

## Chapter 0004

### Lola POV

Upon reaching my house I crash through the door and barge in, not wanting to be outside any longer. Heading to look out the window I still can't spot why I v ; feeling this uncomfortable, but the feeling left me wondering what had just happened. In times like this it would have been really beneficial to have your wolf already as that would have heightened all my senses. After looking out the window for some time, I decide to give up and head for the shower. As every evening – well, every day actually – I have the house all to myself as David (“the man”) is never around. Which is me honestly. I honestly have no idea where David is all the time, nor do I care enough to find out. Our house is a small wooden cottage on the pack territory. Many of us live in such wooden cottages, as the packhouse is reserved only for the higher ranked wolves. The Alpha, Beta and Delta's and their partners and children live at the pack house. Most warriors and omega's (the latter being the lowest rank within any pack – which is David's rank and thus by definition my rank) live in the cottages outside of the packhouse. Some richer families have their own beautiful villas, as do Nadia and Jason's parents. Their mother is the sister of a wealthy Beta from another pack. Their parents are warriors, which means Nadia and Jason are as well. However, in our pack the females barely get any training compared to the males so Jason is definitely way more trained than Nadia. Although shech ; due to her parents, she wouldn't be joining in on any battles or anything.

Their home is crazy big compared to my cottage and although Nadia and Jason aren't exactly the most popular kids, their parents would urge them occasionally to throw a party whenever they would be on a weekend getaway together. They would hardly ever throw one, the only exception being their birthday which so happened to also be my birthday. Nobody would be there for me and honestly many wouldn't be there for Nadia or Jason either, just for the free party. But, it will be extra special this year, as we will all get our wolves at midnight! I am really excited to see both the wolves as well as have them see my wolf and go for a run together. I do have some mixed feelings about possibly finding out Jason is my fated mate, as it would definitely make it easier for us to keep in touch with Nadia but it would also make me sad as I love him as a friend and he deserves a mate who is as attracted to him as he is to her.

Back on topic to the packhouse though. Unlike our small wooden cottage (which have quite the charm I would say) the packhouse is enormous in size. It is counting 3 levels arranged top down, so the upper level is reserved only for the Alpha and his family. Although it has some wooden and natural elements embedded in its appearance and the in and outside look quite cozy, it is built with a massive concrete structure to remain safe in case of emergencies. In such cases all members of the pack could seek refuge there. I have only been in the pack house on a few celebratory occasions, when the entire pack was invited to the festivities. Everyone with a higher rank would wear the most dashing clothes and warriors would wear normal casual attire, while I and other omegas were dressed plain and simple as we are. Although many of the ranked wolves are generally nice to omega's, I could always feel the scrutinizing gazes landing on me as the pack's unwanted orphan, the outcast.

Some of them would just keep quiet, but most of them wouldn't miss a chance to shoot me some nasty remarks regarding my heritage or my looks. I would like to say I am tough enough to not let it get to me, but honestly it does hurt. This is the only place I ever got to call home, as my real family didn't even bother taking the time to raise me and just dumped me in the woods like the trash I am according to some, including Chris and his posse.

After having a nice hot shower to relax my tense muscles and ease my discomfort from earlier, I head over to my desk and get focused on some homework. My evenings generally consist of this routine – training, shower and then homework. And if there isn't any homework to do, I gladly take some time to dive into some special category books from the library regarding the origins of werewolf history and even about other species such as witches, vampires, the fae and dragons. I am not sure they are all real though, as nobody has ever witnessed seeing either of those, except for an occasional witch which then vanished from the earth right after again.

Somehow, I really find all this super interesting to read about. The more ancient the books the better. The book I am reading now is regarding Lycan wolves, which are a different type of werewolf species as opposed to “normal” werewolves. They are much stronger and some of them possess extraordinary powers. I have heard of Lycans. Although very few of them supposedly still exist, I have never heard of a Lycan with special powers. Even the Alpha King who is a Lycan does not possess special powers. Nor do they actually need to have those in my opinion – Lycans are Huge, extraordinarily fast and much stronger than normal werewolves. I have never seen the King in his wolf form but I have heard his wolf is massive and like no other.

### Comments (1)