

2: Selene

As I dash across the clearing deeper into the woods in my lycan form, I ensure my hearing and sight are more acute, just in case anyone is nearby. I don't want anyone to see me in this lycan form.

People believe there is only one lycan alive, the lycan king, a male who rules over all the alphas in the country. They all bow to him and listen to what he has to say because he is more powerful.

But I am a lycan. I freaked out the rst time I changed into my form and found out I was a white lycan, which I don't know what it means. Maybe it means I am a low lycan since they are mostly black or grey.

Not many wolves have seen the lycan king in their lives, just like me. We just know that he rules. He only calls for meetings with the Alphas of each pack and not with the members of the pack.

I run and run for hours, no one in sight, then stopped around the waterfall I have only come to once before I became an omega. Because I didn't have a wolf form, I became an omega.

"So pathetic. You don't have a wolf. Eww." The taunts.

My parents died when I was a baby; I could barely remember anything about them. I grew up in the pack house, with no friends, and the one I had left me when I became an omega.

I drank deeply from the water to quench my thirst, then stood up straighter and searched my location. I knew about a small hut around here where an old woman and a few banished pack members live.

I changed into my wolf form and slowly crept closer to the hut where I saw someone on a rope. It is dark, and if I use my keen hearing, I can make it there and steal a few articles of clothes.

A jeans rst, ripped in so many places probably from shifting unexpectedly then a red tank top that is a size smaller than me, but I made it work. My hair is still in a ponytail, so I just walked around barefoot.

I knew I was going to places I have never been before and it might be risky, but I don't feel like going back to the omega house. They are all waiting to scorn me, especially Scarlett.

Noise from around a corner pulled me towards the source of the commotion because of curiosity, though I am not really the curious type.

Rounding the corner, blasting music echoed all over the place while wolves, from their smell, mingled around the place in their skimpiest outts. It makes me look like a beggar.

There is a sign at the top of the place where the music is coming from; it is written in bright colors changing after a second. 'Night Club' is written there.

I swallowed, contemplating going inside since I already left my territory, and I want to nd out what is happening inside. I have never been to a night club; I don't know what it really is anyway.

And something is pulling me insistently towards the place. There is a thrill inside of me, thrumming in my veins to do something rebellious. I just got rejected by my mate; that pang of hurt again made my chest hurt. I had no idea rejection hurts this much.

So I decided to enter, pulling the head tie around my hair to let my dark hair loose. Slowly walking towards the club, I try to blend into the night then entered inside after the long queue for a checkup.

The music blasted into the room, making it hard for me to hear my own thoughts. Just what I needed. Walking further to where I could see a bar, I need to get drunk.

What a pity I couldn't do that at the party earlier, maybe take one expensive bottle. I ordered their strongest drink though I have no money in me.

"You look lost, lass," the bartender said as he placed many shots of tequila in front of me.

"I am lost," I slurred in my fourth drink, already feeling drunk.

"Hmm," he said then moved to the next customer like he is like this with most women.

I nished my drink and went to the dance oor, shaking my body not knowing how to dance at all. Someone came behind me, smelling of tequila too.

"Hi, beautiful. You shouldn't be dancing all alone," he gripped my waist, sounding drunk like I am.

Instead of answering him, I danced around him, not really knowing what I was doing.

"You got a man?" He asks again, dragging me somewhere I don't know.

"No," I slurred before we were in an empty corridor, the music fading slowly.

The man started kissing me; I didn't want that, so I pushed him away and wobbled only for him to catch up with me.

"You don't get to run away, beautiful. You will nish what you started," he said, dragging me back.

I don't exactly know what happened next, but I screamed at the top of my lungs then pushed him away. A door opened behind us, a man walked out then punched the man forcing himself on me.

The man fell on the oor, unconscious. I turned to my savior, gave him a wide smile showing my teeth before I fell into his chest, out like a light.

My savior carried me into the room behind him, where he came from. It is a bedroom inside the club, so I followed him. I want to sleep.

He slowly placed me on the bed; that was when I realized that he was only wearing jeans and nothing from the waist up. I swallowed hard. He is so handsome. Like a God.

I suddenly want to feel his body all over me. It is almost a full moon, and my mate has rejected me. The only thing I can do to take away the pain is by sleeping with another man.

The recklessness in me will do anything to take away my problems. I will deal with them in the morning when I go back to the omega house. For now, I want action.

Standing up from the bed in unsteady feet, I went closer to the man talking on the phone; he didn't feel me at rst then he turned around with brows high in question.

"Handsome, I want you to take me," I slurred, my eyes feeling heavy but very determined.

"You are too drunk," he said, his voice making me wet. He sounds drunk too.

"That is what happens when you get drunk," I said, biting my lip.

"Oh? What is that?"

"Get one night stands," I said again and just like that, we were ripping each other's clothes like some unknown force is making us do it.

When I woke up in a dark room, the man that saved me is there with me, naked. Just like I am. The soreness between my thighs told me all I wanted to know before I saw the blood when I stood.

I forgot most about yesterday. Not after when we started removing our clothes and pouncing on each other.

I panicked the next second. I need to go back to the omega house before Scarlett noticed that I didn't go back from the party. She will create further problems for me in the pack.

With a careful wince, I gingerly slid off the bed, dressing in silence as I stealthily departed the room. My stomach twisted, and nerves tingled as I hurriedly retraced my steps to the vaguely remembered location, nding myself once again surrounded by the woods.

Without a moment's hesitation, I initiated a swift run in my human form. The thought of shifting into my lycan form seemed too precarious, a risk I wasn't willing to take.