

Alpha's Hunt by Starlight Chapter 11

Chapter 11 Unexpected

When I leave the meeting room, Carlos takes me back to where I was originally supposed to be— my room.

While we go, I tell Carlos about what I did.

“Brilliant plan,” Carlos mutters quietly “So, what now?”

“Honestly, I never thought I'd make it this far,” I mutter back

“What?” he gives me an alarmed look “So you just decided to move out without knowing what you intend to do?”

My mind goes back to the plan I thought of when I was in the meeting room. But... all of that feels so far away, so unreal. Goddess knows I almost expected Luke to laugh in my face and then threaten to kill my mom if I don't go.

“I won't need a plan if I end up dead,” I say quietly

We stop in front of my room— well, Luke's room. Mine is inside it.

“Elise, listen to me,” Carlos says, putting his hands on my shoulders “If anyone is capable of pulling this off, it's you.”

I roll my eyes “Really?”

“Yes.” He grins at me “You're the only werewolf who can blackmail her Alpha, Luna, and Alpha-to-be to do what you want to. You're the only omega who can look a higher rank in the eye. You're the only one who's

reckless enough to sneak into the Crescent moon ball. You can do this, I know you can.”

Tears brim in my eyes and I sniffle, offering him a wobbly smile.

“You amazing moron!” I throw my arms around his neck “You’re the best buddy I could ever ask for!”

Carlos laughs as he hugs me back “Elise, are you crying?”

“I’m not crying!” I defend myself “My eyes are sweating!”

I pull away and wipe my eye-sweat before giving him the cla**ic Elise-got-this smile.

Carlos leaves me in my room. Now that the ceremony is over, everyone has to go back to Minneapolis.

I sigh in relief as I step into the shower, washing off the dirt from yesterday.

What the hell am I going to tell mom?

I leave my wet hair hanging as I change into a comfy sweater and shorts. I hope mom wouldn’t kill me for doing this.

But... after all these years, we’re going to be free. We can work for our selves and we can keep our dignity.

I look out of my window, at the bright blue sky, at the birds chirping as they fly through the air. So alive. So free.

All over this world, in every pack, omegas are hara**ed, degraded and hell, even abused! Why? Because we can't alter our bloodlines? Because we can't be 'good enough'?

My hands close into fists.

If only I could change that. If only I could convey this message to all those omegas that they matter. Even if they aren't as authoritative as an Alpha, as composed as a beta, as strong the warriors, they still matter.

A knock on the door snaps me out of my thoughts.

A moment later, Luke enters, a file in his hand.

"Here," he says, holding it out for me "Your contract."

In a dream, in a daze, I take the doc**ent that will ensure my freedom.

Luke doesn't let go.

I look up at him, eyebrow raised. He scowls, just as usual.

"If you take this," he says "there's no going back. You'll have to leave the pack."

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I try to pull the file, he still wouldn't let go "I know what I'm doing."

"Do you?" Luke steps closer, a hint of anger leaks in his voice "Do you have any idea what you'd do without a roof over your head and food in your stomach? This is insane, Hazel."

I consider his words for a moment.

“You’re right, maybe I should demand some money too.” I nod

Luke throws his hands up in the air, looking heavenwards as if asking the goddess why he was paired with me.

“Pack your bags, we’re leaving in the evening.” Luke closes the door behind— hard.

I flinch at the loud bang! What is up with him? Mad that I didn’t turn out to be a pathetic female? Or that I’m his partner?

I huff as I read my contract, and despite Luke being mad at me, I can’t help the smile that tugged at my lips when I read my freedom ticket.

In the evening, I enter Luke’s room, all packed.

He’s at his desk, looking through the damned book I’d gotten after so much effort.

“I’m done,” I say as I plop myself on his bed

He nods, turning the page of his book. My eyes stay glued to his hand.

Luke’s eyebrows furrow as his stormy eyes swims over the text. His hold on the little book tightens.

With a sigh, he finally drops it on the table

“Luke,” I stay, not sure if I should be talking

“What?”

“Umm, your hands,” I say, still looking at his hands “They’re...”

I trail off, Luke turns his stormy blue eyes to my object of interest. His claws.

Luke goes still, his eyes stay on his claws— frighteningly long, razor-sharp. In the blink of an eye, he goes out of the room.

Sometimes, when Lycans or werewolves feel angry or threatened, they retreat into their wolf form for a show of dominance or protection.

I stare at the door. Then I bolt to his desk and pick the book up. He’d dropped it face down, so the page is still the one he was reading.

Whoever holds the title of the Alpha Supreme is granted unexplainable power by the Moon Goddess. A ceremony takes place after the Alpha’s Hunt and the worthy Alpha is presented to the full moon. After this ceremony, the next

Alpha supreme will only be chosen when the previous declare his reign to be over or 10 years later, during the next Hunt.

The power of the Alpha supreme is to rule over Lycans and werewolves alike. His will, body, and soul are unbreakable.

Furrowing my brows, I put the book back. Nothing is upsetting about it. Why did Luke’s body start to shift?

“How long until we get back?” I ask John, our driver to the back house, again

“A little while,” he says

“You’ve been saying that since the moment we came from the airport into this soon forsaken vehicle!” I say

He doesn’t answer. With a huff, I lean back into the little space I have on the back seat of the car. If I were my choice,

I’d shift and run back to the house.

Okay Elise, think. Think of the best way you can break this news to mom.

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Goddess, it’s almost as if I’m about to tell her I’m pregnant.

Hey mother! How are you? I’m exceptionally good, especially since I’m going on the Alpha’s Hunt. Usually, all the Alphas or Betas go there but you know me, I couldn’t help myself.

“So,” Ka**y, the blond omega beside me clears her throat “Are you going on the Hunt?”

“Yup,” I say

“And did you sneak into the ball?”

“Did.”

“That was very brave of you,” She gives me a small smile

“Thanks,” I grin “But I did get stuck with this Hunt for it.”

“No omega has ever gone on anything so important before.” She murmurs “So, uh, I just wanted to say that I’m proud of you.”

I smile “Thank you, Ka**y, I—

A wolf jumps on the windshield.

A scream rips past my mouth as the car skids to a stop, panic fills the air as growls echo all around. The door of the car suddenly opens and a foul stench reaches my nose as a man enters my vision.

Rouge.

He flashes his yellow teeth “Omegas, eh? This is going to be fun.”

He grabs Ka**y by the arm and pulls her out just as the other door opens and someone pulls out the omega guy on my left.

“Hey!” I protest in vain when two big arms wrap around me and pull me out

I find myself held tightly by the mountain of a rouge. Around us, seven or maybe eight rouges, against five omegas.

The other cars were already ahead of us, they won’t be able to reach us on time. Oh goodness.

“Round ‘em up!” one man bellows as he knocks the living daylight out of John “I want a hunting contest!”

“Oh no,” the man who’d grabbed Ka**y grins at her “I’m keeping this one alive.”

She whimpers, tears already pooling in her eyes. My eyes widen, I look around frantically. John’s out cold, Lycan omegas can hardly shift anyways, the other guy and girl with us look as good as faint and despite the other girl’s screams, I don’t see any help.

Do something, you idiot! Do something!

In one reckless movement, I bite the arm of the man holding me. More from shock than from pain, he lets go with a yelp.

The sound of bones snapping and reshaping meets my ears and the next moment I'm tackling down the rogue who was holding Ka**y, teeth sinking into his arm.

All around me, wolves are snarling and growling. The man I'd tackled down also shifts. His huge brown wolf easily knocks off my little white one.

I back away, ears flat on my head, bloody teeth bared but they're too many, too strong.

This is it. Not mom, not my recklessness, not the Alpha's hunt but this is what's going to kill me. A bunch of rouges.

Great plot twist fate, really great.

A wolf lunges at me, I brace myself for action but before I had the chance, something else stops it. Something like a man and a wolf, an 8-foot-tall beast. Lycan.

Soon enough, the forest around me fills with howls, growls, and the smell of blood. I slip through the chaos, running full speed towards the packhouse.

My body starts to feel weary, my legs slow down and soon enough I fall to my knees, forcefully shifting in my human form since omegas are too weak to stay in wolf form for long.

Huffing and sweating, I spit out the remains of blood from my mouth, I will myself to keep going. Finally, Luke's torturous exercise is coming in handy.

Only a few steps further, I stumble back, staring wide-eyed at the black wolf in front of me. The wolf bares its teeth at me but just as its eyes focus on my face, it stops.

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Bones snap and reshape and I'm left staring at a stout, middle-aged man with a scarred face. His green eyes stare at me in a mix of awe and disbelief.

I back away, searching my mind for an escape.

When he speaks, his gruff voice doesn't surprise me half as much as his words;

"Juliette?"

"What?" my mouth betrays me

The reality of the situation hits him. His hands turn into claws, canines elongate but before he could shift, a hand closes around his neck from behind and—

Snap!

He falls on the forest bed, unmoving, blood pools out from his mouth.

My eyes fly up to meet familiar stormy blue ones. Luke walks around the body, over to me.

His hands fall on my shoulders, they travel down my arms to my hands, causing my heart to squirm in its place.

“What are you—

Words die at my tongue when his warm, calloused hands cup my face. He leans forward, so close that I can see the storm in his dark blue gaze, so close I can feel his warm breath on my face.

“Luke,” a little whisper leaves my mouth

“Shuss,” He says quietly “Let me.”

Luke turns my face to one side, then the other. Realization hits me like a brick in the face.

“If you wanted to know I’m okay,” I snap, moving away from him “you could’ve just asked!”

“And believe you?” He raises an eyebrow

“You jerk!” I jab a finger at his chest, feeling my face warm up from embarrassment “I thought— you— you’re about to—”

“What?” Luke raises both his eyebrows, trying to act clueless

Before I could give him a piece of my mind, he starts towards the direction I just came from.

“Get to the house.” He says firmly “I’ll be right back.”

I gather my s***tering wits and dignity before I start running again. And finally, I reach the packhouse.

“Sweetie, are you sure you’re alright?”

Mom asks me for the millionth time.

All the rouges were killed. Two-pack members were killed. The night sky’s high above our heads and I am in bed with my mother fussing about me.

“Mom,” I say just as she’s about to get me more chicken soup

“Yes, Elise?” She asks

“During the attack,” I start quietly, “A rouge said something to me.”

I look at her worried face and take a deep breath.

“He called me Juliette.”

The bowl in my mother’s hands crashes on the floor and breaks into a million pieces.