

Chapter 0007

Not so much as a spark, no matter what we've tried. Mom tells us not to worry about it, that the Goddess will reveal her gift in time...

But the Academy...would it have a way to bring something like that out in me? And if so...what form would my magic take?

My imagination spins as I consider the possibilities as I soap myself down and I smile a little, staring to feel, finally, like myself again. I even hum to myself a little bit, carried away by how good this feels.

Of course, the feeling is short lived because just as I set the soap aside and splash a handful of water up against my face, a voice rings out behind me.

“What the hell are you doing here?”

And I gasp, spinning and instinctually dipping low into the pool so that I'm up to my chin in the opaque water, staring up at the dark figure standing at the edge of the pool. I push myself away from him through the water, terrified but unable to see who it is –

But as I reach the far side of the pool, terror streaking

through me, the cloud covering the moon skates away revealing...

Another candidate – and not my brother or cousin.

My eyes go wide in shock as I realize, quite suddenly, that it's Luca Grant – all six-foot-two of him, staring down at me –

“Seriously, Shrimp,” he says, crouching down and looking all around. “What are you even doing here? And did you see a girl running around? I’m looking for her.”

My mouth drops open a little as I realize that...that in the dark he can't see my long hair knotted at the back of my neck, or any details about my body underneath the water.

And, simultaneously, I realize that I smell like all girl right now because in soaping myself down I washed off all of the scent Jesse rubbed on me, which was covering me up –

My mind whirs, but luckily my mouth responds without me. “Um,” I say, pitching my voice a little lower. “No, I haven't seen anyone.”

“Shit luck,” the boxer says, standing and sighing as he shoves his hands in his pockets. “I've been getting bits and pieces of her scent all day...she's got to be

around, but I can't figure out where..."

"Why..." I say again, hesitating and rubbing at my nose, desperate now to be able to smell something – "why are you looking for her?"

"'Cause," he says, sighing in frustration. "She's my mate."

"Impossible," a growling voice snaps, making both of us jump and spin towards the hulking figure that comes out of the shadows next. And my eyes go wide when I realize that...

That it's the huge, scarred brute that Rafe beat in the last bout – who hung his head in disappointment in his bunk –

"Pardon?" The boxer says, raising an eyebrow at the bigger candidate who comes close to glower over him. To his credit, Luca doesn't flinch.

"She can't be your mate," the brute snarls, glaring down at Luca and not even sparing me a second glance. "Because she's mine."

Yes! Yes! Yes! My wolf yelps within me, spinning in eager circles, holding her tail high like a banner. Our mates! Both of them!

But my reaction is the opposite.

“Ohhhh no,” I whisper, shaking my head as I look between them.

Two mates – both looking for me?

And neither of them realizing that I’m treading water right here!?

How the hell am I going to get out of this?

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