

Alpha Kael

FIVE

~Jada

I wasn't aware we would be meeting the Alpha so early.

A sense of nervousness seems to settle over everyone. We all share the same disbelief. Perhaps if our Alpha did more public appearances, or didn't have the amount of rumour surrounding him that he does, then we wouldn't be so stricken with surprise.

Niko leads us out of the building we all slept in, leading us toward one which towers so high above us, the shadow it casts chills me to my bone. The large doors are pushed open as we arrive, Niko ushering us in. Everyone is too stunned to utter a single word, as we look around what I assume is a gymnasium.

Niko requires us to all line up, which we all do without a word of protest uttered. I'm assuming the lot of us are too worried Kael may be watching to act out.

I stand between Shana and Ace. After what Ace admitted, I'm nervous being in his presence. Why did he go to jail? Everyone here seems to have some history with delinquency, me included to a degree. It leaves me wondering whether we were all chosen for a reason. With the way Baylee and Parker spat at each other, I don't see everyone getting along for the rest of the competition.

"The Alpha put a lot of faith in the scouters who decided you were all good enough for this competition," Niko tells us. He paces threateningly in front of us, ensuring to look into our gazes as he passes.

Niko has no trouble intimidating everyone here. A couple years older than us, he adorns two small scars that run parallel to each other on his right cheek. His hands are also littered in scars, their cause unknown. I can safely assume he wouldn't share their origin with anyone else. And those eyes, I can imagine being the only part of his body seen by a victim as he achieves his goal as a Silent.

"He will want to see you all. Hear your names and such," Niko explains. "Any questions?"

"I want to know how this competition thing is going to work. And when and how--"

Niko holds his hands up, stopping Baylee from her questioning. Everything she asked, I'm just as curious about. They have been awfully vague about what our trainings will be, and I have an uneasy feeling that it's something none of us will like. We don't even know what we are competing against each other in.

“You’ll find all that out with time. It is essential to know that you will learn with experience, and nothing else. Silent’s don’t have time to hear what is needed of them. They will learn on the field, and as will you,” Niko explains, much to my own disgust.

I’m not good with the unknown. I’ve already taken a dive into this, so to hear I won’t know what’s coming at me until it’s here makes me incredibly uncomfortable. By the way everyone else shifts on their feet and rubs the backs of their necks, they are thinking the same as me.

Niko goes to speak again, however, his voice is cut off by the gasps that arise from the row of competitors.

My gaze follows them, and I realise they have noticed who is standing on the other side of the gymnasium, leaning against an open archway. It’s the Alpha. I can tell almost instantly, and not because of the reactions, or the fact I’ve seen pictures of him. I simply can tell because I can feel it.

My immediate reaction is that he doesn’t look like the photos we looked at of Kael when we studied his reign as Alpha back in school. He’s older, but not in a physical way it seems. From the look in his eyes, he seems so much more mature, as if he’s seen things none of us could ever imagine. My next observation is that I’m surprised he needs Silent’s to do his bidding. By his masculine stature alone, no matter my strength and capabilities, I would run in fear if I saw him in combat.

Realising everyone has noticed his presence, he pushes off the doorframe, crossing the room to us. Seeing him in more detail with his proximity is exciting, but also does nothing to help my uncontrollable nerves.

From the more youthful photos we saw of him, his hair is still that woody brown colour, tousled into wild strands across his head. No care seems to be put into his it’s presented. His eyes are a piercing shade of dark obsidian, as hard as the namesake also. They scan over all of us in one, never giving anyone a reason to think they are special.

I can feel Shana quivering against me. Perhaps she feels the same from me.

He’s handsome, which is only a bother to me. Girls at school used to make scrapbooks about him years ago, but recently, we have seen less of him, and the obsession lingered away. Although, I remember distinctly the protective glares from love drunk girls whenever I answered a question correctly about him in class. I’m hoping the same doesn’t happen here.

This is about winning. About coming out the end working for Kael, rather than being his personal toy. We are some of the many that are competing. He has no time to make any of us feel like we are different.

He comes to stand beside Niko, letting the silence follow after him. He doesn’t need to speak. His gaze drifts over everyone, staring at the front of the line, where Baylee stands. A dark, steady gaze shifts up and down her body before he blankly looks at her.

Someone from beside her nudges her out of her daydream, where she was studying him as much as he was her.

“Ah, I’m Baylee. Baylee Torres,” she says quickly, flushing bright pink under his scrutiny. He nods, before he does the exact same movements with his gaze with the person next to him. Each stutter over their name, while the Alpha says nothing.

Then his gaze reaches me.

I understand immediately why the rest seemed so flustered. The moment he looked at me, what I needed to say sped right out of my mind. It’s so intense, so searching. He’s an Alpha, and he’s to be feared by everyone, including me. How I wish I wasn’t acting so foolish. This is my one time to impress him but I can hardly get the words out.

Shana has to nudge me. I stutter out my name, embarrassed I reacted the way I did. And for a moment, I swear I see Kael’s eyes narrow slightly on me before he moves on the Ace.

I let out the breath I had been holding, trying to relax. My palms are soaked in sweat, any breathing rapid. That could have gone much better, surely. I want to look inside his mind and hear what he is thinking. Probably trying to find a way to get rid of me.

Once Kael has heard our names, and scrutinised us enough, he nods at Niko and turns to leave. Each of us are shocked that no words are spoken, however, one person voiced their concerns.

I remember his name as Aric. “That’s it?”

Kael pauses in his step, each of us collectively cringing at Aric’s audacity. The Alpha turns, looking directly at who had spoken out to him. The expressionless face leaves no questions answer. He just stares, until Aric starts to quiver nervously.

“Yes Aric, it is,” Kael says smoothly. And nothing else was said.

I’m not sure what this means for Aric, but something tells me he might not be here for long. It’s a relief for the rest of us. One less is something to celebrate, rather than get caught up about. However, it leaves a chill within me. What if something as simple as my reaction could ensure that I won’t make it very far? It feels foolish to think so, but I might be true.

Once Kael had departed, as quickly as he had come, Niko stands in front of us again.

The rest of the day we were separated, told to spend all our time in our room reading up on Discipline Pack history. It bothered me, since I spent a lot of my time in school studying this Pack. By the time night pulled around, I was exhausted.

Pushing the book away from me, I flick the lamp off and collapse into my bed.

Only to be solemn not long after my eyes shuddered closed.

I was pulled out of my bed before I could probably orientate myself. The light was switched on, blinding me. Two people flanked me, one standing in front of me. As much eyes adjust, I can see the person in front of me wears dark clothing, a veil slipped over most of their faces, concealing their identity.

“Don’t say a word,” they growl.