

Chapter 5

“What is that noise?” Monica asked for the tenth time while I washed the dishes used for the morning ceremony.

The Feast of the Moon would come to an end this night with a pack run and an initiation into the pack for members that mates into the pack within the last year. Every werewolf able to shift was expected to honor the Alpha's Call at the first sight of the full moon. Alpha Xavier would howl to call his pack and those who could, would tend their human forms and gallop into the woods for the final ritual of the Feast or the Moon. The rest of us stood outside with our faces raised to the moon, praying for a successful initiation and the opportunity to partake of the next Feast of the Moon.

“What noise?” Claudia asked, pausing her washing to listen.

Omegas didn't have as good senses as other wolves. We were the weak links in most packs, valued only for our empathy and service. Monica as a Beta could hear sounds hundreds of meters away but we the omegas could barely hear what went on a few feet away from us if we didn't listen.

“It sounds like a stampede.” Monica frowned. The other girls in the kitchen paused at that. It was still early evening so it couldn't be the Alpha's Call that caused the stampede.

As a latent wolf, I had worse senses than all the other omegas so when one after the other, their ears picked up the sound of people rushing away, I still couldn't hear anything. My senses were as bad as a human's as a latent wolf- a shifter with a wolf trapped within.

I didn't hear the sound of the chaos until it entered the pack house. A true stampeded. People were running, yelling, doors slammed here and there, rattling the pack house. The other omegas in the room were frozen along with me as our pack mates fled from goddess knows what.

"What is happening?" A girl beside me asked the frozen room. It pulled Monica out from her frozen trance.

"Continue working. I'll find out what is going on." She closed the door behind amber as she exited the kitchen on legs that quivered. Without her supervision, the kitchen turned to a chatter room.

"How cruel can she be?" Claudia asked, skating her head with her hands propped on her h**s. "If we were under attack, she'd leave us to wash dishes while everyone fled to safety."

"I've never heard of a pack as cruel to omegas as ours. What are we? The sacrificial lambs?" I went back to washing the dishes before me as the other girls chattered amongst themselves.

I may be an omega like them but I was also a traitor and my wolf hadn't made an appearance for the past three years. They didn't consider me a part of them. In fact, some of them, like Claudia, joined the pack in bullying me.

While the girls chatted amongst themselves, I hear a voice from outside. As the kitchen was downstairs and I stood facing a window while washing, I heard the panicked voices outside the window before the other girls did.

"Yes, Prince Valens." One man whispered in a hushed voice. "A hundred of his wolves just breached our borders." My heart stopped.

Prince Valens. The Alpha Prince. The last wolf of royal bloodline on the entire planet. The name parents used to scare their wayward children.

The Alpha Prince was the last child of Queen Valencia and King Thomas, the last rulers of werewolves. The prince was cursed to wander

the earth with his people for his fathers since so for the past two hundred years, he conquered packs and expanded his army in search of the person to break his curse.

The last we heard of them, they hadn't even been on our continent but then, he wouldn't be Prince Valens if he didn't surface when least expected.

“Are we prepared for him?”

What pack was ever prepared for a takeover by the Cursed Alpha Prince?

In the last hundred years, he'd laid claim to close to fifty packs. His army grew, with the members of his pack who were cursed alongside him conquering as he did.

Eat your food or Prince Valens will come for you.

Even children learnt to fear him at an early age – The Prince who would destroy the world to break his curse.

“The warriors in the south borders have fled.” The warriors outside continued to discuss. “The encroachers are gaining fast on us. No, Silas, we are not prepared.”

“Alpha Zavier?”

“In a meeting.”

“What are you peeping at?” I turned to see Claudia leaning over me to peep out of the window where the two enforcers had been discussing. They turned at that moment to see me, having been lost in their panicked conversation. “Were you eavesdropping on the enforcers? Why, you sly devil.” Claudia gave me a stinging smack which she disguised as a playful jab as she giggled.

“What were they saying?” Another girl piped up from the kitchen. I looked behind me to see everyone staring at the interaction between

Claudia and I. Half the others girls already disregarded Monica's instruction to venture outside and as expected, they didn't return.

Who would come back to washing plates when the Alpha Prince himself had invaded?

"Prince Valens has breached our borders," I muttered, rinsing my hand of the soapy liquid I used in washing the plates. All the girls stared at me with wide comical eyes until Claudia burst into loud laughter, slapping her hand on my shoulder as she doubled over. I wiped my hands on my apron, prepared to take it off.

"Prince Valens? Really now!?" She laughed, straightening. The others girls joined in on her laughter, convinced I was saying nonsense. "Not the Boogeyman? Not even the Lochness monster?" The girls laughed louder as I took off my apron.

"Do you still believe Alpha Valens exists?" One of the girls cried in laughter.

"What of Santa?" Another chimed in.

The kitchen door burst open and Celeste flew in.

"Aysel!" She gasped, rushing over to me. "I've been looking all over for you." She wheezed, then her eyes fell on the other girls. "What are you all still doing here?" She screeched. "Did you not hear the Cursed Alpha Prince and his pack are here?" The laughter on all their faces died a quick death. "The whole pack is going underground." It explained why none of the other girls didn't return.

Celeste dragged me out of the kitchen while the other girls still processed my words.

"What do you think they want?" I asked Celeste as we ran to the stairs that led to the pack's underground safety for times of war. A time that we hadn't seen in years.

“We won’t be waiting to find out.” Celeste dragged me as we went, faster than I could dream to be. “Alpha Zavier won’t let him take over like that and we can’t be here to see that fight.” I shuddered at the urgency in her voice, straining to keep up with her fast pace.

In one day, a peaceful life could flip on its head and turn into a jungle, reality became what we never expected.

The Alpha title has been in Alpha Zavier’s family from the beginning of the Redville pack. He would not let it go without a fight. The Alpha Prince would win. He’d been conquering since the days of his youth, the days before his curse. Alpha Zavier stood no chance.

I whimpered, the wolf in me who still owed allegiance to her Alpha no matter what a douche he was, sad at the fall of our pack.

I heard howls that quickened my footsteps. Even if I wasn’t a wolf, I knew the sound of those that belonged to my pack. Their howls were familiar to me but these weren’t. They weren’t cries of war – just an announcement of who those arriving to run the show.

When Princess Valens took over a pack, he ruled for a few months to a year, assigned an Alpha in his pack to lead in his absence and took the rest of his men to find another place to settle.

An Alpha cursed with the spirit of a wandering wolf.

“We’re here.” I took a breath when Celeste let go of me. People flocked en masse through the doors of the small building that sat atop the underground bunkers. I heard the howl again.

Two enforcers blocked off our movement when we tried to enter the building.

“What is this? Move out of the way!” Celeste exclaimed, looking behind us to see if anyone followed us here. People overtook us as we paused. The enforcers let them go without a pause but when Celeste moved

forward with my hand still clasped in hers, the men blocked our way again.

One of the men looked at our clenched hands and raised hard eyes to me. I swallowed at the look in his eyes. It made me take a step back.

“It’s me.” Celeste turned with a frown when I took another step back.

“They won’t allow me in.” I swallowed with eyes that stung.

“We will not let a traitor into our sanctuary.”