

Fated to the Alphas - Chased by Chaos

Chapter 4

ANGEL

School had always been something that I enjoyed because I loved learning and expanding my knowledge base. Some might think that it was lame, but I did not give two shits what they thought.

These academies had done so much to help integrate the different supernatural species. Our pack had been diverse for as long as I could remember. However, not all packs were like that. It used to be that the species would keep to themselves for the most part. That in turn created plenty of conflict and purist ideologies.

I never understood people who believed that they reigned supreme above all other species. Why did so many people look at someone's species instead of who they were and what their character was like? Oh, I knew the answer to that. Pride, laziness, and egotistical bullshit.

"See you at lunch?" Grant asked me as we were leaving English.

"Of course. See you then."

Maxine, one of my packmates and a great friend of mine, had a grin on her face when she saw me. Her eyes tracked from Grant's retreating form to me.

"Damn, girl. Gotta' say that I'd be all out of sorts if someone as sexy as the Steele twins wanted to eat with me."

I just rolled my eyes, tucking away the brief stab of jealousy with her calling them sexy. Yes, they were definitely sexy, but it did not mean that I wanted to hear it from nearly every female that crossed paths with them.

"Are you coming to the back-to-school party tonight?" she asked, changing topics.

"Can't. I offered to watch my niece so that my brother and his mate can have a date night."

Maxine pouted at my answer but quickly got over it when she went on to tell me that some guy named Devin asked her to go with him for it. It looked like Maxine was doing alright for it still being the morning on day one if she already had a date to the party tonight.

"You should see if the twins will stay to help you babysit. There are tons of she-wolves and other creatures that would love nothing more than to sink their nails and teeth into them."

Yeah, I knew that already, so she did not need to actually voice it.

The twins were sexy from their expressive eyes to their chiseled bodies to the tattoos that adorned said body. They were also great people, which most of those females always forgot when only focusing on their bodies. They would make amazing Alphas when the time came and would bring our pack into a new era of prosperity.

“You should take advantage of it before their birthday. That chance goes right out the window once they find their mates. Nothing wrong with taking their dicks for a spin before then and see if reality holds up to the hype.”

Like I needed a fucking reminder about what the future could hold. It was something that I have dreaded since I realized that I liked them more than best friends. That was precisely why I made sure to never let on how I felt.

I slammed my locker with more force than I needed to. Then my eyes met hers that were filled with surprise.

“No. I would never do that because I value them more than to treat them like a random fuck. There is more value to them than just their looks, but many people never see past that.”

The surprise was wiped clean as recognition took its place.

“Holy shit. You like them. Why didn’t you ever tell me?” she asked incredulously.

“Drop it.”

I started walking to my next class, realizing that I had made a mistake by letting my emotions run the show. Oh well. There was nothing I could do about it now. I just hoped that Maxine was enough of a friend not to spread that around. I felt guilty once I had that thought because she was a great friend of mine.

Maxine was an orphan who had been brought into the pack a year ago and offered a new home here. We immediately hit it off and grew close. She was not on the same friend level as the twins but was the closest thing within my immediate friend group.

“Seriously, babe, why didn’t you say something? I never would’ve made half of the comments that I have if I had known,” she admitted, hurt leaking into her tone.

“I’m not trying to hurt you, but when I said to drop it, I meant to drop it. This conversation never happened and never will happen again,” I said resolutely.

Her lips formed a thin line as she nodded, accepting my stance on the matter.

“Fine, but you have to help me pick out the best dress for tonight.” She grinned widely and waggled her eyebrows.

I chuckled and agreed, glad that we could move right on past the awkwardness. It was one reason why I loved her as a friend. She let shit roll right off of here when needed.

We parted ways to go to our next classes. I was not on the Leadership Training track or the Enforcer track like many people were. Thankfully, there was a track added this year that I was ecstatic about. The Prosperity track was geared towards pack, clan, or coven prosperity. It taught us all of the different ways that we could help ours thrive no matter which type it was.

The classroom was already filling up by the time that I got there.

A grin formed on my face when I saw Chaz waving me over, an easy-going smile on his own face.

He was one of the vampires from the Precoza coven, the royal coven of vampires. It had originally been ripped apart by a complete and utter douche, but it was reinstated nearly sixteen years ago by Imeela Precoza and Jackson Anderson. She was the last living heir of the original rulers, and he was a wolf-shifter. Imagine the uproar that came when a wolf was crowned King of vampires.

“Hey, pretty lady,” Chaz drawled. “Come here often?”

I snorted at his cliché pick-up line and rolled my eyes. He would try one pick-up line per school year before he put on his overprotective, nobody fucks with my friend, armor on.

“Oh yeah. All the time,” I deadpanned.

“Well, damnit. Looks like I struck out again for the final and last time. My poor heart,” he wailed dramatically.

That had me cracking up, to which he just winked. Then he reached into his jacket, bringing out some candy. He slid some over to me. I was a lover of all things sweet, so I grabbed a piece.

“Thanks,” I said, popping the chocolate in my mouth.

Our attention was turned towards the front when the teacher came inside and began writing on the board. I was getting excited the more that she wrote, already knowing that this would become my favorite class.

She walked around the desk when she was done and leaned against it, eyes surveying us all.

“First and foremost, I want to welcome you all to this class. I was extremely happy when this track was announced because of its importance in our world. Many people think that it falls on the leadership to ensure that a pack, clan, coven, or any other group remains prosperous. They could not be any more wrong though. As the saying goes, it takes a village. Instead of it being applied to raising a baby, in this case it applies to whatever group you are a part of.”

I could not agree more, and I loved the fact that she voiced that. If only everyone within the groups held the same mentality.

“This course will work differently than others because it’ll be real world experience instead of just reading and learning the traditional way. You will have projects. I’ll provide you with the criteria for each one and what I expect you to submit as verification. No better time than the present to start.” She grabbed papers from her desk and handed the pile to the first person on her right. “Pass these around, please. I want you to feel free to think outside of the box on your projects because creativity and ingenuity are two important factors when finding ways to make our groups prosper.”

I grabbed a packet and passed them on, insanely curious about this first project.

It said that we needed to examine our groups so that we could identify the various clusters within it. For example, age ranges, roles, spiritual beliefs, physical abilities, or species.

Then we needed to identify which one we wanted to work with for the first half of the course. It suggested that we find someone that fit within that group and talk to them so that we could see if it was something that we felt strongly about.

The last part of this activity was to come up with a minimum of three ideas of how we could help make that group itself prosper.

I could not wait to get started. All it took was one prospective project, and I was hooked on this class.

Shana Allen

Here you go, lovelies! What did you think?