

## BENEATH HER DARKNESS: The Alpha's Little Demon Chapter 2

### 002 – Half She-Wolf, Half She-Demon

LUCY.

I was on my way to the main kitchen from the main floor of the house when I heard Manuel's voice looking for Stella as he entered the kitchen from the exit door, making me stop in my tracks.

I never liked Manuel. He was lazy as a pig but mated to a wonderful female. And I tried to avoid him as much as I could because we always clashed. And I was sure, if Stella was not around, I would have been kicked out of this orphanage a long time ago because of him.

"Lucy is ready for the Omega Feast. Make sure she has the proper clothing to attend the ceremony." Manuel blurted out as his footsteps sounded on the kitchen floor.

Stella was preparing dishes for the night's dinner and I was supposed to come and help her. But instead, I hid in the walk-in cupboard so I could listen to more of their conversation.

"What? What did you do?" Stella asked, and I could only imagine the frown on her face.

"I listed her for the Omega Feast. They just checked her photo and she got accepted right away."

My eyes widened as my hands flew to my chest, clutching my shirt as if it was enough to stop my heart, but it was beating rapidly. I leaned my back against the cold wall, as I steadied my breathing. The spices and the mixing of too many scents would be enough for them not to smell me, but they would probably hear my heartbeat if I couldn't control it.

The Omega Feast, where Omega females that had come of age, ranging from 18 to 19, were paraded to the public either for bidding or a duel, in case no one wanted to give up the bidding. And after that, the Omega will be owned by the winner and made a slave, mostly for pleasure.

I didn't understand at the beginning why the need for an Omega Feast when males could just purchase a female they wanted for the night with the growing population of night and strip clubs everywhere, both for humans and shifters. Only when I heard some of Stella's friends stating that Alphas and other billionaire shifters used this event to boost their egos, wanting to be the most powerful man in the North, which of course the organizer of the feast was taking advantage of.

"But she doesn't have a wolf."

“But she’s eighteen already, right?”

“Yes, she is. But don’t those Alphas want an Omega with a wolf?”

“Well, she’s not the first Omega who will be chosen without a wolf in the feast, so I’m sure it won’t be a problem. They just need to be informed. And if no one wants her, I will throw her back here and she’s free to go next month. But they said, she’s beautiful like no other Omega at this year’s feast, so I’m sure she’ll be chosen.”

“She’s a sweet girl...” Stella really liked me. I liked her too. She was the only adult in this place that treated me fairly.

“Sweet? She’s reckless and causing too much chaos here. It’s better if she goes somewhere where she’ll be useful and where we can earn from her. Besides, I’m sure one day she’s going to grow horn and boss around every other wolf here, so better throw her to someone who came tame her down.”

I snickered quietly. Be careful what you wish for, asshole.

“I don’t know why you don’t like her. She protects the pups here, and if she throws a nasty attitude, it’s because she was protecting herself and them.”

Check. Check.

“And I don’t know what she did to you that you liked her too much. I told you, never get attached to them. Did you forget that these young pups were just handed to us to be taken care of until they’ve come of age? Once they turn eighteen, then off they go on their own.”

“But then, why don’t we just let her go like the others? Why do you need to list her to the Feast?”

Check again.

“Because we need money! Are you stupid? This feast happens once every two years! We’re lucky that we have an eighteen-year-old this year. We didn’t have any on for the last two feasts.”

“She knows she’ll be leaving this place next month.” Stella sounded distressed while I kept hearing the knife clashing with the chopping board.

“Change of plans then, she’ll be leaving in a week.”

Why did I forget that I was eighteen already according to the age I gave them when I arrived here two years ago? I guess I had too much fun, and now I was bound for doom.

With my back still resting on the walls, I let my hands ball into tight fists and closed my eyes, trying to stop my emotions from overpowering me. I was already on the brink of snatching my necklace off my neck, but I was able to restrain myself.

My name is Lucija (Lucia).

Or Lucy, the orphan omega to the shifters of this orphanage and the people around us.

But I had a secret that I was meant to keep as long as I could.

I was only half a werewolf, and the other half of me... was a demon. So the horn Manuel mentioned might grow on me, might actually pop out anytime soon if I can't control myself.

Two years ago, on the very same day, I turned eighteen, I escaped from the underworld using the invisible cloak that I was able to obtain from a lovely witch that was residing in the netherworld and the necklace that I have never taken off from my neck since I stepped back into the human world.

The invisible cloak suppressed any demons from sensing my presence when I passed them, making it easier for me to reach the portals without anyone noticing me, especially the demon guards my father ordered to watch over me. But I could only use it in the underworld – the cloak loses its magic once it crosses other realms. So I left it somewhere near the portal that I used to transport to this realm.

While the necklace on my neck suppressed the power within me.

With my power suppressed, I would not be able to harm any living soul that belonged to the netherworld. And without my power, my father, the Prince of Darkness, would not be able to track me down in the human realm.

The Demon Royals might be the Gods of the Underworld, but we did follow the pacts and rules of other realms. We couldn't just take living humans or anyone we wanted and takes them to our world unless they sold their souls to the demons or volunteered to visit the underworld.

And once they are there, they will be ours, body and soul.

Yes, my name is Lucija, Demon Princess of Chaos.

My father had spawned hundreds of demons, spanning over centuries, but they were all males. I was her first and only daughter. And it didn't matter to him that I had werewolf blood running into my veins, which was the very reason I ran away the moment I turned eighteen and would be able to use the portal alone.

My father wanted to cleanse my blood and remove any trace of werewolf blood in me through rituals, offerings, and natural insemination of demons' seminal fluids — in short, sexual orgies.

Although rituals and sexual orgies are a common sight in the underworld, I was not in for it. I didn't want the blood that was my only link to my deceased mother gone. Besides, my body is mine. I would do as I pleased, and my father couldn't tell me what to do with it.

And so were these shifters. That was why I needed to get going and get out of this place before I could be thrown into a deeper hole.

I quietly exited the room and hurriedly made my way to my assigned bedroom. As soon as I was inside, I went into action and tossed my few belongings, including my life savings, in the backpack that I was able to get from hand-me-downs. The bag wasn't big enough, but it would be enough for my necessities for a few days.

The cold weather had done nothing to me. My body temperature was built for all weather, so if I had nowhere to go, I could just find any cave where I could camp for the rest of the night before I could continue with my journey tomorrow.

But I had no idea where to go after that. I had chosen the North for the very reason that this place had no rules, no people governing the shifters running around. As an Omega, at least that's what I pretended to be — I didn't need a pack to adopt me. It was enough that I lived in an orphanage that sheltered minors until they came of age.

It was the reason I told them I was only sixteen when I came here two years ago. And without a wolf and no record of me everywhere, no one doubted my age. I was supposed to graduate from the orphanage next month. And I was already thinking of living as a human. But maybe a month earlier wouldn't be that bad.

I just had to make sure I could get away from here as far as I could, at least until the feast, so no one would come looking for me anymore.

The door to my small bedroom opened, and my body jolted as I tried to cover my backpack under my blanket. But it was still not enough. My small dresser was open, and my clothes were scattered from the floor to my bed, like all the other things in my room, like someone had ransacked it and was searching for something.

“What are you doing?”