

## Alpha Maiden

Eir's POV.

I'm not sure what happened that day, but Hades stepped away. Quietly, he left my room without saying another word, and in the days that followed, he gave me a strange stare. I could feel his eyes on me every time, and when I looked, he would turn away. He didn't avoid me, but something was off. But I didn't want to ask. I had more than enough with Toke.

The hurt and sorrow. Toke and his actions, his line of thoughts and beliefs regarding me had vanished, I felt towards these last days. I'm not going to lie; something in my chest still aches from time to time when a poisonous remark leaves his lips, but my instant reaction now is anger: anger and the need to throw him overboard.

Everything changed after we started sailing. Toke and Arcane only scowled at each other; Hades stared at me like he was suddenly waiting for me to grow wings. The rest of the crew became more invisible each day. Suddenly having so much work, they had decks to scrub, sails to repair, or imaginary plastic plants in desperate need of water.

It had been three days, and I found myself eating late supper with Arcane in silence down below deck.

"Where are we going?"



I haven't asked since I was practically forced to board, but I've reached a point where I don't care anymore. I don't care how they react or even if they lie. It is not like I have a choice, so it doesn't matter. A plan is forming in the back of my mind, but until I see where we are supposed to be and who else is there, it feels useless even thinking about it.

"Ehm, what?"

I sighed, irritated.

"Were. Are. We. going?"

I spelled it out to him while meeting his stare with an arched brow.

"Home? "

"Okay, and where is that?"

"So, he hasn't told you anything?"

"Why would I ask if that was the case?"

This seems to surprise him, but I do not understand why. He had seen himself how Toke had been talking to me since I arrived at that place, seeing how we just argued on the ship. When would he have told me anything?

"Oh, well. It is called The Blood Moon Circle."

"Circle? Not pack?"

"No, circle. We are all rogues or individuals who have lost

their pack in one way or another. Most just call us unstructured rogues, driven by blood lust and the need for chaos. But that's not true; we might be shone, abandoned, or even rejected. However, most of us missed what we lost. We needed structure, family, and friend-like bonds, so we created our own."

I frowned; there was a lot of information without really answering. Fair enough.

"How long?"

"Before we are there? Maybe 8 or 9 nights. Hard to say; it all depends on the weather, the wind, and the ladies of the sea."

"Ladies of the sea?"

"Is that a really bad sea-man-word for waves?"

His laughter rumbled, making the kitchen vibrate with amusement. He emptied the last of the food on his plate, wiping his mouth and beard on the sleeve of his shirt before showing her a wide grin.

"Oh! You have so much to learn! Come! I'll show you; it might be a bit early yet, but it's worth a try!"

I would give him some points for trying, but we saw nothing but dark water, lazy waves, and cold moonlight bathing in the midnight ocean. But after that day, he started telling me about various creatures.

Like the werebears, they were not so bad as Toke once had

told me. According to Arcane, they were old huntsmen and gatherers; their main traits were skin, fur, and soft winter clothing. They were also widely known for their sweet baking goods. They were usually not hot-tempered people, and they tended to avoid wars and other disagreements. It was hard to make them angry or ask them to pick a side in battle, but if they first did, they were a force to be reckoned with. Even wolves would think twice about meeting them in battle.

Massive creatures with a temper nobody could control when it first boiled over.

There were also cat shifters, sneaky hunters, and excellent spies. Lion shifters, reptile shifters, like snakes! He had also met bird shifters and small spirits; from how he described them, they sounded more like tinge-ling figures than anything else. But apparently, they were greedy and vain creatures. They loved everything shiny, expensive, and glittering.

Then he came to dragons, earthlings, and mermaids!

Mermaids were the lady of the sea, and I had to force myself not to squeal as he told me about them. Even I once dreamed about being a mermaid; I mean, who hasn't?! But my excitement quickly dimmed; they were nothing like I thought they would be.

There were two kinds of mermaids: the stunningly beautiful women with long, colorful hair, alluring voices, bare strutting

breasts, and incredible tails. Every sailor's dream, I thought at first, until I learned they were the wicked once. They didn't use their looks to lure men to them here; they used them to display ranks beneath the sea. The more beautiful and sexier one was, it meant the more they had killed.

They sucked shifter's youth out of them and drank their blood, and the prettier they got, the more addicted they became.

Then he described the other mermaid types, Taicoons. And honestly, they sounded like something dragged out of a Stephen King nightmare.

Long dark hair, yellow or white eyes, teeth like a piranha, and dark gills where I had ears. They had webs between their fingers and long black talons, and their tail were usually black, silver, or deep green. Sharp pointy noses and something that sounded like a massive snake tongue, only it was blood red. I struggled to hold back my judgment and gagging sounds when he told me they were the ones all men dreamed of spending a heated night with. Even his eyes looked hooded and distanced while he talked about how incredible they were like that nightmare was every young and old man's dream to show their dick inside of. Men are the same, no matter what world they are in!

On the fourth day, the sun shone bright; the weather was warm, and the sea calm. Birds chirped above us, and I wish I had ice cream! It was the perfect summer day on the open

ocean! Despite the heat, I refused to jump in the water. Not after everything Arcane told me about. I don't care what he says; if I meet those creatures, I'll probably piss myself!

Hades and Toke have been arguing and discussing something all day. Staying away from the rest, but now Toke came marching my way. I didn't really think of it, leaned over the railing, and watched the idiots that swam around the boat. They are most likely waiting for a piranha woman with a fishtail to suck their cocks while they swim by.

My eyes were about to pop out of my head, and my jaw hit the railing when two dark heads appeared between the calm waves. It was a scenario from a horror movie, but the men cheered, and all turned their attention toward them. Just then, Toke grabbed my arm and yanked me to follow. I tried to release his grip on my hand, but damned, that beast was strong!

I stumbled after him, unable to hold my ground as he dragged me down below deck. He was seething with anger, and I had no idea what it was this time.

He showed me inside his room and slammed the door shut behind him,

"You are mine! You belong to Fury and me! There is nothing called an Alpha maiden! Bullshit! Is it true?"

His eyes darkened, and he took threatening steps my way. Followed me all the way until my back pressed against the

wooden wall. He walked right up to my face and glared  
down at me,

"TELL ME!"

He roared.

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