

Submitting to My Mate

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 bullshi-"

"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 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.