

## Between The Alpha And Lycan

### 1: Dreams Come True

Mate!

My wolf howls in my head.

The shock makes me stagger and I almost trip and fall, but I manage to hold myself right.

No. No. NO. NO!

This is the absolute worst time for this to happen.

We were on the run. I couldn't stop, didn't know how to.

Even if my wolf was moaning in my head, crying for me to go back and nd her mate. Our mate. I couldn't, not because I didn't want to. There was just no way to turn back.

Our pack was intrated by the Scarlet pack.

They have been on the hunt for smaller packs. They killed those they didn't want and took others to turn them into slaves. Their numbers are growing and so is their ruthlessness.

We'd been ready for a bonre when the chaos started. We thought it was a rogue but then, almost in the blink of an eye, they multiplied.

Our alpha was killed, which left us defenceless. We didn't have the numbers or skills they possessed. It was to either run or stay and be at a risk of being killed or taken in to be a prisoner.

The beta of our pack, who is now acting alpha, is the one leading our pack of hundred through the woods. It is the middle of the night, even with our wolf abilities, we couldn't really see where we were going.

We trusted Beta—now alpha—Hunter to lead us to safety.

My wolf's temporary presence in my head was gone almost as soon as it came, leaving a hollow in my chest as usual.

I turned eighteen last week and I have been searching for my mate. With a weak wolf like mine, it was hard for me to recognise my mate.

But I knew he wasn't part of our pack.

I didn't care, knowing he would have rejected me either way.

No one liked a weak wolf, and I am the weakest of them all.

My mother was human and she fell in love with my dad, only to nd out he was a werewolf. She had already been pregnant when they found out and she didn't care that her baby—me—was going to be half an animal.

My mum died when she gave birth to me and dad went into depression. He never really paid attention to me, choosing the bottle to be his closest companion. He died when I was ve from an overdose.

With nowhere to go, the alpha had no choice but to take me in. And since I was weak and had no use in the pack, I was treated as an omega and as repayment for staying in the pack house. I worked along with the other maids.

I didn't have most of the abilities normal wolves did. Like their amazing vision, smell and quick healing. And my wolf isn't present in my head like other full werewolves.

It made me weak among my peers. And an easy target for bullying.

Right now. I was grateful for my wolf being weak. I didn't know what would happen if I found out one of the guys was actually my mate.

He would reject me on sight. And that is worse than being a weak wolf.

Rejections were known and happened throughout history. It is almost folklore at this point because no one does it anymore.

I would be humiliated if that happened to me.

"Attention!" Beta Hunter boomed, coming to a stop.

The rest of the pack that managed to escape all halt, listening to what he has to say.

I looked around me, trying to see if there was any friendly face close by. But I found none.

None I could speak to.

"We have gotten far away from the pack now, and hopefully, we have lost track of the scarlet pack." He was saying something else when someone suddenly screamed.

We all panicked and people started running around in all directions. Ignoring the beta that was trying to give a speech.

The more they ran, the more screams and shrieks you heard. Everything happened so quickly. And in less than a minute, more than half of the people standing were dead. The metallic tinge of blood led the air, it was choking.

I hid behind a tree, crouching and hoping whatever was killing people didn't get to me.

Almost as soon as all the noise started, the place went quiet.

The few people still alive are sobbing, I could hear them. I refused to stand up from my crouched position.

The air is still for all of one minute before a growl, so loud and scary shakes the ground.

"RUN!" I don't know who gave that command but we didn't need to be told twice.

We all headed in the same direction. The scary sound following us.

I couldn't see where I was putting my feet, but I knew I was putting one in front of the other.

Without the eyesight most of the pack had, I was left pretty behind in the run. And I only realised that when I tripped over a tree bark and fell, hitting the side of my head.

No one was close enough to see or help me. Worst of all, I couldn't see anything.

I moaned in pain, my hands trembling as I brought it to my mouth to silence any sound I might make.

I hear the crunching of leaves, loud and terrifying. Whatever was chasing us was closer now. The hairs on my arm stand at attention from the fear.

My head feels heavy and my eyes are starting to close. I beg the God above, or whoever is listening, to save me from the monster coming close to me.

That thought wasn't out of my head before a large gure looms over me.

I saw the red eyes rst, then the large canines.

NO!

I screamed in my head, just as a large paw reached for me. Everything goes black after that.

Ice cold water drops over my head, forcing me awake. I shivered, blinking away the sleep in my eyes.

I looked around the place, relieved to nd that it's the same small attic I've been staying in all my life.

"You lazy bitch." Someone yells over me.

I looked up with a sigh. Seeing the glare that was being sent my way.

Natasha, our alpha's daughter is standing over me with a scowl on her pretty made up face.

It is unfortunate no matter how much makeup she puts on, it fails to hide her ugly side.

"I asked you to bring my breakfast early, didn't I?" She glared down at me, her nose aring.

I hold back the urge to roll my eyes, knowing the consequences for that would be painful.

"I'm sorry. I was clearing the pantry that you asked me to and it got late—"

"I don't want to hear your excuses, bitch." She cut me off. "Get up and do what you were asked, before I report you to Jackson."

I shuddered at the mention of her twin brother's name.

No matter how bad I thought she was, she was an angel compared to him.

I stood up, my drenched clothes sticking to me. I shiver because of the cold, my teeth clattering.

I pressed my lips together tightly.

Natasha hates when I do that. And I would rather not be at the receiving end of her claw like ngers.

Her slaps hurt like a b\*\*\*h.

She stares down at me, disgust evident on her face as she sneers.

"If you don't bring my breakfast up in ten minutes." She wags a manicured nger at me. "Hold yourself responsible for whatever happens."

She turns and stomps out of the room, leaving a trail of her perfume.

I sighed, wrapping my arms around me as I let out a full body shudder.

Goosebumps rise along my skin when I remember the dream I had.

No, not a dream. That was a nightmare.

I mean, escaping this pack would be lovely. They have made it abundantly clear that they didn't want me. The only issue was, I didn't want to be caught by a monster.

And from many instances of things like this happening, I know my dreams aren't just that. Because if I dream of something, then it mostly happens.

I quickly prepare Natasha's breakfast and take it up to her room. She hits me with more insults and her laundry, then a long list of chores she wanted me to do before the end of the day.

I took it, like I always did. Because no matter how badly she and her family treated me, they still saved my life by taking me in. And I'm grateful for that.

That doesn't mean I don't wish for it all to end.

I was lost in my daydream as I did my chores when I heard screaming. The other maid who was in the laundry room with me looked up, her eyebrows raised in confusion.

Before she could speak, the door to the place gets kicked down and large men troop into the place.

We screamed and tried to run but it was already too late. The men grabbed us and took us from the basement. When we walked back to the main house, my heart stopped when I saw our alpha lying, his head bent at a weird angle.

There was blood on the oor but so far, he was the only one injured. Or dead.

That made me shiver in fear.

"Round the rest of them up," someone growls, their voice harsh.

Kira who was with me starts sobbing, taking in the scene before her. I stand, my lips set in a hard line as realisation dawns on me.

The dream. It's happening.