

The Triplet Warriors And Their Pup Mate Chapter 1

I had been running for so long my lungs felt like they were on fire. My throat burned and my legs stung with an intense aching. I had been running now for two and a half days, stopping only at a couple streams to drink water and look for berries.

I was on high alert, running from those who would be tracking me down. I did everything possible to run in weird patterns that made no sense, running in all directions. I had no clue where I was going, and I didn't care, as long as it was away from them.

I didn't want my scent to be in any one spot, I tried to spread it out. The Alpha had skilled trackers, and I was probably a fool to think I could trick them, but I had to try. It was getting really cold at night and I wasn't sure how much further I could go. I had no choice, there was no going back.

I was promised to the Alpha's son ... a blood pact I was forced to make at only eight years old. My supposed "mate," Tyson, was obsessed with me, he rarely let me out of his sight. I had plotted my escape for years, but I never believed I stood a chance.

I had a bag packed and ready to go, ready for me to run... but it sat waiting, waiting for the day I might catch a break.

This was my only chance, I had to try. I had to try and get as far away from the Blood Claw pack as I possibly could.

My name is Ellie, and that's all I have ever known. I was never told my last name, and I was never told my birthday. The last time I remembered celebrating my birthday, I was eight.

Young werewolves are called pups and they become full adult wolves when they shift for the first time on their 17th birthday.

Since I wasn't exactly sure how old I was, I had no clue when that might happen. I felt as if it would be any day now. I knew so little about myself really, since my parents were killed in an attack when I was just a few weeks past my 8th birthday. But it wasn't like I had a calendar, I had no real concept of days.

Once orphaned, I was taken in by Alpha Gunner from a neighboring pack, Blood Claw. The Alpha had a son, who was around a year younger than me. In exchange for taking me in, I was forced to agree to mate Tyson when he came of age.

I have always questioned how an eight year old could be forced to decide their fate in that way, but it was a blood oath I made nonetheless. If either of us had a mate, the oath would force us to reject them immediately.

There are two absolute sacred rules that werewolves abide by. A blood oath must be honored and if you are killed before it can be fulfilled, the immediate next of kin is required to honor if it is something they are capable of doing.

Secondly, you absolutely can NOT ever mark or mate a pup. A pup must be claimed by their wolf first, before they can be claimed by a mate.

The punishment for marking or mating with a pup is having your canines ripped out and your manhood removed. So needless to say, that was one rule that all werewolves abided by.

The only way to be released from a blood oath is to have the person who ordered it release you of it. So basically, I had to get Alpha Gunner to release me of this oath, or find a way to never shift ... and neither option seemed likely.

Alpha Gunner had made it clear that if I ever ran away, he would find me, track me to the ends of the earth, so that I would mate Tyson and be his Luna. I didn't want to be Luna, I didn't know how to help run a pack. I also refused to bear his children, that was only for my fated mate.

I believed, as most wolves did that only the Moon Goddess alone can choose our mate, and that bond was absolute and unbreakable. I knew if my mate was out there, he would save me, help me. I had to believe that, it was all I had to hold onto.

Unfortunately, being a pup still, I wouldn't know my mate if he was standing in front of me, and it was likely he might not know me either.

Alpha Gunner did everything possible to keep me from being educated, and ensured that I only learned how to cook, clean and properly be a mate. I was taught all of Tyson's favorite meals and how to prepare them exactly to his liking. Only I was permitted to do his laundry and clean his room. Any other

servants were not allowed to. Tyson wanted my scent to be all over everything he touched, often insisting that I wear his shirts underneath my own clothes before he wore them.

I hated to leave the two friends I had at the only pack I really knew, but since I didn't know when I would shift for the first time, I couldn't wait around.

I didn't have access to maps, but I did watch a lot of training. I learned a lot while I was trying to play dumb and act like I wasn't interested or didn't understand. Before my parents died, I was enrolled in the pack's school and I did very well. I loved reading and writing, and tried to do it as much as possible when I was alone. The Alpha did not allow me to do it though, and one time Tyson found a book in my room and burned it right on the spot.

I bided my time and waited for the right opportunity, and one summer day, it finally came. There was a great battle brewing and close to erupting.

Blood Claw was going to war with two neighboring packs over territory and hunting grounds. I had one chance, a small window where nobody would be paying attention to me, and I took it.

I packed enough food for two to three days, not being sure how soon I might be able to find somewhere safe. I could also supplement my food with anything I could find in the wild, to make it last. I learned from school how to spot poisonous foods.

I had just enough practical things to make it, but I had a lot of hope. Either I would wander off and starve to death, or stay in Blood Claw and be forced to mate someone I hated. I would take my chances on my own.

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