

Chapter 0107

“Okay, my little love doves, we have to go and join the rest of the crowd and cheer on our favorite girl.” Sam comes bounding up to Oliver and I.

I jump down from Oliver’s back and wrap my arms around Sam’s waist and he kisses the top of my head, Mateo steps up and I do the same thing. I turn to Oliver and wrap my arms around his neck, he squeezes me tight for just a second before letting me go. Sierra wraps her arms round my neck and pulls me close.

“I want to know what that is all about, but later. Now focus and kick everyone’s ass like always.” She pulls back and we both laugh.

I step up to the twins and they do their usual sandwich, Cam in front and Kota behind. They both have their hands in their pockets again, like they are actively trying not to touch me. Cam leans down to my ear. “Do yourself proud, Tiny, we will be cheering you on.” He brushes his cheek next to mine, his nose running along my ear. Then he pulls back and I turn to Kota.

“Kick some ass Smalls. I can’t wait to watch you put

someone else through the wringer.” I can feel him smile as he rubs his cheek on mine the same as Cam. It’s like they are both trying to leave their scent on me before I go.

They leave me at the gate of the arena where the Royal guards are waiting for the crowd of candidates to begin lining up. I am getting my head in the game and focused on unknown physical and mental tests they will put us through. When the only thing that could possibly break my concentration did.

“HEY BOYS!! I’m so glad you waited for me, thank you so much, it’s so sweet of you.” The grating high pitched, nails on a chalkboard sound breaks every ounce of calm demeanor the guys left me with.

“Kaley, not now. Run along and find your little minions. We have no plans to put up with you or your antics today, it’s too important. You have not been invited to the Alpha’s box and we wouldn’t have room for you if you were.” Sierra states matter of factly. I chanced a look over my shoulder to see they really didn’t go far from me and Sierra made her claims loud enough for all the patrol guards to hear, she knew exactly what she was doing, putting them on alert. My best friend is her own force to be reckoned with.

“How dare you speak to your future Luna like that, you lowly little b*tch. Cam, Kota, tell her I am sitting with you, as your future mate we should be seen at functions like these as a united front.” She flips her hair over her shoulder dramatically.

“Just so we are clear,” Sierra’s voice get dangerously low, but still loud enough to be heard by the growing crowd, “I outrank you on so many levels and you only want to be seen, you could care less who you are with so long as you feel special in the Alpha’s box. You bring no value to any of us, go away before I have the guards remove you.” She spares me a quick look and wink over Kaley’s shoulder and I just smile back. She’s not going to let that waste of space anywhere near my guys. It instantly puts me at ease. ①

Huh. I wonder when I actively started to think of them as ‘my guys’? But they are, aren't they? The twins said as much last night, Oliver said so on the way here. Ugh! Boys are so complicated.

But before I can get lost in my thoughts. Delta Kyle comes out of the gates that have been strategically covered so you can’t see into the arena.

“I’m impressed. I didn’t think you would be able to hold off. I was ready to fight with you at 5am.” He

laughs at me.

I roll my eyes. “Ha ha, very funny. I wasn’t given a choice really. I was threatened by the guys and they made sure the Alpha King’s patrol knew I wasn’t supposed to leave early, so here I am, almost not early.”

“Well, let’s get your name on the register and wait for the rest of the slackers to show up.” He hands me a clipboard that asks for basic information, like my name, contact info and pack affiliation.

At 10 all the competitors start to show up. I have no idea what the actual number is, but there are about a hundred people here of all ages. Once everyone is signed in, they divide us into groups. The high schoolers who are just here for exhibition purposes, those 20-30 and then anyone over 30. Since we age more slowly than humans do, our fighters continue until well into their seventies without issue. They don’t divide male and female though, which I appreciate. There are a fair amount of females here, but we are far outnumbered by the men.

Chapter 0108

“Now that you are all in your groups” Warrior Nickloas calls out, “We will send you to your designated area. Once there we will pair you at random to spare one on one, two on one and wolf to human. Listen for instructions, the pace will go quickly. You will be ranked on many different aspects, but most of all your ability to not get submitted by your opponent. From there we will combine the groups, put you in order of rank and spar again, once that round is complete we will make our first round of cuts, then the gauntlet. Alright, let’s go.”

A hand shoots up from the crowd over in the 20-30 year old group. “When will we break for meals during all of this?” A high male voice asks and I have to fight an eye roll.

“You won’t, this is not a leisure training, you are about to fight for your life. If you are not prepared to do that, the gate to the spectators is that way.” Warrior Nickolas turns and walks away without another word or to see if Wimpy sticks around or not.

A low murmur comes over all the contestants. I figured as much, you don’t get breaks and days off as


an Elite Warrior. This is what he meant by packs sending whoever and them not even being ready to train.

We all file to our respective designated areas. The crowd is loud and someone has clearly fired them up. I chanced a look at the Alpha's box which has low walls blocking them from the rest of the crowd. The Alpha, Luna, Alpha King and Luna Queen are sitting in the top row, with two soldiers sitting behind the Alpha King. The rest of our pack's ranked members are sitting in the row in front of them along with, I assume, more warriors or ranked members of the Alpha King. In the very front row is my crew all clapping and cheering me on, and in Sam's case obnoxiously loudly. I also notice Kaley found a way to sit right in front of where the twins are to make it appear that she is close to them, the only thing separating them is the three foot wall behind her. I just roll my eyes and tune everything out.

Each group has two Elite Warriors giving out instructions and pairing us off. My first opponent is a guy I have never seen before, but about Oliver's size. He smiles and says 'hi' and tries to tell me his name. I just nod in response and move to my side of our fighting circle. I'm not here to make friends, just to see what I am actually capable of.

A horn blows from somewhere and everything becomes a blur. Arms are flying, legs kicking, bodies being thrown in every direction. No one is screaming or shouting in pain, no true warrior would do that, but there are lots of grunts and groans and muffled sounds of discomfort. I have no idea how long I fight with my first opponent, who is big and very strong, but not fast enough to get any real hits on me, when the two warriors walk up, tap us on the shoulder and point us each in another direction. I have a new target and don't hesitate. This goes on for so long, fight, tap, change opponent, I have lost track of how many opponents I have had, but I do notice the field is becoming more and more open, like we are gaining space. I shove that thought to the back of my mind for now and will ask the guys later.

When I feel like I am going to pass out from exhaustion, dehydration, hunger or maybe all three at the same time, someone runs by me and tosses a bag and then disappears in the crowd before I even catch it. The two people I was fighting have disappeared too. I look around to make sure another person hasn't been sent to attack me before I look down at the bag. It contains a bright yellow shirt, food rations, a bottle of water and a first aid kit. Most of it makes sense, the shirt I'm not sure about though.

 +15 BONUS

“Find your respective colors’ corner and follow the instructions while you refuel.” Warrior Nickolas’ voice booms over a bull horn.

 Comments

 Vote (41.3k)

