

# 1. Getting away

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For an infinite amount of time, it felt like all I could do was run. One foot in front of the other and just keep pushing. I knew eventually my body would give out, but the second I stopped I knew I would be in trouble. Not the kind of trouble that would be manageable, but the kind of trouble that would get me killed.

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And at this point in my life I didn't know if that excited me or terrified me.

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The pain along my leg had gone numb a long time ago but I was just now starting to feel the blood loss and fatigue hit me. I sat down next to a tree to take a break and just thought about my life.

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There is no specific age when the violence and the terrors of the world begin. It can take over your life at any moment. I am a perfect example of this.

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I was eight when I was taken. There was an attack in the middle of the night and nobody saw it coming. We were at peace with all of our allies.

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In the werewolf community, it is always important to have allies. A pack can be very large, but they can't defend themselves from everything.

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Since I was so young, I had never shined before. Meaning I could not defend myself against any of the shined wolves around me. My captors had kept injecting me with wolf's bane so that I had not shined before today.

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Ten years later I had managed to get away.

Ever since they took me they tortured me and kept me as their plaything for years now. I was supposed to cook for them and entertain them whenever they wanted.

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But most of them were dead now, all except for their leader.

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Realizing I can in no way go any farther and I am not healing quick enough I accept my death. It is almost peaceful to think that after my life of torture I can finally die peacefully. I lay down still in wolf form and curl up into a ball waiting to die or heal.

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About a half an hour later I hear something walking in the woods. I stand up on all four legs and look around me. Suddenly a huge brown wolf with a blond tipped tail is staring back at me looking fully prepared to kill me.

The wolf starts growling and out of instinct I crouch into a defensive position. He walks back and forth and after finally deciding I am not going to attack him, he shifts back into his human form.

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"Shift" the guy says. I just lay down fully on my stomach. His strong voice scares me a bit and I want to shift back but that is difficult because I don't really know how.

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When I shifted into a wolf it was not on purpose and I don't really know how it happened.

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"SHIFT!" He says louder. I whine out loud and put my head down. When he sees this he squints and squats down.

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"I have you ever shifted before?" I shake my huge head no and he sighs.

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"Just think about yourself in human form and picture yourself like that."

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I do what he says picturing my long brown hair down to my waist, my petite 5 foot tall figure with my bright green eyes. Seconds later I feel my bones morphing for the second time that day. After I shifted I lay on the ground naked in a ball. Now back in my human form I can see I have a huge gash from my upper thigh on my left leg all the way down to my ankle.

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A few seconds later I hear the big guy in front of me start to talk.

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\*\*A/N\*\*

This is my first werewolf book just give it a chance please!

Vote and comments are always appreciated!

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