

Her Destined Alpha chapter 5 by Moonlight Muse

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“Hidden in plain sight... You have done well to stay under the radar. To think, we were passing through here by accident.”

I turned to look at the witch, who had black hair and piercing green eyes, wearing a black cloak. The man wore a leather jacket, with a badge on his left upper arm that consisted of a black six-pointed star on a blood-red background. I knew who he was. A high knight of the coven, a son of a powerful witch. Something Dawson had been training to become years ago.

I didn't recognise either of the two, but they were both strong. When the knight project was established, I knew they were laying the groundwork for the formation of a powerful army.

I stepped back. It was too late to play dumb. They somehow knew who I was... How though?

“You can drop the dumb act. She's rather pretty for a cursed one, don't you think?” Muttered the man.

He took something out of his pocket, and I frowned at what looked like papers with runes.

Hell, he had spells to hand! My powers were still suppressed by Endora, I could only do the bare minimum... At this rate, I wasn't going to get far. But they could go fuck themselves if they thought I was just going to go with them without a fight.

“Piss off.” I said, mustering every ounce of venom I could muster into my voice as I threw the container of food at them. That was not something they had been expecting. It hit the woman, bursting open and covering her with spaghetti and whatever else Gwen had packed for me.

I didn't stop to see exactly what it had been. Instead, I turned and began running.

The man chanted and I felt something whizz past me. Instinctively, I dived to the side just as a small explosion erupted in the spot I had been in seconds earlier.

If there was one thing that I was exceptionally good at, it was running. I was fast, maybe it was the years of trying to escape and failing that made me continue to push myself, I had built my stamina up. I never knew when I would need it. The ground trembled as the woman whispered a spell.

Shit, she was an earth witch! I jumped over the growing cracks, speeding up, my heart thundered in my chest as I stared over my shoulder.

Not even looking where I was going, I turned a corner, my feet barely hitting the floor as I ran as fast as I could. Suddenly, I slammed into a wall of pure muscle and heat.

I gasped, my head snapping up to the dangerously handsome stranger I had knocked into. My stomach sank when I realised that it was a werewolf. His eyes flashed a dazzling emerald green as he looked down at me possessively.

From one enemy... straight into the arms of another.

I tried to pull away, panic filling me as I stared over my shoulder, the shadow of the duo coming into view.

"Let go of me!"

Hell! He was strong! What was he made out of? Pure rock? His large hand was holding me tight, he didn't even seem to move when I pushed against him with all my might.

"Fuck! Dude, let me go!"

Wasn't it the blood moon tonight? Wasn't he meant to be doing something useful like wolves did on a blood moon?

He didn't speak. His eyes were fixed on the two who had now stopped. The tension in the air was so strong that I could have cut it with a knife.

"Give the girl to us and you are free to leave." The woman said with a cold smirk.

The hostility and hatred between our kinds had only grown in the last few years, and as much as this felt like the perfect moment to escape, I couldn't. Firstly, the animal man was holding on to me like a treat he had just won, one he really seemed to want to devour, and secondly; this wasn't his fight.

"Let go of me." I commanded.

He simply looked down at me as I glared at him with a deep frown. Argh! It didn't work.

"Walk away and no one gets hurt." He said quietly to the others.

My heart thrummed strangely at the sound of his voice. It was deep and masculine with a sexy- stop. Stop Del. What the hell... Am I actually checking out a werewolf? Gross.

He seemed familiar, but I'd remember if I saw someone so handsome. I frowned as my thoughts went in an unnecessary direction.

He let go of me, moving me behind him protectively. That in itself confused me. Actually no... He most likely saw a helpless human... If he knew I was a witch, and a dark one at that, he'd throw me at their feet willingly.

I backed away. The urge to run was strong, yet...

I watched him as he ran forward, his strong aura rolling off of him, and I instantly realised he was an Alpha wolf. Oh shit, I hope he wasn't expecting anything in return. Then again, I wasn't anything special, I doubt that's the case. Ah, the joys of being a wallflower.

He attacked the man first. Both were skilled fighters, but the werewolf was doing far better. He ripped his head clean off his body, making me jump in surprise.

Run, Del.

I turned away, but saw the woman whispering a spell and then blood. I gasped as the Alpha staggered back, the ground rumbling before he was knocked off his feet. Although he simply got back up and rushed at her, this time he took something from his pocket.

"Watch out!" I shouted, noticing the witch's victorious smile.

He didn't move, keeping his stance as he threw the knife just as several stakes of wood impaled him.

The knife sliced the witch's cheek, just as I ran over without thinking. He wasn't done though. The moment the witch turned her attention to me, her eyes blazing with hatred, he lunged forward with a chilling growl. His canines out, his eyes blazing, as he ripped her heart out of her chest before she could even complete the spell.

He destroyed it in his fist, as he fell to his knees. My heart thundered, he looked at me as if he wanted to say something, only to fall face forward to the ground. I stumbled back.

I was terrified. Should I leave this town? But like they said... they weren't expecting to find me here. Plus, if anyone found them, this was a wolf attack. No one would know I'm here. I backed away, looking at the blood that was painting the ground.

Run.

But I couldn't, not after he had helped me. I had to return the favour, the daughters of Hecate always return a favour. I walked over to him. He was huge, I don't think my much smaller frame was going to be able to lift him. I turned him

over, pulling out the stakes. Werewolves can heal, right? Maybe if I just stayed here until he had healed enough... right?

That wasn't going to happen, I needed to stem the bleeding... I think, and what if someone saw him here? He was losing a lot of blood. I finally yanked out the last stake and took a deep breath.

Ok Del, just drag him onto your back. You've got this.

I pulled him up, his head dropping, his black glossy hair falling in front of his eyes. The urge to touch them to see if they were actually as silky as they looked tempted me, but I pushed it aside and managed to drag him onto my back after several tries.

Ok, now stand up.

I grunted as I forced myself to carry – well drag – him towards my apartment. Oh god, this was so damn hard! Not to mention, a certain part of him was against my ass. My cheeks burned and I tried to ignore it as I dragged him towards my apartment. I paused as I looked at the trail of blood.

I whispered a spell, ignoring the painful squeeze in my chest as I tugged at the powers that were mostly sealed away, watching as the blood faded away from the ground, spreading along the entire trail until there was not an ounce of blood left on the floor.

Perfect. Now to get home.

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What should have been a five-minute walk had turned into a twenty-minute one. My legs were screaming in pain and I didn't know a spell to help. Finally, I managed to unlock the door of my small apartment, relieved for once that it was on the ground floor. I kicked the door shut behind me before staggering over to the bed, so happy to see it.

I doubted he'd even fit; the man was a giant. I unwrapped his arm from around my shoulder, trying to ignore the delicious smell of his aftershave. About to flip him onto the bed, I stumbled and fell face-first on it, with him on top of me.

"Ow..."

I pushed him off, not caring when his head hit the wall next to the bed. Before I clambered out from under him, letting out a deep breath of relief.

"Finally."

I dragged him by his arm, making him lie down properly and tearing open what was left of his shirt. My heart thundered as I looked at his body. It wasn't a myth when they said that the body of an Alpha wolf was God-like...

The man before me was indeed blessed with everything. Every inch of his muscular, lean body was carved to perfection.

Ok, stop perving and get those injuries bandaged.

I quickly grabbed my first aid kit. I took out the large square bandage plasters and covered the holes. My eyes dipped to his leg. There was one there... but I was not going to remove his trousers... I grabbed one of my shirts and tied it around his leg instead.

There, perfect.

I stood up and smacked my thighs as I looked at my work proudly. Now I can go shower too.

My smile vanished when I wondered if I should have cleaned and dried the area first? I'd never had anything to take care of my injuries with, so I never thought about it... But that was logic, right?

Oh well, too late, he'll live.

I was about to turn away when memories of long ago once again flitted to the forefront of my mind. I froze, turning sharply and staring at the man's face. My heart was pounding in my chest.

I backed away as that day rushed through me like a brutal tidal wave.

I knew why he looked so familiar...

It was the tracker from the forest all those years ago...