

The Love Of A Lycan - Chapter 5

Chapter 5 - THE SOUL (2)

Every time I see a couple holding hands, or just plainly sitting together I look away. It's not that I hate seeing lovers. But because it reminds me of a question nobody can answer... "Where's mine?"

-Anonymous-

Many angry horns from cars around could be heard from other cars around that were forced to stop to avoid a possible multiple-vehicle collision crash.

"Torak!" Raphael snapped at him angrily. The scene before their eyes spun in a way one could only see in movies. The scene made their vision blur for a while.

"Call me properly!" Torak snarled in his alpha tone.

Upon hearing the powerful voice from their alpha, Raphael and Calleb couldn't help but lower their head in submission. They were carefully obsequious but surprised by his sudden rampage.

Alpha's tone wasn't a joke, especially from the powerful one. Wolf from lower rank wouldn't be able to withstand it. The consequence from denying an Alpha's tone was equal to physical torment for them. And no one between Raphael and Calleb would've wanted that to ever happen to them.

"Yes Alpha..." Both of them said in perfect sync.

Torak leaned back against his seat and let Raphael take control of the wheel again. His eyes still black, as black as the pitch black night.

The road that Torak chose was a long straight line of street, so that along the way Raphael was saved from his alpha's attempt to grab away the wheel again.

"Supreme Alpha Torak—we have another meeting with Alpha Romulus in twenty minutes and this route—" Calleb tried to remind him in his shaky, hesitant tone. "—is the opposite direction."

However Torak didn't heed his voice as his eyes fixed on the road before his eyes.

Raphael knew very well that no one could talk otherwise when Torak's wolf was in control.

Their wolf was vicious, ferocious and the most dangerous part of them, so they need to control their beast the whole time. The only moment they would let their wolf on the surface was when they needed it for protection or aggression.

The last time Torak's wolf took control when there was a pack that shed of blood.

"What should I do?" Calleb mouthed at Raphael. Since the Alpha refused to answer him, then asking the Beta was his next option.

Once again Raphael looked at Torak from the rearview mirror. His stoic and aloof face showed a warning that said, he wouldn't give a damn for anything at this moment.

In the end Raphael shook his head and said in a normal voice, so Torak could hear him. "Cancel it." He waited for a while to see if Torak gave an indication to say otherwise. But, when he remained unmoved, Raphael sighed and gave a sign to go ahead for Calleb.

The noisy boy grabbed his phone out from his pocket and punched a number, on the third rings someone picked up the phone and Calleb talk in well-mannered voice that didn't suit his usual self.

Hanging up the phone, Calleb stole a glance at Torak through the rearview mirror and landed his gaze to Raphael. "So?"

Raphael only gave him a glance before focusing his attention back towards the road in front of him.

The atmosphere inside the car was thickened with Torak's wolf appearance on surface, Calleb never saw Torak went berserk the way he is now, however the stories that he heard about it, was enough to give him a goosebumps, to the point where his hair awfully stand on end.

The long road brought them out of the city to the suburb town nearby. They were on a narrow road when Calleb couldn't help to keep his mouth shut any longer.

"Supreme Alpha Torak," Calleb turned his head and called him timidly while scratching his nose. "Where are we going exactly...?" His timid voice was mixed with awkwardness and fear clearly.

He waited for the answer expectantly, but when there was no answer from Torak, he sighed and turned back to look at the almost empty dark road.

The rain was drizzling when they made their way into the more crowded street.

"Supreme Alpha, could you tell us your purpose for bringing us here? So that at least, I could prepare myself if only we're near to this possibility of any scenario where we need to fight..." Calleb mumbled while propping his chin on his palm while looking at the stores that still open in this almost past midnight hour.

On the side Raphael glared at him, the last thing that he wanted, was to provoke Torak. Only God knew what he would do when he really lost it.

They thought Torak wouldn't answer Calleb's whiny question, but, to their surprise Torak's rigid expression slightly turned soft as he said.

"To meet my mate."