

The Alpha King\'s Huntress: Hunt The Red Lycan

Chapter 16: CHAPTER 14 Advisor

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Kasia's eyes fluttered open to an unfamiliar ceiling. She was lying in a large four-poster bed with silk sheets instead of the stiff hospital cot she last remembered. As she slowly sat up, a pounding headache throbbed behind her eyes. She pressed a hand to her temple, trying to rub away the pain as fragmented memories from the night before surfaced.

She had been with Ethan. He had come to her hospital room, his piercing blue eyes full of concern as he asked her to take a walk with him. She had resisted at first, but something in his gentle voice and warm smile had lowered her guard. What happened after they left her room was a blur. She remembered his hand on hers, his woodsy scent enveloping her as they walked outside under the moonlight. Then nothing, just waking up here in this lavish bedroom that was clearly not her own.

Kasia's fist clenched around the silk sheets. Had Ethan done something to her? Drugged her? She trembled with anger at the thought, cursing herself for letting her guard down around him. She should have known better. Werewolves were not to be trusted.

She had to get out of here.

Before Kasia could reach the door, a soft knock sounded from the other side. She froze, her entire body tensing, as the door opened.

A petite, dark-haired woman entered, dressed in a simple maid's uniform. Kasia recognized her instantly- it was the she-wolf she had held at knifepoint when she snuck in the first night.

Kasia's hand instinctively went to her hip, searching for a weapon that wasn't there. Janet held up her hands in a peaceful gesture.

"It's alright," Janet said gently. "I mean you no harm."

Kasia scowled, not lowering her guard. "What do you want?"

"To say hello. I realize you didn't get off on the right foot with us, so I thought to introduce myself and apologize for the rough introduction."

Kasia blinked in surprise. She had not expected an apology, let alone such sincerity, from a werewolf.

"Oh, I see," Kasia replied awkwardly. "Well, I'm sorry too. for threatening you. I wouldn't have actually hurt you."

Janet smiled. "I know. And you wouldn't have been able to anyway. Keep your eyes on me." Janet cleared the room in a matter of seconds. She moved so fast that Kasia could barely track her, and Kasia defensively put her hands up.

"Calm down. I have no intent of hurting you." Janet laughed. It began to sink in for Kasia that her sneaking onto pack territory was all just a trap. Without her pills, she didn't stand a chance.

"I don't think Ethan would like that, so you have nothing to worry about," Janet continued.

At the mention of Ethan, Kasia tensed again. "Where is he? What does he want with me?"

"He only wants to help you. to show you that not all werewolves are monsters. Please, come to breakfast with me. Meet the pack."

Kasia hesitated, unsure if she should trust Janet. But her growling stomach made the decision for her.

"Alright, I'll come to breakfast," she conceded. "But how will we hide that I'm human? How doesn't everyone know that I am human now?"

Janet smiled knowingly. "Ethan's scent and aura are so powerful, no one even noticed you last night. But just in case..." She pulled a small vial from her pocket. "This perfume, made from wolfsbane and mistletoe, will mask your scent completely."

Kasia took the vial cautiously. Janet then handed her a set of clothes. "Get dressed and meet me outside."

The hot water cascaded over Kasia's body, providing a brief moment of respite from her racing thoughts. As the steam rose and fogged up the bathroom mirror, she mulled over her predicament. It would be best for her to play along for now, but what would that lead to? She felt as if she was going further and further down a rabbit hole.

With a sigh, she shut off the water and quickly dressed in a blue silk button-down shirt and black pants before coming out of the bathroom. Janet spritzed Kasia liberally with the perfume. She sniffed at her. "Perfect. There is not a hint of human left. No wolf will detect you now."

Janet led Kasia down the long, ornate hallway towards the dining hall. Kasia took in the rich mahogany walls and plush crimson carpet beneath her feet.

"I know it seems like I'm just a maid," Janet said in a hushed voice, "but that's only a front. I'm actually Ethan's most trusted advisor."

Kasia raised her eyebrows in surprise. "If you're so important, why pretend to be a maid?"

Janet smiled wryly. "It allows me to keep my ear to the ground. No one suspects a lowly maid of spying. I learn all the pack's secrets this way."

Before Kasia could respond, Janet put a hand on her arm, her expression suddenly serious. "You should know that Ethan has many female admirers here. The unmated she-wolves will see you as competition for his affection."

Kasia scoffed. "Why are you telling me this? Ethan and I have no relationship."

"It doesn't matter to them," Janet said grimly. "Their instincts drive them to eliminate threats to winning a strong mate. I'm warning you: be cautious and avoid confrontations if you can. They don't know better."

Kasia absorbed this as they reached the grand double doors of the dining hall, the savory scents of bacon and eggs wafting into the hallway. She steeled herself, pushing down her nerves. Chin up, she walked in.

Kasia scanned the long dining table, where werewolves sat chatting and eating. Her eyes landed on a familiar figure sitting alone, slightly hunched over. Lana. Kasia made a beeline for her sister, noting the dark bruises on her arms with alarm. There was pudding rubbed all over her hair.

"Lana, what happened?" Kasia asked, sitting down beside her.

Lana's eyes darted around the room nervously. "It's nothing," she mumbled, not meeting Kasia's gaze.

"That's not nothing. Who did this to you?" Kasia demanded, anger flaring inside her.

Lana stood abruptly. "Don't act like you care now. I have to go." She hurried from the hall without saying another word.

Kasia watched her sister flee, frustration and concern brewing within her. A scornful laugh from another table made her turn. Three female werewolves were staring at Lana's retreating figure and snickering.

Kasia clenched her fists, rising halfway out of her seat. Janet grabbed her arm.

"Don't," Janet warned under her breath. "Not unless you're sure."

Kasia slowly sat back down, glaring at the laughing women before turning her attention back to Janet. She vowed to get to the bottom of this. No one hurt her sister and got away with it.
