

Destined Alpha of Change - Chapter 1 by Shana Allen |

Chapter 1

KALEN

Breathe in. Breathe out. Repeat.

My legs pumped, gaining momentum and speed with every push. A surge of adrenaline rushed through me. I forced my legs to push harder through the obstacle course. Sweat poured off of me, showing me just how difficult this course was. I fucking loved it.

I leapt from the top of the rock wall to the wooden beam that was suspended in the air. The sweat pouring off of me was not all that helpful when trying to balance so that I did not plummet to the ground. I was not really one who enjoyed healing from broken limbs. That sucked, so I always tried my best to avoid it.

A whizzing sound was heard from the right, and I dropped down just in time for another log to fly over my head. Grandpa Mike took great pride in designing his courses, always wanting to find new ways to keep participants on edge because that was when their survival instincts were tested.

I jumped to my feet again and took off. There was a springboard at the end. I pushed off from it and flew through the air to grab onto the hanging trapeze bar. From there, my body flipped, landing not so gracefully against the mat.

My body bent in half as I tried to catch my breath. There was a round of applause, catching me off-guard because I thought that I was alone. I bit my lip to try and stop the blush from overtaking my face before looking around to see who all witnessed my course run.

Thankfully, only my parents, grandparents, and Matteo were here. He would become my Beta when I took my title.

Howdy there. Kalen Anderson at your service. I was the Alpha heir of the Dark Moon pack and would become the first female Alpha that this pack has ever had. It was exciting and nerve-wracking at the same time because of it being history in the making and all that jazz. My life was spent training for this. Sadly, I had already needed to prove that I was every bit as capable of being the Alpha of my pack simply because of my gender. Why gender was the qualifier was beyond me.

Matteo brought over a towel and my water bottle. He was my best friend and would be the best Beta just like his father was for my parents. Nobody would guess that he was fifteen because he looked and acted much older than that. His maturity was just one of the things I loved about him. He took his position in leadership just as seriously as I did.

“Thanks,” I said, wiping the sweat off of my face and taking a big gulp of water.

“Anytime. Damn Kay. That was definitely impressive. You beat your previous time by thirty-two seconds.”

Hell yes. I pumped my fist in the air because that was awesome. I might have been a competitive person. Perhaps a little bit but nothing major. Okay, that was bullshit. I got the competitive drive from both of my parents. Those two were always up for competitions. Mom was a little bit more driven than Dad, but it was not by too much. It was always fun to see them go head-to-head.

Dad bumped my shoulder with his, pride shining in his eyes. He was always the biggest supporter of his children, cheering us on no matter what the cause was for. I was blessed to have Alpha Theo Anderson as my father.

“Are you ready for a new year of school?” he asked me.

I rolled my shoulders as I thought about it, attempting to push the truth down deep and locking it away.

This year was going to prove to be the most difficult year of my entire life, but he did not need to know that.

It sucked when you got glimpses of the future and knew some of what was to come. How did you separate the present and future when you saw both running parallel at times? The glimpses did not always make sense either. Many times, it was similar to a jigsaw puzzle. Each piece would add to the overall picture but were not always in order.

“It’ll be good to take the next step in life.” I shrugged my shoulder. “Nika is itching for a run. What do you say, Papa Zen? Feeling up to stretching your legs?”

Papa Zen shimmered through and let out a low growl, challenging Nika to a race. Dad’s wolf, Zen, had trained Nika until she was just as lethal as he was.

Everyone else placed their bets on who would win. Grams put her bet on Papa Zen. She always bet in favor of her son because many times other people would not. This was another instance of that as the rest put their bets on Nika.

I ran over to the partition and stripped off my clothes and folded them. I would grab them later to wash.

Then I let Nika take over. Shifting did not hurt and was very smooth. The process was really cool and was something that we had practiced for years to be able to fully accomplish. Imagine a wave – first her snout and then the rest of her body followed through the ripple effect. She also shifted the fastest out of the entire pack.

Nika was a large silver wolf with golden eyes. She was very clearly an Alpha wolf, standing just about the same size as Papa Zen. She was a very proud wolf but was also humble at the same time.

She crouched down and flicked her tail at him. He flashed her a wolfish grin before shooting off.

‘Cheater,’ she called out as she took off after him.

‘What are you going to do about it, slayer?’ he countered.

She tilted her head back and let out a long howl. Her shoulders dipped a little as she maneuvered the trail. It was the one that Papa Zen had created for Mom’s wolf, Mama Moira, when Dad built our family home for Mom.

He had always called her Slayer since she first awakened because he could tell immediately that she would take after Mama Moira and would be a badass who would be able to slay her foes if it ever came to that.

We wanted our parents to be proud of us no matter what that entailed. Sometimes, it felt like my being was pulled in two directions.

I was not just the Alpha heir. I also hailed from the Quolia bloodline, one that was blessed by the Moon Goddess herself. The females of my line were called Vessels and blessed with power and abilities so that we could protect those who needed to be protected. Not every Vessel had the same abilities or amount of power. It was determined by the Goddess and according to our purpose in life.

Mom was one of the most powerful Vessels of our entire line. Grandma Tris, her mother, had been preparing me since I was a pup. It was mentioned before I was born that I would hold even more power, and that daunted me to think about. Apparently, I had even somehow tapped into one ability while I was still in her womb and created a shield to protect her one day.

Was it selfish of me to wish that my life was just destined to be ordinary? I shook that thought from my mind because it was indeed selfish. I had been chosen to help protect others. That was an honor I would do my best to be worthy of and to uphold it.

They raced until they were both exhausted. Luckily, we kept spare clothes here, so I grabbed one of the dresses that we stashed to make it easier after shifting.

Dad was already sitting on top of the large ‘thinking’ boulder where we would often sit and talk things out.

I climbed up next to him and put my head on his shoulder, while he wrapped his arm around mine.

The sun was setting, and it was absolutely gorgeous. I thoroughly loved our territory. It was a really beautiful place to live. Right now, we were sitting in the forest, looking at the sunset being the backdrop of the mountain range.

“You know that I’m always here if you ever want to talk, sweetheart,” he said softly.

Dad and I have always had a close relationship. Mom and I were both Vessels, and she was able to bond with that side of me. Dad, however, was able to bond with the Alpha side of me.

“I’m nervous,” I admitted. He remained silent, letting me get it all out. “Leadership Training is going to be a fucking nightmare. I’m sure you know just how many sexist ideals run rampant there. I hate that I always have to defend my position. It really hinders progress as a whole. Instead of acting like future leaders, many act like childish dicks. There was even a damn petition going around at the end of last year for me to be banned from Leadership Training because I was female.”

He sucked in air when he heard that. I had not told them about that last year because I did not want to cause any unnecessary stress or tension. I knew that they would have fought for me without fail, but I could fight my own battles.

They had enough to deal with when it came to leading this pack but also being a part of the Supernatural Council.

The Council was set up to represent and help govern the various supernatural species. They offered protection for vulnerable populations. They also ensured that laws were not being broken, such as the trafficking of any species. Another example that they saw a lot of was when packs were led by pieces of shit and tortured their members. It was the Council's duty to ensure that the innocents were protected and the guilty were punished no matter what the species was.

“What did you do in response to that?” he asked, raising his brow curiously. His emerald eyes that matched mine twinkled with mischief.

My hands flexed before I popped them outwards, a smirk making its way onto my face with the memory.

“I grabbed the petition and took it down to the training room where quite a few of the idiots related to those signatures would be. Three of the Alpha heirs were there, so I challenged them. One-on-one. I only got through two before the third one ducked out of the room. I stared them in the eyes and told them that being Alpha was about more than just the title. It was about being capable of walking with respect, dignity, and honor. Then I turned on my heel and left.”

Dad threw his head back and laughed as if that was the funniest thing he had ever heard before.

“That's my girl,” he said proudly.