

Alpha Luka And His Human Mate Chapter 8

Chapter 8

Luka's pov

"Did you do it?" My mom asked, just as I stepped inside.

"Yes mom I ended what ever friendship I had with the human" That was how they addressed her. It's not like she saved my life or anything, but they wouldn't know that.

Before I got back two weeks ago, everyone was drop dead worried about me. I didn't get why, I'm a grown ass man. But apparently Ty made everyone think that I was in danger.

After I got back, my mom was the first to speak that I 'reeked' of a human. I told them the lie I told Caleb and they bought it. They didn't like the part about me agreeing to be friends with Victoria though.

We don't resent humans or anything, it's just that our secret has to be kept a secret, and this pack in particular didn't have a good history with humans. So I understood their concern, but something inside of me knew Victoria wasn't like that.

Even my wolf felt calm around her, and that was quite unusual given that he's on edge with everyone else most times.

My theory was that he appreciates the resemblance that Victoria has with Ella. It still confused me about how much alike they looked.

I knew they aren't related because Ella was a full bred wolf with Alpha blood, so any relatives would've been easy to scent out.

When I saw her that night, I could've sworn that it was Ella who sent her, but I don't believe in the dead interacting in living affairs. Hence, I just marked it as a mere coincidence and good timing.

I knew deep down that what I was doing was wrong and weak. Especially being an Alpha blood, my pack would've seen me as weak, making everything I did and the reputation I built be in vain.

I knew they understood why I stepped down, any wolf would. I also knew, however, that they were all looking for me to resume my duties soon.

If I had succeeded with the jump, they would've been broken, losing both their Luna and Alpha in a matter of twelve months.

When I thought about it, I realized how selfish I was being. But it was just so hard when the darkness consumed me, making me desire to be anywhere but here just to escape from it. Even just for a bit.

Yet I knew and still know, that it was never the right thing to do. I actually wanted to get past this. The problem was, I don't even know where to start.

When I met Victoria, she had been so drawn to me that I didn't understand. I mean, I can't always blame it on my good looks. No cocky shit.

For a second, for a tiny second when she offered to be friends, I had hope. But then reality set in and that hope was gone.

I knew I couldn't have a friendship with a human without risking everything, but I assumed I could try to keep communication minimal and meet only a couple times per month. My secret would be safe, and the friendship would be able to survive.

However, when I got home and told my family everything, they resented the idea, reminding me what happened the last time we had a human here.

So I decided to go with their plan— with my mother's plan actually. After the first week, everyone kind of lost interest in the matter. Everyone except my mom.

She was always on my back, telling me not to talk to the human regular, reminding me each time the reasons for her insistence. It was starting to get annoying.

I love my mom and I knew she was just looking out for me and the pack, but one person can only take so much before they snap, again.

The small conversations I had with Victoria put me at ease. I don't know how in the world that was possible, but I wasn't complaining. I knew that a part of it had to do with my wolf liking her, and for that I was grateful.

Now it's gone.

As much as I hated to admit it, my mother was right to some sense. It was too risky for me and for her. So when I saw that she wanted to meet, I took it as a chance to get it over with and done.

At first I chickened out. I thought seeing her again would've made it harder, and it did. But I did what I had to do. Maybe it was the best. She reminds me so much of my mate, and I want to move on, not get stuck in a living constant reminder of what I lost.

Besides, I knew the only reason why she be-friended me was to 'save' me and that sorta pissed me off. I don't need anybody to save me, and it's irritating when people see

me as an assignment to be fixed, ignoring the fact that I don't want to be exploited emotionally.

She caught me in a vulnerable state and I know now that I can't go back there, but I didn't want to be saved. I'm perfectly fine.

So, as I laid in my bed thinking about my next move, all I could think about was if I'd be able to actually stay away from her.

Whether I like her intentions or not.

Whether my family likes it or not.

Whether I'll be putting myself and her in danger or not.

I'll try, but I don't know how long I can actually stay away.