

Destined Alpha of Change

Chapter 2

KALEN

‘C’mon, Alpha Kalen. We don’t want to be late,’ Nika chirped.

‘Sure we do. School is vastly overrated. There’s no need to even go. We could easily pass every exit exam. Mom graduated when she was fourteen. There’s no reason why we have to finish out the next two years.’

My wolf rolled her big golden eyes at me and stuck me with a no-nonsense look. Sometimes, sharing my mindspace with someone else royally sucked because nothing remained secret. She knew my emotions as well as my reasons.

Something about today would set things in motion. What that was, I had absolutely no idea. It could be anything from crossing the street to meeting someone specific to insulting an idiot. There was no telling what it would be. I was absolutely fucked if it was the last one because too many idiots loved to voice their opinions of me and my position within a pack that was not even their own.

I was wearing a pair of black ripped skinny jeans that was paired with a white lace V-neck short sleeved top that had cutout shoulders. My auburn hair was swept to the side in a French braid. I had never been one for much makeup, so I kept it simple with black eyeliner and mascara to make my emerald eyes pop. Then there was a clear gloss over my lips. I was good to go.

My messenger bag had barely made it over my head by the time that the doorbell rang.

Mom and Dad had already left for the day because they always walked my brother to school because it was their personal bonding time. Jasper was eleven so he did not attend the academy yet. Cooper, my other brother, was fourteen and would attend the academy this year, but he had already left to meet up with his friends.

I opened the door to see Matteo holding two coffees, which was why he had rung the bell. Otherwise, he would have just come into the house like normal. His father was one of Mom's best friends growing up before he became her Beta. He and I carried along in their footsteps for being besties.

Uncle Sebastian, Matteo's father, was not always this pack's Beta. It had originally been my other uncle's position. Uncle Jackson resigned from the post after he met his mate. Aunt Imeela had been on the run for an entire decade when they first met.

She was the only remaining heir to the Precoza coven after it had been decimated. It was the ruling coven of the vampire world. She and Uncle Jackson had decided that it was their duty to reinstate the Precoza reign. The Precoza line had been chosen by the Goddess Hecate to rule over the vampire world because they would protect the innocents of the world while also ensuring that all vampires were held accountable.

Uncle Jackson was a shifter just like us, so you could imagine how much backlash that caused, but it did not faze him or my aunt at all. Even the Goddess Hecate blessed him in front of everyone on the night of their coronation.

"This is one reason that you're my favorite person," I told Matteo as I took a sip of my drink, sighing when the caramel macchiato hit my tastebuds.

"I know. That's why I continue bringing you coffee. I'm keeping my name firmly in that number one slot," he said, smirking at me.

He slung his arm around my shoulders as he steered me towards the packhouse where we would meet up with everyone else.

We both attended Crestwood Academy, which was about a three-hour drive from here. Thankfully, we had plenty of people in this pack who could get us there instantaneously. We had some who could open portals. Then we had a couple Fae who could pop, which was just teleporting us there.

The Supernatural Council had opened up various academies around the country where supernaturals of any species could go and integrate with one another. There were various programs that people could choose from. There was Leadership Training, which took the place of Alpha training and accommodated for each rank. Then there was the Enforcer track. They were essentially special ops for the Council. They were the ones to investigate and ensure that the laws were being followed and innocents were protected.

“Where’s my coffee?” Ava, my future Gamma, asked Matteo.

He rolled his eyes at her pout. He then opened his bag and pulled out a bottled coffee, knowing that she hated hot coffee.

Ava grinned widely and snatched her prize away from him. Then she started walking next to him. She had turned sixteen a couple of months ago, so she was smack dab in the middle of Matteo and my ages.

I was not in any hurry for my father to hand over the Alpha post though because I was not anywhere near ready for it. He had said that he wanted to do it by the time I turned twenty-one, but I was hoping that I could persuade him to hand it over when I was maybe thirty or so.

Do not be mistaken. I was excited that I would one day be Dark Moon’s Alpha, but I felt like I had so much to learn before I would be ready for it. I knew that most Alpha heirs could not wait to get their hands on the post, but I was always a bit different than most.

Jade grinned when she saw us walking up. She was Mom's younger sister, so was my aunt, and only a few months younger than I was. Talk about a surprise. My grandparents were completely stunned when they found out that they were expecting.

This was actually the first generation of the bloodline to have more than one Vessel. Every other time, the families would have one girl and the rest boys if they ended up with multiple children. Now, there was Mom and Jade.

"Looking gorgeous as always," I told her, tossing a wink her way.

She rocked the edgy chic look with the way her pixie cut was styled to the leather jacket and pleated skirt. Dramatic makeup rounded out the look. Her future mate was a lucky person because she was just as deadly as she was gorgeous.

"Thanks, lovey. I can say the same about you."

Huxley opened up a portal that would take us to the academy.

He was part Nabello demon, which was where he got that nifty portal ability from. Nabellos were peaceful demon/witch hybrids, giving them access to some magic. Huxley was on track to being one of the academy's best Enforcer students.

The first thing that I noticed was that a welcome back banner was hung outside of the academy.

Crestwood Academy was the largest of the six academies in the country. There were a little over a thousand students that attended last year for grades ninth through twelfth.

I bid Matteo farewell until lunch. Jade and I made our way over to the Junior hall. She was chatting about her excitement for this year. I might not share the same excitement, but I made sure to keep that buried deep

down. Just like any good Alpha, I was a master of controlling my emotions. None of them would slip without my approval.

We parted ways once I got to my locker. She had two classes with me, so I would see her in third period and sixth period.

A high-pitched giggle caught my attention. I would know that sound anywhere. Imagine a mix between a squawking bird and a laughing hyena. Bianca was a Queen Bitch and someone who hated me with a passion because I never cowered to her.

I shut my locker and turned around to leave. My eyes were drawn towards Bianca. She was wrapped around some guy I had never seen before. He had wavy brown locks that fell right past his chin. What skin I could see, except for his face, was covered in tattoos. That black t-shirt also did little to hide the muscular physique underneath it.

Unfortunately, I did not peel my eyes away before his met mine. Ice-blue eyes slowly raked over my look, deciding that he liked it if that glint in his eyes was any indication.

I felt like I was being pulled into a vortex where nothing else existed. What the fuck was up right now?

An arm wrapped around my shoulders, breaking me away from the stare-off with the new guy.

“Hey, you,” I said, smiling up at my cousin Zion.

Zion was Uncle Jackson’s son. He was about a year younger than me, but nobody would guess that. He was about six inches taller than me and was built like a beast. He could easily pass for nineteen.

“Hello to you too.”

He turned me around so that we could walk to our first class. He was also a Junior since he skipped a year.

“To what do I owe the honor of an escort through these dangerous halls?” I asked him, batting my eyelashes at him.

Zion growled, flashing his canines, and making me chuckle. He was a vampire/wolf hybrid. His wolf, Koa, was just as brutal as he was. Nobody messed with him for a reason. He could lay anyone out flat.

“Just thought you could use a rescue is all.” One of his shoulders shrugged.

He often times knew things that others did not. Sometimes they were just hunches or could be visions. It just all depended. This felt like an example of it. I tossed it in the ‘think about later’ box in my mind.

“Then I thank you for your bravery,” I teased him.

I felt eyes burning a hole in my back, but I did not dare to turn around. Goosebumps littered my skin in response. I could not tell whether or not that they were because of a good thing.

Our first period class was History. It was one of my favorite subjects, so I was glad that I had it first thing. Coffee + History = One happy gal.

Zion and I grabbed seats together before the rest of them began filling up.

“Ah, come in,” the teacher said to someone.

I looked up and met those ice-blues once again. It took great effort so that my eyes did not roam his body now that he did not have the hyena wrapped around him. Thank the Goddess that I had great self-control.

“Would you like to introduce yourself?” the teacher asked him.

Teeth caught his tongue ring while considering his answer. A devilish grin tugged at those lips of his.

“Name’s Maddox Stark.”

Those three words were said in a husky voice that sounded far too smooth. I swallowed hard and averted my eyes to the notebook in front of me.

Goddess... That voice was trouble when mixed with his looks. Something inside told me that I was screwed.