

Alpha's Hunt by Starlight Prologue

“Run Juliette! RUN!”

The sickening sound of flesh being torn apart filled the air, wide hazel eyes watched in horror as the wolf tore apart the very man they had always looked at with every bit of love in her heart.

The beast raised its blooded muzzle and snarled in Juliette's direction. With a shriek of terror, she instinctively turned to her heel, ignoring the stones bruising her bare feet, and broke into a run.

She could hear the paws of wolves padding on the earth like the thud, thud, thud of a loud drum. The sound of her heart was echoing in her ears like a beat, beat, beat.

Don't look back. Don't look back. Don't look back.

She looked back.

Two wolves were hot on her heels, snapping their blood-stained jaws at her. Her stomach throbbed with the effort of running, her legs threatened to give up but just then, three wolves appeared from the front, baring their teeth, and fell upon the others. Pained howls and snapping of bones filled her head.

As if in a nightmare, tears streaming down her face, Juliette dashed forward. She ran and ran and ran until she could no longer feel her feet until sweat covered her like a second skin until she was only going on for her unborn child.

In a distance, she saw light. High walls. The smell of other lycanthropes.

Shelter.

Heaving, stumbling, gasping, she reached the high iron fence that marked a pack's territory.

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“Stop!” a stern male voice barked “Who are you? State your name and purpose.”

Juliette looked at the two tall males that approached her very quickly, even for werewolves.

Her lips parted to say something but her mind was blank, her soul-shattering, her energy crushed and darkness was filling her vision.

And she fainted.

Several hours later, Juliette was holding a baby girl in her arms. Hazel's eyes, so much like her own gazed back at her.

“Elijah would've loved you so much,” she whispered, tears prickling her eyes.

A knock on the door of the little room snapped her out of her thoughts. A woman in her late twenties came inside.

“Juliette, Luna would like to see you,” she said gently “come along, dear.”

“Yes, let's go.” Juliette nodded at the omega Lycan

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They walked through the long, narrow passages of the omega quarters to the wide and glamorous hallways of the Alpha and Luna's chambers.

The guards let them into the meeting room where the Alpha and Luna sat. The Alpha was a big man with broad shoulders, a proud scar on his left cheek, and fierce brown eyes. The Luna was a fragile-looking woman but her blue eyes were sharp as a hawk, piercing as shards of glass.

"Alpha, Luna," Juliette dipped in a curtsy

"Mrs. Attwood," the Alpha spoke "We sent troupes to your pack territory, but no one could survive the rouge attack. No one but you and your daughter."

Juliette nodded, feeling her chest constrict with pain.

"Now, we understand you need shelter," the Alpha continued "and we would offer you a place here in the estate, as werewolves and Lycans are not so different after all."

"That would be very kind of you, Alpha," Juliette replied meekly

"But," the Luna interjected, "you are not part of our pack, hence, you can only stay as an omega."

Swallowing the lump in her throat, Isabella looked at her daughter's hazel eyes. With a deep breath, she made the choice any mother would've made.

"I accept the conditions."

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After Juliette had been officially converted to omega by taking an oath and shaking her hand, which she'd cut a bit to draw out blood, with the Alpha, who had done the same. She went out, clutching her baby.

She hadn't taken more than a few steps when someone tugged at the hem of her dress. She whirled around, her eyes landed on a four-year-old boy. With his dark brown hair and deep blue eyes, it wouldn't take a genius to guess who he was.

"Who are you?" he asked, though his eyes were curious, his voice had been commanding

"I, well," Juliette struggled with her words "I'm the new pack member."

The boy nodded, craning his neck to look at the child in the woman's arms. Juliette lowered her arms to let him have a look.

The boy smiled at the infant "Hello there, I'm Luke Winters."

He looked at Juliette, apparently to know the name of the child. Juliette blushed, she hadn't thought of it yet but...

Looking down at her angle, a soft smile tugged her lips

"Elise," she said "Elise Attwood."

Luke grinned and let the baby hold one of his fingers

"Welcome home, Elise."

Alpha's Hunt by Starlight Chapter 1

Chapter 1 Attack of the walnuts

“Elise!”

I whirl around, my pin-straight hair follows the movement. My eyes meet familiar blue ones.

“Shuss!” I mock-glare at my best friend “I’m doing something important!”

His lips tug upwards in the usual crooked grin and he simply leans against the wall, watching me as I achieve greatness.

Right, I take the catapult, grab a big walnut and take aim. One, two, three...

Snap!

A banshee-like scream meets my ears and I quickly duck behind the wall, choking on giggles.

“Who did this?” A shrill voice demands “Who did this?!”

A familiar deep chuckle reaches me from my side.

“What are you? A four-year-old?” He asks, his eyes shining with amusement

“Just because I’m 19 doesn’t mean I can’t have fun.” I grin at him “you wanna try?”

He considers it for a moment “Why the hell not?”

I give him a walnut and the catapult, we exchange a serious nod like the ones best friends do before stealing ice cream from the fridge.

He aims, pulls the rubber back and —

Snap!

“I’m going to kill you when I find you!”

Unable to hold me back, I stumble away, clasping my hands on my mouth. Only when I’m out of earshot, laughter bubbles past my lips and I can almost feel my face becoming red.

Another laugh combines with mine and I realize I’m not the only one who ran.

“Goddess, you didn’t see her face!” He says

“Oh don’t worry, we always have next time,” I say grinning

“Carlos!”

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Both of us jump at the stern voice, soon enough a tall man with pale blond hair and grey eyes comes into my view.

“Beta Drake,” I and Carlos bow our heads

Beta looks at me for a second, his eyes holding the usual glint of disdain, then turns to my bestie.

“What are you doing here?” He demands “all the pack warriors are supposed to be training right now.”

“The training ended not five minutes ago, Beta.” Carlos says, jumping to his serious voice “in fact, I was just her to tell the Omega to clean the weapons.”

Beta turns his harsh face to me again.

“Then stop standing here like an idiot and get to it!” He barks

I stare back into his grey eyes defyingly. My muscles itch to bend my neck and submit, my eyes prickle with the effort of looking into his powerful ones but I’ve practiced this for ages.

“Of course, Beta.” I finally say and turn around to get as far from him as possible.

Like father like daughter.

But it’s not Beta’s fault. You see, ever since he found out that Darcie—his daughter, is a nut job, he’s been one himself. And what a pity I’ve never known him before his condition.

As I pa** through the hallways of our ridiculously big packhouse, everyone considers my existence in their unique way. Some give me the stink eye, some quickly turn away, some with looks of superiority.

A growl claws at my throat to let it out.

I roll my eyes like a bunch of pack warriors pa** by me, smirking. Lycans, I shake my head, they think they’re so amazing.

I pa** by the weapons room but don’t bother checking. I cleaned everything just yesterday.

So far, Carlos has been the only friend I have other than a few omegas. Heck, even some of the omegas look at me and mom with dislike.

But none of it bothers me as much as it did. Because my escape plan is simple;

1-Find my mate.

2-Convince him to take my mom with us to his pack.

3-Escape.

4-Attain Godly powers and destroy every lycanthrope with a superiority complex and then take over the world.

See ? Simple.

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I go outside the main packhouse and towards the Omega quarters. On the outside of the little building, I see a familiar figure.

“Juliette!” Darcie barks, my fingers curl in fists as my mother hurries outside to receive the b*tch

“Yes, Miss Parks ?” Mom asks politely

“I want a foot ma**age, right now!” She says, flipping her long blond hair

I watch as my mom swallows, see the hesitation in her eyes and watch as her head moves in a nod.

My blood boils.

“Wait!” I quickly jog towards them

“What is it, Alice?” Darcie snaps

“Mom is needed to clean the weapons in the weapon room, sorry she can’t come with you,” I say trying my level best not to glare at her

“Fine,” Darcie huffs, then her eyes light up “Why don’t you come with me then? My feet could use some proper tending. And it must be an honor, for a werewolf Omega to touch the feet of a Lycan beta.”

My left eye twitches but I glance at mom, at her still pretty face. The light in her hazel eyes is so dull than what it used to be...

Swallowing my pride and dignity I nod.

Darcie flashes her pearly white teeth at me and turns around to go inside the packhouse. I turn to mom.

“No cleaning needed in the weapons room, go and rest, yeah?” I say, smiling at her

“Elise, sweetie, you shouldn’t have.” Mom says “if Darcie finds out —

“She wouldn’t care,” I wave a hand dismissively “she likes to piss me off whenever she can get the chance.”

“Alice! Hurry up you lazy, good for nothing idiot!”

“I better go,” my lips curl in disgust

Nonetheless, I turn to follow Her Royal Dumba** and quickly fall in step behind her.

“Took you long enough,” she snaps

Maybe next time I can throw rotten eggs at her? Or if I can someone get my hands on a used diaper...

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“I can’t believe how slow you omegas walk,”

Although it’s too much effort for the likes of her, I think I might just do it.

“Are you mute or something? Then again, you can’t argue about it.”

Are there any babies in our pack? Preferably ones that might have stomach problems?

Darcie leads me to her room, the pinkiest, furriest, most sparkling room in the house. One I’ve been in too many times.

She lays down on the daybed and gestures at her shoes.

Don’t lose it. Do not lose it.

I yank off her shoes, ignoring the smirk on her face. My fingers itch in resistance as I move them near her feet, a growl claws at my throat harder than usual but I focus all my energy on my breaths. In and out. In and out.

“You know Alice,” Darcie says as I try not to crush her feet “I’m very happy today, so happy that even your inferior presence isn’t bothering me.”

“You’re too generous.”

“It’s like my birthday, Christmas, and the full moon all in one!” She says

If I can just move my fingers a bit higher, preferably to your throat, it might be like your funeral too.

“Because he’s coming!” She says excitedly “my love is coming back and thanks to Moon he didn’t find his mate or something. Now nothing is separating us!”

“Who’s coming?” I ask

Surprisingly, she smiles wider, it’s creeping me out.

“Luke! My Luke is coming back!” She says

I freeze. Her words echo in my head.

Luke! Luke is coming back!

Oh no.