

# Fated to the Alphas - Chased by Chaos

## Chapter 3

### GRANT

Last night sucked in the way of sleep. I just could not get my Aunt's words out of my head. It made me feel restless, and I knew that it was the same for my brother.

'Perhaps we should talk to Mom. If anyone can guide us then it'd be her,' my wolf, Ghost, mentioned.

Well, he had me there. She really would be the best guide for this. She was very intuitive and often privy to things that others were not.

Mom was a Rosenthal by birth. That side of our family was related to the Goddess. Mom had a closer connection to her because she was chosen to be the Goddess' warrior. It was an honor any which way that you thought about it.

"Knight thinks that we should check in with Mom," Gabriel mentioned as he donned his favorite leather jacket.

"Ghost thinks the same thing."

I checked the time and saw that we had an hour before we had to leave for the academy.

There were six academies across the country. They were open to any supernatural species and even humans who were a part of our world.

Before the academies were established, there was a lot of division amongst the different species. Our pack and a lot of our allied packs were diverse though. Our pack, Nightshade, was home to shifters, Fae, humans, witches, Nabello demons, vampires, etc. The academies allowed a centralized neutral zone where we could all go and integrate.

The academies serviced grades ninth through twelfth. It offered a standard education but also opened up different tracks that you could choose from.

First of all, there was Leadership Training, which took the place of Alpha Training because it was important for all ranks of leadership to become prepared for their roles. Then there was also the Enforcer track. They were the warriors and special ops for the Supernatural Council that our parents had started. It helped to protect the various species while ensuring that the fuckers of the world were dealt with properly.

Mom had a shit upbringing. The pack that she was raised in treated the Omegas as nothing but toys to be used however the leadership or guests saw fit. Mom was just one of the many survivors from there. Thirteen years were spent in that pack, being abused every single day, until the Goddess sent Dad to her. That past was what drove her to ensure that everyone was protected when they needed to be. That was why the Enforcers were the ones who would go out and protect.

We locked up our suite and popped over to the house. Gabriel and I moved into the packhouse over the summer. We were about to be eighteen, so this was our springboard into adulthood.

The front door swung open, and she stood there with two cups of coffee in hand. What could I say? She was fucking awesome.

We followed her into the ‘Zen Room’ as she dubbed it. It was a place in the house where we could go and not be overheard. It was soundproofed and had the most comfortable couches I had ever sat on.

“I know that you’re short on time, so what’s on your minds?” she asked as she sipped her own coffee.

I looked at my hands as I attempted to gather my thoughts. That was not working, so I just told her what happened when I was with Angel, making sure to detail everything. Then Gabriel took over and told her about us talking to Aunt Ziyah.

Mom remained silent as we talked. Her emotions were carefully tucked away as always. She had the control and composure of a fucking saint.

It was silent for a couple of minutes when we finished explaining everything. Those minutes felt like a fucking eternity – stretching on with no end in sight.

She looked between us and sighed. Then she stood up and paced. Like I said, we totally got that habit from her.

‘How long do you think this will last?’ Ghost asked me as he counted her laps.

‘Five minutes.’

I should have placed a bet on that because it took her five entire minutes until she was paced out. The look on her face when she sat back down gutted me. There was pain in her eyes.

“If I share something with you two, it can’t go any further. You can’t tell Angel or anyone else, but Faye agrees that it’ll be good for you both to keep an eye out for her. You have to give me your word.”

I leaned my elbows on my knees and clasped my hands together, knowing that this was going to be heavy no matter what it was that she was about to say. The fact that we could not tell Angel meant that it was serious...

We gave her our word, and she knew that we would keep it. Our word was our bond. That was something that Dad taught us early on. Alphas needed to rule with honor and integrity. Therefore, our word was to be kept if it was given.

“Do you remember when you were eleven and Aldan brought Kellis over for the weekend. Zion was here with you all. Grenza had a vision...”

Grenza was our cousin on Aunt Ziyah’s side. She was one of their triplets and took after the magic side of their line.

I nodded because I definitely remembered that. It was odd because Grenza had been very young for visions to manifest. She had been so completely distraught, but Aunt Ziyah warned her to not share it.

“It was about Angel. It seems to align with what Angel had seen in her mind. Selene warned me that it couldn’t be stopped, but that was one reason why she was gifted Athena as her wolf. The only reason I’m sharing this with you is because of how much you both love her and want to protect her.” She smirked at our raised eyebrows. “Don’t give me that look. I’ve known that you both have loved her longer than you understood what it meant. Just continue being her rocks that supports her no matter what.”

I rubbed the back of my neck, wondering how obvious we were. Pushing that aside, I rolled my shoulders as I waded back through her words.

Something was going to happen to her. The Goddess said that it would happen regardless. The unknown was what gut-punched me.

Angel’s safety had always been a priority for my brother and I. We would gladly vanquish all of her foes so that she never had to worry about them. If only life were that easy though. I knew that she was very capable of protecting herself. It would not even matter if she had godly powers because we would always worry.

“Any advice?” I asked her hopefully.

Mom came over and knelt down between us. Then she took our hands and gently squeezed.

“It’ll be hard to do, but you need to put this information on the backburner or else it will corrupt the time that you guys have together and make her freak out, thinking that there was something wrong. Go about your day-to-day activities but remain vigilant. That’s really all any of us can do.”

I let out a sigh of defeat because she was right. As much as I wanted to protect her right now, there was no telling what the threat might be. Until we did know, there was really nothing that we could do.

That realization hit us both hard as we took our leave to grab our stuff before heading off to school.

We popped back to our place and grabbed our bags before heading out to meet up with everyone.

There were dorms in the academies for those who needed or wanted it since many of our fellow-students were from this general area. However, there were plenty of people in our pack who could pop or open a portal for those who needed to get to and from the academy.

There was already a group of people hanging out together when we got there. My eyes scanned everyone until I found who I was looking for.

‘Fuck...’ my brother said when he also saw her.

Angel was wearing a black and gold sundress that cinched around her chest, laid flat against her toned stomach, and flared out at her hips. It ended a couple of inches before her knees. The gladiator heels that had ribbons that wound up her calves made her legs look like they went on for fucking days.

As if sensing our gaze, she turned her head and smiled brightly at us before making her way over.

Angel’s blonde hair hung in loose curls that bounced as she walked. Her blue eyes popped with the way she outlined them. She was so fucking gorgeous that it took my breath away, and she did not even realize how gorgeous she was.

“Are you guys ready for our final year?” she asked us, grinning mischievously.

She might look sweet and innocent, but she was a little hellion when she wanted to be. She was both mischief and chaos when the time called for it. Personally, I could not wait to see the crap she got us into this year.

“You bet we are, doll,” Grant said, matching her grin.

“I agree. You always keep things interesting,” I added.

She waggled her eyebrows and turned around to walk back towards the portal that had just opened.

I threw my arm over her shoulders and smiled internally with how right this felt. I just hoped that once our birthday hit, we would be able to fully express everything to her. She was always very

cautious whenever someone mentioned her being the future Luna. I knew that it was because she was afraid about what would happen if that was not going to be her reality.

We both knew Angel inside and out. She always tried to hide her emotions away, but we both knew how she felt because we could sense her emotions through our abilities, another byproduct of having Fae light inside of us. With so many people assuming that we would end up as mates, she was afraid of the what-if side of that.

We had decided to wait until our birthday before we opened up to her about what we felt. That way, she would not be burdened by what would happen on that day. IF by some twisted fuck-up of fate, and she was not our mate, we would still let her know that she was the one that we wanted. It would be entirely her choice, and we would not pressure her into anything.

“Welcome to our final year of hell,” she told us as we stepped through the portal.

Shana Allen

At least they have a heads up now. Will it be enough though?