

She's The Alpha

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Ch 1 - Just A Mistake

PROLOGUE

It is said that there will be a time when a great and powerful Alpha shall grace the Werewolf World. Not many will know the Alpha's true identity, and no-one knows whether the Alpha will be male or female. The Alpha will be very influential and they will be respected by all, royals and councils included. They will also be granted a soul mate that will love them until the end of time and share in their power. They will first go through trials and tribulations to test them, but should they succeed, they will stand tall as the rightful Alpha they are meant to be.

Throughout the centuries, children have been told the story of the great Alpha to come, and Alphas to be, have often wondered if they were the prophesised Alpha. Everyone knows the tale of the Great Alpha and most people have believed that the Great Alpha to be would be a man, and not a woman, which is exactly what Calypso Henriques had always been taught.

"Papa, why do you say the Great Alpha will be a man?" nine year old Calypso asked her father.

"Because cariño, women are vile creatures and fate would not grant such a big responsibility upon them," Julio Henriques replied.

Julio Henriques was naturally a loving man, but he had his pure heart tarnished by an evil woman who tore it to shreds without a second thought. From that experience, came a cold man who only knew love for his daughter and no-one else. He became the most feared Alpha on the continent, but he would become a softie where his precious little girl was concerned.

"Papa, what is vile?" little Calypso asked her father.

"It is something you're not my little princess. You are the most wonderful, innocent, and purest angel in the whole entire world and papa loves you very much!" Julio replied, picking up his little girl and swinging her in the air in as she squealed in delight.

"I love you too papa!" little Calypso gave a toothy grin before kissing his cheek.

They never saw it coming, and they definitely weren't prepared for it, but Julio knew that he had to get his baby girl to safety, no matter what. He somehow knew that she would have a great destiny, and he would die before letting anyone take that away from her.

Hiding her scent with the special formula that the healer of his pack had created, he hid his baby girl in one of the vents as the footsteps and snarls approached his door. By the time the door swung open, he'd successfully hidden his little girl, and told her not to come out until everyone was gone. Scared to the bone, little Calypso could only nod and watch on silently from the vent as the man with the red robe came in with other men who had guns.

"Julio old friend! How have you been?" the man smirked at the Alpha.

"Frazier!" Julio spat.

"Is that the way to welcome an old friend?" Frazier asked dramatically.

Julio growled. "You are no friend of mine leech!"

"Now now Julio, how was I to know that she would break your heart?" Frazier asked nonchalantly.

"What do you want Frazier?" Julio asked impatiently.

"You know exactly what I want Julio," Frazier replied, all signs of humour gone.

"I don't have it!" Julio shrugged.

"I was afraid you were going to say that," Frazier sneered.

Little Calypso watched the horrific scene before her as her father was shot in the chest with a silver bullet. Being a werewolf, the silver would kill him in minutes. The man with the red robe retreated with the other men and little Calypso waited until she couldn't hear anything anymore. She stepped out of the vent, running over to her father, who was barely breathing.

"Papa!" she sobbed, holding onto his hand.

"Princess, I want you to never take this off and protect it with your life. I want you to run away from here and never come back. Go and live your life, and remember that I will always love you," Julio managed to say before taking his final breath.

Like she'd seen on TV, little Calypso knew that her father was dead. She closed his eyes with her one hand, while her other hand stayed on the pendant around her neck. It was a gold wolf with sapphire stone eyes, much like hers. It was what her father had told her never to take off, and she would live up to that promise.

CHAPTER 1

"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?" Samantha screamed as she took in the sight before her.

Calypso blocked her best friend out as her arm began to burn. She had to do this. She had to win this or else she would continue to be looked down upon – and yet she could feel even her shoulder start to pop as she fought against the force.

She just wasn't strong enough.

"And Killian wins!" Barry's voice boomed throughout the cafeteria, announcing the Beta-to-be's victory.

"Like we all didn't see that one coming," the cheerleaders scoffed as everyone dispersed.

"You're just a mistake," Barry told Calypso.

Samantha growled lowly. "My best friend is NOT a mistake!"

"She's an Omega Sam! Deal with it!" Collin sneered.

"Come on Cally! You don't have to listen to these bozos!" Samantha said, dragging her best friend out of the cafeteria.

Calypso could feel herself caving in as she thought of herself as the complete and utter disappointment she was proving to be. She was a seventeen year old werewolf that hadn't shifted yet.

There were questions flying around about whether or not she was even a werewolf to begin with. She'd heard everything that the pack members of the Twilight Moon Pack had to say, and she was just waiting for the day they would kick her out.

Samantha dragged her to the girl's bathroom and she took the time to stand in front of the mirror to analyze herself. Her nose was bright red and sitting awkwardly, and it looked like it was swelling from the impact of the punch.

Her cheek was already swollen and the skin under her eye was changing colours rapidly from yet another punch. She had a little acne on her forehead, as well as oily, frizzy and unruly dark hair that just refused to comb out.

Her too skinny figure stood lanky with the bones almost sticking out, and her dull look just added to her just as dull personality. Her sapphire eyes were almost sunken in with dark circles around them. She hadn't had the best of life, and it was all visible on her face, on her body.

"CALLY!" Samantha shouted, snapping her best friend out of her daze.

"Huh? What?" Calypso snapped out of it.

"Where was your mind?" Samantha asked.

"Don't you think the world would be better off without me?" Calypso found herself asking.

Samantha was slightly angered by the question. "Why on earth would you even dare to think that?"

Calypso smiled to herself, looking over at her best friend. Standing proudly at 5'7, Samantha Lion was as fierce as her name sounded. She had beautiful golden locks that always seemed to effortlessly turn out perfectly every day.

Her smooth skin was untarnished from acne and the likes. Her slender body was fit and she was shaped in all the right places. She had the most ideal sized breasts and her butt was the envy of most girls.

In fact, she was the envy of most girls since they all wanted to be her, and all the boys wanted to bang her.

Everyone knew who Samantha Lion was – she was after all the future Luna of the Twilight Moon Pack, being mates with Jordan Williams, the future Alpha of the Twilight Moon Pack – as well as the only other person who protected Calypso in the pack. Without them, she would've died long ago.

"CALYPSO!" Samantha bellowed. She couldn't understand what was going on with Calypso.

It all started when Calypso woke up early that morning from a nightmare that had her screaming and in tears. Samantha had been the one to rush to her best friend's room and had to cradle her for an hour before her heart rate returned to normal. She spent the rest of the time there until they had to get up for school.

Samantha knew that something major had happened to Calypso before she was brought to the pack three years ago by her mate, except no-one knew what it was. When Jordan found her, she was naked on the side of the road, and he'd told her that her eyes were just blank.

It took her a whole year before she recognized anyone in the pack, only allowing Samantha and Jordan near her.

She was already an outsider to the other pack members, despite Jordan ordering everyone not to mistreat her, and when her sixteenth birthday came and she didn't shift, she was deemed the Omega of the pack.

Samantha knew what the other pack members did to her when Jordan wasn't around and there wasn't much she could do about it because Jordan's parents were still the Alphas, and they allowed the treatment.

Jordan would only be getting the Alpha title in five month's time when he turns eighteen.

Anyway, that morning, she'd watched Calypso get ready, but she could see the after effects of the nightmare by the way the girl was moving around like nothing mattered around her. She had the same dead look in her eyes that she had when she first arrived here, and Samantha was deathly afraid of what that could possibly mean.

Calypso was dressed in sweats and a baggy t-shirt which did nothing for her. She left her unruly hair as it was, just barely managing to get a hair tie around it. She never bothered herself with make-up, so there was no surprise there for Samantha, but she did frown when her best friend put on slippers to school. She honestly looked like she lived in a dingy corner in some ally. As skinny as she is, she'd also skipped breakfast, which had Samantha even more on edge.

They'd driven to school in Samantha's sleek car and her best friend still hadn't said anything. They reached their school and made their way inside. As usual, the sneers were sent in Calypso's direction, but she hadn't seemed to notice.

Other days it would peeve her, but on this particular day, it was like she couldn't have cared less as she made her way to her locker, with Samantha still watching her curiously and warily. There was something definitely off.

"Sammy, do I look uglier than I do on other days?" Calypso had surprised her by asking.

Samantha frowned in confusion. "What? Why would you ask something like that?"

Calypso raised her eyebrow. "Well, you've been looking at me weirdly all morning, and I'm not sure why. In fact, why did we even wake up in the same bed?"

"You had a nightmare so I came and stayed with you," Samantha replied, not understanding the question.

"What nightmare? I don't remember any nightmare," Calypso denied.

"Seriously? Cally you were crying frantically and it took you a whole hour to calm down," Samantha said incredulously.

"Huh! I really don't remember this," Calypso mumbled to herself. Samantha could see the genuine concern on her best friend's face.

"Hey, maybe it's a good thing that you don't remember if it had you in the state that it did," Samantha offered.

"I guess," Calypso nodded, but Samantha could see that she was still very much bothered.

They moved off to class with people picking on Calypso, but as Samantha had already noted, her best friend couldn't have given a damn that day. Jordan was away on pack business, so it was just the two of them. Their morning classes went by rather quickly, especially since the both of them were in their own worlds. Samantha decided to link her mate.

"Babe?" she linked.

"Sam? What's wrong? Are you ok?"Jordan panicked in response.

"Calm down Jordan! I'm fine!"she giggled.

"Is is Cally?" he growled. Samantha was never jealous of the protectiveness her mate has over her best friend, but only because they shared the same protectiveness over her.

"No-one's harmed her, but I'm worried about her babe. She had a nightmare early this morning and I stayed with her. She's been acting strange the whole morning, and she doesn't remember the nightmare. I swear it was the scariest thing,"she replied. There was silence for a while from Jordan.

"Babe?" she prompted.

"I'll be home tomorrow night ok? For now just keep her calm and don't leave her alone tonight. We're going to figure this out baby, so don't worry too much ok?"Jordan linked back.

She sighed. **"Ok! Travel safe and I love you and miss you!"**

"I love you too baby! I'll see you tomorrow night,"Jordan replied before shutting off his link and focusing on the meeting he was in.

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