

The Alpha's Hunt - Chapter 5 Chapter 5

Chapter 5

If a shattered soul had a face to it with eyes and a mouth and looked like us, it would be what I was looking at. Iliana walked out differently from when she walked in.

Her dress strap hung on her shoulder and she sniffled and wiped her red nose as she walked back to the line. I gulped and tried not to stare but it was hard, her face was bright red and her eyes watery after the twenty minutes that had passed. I wanted to say 'I'm sorry' but I doubted it'd make a difference or be close to enough for what she endured.

My stomach turned and I had been on the verge of throwing up since the door closed with Iliana the king alone in that room. The other girls were staring down at their feet, nobody had even a glimpse of joy on their faces anymore.

"Hazel, is it not?" Darian asked as he walked out from the room. Whilst he'd walking over my eyes immediately go to the black leather belt wrapped tightly around his large hand, covering knuckles and folding as he closed his fingers. He rolled down the sleeves on his black dress shirt and the leather belt, rolled around his hand, reflected something under the light. I looked closer and noticed something on the golden clasp, something was smeared on metal, and I saw the same splatter on his chest. The little that I could see from the two buttons he had left undone.

Holy shit.

I looked down when I placed the crimson liquid, swallowed the bile that was on its way up and forced out a, "yes, my king."

He stood in front of me and buttoned his shirt. He slowly undid the belt from his hand and as he did I noticed the blood drying in the creases of his hand. I was careful, as careful as I could've been to not be caught staring but Darian noticed my eyes taking in the splatter for less than a second and I thought my heart would drop. I couldn't see his face but I saw Darian drag his finger over the dried splatter and bring the finger to his mouth where his lips closed above the ring and he sucked the blood clean from his skin.

It wasn't any anger I saw on his face nor was there lust or contempt. It was just...emptiness. A hallow black hole with nothingness as a core.

"Hazel," he didn't say it as a question or an opening. There was nothing that followed my name but how he said it- to hear my name spoken with a darkness so deep- had my blood freezing sending cold shocks through my veins.

He moved to the girl who stood with her chest bare still and he watched her.

She did as she was told and then stood back.

It didn't make sense to me why some were kneeling and others were not. Was this some sort of screening where the King chose who would continue to the Hunt?

My nerves needed answers, but it didn't seem like I was going to get any from him. King Darian walked to the door located behind us. The screening seemed to be done and I was standing along with three other girls: Iliana, Liv and Caitlyn.

King Darian left, and Liv quickly took out the gloss she had hidden between her breasts; puffing a breath and thanking the gods that it wasn't her dress he ripped.

A natural cherry pink sparkled on her lips as she dragged the brush across in haste. She hurried to put it away, but I knew that if anyone noticed- whether it be an Alpha or Lady Hale- Liv would be in trouble.

Everything was planned to when it came to the control they held over the people.

Humans and werewolves were believed to be vastly different where the humans were inferior to us. But one thing we all agreed on was that the Council was not to be messed with. It was them and the Lycan King, the only two entities that could cause fear in the bravest soldier.

There was a tale we were told when we were young about the castle that the Lycan King and his ancestors before him resided in- the tale spoke of the castle growing on top of the bones and ashes of the burnt villagers that once occupied the land. The villagers- the humans.

The door opened with a shriek and a gust of wind pulled in and swept around our barely covered bodies. Lady Hale stepped inside with captain Tala- stiff like a soldier but swifter than a fly- by her side. They walked across the room, their eyes scanning us girls carefully before landing on Iliana who was shivering as she stood staring at the floor. Her body was weak and trembling and her skin had red patches that were loosely covered by the sheer fabric of her white dress.

The raggedy door screeched painfully as it opened and behind it was yet another- thicker and steadier- door in metal. The key entered into the three different locks and with each was a new sound that made me flinch when Lady Hale turned it each time.

Rotting flesh and tear-inducing odors were left behind when the door slowly pushed open to reveal the rest of the house. The part where the men gathered.

Red colored walls and golden linings that painted on the candelabras while the fire roared in the pit. The ambrosial smell nearly had me falling over, it wasn't at all the smells we had been forced to suffer through for the past hours.

Wasn't this the perfect depiction of our societal norms though? Our Alphas, leaders, with a drink in hand sitting by the fire or watching through the panorama window while we're stuck in sweat and decay waiting to be judged and hunted.

I gritted my teeth to dust and tried- I really did- to remain calm.

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