

## Alpha's Hunt by Starlight Chapter 13

### Chapter 13 Laws of curiosity

Everyone starts running.

I take a step forward but Luke grabs my arm. I look back at him but he just shakes his head.

“What are you doing?” I raise my eyebrows “everyone else is getting ahead!”

Luke takes two bags, puts one on each of his shoulders, and leaves the bigger two on the ground.

“It's a Hunt, not a race.” He says “pick those up and follow behind.”

Luke starts for the furthest side of the forest. I huff and pick up one of the bags only to fall back on the ground.

“You might want to be careful,” a deep voice drifts to my ears “you don't have werewolf strength anymore.”

What?!

“What do mean?” I say, barely able to keep up with him

“When Korra locked your wolf, she locked a lot of other things too.”

Luke says, eyes on the map “By that I mean any possible advantage of being a werewolf.”

“So we have nothing left?” I ask in horror “no speed or strength or smell or anything?!”

“Of course I do,” Luke says

“What?” I furrow my brows, he’s not making any sense

“I’m an Alpha. You’re an omega.” He says as if that settles it

My sharp reply vanishes on my tongue like a wave of cold crashes over me. I shudder a little and glance up at the towering trees.

“What was that?” I mutter more to myself than to Luke

“We’ve entered the forest.” Luke says, striding forward “now there’s no going back.”

I look back at the clearing where everyone left their cars. Hesitantly, I hold out a hand and reach forward.

My hand brushes against something cold and gel-like. An invisible wall. I try to push my hand through it but pull back as the burning cold starts traveling up my arm.

“Come on, Hazel!” Luke says from ahead

“Coming!” With one last glance at the plains we left behind, I turn around and hurry after him

...Now there’s no going back...

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We didn’t talk much, just walked further and further. I didn’t see any apparent danger that could kill us by now.

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“Luke,” I say, he grunts in response “as much as I hate to say this, we can’t walk through the whole forest on the first day.”

“I know.”

“Then why aren’t we stopping?”

Luke looks back at me with hooded, dark blue eyes and a bored face.

“If you’d walk faster, we could cover the required distance quick.” He says

“I’m not used to carrying this much weight.” I pant

“Then get used to this much walking.” He says

So I do. I walk and don’t talk and keep walking until the day bleeds into the night and my sore legs are ready to collapse on the ground.

“Can’t we stop for a while?” I whine

Luke looks up at the sky that’s almost pitch black now and then drops his bags on the ground.

“Make a fire,” he says and my eyes widen

“What?”

“To cook food,” he says, crossing his arms

“I don’t know how to do that,” I say

“You’re an omega,” he deadpans

“And?”

“You’re a girl,”

“Yes, what about it?”

“That’s your job, to make food!”

“So?”

“So you should know how to make a fire!”

“Like I know you haven’t been to the pack estate in a long time but our packhouse has stoves,” I roll my eyes

Luke looks heavenwards and drags a hand down his face, murmuring something that’s probably a prayer.

I huff and cross my arms. He’s acting as though having certain female parts allows me to snap my fingers and ta-da!

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Everything’s on fire.

Luke turns around and starts walking.

“Where are you going?” I call after him

He stops and turns around “To collect firewood.”

“So, do you know how to make a fire?”

He narrows his stormy eyes at me and all but bites out “Yes.”

Luke disappears behind the trees. So, what should I do now...?

My eyes land on our bags. One is mine, the other three are Luke's. I glance back at the trees and then grab a bag. Let's see what we've been carrying.

One bag has clothes and food supplies that can be carried without rotting, one has a sleeping bag, and the last one,

that's the biggest, the one I was carrying;

"Holy cows," I look over the sharp weapons with wide eyes

Guns, daggers, ropes, and the moon knows how many bullets.

I hold up a gun, the cool metal pressed against my palm. I've always wondered how they work. Call me crazy but

when I was a kid I wanted so badly to learn how to shoot.

"What are you going to?"

Bang!

Oh-oh...

"What the hell did you do?" Luke's eyes widen

"What? What did I do!?" I ask equally panicked

"Now Goddess knows how many things know where we are!" he growls

"It was an accident!" I defend

“And who allowed you to go through my bags?” he narrows his eyes at me

“Umm, laws of curiosity?” I shrug

With a low growl, Luke s\*\*\*\*\*es the gun from my hand and puts it back in the bag, shoves in a pile of firewood before zipping it and throwing it in my lap.

“Get up, we’re moving on,” he says

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“What?!” my eyes widen

“Maybe you laws of curiosity didn’t say,” he snaps “but curiosity kills the cat. Or in this case, us. Now get up.”

Why universe? Why me?!

So I take two bags and start walking behind that douche bag, almost taking baby steps.

After a few hours, finally Luke stops and I fall on my knees and kiss the ground. Okay, maybe I just fall on my knees.

Luke makes a fire and we cook ourselves some food on the flames. I don’t think I’ve eaten has ever felt so good before. Or maybe I think that every time.

Later at night, Luke takes out his sleeping bag, I decide to do the same. Heaven’s, I’m tired.

“Wait a minute, what are you up to?” Luke says

“Sleeping, of course,” I tell him

“Who told you you’re sleeping?” he raises an eyebrow

“Why wouldn’t I?” I furrow my eyebrows

“You will stay awake and keep guard,” Luke says and I was at him

“Against what?” I asked incredulously

“Other hunters,”

“Why?” I ask

Luke leans forward. His hair is messy, his clothes simple and his eyes stormy as always. In the flickering light of the flames, he looks more handsome and human than I’ve ever seen him.

“Why do you think so many die on this hunt?” His warm breath sends a shiver down my spine

“They kill each other?” My eyes widen

Luke nods and leans back

“So don’t you dare fall asleep,”

“Why do I have to keep watch?” I ask “why don’t you?”

“I made the fire, Hazel.” Luke simply closes his eyes “I didn’t bring you here to carry you around. You have to carry your share of the team.”

I open my mouth to argue but close it again. He’s right. I’m not on a picnic, I’m on a suicide mission.

So I sight in defeat and stand against a tree, keeping my ears focused on any sound.