

## Alpha's Hunt by Starlight Chapter 15

Chapter 15 Ape tendencies

“Hey, the person I’m not in a team with?”

“What?”

“When the bloody hell will we stop?”

Luke looks over his shoulder, a bored expression on his face. Then he looks up, at the setting sun.

You’d think it would be romantic being in a forest with exotic birds and beautiful sunsets.

Yeah... No. Not when you haven’t eaten since morning and not when your ‘partner’ is a total a\*\*hole.

“Perhaps we’re done for the day,” he says, almost grudgingly

With a sigh, I drop my bag on the ground. My stomach rumbles for the billionth time today. At least I’m not thinking of eating Luke, due to courtesy of Korra. Her spell locked out a lot of things, including my werewolf appet\*\*e.

I glance at him from the corner of my eye. Is he going to ignore me? For how long? Should I apologize again?

No! I apologized once, twice actually! I’m not going to shatter my ego for his!

I nod at my inner voice but once again, my stomach reminds me that I need food.

Think Elise, think! What can you possibly do?

I look around the place we’d stopped and then an idea lights up in my head. I could climb a tree and see if there are any fruit trees around.

My mind made, I start my climb on a tree, my ape tendencies in full swing. Luke finally decides to acknowledge my existence.

“What are you doing?”

“Climbing.”

“For what reason?”

I look back and give him a foul look “I thought I should just hang myself. Who knows, the afterlife might not be so bad.”

With a nod, Luke opens a bag and pulls out a coil of rope. He tosses it at me and I clumsily catch it.

“You’re going to need that,” he says and goes back to his inspection of the map

No, Elise. You can’t kill him. He’s your only hope of survival.

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I balance the rope on a branch and stand on one myself. Through the thick veil of leaves and boughs, I look around

the neighborhood, searching for the supreme form of life; food.

Trees. Rocks. Dirt. More trees. Moving plants. More rocks—

Wait, what?

My gaze snaps back to the moving patch of brown and green. Breath hitches in my throat.

Just under me, I see metal first. The long metallic muzzle of a gun pointed straight at my a\*\*hole of a partner. The holder has brown hair and wearing a dark green shirt; camouflage.

In my panic, I lose balance and slip from the branch.

A scream rips past my mouth, getting lost in an echoing bang! As I collide with another body. My wild eyes open to meet dark brown ones.

Alpha Jason stares back at me, his rifle lying a little away.

He lets out a breathy laugh “Never thought we’d be in this position here.”

I take into consideration the fact that I’m pretty much startling him.

“Really? I saw this coming,” I say

“I already knew—

I start strangling him.

In the background, I hear sounds of groaning and fighting, another bang! rings in the air but all of that remains my secondary concern since Jason manages to shove me off himself.

“You b\*\*\*\*!” His voice is raspy, face red

He moves to grab the rifle but a small click! makes him stop. I snap my head sideways, at Luke. He’s holding a gun aimed at Jason’s head. Other than a busted lip, he seems fine.

I wonder why I’m so relieved.

Jason swallows thickly and attempts a weak smirk.

“Luke, buddy,” his voice has a slight twinge “This has been fun, but I should go now.”

No expression crosses Luke’s face. Death hangs heavy in the air, who it’ll take, it hasn’t told yet. But I can guess.

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Finally, Luke lowers the gun.

The moment he turns around, Jason leaps for the rifle, and even before I have time to open my mouth, another bang! echos.

The sound dies at my tongue and I stare wide-eyed at the blood on Jason’s forehead, gushing out of a hole. His brown eyes

glaze over and his body falls on the forest floor with a thud.

Death cheers and dances in the still air, the stench of blood heavy even without supernatural senses.

“You okay?”

I snap out of my thoughts and look at Luke, he’s offering me a hand.

Unable to form words, I nod. I put my hand in his, feeling absurdly assured. Warm, alive, unbloodied.

He pulls me up and his dark gaze scans my frame, once assured, he starts walking, taking me along.

At our little campsite, I see another body, a bloody hold in his chest. I avert my eyes.

"Maybe we should go somewhere else," I say to Luke "someone must've heard the shots."

Luke casts me a glance, for a moment I think he's about to say something but then he nods.

We take our bags and walk off.

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The fire crackles. I sit with my back against a tree, eyes on the flickering flames.

"Here,"

My eyes widen at the loaf of bread in front of my face. Mindlessly, I take it.

"So you decided to be generous?" I raise an eyebrow at Luke

"No." He leans against the same tree, eyes on the fire "you earned it."

I furrow my brows, trying to put back the falling pieces of my head and then something clicks.

I saved his life.

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Accidentally, but still.

"So we're back to being a team?" I ask, grinning

Luke sighs, long and exaggerating. Then he nods.

"Yes!" I punch the air and then devour my food. Heaven! This is heaven!

Once I finish eating, I turn to Luke again "You really should do something about that wound, it might get infected."

Luke raises a hand to touch his busted lip but I slap it away. Doesn't he know it might start bleeding again?

Giving me a look, he goes through one of his bags and brings out a little box. Disinfectant.

"Let me," I take it from his hand

“Seriously?” Luke says distastefully “I’m not a child.”

I turn his face towards myself and lean forward, a little bit of cream on my finger.

“I know,” I say, not sure for what I say it

Gingerly, I apply the disinfectant on the wound, mind wandering too far off places.

“Luke?” I ask softly, he hmms in response “Would you... Would you kill anyone for victory?”

For a moment, he doesn’t answer. I look up at his eyes, the only sound I hear is the crackling of the fire.

Luke lowers my hand from his face, holding my gaze with his stormy eyes.

“I’d rather be the hunter than the prey, Hazel.”

He gets up, leaving me to wonder about nothing and everything.

“Go to sleep,” Luke says “I’ll keep watch tonight.”

I nod and glance down at my finger, with which I’d tended his wound.

It’s red with blood.