

Fated is overrated

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Chapter 0001

Lola POV

Today is a special day, it is the school day of my senior year. The year I turn 18 and also my last year I have lived before I am finally legally old enough to go live on my own elsewhere and start my own life. There is nothing, and I mean absolutely nothing, keeping me here in the Red Dagger pack. Nobody here even bothers to acknowledge my existence, as I am not originally from this pack. In fact, it is unknown where I originate from, I am worse than an orphan actually. My mother found me abandoned in the woods as a baby and adopted me with her husband, nobody knew where I came from or how I was abandoned like trash in the woods. The only thing I had on me was a tiny piece of torn paper, only with my front name and a date on it, which we assume is my birthday. And yes, as you can tell I do not call the man my father, as he has never acted like one towards me anyway.

Most people didn't bother to interact with me because of that, except for my childhood best friend Chris – Alpha Culio's son. We got along so well it was uncanny, the Alpha's son and the abandoned little orphan. But we didn't care, we got into a lot of mischief together as young kids. That is up until the point his mother, Luna Helen, left our pack. Alpha Culio and Chris hadn't been seen out in the open for a few weeks after that and everyone always wondered what had happened. But the story was never told to the public and nobody was allowed to talk about the matter. Chris' entire demeanor changed after his mother left, he became cold and distant and never hung out with me anymore. I tried on several occasions to talk to him about it but he wouldn't budge and I barely got to speak to him at all anymore. I almost felt like I was the plague he needed to avoid in order to survive. Although I was already used to feeling abandoned and disregarded and this had hardened me quite a lot already, this one really did sting.

But as my mother always used to say “things happen for a reason honey. Dust off and try again”. And so I did. Well, not the try again part in terms of friendships that is. I only had 1 other friend, Nadia, and I would like to keep it that way honestly. Her (twin) brother Jason was also a really nice guy and they are the only two people I actually hang out with, I guess you could consider him my second friend. My relationships with other wolves so far isn't the best, which is why I cannot wait to this year and get out of here. Where to I don't know yet, but I am planning out as I have been doing ever since my mother passed when I was 10. My mother was without a doubt the most kind hearted soul anyone could ever think of. She was the type of person who would receive a punch and tell the assailant sorry for hurting their knuckles, she was way too kind for this world. Seeing her kindness getting abused over and over made me all that much more hardened and in search of righteousness. I grew to be the complete opposite of my mother, bitter and unforgiving with a sharp tongue. If my tormentors didn't out strengthen or outnumber me, I would gladly hand them their asses.

My sharp tongue had already ended me in trouble quite a few times in school and in the pack actually, and I had to really put in a huge effort to learn to walk away more from situations. As a female you always draw the short stick in the werewolf world. Men are considered stronger, more valuable and strut around like women just have to sit there and be pretty. Plan some parties, make pups and raise them. And by all means, never ever talk back to a man. This is where I would go wrong in the past and why I will move to the human world after this year. Just one more year I have to hold on, bite my tongue, and then I will be free.

Heading in to the school hallway I feel light as a feather. I like school actually. Besides the bullying that is, but I have learned to ignore it. I am a straight A student and I want to maximize my chances in the human world after this year, so I make sure to put my best efforts in to school. All of a sudden I feel someone bump into me, looking up into the brown hazel eyes of the dark haired girl, I realize Nadia bumped me deliberately while simultaneously yelling “LOLA!” I laugh at my overly excited BFF before responding to her greetings. Nadia and I luckily have a few classes together each day, and in some of our classes Jason is also present.

While we are walking toward our class together we walk past Chris and his gang of “cool” friends, together with all the she wolves shamelessly showing themselves to him, how utterly pathetic and disgusting I think, while a “yugh!” escapes my lip. I know Chris is considered handsome by everyone in this entire pack, with his dark hair, sparkling blue eyes, strong jawline and his huge chiseled body is however personality way too off-putting to even remotely think of him as handsome. As far as I am concerned, he is as ugly as can be. He is known to use women only for his own pleasure and yet these women continue to throw themselves willingly at his feet to be used, it's disgusting and degrading. And for all of the women he deems to be too ugly to take advantage of (me included) he doesn't hesitate to let them know and “put them in their place” as he likes to call it. Us “ugly and fat” girls just call this downright bullying. But whatever, I will be gone after this school year.