

## Luna Aleksa's Escape Chapter 62

\*Aleska POV\*

I had to close my eyes as the light was so bright. I heard a loud screeching sound, it was piercing my ears, like some sort of sound distortion. And then a wave of energy hit us all. The force was overwhelming and I felt lightheaded. After a few moments, I felt myself come to my senses. The light started to dim down and my eyes began to adjust. The light appeared to be shrinking and in a matter of moments, it had become merely an orb. There was a figure emerging from behind it. I had to squint to see in the darkness of the woods. It was Xanthe!

Most of the wolves that had been fighting on the battlefield were holding their heads, they looked to be in pain. Xanthe looked panicked and started running towards me. I looked back down at Jackson, "Jackson, can you hear me, please stay with me!" I yelled at him.

Xanthe approached us and pushed me aside, "Move!" She ordered me. I looked at her in confusion.

"Xanthe, what are you doing?" I asked her.

"He is my Mate!" She told me looking at him in disbelief.

I could see how concerned she looked. She touched his face with the palm of her hands, her fingers touching Jackson's face in a gentle and loving manner.

Jackson's breathing was starting to normalize already with Xanthe's mere touch. I wonder if that could be the mate bond at work, or perhaps it was because Xanthe was a healer or both.

"Are you sure?" I asked Xanthe hopefully.

"I can heal him!" Xanthe declared.

"I just need some space," Xanthe said. I could tell she was trying to suppress her true feelings, I could hear the shakiness in her voice.

\*Xanthe POV\*

After meeting with Aleksa and Kingston that day in the gazebo in the rose gardens, I was determined to find out whatever I could about her heritage. However, along the way my past had caught up with me. I had been detained against my will by someone who had untoward plans for me.

I was able to escape that hellhole with help from an unlikely ally. I then began to make my way back to Rocky Mountain. My intuition had told me to come back right away. I had thought something might be wrong with Aleska until I reached the pack border and then I felt it. I felt him.

I felt the pull deep within my heart. My true love. My mate, was here, and he was hurt. I made my way toward the training fields and I saw a raging battle taking place. I could sense it was between pack wolves fending off a rogue attack.

I could see everyone fighting from the woods. I saw that despicable Lachlan lunging toward Aleksa and then I let out a surge of power, blinding and stopping all in its path.

I made my way to the wolf on the ground as I saw he had shifted to his human form.

He was gorgeous. Rugged with dark and handsome features, I could sense that he was of alpha blood.

He had been stabbed with a silver wolfsbane-infused dagger in his chest and he was fading fast. I couldn't believe that after all these centuries I had finally found my mate. I refused to lose him when I had only just found him.

After telling Aleksa that he was my mate, I attempted to heal him. I placed my hands over his body and channeled all of my energy. I used my strength to s\*\*k the poison from his system. I felt it consume me but I would not stop until my mate was safe.

It seemed like an eternity but in reality, it didn't take long at all. I watched my mate wake from his state of unconsciousness.

I watched him look into my eyes with desire and growl "MATE!"

I looked at him and I smiled lovingly.

\*Aleksa POV\*

My wolf became restless, and then she growled wildly. "Mate! Mate is coming!" She howled in my head with joy.

I jerked my head to the left, and I watched as my mate approached us with Abbey in tow.

"Kingston!" I called out desperately. My heart racing and an overwhelming desire to run to my mate and never let go, right here in the middle of this fight.

I looked at Xanthe and Jackson. They were having a moment. They wouldn't notice me gone.

I leaped up onto the ground and ran into my mate's arms.

As I ran toward him I took in his bruised and swollen face, he had a split lip and a split eyebrow. Why was he in such a state I wondered. Why was his werewolf healing not kicking in? What had happened to him?

I felt him flinch in pain as my body smacked against his. I looked at him with concern on my face. I lifted up his shirt and saw burn marks, it looked like a silver knife had been slashed against him repeatedly.

I looked at his wrists which also looked to be burned. I could only assume he had been bound in silver handcuffs or chains.

My wolf whimpered internally for our mate.

"I'm ok. I'll heal soon." Kingston said to me casually.

I smacked my lips against his and passionately kissed him. My wolf was howling in my head. Then I pulled away quickly, realizing that we were still in the middle of the fight. There would be time for this later, I thought to myself.

I looked to Abbey, "How?" That was all I could ask her, still astonished that she had found my mate.

"He was bound in silver, and unconscious when I found Him. He was tied to a chair, at the back of the maintenance shed. I picked up his scent while I was trying to find some space to perform the locating spell," Abbey replied.

I looked again at Kingston. Trying my best to suppress my tears of joy, as I was pushed aggressively to the ground. My head hit the ground with a loud

thud. As I looked up to see what had just hit me I saw Kingston being pinned to the ground by Lachlan's wolf Cyrus.

I ran into Cyrus with all my might. I figure it will buy Kingston a few moments to shift. As he hovers over me snapping at me, I try to fight him off with my hands.

I hear him whimper as Kingston shifts into his wolf Sabre and takes a large chunk of flesh out of his left hind leg. Cyrus is pushed to the ground and it seems that Sabre has the upper hand when a scroungy brown wolf jumps onto him trying to get access to his neck.

Furious, and recognizing that the scroungy and singed wolf is Eva, I quickly shifted into my wolf Amber and lunged forward viciously taking aim at her neck. I latched onto it and I tugged at it mercilessly, not letting go until I was satisfied that there was no life left in her.

While part of me was sad to take a life, especially when this wolf was once my friend, I told myself that she was never the friend I thought she was, and that I would stop at nothing to protect my mate.

Sabre continued to attack Cyrus, taking aim at his neck but missing and taking a chunk out of his shoulder instead, he then went for Cyrus's jugular and ripped into his neck, blood squirting out all over Sabre, soaking his fur. Cyrus began to lose strength, whimpering, his motions stalling.

Sabre moves away from Cyrus nudging against my snout, we both shift and fall into each other's arms. Usually, I would be embarrassed to be naked in front of so many other wolves but right now I'm just feeling blessed to have my mate in my arms. I'm so besotted that I don't even notice Cyrus has shifted into his human form and he is getting back on his feet.

It's almost too late when I see he has somehow picked up the silver dagger and is about to stab Kingston in the neck when Sam comes from behind and grips the dagger forcing it into Lachlan's heart he then pulls it out and slices Lachlan's neck open decapitating him.

I gasped in horror as I watch my former mate's head fall to the ground. I wished that things could have been different, but he was a lost soul, so consumed in evil and darkness. There was no redemption for him.

I mouthed thank you to Sam for saving my mate from harm. Kingston had turned around just in time to see Lachlan meet his demise. We all stood there in silence for a moment.

As I looked around us, I noticed that the rogues had started to retreat. I watched my friends start to pick themselves up off the battlefield. I saw wolves tending to the injured. We all just stared at one another looking grateful that we were still all here, and it is finally over.

\*Aleksa POV\*

Four hours later.

Once Lachlan was no longer a threat and we were sure the rogues had retreated, we began the task of picking ourselves back up.

We rounded the entire pack together and all the visiting packs, and had a quick debrief.

After the debriefing we encouraged the visiting packs not to feel obliged to stay, and to feel free to make their way home, as the summit was effectively over, due to these unexpected events.

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We had just finished rounding up the last of the deceased rogues when the royal pack entourage arrived. This isn't the way we were planning to greet the Alpha King, and it definitely wasn't what we had planned for this day of the summit.

Originally we had a huge festival planned with performers, stalls, music, and food. Until we were attacked by a dark witch and rogues led by my deranged ex-mate.

As the Alpha King himself, also known as my cousin Callum, stepped out of his Range Rover he took in the grim sight that awaited him.

The pack ground was a mess. Blood stained the once lush green field in front of us. It was clear a battle had taken place here.

Before he had a chance to ask what had happened we moved forward to introduce ourselves. We were quite a sight, I was still bleeding from the

wounds I had sustained during the fight, Kingston looks like a bruised and battered mess, and we both still needed medical attention.

We had declined it initially, as we wanted the most vulnerable and injured wolves to be tended to first. Kingston tried to insist that I go straight to the pack doctor but I wanted to make sure my friends were seen first. Plus I could already feel my wounds were being healed.

We welcomed Callum to the pack and led him to the pack house dining room where some of our kitchen staff organized some pastries and hot drinks for Callum and his men.

We explained the events of the past twenty-four hours briefly, as well as explained that we had ramped up security as well as had Xanthe and Abbey placing some protective spells in place to secure the perimeter for now, in case of any further retaliation.

Callum suggested that we get cleaned up, get our wounds tended to, and then meet him and his men again in an hour or two on the pack house patio.

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After showering and dressing and attending to our wounds, we met Callum at the pack house patio. The sun was beginning to set and it was quite a sight to behold. It was daunting to think that there was still so much to do before we retired for the day.

Callum had examined my crescent moon wolf marking with awe. Jackson didn't have a marking yet as he hadn't mated and marked his true mate yet, although it was only a matter of time now that he and Xanthe had found one another.

I begun to relay my story of how I had been raised as a human, to finding my wolf Amber and shifting for the first time, to meeting Lachlan and my time at Evergreen, up until the events that had just occurred here at Rocky Mountain. Callum had praised my strength and integrity, as well as Jackson's ability to lead a pack and still manage to keep his wolfs secret identity.

Callum then went on to explain his understanding of the events that had occurred at the royal pack all those years ago, as well as his condolences regarding our parents.

Jackson had also joined us, he was completely healed. It was as if nothing had happened earlier today. There was not a scratch on him.

He was reluctant to join us at first as he refused to be away from Xanthe, especially since they had just found one another. So Xanthe was present at the meeting also. Callum thanked her for her efforts to protect me and keep me safe, as well as her services to the royal pack.

Callum had even offered Jackson and me the opportunity to join the royal pack as senior members, which we were very honored to receive. However, we had to politely decline as neither of us wished to leave our current packs due to finding our true mates and our obligations.

While Callum was disappointed that we didn't take him up on his offer he did understand. So instead he came up with the idea of a Royal Pack Alliance which was extended not only to our closest allies but to the packs that had fought in the attack earlier today.

Though the packs had already started to make their way home immediately after the attack, we had all agreed to reconvene again in a month's time to discuss alliances and a peace treaty.

Callum was curious about the Hybrid who had such great knowledge of the royal pack, so he requested a meeting with Abbey, to which she gladly obliged, to which Alaric accompanied her too.

It appeared that Callum had known Abbey's mother well and they shared a few stories with one another. Abbey and Alaric were also invited to visit the royal pack, which they are intending to do after returning back to their packs.

Jackson and I have both been invited to stay at the Volkov Kingdom to meet some of our distant relatives and to learn more about our heritage. We have both agreed to come along, and we intend to bring our mates with us but have asked that it be postponed until everything is back to normal again following the recent attacks.

Jackson declared that he needed to speak with his father first and check back in with his pack, as he had been absent for some time now.

Further to that, he wished to introduce Xanthe to his pack as his Luna.

Xanthe was a bit reluctant. Although she had accepted Jackson as her mate, she was unsure about becoming Luna and is worried that there may be resistance to her being accepted as Luna due to the fact that she is a witch by birth.

I have a feeling it will all work out eventually though.

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After Lachlan had met his demise, the rogues instantly begun to retreat. However, we had managed to capture a few of them for interrogation purposes. They aren't saying anything at the moment, but Kingston believes that in a few days' time they will probably start talking.

Kingston was organizing a tracking team right now to see if they could follow the rogue's scents in an effort to find out where they came from, and determine if they will be a future threat.

Xanthe was planning to contact a coven that she has a working relationship in a bid to try to find out who the dark witch was and to see if she will become a further threat to us in the future.

The dark witch did say she would "see me soon," and I'm pretty sure she knew that I was a crescent moon wolf, so that could become problematic.

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Kingston and I were heading off to the pack hospital now to check on our friends and injured pack members. After that I planned on calling Mason and Quinn and sharing a video call with my pups if they were still awake.

Now that Lachlan was no longer a threat, there is no reason why they cant all come home.

I simply cannot wait to have my pups safely in my arms again. It feels like it has been an eternity since I last saw them.

Kingston had managed to contact Asher, and he and Kaia are on their way back to Rocky Mountain. Asher said that when he went to tell them about Ezra's death, they already knew. They told him that they have something exciting to tell us when they get back. We have an inkling as to what it might be, but we are excited to hear what they have to say.



It's going to take some time to get things back to what they once were. We have a lot to do as far as pack security goes. The fact that the dark witch managed to create all that chaos is pretty scary. To think such an attack was able to occur, means we have much work ahead of us to ensure it doesn't happen again.

We will have lots of work to do with the creation of this new alliance with the royal pack, but everyone seems open to the idea so far.

With so many finding their fated and second chances mates, there is still much celebrating to be done. There are also Luna ceremonies to take place, including my own ceremony. But there is plenty of time for that.

What matters now is that everyone is safe and well, that all the injured recover, and that we get things back to a state of normality – whatever that might look like.

As I descended the stairs of the pack house I looked around at the lush greenery that surrounds me, the sky is now starting to darken, and night is falling.

I am so blessed to call this place home. I am safe. I am free at last.

I looked to the bottom of the stairs and see my perfect mate waiting for me.

Kingston had a grin on his face, and I raised my brows as I look at him, and then I saw why he was grinning.

As I looked to the side entrance of the main packhouse reception I saw my precious pups, my Liam and Layla, standing next to Mason and Quinn.

“How?” I asked Kingston via mind-link, in a state of astonishment.

“I rang Mason after the attack, and said it was safe to bring Liam and Layla back,” Kingston replied.

I was already making my way toward my pups.

“Mommy!” They called out in unison, running as fast as their little legs would carry them. I too started to run towards them and we met in the middle. They landed in my arms and I kissed them both on their foreheads as they push their heads into my chest and we take in one another's scents. I felt the tears

of joy falling from my cheeks. Then I felt Kingston join our hug and we all embraced each other. Our family unit was finally back together. Everything was just as it should be. I felt at peace at last. I never dreamed that I could feel so complete and so loved.