

The Love Of A Lycan - Chapter 4

Chapter 4 - THE SOUL

The soul has been given its own ears to hear things mind does not understand. –Rumi-

"The witches from the Northern Coven will meet with the Vampires near our territory, based on the information that we got, both parties had arranged an affiliation." Raphael explained while flipping the document.

Torak raised his hand, signaling Raphael to stop. "We will talk about that matter later." He said in a cold voice. Afterward, he brought his attention towards Ronan. "Alpha Ronan... I heard someone from your pack saw a Kanima inside our territory last week?"

Kanima was a shapeshifter, a mutation of werewolf's gene. They were considered dangerous creatures because they could be used as an instrument of vengeance. These creatures don't seek for a pack or

community, instead they were looking for a master and would carry out whatever their master bids.

Alpha Ronan cast his head down. "Yes Alpha Supreme Torak." he admitted, to have other creatures trespassing their territory was a humiliation for him. "Actually two days ago the other pack member recognized two Kanimas, who shifted into human form in our territory."

Torak's eyebrows scrunched up. "How dare them..." A deep growl slipped on his lips.

Torak lycanthropes territory scoped nearly 70 percent of the human world with him being the Supreme Alpha while the rest was dominated by Demon, Vampire and other creatures. The supernatural creatures were mostly living among humans, even though humans didn't realize about the creatures' existence, and it must stay that way.

Torak put his elbow on top of the table and buried his face in his palm. He felt anxious recently and his wolf was on the edge, about to surface, yet he didn't know what had caused it.

"Alpha Supreme Torak, are you alright?" Ronan's voice filled with bewilderment while looking at the Beta who seemed to be in the same confusion as he was.

Torak wanted to discuss something with Ronan and that was the reason why he made him stay. But, he was too antsy that drove him crazy.

Something didn't feel right, as if he missed something?

No one could tell...

"Torak..." Raphael nudged his shoulder. Besides as his Beta, Raphael was also Torak's close friend. He had been on his side since the first time he established his power in the human world and ruled all the lycanthropes.

"Alpha Ronan, my apology... I think you should take your leave. Supreme Alpha Torak isn't in good condition."

Alpha Ronan didn't say anything anymore as he stood up, nodded to the direction of Supreme Alpha Torak and Beta Raphael before he left the room.

"Torak, are you okay?" Raphael took a seat beside him.

Torak raised his head and opened his eyes. However, his ocean-blue-colored eyes changed into this pitch black color staring to the distance.

"Torak, your wolf side is on the surface." Raphael pointed out the obvious.

"I know." Torak said in his rough voice. He closed his eyes for a while before he opened it again and it returned to its natural ocean blue color.

"What happened? You look restless recently."

"I don't know, my wolf wanted to take control."

"It has been a while since you let your wolf out. Maybe he just needs a little bit of stretch?" Raphael shrugged as he stretched his muscle arms. "Oh! I need to let my wolf out as well."

"Caleb is here!!!"

The shouting voice along with the sudden creaked from the door made Torak and Raphael growled. When the door opened, it revealed a young man in his mid-twenty stormed inside the meeting room.

"Next time you do that again, you are going to be fired." Raphael snarled at him.

As Caleb made his way toward the chair near him, he gave Raphael a mischievous smirk. "From what position? As an assistant or as Gamma?"

Caleb was the supreme Gamma for Torak, the third in command, even though he had a reckless behavior, actually he was one of the strongest and smartest wolves that Torak knew. Besides, with that attitude, he could balance Torak reign in both worlds.

Raphael didn't answer his mere, empty question and only threw him a glare.

"What happened to our Alpha?" Caleb leaned forward and met with Torak's dark eyes. "Your wolf comes to the surface!" He repeated Raphael's word and it only made Torak deeply annoyed.

"Shut up both of you." He snapped. "Let's go."

Torak stood up and walked out of the door. Their day was long and Torak needed to figure out what was wrong with his wolf.

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"Ahh! I want to know what my mate is doing now..." Caleb sighed and dropped his shoulder down the passenger seat.

Apparently, the gloomy night sky on the outside has some side effects for Caleb's mood as he turned to be more emotional.

"You don't have anything close to a mate, Casanova." Raphael rolled his eyes from behind the wheel.

"Keep your eyes straight on the street please, we don't need to have a car accident on our schedule." Calleb scolded grumpily. "Ugh! Why I still haven't found my mate yet..."

"You are only sixty years old, barely a pup." Raphael retorted.

"Excuse me, I am seventy two." Calleb felt offended for being compared with a puppy. "I would have grandchildren if I were a human."

"I would have my seventh generation if I were a human." Raphael responded unnecessarily being competitive.

"You would have died." Calleb corrected. "No human will be able to live for three hundred years."

Because of their long lifespan, this became their private joke sometime.

"Well, nobody can beat him." Raphael pointed at Torak who was sitting on the backseat from the rearview mirror.

Calleb followed his gaze and looked at Torak who closed his eyes, seemingly had fallen asleep. "Indeed, if it was him, we are talking about centuries."

"And you are complaining that you don't have a mate." Raphael reminded him
in a hushed tone that made Calleb pout.

Almost every single soul in the supernatural world knew about the Donovans
curse.

They were cursed to live without a mate by the goddess of the moon, but no
one knew about another prophecy that occurred after the war had ended.

Mate was the most important phase in lycanthropes' and werewolves' life, like
the essence of their existence. In many cases, male werewolves would have
gone feral for a long amount of time if needed, in order to find their other half.

After all, their mate was what was balancing their life.

On the other hand, for lycanthropes that had longer lifespan, often they would
find their mate very late that was why they were stronger to keep their mind
straight compared to werewolves. Yet, it was still a miracle for them to live
without mates for centuries as lycanthropes.

The street of Fulbright City was still alive despite it having passed midnight
and the gloomy night sky had started drizzling when Raphael heard Torak's
guttural voice, "Turn right."

"What?" Raphael thought he was misheard him, instinctively he looked at him from the rearview mirror and saw Torak's dark eyes looking back at him.

Because of the unexpected order, Raphael wasn't responsive enough to change direction. He nearly missed it when Torak abruptly leaned forward and seized the steering wheel from Raphael.

"Turn right!" Torak roared.

"Shit!" Calleb cursed loudly when the car took a sharp turn towards the narrow alley on their right side.