

Unwished Bonding Chapter 1 -

Chapter 1

Zoe's Pov | groaned as I woke up, the sun streaming through the crack in my curtains pulling me from my slumber. Sitting up I rubbed the sleep from my eyes, tucking my dark matted hair behind my ear as I scanned my small apartment. I didn't have a lot of money and I lived alone, but since I travelled a lot I didn't need a big place, especially when it would be only me living there. Looking around I took note of my bedroom, my black sheets thin due to my hotter than normal body heat as they covered the double bed which was pressed against the wall. I didn't have any photos about, my shelves filled with either books or papers which were littered around the rooms in my place. Getting up I stretched, a yelp falling from my slightly uneven lips as felt my shoulder pop deliciously. I know you're wondering who I am, let me explain. My name is Zoe Greenwoods and I am 17 years old and I have lived alone since I got kicked out at the age of 12. I know what you're thinking, what kind of parents would kick out and make their child homeless at the small age of 12. Mine did but I will explain why later. As for what I look like I am actually taller than most females my age, my tall form making it able for me to tower over most who got on my wrong side which I admit isn't hard to do. I have long brunette locks, the colours in my thick curls ranging from pitch black to both light and dark browns with streaks of a bloody red which were entwined in the other coloured strands of my hair. My long hair fell to my mid back, it tumbling down in natural curls when I ran a brush through it. My body was toned perfectly, with the amount of running I did it meant that I was in good shape and excellent fitness. My chest size was also about a C-cup which I was proud of, and while I wasn't interested in having any relationships I was happy and confident in my body enough to do so when I was ready. Back to why I got kicked out when I was younger, I know you are more than dying to find out. It's a shame it's not a happier story, but what to you expect when it's about a unwanted child in the family. You see I'm a werewolf, well i prefer shifter but whatever floats your boat. You see I am actually the daughter of an alpha, a very well-known one of our kind unfortunately. I also have an older sister and a younger brother, ones I haven't seen in years.

You see an alpha should be a male, one that will be able to take charge and lead the pack with their mate at their side. Sexist I know, but it has always been tradition. So you see when my father got my mother pregnant with my sister Stacy they couldn't help but be disappointed, but due to her being their first they adored and spoiled her rotten. In my view though and I'm sure many others she was a complete bitch, believing herself to be better than everyone else as she held her nose up over just about everyone. Then my mother got pregnant with me, the family disappointment they used to call me when I still lived with them at the pack house. They hated me from the minute I was born, the fact I was just another female to them meaning they never actually saw me as their daughter, more of a mistake. Because of this I was treated like a slave, by the time I was able to walk I was bruised and beaten to do as I was told. It got worse as I got older, the labour I was given wearing me out enough that I had no friends and barely any positive interaction with others. My sister was the worst, she hated me with everything she had since she was there princess and I was merely an annoyance which took some of the light off her parents. It was when my brother was born, Matt that things

got worse for me but better for the family. I loved my brother and we got on brilliantly, he was the only one I considered family and to this day we still keep in touch by text and phone. I never told him where I was, or where I was going but we were happy. You see when my parents gave birth to him, the boy that would lead the pack and such they finally thought they had the perfectly family. A male to take everything over and a female daughter who could shift, so since I was the defect in the family I was literally one day kicked out when the neighbours weren't looking. When I said that they were happy that Stacy could shift I meant just that, a female shifter was extremely rare in the supernatural world and still considered is. Getting the phasing gene has nothing to do with blood, genes and who your parents are as long as at least one of them is a werewolf. Female shifters were more destined then born, it was pure luck on the girls side if she grew up only to find that she had the gene to shift. No-body knew though that at the young age of 5 | shifted for the first time and not like most did at 16, I was sitting in the woods like I normally did when it happened. I didn't tell them, I didn't want to since I had resented them from as far back as I could remember. Not even my brother knew, but while we were in contact which our parents didn't know about according to him, we didn't actually know that much about each other and our lives. It was a more call or text to make sure your safe and alive sort of thing. So when I got kicked out I didn't scream and I didn't cry, I left to live out my life as a nomad. My brother stated that my parents had told everyone that I had run away, that they had tried looking for me only to come up short. Bunch of bloody liars, how dare they! As well as being a very rare female wolf though I was also a pure white one, the only bits of colour on my thick coat were the black tips of my ears, the bottom end of my right paw and the end tip of my tail. I didn't know if I was the only white wolf, only that they were considered even less common than the normal black or brown wolves. Getting up I quickly took a shower and ran a brush through my hair, leaving it to air dry as I walked to my draws and pulled out a pair of light blue panties and a bra to hold up my chest. Wondering what to wear for my first day of school I decided on a simple outfit, not wanting to stand out since it's not like! wanted to go anyway. It wasn't just humans who had laws, we wolves did as well. I had heard around that from the other few rouges that I had come across that it was now compulsory to attend the nearest wolf school. I hated it! You see even though barely any females could shift they still had some werewolf DNA, having slightly better senses than a human like speed and such as well as being stronger in addition to being able to heal slightly quicker as well. Not as much as a shifter, but enough that they could produce a male or female shifter with a male mate. Sighing I felt my brows crease, picking out a royal blue off the shoulder top and a simple pair of black skinny jeans. Adding a pair of converse I didn't both with any make-up except a little mascara to bring out my emerald eyes and a slash of lip-gloss. Glancing at the clock my eyes widened when I saw I was late, grabbing my bag of books which I had packed last night I slipped an apple in my bag alone with my phone before locking up, running to the bus stop as I did so. Thad to wait quarter of an hour before it showed, the smell of other rouges immediately filling my senses as I paid for my ticket and got on the bus. I scanned the faces quickly, seeing more werewolves than I expected all of them male of course. Another thing which was hardly heard of, a female shifter being a nomad. It was incredibly lucky for a male wolf to get a shifter for a mate, it would produce a stronger pup after all and with both my parents being wolves and with the alpha blood in my

system it made senses I had better senses, my wolf being bigger as well as the fact I was a lot more powerful than most rouges I had come across. I had made it a mission to stay away from packs and I had succeeded, until this new law came out I thought bitterly. Ignoring the shocked and stunned looks of the other male shifters I took a seat near the front, slipping in my headphones as I distracted myself with my music. As I closed my eyes, letting the music run through me I thought about how bad this was going to be. It wasn't a secret that packs hated rouges unless they turned out to be the mate of one of their females, other than that though they were treated as if a constant threat. I couldn't blame them, I could be completely and utterly vicious in my wolf form, the amount of savage rouges I have come across and had to take down meaning I was a predictor in every way. I could take down multiple opponents with ease, and if we didn't heal so quickly with the amount of fighting I had done I would have looked like an extra from a horror firm. I sighed again, finding I have been doing that a lot lately as I could feel and hear the gossiping at the back. They knew I had shifter blood in me, but not that I was a werewolf. You see I had also learnt how to mask my scent, blunting it so I could appear to just be a normal female from a shifter family. It would make things easier; I didn't want the fuss or whispers that would come with everyone knowing I could shift. Not realising I could hear all of their conversation since my hearing was as good as theirs they continued to talk about me, not that I cared since it really didn't bother me as much as it would bother someone else. I generally and honestly didn't care what they said, knowing I could take them all down swiftly even if I got a few bites and tears by doing so. I had faced worse than the five of them, a lot worse since they was nothing more dangerous than a group of vicious nomads who wanted nothing but blood. Feeling the bus pull to a stop I opened my eyes and peered outside, seeing the other rouges coming off the buses as the pack who owned the land sneered in their direction. I kept my face blank, noting how all the rouges getting off were all male which really wasn't a surprise. It was when I saw a young male rouge get off and immediately lock gazes with a small brunette that I couldn't help but let my expression soften as watched them. Their faces both getting a look of pure adoration as they gazed at each other, the male who would no-longer be considered a rouge running towards the female who jumped into his arms. It was the perfect fairy tale, the pack whooping as congratulations went around.