

# Fated to the Alphas - Chased by Chaos

## Chapter 1

### ANGEL

I was given a writing prompt in the fourth grade, which made an impact still felt today. It was a single sentence.

Who are you?

That should have been easy to answer, but it was not. I remember sitting back in my seat and thinking about what made me who I was.

My birth mother had only been in my life for ten weeks. Sadly, I did not know anything about her. The story that I had been told was that a group of vampires had rounded up humans to be sold at a feeding room as portable juice boxes in a variety of flavors from O- to AB+ and everything in between. My mother was a she-wolf with a gift that concealed us as humans until it did not. I was still young enough to be passed off as human, but she was not. Feeding room vampires did not stoop so low as to consume wolf-shifter blood. Their thoughts, not mine.

Thankfully, Luna Elle and Alpha Kade were undercover at that feeding room and saved me.

I was brought back to the Nightshade pack and my parents immediately adopted me. They said that they knew I belonged in their family the moment that they saw me. They were the best parents that anyone could have ever asked for. Then there was my older brother, Denny, and my younger sister, Willow, who made up the Vester family. Their love and support helped to design the blueprint of who Angel Vester was.

That prompt then morphed into a new question – Who do you want to be?

I wanted to be someone who fought for others until the final breath was expelled from my lungs.

I wanted to be someone who fought for their pack against internal and external threats. The people around me were more than pack members and neighbors. They were family, and family was meant to always protect one another.

My entire life had been focused on being the best that I could be so that I could do just that.

I put more effort into training than many other people did at my age. Luckily, I had plenty of others around me who were more than willing to ensure that I was given the best challenges possible.

Beyond that, I devoted my life to being the best person that I could be. I took great pride in helping others no matter what it entailed. It did not matter if it was something big or small. I filled in wherever it was needed. One area that I loved to help out with, as did my wolf, was being there for pups who were newly shifted. My wolf, Athena, and I loved to help them learn control.

Footsteps drew closer to where I was sitting until he sat beside me.

This rooftop was the place that I always came to when I needed to sort through the thoughts that were stuck inside of my mind. Sometimes they could be sorted, but at other times they were twisted up into a messy knot, refusing to be unfurled.

The scent of amber floated along the breeze, wrapping around me, and relaxing my taut muscles. It felt like I could finally breathe.

“This is the best spot to see this gorgeous view,” Grant said, leaning backwards on his elbows.

“It really is.”

We were sitting on the top of the training building. The sunset colored the sky against the background of the mountains. The fiery hues painted the sky differently each evening. It was proof that there was beauty at the end of each day no matter how difficult it might have been.

I leaned my head on Grant’s shoulder, relaxing into the comfort that his presence gifted me. His lowered to rest against mine.

“Do you want to talk about it?” he asked me.

I could pretend that I had no idea what he was getting at, but it would be useless. He knew me better than I knew myself at times. He also had a great bullshit meter, but I also knew that he would drop it if I told him no because he would never push for answers that I did not feel like giving.

Grant and Gabriel were the Alpha heirs of our pack and the two people who were closest to me. The three of us were each other’s confidants and had been inseparable since we were in diapers.

“I don’t really know how to explain...”

I sighed, scrubbed my hand over my face, and sat up. Grant mirrored me, sitting cross-legged. His shoulders rolled as he got comfortable.

I took just a moment to appreciate how handsome he was. We were best friends, but that did not mean I was blind.

The twins were the living and breathing embodiment of perfection. Standing at 6’4 with thick muscles carved into their frames that would make anyone drool. Grey eyes that could peer into

your soul and see what was hidden from the rest of the world. Smiles that could light up the night and make your heart skip a beat.

I pushed those thoughts behind a reinforced steel wall where they would be safe. A biometric lock was slapped onto that wall.

The last thing that I needed was for either of them to catch wind of those thoughts. Friends. We were friends. I would rather remain just their friend than to lose them from my life entirely.

I held my hands out for him to take. This was not the first time that we did this this. His warm hands slid against mine and then closed around them.

“There’s something that’s weighing on me today, but I can’t make sense of it no matter how many times I try to.”

It felt like there was a block that was preventing me from unraveling whatever it was. Perhaps he could find a way to push past it with his abilities.

His magic slid into my mind with a gentle caress. It was warm and comforting, encouraging me to relax. To open my mind and give it permission to access it. Consent was essential for this to work or else my mind would have jump-kicked his magic out.

The twins were full-blooded shifters, but there was cleansed Fae light during a battle that found its way into their mother’s womb while she was pregnant with the twins. It gave them some Fae abilities. Not all, but some. They could use minimal magic. This one was a piece of cake, so it required very little magic to accomplish.

A bright light flashed in my mind along with the sound of thunder ringing loudly. Three events flashed in quick succession.

The first one was of my face with the utter look of betrayal on it. I was sporting a nasty black eye. The lingering scent of fear hung in the air, but it was not clear to whom it belonged.

The second one was of someone grabbing onto silver bars. A vicious snarl reverberated through the air.

The third one was completely dark until there was a burst of light, illuminating the room where multiple bodies lay strewn across it.

My heart was pounding as the three events played out. What the fuck was that? Out of everything that could have been blocked, I never would have even considered that it could have been something like that.

There were times in the past when I would get flashes or gut instincts of warning, but it had never worked like this before. Also, why would my mind try to block me from accessing whatever it was?

There was a guttural growl building in his chest that threatened to explode from him. His intense gaze was pinned on me as if I was his tether right now. The twins had always gone out of their way to protect me. I could see how much he was affected by whatever was going on.

Grant moved until we were side by side once again and wrapped his arms around me. It was in his arms that I felt safe like nothing could touch me.

I did not know what to make of those three flashes. Strange shit happened around here all of the time, but that did not mean this was any easier to comprehend. Our lives were interwoven with power, magic, destiny, gods, and an entire world of supernatural species.

Fear was woven into the fibers of those flashes, but it was not specific to whom the fear belonged.

“We’re going to figure this out, doll. Was this the first time you saw anything like this?” he asked me softly.

I bit back the smile that always threatened to overtake my lips whenever he called me doll.

“Yes. It just started today. It was almost like there was something blocking it, and I couldn’t manage to get around it on my own.”

Remo materialized in front of us and sat down on his haunches, looking at me expectantly.

He was my awesome Hellhound. Imagine a dog bigger than a rottweiler, fur that could literally burst into flames, and had its own magic. Their species was created by Hades, God of the Underworld, and paired with specific individuals. They became that person’s guardian. I have had him since before I could walk.

“Okay. I’ll be right there. Thanks, Remo,” I said, scratching the scruff on his neck the way that he liked it.

Hellhounds built psychic connections with their charges. It meant that he was able to send basic telepathic messages to me like he just did. Apparently, my mindlink was shut off, which sometimes happened when I was focusing like I had been, and Mom had tried to reach me for dinner.

“I’ve got to get to dinner. Denny and Paige are coming over with my adorable little niece,” I told him.

He stood up and pulled me up with ease. I was somehow able to keep my eyes off of appreciating the way that his corded muscles rippled as he used them.

“Let us know if you have any more experiences or feelings. It doesn’t matter if it seems mundane. We’re both here beside you,” he promised me.

I smiled, gave him a tight hug, and headed home. All the while, I was trying to push the three events out of my mind for the moment.

I had a horrible feeling that this was only the beginning.