CHAPTER TEN

Hunter?

My soul nearly leaves my body on hearing his name and I press my ear to the bedroom door, trying to listen to the conversation.

“You should have some respect,“ Hunter growls and it almost feels like I’m listening to a stranger talk.

“Why?” Lucas says, mockingly.

“Because I’m your Alpha.”

“Barely so,” Lucas replies, lazily. “Now why are you here?”

I don’t have to see Hunter’s face to know how angry Lucas’s response just have made him. One of Hunter’s biggest flaws is his ego. I remember even back then that he hated talking about Lucas whatsoever.

I had never really thought much about it before but right now I can hear the intense dislike in Hunter’s voice.

“I want to know if Tyron came to see you?” Hunter asks, his voice angry now.

“Tyron?” Lucas pretends to be oblivious to my father’s name even as I flinch.

“He’s one of the pack elders,” Hunter says. “Did he come to see you?”

“Why would he come to see me?”

“Because you executed his daughter.”

A small sound escapes my lips at the words leaving Hunter’s mouth and I stuff my fist into my mouth as my eyes grow wet.

‘Executed his daughter.’

I was supposed to be your best friend.

Your future mate.

Why does your voice not even falter at the sound of my death? Why do you sound so clinical as if my death was just another casual matter?

The pedestal that I had put Hunter on since we were children, begins to crumble slightly. His betrayal had been harsh indeed but a part of me which had loved him so deeply had still throbbed with pain and an impossible hope.

Despite the fact that I now had a mate, my grief had not allowed me to register that fact, that nothing between me and Hunter was now possible, not even reconciliation.

“Once again,” Lucas drawls and this time I pick up a hint of fury in his voice. I feel it even more so because its throb in my own chest, a reflection of his feelings. “

“Why would he come to see me?”

“To ask you of the reason,” Hunter says after a long pause.

“You mean flimsy reason you gave me?” Lucas laughs, coldly.

“It wasn’t flimsy! That bitch was a traitor!”

A traitor? I moan in agony at his lies.

My hands shake and a broken sound escapes me.

“Is someone in there?” Hunter suddenly asks and I go still.

I can hear footsteps and then silence.

“I never invited you into my home,” Lucas says, icily. “Leave.”

“I came here to get an answer,” Hunter snarls.

“Well, you’re not getting it from me so get out. You're not my Alpha so stop acting like one, pup.”

I hear Hunter’s growl, “You’d better be careful. You still have an Alpha bond with me, weak as it may be. If I cut it, you’ll die a lonely death.”

His words make me freeze in horror.

I always thought that Hunter was a good Alpha who put the needs of the pack above his own but right now, hearing him threaten Lucas is opening my eyes even wider to the truth. Using his Alpha bond to keep Lucas hostage is a cruel thing to do.

My own grief is pushed aside as I feel a flickering fury inside of me. It takes me a second to realise that it’s my own anger that I am experiencing and not Lucas’s.

Lucas just laughs, “Go ahead. You think I’m scared of you cutting that bond?”

For some reason, he sounds a little bit pleased.

“Cut it and I might consider challenging you for the Alpha position.”

I go still at his words. Lucas wouldn’t!

But from what my father said, it is entirely possible for Lucas to win. Since he has the blood of a true-mated couple and he now has his own true-mate, he is more powerful than Hunter right now. Of course Hunter doesn’t know that.

“You’d better your mouth, Claw,” Hunter snarls. “The only reason I'm still letting you live is because my father asked me to.”

Claw?

Is that Lucas’s surname? Surnames are usually based on the pack you belong to.

Lucas just laughs softly, “I’m sure that’s the reason.”

There is silence after that and then I hear footsteps once again and Lucas opens the door of the bedroom, looking down at me.

“Is he gone?”

He nods, before crouching down in front of me, his hand coming to cup my face, “Are you okay?”

He's kind of gruff but he treats me so gently that it’s a little difficult for me to remember that he is the most dangerous member of this pack.

“He threatened you,” I say, my fury returning.

“Won’t be the first time,” Lucas suddenly grins at me. “Look at you being all angry for me.”

“I’m not-“ I protest but he’s helping me up. “Let’s leave.”

His hand is wrapped around mine as he pulls into the living room and something suddenly occurs to me.

“Wait,” I pull at his hand, forcing him stop. “How did Hunter not recognize my scent? I’ve been all over this house.”

“Because there’s a cloaking spell on the tree house and one on you,” Lucas says, calmly, picking up the bag from the ground.

“What?” I give him a stunned look. “How did - You’re a shifter. How did you put a cloaking spell on me?!”

“I didn’t,” Lucas replies. “I got a witch to do it.”

“Witches are - Weren’t they all persecuted years ago? How did you find a witch?”

“Why do you ask so many questions?” Lucas demands.

“Because you’re acting shady,” I retort. “Where would you know a witch from? Their kind has not been seen in our forest for centuries!”

“Well, you need to update your history books.”

“Lucas,” My voice is quieter. “Who is this witch?”

He turns around and picks me up, “She’s the one that murdered my entire pack.”