

The Alpha's Hunt - Chapter 4 Chapter 4

Chapter 4

When I was ten my mother sat me down, looked into my innocently naive eyes and proudly said, 'Hazel, in a few years you will be a part of our worlds grandest tradition and be chosen by an Alpha.'

My response was always 'no thanks, mama'. I was happy gliding through life in school, with my friends, chasing and hunting in the woods.

My only dream was gaining my wolf and going on real hunts and maybe one day, if I were lucky, join the Shadow Guard and work for the council.

That all chipped away slowly as I grew up and before I knew it I was eighteen with no mate being told it was time I partake in the Hunt. Not as a hunter, no, girls couldn't be hunters. Us girls were the prey, hunted like a deer in the woods until caught by an Alpha and becoming his claim.

I shiver as I stand thinking about this tradition, the one I had been told was an honor and that I now was part of.

There wasn't much time to ponder on the past when the Lycan King suddenly moved toward us. He had been watching for minutes now and I thought that maybe he was just getting a glimpse and then he would go.

He walked closer and started at the end of the line.

Her head was forced back with a rough pull of her chin, a quiet gasp left her lips and his chilling cold eyes circle down her chest.

"Turn."

His voice sent my nerves into overdrive, and they tingled in my arms as I pressed my hands tighter together like it was an order for us all.

Lily start turning.

"Slower." He said calmly but it was the darkness in his voice that had us all covering.

She gulped and slowed down, each step thought out with a small pause to allow him time to see her.

Lily was the epitome of a healthy female werewolf. She's tall, the tallest of us all, with model-like legs that were tight and firm. Her hips were narrow and her stomach flat with

visible muscle and her chest were perky and filled out her clothes nicely. He moved closer and grabbed her shoulders to stop her from spinning any further. His lips hovered close to her skin and he pushed her down.

“Kneel.”

I saw something moving on her face, a smirk that shadowed her lips. Her eyes sparkled now and she did as she was told. She was in a squatting position when he told her to stop and he raised her dress. He told her to continue down on her knees.

The dress fell around her like a flower and her back was facing him.

Darian moved to the next girl and I lowered my head further. He was five girls away and then it was my turn.

“Kneel.” He orders without sparing her a second glance.

The girl kneeled and he moved to the next.

My nerves were tensing the closer that he got and I felt my wolf trembling with her body so close to the floor that she almost laid down.

I lifted my gaze an inch when I heard his groan and watched as he reached out his fingers and snapped her brazier open to expose her chest. The chill in the room bushed over her skin and he watched her nipples stiffen. I wasn't thinking as I shot out my arm to over her but luckily I was stopped before it reached anywhere.

Iliana holds my arm and her eyes bore into mine with a loud warning.

But it was too late and Darian turned his head and glared at me. His eyes gently lowered to where Iliana was holding me and she slowly let go of me and folded her hands behind her back.

Many say as a joke that certain animals can smell fear, it is very true that fear has a scent and at that moment I was reeking of it.

“Do you oppose me undressing her?” Everyone looked up as subtly as possible and stared with widened eyes at me.

I shook my head and lowered my gaze, “No, sir,” it came out no louder than a whisper.

Darian moved closer to me, with each step his eyes took in more of my body because in the end it was how we look that determined our chances in the Hunt. Nothing else mattered to them but what he saw and it appealed to him.

“You stopped her.” He said and moved to Iliana.

Panic was slowly starting to creep up on me.

"I-I'm sorry." She stuttered.

"Why did you stop her?" He moved like a predator and his words were calm, but it wasn't like a calm breeze, no it was a lethal poison that was calm until ingested after which it would kill you with ease.

"Because I- I didn't want her to get hurt."

"Smart girl." He's standing in front of her, his eyes cast glances at me and the ones I meet sent chills down my spine. How could a person seem so cold? It was as though his heart didn't beat as ours. I didn't feel any warmth from him.

"And what if you were to get hurt because you protected her?"

My eyes were now as wide as saucers and my breasts were rising high as I was getting choked by the dress.

"I'm sorry," she said quickly.

I pressed my nails as hard into my skin as I could to stop my legs from shaking. Maybe if one part of me is hurting it will draw attention from the others and I won't think about how my legs are nearly folding underneath me.

Darian stands staring soullessly at Iliana and it's all because she looked out for me.

He leaned in and whispered in her ear something inaudible. I feel my brows pressing down when I realize that I can't listen in on his words.

Iliana's head shot up and she stared in fear, frozen in her spot and didn't move a single muscle.

Darian makes a quick move and I look up to see his hand wrapped around her throat and Iliana was up on her toes.

He pulled her in and I see his eyes changing color.

"Now." He barked by her ear and turned to face us, "stay, don't move until I get back and do not make a sound." He ordered.

Iliana fell to the floor and coughed as she scurried across the room to a craggily door that opened with a force.

She walked inside and disappeared in the darkness that lurked in there. I heard a squeal and then noticed Darian turning to walk after her. His fingers worked his belt and slipped it out from its loops.

The leather was snapped in his hands and stretched as he walked into the room. My head snapped to the side and I see the girls looking as confused as myself.

The door slammed shut and I jump from the sound.

Every bone in my body was telling me that something bad was going to happen and if it did, it would be my fault because she protected me.

We had no choice but to wait because that's what we were told.

The orders were clear and Trixy couldn't disobey them even if she tried.

Our faces contorted in fear when we heard the sounds. The sound of leather landing on her skin with a whipping sound that bounced against the walls and made me clench my eyes.

She screamed one quick scream that filtered over to a choking sob. I wanted to move, to run in there and knock him to the ground- just long enough for Iliana to run away.

"He'll kill us"

"I know but he's hurting her," I said and tried to reason but I knew it wasn't her fault that I couldn't move. The King's orders were different than an Alpha's. Our Alpha's orders were strong but could in certain situations still be disobeyed. Darian's orders were different, it was physically impossible for us to defy them.

It was quiet for a while before Iliana's choked screams filled the room and seeped out through the cracks of the broken boards, cutting into my ears like razor blades.

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