

Chapter 1

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Kalea

"KALEA!! YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE!!!" my mother shouted from downstairs. I groaned and brought my pillow over my face. I hated going to school, but sadly, my mother had no idea how much. Dad knew, though. Dad knew all too well how I was being treated at school. Being adopted made it easier for people to make fun of me and bully me. I was always told that my parents didn't want me, so they gave me to a pathetic Omega who couldn't have pups of their own. My parents told me that I was adopted when I turned 12, and I've been treated like a plague ever since then.

I always thought I was made fun of and bullied because kids were cruel, and teenagers were even more brutal. But finding out that I didn't belong here made it all the easier for them to do it. Unfortunately, they followed the lead of the future Alpha – Josh Harding. He no longer goes to school with us because he graduated two years ago, but sadly, his younger sister, who is my age, still attends the same high school. She's kept the tradition of bullying me alive while Josh prepares to take over the Alpha title. Unfortunately, he can't until he finds his mate and the pack's future, Luna.

"KALEA!!!" my mother screamed again. I removed the pillow from my face.

"OKAY!!! I'M COMING DAMMIT!!!" I screamed back. Don't get me wrong, I love my parents, regardless of whether they're my biological parents or not. They raised me, loved me, put a roof over my head, clothes on my back, and food on the table. Was my life luxurious? Of course not. But my parents did the best that they could do under the circumstances. Dad was an Omega soldier for the pack and was highly regarded, but still, he was a lower-level Omega, so many high-level ones didn't show him much respect. But Dad never let it get to him. Mom was a cook for the main packhouse, so eating was never an issue for us. She would either bring us leftovers, which Dad and I never minded, or made sure there was food in the fridge for us if she couldn't come home and cook meals.

I forced myself to sit in bed because I hated that I had to go to school. The only thing that kept me going was that it was my last year. I was a senior, and we only had a week left of classes before we had to take our finals. Also, my eighteenth birthday was coming up the same day as graduation, and I was excited that I would finally meet my mate. Hopefully, he can look past the fact that I'm adopted and just love me for who I am. It's wishful thinking, but it's all I have right now.

I go into the bathroom to do my daily routine and shower. Since I had washed my hair last night, I didn't need to do it again, so I just quickly washed my body, exfoliated, and shaved my legs. Once I was done, I entered my room to find my dad sitting on my bed.

"AH! DAD!" I screamed and held the towel around my body tighter. "Can't you knock?" I exclaimed.

"I'm sorry, Two-Tone, I keep forgetting," he innocently replied, standing by his feet. My dad towered over me, standing at 6'1. Hell, even my mother towered over me, standing at 5'10. I wasn't even 5 feet. I couldn't understand how I could be so small until I learned they weren't my parents. That in and of itself made a lot of sense. It's rare to be a werewolf and be as small as me, which was something else I was teased about.

"Ugh, enough with the nickname, Dad," I grunted as I walked past him and into my walk-in closet.

"But it suits you," he replies as I go through my clothes to find my outfit of the day.

"Dad, I get that my eyes are different colors, but that nickname is getting old," I tell him as I pull out a pair of black cargo pants and a V-neck solid navy blue T-shirt.

"Sweetheart, your eyes make you unique. It's rare for a werewolf to have eyes of two different colors. It was the thing that drew your mother to you when she found you that day. The moment she saw them, she knew she had to bring you home," he tells me as he stands behind me as I sit at my vanity to brush my hair. He rests his chin on top of my head and then kisses the top of it. "I'll never get tired of your beautiful eyes, Two-Tone," he says with so much adoration in his tone. I couldn't help but smile.

"Can you tell me again how I became your daughter," I asked sweetly.

"Tonight, after I come back from patrol. I need to head out, and you need to hurry, eat breakfast, and go to school."

"Ugh, ne." I quickly finish getting ready, grab my bookbag, stuff all the homework due for the day into it, and head to the dining room, where Mom has bacon, eggs, and tortillas stacked on the island. "Morning, Mommy!" I squeal and kiss her cheek while grabbing a piece of bacon from the grill. "Oh, hot! Hot! Hot!" I said as I played hot potato with it in my hands and teeth.

"Well, serves you right! You could have grabbed one off the plate that isn't scorching hot," she scolds as she puts a few more tortillas out.

"I like it when it burns, though. Let's me know that it's nice and fresh!" I said with a smile and made two tacos for the road.

"Eat at the table, Kaleal"

"Sorry, Mom, but I'll be late if I don't leave now!" I said as I rushed out the front door and onto my bike.

"Kaleal!" she shouted from the front door.

"Yeah!?"

"I won't be home for dinner tonight. You and your father will have soup and homemade biscuits in the fridge. Just heat the soup and bake the biscuits!"

"Okay!" I responded and pedaled to school. It wasn't a far pedal, as the school was only two miles from the pack territory. The school catered to humans and the supernatural. It was never an issue since we werewolves didn't obtain our wolf counterparts until we were eighteen, and even then, most of us didn't turn eighteen until we were about to graduate, so exposure of our kind was never an issue. Those turning eighteen before graduating were pulled out and homeschooled to prevent exposure. Since my birthday was on graduation day, my parents and the Alpha agreed that pulling me out wasn't necessary.

When I arrived at school, I parked my bike and put the bolt lock on it, ensuring it was secure. I adjusted my bag onto my shoulders and headed to my locker. Thankfully, it was in the back corner of the hall and opened to where it hid my face. As I was separating my books and assignments according to my classes, my locker door was suddenly slammed shut, and I was met with the front of my biggest enemy. I grunted in frustration.

"What do you want, Hailey?" I asked while facing the Alpha's spoiled rotten daughter, Hailey Harding.

"What I always want, duh," she sneered as an army of tramps behind her snickered. "Where's your lunch money?"

"Seriously? What are you, thirteen? Who the hell bullies someone for lunch money anymore these days? Get with the program, Hailey," I replied and opened my locker, only for her to slam it shut again. I grunt even harder and roll my eyes. I looked at her with frustration, but before I could even see it, I felt a burn on my cheek, and my head snapped to the side. I snapped my head back, shocked that she would hit me.

I've been bullied and made fun of for most of my life. But never once had anyone ever been physical towards me. I was so caught off guard by what just happened I couldn't say anything to her.

"What? Cat got your tongue?" she sneered.

"Did you just ... hit me?" I nally asked, coming out of the initial shock.

"I did. You best not forget who I am, Kalea. I'm the Alpha's daughter, which means you will show me respect. And when I ask for your f*cking lunch money, you give me your f*cking lunch money!" she shouts and grabs my bookbag. She goes through it and finds nothing. She sees my wallet and goes through it but still finds nothing. The only thing she finds are my two breakfast tacos. She looks at them disgustedly before throwing them on the ground and stomping on them. "Why am I not surprised that you're broke? You're a sad little Omega with poor Omega parents. I bet your birth parents were disgusting rogues that didn't want you either," Hailey spat. But before walking away, she slammed my head into the lockers, making my head ring. The sound of my head contacting hard metal was so loud that it garnered the attention of the students around us and some of the faculty.

"HAILEY HARDING!" one of the teachers shouted at her. Hailey and her friends froze in their spot. "Where do you think you're going?" he asked as he got in her face.

"Hi, Mr. Scout!" Hailey says and bats her lashes at him. Mr. Scout, the senior class History teacher, doesn't even spare her a glance.

"SATURDAY DETENTION!" he shouts at her in his deep voice and English accent. Mr. Scout was one of those teachers who moved schools every few years, so he knew a lot about him. He wasn't part of our pack but was considered a lone wolf, so packs never bothered him, and no one ever attacked him since he always kept to himself. He was excused from his pack in England to become a teacher here in the States.

"WHAT!?" Hailey screamed.

"Want to make it two?" he asked, crossing his arms across his chest.

"But I'm ..."

"I don't care that you are an Alpha's daughter, Hailey," he lowly snarled, eyes turning black. "I don't want to answer him, or any other Alpha for that matter. What you did just now was uncalled for, and by right, I should report you to the principal to have you expelled. But since only two weeks are left in the school year, I have no problem making you spend these last two Saturdays in detention and missing the graduation ceremony as your punishment. Kalea did nothing to antagonize you." Hailey scowled in complete rage and swiftly turned her heel and left. Knowing that Saturday detention was not voluntary, she must have just given up. She definitely didn't want to miss graduation. The final bell rang, and I knew I was officially late for first period.

"Great!" I muttered and quickly opened my locker again and grabbed what I needed.

"Kalea, before you go," Mr. Scout said to me. I turned to face him, a little irritated since first period was starting, and I was never tardy. "Here, a pass so you don't get into trouble with your first period teacher. I know you're never tardy, and you shouldn't be punished for Hailey's actions," he said while handing me a pass.

"Thank you, Mr. Scout," I replied, smiling at him. He smiled back, and we both went our separate ways. I didn't have Mr. Scout's class until the final period, so I wouldn't see him again for several hours. First period was Gen. Chem, and it was one of my more accessible courses. I walked in, handed my pass to the teacher and my assignment that was due, and sat in my seat. The class went by reasonably quickly when the bell rang for the end of class. Second and third period went by a little slower, mainly because they were English Comp IV and U.S. Government, two classes I despised. When the bell for lunch rang, I went back to my locker to change my books and assignments for my last two classes and then went to the cafeteria.

Thankfully, everyone was too preoccupied with eating or socializing with one another so that I could get into the snack bar line without incident. I pulled out my lunch money from my sock and grabbed two pizza hot pockets, some fries, and a chocolate chunk cookie. I paid for my meal, went to the gym's vending machine, and bought myself a nice cold Dr. Pepper. As always, I went to my spot by the bleachers, where they caddy-cornered the soccer field, and ate my lunch peacefully.

As I was eating, I could hear someone talking. I got up and went over to the other side of the bleachers and was surprised to see Mr. Scout on the phone. He seemed in his element and didn't notice me practically eavesdropping on his phone call.

"Yes, Your Highness, this was the first time ... I promise you; this has never happened. They are mean and brutal, but no one has ever touched her until today... I give my word, Sir ... I have given the brat a punishment that only people of her so-called social hierarchy would consider detrimental ... Yes ... We won't know until her birthday. I know Her Majesty has been worried about it ... I will let you know as soon as I know anything ... Yes, your Highness. Goodbye." I was a little confused, only hearing his side of the phone call, but why was he calling whoever he was speaking to so formally? And why was he calling them "Your Highness"?

Still not noticing that I was there, Mr. Scout ended his phone call and walked away. The bell that signaled the end of lunch rang. I gathered my garbage, threw it away, and went to my final two classes. Of course, my last class was History with Mr. Scout, which was boring as usual. I hated any type of social studies related courses, and History was one of the worst. I willed my eyes to stay open for the last few minutes of class but failed miserably.

I instantly found myself in a room I didn't recognize and several individuals circling something or someone. They all had smiles on their faces, and they were cooing.

"Oh, Renee, she's beautiful," I heard the shortest woman say as she clasped her cheeks.

"Son, you did good," a man said as he patted a larger man on the back.

"Thank you, father. Mother."

"Look at her eyes!" the other woman shouted.

"It can't be," the woman who seemed to be the center of attention gasped.

"Are her eyes ... different colors?" a scruffy man asked.

"Mother, do you think?" the tall man asked the shortest woman. I was amazed that he would call her mother when she looked no older than 30, and he looked in his 20s. They all looked to be in their 20s and 30s, yet two were the parents of the good-looking, tall man.

"Yes, she is a pureblood," the woman responded. "We must protect her at all costs. She is the future of this Kingdom. The future of all werewolves." I couldn't help but stare at the woman.

"What is her name?" the other man, whose voice sounded oddly familiar, asked.

"Her is K..."

"KALEA!"

"HUH! WHAT!?" I shot my head up and came face to face with Mr. Scout.

"Kalea, I have been trying to wake you up for fifteen minutes. Classed ten minutes ago. Go home!"

"Oh, god, I'm sorry, Mr. Scout!" I exclaimed and shot out of my seat while grabbing my bookbag. "I promise it will never happen again!"

"It's ne. I assume that your head injury from this morning is the cause of it?" he asks.

"Yeah, it might be. I should head home and take some ibuprofen," I replied.

"Yes, you go do that," he replied. I couldn't help but stare at him. I've known him practically my entire life because of his teaching career, but for some reason, his voice sounded vaguely familiar, and it had nothing to do with him being a teacher in my life for so long.

"Um, Mr. Scout?" I turned to face him as he cleared his desk for the day.

"Yes, Kalea?"

"Never mind, actually," I replied immediately. If I told him that I thought he was in my dreams, he might take it the wrong way, and the last thing I wanted was for my extremely hot and sexy teacher to assume I was having dirty dreams about him. I turned and left. I stopped at my locker to grab my things and headed out to my bike, only to find that it was gone. In its place is a note. I held and read it and was fuming by the time I was done. "YOU HAVE GOTT TO BE F*CKING KIDDING ME!!!" I screamed at the top of my lungs.

"Kalea?" I turned around to see Mr. Scout again gave me a weird look. My teacher thought I was insane because I was screaming and cursing at myself. "Is everything alright?" he asked me.

"No," I reply curtly. "Someone stole my bike," I answer as I stuff the note in my back pocket so he doesn't see it.

"Do you need me to call your parents?" he asks, concerned.

"No, I don't want my parents to worry."

"How do you plan on getting home then?"

"I can walk. It's only two miles. Not very far," I replied and adjusted my bookbag on my back. I started talking but stopped when I felt someone grab my arm.

"Kalea, allow me to drive you home. A young lady should never walk alone, especially when it's going to get dark before you make it home," he says to me. He was right. Since school got out at four in the afternoon and I had overslept in class, it was almost ve in the evening. By the time I made it home, the sun would be setting. The vast forest life in this area would be much darker than in the city.

"Okay, yeah, sure," I replied, walking him to his car. I entered the passenger seat and silently sat for the six-minute drive to my house. Two more weeks. Just two more weeks. I kept chanting to myself. Then, I would get my wolf and hopefully find my mate. Then, living in this hellhole might be worth it.