

# Deceiving my Big Bad Alphas

CH 1 - Kai

KAI POV The airport smelled like humans and cheap coffee. Not exactly the welcome I had in mind for the start of the most dangerous year of my life. I tugged the hoodie lower over my head, rolling the handle of my duffel behind me as I walked past the gates. My phone buzzed in my pocket, and I fished it out without breaking stride. Mom: Let us know as soon as you get to the Academy. Please. Me: Landed safe. Will call once I'm settled. Promise. Three seconds later: Mom: Be careful. I rolled my eyes. I'm always careful, Mom. That's the whole point. I had been trained for this moment since I was born. Even before that maybe. Since the day they decided I couldn't be Kai the girl—but had to become Kai the ghost. The warrior. The lie. My blond hair was cut short—almost too short. Sharp angles framed my face, no softness left to give me away. The masking pendant around my neck suppressed my natural scent and cloaked me in something neutral, masculine. My body wasn't bulky like an Alpha-born male, but it was lean, agile. Strong. I didn't have my mother's hourglass figure or her goddess-tier chest, thank the Moon. What curves I had were tucked away beneath baggy jeans, a loose sweatshirt, and a layer of tight, binding fabric beneath it all. No one would know. No one could know. The Werewolf King's Academy was no place for mistakes. And I wasn't here to make any. I stepped through the sliding doors into the sticky Washington air, the roar of traffic and voices hitting me like a wall. That's when I saw him. A giant of a man—no, wolf—standing near the curb, holding a sign with blocky letters: 'KAI SAVAGE' Well. I guess I found my ride. The man looked up as I approached, lowering the sign but not smiling. His eyes were sharp—too sharp for someone just doing an airport run. His entire frame screamed Royal Guard: tall, broad, perfectly still, like he could go from zero to rip-your-throat-out in a heartbeat. "Savage?" he asked, voice rough and clipped. I nodded once. "Yeah." He didn't offer to help with my bag, which I appreciated. Less attention, less risk. I shoved it into the back of the SUV and climbed in, buckling my seatbelt out of habit. "We're making a stop," he said as he got behind the wheel. "One more Alpha to pick up at the train station." "Fine by me," I muttered, leaning back and letting the hum of the engine settle in my chest. The drive was quiet. No small talk, no questions. Just soft instrumental music playing low in the background, the kind they probably used in wolf spas or high-end packs. I focused on the road ahead, both literally and metaphorically. One year. One year of physical and mental training, auditing, discipline, and deception. One year of lying with every breath I took. I already knew I'd stand out. My size alone would make me a target—shorter, leaner, lighter than the typical Alpha male. They'd think I was weak. Let them. I'd been raised with four older brothers who used me as a sparring dummy and taught me how to take a hit without flinching. I could disarm an opponent in five moves or less—three, if they were stupid. Pressure points, momentum, leverage. Speed over strength. They'd try to knock me down. And I'd bury them, smiling. The car slowed and turned into the train station's lot. The driver put the vehicle in park and stepped out, moving with the same controlled stillness as before. He waited by the sidewalk, scanning the crowd for the next recruit. I stayed inside, watching through the tinted window. A tall figure stepped off

the platform and made his way toward the car. Broad shoulders. Designer jeans. Perfectly tousled hair that probably took half an hour and a personal stylist to get just right. Great. He moved like the world belonged to him—confident, arrogant, with that lazy swagger only rich, spoiled Alphas could pull off without getting punched. The Royal Guard gave him a slight nod, barely moving. “You’re Reyes?” The brat smirked. “Obviously.” His eyes swept over the SUV, then landed on me behind the window. And just like that, I knew. This wasn’t going to work. All the cautious hope I’d allowed myself to feel—the idea that maybe, just maybe, I’d find someone to talk to, someone who wouldn’t treat me like a freak or a threat—shriveled up and died in that moment. He gave me one long, dismissive look, like he was already ranking me in his mental pack hierarchy and found me lacking. Perfect. Hatred, I could handle. I’d trained for worse. I gave him the same look back, adding just enough disdain to make sure he caught it. Mutual loathing. How comforting. The brat slid into the car like it was his throne, tossing his designer bag across the seat and sprawling with the entitlement of someone who’d never been told no in his life. He didn’t even glance my way as he clicked his seatbelt in, but of course, the silence couldn’t last. “So,” he said, stretching the word like gum between his teeth, “I’m Reyes Silver, from Silvermoon pack.” Of course he was. I fought the urge to groan. New York. “Kai,” I replied flatly. He turned his head, giving me an appraising look now that we were locked in close quarters. Something flickered in his eyes—recognition. Interest. Trouble. “Kai... Savage?” he asked slowly, his gaze sharpening. And just like that, my stomach dropped. Great. My name just made everything worse. “You’re the other son of the Savage triplets?” Was he serious? “Yeah. Kai Savage. Same surname. Alpha. What do you think?” I shot back, deadpan. He blinked, lips curling with amusement. “So your brothers are the Savage quadruplets now?” This conversation was not really happening. I stared at him. “Again. Kai Savage. Still not a clone. But thanks for the math lesson.” He laughed—actually laughed—and leaned back like we were sharing some kind of joke. “Oh my, you look so different from them!” he said, grinning. “I met your brothers at the last mating ball in New York. I never would’ve thought you—” “What?” I cut in, voice icy. He blinked. “That they’d have a brother like me?” I finished, my tone sharp enough to draw blood. Reyes hesitated. For once, no smirk. Just a flicker of something else—surprise? Annoyance? Intrigue? Didn’t matter. I turned to face the window before he could answer, jaw tight. One hour into this journey, and I already wanted to choke a cadet. If the Moon Goddess had a sense of humor, it was twisted. The SUV rolled back onto the highway, trees whipping past the window in a blur of green and gray. I stared out at them, arms crossed, jaw clenched. I could feel his gaze flicking toward me every few minutes, like a mosquito that refused to die. Eventually, of course, he cracked. “So... do you talk?” Reyes asked, dragging out the last word like I was some exhibit behind glass. I didn’t even blink. “Not to people who ask dumb questions.” He huffed a laugh. “Touchy. Let me guess—middle child syndrome?” “I’m the youngest,” I said. “Ah. That explains the attitude.” I glanced at him. “And you must be an only child. You’ve got that ‘my mom told me I’m special every morning’ energy.” He smirked, stretching his arms behind his head. “Actually, I’m a firstborn. Future Alpha. Trained to lead, not to sass strangers in the back seat.” “Good thing you’re not doing either very well,” I muttered. He laughed again. Bastard had a good laugh, I hated that. Deep, smooth, like he hadn’t had to worry about anything real a day in his life. “You’re funny, Savage,” he said. “I’ll give you that.” “Wasn’t asking for

stars on a report card.” He turned to me then, head tilted like he was seeing something new. “You’re not what I expected.” “Yeah? What were you expecting? Someone who’d beg to sit with you at lunch?” Reyes grinned, but it didn’t reach his eyes this time. “Honestly? I figured all the Savage boys were clones. Big, loud, testosterone-scented nightmares.” “And instead, you got me,” I said, voice flat. “Exactly.” He looked me over again, brow raised. “You’re not loud. You’re just... sharp. Coiled.” I held his gaze. “You’re not nearly as stupid as you look.” “Thanks,” he said, smirking. “I think.” Silence fell again, thick with static. The road curved through the forest now, long shadows danced across the windshield. I could feel the press of the pendant against my collarbone—my borrowed identity humming against my skin. He didn’t know. Nobody did. But the longer he looked at me like that, like he was curious, the more my gut twisted. “Let me guess,” I said suddenly, needing to shift the mood. “You’re the type that brought his own protein powder to the academy, aren’t you?” He gave me a mock gasp. “How dare you. I’m offended. I only use imported.” I rolled my eyes. “Of course you do.” Reyes leaned back with a grin, tapping the edge of his sneaker against the seat in front of him. “This year’s gonna be fun.” “Not if you talk the whole time, it won’t be.” He laughed again. “I’m starting to like you, Kai Savage.” I turned back toward the window and muttered, “That’s unfortunate.” But part of me, the part that had been bracing for hatred and punches and being ignored, felt strangely... relieved. I’d take cocky over cruel. Annoying over suspicious. I just had to make it through the first day. And make sure no one never looked close enough to see the truth.