

Alpha's Hunt by Starlight Chapter 7

Chapter 7 The missing piece

◇ Luke's POV ◇

Pain.

The companion that never left my side. The feeling that always reminds me I'm still alive. The presence that has seen me at my worst knocks at my door yet again.

My split knuckles heal almost instantly, leaving only a bloody splatter on my hands— claws. Slowly, the pain in my head recedes and I see my hands go back to normal. I stare at the sad spectacle of a punching bag indifferently.

It's the third today.

If I continue like this, I'll have to get more of them imported here.

Wiping my bloodied hands with a towel, I leave the gym and start for my room. A tide of sounds crashes over me but I've had enough experience with my hypersensitive senses to know how to tune them out willingly.

In a matter of minutes, I reach the familiar space of my room. The faint scent of gardenia flowers and rain reaches me,

momentarily soothing my nerves.

I walk over to my desk and pick up the file I've been working on for the past few days.

The Alpha's Hunt.

I've managed the trace all the maps they ever provided their participants. All of them are different but some loopholes keep repeating. And if I can manage to find ways to tackle them, I have this game in my hand.

I leaf through the file, taking note of the points where recurring traps have appeared when another flash of pain cuts through my hand. I almost drop the file, a growl slips past my mouth.

In a moment it pa**es, leaving only a dull ache in its wake. I drop down in my chair and rub my temple, the door opens.

I look up, immensely irritated that someone should come in without knocking and even more irritated when I see who it is.

"Luke, baby," Darcie quickly reaches my table "why aren't you talking to me?"

I raise an eyebrow "Why are you asking?"

"Luke, honey, try to understand!" Darcie gestures with her hands as if they would convey the message "You didn't find your mate, so what? It doesn't matter!"

A growl fights to escape my throat and I clench my hands in fists.

Five years.

For five whole years, I've been looking for her. Forced to go from one pack to another, training with them only for one

chance to know if she's there if I will find her am*** them.

And this woman dares to tell me it doesn't matter.

“Darcie,” I say with extreme self-control “We should not speak in matters that do not concern us.”

“But it does concern me!” She says, her grey eyes swirling with emotions that she has no right to feel for me “I love you! I can be your Luna, you know I can! Why do you need some random girl—

This time a low growl does find its way out. I stand up from my chair, palms flat on the wooden desk.

“And can you fix me?”

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She flinches. I narrow my eyes at her, irritated, infuriated, losing my patience.

She's living in a fantasy world where love fixes everything. Where it's the supreme form of happiness. Where a kiss heals all your scars and a smile makes you forget all the pain.

For f***'s sake...

“Luke, I—

“Answer, Darcie.” I cut her off, a steely edge to my voice “Can you fix me?”

She stares at me for a few moments “No...”

“Leave.”

She takes a step forward. I hold up my hand in a gesture for her to stop.

“This conversation is at its end,” I say “Leave.”

She glares at me but turns to her heel and goes out. I pinch the bridge of my nose, the dull throb in my head gets encouraged to become a proper headache.

In lycanthropes, soulmates fill a part of your heart, life, and soul. They complete you. But for me, a soulmate means much, much more. I can almost see my younger self, waiting, hoping, praying to find her. To see a light that will guide him through the dark.

It never came. She never came.

No matter how much I searched, how much I hoped, it was as if my mate had made it her business not to come in front of me.

What if she doesn't exist?

The question that's been coming up in my head so often comes barging in again.

I open the locked drawer in my desk and take out a box. When I lift the lid, a supply of small, gla** bottles enters my vision. I pick one up, uncork it and drown the liquid. It leaves a burning trail down my throat, but it eases the pain. I put the box back and lock the drawer.

The door knocks, I mutter a ‘Come in’ before picking up my pen again. Work isn't going to wait for me to sort out my non-existent love life.

Besides, If I can't fill the missing piece of my soul with ‘love’, I will choose the next best thing.

Power.

The door clicks open and the scent of gardenia flowers and rain swirls over to be mixed with the scent of...

...Mud?

I look up as Hazel comes inside and my eyebrow lifts.

She's dripping wet, hair and clothes clinging to her body, and muddy splatters all over her.

I had sent her to the residence of the pack warriors where a false delivery had been placed and I wanted that book quickly.

How did she end up like this?

"Umm, do you mind if the book is a will wet?" She asks me

"What?" My eyebrows pull together

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Through the open door, I see Casper. He stops in the doorway and gives me a confused look.

Hazel pulls out the book from behind her back, also dripping wet. She hands it to me but I only push it back.

"It's going to drip over my desk," I say with a scowl "how did this even happen?"

"You see, there's a bridge in the way to the pack warrior residence," she says, I nod "I quickly reached the house, I found the book despite the very uncooperative people there and I was coming back as soon as

possible! But... It was so tempting to walk over the railing of the bridge I couldn't help myself and when I started walking over it, I lost my balance and fell and then I got wet. But you can still read the book! You only have to dry it! Maybe with a drier, if you have a drier, or you can ask someone else—

“Hazel,” my voice cuts through her rant and animated gestures

“Yes?” For the first time, she looks a bit guilty

“Shut up.”

She blows up her cheeks like a blowfish and gives me a look. And she's back to normal.

“You're excused,” I turn my gaze to the file again “and take the book with you, give it to me when it's dry.”

“Fine!” She turns around only to freeze in her tracks

Casper gives her an amused smirk, leaning against the door frame with his arms crossed.

“Alpha,” he says to me as he comes in “the preparations for the ceremony are almost finished.”

“Good,” I say, looking out of the window at the bright blue sky

The Crescent Moon is tomorrow night. All the Lycan packs in America will be coming here for the ceremony. All those people...

Maybe...

“Beta,” a familiar voice pulls me out of my thoughts “Can I, umm, ask you a question?”

“Go on,” Casper grins, still amused

“How long did you have to wait in the doorway?” She asks

“For a few minutes,” he says “why?”

“Nothing,” Hazel squeaks out and rushes to her room

Casper bursts out laughing, taking full advantage of the fact that the walls are soundproof.

“I can kill to have someone like her as my a**istant.” He says to me “how can you not find this funny?”

“Doesn’t your a**istance do stand-up comedy?” I ask, keeping my eyes on the paper I was writing on

“Nope. All she does is scream silently every time I say her name.”

Casper says “by the way, why don’t you call Elise by the name?”

I stop writing and look up at him, he’s staring at me intently with his grey eyes.

Elise...

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My cardiac organ jumps. I ignore it.

Saying her name, even if only in my head, gives me a strange sort of nudge. Like something is missing. And I have enough things to deal with right now.

“No particular reason,” I say dismissively

For a while, we sort out our strategy for the Hunt. Mostly, it’s the beta who gets paired with Alphas on the Hunt and I’m fairly sure Casper will be my partner.

A familiar rich aroma fills the air and soon I find myself looking at a familiar short female with the brightest gold eyes I’ve ever seen.

Hazel holds out the now dried book for me. I take it with a nod. Her golden gaze flickers to Casper and then to me.

“You didn’t tell me tomorrow night is the Ceremony,” she says to me before quickly adding “Sir.”

I raise an eyebrow. I was going to tell her that tomorrow morning.

“Who told you that?” I ask

“Oh, I ran into Ethan while I was going to get the book.” She says, a spark of anger flickers in my head

“Yes, the ceremony is tomorrow night,” I say, a hint of irritation leaks into my voice “what else did he tell you?”

“Nothing important,” she shrugs but I doubt that’s all he said to her “anyways, I’m going to get myself some food. Do you two want anything?”

I shake my head, Casper also declines. When Hazel leaves the room, he turns to me.

“Alpha Ethan is a bit too fond of her, don’t you think?” He says, I nod

“I noticed,” I twirl a pen between my fingers and lean back in my chair

Alpha Ethan Parks has been our neighbor for many years now, though it's my Father who's ever kept in touch with Parks— I wasn't here at the time— I've heard he's diplomatic, but he's reserved. He keeps people at arm's length.

Alphas and most higher ranks are seldom interested in lower rank Lycans. The fact that Hazel is a werewolf Omega doesn't quite match with Ethan's too polite behavior towards her.

“You shouldn't let her wander around alone, Luke. Especially not around the warrior's residence.” Casper says as he stands up to go to his room
“Being a werewolf already puts her at disadvantage.”

Though he makes perfectly logical reasoning, I can't help but be a bit surprised.

“Why are you so concerned?” I ask

His eyes go wide and he blinks “Hey I'm innocent! I was just being a good guy!”

“I believe you,” I say sarcastically

“You broke my heart, Alpha.” He says dramatically as he leaves the room

I open the book Hazel had given me and flip through the pages until I find one that reads the t**le I'm aiming for;

The Alpha Supreme.