

# Her Unpleasant Return Chapter 1 - CHAPTER 1 -

## C1 CHAPTER 1

"Guess who?" a voice rang in my ear. And even though my eye's were closed, I knew it would be my long straight brown hair'd, blue eye'd, some-what close friend, Renee Malivert. "George clooney?" I asked opening one eye. "Ha-ha. But no. I have far less wrinkles. None actually." She chirped and pursed her lips. I fluttered my eye's open and rubbed them as I leaned up into a slouch. "My apologies. What are you doing in here anyways. You know if Kol catches you in here he'll be pissed." I shoed her off my bed, but she only stood at the end of it watching me with judgy eyes. "I don't care, I could take The Alpha. Show him a good One, two." She punched the air. I half smiled at her. "Yeah well, you can give him a good one, two... in the living room. Get out before he catches you. Go." I got up and shoved her out of the door. I pressed my forehead against the cool wood of the now closed door and sighed. "Happy 16th birthday Katerina." I told myself. And turned and looked at the clock, 7:33am. Three minutes past when I should have been up. I sigh and turn around to get ready for school.

I run my morning routine through my head as I go along. Shower, get dressed, run downstairs and make my way in and around the kitchen, serving the pack breakfast. Once they're all finished, I'll need to clean up after them too. All before the clock hits 8:30am.

In 20 minutes, I'm brushing the dull red hair and ready rush outta my bedroom. I'm a bit behind in time.

I run down the stairs in a black T-shirt and blue jeans. My navy blue pull-over sweater was hanging over my arm as I did, my shoes screeching against the newly polished floor of the pack house. I made sure to do that last night whilst they were asleep.

I reach the kitchen, shove my sweater into a far corner of the counter and began grabbing food out of the fridge.

In 15 minutes I am frying bacon, eggs, and cooking up some pancakes. Quickly, I grab some large serving plates from the cuboards, tossed them on the kitchen counter, and poured each pan into a separate serving bowl. There. I click the stove top burners off one by one. It was normal morning routine, I was used to it.

I grab some glasses from the cupboard, place them on the counter. I take out a few cartons of juice from the fridge, apple and orange and leave them on the counter too.

Lastly, I grabbed the utensils needed and stuck them by the plates.

I look over my work, I wasn't forgetting anything. Breakfast was ready for my pack.

And slowly the pack comes into the kitchen, filling their plates and glasses. Some head toward the dining room table, others sit at the isle in the middle of the kitchen.

I took my steps back, waiting for them to finish, picking at my nails with my hands at my sides. They never took long to eat.

When they all got up to leave, I quietly cleared the table, wiped it up the counter and started with the dishes.

It's 8:44am when I am finished. Shit. I grabbed my sweater from the corner, realizing my bag was still upstairs. I rush to my room in stealth mode to grab my backpack, hoping no-one would notice how late I was. But of course, I wasn't lucky. When I had closed my bedroom door - if you could call a single mattress and a broken dresser a bedroom - behind me, I smashed into the hard chest of a person.

That person being my brother, Ace. I kept my eye's cast down a I mumbled an apology. "Move. Pay attention next time will you?" He spat, mumbling a swear word under his breath. Bumping my shoulder as he walks down the hall to his room, grabbing his own bag I assume.

I ignore that slight pang of sadness as I walk down the stairs and out to the graveled street of the driveway. My eye's were damp, but I wouldn't cry. Stepping out of the pack house, I watch the expensive and gorgeous cars speed past me as I start walking down the street and to school.

I was so late. School starts at 9:00am and this walk takes up to 20 minutes. I let out an exaggerated breath. Sometimes I wonder if Alpha Kol purposely made the order that no-one was to drive me to school just so he knew I would be late and just so he could yell at me for it.

When I reached the mucky greenish metal front doors of the school, it was 9:13am. I swung the doors open rushing down the hall. As I slide my shoes across the floor, I miss the door by about half a meter. I speed walk quick and open the door, breathing heavy as I mutter "Sorry I'm late." to Mr. Hilton, my English teacher. He waves my presence away as I walk to the back of the class room. Melonie, who's name matched her huge arse melon's perfectly, stuck her foot out like she did every morning, and like every morning, I stepped over it and sat in my desk awaiting the painful lesson.

I didn't pay attention to the lesson much. I had this feeling that I couldn't ignore and decided just to stare out the window to distract myself, watching the squirrels run along the branches of the tree just outside. I found myself wishing I could shift, run around in the woods for awhile, listening to all the animals around me.

My thoughts were halted when I felt a piece of paper hit the corner of my cheek. I shut my eyes in frustration. Now what? I look around, looking for the gaze of someone

waiting for me to open it. No one was meeting my eyes though, which was weird. They always make it clear if they've thrown it.

Grabbing the paper, that strange feeling was there again. I open the crumbled paper slowly, confused by what I read. "It'll be okay, Kat," was written neatly in the middle. My breath grew shallow and I took a look around the classroom again before crumpling up the paper, rising from my seat and quickly go to toss it in the trash. I didn't like this gut feeling and I didn't need yet another problem in my life.

I went to take my seat again, taking a short look around, avoiding yet another leg sticking out to trip me as I walk to my desk. It seemed like the teachers in this school are blind or simply don't give a crap. The discipline in this school was close to none. No one ever gets suspended, even when they really mess up.

I sat down at my desk again, trying my best to now focus on the lesson now. I took a few notes in an attempt to forget the one I received.

The bell rang, halting my thoughts. I let out a sigh of relief. I slipped my backpack over my shoulder, and was last the leave the classroom. I was met in the hallways with screeching teenage girls, and annoyingly stupid blonde barbie whore's, who were all surrounding my pack members. The one's who just happen to be the Jocks who play Football. I slipped through the crowd like I normally would, finally reaching the end and making my way down the hall to my left and toward my next class.

Then there was this strange scent hitting me... it was strong and getting strong. I had never smelt something like this, not in my five year's of being a wolf.. which was the last time I shifted since I am no longer allowed to. My parent's died that year. Another wave of the scent hit me and I found myself smiling. This scent, meant mate. And I was desperate to meet him. I turned around quickly, looking for the one behind the intoxicating scent. A shiver ran down my spine. He must be getting closer.

And when I turned around once more, there he was. Tall, handsome. A mix of light and dark blue eyes. My lips parted and I let out a breath. I wanted him. Adrenaline started to run through along with a painful pull I felt toward him. Please no.

My hands were freezing all of a sudden, it stung enough that I wanted to scream but I didn't look down. All I could do was stare at him. I was numb as he approached me, I had no words. This can't be happening.

He stood in front of me, backing me against a locker, one of his hands stretched out beside my face. I wanted to tough him, I wanted him to touch me. I let out another breath. No, don't say it. And I hold myself together, not giving anything away. "Listen carefully, Katerina." He begins, his voice so alluring. "You're not good enough to be a luna. Hell, I don't understand how you can call yourself a werewolf. You have to know by now that you're nothing but a small piece in this pack.

And I can't even began to understand why I was paired with you as a mate." He slams his fist on the locker, right by my ear. And then, in a deeply chilling voice he states, "I formally reject you, Katerina Bathas, as my mate." And I watch as Kol Night, my alpha, turns his back on me like I don't even exist.

I have a gut feeling I'm being watched and I find myself looking around frantically, my heart racing only to find no one, thankfully. And before I can stop myself, I take a deep breath and scream, desperately trying to find any form of release from this pain.