

Alpha's Hunt by Starlight Chapter 2

Chapter 2 Witches rattle me

Luke Winters. The only son of Alpha Jax and Luna Fay. The soon-to-be Alpha of our pack.

He's coming back. After five years.

The sound of my heart pounding in my ears gets faster by the second and Darcie, in her joy, doesn't even realize I'm not ma**aging her feet anymore.

No, no, no!

I don't want to make a reunion feast!

"My hot, dashing, charming Luke!" Darcie claps her hands together "And finally he's going to come back — without any mate! Which means one thing! He and me, forever!"

"Yeah, really amazing." Better find my mate before she becomes Luna

"He's the most handsome man I've ever seen you know," Darcie says dreamily

Sometimes, some very rare times, I feel kinda bad for Darcie. The pathetic soul has no friends.

"I've only seen him like, 3 times." I feel obligated to point out

"Of course, the likes of you can't even look at him often." She smirks at me

No wonder she doesn't have friends.

"Now go, shop!" She says "I have to get ready before he comes, it takes a lot of time, not that you'll know."

Thanking the Goddess, I hurry out of her room and towards the Omega quarters again. It must be an uproar there.

When I enter through the main door, the sound of chaos hits me hard. People are running around with decorations, folding invitation envelopes, making lists.

Even in the crowd, I can easily make out a short, plump woman with dark red hair shouting;

"Stay calm people!" She says loudly "Stay f***ing calm!"

“Captain Morgan,” I push through the rushing crowd “Don’t tell me...”

“Yup,” She nods with a grim smile “it’s a code red.”

I attempt to pa** out and fall but someone grabs my elbow and pulls me straight.

“No time for fainting,” Angelina, Morgan’s daughter, with the same red hair and green eyes, says to me “We have shopping to do!”

“Tell me that’s not true,” I say a bit too dramatically

“It’s not true,” Angelina says, taking me with her “Now come on,”

Goddess, save my a**.

“No more, I — can’t.” I lean against the wall “not another step!”

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“Elise, we have yet to buy all the dairy products!” Angelina says, waving the list

“You’re a Lycan, I’m a werewolf!” I give her a look “and I can’t walk around with eight huge bags in my arms in this blazing heat!”

She takes into consideration my sweaty and red face, the sighs.

“Fine, let’s put these things in the car and take a break, Kay?” She says

My face lights up “Is there any other answer but yes?”

We make our way through the busy streets of Minneapolis and towards the car that the pack finally offered us to transfer this stuff in.

“Back so soon?” Carlos, our willing driver, raises an eyebrow

“No such luck,” I say as Angelina opens the back door and puts in her bags, I do the same “We’re going to do another shift after a quick break, you can take these back to the packhouse, yeah?”

“Sure,” he shrugs and the engine roars to life

I and Angelina quickly decide to jog to the forest near the packhouse and take a run—for Angelina, and a stroll —for me, before we come back.

The earthy scent of the forest greets me, I smile. Walking deeper in the forest, I focus on the sound of my feet padding on the ground, the breeze ruffling the leaves, the scent of flowers, and... A human?

I squint my eyes and let my nose guide me to the source of the scent. About ten feet away, I see the humped figure of an old woman.

“Umm, hello?” I say unsurely “are you lost?”

The woman turns around to face me and I falter in my steps. Blazing yellow eyes stare back at me.

Witch.

“Not at all, deary.” She says “I know this forest like the back of ma ’and.”

“Oh, umm, sorry.” I say witches rattle me “I’ll go then.”

“So soon?” Her bushy grey brows rise “mostly lycanthropes are curious ta know their future or when they will meet their mate.”

“You can tell me that?” I ask, a note of excitement leaking in my voice

“What da ya think?” She grins, gold teeth flashing between yellow ones

I hesitate for a moment, she is a witch, after all, she might be tricking me.

Seeing my expression, she snickers.

“ ’fraid I’ll curse ya for no darn reason?” she raises both her eyebrows

“Well, most witches tend to enjoy doing that,” I say sus***iously

“I’m on vacation, deary.” She waves a hand dismissively “I won’t even talk to ya if I weren’t getting so bored.”

Well, if she’s on vacation...

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I hold out my hand to her. Her bony finger trails the map of lines on my palm.

“Very interesting...” She mutters toying with my hand

“You’re going ta meet him soon.”

“Soon when?” I furrow my eyebrows

“Ya will meet yar mate after ya fall in love.”

I stare at her blankly.

“Nice talking ta ya, deary.” She turns around and starts walking fast

“Hey, wait —

Before my very eyes, she shifts into a Raven and takes off.

After you fall in love...

Confusion clouds my mind, a strange restlessness settles in my stomach. I shake my head and start walking back.

Witches! They're all eccentric! After I fall in love? Please! My mate is going to be the only man I ever fall in love with!

Taking fast steps, I go back to where I was supposed to meet Angelina— the parking lot of the supermarket.

I look around the empty parking lot and then see familiar red hair. My eyebrows furrow at the scene.

A man is standing close to her, caging her between himself and the wall. Taking a few steps forward, I catch a glimpse of Angelina's horrified face, my stomach twists into a tight knot.

Half marching, half running, I go towards them and catch a throaty voice saying;

“Why so afraid of me, baby?” The dog is saying “All I'm asking is—

I grab his arm and turn him around. Unthinking, uncaring, on pure instinct, my hand raises and—

Slap!

I pull Angelina away from him, she clings to my arm, silent tears running down her face.

“You bloody b*tch!” The man hisses, his eyes on Angelina rather than me

“What are you staring at, you a**hole!” I give him a death glare

“You,” he turns his face to me “you just wait until—

“What is going on here?”

I freeze as the deep, powerful voice reaches my ears. Unfamiliar, yet oddly known...

Out of their own volition, my eyes fly to the source of the sound. My breath hitches.

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A tall, well-built figure walks up to us. A perfectly angular face, a jaw sharp enough to break rocks on it, a straight nose, and a subtle tan on smooth skin. Dark, stormy blue eyes meet mine and for one single moment, I feel like—

“What is this, soldier?” He asks the other man

“This female was attacking me, Sir.” He glares at me

Dark blue eyes turn to me, a hint of irritation evident in them. Alright, maybe I look like I can kill someone right now but there’s no way this man would be a big enough idiot to—

“Apologize.”

I stare at him in amazement. Wow, he just broke all the records.

“No, I will not apologize.” I snap, eyes ablaze with anger “Your ‘Soldier’ was hara**ing my friend!

The newcomer’s eyes go to the ghastly pale girl trying to hide behind me.

“Is that true?” He narrows his eyes at the a**hole

“You’re asking him?” I ask, my voice portraying my anger “Are you blind? Can’t you see her face?”

A low growl rumbles in his throat, his jaw tightens. No one’s ever talked to him like this.

“Do not interrupt me when I’m talking,” He throws a glance of supreme disapproval in our direction, Angelina whimpers a little “I don’t have time for such ridiculous arguments anyways.”

“Ridiculous arguments?” Should I slap him too? “Your employee just did something completely immoral and you’ll walk away like a man with no honor?”

Lighting flashes in his eyes and he takes a step forward. I register the power radiating from him, my muscles start itching, my eyes wanting to blink and look away but I don’t back down.

“Do you know who I am?” He asks or rather demands

“Of course I do,” I say, much to his surprise “You’re a textbook jerk!”

I turn my face away, grab Angelina’s arm, and walk away, very aware of the piercing blue eyes staring at me until I’m out of sight.

“You okay?” I ask Angelina when we’re far enough

“I’m fine,” she mumbles “just a bit shaken.”

“Don’t sweat it. Let’s go back, someone else can get the other things.” I put my arm around her, hoping to be of some comfort

“You shouldn’t have done what you did, Elise.” Angelina says as we start walking

“Maybe those are guests or something, you might get in trouble.”

“Screw trouble,” I say “Men who can’t respect women are dogs. And men who can stand those men are b*this.”

A smile tugs at her lips “You’re crazy.”

I grin “Crazy awesome.”