

## Chapter 5

What seriously caught my eye though was the huge white wolf behind the men. He was clearly a man. My eyes widened at the sight. His eyes were dark as if his wolf had control, yet he didn't.

I sighed and went behind a tree. I shifted back and changed into a pair of sweats and a baggy shirt. I stepped back out.

"How..why...what?" I stumbled in words.

I blushed at my stupidity. The guys started to laugh while the white wolf chuckled.

"Ok so you must be really confused," the red head explained.

I nodded my head cautiously.

"Ok come with us. We swear we won't hurt you," the brown head pleaded.

What scared me was that I believed them.

"Ok," I whispered.

They all smiled and shifted. I shifted with them and followed. I ripped my clothes in the process though. I had my backpack in my mouth.

While we ran no one talked. I noticed that they all had pure white fur. The only

difference between them was their eye color. We slowed to a walk and started to shift back. Once I shifted and put on different clothes behind a tree, I started to ask them questions.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Zach," the red head grinned widely.

I smiled back.

"I'm Trey," the brown haired smiled.

"I'm Blake," the alpha faintly smiled.

"And I'm Randy," a deep voice alarmed me. I turned around so fast that I thought I had even gotten whiplash.

It was the guy who was the white wolf in the clearing. He had black hair and dark hazel eyes. I could also feel some power radiating from him. Beta.

His eyes were hard. He looked as if he had a hard time liking people.

"Hi," I squeaked.

They started to chuckle. What surprised me was that Randy joined them.

What I didn't know was that this was just the beginning of a new and different life.

\*\*\* FLASHBACK OVER \*\*\*

## PRESENT DAY

I found out after that encounter, that I was a very powerful wolf. White wolves are rare. They had their own pack even. It consisted of 4, but now 5 members. We may look easy to defeat, but we're actually the most powerful pack there is. The guys trained me and now I'm stronger than all of them. If I'm pissed off enough then I can even beat Blake, who is our alpha.

The beta is...drumroll please...me. Well it used to be Randy's position but he stepped down from the position and gave it to me.

Ever since they met me, we became best friends.

Randy was the real challenge though. He has problems letting people in. He told me that his mate had died because of a war his old pack had. She had jumped in front of him when someone shot a silver bullet. The war was huge that all the packs had joined to defeat the hunters.

Randy was 15 at the time. He didn't know she was his mate until she died and felt the pain.

That's why he had trouble trusting people since the man who killed his mate was supposedly his best friend at the time except he was a hunter.

I told all of the guys why I was where I was when they found me. They all showed sympathy and are super overprotective of me.

I see them as my brothers.

"Wake up!"

I groaned and pulled the covers up over my face.

"Go away!" I whine. I am not a morning person.

"Never!"

I slowly stick out my head to see who is the unlucky bitch to get beaten. It was Zach.

Zach smiles at me. He was my partner in crime.

I look over at the time. It flashed 5 a.m.

"What the fuck!" I yelled.

"Shhh. I'm pulling a prank and I need your help," he whispered lowly.

I groaned once more before yanking the covers off me. "Ok so tell me,"

"Listen we are going to go downstairs and grab anything metal and slam them against each other," he mischievously smiled. I nodded my head and headed down with him being as quiet as possible. We entered the kitchen and I immediately reached for the pots and metal spoons. Zach gave me a thumbs up as he grabbed a pot and a trashcan lid? Ok then...

He silently counted down.

"3," he held up three fingers.

"2," two fingers.

\*1,\* one finger.

We simultaneously clanked the metal together. I luckily blocked out the noise. Don't ask how I learned to do that. Let's just say that I had to learn how to block noise within this house.

Zach and I burst out laughing the moment we heard a loud thud from above us. The house is two floors, in case you didn't know.

We heard a shout. Footsteps ushered into the kitchen. Each one was in boxers. Blake was wearing superman boxers and was lazily leaning against the wall. He slipped off the wall and face planted the ground. I bit my lip to not laugh. He didn't notice though. He was snoring again in no time.

Trey was sprawled against the stairs in his pink hearted boxers. I couldn't stop laughing. On the band/strap it read, Love is the answer. Pfft, as if.

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