

# From Luna to Warrior Never Again

## Chapter 2

All eyes in the room turned to me. Damien's warning made my wolf flinch in pain. I forced a smile, my voice barely a whisper. "No, I'm just a little tired." His eyes were still cold, but he let it go. He turned back to his guests as if nothing had happened. I stared at the food on my plate, unable to swallow a single bite. The mate bond in my chest spasmed, each heartbeat a fresh stab of a knife. After the party, I caught him on his way to the study. "Damien, I need to talk to you. It's important." "Not now," he said without looking up. "Lila needs me." "This is about my future—and the pack's!" I slapped the offer letter from The Talons on his desk. "I said, not now!" He snapped his head up, his eyes filled with irritation. "Serena, for once in your life, can't you be understanding? Be more like Lila. You know her father died for me. I owe her." Like Lila... understanding? I tuned out the rest. The same tired excuses. My heart turned to ice. Was Lila always going to be more important to him, no matter what? I quietly took the letter back, fighting the sting in my nose as I turned to leave. "Fine. I'm going to my room." He was already buried in his work again, as if I was never there. Back in my bedroom, I sat on the edge of the bed, feeling more alone than ever. The moonstone pendant that should have been mine was now around Lila's neck. The next morning, I knocked on his study door again. "Come in." Damien was at his desk, a pile of documents in front of him. He seemed to be in a good mood. "About yesterday's—" I started. "Serena, before you say anything, I have news for you," he cut me off, a strange, expectant look on his face. "The Pack Council met last night. They've decided to transfer your seat to Lila." I froze. "What?" "Lila needs a purpose to help her move on from her father's death," he said, standing up. His tone was casual. "A seat on the council is the perfect opportunity for her." "That's my seat!" I finally screamed, unable to hold back. "I spent two years earning it! I passed three life-or-death trials to get that seat from the elders! It represents my honor!" "And now it's hers." He frowned, annoyed by my outburst. "Serena, as Luna, you should be happy for Lila's growth." "I refuse!" I spat, my voice shaking. "No one is taking my seat unless I'm dead!" Damien's face darkened instantly. He stalked toward me. "You're being unreasonable." "Unreasonable?" I was trembling with rage. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "I earned that spot!" "So, was your quiet obedience last night just an act? Back to throwing tantrums already?" he sneered. His words were a slap in the face. I stumbled back, my chest heaving. "You know

what, Damien?" my voice trembled. "I should have known a year ago." A year ago, I'd stumbled upon Lila in the woods, meeting secretly with Marcus—the son of a rival Alpha. They were wrapped in each other's arms, as intimate as lovers. I ran back to the manor to tell Damien the truth. But Lila beat me to it. "Damien! Help me!" she had cried, bursting into the hall, shaking. "Serena is accusing me of betraying the pack! She's threatening to tell everyone I'm a spy!" "I just said—" I tried to explain. "I can't control it!" Lila's eyes suddenly turned red as she began to shift. "Her words... they hurt too much!" A newly turned wolf losing control was incredibly dangerous. Damien immediately shifted into his Alpha form, slamming his command down to suppress her wolf. Then he turned on me, his eyes burning with fury. "What did you do to her?" "I didn't do anything! I just—" SLAP! The sound cracked through the hall like a whip. "Apologize to her!" His Alpha command crushed me. "Now!" I fell to my knees, tears blurring my vision. The pain from the mate bond was a thousand times worse than the sting on my cheek. "I'm sorry," I whispered to Lila. Lila nodded "weakly," leaning against Damien's chest. "I forgive you, Serena. You were just worried about me, after all." Our mate bond had started cracking that day. "Known what a year ago?" Damien's sharp voice dragged me back to the present. I shook my head, a bitter taste in my mouth. I couldn't say another word. "Nothing." "About the seat, this is a decision, not a discussion," he said, sitting back down. His tone was ice. "Don't disappoint me, Serena." I just stood there, staring at the man I had once loved with everything I had. His face was still handsome, but his eyes were those of a stranger. "Fine." I turned and walked numbly toward the door. "You handle your business." Back in my room, I pulled out a dusty suitcase. If my love, my sacrifices, and my dignity meant nothing to him, then there was no reason to stay for him. I was accepting the offer from The Talons. But not for five years. For good. As I tossed piece after piece of clothing filled with memories into the case, Damien stormed in, his eyes landing on the open suitcase on my bed. His jaw tightened. "What the hell is this, Serena?"