

Chapter 1

Alina POV

The bell nally rings, English over. How the days drag on forever here, the boredom and the banality. School is tiresome, my pack is tiresome my whole life is tiresome. But on with the brave face. That special half smile half grimace mask that I wear. It used to be a full smile, I used to be able to pretend a lot better than I do now. I turned 17 2 weeks ago. I made my rst shift on that day, pretty much the rst minute that I felt my wolf awaken I was shifting and then I have shifted as much as possible since then, every spare second I get I am in wolf form. I love being in wolf form. There is something so freeing about shifting. Becoming your second half. It is the only thing I have truly enjoyed in a long time.

There is only one thing I don't like about it. One thing I know that comes with being 17. The change meant for me that I was stuck in this hierarchy that is being in a werewolf pack. I will inevitably nd my mate and we will live happily ever after bounding through a eld of daffodils. HA the whole idea made me sick to my stomach.

The whole idea that you nd the one person that you are meant to obey and love because what? the moon goddess told you too? I have such mixed emotions about it really on one hand it really feels like your forced into something. A sort of arranged marriage for lack of a better word. On the other hand it might be the only way that I can nally get away from my pack.

My dad is beta wolf of the pack. He serves the Alpha. Alpha Judas and my dad beta Kyle. They are the weakest excuse for leaders which puts us under constant threat of being attacked and then worse than them we have the future alpha Phoenix. Who seems more interested in shoving his d**k in anyone that will let him not that that is very hard to nd. That includes most girls in this school and in this pack and probably a lot of other packs too. Is he handsome? Yes incredibly. But he is pathetic? Absolutely, he won't make a better leader than his father. He is so wrapped up in his own little world, which is loving himself and f****g. He is arrogant, self centered, despicable man w***e with his head shoved so far up his own ass that all he must see all day long is intestines.

One positive about him is that he is stronger than his dad already. But he doesn't even care about taking over yet. Too much responsibility. He has little care about anything but his d**k. He doesn't train with the others. He doesn't try and make this a better pack, a stronger pack. The only time he associates with the pack is nd another slut to keep his d**k wet.

So if you haven't guessed yes I don't like him. Maybe don't like is too mellow of a statement, red hot burning hatred may be closer to the truth. Every time I see him I want to tackle him to the ground and smash his head into the concrete a few times, maybe kick him in the d**k a couple of times too, but how would the female population ever survive with that thing out of action.

To tell the truth Phoenix, his father and my father is the only reason I am looking forward to nding my mate. I can get the hell out of this pack and go somewhere else. With just the hope that it is better than here. I often think about just running away getting out of here. But turning rouge is nearly be as dangerous as being stuck in a ridiculously weak pack. Rouges often attack our pack. Taking women and r****g them they are changed so much when they return if they ever return that is.

I train hard. What else is there to do anyway. I can't complain about the pack being weak but still be weak myself. I have been top of my training for a long while now. Not that, that is much to celebrate. With weak tutor ledge and opponents being the best is sort of irrelevant isn't it? Being the best of mediocrity means that I am just slightly less useless than them. So I train by myself a lot. My hope is when I nd my new pack they will allow me to be a warrior. In this pack women aren't allowed to be warriors. It is ridiculous and outdated. I want to ght I want to defend my pack and I want to have a pack worth defending, a pack I feel part of, a pack I feel proud of.

I walk into the cafeteria and nd my friends. I wouldn't say that we are unpopular we just seem to be the group of Mists that met up because we don't particularly t all the clique clicks of high school. They are a good group, a weak minded group but they are good people. We still get invited to party's and things like that, so like I said we are not unpopular. All faces turn to me as I sit. Smiles across their faces. I guess it's the fact that I am from beta blood but I seem to be the unspoken leader of the group they all seem to just follow my lead.

I feel like a bit more free will in this world will go far. Thinking for yourself. Not just blindly following orders because a wolf is of a higher blood class than you. It is all just stupid. I am forced to bow to Alpha Judas even though I think I could probably bast him in a st ght. I smile at that thought. Jasmine says.

"Alina what are smiling about over there"

"Nothing just thinking about the party on the weekend"

I lie. I haven't actually told my friends about my hatred for this pack and my immense desire to run away. Some secrets can not be shared, packs are about loyalty, even when they are not worth being loyal to, it is still expected.

"Why? Who are you going to try and score?"

"Pfft when do I ever go to a party and try and score?"

"You may not try to but you always get lots that try on you"

I laugh

"Whatever"

There are still 3 days till the party and it doesn't even really interest me that much it was just all I could think of to say quickly. Dumb I know.

But they all start talking again and that leaves me alone again to get lost in thought.

Try and score seriously. Do I always have guys trying it on? Yes. Do I let them? Hell no. Am I a virgin? No. Am I slut? Hell no.

The school day nally ends and I get home. I live in the pack house. It is a massive 2 story stone building that has been around forever. I head straight up to my room and change and head down to the gym. It is empty. As per usual. I roll my eyes but I really like it this way anyway. Considering it's barely used it is very new and very well equipped. I strap my wrists and ankles and get stuck in to the bag. Punching and kicking the hell out of it.

A bit of violence always makes me feel better. Sometimes if I want to train extra hard, I pretend it is Phoenix's face.

I want to be strong, I want to be quick and I want to be skilled. If any rouges think are going to take me and r**e me they are going to have a ght on their hands.

I head to the door of the gym and strip off fold my clothes neatly at the door, I don't usually leave my clothes here, I usually leave them in the tree line but no one uses the gym anyway so I don't really see the harm. I open the door shifting quickly and taking off at a run. I have this trail that I have been using. I have been trying to teach myself how to jump up and launch off trees. It is fun trying but I haven't really been able to stick the landing yet.

I am not sure what benet it brings but I have to have some joy in life, don't I?