

Alpha's Hunt by Starlight Chapter 12

Chapter 12 The Hunt begins

“You were a what?” I sputter

“I was a rouge, Elise.” Mom sighs, tracing the hem of her apron

I stare at her expectedly, waiting for her to continue this.

Mom never told me much of her life before my dad, and frankly, I never thought I should ask about it.

“We were... A pack of rouges,” she glances at me “A very notorious one at that.”

“But then, how did you find dad?”

“I met Elijah when we were attacking their pack.” Mom’s face flushes scarlet “And he plucked me straight from the battlegrounds. I was stubborn and though I wouldn’t admit it, I was afraid. But your father was the beta, so the pack let

us be.”

I stare at my mother and try, try my very best but—

“Awww,” I tackle mom in a hug “that is sooo cute! You and dad have an amazing love story! Why didn’t you ever tell me before?”

“Elise, dear, calm down.” Mom pats me on the head “There’s more of it.”

I pull away and nod at her to continue.

“My... Pack thought they were keeping me, hostage,” Mom said “They attacked again, and even when they found out that I’ve met my mate, they wanted me to come along.”

My eyebrows knot together “Why?”

Mom looks down, a shadow crosses her face.

“There leader and I... We were in love.”

I gape at her, confusion races across my mind. I remember all the times she told me of how much she loved dad and—

“What?” I breathe out

“Elise sweetie, please understand,” Mom takes my hands in hers, a note of desperation leaks in her voice “I was a rouge, there was so little chance of me finding my mate, Of course, I would go to a man who claimed he loved me.

But when I met your father... It was almost as if I'd never thought of anyone else. He knew everything, but he loved me anyway.”

I breathe a sigh of relief. Thank universe.

“And when Warren found out that I've been 'brainwashed' he tried to 'take me back and... It was a lot of bloodshed”

Mom says “but then... we were about to have you and everything was perfect but...”

Mom purses her lips and even after all these years, tears still gather in her eyes.

“Hey, mom,” I hug her around the shoulders and press my cheek to her hair “you're a bada**, remember? You don't cry.”

We stay that for a few minutes.

“Mom,” I ask quietly “do you think it was them who...”

Mom s***s in a sharp breath “I don't know.”

She turns to me and puts her hands on my shoulders, a stern look on her face.

“Elise, now listen to me carefully,” she says “don't make the same mistake I did, sweetie. Never lose hope that your mate will find you. Never turn to another man.”

She turns her face away, a look of so much pain and guilt crosses her face I'm tempted to rip it away from her.

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I take her hand and press a kiss to it, holding it tightly in both of mine.

“I'll wait for him,” I say “I promise.”

Mom gives me a little smile and strokes my hair “I pray every night that you find him soon.”

I smile “Mom?”

“Yes, sweetie?”

“There’s a little something I have to tell you.”

“Elise Marie Attwood, you have no idea what you have gotten into!”

I cringe, all that sa** and coolness I’d felt while blackmailing Luke and Casper goes down the drain and leaves a petty feeling of being in trouble.

“But Mom,” I whine “They were making it so tempting!”

“Elise, this is not a joke.” Mom says sternly “the Alpha’s Hunt is a suicide mission!”

“And I’m a parrot,” I roll my eyes “Mom come on, you know I got this, right?”

Our banter goes on for a short while and finally, mom gives up. As always.

Mom purses her lips and glares at me. She turns her face away and I realize just how tired she looks.

“I don’t want to lose my baby,” she says quietly “Not to this, not to anything else.”

“Mom,” I put my hands on her shoulders “you can’t always protect me and keep me sheltered. In the end, all of us are on our own.”

She lets out a wobbly smile “I never knew you can talk like an adult.”

I smile “And you also don’t know that I can survive this. Now come on, we have packing to do.”

“Where are we?” I ask as Luke stops the car

“At the starting line.” He says as he gets out

I quickly take off my seatbelt and follow him out of the car. I see about 18 or 20 other cars, all parked in front of a

forest.

As I look around the participants, I realize I’m the only female around. Great.

Luke goes through the crowd, even Alphas —the most ridiculously egoistic people alive— step out of his way.

Why am I grinning like an idiot?

I look ahead trying to figure out where we are going and see a hunched figure near two big oak trees. I narrow my eyes to see better and then falter in my steps.

Bright yellow eyes turn our way while yellow and gold teeth are displayed in a grin.

“Ah, I’ve been waitin’ for ya, beastie.” the witch says

Luke narrows his eyes just a millimeter.

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“Korra,” he nods “How are you?”

“Old and balding.”

“I’m happy to hear that.”

The witch takes out her wand, a little stick with a glowing amber gem at the base.

She pokes Luke in the guts— hard.

“Be careful boy,” though her voice is still stretchy and old, her eyes have a dangerous glint “Yar time is runnin’ out.”

“Just put on the spell woman,” Luke growls lowly

The witch smiles cruelly “Why? Ya don’t need it anyway.”

Luke glances at me and then glares at her. She cackles.

” ‘ere,” she waves her wand at him, silver threads wrap around his neck and vanish in a moment. The witch turns to me ” ‘hello dearie, good ta see ya again.”

I see Luke stiffen and glance at me once before looking away.

“Nice to meet you too, Korra.” I smile, trying to ease my nerves

“Don’t worry, it doesn’t hurt.” She grinned “not me anyway.”

She waves her wand, threads of silver come out and wrap around my throat. Breath gets stuck in my windpipe and my fingers turn to claws.

Blinded by the overwhelming burn again in my throat, I bring my hands up to claw the threads away but something catches them. Something warm and callous.

My watery eyes meet stormy blue ones as Luke steps in my line of sight.

“It’s okay, Hazel.” He says in a voice that’s almost gentle “look at me, focus on me.”

I try, I try to focus on his face, on the sweep of his strong jaw, the curve of his lips, the angle of his cheekbones, the slant of his nose but what makes me focus are his eyes.

People say eyes are the windows of the soul. If that’s true, then there’s a storm going on in his soul. Wild, chaotic, unstoppable.

The pain in my neck stops.

I s***** my hands away from Luke and rub my burning throat.

“The hell was that lady?” I rasp

“I locked yar wolf, dearie.” The witch says “now a scam, I ’ave other things ta do.”

We walk away from her and I can’t help but wonder about what she said to Luke.

“Why didn’t you feel pain during the spell?” I ask him

Luke shrugs “it’s different for different ranks.”

I nod, not believing him but I let him be. Soon enough a pair of men give all the duos one map of the forest.

Luke takes out our bags from the car when another Alpha comes by.

He looks at me up and down, I scowl and turn away. I vaguely remember him from a winter feast. Alpha Jordon.

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“Hey Winters,” He says, resting his hand against the doorway “Maybe you’d want to trade her for a while?”

Luke stares at his face indifferently.

Then he slams the car door shut— with Alpha Jordan’s hand still in it.

Alpha Jordon lets out a string of curse words and I stifle a laugh while he pulls his hand out.

“If you don’t want to share, just say so.” He glares at Luke

While Luke dismisses him with cool and composed insults and he argues in dumb and passionate nothing, someone taps my shoulder.

“Hey,” Ethan offers me a little smile

“Hello Ethan,” I say, awkward as I remember our last interaction

“Can I talk to you for a second?” He asks

I glance at Luke. He’s already looking our way but just as my eyes meet his, he turns away.

I ignore the sinking feeling in my chest “Sure.”

We walk a little away, both silent and awkward.

“About last time—

Both of us stop and smile sheepishly.

“I’m sorry that—

Both of us stop again and I laugh, feeling the awkwardness lift.

“Go on,” I say to Ethan

“I’m sorry if you ever felt that I’m pitiful of you.” He said seriously “I respect you. I respect your independence and your courage, I never want you to think I’m looking down at you.”

I stare at him dumbfounded.

“Ethan, I, I’m sorry too.” I say “I was upset and I overreacted. So, truce?”

He smiles and puts out his hand, we shake.

“Truce.”

Feeling my spirits lift, I walk back to Luke just as another car comes by and all the participants line up, we do the same.

A man steps out of the car and I feel a boatload of power spring in the air. I glance at the man with dark red hair and dark, grey eyes.

All the Alphas and Betas look tense too and my legs are ready to give up. Realization dawns to me;

The Alpha Supreme.

“Welcome Hunters,” his voice is loud and clear “I wish all of you good luck. Keep the rules in your minds and the goddess in your hearts.”

He takes out a bull’s horn-like thing and blows air in it, it sounds like a war alarm.

“The Hunt begins now!”