

Chapter 2

Rory's Pov

Present Day

When my mother said I would have stability, safety and routine in the zoo, she meant it. I never once shifted and there were times I tried. I remember taking the elixir potion that Perla had made. I knew then it was to keep me in my wolf's body but I didn't know it would last even after she died.

I stretched my body, arching my pack and digging my paws into the fresh snow. My white coat blended in with the powdery substance. According to the Zoo keepers, I was an old wolf. What they didn't know was that I was only 25. I was far from dying.

What my mother didn't account for was anyone becoming suspicious of me. Werewolves were generally healthy creatures and had longer than normal lifespans. Yes we die, and yes we get old but where humans can live to maybe a max of 100 werewolves have been known to live almost twice that.

Rosa, one of the other wolves came up and rubbed her fur on me. She was the alpha's mate and naturally more dominant than me. I laid down and exposed my belly to her in submission and respect and she licked my muzzle.

She didn't have a human form but wolves communicate the same way we did. There was a pack hierarchy. There was non verbal communication of growls, snorts huffs and whimpers. We howled, we barked. It was hard to say if the wolves knew what I was or if they just assumed me to be one of them.

Rosa was like my surrogate mother to me. She helped me hunt what little we could in our enclosure. The humans fed us but she helped me catch birds and other small prey.

Her mate, Alpha, or as the humans called him Tank was strong. He was a dark gray and his body was large for a male. He was hard on us but he held affection for his mate and his pups. He tolerated me but he's never hurt me. He's almost wary of me.

I was the only white wolf in our enclosure. While there were 7 of us including myself, the rest of the pack were gray timber wolves.

It was mid afternoon, the temperatures were rising slowly but it was still cold, snowy, and muggy here today. The wind blew the remaining leaves off the trees and I lay down in the fresh snow as the rest of the wolves chased and played together.

I missed home. I missed my family. Ironically enough, I missed school. I used to complain about going but now I wish I could go back, nish my education. It sucks having the education of a 6th grader but I knew I was smart in the ways that mattered. I was smart in life experiences.

Speaking of younger kids, there was a group of them hanging on the fence of our enclosure. They looked to be about 5 or 6 years old. Just pups. Wait, pups?

I lifted my nose and scented the air again. I stood on my four paws and tucked my tail, nerves rising to the surface. Those weren't just kids. Those were werewolves. Werewolves at the zoo. Looking right at me and pointing.

Shit.

I knew that I needed a plan to get out of here. If I wasn't discovered, the humans would have become suspicious eventually when I didn't age or die. To them, I was just a 15 year old arctic wolf because that's how long they have "had me".

The pups kept pointing at me and whispering. I couldn't make out what they were saying until I saw them tugging on an older man's hand and showing him the direction to look.

This man looked to be in his early 30s. He had dark black hair, was tall and lean. He looked strong. He had blue eyes the same color as the sky and was dressed in all black. I scented again. Yup, werewolf.

His eyes met mine and I whimpered and tucked my tail even tighter as his brows scrunched. When he lifted his face slightly to the air and I saw his nostrils are I knew it was time to get out of sight.

I forced my paws to move. Rosa looked at me with concern on her body but didn't make a move to come to me. I turned my head back to them as I trotted away and saw the male holding a phone to his ear having a conversation with someone. His eyes never left me even as I got further and further away.

I got to the den and curled into a ball tucking my tail over my snout. Alpha came in and I suppressed the urge to roll my belly up. He walked over, sat in front of me and licked my snout before plopping down next to me.

He had never shown affection like that before. Not to me at least. I craved approval. I craved acceptance and this was like a big neon sign saying "I accept you" and "You're my pack". He sensed my distress and came to x it.

Had I just been discovered? Clearly. I needed to get out of here but I didn't know how. The fences were too tall to climb. I couldn't shift to my human form. Could I dig under the fence? Even still, how would I get out of the zoo. Getting out of the enclosure was one thing but surely someone would spot a wolf roaming freely on the paths of the place.

I wasn't sure how much time had passed but when I opened my eyes I could see the sun was setting. The rest of the pack was in the den and everyone was sleeping. I carefully stood up and stepped over uffy bodies as I made my way to the entrance. I looked back at my pack. My surrogate family and huffed.

If I found a way out when I did my perimeter walk this would be the last time I saw them.

Call me naive but I checked the doors the humans came through when it was time to feed us, but as I suspected, they were locked.

I walked near the fence where the children stood earlier. Their scents still littered the ground. It brought my anxiety back to the surface. I needed to hurry.

I checked for holes, none. I checked for shorter edges, none. I checked for weak spots, potentially. There was one spot of the fence that was rusted and not buried as deep as the rest. Maybe I could dig my way out. Maybe the metal was weak and I could bite at it until it broke?

Having rust in my mouth didn't seem appetizing so I dug my paws into the snow until I hit the dirt. The sun was set, and the sky was dark. This was the perfect cover for my escape. I needed a plan for once I got free but I would worry about that once the time came.

I dug and dug until my body was half into the ground and my furry ass was in the air. I heard a few voices but tried hard to not focus on them. No one could see me from my spot, I made sure of it. I was an omega. I was good at hiding, staying concealed. But the sound of a door opening and footsteps on snow made my ears twitch.

"Are you sure about this?" the wolf's caretaker asked. She was human, she was kind. She sometimes gave me extra meat feeling sorry for me. She knew about my arrival story and she took a liking to me immediately.

"Yes. They are a wildlife sanctuary. They asked for her specially." an unfamiliar voice said.

"Speaking of which, this is James. He helps run the Sanctuary. He came along to help. He works with the wolves specially." she said but I could scent the lie on her lips. Not only was she lying, but she was a wolf too. The other scent was familiar. The cedar smell from earlier ooding my snout.

The man from earlier. The one with the pups who spotted me. He was here. He was inside my enclosure.

"She's just... she's special. I can feel it." the keeper whispered and I could hear the sadness in her voice. "I'm going to miss her."

"She's going to be in good hands. I wouldn't allow any of our animals to be harmed or placed in a situation that wasn't safe for them." the unfamiliar female voice said. She sounded like she was in charge. She sounded like a gure of authority.

My stomach churned as their scents grew stronger.

"Let me check the den. They're usually all in there at this time. I brought the tranquilizer gun too. Is the crate ready?"

I gulped. They were going to tranquilize me? They were going to knock me out and shove me in a kennel like a dog? I mean I guess to them I am a dog but it's so degrading!

I turned from my hole. I was so close to being out of here but with them getting closer I was running out of time. They were at the entrance of the den and Susan, the caretaker, had gone inside. They were maybe 100 feet away from me.

I crouched low trying to conceal my body in the snow. The only thing that would stand out is my ice blue eyes.

"That won't be necessary." a deep baritone said, nearly growling. I couldn't stop the whimper from escaping my mouth and his face turned to me immediately. His eyes latched onto mine, spotting me even from his distance.

One of the perks of being a werewolf was the enhanced senses. Stronger sense of smell, stronger eyesight which I was currently cursing over in my mind over and over, and hearing which you know what, f**k that too.

"Susan, we found her." the unknown woman said as she spotted me too. She had kind eyes.

He turned his massive body towards me and started making his way in my direction. I backed up until my rump hit the fence line. My tail was tucked and my body shivered in fear. I could feel the dominance radiating off of him. He wasn't quite an alpha but he was high ranking in whatever pack he came from.

An omega was naturally submissive but this man, he radiated power and strength. When he got within 10 feet of me it was nearly overpowering. I lay on the ground whimpering. He looked at me confused and c****d an eyebrow.

"Shift." he commanded and I whimpered as the command sank into my body. My body wanted so badly to obey but the magic coursing through my veins wouldn't allow it. It was painful.

He growled low and deep when I wouldn't, couldn't shift. And I whimpered again, shaking my head, my whole body shivering.

He crouched low and looked at me again confused. I couldn't meet his icy blue eyes. I bared my neck in submission and he gasped.

"Omega." he whispered and the woman next to him gasped.

"You're telling me, we've had an omega female hiding in my zoo for the last 15 years?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm telling you." he said looking at her from his squatted position in front of me. "You're coming with me, omega. You can come quietly or we can make this difficult. You pick."