

Alpha Luka And His Human Mate Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Victoria's pov

"Luka?"

He's here. A part of me was slightly relieved, but another part of me was pissed. Pissed that he took so long to come, in addition to the anger I was feeling towards my shitty ex-boyfriend. He really chose the wrong time to come.

"What is it with you men and your terrible late timing?" I asked, turning completely towards him. He could see that I was not in the mood.

"Yea sorry about that. I got carried away in my thoughts" He mumbled as he scratched his neck awkwardly. I simply stared at him in disbelief. That's his excuse?

"Okay" I simply said before making my way to my cotton candy.

"Okay?"

"Yes okay Luka" I stopped to face him. "Look if you don't want to be friends, it's okay. You don't have to feel sorry for me and try to force a friendship you obviously don't want" I really wanted to get to know him and maybe help him, but you can't bring the horse to the water only to force him to drink.

Or however that saying goes.

He sighed again before explaining. "It's not that I don't want to be friends, Victoria. I just can't. It's just really hard to be" He admitted, looking defeated.

"Why? Why is it so hard?" He really caught my interest there. Why was it really?

"Can we go somewhere else to talk?" He asked nervously, and I nodded in agreement. Well this should be interesting.

Surprisingly Luka doesn't know many places in town, so I took him to Charlette's diner to talk. It was relatively quiet there, so we could talk without disruptions.

We sat in silence for a while before he chose to speak up.

"There's a lot of about me you don't know" No shit Sherlock.

I nodded, telling him to continue. "Some things you probably don't want to know..." He trailed, making eye contact with me as if warning me.

"Why wouldn't I want to know?" I asked in a shaky voice. I wasn't too sure if I wanted to know, but my mind wouldn't give me a rest until I found out anyways. I was simply too curious. Curiosity killed the cat, but at least the cat had nine lives.

"It's not something a human mind can handle" He pointed out, confusing me to the brink. What does that even mean? Weren't we all human?

But then it hit me—I swore I knew it all in that moment. It took a lot of thinking and reasoning, but it all made sense now.

"Look Luka if you are a serial killer or in some mafia shit and your hiding from the police in the woods then—"

"What are you talking about?" He asked, amused.

"Well it all makes sense now. That's why I don't see you in town, and why you live in the woods. You're hiding aren't you? That Caleb dude, he's so protective. You're working for him aren't you? You tried to end it all and I stopped you." I cursed under my breath. "You can't live with the guilt. You poor thing" I cooed placing my hands on his.

"Well aren't you afraid madam detective?" He asked, his eyes dancing with amusement.

Am I afraid? I mean I should be. I let two maniacs in my home and now they know where I live. They could take me captive anytime. It's not like I have any immediate family who would come looking for me.

"No I'm not afraid" I finally concluded confidently. I couldn't show any signs of weakness.

"Good because you're talking crap" He laughed a little. Well this is embarrassing. "I'm not a serial killer Victoria. And I'm not in some 'mafia shit' either" He added, using air quotes.

I felt bad knowing I thought the worst about him, but who could blame me? He was so secretive and mysterious to the point where it was almost alluring.

He had a small smile on his face as he watched me carefully, as if trying to read my mind. It's messed up in here bud, better stay out.

I finally actually got a chance to take in his features. His hair seemed slightly messier than the first time I saw him, as if he was running his hands through it continuously. His face looked a lot younger too. I noticed he shaved, making him look 10 years younger

and more fresh. His eyes were grey and shimmering. I could imagine how beautiful they were when they were bright and full of life.

They seemed to hold a story. Deep behind those silver pools was something more than just a charming, broken man with a lot of mysteries.

They also had hope, but still I could sense that he doesn't know where to even start searching for that hope. But I could help him look. Somehow...

"You know, it's rude to stare" He said in a cocky tone, giving me a glimpse of a sense of humour.

"I was just-"

"Hey Vic can I get you anything?" I beamed up at Nick for saving me, though I was genuinely happy to see him.

"Nothing for me, thanks. Do you want anything?" I turned to Luka as I asked him.

"No I'm fine. I'm Luka by the way." He introduced, holding his hand out to Nick. I saw as he reluctantly took it as he glanced at me for a second.

"Nick" was all he said, then he turned on his heels and left, not before looking at me one more time though. That was weird. That's not like Nick.

"You know he likes you right?" Luka pulled me out of my thoughts by asking.

"Once upon a time but that was just some teenage crush. He knows I see him as a brother and nothing more"

Nick doesn't still have feelings for me. Right?

"Well I know when someone is hooked. And he is" He nudged his head in the direction Nick went.

Even if he was right, it wouldn't happen. I'm not looking for love either. Nick knew that.

"We never finished talking about why it's 'hard' to be friends" I prolonged, attempting to change the subject. He sighed.

"I have a whole other life that you can't know about. I've never been friends with anyone outside of my- home... and it's been like that ever since. I knew someone who had friends from here though. She was such an adventurous and warm person" He looked lost, as if remembering that someone.

“What happened to her?” I heard my voice coming out soft and gentle, trying not to startle him. This person seemed important to him.

” She left” was all he said. I waited for him to elaborate but he didn’t. “My point is Victoria, it’s just too risky for us to be friends. It will keep us both safe and it’s better that way” He dared not to meet my eyes.

“So are you saying...”

“Yes I’m saying this is goodbye Victoria” He confirmed, finally meeting my intense gaze. ” I know the main reason for you initiating this friendship was to ensure I don’t pull another stunt, but you don’t have to worry about me. I’ll be fine”

He was right. At first that was my only reason for trying to know him, because it kills me to know someone was trying to take their life; whether it is my business or not. But in the short time that I knew him, and the little conversations we had, something else sparked my interest.

He’s full of mysteries and secrets, and I can see so much life in him that just needed to be woken up again. But I guess I’ll never see any of that happen.

I respected his decision and I won’t force something that he doesn’t want. No matter how much I didn’t want to, I had to let him go.

“I understand” I mumbled as I stared at the table, not trying to hide my disappointment.

“In other circumstances I think we could’ve been good friends” He offered, smiling a little. I returned it even though it was strained.

We sat for another couple minutes, no one making a move to leave first and it reminded me of the cliff that night. He was so determined not to move, and it felt like he was challenging me again, daring me to walk out first. But I won’t. So there we sat, in tense silence, staring each other down.

Then, his eyes softened and his shoulders slumped.

“You look so much like her” He whispered almost inaudibly. I look like who?

“Who do I look like?” I voiced my thoughts and I saw him tense up a bit. He quickly shifted his gaze as his eyes became cold and detached like the night at the cliff.

He looked deep in thought, and I swore I saw his eyes flash dark like the night in my living room. Then he...whimpered? Like a puppy whimper. I would’ve been swooning about how cute it sounded but the sadness on his face made me keep my mouth shut.

“No one” He mumbled eventually, answering my question. Yea right. “I’ll get going now. Goodbye Victoria” he stood up and glanced at me one last time before he turned his back and left.

I watched his retreating form as he exited the building, not once looking back. With a sigh, I organized my things and waited until I was sure he was gone before heading out also.

I drove home slowly, thinking about everything that happened today. As much as I hated to admit it to myself, another big reason why I wanted this friendship was because other than Kera and Nick, I had no friends my age.

I thought that if I knew Luka, I would get a chance to escape from the loneliness I felt sometimes when I was away from work.

I heard a long sorrowful wolf howl coming from the woods, and all I could think about was how similar I felt to him/her in that moment. You and me both little wolf. You and me both.

So as I drove home all alone, all I could think about was the leftover lasagna that I’d eat for dinner once again by myself, and how I didn’t even get a chance to buy my cotton candy.