asked her as he approached her, arms spread for a hug which she returned.

The last time she had seen Tobias was when he gave her his whistle.

"It's good to see you." She told him.

"You too." He replied to her. "I really went around searching for you though, I never thought you'd be back here already."

They released each other and she stared at him with wide eyes. "Didn't you hear? I almost got eaten by a skylur."

He nodded. "I heard."

"Your whistle saved me. That reminds me, have you gotten it back?" She asked him. "Ronan said he'd give it to you."

Tobias nodded. "It's back with me. But I'm glad you are okay."

"Me too."

Orion couldn't place why but he felt a little annoyance at seeing them interact like they were old friends. He cleared his throat to remind them they weren't the only ones in the room.

Sophia adjusted. "Right, I came here for the ogre." She said as she directed a glare at Orion.

"Are you sure about that because from here it seemed like you came for Tobias." He told her.

"If I wanted to meet with Tobias I would've looked for directions to his home."

"Never would have pegged you as someone so brave as to look for a man alone in his home."

She smirked, crossing her arms. "I only came because I heard you were awake seeing as you're still a grumpy ass, even half-dead. Some things never change."

He snorted, shifting on the cot with a wince. "Half-dead? Does anything about me look half dead?"

"Except for your grumpy attitude, everything else looks half dead."

"Are you sure it's just amnesia you have? Perhaps Lysander was wrong and we need to check your eyesight also." He told her.

"I may have amnesia but my eyesight isn't bad, nor am I as dumb as you because explain to me why you sustained a serious injury but you had the energy to argue with me?" She asked him.

"It's the same way I have the energy to argue with you right now. Anytime I see you, there's this unsettling feeling I get deep down."

"You sure it's not just discomfort from realising that I'm smarter than you?"

"I'm sure. And I'm also sure you are not smarter than me."

"Really? Then explain why curiosity will lead someone as smart as you claim to the gate where there are dangerous monsters." He told her.

"Then explain why the trihydra didn't hurt me at all? Wouldn't that be because I'm smart and I know how to hide myself?"

"And it would have been a different case if it had eaten you."

"It did not!" She told him.

"But it could have!"

"You are so fucking insufferable." she snapped, her voice rising. "No wonder the Trihydra wanted you out. You gave it a headache!"

"And you're a nosy little pest," he fired back, leaning forward despite the pain. "Sticking your nose where it doesn't belong. One wrong move and you'd have put everyone in danger because of damn stupid curiosity."

"Me? You were the one playing hero with a hole in your side!" she countered, her hands on her hips. "If I hadn't been there, who'd have dragged your sorry ass back?"

"Dragged me? For someone who claims she's smart, you seem to be misremembering the situation because from what I recall, Ronan was there along with Lysander."

"Um...guys?" Tobias called out.

"What?" Orion and Sophia asked at the same time.

Tobias swallows even though he found the situation a bit comical. He raised his hands in surrender.

"I come in peace." He told them.

"What do you want?" Sophia asked him as she tried to reel in her temper.

"I'm just going to excuse myself since you guys don't need me here." He told them.

"Then go." Orion told him.

"Try to be fucking polite." Sophia snapped at Orion.

"Says the woman who didn't thank me for saving her." He told her.

"Well then, thank you!" She spat out. "There, are you satisfied now?"

"Not really." Orion grumbled out.

Tobias didn't need to be told to leave. He slipped out with a smirk on his face. There was a reason why he liked Sophia when he met her. She stood up to Orion and she didn't care that she was almost a foot shorter than him.

Sophia took in a deep breath as she tried to school her emotions. "Wait, stop. I didn't come here to fight." Her voice softened, the anger draining into something closer to guilt. "I just wanted to see how you're doing."

Orion didn't let her finish, his impatience breaking through. "Thought you came to apologize, not play nice." His tone was sharp.

She glared, but the truth nudged her forward. "I did come for that too. But if you'd let me finish, you'd know that, you idiot."

He leaned back, a faint smirk playing on his lips. "Impatient, that's me. Sue me."

"Idiot," she muttered again, shaking her head, but the edge was gone.

Sophia lingered after that, her fingers twisting the edge of her cloak. Orion watched her, his gaze steady despite the fatigue. "You want something else?" he asked, his voice quieter now, almost curious.

She hesitated, then nodded, choosing her words carefully. "I was talking with Brynhild the other day... about stuff. She's on bed rest, can't train me, but I want to learn to fight. To defend myself."

Orion's eyebrows shot up, his smirk fading into a frown. "Why? What's gotten into you?"

"I just told you," she said, her voice firming. "I want to defend myself. That's it."

He studied her, his eyes narrowing. "Are you trying to learn this so you can turn it on us later? Kill my people when the time's right?" His words were a challenge, laced with suspicion.

She cursed under her breath, her temper flaring. "You're an idiot! I wish you'd never woken up if this is how you think of me!" The heat in her chest burned, but his smirk returned, infuriatingly calm.

"How's an injured man supposed to help you?" he asked, leaning back with a chuckle. "I can barely swing a sword right now."

"When you're healed," she shot back, crossing her arms. "Just give me the theory for now, basics, moves, whatever."

He laughed. "Swordfighting's all practical, not some book lesson. But if you want theory, I'll give you theory."

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