

CHOSEN BY FATE, REJECTED BY THE ALPHA

Chapter 1 - Trinity- A (wolf)girl Like No Other

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Trinity

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My fists made contact with the leather of the focus mitts in rapid succession.

"Again." My coach yelled for the umpteenth time. He would drill me on a combo until it felt like my arms were going to fall off. But that was fine with me. Better to know how to fight and protect myself than be one of those defenseless girls out there.

"Hyaah!" I yelled out as I threw the last punch in the combo he had just taught me that morning. I had thrown my all into the final blow to signify that I was done with this current lesson, at least for now.

"Damn Trinity, that hurt." He growled at me, but instead of looking upset, he was actually smiling. The pride I saw in his eyes made me happy.

"Sorry, Jim." I laughed, a small giggle crept into my voice, it was nice seeing how strong I could be.

"If you weren't so little then I'd say there was no way you were really a girl." He laughed when he spoke this time.

"That was mean, Jim."

"It's a compliment and you know it." My complaining had only made him laugh harder, that or it was my pouty look. "You fight better than most of the guys in my gym."

"That's not hard to do. Most of them think they need to be the biggest to be the best, but that just typically leaves them with less speed and more places to hit. And most of them have no brains at all and can't put those muscles to good use." Plus, most of them don't have the added advantage that I have. I added in my head. At my words, Jim practically had to hold on to the wall to keep standing.

"That's why I like you kid, you got spunk, and definitely brains. Now go on, get changed, or you'll be late for your next class." Looking up, I saw he was right. I had to squeeze my training sessions in between my classes at the local college ever since Grandfather had stopped paying for my previous instructor.

"Alright Jim, I'll see you next week." I told him before running to the empty and very seldom used ladies' locker room.

I hurried through a shower like I usually did before I pulled my long brown hair into its customary high ponytail, leaving the tresses to hang and dry into their natural wavy curls. I dressed in jeans and a t-shirt and topped that with a hoodie. Normal college freshmen, especially girls, probably put more effort into their appearance before they went to class, but I just didn't have the time. Especially not at that moment, I was seriously running behind.

It was at times like these that I was glad I actually ran somewhat faster than most people. Maybe not as fast as everyone else in my family, or everyone else in the pack, but definitely faster than a human. I had to actually make a conscious effort not to run too fast as I hurried back to campus.

I made good time and got to class before it started, thankfully. Though it helped that I could sense when someone was coming up in my blind spot or when there would be something in my way up ahead. It was a sort of preternatural gift that all werewolves seemed to have that was granted to us by the moon goddess. Not that I actually counted as a werewolf technically, but whatever.

The professor came in and started her lecture. This class was a pre-req and therefore a total snore for me. I had wanted something that was going to challenge me and make me think, but they had yet to teach me anything beyond what Grandfather's tutors had taught me when I was growing up. I had quite the high-class education and upbringing, but that all ended when I turned eighteen. And while Grandfather still supported me financially, to an extent, it was definitely significantly less than it was when I was a kid.

That was fine by me, though. I'm much happier now that I am out here doing things on my own. I don't have to live my life by his strict rules anymore, not as much anyway. The only rules I really had to follow were those of the pack, and that was fine by me.

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You see, my name is Trinity Whitton, and my family was once very high ranking in the hierarchy of the Red Springs pack. My grandfather actually used to be the Beta to the previous Alpha, however, that Alpha was killed in an attack just a few years ago and his son took his place. But even being the Beta wasn't enough to keep my family from losing face in a massive scandal.

We wolves are a proud people. Those are the words that Grandfather would tell me every day since I was a little girl. As far back as I can remember. But that pride hadn't stopped my mother from disappearing for a weekend when

she was fifteen and coming back to face her father's fury. And then, to make matters worse, they found out she was pregnant. She refused to tell them who the father was. They naturally assumed that the father was not a wolf, which made me an abomination in their eyes.

Regardless, I was still part of the pack, and the previous Alpha had ordered that I was to be treated like any other member of the pack until it was certain that I would not shift like everyone else. Our wolf forms usually show at any time between the ages of thirteen and eighteen.

Many think that the sooner you shift the stronger your wolf will be, but that's not always true, but boys will be boys and they still compete however they can. Now here I was, nearly nineteen, and I still haven't shifted. But I still had every other aspect of being a wolf. I had the speed, the strength, the heightened senses, the fighting instinct, everything. I was very much a member of the pack. I was clearly not human, but as of yet, I was not a werewolf either. I just didn't belong anywhere.

I couldn't ask my mother about my father myself. If she was just too scared to talk to her father or if she might be less scared now after all these years. The ridicule and shame heaped on my family when she was pregnant and right after she gave birth was too much for her to handle. She ended up taking her own life when I was less than a month old.

The only thing my mother left behind for me was a pendant that she had asked to be given to me when I was old enough. I honestly can't believe that they followed through with it, and if it were left up to Grandfather, they probably would not have, but after my mother's death's I lived primarily with my Uncle Wesley and his wife Eve, they had two boys who treated me just like a sister and were the best part of my childhood.

Honestly, life would have been pretty good if it hadn't been for Grandfather. I swear he hates me. He had ridiculously high standards for me. Always telling me things like I would never be allowed to make the same mistakes that his poor excuse for a daughter had made.

I had every one of his rules drilled into me every day for years. I was not allowed to attend public school with my cousins and the rest of the kids in the pack. I was made to train and learn many different things. I was taught etiquette, martial arts, ballet, boxing, fencing, foreign languages, musical instruments, and a ridiculously hard curriculum.

Grandfather paid for it all, hoping that I would shift by the time I turned eighteen and he could at least marry me off to a good family and use me to regain some status in the hierarchy. But then my birthday came and went, and it became more than abundantly clear to everyone that I just was not going to shift. I had no wolf. I was an abomination, a freak of nature, something that shouldn't be mixed in with the rest of the pack.

Yet I still had to follow all the pack rules. I still had to attend all the pack gatherings. I still had to bow my head and bend my knees when the alpha gave the order to kneel. His words were like a compulsion to the pack, and we were simply unable to defy them. And even with all that, I was still treated as an outsider by most of the higher-ranking families. As someone who just didn't belong with all the cool kids.

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