

Fated to the Alphas - Chased by Chaos

Chapter 5

GRANT

‘Did you pick up on anything unusual at lunch?’ I asked my brother as we were running laps around the territory.

‘You mean the fact that Angel wouldn’t look at either of us while also remaining mute the entire time?’

I just grunted in response because I had no idea what the fuck had happened. She was all excited about lunch when I left her this morning. Then she was off the rest of the day.

Angel was never closed-off, not from us at least. Something had to have happened. I just wished that I knew what it was.

“Alphas,” someone called out to us.

We paused and turned around to see Maxine, one of Angel’s friends. She was newer to the pack and had hit it off with Angel right away. Angel was a social butterfly but had a harder time letting people in.

“Hello,” I said as we threw our shirts back on after noticing her roaming eyes.

“I was just wondering if you two were going to be at the party tonight.”

Not a chance in hell would we be going without Angel, and she was on sitting duty tonight for Denny and Andrea. Why was she even asking us?

“Nope. We’re on pack lands tonight. Plenty of stuff to do here,” Gabriel said, to which I nodded.

“Ah, that’s too bad. I figured you’d go if Angel was.” She shrugged nonchalantly and waved the idea off.

I could clearly smell Angel’s scent on her current dress, so I knew for a fact that she had seen her recently and therefore knew that Angel was not going. What the fuck was she playing at?

Ghost’s hackles were raised right now because he did not know what the fuck was going on either. I could guarantee that Knight was acting the same way right now.

While I wanted to call her out on her bullshit, something was telling me not to. I had been taught to always trust my instincts.

We just let her leave when she announced her departure, not sticking around any longer.

‘Maxine was there when I asked Angel if I would see her at lunch. How much do you want to bet that she said something to set her off? Especially with that bullshit right there,’ I hissed.

Instead of running around, we just popped back to the suite so that we could talk in private before showering. Then we would go over to see Angel.

This suite had originally been our parents’ suite but was completely renovated before it was closed up after they moved all of us into the house that Dad built for Mom. It was common for Alpha suites to be inhabited by the next Alpha family. We just took it over early.

“How should we play this?” he asked me after a minute.

That was a great question indeed. Without knowing anything concrete, we could not really mention anything. Plus, we did not want to create friction between two friends.

“How about take her some coffee and something sweet as a peace offering?” I suggested.

He thumped me on the back and told me that I was brilliant. When it came to our girl, she was a lover of caffeine and anything sweet.

“I know,” I said smugly.

Then I went to grab a quick shower. We had been running for a couple of hours, so we had built up quite the sweat.

When I came back out to see what sweets we had to choose from, there was a basket on the counter that had not been there before.

‘Don’t you dare claim to love any Aunty more than me. She’ll need you boys tonight. Give her this bracelet as well. It’ll help stabilize whatever is going on inside of her mind. Feel free to take all the credit. Trust me. XOXO – YOUR FAVORITE AUNTY.’

Of course, she was our favorite even if we would never voice that to anyone else.

“What’s this?” he asked, so I just handed him the note from Aunt Ziyah.

Inside of the basket was a container of blondies, which was Angel’s favorite type of brownie, a thermos of white chocolate cocoa because that was her favorite hot chocolate, and a couple of other snacks.

I was almost afraid to contemplate what the needing us tonight might entail. The glare that my brother was aiming at the note said that he felt the same fucking way.

We wasted no time in popping over to her house and knocking lightly on the door. Remo's red eyes peered out from the screen door and immediately got excited when he saw that it was us.

It did not take long for Angel to check who was here. Her puffy eyes looked like she had been crying. She turned her back towards us for a minute to wipe them.

"Hey, guys. I wasn't expecting you. C'mon in," she said with a small smile and blush crawling up her neck.

"We knew that you were on sitting duty, so we thought we'd bring over some treats. But if you don't want any..." I trailed off, putting the basket behind me.

That immediately piqued her attention as she tried to peek around me to see what we brought.

"It's not like that!" She crossed her heart with the most adorable expression on her face.

"Hmmm. I'm not sure if I buy that, halo," my brother said as he crossed his arms over his chest.

She gasped as if she could not believe his words, but she fooled nobody.

I cursed when I felt a singe of pain, making me drop the basket. Only for it to end up with the handle in Remo's mouth as he stood proudly beside Angel. A purr rumbled in his chest when she scratched his scruff.

"That's foul, Remo. I thought we were buddies." I pouted.

He gave a chuff, which was universal for Angel being cooler than us. We could not argue that logic because it was accurate.

"Let me go grab the monitor. Want to head to the roof?" she asked.

We nodded and watched her walk away. Then we turned our attention to Remo, and I held out my hand.

'Thank you for always protecting her, Remo. She's lucky to have you,' I told him.

His chest puffed out with pride because he appreciated being able to protect her. That was his duty after all. Then he disappeared.

We went to the back porch and jogged up the stairs to get everything set up.

Angel had a thing for heights, which was why we could usually always find her deep in thought on high structures. She swore up and down that the view often times provided clarity because she could see the world in a way that being on the ground did not provide.

All of the fun shit got pulled out of the basket as we got our cushions set up. It was really fucking comfortable up here. Denny spared no expense for his baby sister. The fairy lights created just enough ambience without it being overpowering.

Angel bounded over and plopped down on her cushion, eyeing all of the goodies.

There was lingering sadness in her emotions, but she was trying to push beyond that. I swear to fuck if Maxine was the cause of this...

“You guys went all out.” Her eyes lit up when I handed her some cocoa and a plate of blondies. “Thanks!”

Gabriel tipped his cup to her and sighed when the taste hit him.

While we ate, she filled us in on her Group Prosperity track and how much she already loved it. Her eyes lit up with excitement as she told us about her first assignment and how important it was to her. Since she was a pup, Angel has always cared about this pack and wanted it to succeed in all ways.

Her lips curled into a smile when I refilled her cocoa. Fuck. This girl had the most expressive smile I have ever seen before. Was it cliché to say that it lit up the dark? Probably, but it really did.

“Do you have any ideas of the groups you might consider?” I asked her.

Her thumb rubbed over her bottom lip while she thought. If I did not know any better, I would say that she was doing that on purpose, but she was not.

“I was considering combining species and religious affiliation. Our world is very integrated compared to what it was when we were pups. With that, it can be difficult to have a true sense of community if some worship the Goddess Bastet, the Goddess Selene, the Goddess Hecate, or even the Fae Gods. We live in a time where the Gods have been making big moves that have approved of our integrations. It’s exciting to see sphinxes, Fae, vampires, shifters, humans, witches, demons, and everything in between coming together! The question then becomes whether or not our packs, covens, clans, etc. are providing enough resources to truly make us a family because that’s what we’re meant to be!”

Her face was a little flushed by the time she finished her impassioned explanation. She literally got this on day one and had already put together the perfect project that could truly help everyone, not just our pack.

My fingers went into my mouth, and I let out a proud whistle. She blushed, but there was pride in her eyes too.

“Damn fucking straight, halo,” my brother said, tossing her another blonde.

Shana Allen

Aunty Ziyah to the rescue!

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