

Her Unpleasant Return Chapter 3 - CHAPTER 3 -

C3 CHAPTER 3

Katerina's (P.O.V)

In 4 day's time, I heard the first crack of a twig that wasn't done by me. I was far, far away from Ever Falls. I had shifted three times, back and fourth to human and wolf as I travelled in and out of towns. I was now in wolf form again, walking through the woods looking for something, anything to drink. I was dying from dehydration and I swear my tongue hung out of my mouth like a sloppy dog. Pun intended.

The crack had me whipping my head around, a growl erupting from deep inside my throat. I barked, as if to ask who's there. I wish I hadn't, because no sooner than I did, I was faced with three wolves. All in the formation of a triangle, coming at me. A black one, large than the other two, at the front of the triangle, a grey one, at the right of the triangle, and a white one, to the left of the triangle. I watched there lips pull back from there teeth in a snarl as the patted over to me. I cowered away in fear, my nose touching my front paw's, my butt and hind leg's still in the air to show I surrender. I cast my wolfy eye's down at the muddy grounds of the woods, and waited to be killed.

Bone popping. No, bone cracking. They were shifting. I still kept my eye's down. There was a zipper and some rustling. "Shift." A voice of authority rang and I felt my body quiver in fear. Insinctively I shifted, curling into a ball on my knee's to hide my body. "Our eye's are closed, you may get dressed." He told me, the same voice who told me to shift.

Quickly, I slipped on some random clothes from the bag and got back down on my knees. "I'm done." I said slowly. "You can stand up you know. We won't bite." Another voice had said. I got up, finally meeting there eye's. They gasped. "Who are you, rogue?" The Authority was ringing in my ears again, I figured he would be the Alpha of the pack. "I'm Katerina." I muttered to them. They were all very good looking. Tight shirts and shorts. A duffel bag on the ground to their left.

I cocked my head to the side. "Katerina what?" The one who told me to stand up asked. "Bathas. Katerina Bathas." I said quickly. They looked at eachother, sharing looks I didn't know how to identify before looking back at me.

"I'm Elijah. This is Cliff, and Joel." Cliff was the grey wolf, Joel was the white, Elijah was the Alpha, the black wolf. I nodded not understanding why they took the time to introduce themselves. "You came across our territory. Why?" Cliff asked me. "I didn't realize there was another pack close by here. I ran from home, I'm only on the run. I swear." I defended myself. "Were not going to hurt you, stop cowering away from us. And there is another pack close by here, The Untamed pack. My pack." Elijah said and I gasped before I knew it happened. "I didn't.. I didn't know. I'm sorry." I told him, looking him in the eyes.

He rolled his. "I don't care that you crossed it. Clearly you mean us no harm if you're just about ready to run and hide. I was just wondering why you had crossed us, and now that I know, I'd like to ask you what's up with your bruises." He said clearly, his eye's traveling over me. I cleared my throat. "Fell." I said flatly. Once again, they all looked at each other with a look I couldn't identify.

"First, never lie to an Alpha. Especially one who is soon to be your's if you accept. Two, I can easily tell that those bruises are all from different time periods, so unless you have two left feet, or three extra toes, I suggest you re-think that answer of yours." Elijah told me smoothly. My eye's grew wide. "Me? And invitation to your pack? The strongest pack in the entire pack history?" I asked in a small voice. "Yes." All three of them said flatly at the same time.

I blew up. "Are you nuts?! Why would you even think about excepting me into your pack. I'm weak, hell you all must be on drugs. You must be out of your minds or extremely desperate. I can't fight, I'm meant to be faught, and I'm always meant to loose. Oh my this is crazy talk. Holy crap." I rambled on and on, pacing back on forth. When I looked back at the three of them, they all looked extremely amused. I stopped.

"What's so funny?" I asked in bewilderment a bit of anger in my tone. "You are. Of course we know what were getting ourselves into. You can be trained. Someone as slim as you can build muscle easily and can be taught to fight and defend like a wolf should." Cliff said smirking at me. I let out a snort. Now I'm sure they're on drugs. "There is no way in hell anyone would classify me as slim." I said matter of factly.

They shared another look, this time I knew what it was. It was confusion. "Uh, okay then." Joel said. I took a deep breath. "And to answer your question, I was abused." I told them. I watching their facial expressions shift into one's of rage. "Your pack did this?" Elijah asks. I flinch at his tone though I knew he was angry at me.

"Yes." I answer quietly. I can see they were talking in their heads again, they were calming themselves down. I cleared my throat. "We'll address this again later." Elijah states. "Will you be accepting our invitation little wolf?" Joel asks me. I met eyes with the Alpha, he nods and gives me a small smile. "S-sure." I stutter. And they ushered for me to grab my bag and follow them.

"Let's go again." I shout to Cliff as I stand up from the grass. "C'mon. Take a break for the day, you've been working non-stop for the past 6 weeks Kat." He told me enveloping me in a hug. "Yes, but that's what training is. Non-stop working out and training. " I told him pushing at his shoulder. Suddenly I was flat on my arse on the grass again. I groaned. "I wasn't ready." I told him. "Werewolve's are meant to be ready. At any given time. Learn to use all your senses, it makes a huge impact. Mainly hearing." He tells me.

I push my red, fiery hair out of my face and stood up. I smile to myself as I let it slip through my fingers. I remembered discovering it, how shocked and happy I had been.

The same night that I was found, I was washing up before bed. I noticed something bright in the mirror. And when I met the gaze, I realized how much I had changed. My hair was a bright, fiery red. My eyes were no longer a dull green, instead they were a strong emerald green with little grey specks. My lips were fuller, my cheeks and jaw perfect shaped.

My body had changed completely. I was now slim, my hips now tucked in the just right places. My chest went up for sure. I was now at a C38-D instead of a B36. Even my butt was bigger. I looked beautiful. And I didn't understand.

When I had asked Elijah about what was going on, explaining how I used to look, he gave me the answers I needed. He told me that it was a mix of things. Once I found my mate, my wolf and I grow stronger in a way we know could make us feel stronger...

All I had wanted was to be small and attractive and so my body began to change physically. My wolf growing strong too.

That and the fact that I hadn't eaten in the days before they found me. That had caused me to lose even more weight. The boys still get mad if I don't eat enough.

It didn't matter how I got to this point, it just mattered how much happier I was feeling like this and looking like this.

I snap myself out of it, pushing my memory aside. "Cmon. Let's keep going." I look up at Cliff. He groaned in an attempt to distract me. And I was right, soon he was starting up another attack, trying to grab me over his shoulder. Instinctively I ducked, rising to my feet as I turn around and pushed at his back. He flew forward, but I was already in front of him again, grabbing him by the throat and slamming him onto the grass my arms shaking. I let go immediately and smiled in triumph. "Nice job!" He grinned and started charging at me again.

This time, I used one hand to grab his forearm and tug him to the ground like a sack of flour and kneel onto his back. He kinda looks back grinning at me. "You're getting good. I'm proud of you." He tells me and pulls me in for a hug. "Thanks." I smiled into his chest.

We ran plays and scenarios for another hour despite Cliff being dead tired. Dinner was almost ready by the time we were finished. Stepping into the pack house smelt amazing and my stomach grumbles in response. After finding a seat at the table, the rest of the pack sitting around me, I felt relaxed. I was exhausted. Plates of food were placed in front of us by the amazing kitchen staff that works here. And the whole time we ate dinner, I couldn't stop smiling.