

Chapter 1 Chapter 1

I push past my mother as I make my way to the kitchen. She is the last person I want to speak to.

"Riven, honey, I know it's not something you're into but it must be done. It's tradition!"

My family has been trying to reason with me for the past hour or so that this will be "good for me and my wolf" and the gathering isn't "that bad". In the end, it is always about tradition with them. But they don't care about what I want or desire, hell they never bother to ask me based on formality, sometimes I doubt that are they even my family, especially my mother.

In all honesty, my mother is a good person. As the cliché goes she is beautiful inside and out. I am almost a spitting image of my mother. We share the same hair colour, freckles and facial features but we do not share the same skin colour hers is pale while mine is caramel which is the most obvious difference. I don't know from where I got that feature from maybe from my aunt but no one likes to talk about her but I have seen her in an old family photo, she was my mother's twin sister, which is rare among the werewolf community, but my mom never talks about her nor my grandparents as if she never existed, I don't even know her name. So I never questioned further.

"Riven honey please....."

I came back to reality because of her voice, the voice that I am desperately trying to avoid. No matter how much I love this woman I can't back down on her. I turn around and pierce through her dull brown eyes with my blue ones.

"Seriously Karen save your shit speech for someone who cares." I wanted to say this but I couldn't because she is a freaking Luna of the pack. I can't disrespect her. As I am about to tell her off my father walks dressed in a suit. As he comes in I knew instantly that shit is about to go down, his brown eyes show confusion. "How could you dad? I am your only daughter. How is this fair? Ronan doesn't have to go through this bullshit."

"Riven Adams! Enough! First of all, watch your language, We have

discussed this at length and the conversation is done. I have had enough of your disrespect in my home." My Dad's short-fuse is something I've been living with for the past 19 years and his yelling does nothing anymore.

I scoff and roll my eyes at him and begin to open my mouth to defend myself but the look in his eyes tells me he is only one word away from using his Alpha command on me. I huff in annoyance and storm out of the house into the forest and shifted to blow off some steam. My wolf's name is Rhea. She is my only best friend. She is a very rare wolf, our fur is navy blue which is not normal because my father's wolf is dark black and my mothers are golden brown but my fur colour is rare, I have never seen a wolf with such fur colour. She is also not a normal size wolf, our wolf size can easily challenge any male Alpha's wolf size. Rhea is even bigger than my father's wolf. That's why I never shift in front of anyone, no one has ever seen my wolf and I think it's better that way. My family already treat me like shit and I cannot tolerate it anymore.

I and Rhea loves running it feels amazing to feel the wind against my fur as we run. We love feeling the forest floor beneath our paws. we continue running until we feel like we've put enough distance in between my parents and me. I can't believe they would put me through this. I am an Alpha's daughter for goddess's sake! There should be a way out of this.

I hate being hunted, I do get the fact that we are animals but a part of us is also human and they want to treat us like a wild dog. The gathering is an annual festival for unmated wolves. Every year a different pack holds it and this year it's our turn. This means that every unmated male and female wolf from around the world would come and join the so-called "FUN."

The gathering lasts about 3 days. The first day is to get situated. The males and females are separated from each other and placed in cabins according to their ranks. The idea of separating each other makes it more thrilling.

Day 2 is the day that I dread the most. The hunt. It is exactly as horrible as it sounds. The females are removed from their cabins early in the morning and placed in an undisclosed location. The males have the opportunity to sniff around the cabins to see if their mate is present. If they are not, they are sent home. He will have to come next year or give up to be mateless, or sometimes take a chosen mate. The bond is not that strong as the true mate but it's still there.

Once everything is situated the females are then moved to forests where

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🎁 +120 Points at most

the actual hunt will take place, there's a time limit of 2 hours to track down and secure your mate or wait until next year. I shudder at the thought of being hunted. In some cases, males mark their mates on the spot with or without their consent. This thought makes me cry. The same night a bonfire is arranged for newly mated males. The third day is only for high ranking wolves. A ceremony is held so everyone knows who the new leaders are going to be. After the ceremony, a dinner is held with the pack elders for their blessing and to give leaders time to make treaties and allies with other packs. After that, we are allowed to go home with our mates.

[A/N: New story alert!!!!]

Whispers of the forbidden forest will out soon. Check out my Instagram page and be the first to catch the new poster. First chapter will be out on 1 June. I hope just like this book, you all will give the same love to my new book.]



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Chapter 2 Chapter 2

I continue thinking of a way to get out of this awful situation, why can't everyone understand that not everyone wants a mate, ok not literally I do want a mate but definitely not like this, maybe in a different and better situation like accidentally in a coffee shop, or a mall or movie theatre or even a party but not like this. Not on a hunt where you are treated like a piece of meat, where they mark you with or without your consent, sometimes I wanna cry at that thought. What if my mate is an alcoholic bastard, or abusive, I shudder at that thought. I would do anything just to avoid the hunt. I have heard in other regions of America they hold an annual ball dance party every year so that people or in our case other werewolves can find their mates, this idea is so enticing and definitely better than ours why can't our packs think like them, why are we treated like this.

Suddenly I hear a twig snap behind me but I didn't react on impulse because instantly I recognize his scent moving towards me, I don't move as my brother sits next to me, and jab his elbow in my ribs with little pressure to make his annoying presence known to me.

"Hey Rinnie what's eating you?"

He has been calling me Rinnie since we were little. When we were learning to talk he couldn't pronounce my name so he used to call me Riv or Rin. When we got older he decided to call me Rinnie would be a great addition to the line of his awful nicknames that he has given me. After my wolf, my brother is the one who has always supported me I can't say he completely understands me but he is everything a brother should be or maybe sometimes more than that. I and my brother are poles apart, I have short temper but he has none. He is more of a laid back type, with a cool attitude towards everything. He is good at masking his emotions but I am certainly not I am extremely stubborn and hot-headed.

I shrugged at his question and don't look as I speak, "I just don't get it why can't we wait for our mates in the cabins? Or even I don't know, our packs. Why does it have to be like this primitive hunt? It's.....It's stupid. I state whining because I can only behave like this in front of my brother and not my pack members at least because of me being Alpha's daughter."

"Rinnie it's tradition. We have been doing this for centuries and it's a way for the packs to come together."

"I don't care! If the moon goddess really wanted mates to be together, don't you think we wouldn't need everyone to come to one spot? Don't you think we should just let it happen by fate? And also because this is something happening from ancient times doesn't mean this is the right way, the time has changed, people and their behaviours change, their beliefs change, their methods can change too if they want to."

"We can't always depend on our fate, sometimes I think it's better to take matters into your own hands. Besides we men do like a good hunt even if it's the hunt for our mates." He says with a playful wink.

I huff at his childish remark.

"Why no one asks women about what they want? You men like to hunt your mates but do you all really care whether she wants to be a part of it. You already know how dangerous it is. Last year two females were raped during the gathering by their own mates but everyone just shrugged it off like it was nothing even the elders didn't say anything what are you gonna do if my mate is like that, absolutely nothing. Even if you want to, dad or the elders won't let you so please..... they all will turn with a blind eye."

I don't wait for his reply as I stood up and walked back home. This is frustrating. I feel him reach for me to say something to make me understand but I continued moving what's the point when I don't have the right to choose. He would say the same thing he always does about how the moon goddess left it to fate before and mates weren't able to find each other. As a result, the offspring of the random werewolf couple "not meant to be" pairings were weaker and more likely to become a rogue.

I know he cares for me and my parents do too, but I can't just sit by and let my whole life be decided sorry the correct word would be 'dictated' based on some ridiculous hunt. As I make my way home I know what's waiting for me, the same words again, the same lecture and the same drama, but I let my mind wander on if I'll even find my mate this year. Even if he does come to the gathering I will do everything in my power to make sure he doesn't find me. Over the years I have learned how to mask my scent or confuse someone by leading them in the wrong direction, I am gonna give him a strong fight that's for sure.

You just wait "My so-called future mate" I will not submit to you that easily.

