

Alpha's Hunt by Starlight Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Truly Ironic

After I leave Angelina with Morgan, I go to my room. Entering the small perfect square place gives me an air of home.

I go to my small dresser and catch a glimpse of my reflection.

Pin straight, honey-brown hair reaches the middle of my back. Doe hazel eyes, a b***on nose, a heart-shaped face. A smile tugs at my pink lips.

At least good looks aren't reserved for the higher ranks. I'd say I'm fairly cute.

I go through my drawer and take out a small, brown notebook. My diary.

Yeah, anyone who knows me won't believe I have one. But I do have this little product of tree death and I like to call it; The will b*tch.

I open an empty page and start writing;

I wonder why people think that you need a reason to respect someone. I think you need a reason not to respect someone. Just the t**le of a 'Living thing' should be enough to respect each other.

It's not our races, or ranks, or looks that make us important to the world or define us. It's our actions that define us.

I sometimes wonder if my mate will care that I'm an Omega. If he will be disappointed. Well, if that happens, I sure as hell will be disappointed.

Rather than love, I want respect. I demand respect. I want my life partner to let me stand beside him rather than behind him. I want him to acknowledge my existence and personality other than his mate or an Omega—

“Elise!”

“I’m not doing anything!” I snap the cover shut

“He’s here, sweetie!” Mom says, ignoring my statement “Luke is back!”

“Oh my moon,” I say monotonously as I put my diary back “Woo-Hoo.”

“Don’t be so dry, dear.” Mom takes my arm “come on, at least have a look at him!”

He’s the most handsome man I’ve ever seen, you know Darcie had said. Well, let’s see what this Mr. Universe looks like.

Mom and I enter the great hall built beside the packhouse for meetings or celebrations. The scent of at least a hundred Lycans, perfumes, and food reach my nose at once.

The place is packed, a lot more people are here than I expected. Probably because they guests from neighboring packs too.

“Look! There on the stage!” Mom says to me

I look ahead, above the sea of people, at the stage and my eyes widen.

Dark, stormy blue eyes stare back at me as if they’ve been looking for me this entire time. I swallow thickly.

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I'm screwed.

"Isn't he handsome?" Mom asks me

"Umm, yeah, gorgeous," I say mindlessly

"Attention please, everyone," Alpha Jax says

Everyone settles down, I quickly grab mom's hand and go towards a few empty chairs. If they haven't noticed us, might as well attend our first-ever pack announcement.

"I thank all of you for sharing our happiness," he says and then puts a hand on his son's shoulder "My son, Luke, has come back after 5 years of training."

Everyone claps. Mom nudges me and grudgingly, I clap too.

"As all of you know," he continues "This year, we will be hosting the Alpha's Hunt. I encourage all of you to arrive at our northern manor house for the ceremony."

Another round of applause, but this time heavy with tension.

"As for the rest of the night, please enjoy!"

"The Alpha's what?" I ask Mom

"The Alpha's Hunt dear," mom says, looking a bit pale "in which all the Lycan Alphas participate to choose the Alpha supreme of the continent."

"Hmm," I turn my gaze to the stage again "so they're all going to the northern manor?"

“Yes dear,” Mom nods “The Alpha’s family. Beta Drake and Beta female, Clara will stay here to manage the pack affairs.

They take a few omegas with them to take care of the manor’s work.”

“You think Darcie will go with them?” I ask hopefully

“With the way she’s holding onto Luke,” Mom smiles grimly “I can guess she is.”

For some reason, I feel a tiny knot in my stomach but I shrug it off.

Good riddance! Who wants Luke here anyways?

When we go back, all the young or new adult omegas are lining up.

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“Where are they going?” I ask Mom

“Probably for the Alpha family to pick who will go with them,” Mom says

“Pick? We’re not merchandise.” I say angrily, not at mom, mind you, but at the point

“It’s how it goes, Elise,” Mom says grimly

“Elise!” Angelina waves at me from the queue “Come here, quick!”

I take a step forward but Mom grabs my hand, I look back with a raised eyebrow.

“I told Morgan you wouldn’t be an option, don’t go in there, alright?”

Mom says

I nod “I’ll just listen to what Angelina wants to say, be right back.”

Mom lets go of me and go to the quarters, I go to Angelina.

“I’m doing to die of nervousness!” she says, clenching my hands in her clammy ones

“Chill, Lina.” I roll my eyes “wouldn’t it be a pretty trip to the north?”

“Yes but,” she bites her bottom lip “I’m not like you, Elise! I can’t handle new situations like I was born to do that!”

“I know I’m pretty legit, but this is taking it a bit too far,” I say

I rake my brain to come up with something to ease her nerves. An idea pops up in my head, I look back at the quarters and then at Angelina’s nervous face.

“Fine, I’ll walk with you until you’re there but I have to come back afterward!” I say

“Thank you!” She squeezes my hands in grat**ude

We reach the lounge of the packhouse quickly. Alpha Jax, Luna Fay, Darcie, her older brother Casper, and the oh-so-amazing Luke Winters are sitting on the sofas. They look at the omegas as people would look at automobiles in a showroom.

Dark blue eyes turn to me with the unmistakable superiority and haughtiness of a Lycan Alpha.

I frown a little “Excuse me.”

I turn around to go to my room but a deep voice makes me stop in my tracks.

“Going to pack your things already?”

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My muscles tense. Slowly, I turn around, very aware of everyone’s eyes on me. Luke stares straight at me, his face blank.

“I’m not one of the omegas that are going,” I say, my tone formal

“But you are an omega, aren’t you?” He raises a dark brown eyebrow

I open my mouth to say something but Alpha beats me to it.

“Luke, you should pick someone a little more... Obedient.” He looks at me like I’m a bug under her shoe “Elise has always had a problem with discipline.”

“Alpha is right,” I say, just wanting to get away “I’m not the best choice.”

Dark, stormy blue eyes drill into my own and a shiver runs through my spine. I lower my head just for the sake of looking away, willing my heart to stop beating so fast.

A moment later, my chin is caught between a callous thumb and finger and my face is jerked up.

Luke looks over my face, turns it to one side, then the other. As if observing whether or not the product he wants fulfills his demands.

For some reason, his behavior disappoints me.

My hands close into fists when I meet his eyes again, I glare at him with every bit of fire in my soul. Luke stares right back at me, thoughtfully.

He lets go of me, I refrain from stepping back. I won't give him the satisfaction of having any effect on me.

“A werewolf Omega who's not obedient to Lycans?” Luke says “I wonder why no one has taught you otherwise yet.”

With a derisive snort, I simply turn my face away.

“I think,” it's Darcie who speaks “it's an excellent idea. Elise could learn a lot if Luke was in charge of her.”

I'm not some pet animal, you morons! I don't need to be tamed!

“I agree with Darcie,” Luna says, my heart drops to my stomach “Elise, you will be going with us.”

I look up, ready to protest but someone else steps into my line of sight so all I can see is the amuse****t in dark blue eyes.

“Now, you can go and pack your things,” Luke says “We leave tomorrow, at 5 in the morning.”
