

# Alpha Kael

## SIX

~Jada

Even if I wanted to talk, I couldn't. Fright has seized my voice.

The man standing in front of me is terrifying. He seems power and intimidation, eyes as blue as the foaming ocean, but as cold as chips of ice. The the fabric that covers his nose and mouth matches the hood pulled over his head, and the clothes close to his body. His jacket seems to be made out of a hardened mesh fabric - as if to drain away the blood of an unfortunate victim - with hardened panels on the breast area and shoulder.

Whoever he is, I'm about to obey his every word. I wouldn't stand a chance against him. I can see the thickness of his muscle stature under his clothes. One wrong move on my part could mean the end of my life.

He flicks a finger toward the door. It's covered in a leather glove, to leave no trace of himself. It's frightening. I noticed the camera's mounted in the corners of the room yesterday. Are they not seeing this?

Following the silent instruction, I quickly hustle into the corridor, the three figures following me out. The other two have veils covering their entire faces. I don't have to have seen them before to know what they are. I don't have to ask, I just have to assume. And with the dark feeling in my stomach, I know for a fact I'm right.

They are Silent's.

Whether they are kidnaping me, or this is some kind of sick game created by Kael, I'm not sure. A frightening suspicion comes into mind; what if this is punishment for the way Aric spoke out to the Alpha? Perhaps he is targeting all of us for his mistake.

The blue eyed Silent places his hand on my back, leading me down the corridor. The lights are on, but there is no way I could identify who these strange people are.

I'm lead outside, right into the blanket of darkness. This could be the end for me. This could be a ruse, perhaps. I may even be being lead to my execution right in the middle of this field. These thoughts haunt me, as I'm lead further into the darkness. I wear only my night clothes, which are thin, the brittle cold blowing against my bare arms. My teeth chatter, and my blood chills, but that's the last of my worry.

It's my fate that frightens me.

Unable to take the silent walk to what could be my death, I skid to a stop, my bare feet digging into the dewy grass underneath me. The Silent's grip tightens on my arm to the point where I wince against the pain.

"I've done nothing wrong," I protest, trying to pull away, but to no avail. "Please let me go, you don't want to do this."

I'm turned around to face the Silent. I'm unsure if it's how he's dressed - with only his eyes showing- or simply the situation I'm in, but staring into the pure iciness within those irises, I've never known such fear. Cunningham would be jealous of how easily this man can intimidate with one gaze.

"Showing weakness is foolish," he growls. "I suggest doing what you're told with a backbone."

Pressing on my shoulders, he forces me to my knees in front of him. The grass, wet from night, seeps through my night dress, only adding to the chill that has consumed me. The Silent kneels down in front of me. I want to ask him so many questions, but I bite my tongue. I'm not about to push my luck after everything he has said.

"I'm going to ask a few questions, and you are going to answer them," he says smoothly, adjusting the leather covering his knuckles. "If you fail to do so, there will be consequences."

All I can do is nod.

"Is the reason why you were kept back a year in school because you directly defied Alpha Kael's law?" The Silent question, tone deepening, become threatening and no nonsense.

I freeze. "No."

It's not a lie, it's withholding the truth. I, myself, never made the decision to hide from the authorities so I wouldn't have to go to a boarding school. My parents were vigilantes in their own right, and didn't want me to fall victim to the same drag the rest of the Pack members do. They were planning to escape not long after I was taken, however, it never happened. Unless they have been let out of prison, although I highly doubt it.

"Your family withheld you from authorities in order to ensure you never went to boarding school," the Silent says powerfully, as if he could read my mind. "Were they planning to flee the Discipline Pack?"

I don't know what to say, dumbfounded. This is knowledge not too hard to find, yet I'm surprised they are bringing this up. Does this mean I'm going to be kicked out of this competition?

When I don't answer, the Silent grabs the collar of my night dress. "Answer the question."

"Yes they wanted to leave. Can you blame them?"

The Silent lets go of me, and I fall back onto the grass again. I didn't know this was going to involve any physical contact. It tosses my heart into my throat. Being honest may get me kicked out of this, however, it's better than being beaten by a group of Silent's. Especially when they could easily take my life.

"Why did you disobey your Mistress?" The blue eyed Silent questions, much to my surprise. Does he truly want to know about something so petty? I can't wrap my mind around what is going on right now.

I can't help but raise my eyebrow at him. "Seriously?"

Either it was my tone, or the fact that I didn't answer, but it clearly did not make him very happy. He looks over his shoulder, one of his company placing something matte black into his hand. Slipping off his glove, he pushes this strange metal object onto his knuckles. I swallow uncomfortably, knowing that if he plans to hit me with that, it's going to hurt. A lot.

"I'm going to ask you again," he says slowly. "Why did you disobey your Mistress all those years? Why did you make her life so impossibly hard for those at the institute?"

With the threat of that piece of metal on his knuckles, and the pressing glare of those eyes, I almost completely break down. "Because there was no hope for me anyway. I'm not smart, I'm confident like the other girls. Okay? Is that what you want to hear? That I'm not good enough for anything?"

Despite the overwhelming amount of pain that attacks my heart, having to admit this, I refuse to cry. Instead, I can hardly stop myself.

"None of my family ever came to visit me. I was the only one. Sure my parents were in prison, but I had friends who gave up on me. There was another family who shared the same values and they were never caught. And guess what, they never came to visit. Never helped me or anything," I say, praying I could keep the tears trapped on my eyes, rather than letting any fall down my cheek.

There are no words said from the Silent for a moment. He's looked away from me, caught in thought. I assume he's probably figuring out what to report back to Alpha Kael. Although, there may be sympathy I see in those eyes.

With no more to be said, I'm lead back to the gymnasium. I'm stunned at what I see inside.

All the other competitors I've met at in the room. I see Baylee on the other side of the room, head in her hands crying. Others are the same, some with no tears, simply staring into the distance, scarred from what they just experienced. And some have faces stained with blood, would left to scar.

And just as we walk in, so does Kael from the other entrance.

Everyone is silent, watching him as he strides right into the centre of the gymnasium. He looks hardly touched by the hour of night, as resilient and intimidating as he always seem to. In the two times I've ever seen him, that is. He casts his glance over all of us, searching for who was injured, and who was untouched. Those bleeding clearly struggled to be honest to their questionnaire.

"Welcome to the competition," Kael says slowly, deep voice rugged from his accent. "Honesty is key to being a Silent. Without honesty, there is no trust. And my Silent's must be trusted."

My jaw clenches, which is a movement I hope Kael doesn't notice. He seems keen, able to spot anything that attempts to fly under his radar.

"I apologise for any offence taken. If any of you thought this was easy, you are heavily mistaken. You may leave on free will, if this was a action too far," Kael says simply, arms tucked neatly behind his back.

No one moves. Because as terrifying as this was, what might be waiting for us on the other side seems less appealing.

His gaze, for a moment sweeps over mine, and I freeze. How can he create so much fear within me from a single glance. Perhaps it's the untold potential that he keeps hidden. How much do these Silent's know about him?

"Go back to bed. Your first day of training starts tomorrow," he announces, before he turns and walks away.