

The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 6: A letter from the Enclave - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 6: A letter from the Enclave

Chapter 5

The argument that the mysterious woman was the Luna wasn't something he took seriously. To be fair, he didn't even believe that a Luna would arrive according to the prophecy, at a time when their community would need it, to unite them and resolve their troubles. It all sounded too fantastical, too good to be true.

"Most parts of the prophecy have been lost with time, twisted and distorted through countless retellings," Eldric added, his voice filled with scholarly caution. "And it's been decades, perhaps even centuries, since the prophecy was first uttered. It's unlikely that any of it remains accurate."

"Exactly. I'm more inclined to believe that the woman was sent by Victoria," Daniel spoke up, his voice laced with suspicion. "It's just like her to try and infiltrate our pack. And I'm pretty sure everyone sees what's been going on right? The spies sent from the enclave."

"That's right," Caspian said with a nod, his eyes narrowed in thought. "It's no need to anyone how much the enclave has been on our backs sending spies to infiltrate our pack. It wouldn't surprise me if this woman is one of her pawns."

"And there is only one way to find out for sure," Ronan said, his voice practical. "We question her, when she wakes up. We need to find out who she is, where she comes from, and what her intentions are."

"How is she now, anyway?" Orion asked Lysander, turning his attention to the healer.

"I've treated her injuries, as best as I could. She's stable, but still unconscious. There was..." He swallowed, his expression troubled. "She has some broken bones. A broken wrist and, like we already know, knife marks on her body. The cuts are deep."

That wasn't news to Orion, besides he had been the one to carry her to the pack but he didn't know the knife wounds were deep. It didn't appear so.

"Knife marks?" Madam Tyler asked him, her voice filled with morbid curiosity.

"Yes," Lysander confirmed, his voice grim. "Someone inflicted those wounds deliberately. And like I said, it's a deep hash."

"How deep are we talking about?" Orion asked him.

"Not just to get some small amount of blood." Lysander said to him.

"Could you describe where exactly the knife marks are located?" She asked him, her eyes gleaming with a strange look.

Orion couldn't identify if it was one of fear or intrigue or just plain disgust.

Lysander hesitated for a moment, then described the location of the knife marks in detail. Deep gashes on her wrists and legs, precise and methodical. Madam Tyler gasped when he finished, her hand flying to her mouth.

Orion noticed her reaction, his senses on high alert. Even Eldric, Caspian, and Daniel sat upright, their expressions shifting to concern. There was something amiss, something they weren't saying.

"What's wrong?" Orion asked them with a frown, his voice sharp.

"Those marks...they're for a ritual," Madam Tyler said, her voice barely above a whisper.

Orion frowned, his brow furrowing in confusion. "What do you mean? What type of ritual?"

"One I thought was long forbidden, lost to time. A dark, twisted practice that should never be resurrected," Madam Tyler said, her voice trembling with a mixture of fear and revulsion.

"Were there marks from a rope or any other type of restraint?" This was from Caspian to Lysander, who gave him a nod, his expression grim. "Yes, there were marks on her wrists and ankles, as if she had been tied down."

"Black magic," Daniel muttered, his voice filled with dread.

Eldric adjusted his glasses, his eyes wide with disbelief. "But it's forbidden, right? No one practices it anymore."

Daniel chuckled, a dry, humorless sound. "There are always those who seek power, no matter the cost. There are still practitioners, hidden away in the shadows, clinging to forbidden knowledge. And perhaps this person was used, or about to be used, for one of their rituals."

"I still need to check if it's really black magic. I'll need to see her, examine the wounds myself," Madam Tyler insisted, her voice filled with urgency.

Orion hesitated for a moment, then gave her a nod. "Alright, you can see her. But I want to be there as well."

Caspian scoffed, shaking his head. "No other magic would require a restraint and knife gashes that deep, inflicted on specific parts of the body. We all know it's black magic. There's no need to confirm what's already obvious."

"But we have to check, just to be sure," Madam Tyler said, her voice pleading. "We need to understand what we're dealing with."

Tobias released a sigh, his boredom momentarily forgotten. "Does this mean the Enclave uses black magic?"

"We do not know if she is part of the Enclave, or if she was sent by Victoria," Brynhild argued, her voice firm. "We're jumping to conclusions. We need to gather more information before we start pointing fingers."

"But she could be. And there's information floating around on the black market that Victoria practices black magic. It's hush-hush, whispered in dark corners, but it's there," Tobias said, his eyes gleaming with a hint of morbid fascination.

That was news to Orion. He had heard rumors, of course, but nothing concrete. "Really?" Orion asked him, his voice laced with surprise.

"Yes...but there is no solid evidence of it yet. Some say she uses a cave deep in the west, hidden somewhere in the mountains. But they don't know which one, and the West has numerous mountains with countless caves," Tobias said, his voice filled with intrigue because he was going to find out.

His position may be the master of trade, focusing solely on the black market since their pack was banned from selling directly but he was also a master at gathering information.

"Does this have anything to do with why the Enclave has been sending spies then?" Mary asked, her brow furrowed in thought.

"Unlikely," Ronan said, shaking his head. He stepped forward and gave Orion a sealed letter. "This just arrived. It might shed some light on the Enclave's current situation."

Orion opened the letter, his eyes scanning the words. As he read, a slow smile spread across his face, and he let out a short, sharp laugh.

"Oh, how the tables have turned," he said, wiping a tear from his eye. "It seems the Enclave requires our help."

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

The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 7: How the tables have turned - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 7: How the tables have turned

Chapter 6

The silence in the council hall was thick enough to cut with a knife. Every eye was on Orion, waiting for him to elaborate on the contents of the letter. The Enclave, the very organization that had turned its back on them in their time of need, was now seeking their assistance? It was almost too absurd to believe.

Finally, Orion broke the tension, a slow smile spreading across his face. "It seems," he began, his voice laced with amusement, "that the Enclave is soliciting for help. There's a plague going around the werewolf community, spreading like wildfire."

He paused, letting the information sink in. "They've gotten word that the Nightshade Pack has the... best medical facility around," he said, a hint of sarcasm in his voice, "and they're asking if we would be willing to extend our help to heal our kind."

He finished speaking, and the room remained silent for a moment longer, as if everyone was trying to process the sheer audacity of the request. Then, a chuckle escaped from Caspian, a dry, rattling sound that broke the spell.

Soon, the chuckle turned into a full-blown laugh, and others joined in, the sound echoing through the hall. Even Lysander, usually so stoic and composed, couldn't suppress a smile. The irony of the situation was simply too rich to ignore.

Orion watched them, a smirk playing on his lips. He understood their reaction. It was almost comical. The Enclave, the organization that had left them to rot, now crawling back with their tails between their legs, begging for help.

He tore the letter into shreds, the sound sharp and decisive in the midst of the laughter. "Well," he said, his eyes gleaming with mischief, "I suppose we need to write something back to them. Any suggestions?"

The laughter died down, replaced by a flurry of excited chatter. Everyone had an opinion, a suggestion, a witty retort they wanted to include in the reply.

"Tell them to go to hell," Caspian suggested, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "Or, better yet, just send them a picture of a middle finger. That'll get the message across."

Orion chuckled, shaking his head. "A bit too crude, even for me, Caspian. But I appreciate the sentiment."

"Are they serious?" Mary asked, her voice incredulous. "Do they really think we're just going to forget what they did to us? They left us to die, raided our pack disguised as rogues, and now they expect us to help them? It's unbelievable!"

Her words struck a chord with everyone in the room. The memory of the Enclave's betrayal was still fresh in their minds, a wound that had never fully healed.

"Tell them we'll help," Daniel said, his voice deceptively calm, "but only if Victoria personally comes here to beg for our assistance. On her knees."

"Victoria wasn't the only one that destroyed our pack or killed our people. The other leaders were all in it with her," Caspian pointed out, his voice laced with bitterness.

"I know that, but she was the one who hurt us more," Daniel said to him, his eyes hardening. "She gave them the avenue to destroy us. She orchestrated the whole thing."

"We lost our loved ones to that disaster," Tobias said, his voice tight with anger. "Most of us lost our parents and siblings, some not even old enough to walk, and now they want our help? Where were they when we needed help? When we went around begging for just one pack to take us in, to shelter us? I say we don't do anything, even if they beg."

"For once...I agree with Tobias," Mary said with a sigh, her expression grim. "Fuck them and their need for help."

Orion was quiet as he let them debate what to do. What the Enclave had done to his pack was something that each member was, in a way, still recovering from. Like Tobias had said, most people lost family during the disaster. Orion, for one, had lost his unborn younger sister, one he had begged his parents for. And he wasn't even aware his mother was pregnant. She had been so sick that it wasn't until he came back with the herbs and she had healed that he realized she was carrying his sister. Her weakened immune system was the reason why she had suffered so severely from the plague.

Daniel, for one, lost his wife, an arm, and his eldest son. Ronan was the only family he had left. Brynhild had lost her family, along with her twin sister and her sight. Orion could go on and on about what each person lost. Things important to them, things and people they held special in their hearts.

The Enclave, meant to be a governing body that protected and united all werewolves, had instead become a symbol of corruption and oppression. Led by Victoria. The Enclave had grown increasingly power-hungry, exploiting smaller packs and hoarding resources for themselves. They enforced their rule through fear and intimidation, crushing any dissent with ruthless efficiency.

After the disaster, Orion and his people had gone to various packs, each one that had served as a friend to their pack, but the Enclave released a statement that whoever took them in would suffer the brunt of it. An alpha, his father's friend, had gone against the Enclave one time, taking in Orion's people, but it wasn't long before he was branded a criminal and his pack destroyed. Some members moved with Orion and his people when they left, while some others stayed back, unable to face the unknown.

Simply put, the Enclave had put them through hell. And now, they wanted their help?

"Tobias," Orion called out, his voice cutting through the tension. "Have you heard anything about a plague?"

"No," Tobias replied, his brow furrowed in thought. "But I'll try to get more information. I have contacts all over the werewolf community."

"Why do we need to know about the plague?" Lysander asked, his voice filled with suspicion.

"Perhaps this is time to get revenge on the Enclave for all they've done and the lives they've destroyed," Orion said with a cruel smile that made Ronan shudder. "An eye for an eye, wouldn't you say?"

"And our reply to the Enclave?" Daniel asked him, his voice filled with anticipation.

"I'll think of something and get back to you guys. I need some time to consider all our options," Orion said to them. "Meeting adjourned... for now."

"For now," Caspian muttered, a hint of mischief in his eyes, making them chuckle.

Orion approached Madam Tyler, who was with Lysander, her expression thoughtful.

"Shall we go see the mysterious patient?" He asked her, his voice laced with curiosity.

"Cheeky brat," Madam Tyler said with a shake of her head, though a smile tugged at her lips. She turned to Lysander. "Lead the way."

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

[The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 8: Black Magic? - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 8: Black Magic?](#)

Chapter 7

Lysander led Orion and Madam Tyler through the bustling medical facility, the air thick with the scent of herbs and healing balms. He navigated the crowded room with

practiced ease, his face a mask of professional detachment, though Orion could sense the underlying tension in his posture.

They reached a small, private room at the back of the facility, the space sparsely furnished with a simple bed, a small table, and a chair. The woman lay in the bed, her face pale but peaceful, her breathing steady and even.

"Her fever has broken," Lysander said, his voice low, "and her vital signs are stable. She's still unconscious, but she seems to be resting comfortably."

Madam Tyler approached the bed cautiously, her eyes scanning the woman's body with a practiced gaze. She reached out a gentle hand and lifted the blanket, revealing the bandages that covered her wounds.

"The cuts seem to be healing nicely," Lysander said, his voice matter-of-fact, "but they were deep. Someone knew what they were doing."

Madam Tyler nodded, her expression grim. She reached into her satchel and pulled out a small pouch, from which she extracted a handful of dried herbs and a string of beads. She began to murmur a soft incantation, her voice low and melodic, her fingers tracing the beads.

Orion watched her, his brow furrowed in curiosity. He had seen Madam Tyler perform rituals before, but this felt different, more...intense.

"What are you doing?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Madam Tyler glanced at him, her eyes filled with a strange mixture of focus and concern. "I'm trying to ascertain if the black magic was successful," she said, her voice low and serious. "To see if whatever they were trying to do to her...took hold."

Orion's eyes widened in surprise. He hadn't realized that Madam Tyler possessed the ability to detect the presence of black magic. He knew she was a powerful priestess, but he hadn't understood the full extent of her powers.

"You can do that?" he asked, his voice filled with awe.

Madam Tyler shot him a warning look, her eyes telling him to be quiet. "Hush, Orion," she said, her voice firm. "I need to concentrate."

She closed her eyes and resumed her incantation, her voice growing louder, more rhythmic. The air in the room seemed to shimmer with an unseen energy, a faint hum vibrating through the space.

She began to sprinkle the dried herbs over the woman's wounds, her fingers moving with a delicate precision. The scent of the herbs filled the air, a pungent aroma that mingled with the antiseptic smell of the facility.

As she worked, Madam Tyler's expression grew more and more intense, her brow furrowed in concentration, her lips moving in silent prayer. Orion watched her, his heart pounding in his chest, a sense of unease settling over him.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Madam Tyler stopped chanting, her body slumping slightly, as if she had expended a great deal of energy. She opened her eyes, her gaze meeting Orion's.

"Well?" he asked, his voice filled with anticipation. "What did you find?"

Madam Tyler sighed, her expression troubled. "It wasn't successful," she said, her voice low and grave. "Whatever ritual they were trying to perform...it didn't take."

Orion frowned, his mind racing. He wasn't sure whether to be relieved or concerned. On the one hand, it was good to know that the woman hadn't been successfully subjected to dark magic. On the other hand, the fact that someone had tried to perform such a ritual on her was deeply disturbing.

"What do you mean?" he asked, his voice filled with confusion. "What went wrong?"

Madam Tyler shook her head, her eyes filled with uncertainty. "I don't know for sure," she said. "Perhaps something went wrong during the ritual. Perhaps the person performing it wasn't skilled enough. Or perhaps...she herself possessed some kind of resistance to dark magic."

"Is that a good thing?" Orion asked her.

"It is but we still need to keep an eye on her. Black magic can be unpredictable and I don't know for sure what kind of ritual they were trying to carry out on her. We have no idea if it was one that had to do with possession or something more and I know little about black magic." She said to him.

Orion nodded. "Well...we can try to find out more." He said.

"How?" Madam Tyler asked but it was gonna who answered.

"Tobias."

Madam Tyler laughed. "Y'all are going to give that boy a headache."

Ronan laughed. "He loves it."

"That, he does."

"We are not going to let anything happen to her at least not until we can get information from her." Orion said to madam Tyler who nodded.

"How long before she wakes up?" Orion asked Lysander.

Lysander shrugged. "Given the state of her injuries...I'm not sure. It could be any day. Days, or even weeks. She lost a lot of blood."

Orion hummed in deep thought. "You can't make it shorter?" He asked Lysander.

"He is a doctor not a miracle worker." Madam Tyler said with a gasp.

Ronan laughed. "Pretty sure to Orion those words are synonymous."

"Can't blame me. They call him the miracle worker." Orion said pointing at Lysander who just shook his head.

"I'll try my best." Lysander said to him.

Madam Tyler shook her head as she walked out of the facility.

"Send word if she wakes okay?" Orion said to him.

"I'll be sure to do that. Now can you please go so I can continue my work in peace?" Lysander asked him with a glare.

"Ooh, grumpy Lysander has appeared." Orion laughed.

But he walked out of the facility and was about to head to his room to get some sleep when Ronan dragged him back with his cloak.

"And where do you think you're going?" Ronan asked him.

"Where does it look like I'm going?"

"I'm sure it's not to your room when you have a massive pile of documents to go over in the office right?" Ronan asked him.

"Um.." Orion said to him. "Can I use the toilet first?"

Ronan gave him the stink eye as he dragged Orion across the pack to the office where there was a mountain pile of documents for him to go through.

"How is it so much?" Orion asked with a sigh.

"Someone forgot his pack is evolving and that there are many things to put in place." Ronan said.

He released a sigh. "Go through this shit Orion. I'm tired of these things increasing everyday."

Orion whined. "But you are better at this than me."

Ronan gave him a wide smile that made Orion shudder from how creepy he looked.

"And that's why everything on the table are the documents that need your approval. The deadline is today." Ronan said as he locked the door.

Orion turned to the documents and swallowed audibly.

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

[The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 9: She's Awake - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 9: She's Awake](#)

Chapter 8

It had been two months since Orion had taken the mysterious woman into his pack, and she still hadn't woken up. At this point, Orion was starting to question Lysander's skills, or perhaps it was just the woman herself stubbornly clinging to unconsciousness. Things had been moving at a slow pace, and Orion was a man of action. He had sent a carefully worded reply to the Enclave, a carefully worded reply that concluded to the answer, no. Furthermore, Tobias's research into Victoria's potential dabbling in black magic hadn't yielded the desired results yet. Orion wasn't scared though. He knew that they would get something, he just hoped it wasn't too late when they did.

The Enclave's silence was unsettling, and he suspected they might be plotting something, some way to spite him. Their occasional spies hadn't been sent to Orion's pack anymore, although he was sure that was because of the reply he had sent to the Enclave. Perhaps that was why they were quiet for now, biding their time, waiting for the perfect moment to strike. However, dealing with the Enclave would have to wait; his priority was getting the woman to wake up so that his pack could finally find some peace. The uncertainty surrounding her identity was keeping everyone on edge, fueling rumors and anxieties.

At night, Orion decided to visit the woman. Brynhild had been standing guard at the medical facility, her presence reassuring, but he had given her the night off to spend with her mate. Considering her pregnancy and the stress she was under, Orion knew she needed a break, a chance to relax and recharge. Brynhild smiled appreciatively, her

eyes filled with gratitude, before leaving, her hand resting protectively on her now bulging stomach.

Orion was alone in the medical facility with the woman, and he had assured Lysander that he would send word immediately if anything happened. With no patients or ongoing research, everyone else had the night off, leaving the facility eerily silent. Orion took a stool and sat down beside the woman's bed, staring at her delicate features. He couldn't help but notice how pale she was. There was a dusting of freckles around her nose that, strangely, added to her appeal, giving her a touch of vulnerability. Her black hair seemed out of place, almost unnatural, but he couldn't quite put his finger on why.

"Who are you?" Orion asked, his voice soft, barely a whisper, knowing he probably wouldn't get an answer. He was grasping at straws, hoping that talking to her might spark something, might somehow break through the barrier of her unconsciousness.

The voice he had heard when he first took her to the pack, the voice that had pleaded with him to save her, hadn't spoken to him again, leaving him wondering if he had imagined it, a figment of his imagination born out of stress and exhaustion. Perhaps if she woke up, he would hear the voice again, and it would finally reveal the truth.

According to Lysander, her injuries had healed nicely with Madam Tyler's help, the cuts and bruises fading, the broken bones mending, but no one knew what was keeping her from waking up.

Orion had no idea when he fell asleep next to her, his head resting on his arm, his body slumped in the chair. He was jolted awake by a loud scream, a piercing sound that shattered the silence and sent a jolt of adrenaline through his veins. He opened his eyes, his senses on high alert, and found the woman hiding at the far end of the room, her eyes wide with terror, her body trembling. She was holding a candlestick, her knuckles white as she gripped it tightly, and staring at him with vibrant blue eyes that seemed strangely familiar, as if he had seen them somewhere before, but he couldn't quite place it.

"Who are you?" she asked, her voice firm, though it trembled slightly, betraying her fear. "What are you doing? What have you done to me?"

Orion raised an eyebrow, a hint of amusement flickering in his eyes despite the seriousness of the situation. He couldn't help but notice the candlestick in her hand, a potential weapon that she seemed ready to use. Although, how she was going to use it was a question he wasn't sure even she knew the answer to.

"Uh, don't you think that's going to hurt me?" he asked dryly, his voice laced with sarcasm.

The woman looked down at the candlestick, her expression softening slightly, as if she was just realizing what she was holding. She swallowed, her throat bobbing nervously, and then looked back up at him, her eyes still filled with determination.

"It doesn't matter," she said, her voice regaining its firmness. "Who are you? What have you done to me?"

Orion sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I didn't do anything to you," Orion said, his voice calm and reassuring. "I found you injured near my pack's territory and brought you here to help you."

"How am I supposed to know that?" the woman asked, her grip on the candlestick still firm, her eyes narrowed in suspicion. "Imagine waking up in a strange room and finding a six-foot mountain of a man next to you. What would be your first reaction?"

She eyed him warily, her gaze taking in his muscular build, his rugged features, the intensity in his eyes. "Wait, is this some kind of ploy to sleep with me? Just so you know, I don't sell my body. I'm not into stuff like that."

Orion couldn't help but be amused by her accusations. He had been called many things in his life, but never a predator. "Do you really think I want to sleep with you?" he asked, raising an eyebrow, his lips twitching in a wry smile. "I have standards, you know."

"How am I supposed to know?" she retorted, still brandishing the candlestick, her cheeks flushing with anger. "I don't know you. I don't know anything about you."

Orion released a sigh, trying to contain his amusement. He knew she was scared, confused, and disoriented, but her accusations were starting to wear thin. He stood up slowly, careful not to startle her, and spoke calmly, his voice filled with sincerity. "Firstly, you are not my type," he said, his eyes scanning her from head to toe. "Secondly, you should really drop that candlestick. We need to talk, and this isn't exactly the best way to treat your savior."

She curved her lips slightly, a hint of a smile playing on her lips. "Let me guess, you saved me when some men were trying to have their way with me?"

Orion rolled his eyes, his patience finally snapping. "Is everything going through your head about people trying to get their way with you?" he asked dryly, his voice laced with exasperation. "Not everyone is out to get you, you know."

The woman stammered, looking down, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment. "I-I mean, it's not like that's the only thing going through my head, but..." She hesitated, unsure how to explain herself.

Orion raised an eyebrow, encouraging her to continue.

"Men mostly want women for their bodies," she said quietly, avoiding his gaze.

Orion couldn't help it, he released a boisterous laugh.

She glared at him. "Glad to see I could make you laugh."

Orion chuckled as his laughter died down. "I understand you being wary of men, but you should know men don't only want women for their bodies. Some men aren't even attracted to women," he said to her.

"You are lying."

"No, I'm not."

Her brows furrowed in intrigue. "But how is that possible?"

Orion observed her. "This is common knowledge. Where have you been living? Under a rock?" he asked her with furrowed brows, a hint of genuine curiosity in his voice.

She shook her head. "Just because I'm not aware doesn't mean I've been living under a rock."

"My bad," he said with a twitch of his lips, acknowledging her point. "Now that that's out of the way, I need you to answer my questions."

"What do you want to know?" she asked him, her voice softening slightly, the fight seemingly draining out of her.

"Let's start with who you are. What's your name, where are you from?" he asked her, his voice gentle.

"My name is Sophia," she said almost immediately.

"Okay...answer the other questions," he told her.

She frowned, staring blankly at him. "I...I don't remember where I'm from."

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

[The Alpha's Secret Luna #Chapter 10: Sophia - Read The Alpha's Secret Luna Chapter 10: Sophia](#)

Chapter 9

Orion stared at the woman—Sophia, she had called herself—as if she had grown a second head. Was this a joke?

"What do you mean you don't remember?" he demanded, a deep frown plastered on his face.

She swallowed nervously. "Exactly what I said. I don't remember."

Orion waited for the telltale signs: the air being sucked from his lungs, the prickling sensation, the wave of nausea that always came with a lie.

Nothing happened.

Noctis? he called to his wolf. Even Noctis felt nothing. It meant one of two things: either she was telling the truth, or she had found a way to bypass his ability.

Orion was inclined to believe the latter. There was no way she was telling the truth.

"If this is some kind of joke, it isn't funny," he growled. "I'll ask you again, and you better not lie or use tricks, because I will know. Who the fuck are you, where are you from, and what were you doing in that shrine?"

Sophia flinched. The menacing aura rolling off him pushed her further into the corner. It was a familiar feeling, and she instinctively moved into a defensive position, covering her head with her hands.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry," she cried out.

Orion's frown deepened. He didn't understand her reaction at all. "What the hell? What are you apologizing for?"

She paused, peeking out from behind her arms. "You were going to hit me."

"Why the fuck would I do that?"

"I..." she swallowed. "I don't know."

Orion made an irritated sound. "Is there anything you know? I asked you a question. I need an answer. Who are you?"

"My name is Sophia."

"I got that part," he snapped. "Answer the other questions."

"I don't know. I really don't know. I'm not lying to you," she sobbed.

Orion watched the tears stream down her face, and his heart gave a strange lurch. He hated seeing her like this. It stirred uncomfortable and unexplainable things inside him—like the need to pull her into his arms and console her. It was a disturbing thought, and one he was determined to ignore.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he said, his voice softer than he intended.

"Promise?" she asked, her voice small.

Orion's jaw tightened, but he answered. "I promise. I just need you to answer me truthfully."

"I'm not lying." She wiped the tears away with the back of her hand.

"But how is that possible?"

"I don't know. I was hoping maybe you could tell me who I was, but it seems you don't know me either."

Again, Orion waited for the physical reaction to a lie. Again, he got nothing.

"I'll be back," he stated flatly, turning and marching out of the medical facility.

Morning had broken, and the pack was already buzzing with activity. He searched for Lysander, needing an explanation from someone more knowledgeable. He found him with Ronan, who immediately gave him the stink eye.

"Running away from your work isn't going to help, you know," Ronan said. "You're just giving yourself more of a headache."

"A headache I'll resolve in due time," Orion replied, turning to Lysander. "She's awake."

Ronan looked between them. "Who? Brynhild?"

"Of course Brynhild is awake, you idiot," Lysander replied with an eyeroll.

"Then who... oh. *That* woman?" Ronan's eyes widened in realization.

"Yes."

"That's good news," Ronan declared. "At least now she can tell us who she is."

Orion let out a heavy sigh. "That's the issue. She claims she doesn't know."

"How is that possible?" Ronan asked, his face a mask of confusion.

Orion turned to him. "Tell me a lie."

"What?"

"Stop with the dumbass questions and just tell me a lie."

"Um, okay. I hate you," Ronan said.

Immediately, the air rushed out of Orion's lungs. A sharp ringing pierced his ears as Noctis rolled over in pain, and a wave of nausea overtook him. It lasted only five seconds, but it was undeniable proof. So why was Sophia different?

He turned back to Ronan with a wide smile and crushed him in a bear hug.

"Glad to know you love me, brother."

"Put me down, you idiot," Ronan gasped out, earning a chuckle from Lysander.

Orion set him down, his expression instantly shifting back to business as he faced the healer.

"She isn't lying about not remembering," Lysander stated, understanding exactly what Orion had just done.

Orion gave him a sharp nod.

"I'll check on her," Lysander said, moving past them into the facility.

Orion and Ronan followed him. When they reached Sophia's room, they found her brandishing the candlestick once more, pointing it threateningly at Lysander.

"I swear, if you come any closer, I'll show you what I can do with this," she warned.

"I'm just trying to help you," Lysander said calmly.

"And I smell you lying," she retorted. "Just so you know, I have a demon on my side who can put you down in one swing. He's huge, has brown eyes... and he was just here. He'll be back soon."

Ronan's shoulders started to shake with suppressed laughter. He turned to Orion, the sound alerting Sophia to their presence. She immediately ran and hid behind Orion's large frame.

"Help me, Mr. Demon!"

Ronan burst out laughing. "Did she just call you a demon?"

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

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Chapter 10

Sophia squeezed herself tighter behind Orion's broad frame, still clutching the candlestick with trembling fingers. Her blue eyes, wide and wary, flicked between Lysander and the tall alpha who now towered protectively in front of her. Not that it had been his plan because if Orion was given the opportunity, he wouldn't be standing guard for a woman whose mouth would likely be the death of her.

Lysander had a comical look on his face. It's funny how she had referred to Orion as a demon when he had been the one people often referred to as such, especially given the fact that he rarely cracked a smile. Although what people didn't know was that whenever he was with his friends, Orion and his crew specifically, he smiled. Because how could he not when Ronan was always fooling himself in one way or another. And there is the fact that Ronan had made it his mission to make Lysander smile whenever they were together. Hence, why this was comical.

Orion inhaled sharply, exasperation bubbling just beneath his sturdy exterior. He lowered his voice so only Sophia could hear. "Alright, Michele, or whatever you want to call yourself with that candlestick...why am I suddenly 'Mr. Demon'?" He cocked an eyebrow, trying to appear more baffled than annoyed, though his tone betrayed a mix of both.

"My name is Sophia. I already told you that." She said to him,

Orion replied with an eye roll. "And my name is Orion not Mr. Demon but we don't seem to care right?"

"You didn't tell me your name."

"You never asked. And again, since I seem to be repeating myself constantly around you, why the fuck am I Mr. Demon and why are you hiding behind me?"

Sophia's glare sharpened almost immediately, her eyes flashing in anger. "Because you're huge. Seriously huge. The kind of giant the books always talk about." Her voice carried a note of certainty that annoyed him even more than her candlestick-wielding stance. How the fuck does she even know about giants? "You look exactly like the demon guardian in a book I read."

Orion blinked, skeptical. "You're telling me you know how to read?" His voice was edged with disbelief. "Seems we are in for a lot of surprises."

With a glare, Sophia fired back, "I should be asking you that question. Pot calling kettle black, you look like you cannot even differentiate between a book and a scroll. Honestly, you look dumb."

Orion laughed, not even seeming offended by her words. "I'll tell you the difference between a book and a scroll. They are spelt differently."

Sophia gave him a look. "You really are dumb."

No one had ever dared call him dumb with such straightforwardness and twice in the span of a minute. For someone who didn't know who she was she was very mouthy especially knowing she may likely be in enemy territory. He opened his mouth to speak, but before he could retort, turning to snap a biting comeback, a suppressed laugh burst from Ronan behind him. Orion shot him a warning glare.

Lysander, who hardly ever smiled could not help but let out a brief chuckle, which he quickly tried to hide with a coughing fit. Both men were biting back laughter at Orion's priceless expression.

Orion spun, eyes blazing. "Really? So glad that me being called dumb is comic relief for you guys."

Sophia's lips quirked in satisfaction. "The truth is bitter."

"Oh really?" Orion asked her. "You know, you sound extremely brave when speaking to me even if you are hiding behind my cloak?"

Sophia released him immediately, putting a little distance between them.

"It was a reflex action." She told him as her gaze focused on the floor.

"Reflex? Cute. Keep it up kid, at this rate, the candlestick's going to be the least dangerous thing in this room."

Sophia gasped in shock. "You're bluffing."

"Try me." Orion stepped closer, voice low and rough.

The defiance in Sophia's eyes softened ever so slightly. Her knuckles relaxed on the stick's handle, fingers curling loosely but not dropping it. Her posture shifted, just enough to betray weariness beneath the bravado.

Orion's gaze flicked away from the flickering candlelight, turning toward Lysander with a more serious expression.

"The man you are running from or ran away from is a doctor who is here to check up on you." Orion told her.

"That huge man?" she asked with wide eyes.

"Why the fuck is everyone huge to you?" Orion asked but then took in her height and paused retracting his statement. "I get it now."

"Just because I'm small doesn't mean everyone is huge to me." She said with a glare.

"Sure...shorty." Orion said with a chuckle.

Ronan and Lysander laughed also but Soohia glared at them making them cough instead.

"Now, could you let Lysander do his job?" Orion asked her.

Sophia's brows pulled down, confused. "But why would he need to check up on me?" Her voice softened with skepticism. "I feel okay."

Orion shrugged. "That's what I want to find out."

Sophia stomped her feet on the wooden floor. "Could you be straight with me for once?"

Orion gave her a smirk with his head tilted to the left. "Have I never been straight with you?"

"You..."

"You don't remember anything according to what Orion said, correct?" Lysander spoke up interrupting them because something told him these two could bicker for days without stopping.

Funny how even after the words exchanged, she turned to Orion first.

"What are you looking at me for? I only told him I suspect there's something wrong with you. I'm not the doctor." He told her.

"Of course," she said with a sigh. "Tell me," she turned to Lysander. "What position does he hold in this village really? Surely he is the fool of the village right?"

"And she doesn't even realize she is in a pack, not some village. And I'm the fool?" Orion asked them with a scoff.

Sophia's brows furrowed in deep thought. "What is a pack?"

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