

## The Alpha's Hunt - Chapter 3 Chapter 3

### Chapter 3

One by one they were ranked and rated and now Lady Hale stood in front of me. I look down at my feet, refusing to disobey even though it's taking every one of restraint I have not to raise my head and meet her contending gaze.

I hear the faint sound of a chuckle and even then, I still don't look up.

"They will most certainly have fun with you," she said. The cold of the metal abasing my skin made me shiver as she slid the cane up my leg, lifting the dress as she went. The beak would occasionally made slits on my leg and my hip, drops of blood made a cooling path down my leg.

"Spin." she ordered and the change in her voice was instant. The gruff change and demanding tone had me sucking my teeth and focusing on the pain to stay obedient.

I turned on the spot, the dress rode up further and she watched every angle of my body. I felt the hairs rise on my thighs as the wind blew in and brushed against my bare skin.

"Very nice. Eight" she cooed.

Capitan Tala came up behind me and my hands were pulled behind my back and bound with rope dipped in wolfsbane.

I ground my teeth to dust when I felt the poison seep into my skin.

Once everyone was ranked, Lady Hale ordered for the blindfolds to be put on and complete darkness followed when I was being led to the truck.

This was it; this was the end. My parents were probably waving, my sister pressing back against my father's legs in fear and I couldn't say goodbye to any of them.

It happened quickly, the grading and grabbing, I was already in the truck sitting on a damp wooden bench with splinters poking into my thighs.

Sweat and fear filled the air, it was a scent unlike any other and one we had grown accustomed to acknowledging.

The truck was driving over a bumpy road and with each bump I felt my body lifting from the seat and the taller girls slammed their heads against the low ceiling.

We continued for what felt like forever and not a single source of light manages to penetrate the truck walls.

The car eventually stopped, and I listened in, trying to hear something that could give me a hint on where we were but all I heard was the footsteps on moist ground- the feet that pressed into the water-filled grassed, like stomping on wet moss.

Someone opened the doors and small rays of light danced on top of the blindfold.

I smelt the damp grass, bark, and the oak. We had to be in the woods, it made sense considering that's where the hunt took place. I never knew where the house was though. Any time someone returned for the briefest moment they were forbidden from ever discussing what went on after the ritual.

We were all pulled from the truck one by one and led over the grounds to a smoother surface.

I felt myself being jerked to a stop and my arm brushing against another. For some reason, I still heard the gleeful squeals of the girls around me.

Didn't they realize that we are on the threshold of the beginning of the rest of our lives? This wasn't a fairytale where we met a prince who would take us to his castle and love us forever. This was more like Shrek where Fiona was locked in the tower and no prince ever came to save her. She saved herself but the analogy ends there because there was no saving of any sort. There was no prince charming in that house. There were however Alphas, some of our world's strongest and most feared leaders who take pleasure in the hunting of young girls to later groom and use. Some marry and fall in love but it's rare. And then there is the leader, the Lycan king. He's not known for his loving tenderness or his wonderful leadership, he's known for the tyranny he reins on his people and the iron fist with which he leads.

The shiver going through me right now was no joke, my shoulders spasmed and my spine did a slithering shake.

"Bring them in." A dark voice tossed the order behind me. He was elevated from the ground, that much was clear.

My body jerked when someone's hands came around my head and undid the blindfold. It was like every nerve in my body was on high alert, all because they took away my ability to see. Normal it wouldn't bother me but I was weak right now and so was my wolf so to remove a sense was not optimal.

The light from the sun immediately blinded me and I closed my eyes to allow them some time before they adjusted.

"Move!" Ordered Captain Tala and pushed my shoulder to get me going.

The other girls were looking excitedly at the surroundings. We were deep in the woods, I saw the goblin moss that covered the rocks as far as I could see.

The crowns on the trees were thick and bushy, preventing the sun from reaching the ground most hours of the day. I was too busy looking around at the trees and the plants to notice where I stepped. I stubbed my toe on the widened stone staircase and cursed as I fell against the steps. Captain grabbed my arm and forced me up to my feet. She glared with fierce frustration when I slowly stood in pain and bit back a wailing whine.

"That bitch needs to be put in her place," Trixy said, and my eyes widened for a fraction of a second out of fear of captain Tala overhearing. That was until I remembered that she couldn't hear my wolf, though the fear was very much visible.

"Don't say that," I bit back.

"Why? It's not like she can hear me,"

No, she couldn't but it frightened me still. Words like that could get you killed. Captain Tala was respected, high up in rank with the council, and a true force. Rumor has it she used to work with the Dark Guard, they were the council's last line of defense and the last people you wanted to see on your doorstep. If the Dark Guard showed up, you knew that your minutes were numbered.

Captain Tala was one of their enforcers, she was their most skilled killer and had taken down more creatures than anyone could count.

The door to the house closed behind us and the sound of the lock being turned echoed in my head.

We were led through the rundown rickety house which was not at all how I had envisioned the meetup spot to look like.

There was a giant hole in the roof and through it I could see the sky as clear as if I were outside. It was the only spot where trees didn't cover the view.

Layers of dust were gathering on the surfaces of the broken wooden boards and the decaying bureaus. A big closet in the corner of the first room had a door that hung of its hinges and inside hung clothes that seemed to have been eaten on by something.

I dragged a deep breath and held it when the smell of rotting flesh seeped up my nose.

The girls all covered their noses and its moments like these that being a werewolf was a curse.

Our heightened smell unfortunately allowed us to smell the scents of everything, including sweat, blood and sex. All of which were mixing in my nose right now.

Captain Tala held open a door and we all piled through it into a cold room. The windows were broken and faced the leafy forest, no light came in and the chilly breeze swept around from the vent.

"Face the wall." She said without stepping inside with the rest of us.

We lined up and faced the wall as ordered.

There was a white linen sheet that hung in the ceiling, blowing subtly by the breeze around the room.

Pieces of lace were stuck to the wooden boards and if I stared at them long enough I could see them dancing in shapes of a woman in heels swigging in the wind.

It was beautiful and cut short by the sound of heavy steps pressing against the squealing floor boards. No one spoke as they shifted position and I heard someone leaving as another one entered.

The door behind us slammed shut but us girls weren't alone, someone was inside the room with us.

He held a high rank, our wolves felt it in their core and Trixy reluctantly fell in a submissive bow and bared her neck.

His eyes warmed the back of my neck as he scanned me from where he stood. He walked behind each girl, taking her in and undressing her with his eyes. The white linens we wore did little to hide our bodies and I felt on my skin where his eyes were wandering as they left behind a heated trail. There was only one male in our world that would be allowed a peak before the others, but I had never heard of him participating in the Hunt. He stepped back and I could hear how everyone in the room held their breath, me included.

"Turn." His voice was dark and low with a controlled calm I had never heard before.

I spun slowly until I face him. We got a good look for a second but Trixy forced my head down and I could feel her backing away instantly with her tale between her legs.

My breath was caught in my throat and my legs were shaking, fighting to hold me up. My head was still down but I managed to peek at the girls to see how they were holding up.

Some were holding their breaths; others were happily waiting for a formal introduction but me? I was terrified, replaying the rumors I'd heard about the Lycan King and dreading finding out whether or not they were true.

He clapped his hands behind his back and ran his eyes over each and every one of us. We were all pinned to the spot without anyone keeping us here. Our feet pressed heavy as if glued to the floor and our heads were down, almost impossible to raise unless we were told too. I flickered my gaze for a split second and him stand there stoically. He raised his head, and I was met with eyes colder than a glacier.

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