

Chapter 0008

“Wait a second,” Luca says, cocking his head and looking the larger candidate up and down. “How do we even know we’re looking for the same girl?”

I snap my attention to the other guy as I subtly move further back into the pool, seeking shadow. God, if the moon could just slip back behind the Academy...

“Don’t be an idiot, Grant,” the taller one growls, advancing on Luca another step. “Do you seriously think that there are two girls wandering around the candidate barracks of Alpha Academy?”

“Point taken,” Luca says with a shrug, not giving any ground even though the larger candidate looks like he outweighs him by at least thirty pounds of solid muscle. “But let’s be sure - what’s your girl smell like?”

My eyes flick between them as they share notes on my scent, coming to the conclusion that they are indeed both chasing the same girl who smells of smoke and cloves and honey. Is that seriously what I smell like? I wonder absently as my mind focuses on the more important thing: coming up with a plan to get the hell out of here.

Yes, my wolf replies, preening as she prances, we smell very nice.

And suddenly, as the boys again begin to argue about whose mate she is, I realize exactly what I need to do.

“Um,” I say, pitching my voice louder to be heard over their argument. The boys stop talking and snap their gazes immediately to me, which makes me sink deeper into the water, even though my wolf nips me internally, urging me ridiculously to just climb naked out of the pool and go to them. “You’re looking for the person who smells like cloves and honey?”

“What do you know about it,” the big guy snarls, stepping towards me with narrowed eyes as if he’ll leap into the pool and beat me to a pulp if I say anything out of line.

“Nothing!” I protest, putting my hands up, even though just my fingertips stick out of the water. “Um, sorry – I didn’t get a good look – I didn’t even realize it was a girl – I only saw like, a silhouette.”

“Well, where did she go,” the larger cadet growls, and as I look up into his face I’m suddenly shaken by...

Well, by how incredibly gorgeous he is beneath his scars and his snarl. Besides being so large that he could toss me around like a rag doll, his face is shaped

by a square jaw and a long, straight nose beneath dark brows. And his eyes...

Despite myself, I take a step forward, peering closer –

Because I think they're blue – the darkest, most gorgeous shade of sapphire blue, such an unusual contrast with his chestnut hair...

“Is something wrong with you?” he spits out, looking at me in shock and rage.

I flinch back, realizing that – oh my god – I was just gazing into his eyes when he's ready to kill me –

“Nope!” I squeak, shaking my head and backing up again into the shadow. “Sorry, yeah, she went that way!” I point out into the distance, away from the barracks.

“What did she look like?” he growls.

Opposite of me, I think, frantic. “Um, really tall! With like, lots and lots of long curly black hair.”

Luca keeps his eyes on me, curious, but the other snaps his head in the direction I indicated. He shoots a glare at Luca but sets off at a run, clearly eager to get to this mystery girl first.

Shit, shit, I think, staring unblinking at Luca now as he studies me. Why isn't he going too!?

“Seriously, Shrimp,” Luca says, leaning forward and narrowing his eyes, trying to get a better look at me. “Why are you out here?”

“I...needed a bath,” I say, sputtering out the truth because I can’t think of anything else to say. Besides, maybe if I answer his questions quickly he’ll go –

“Why didn’t you just take a shower, like the rest of us?”

“Because they were gross,” I hear myself say, and then I gasp at how stupid I’m being and duck half my face under the water to hide my instant blush. Luca’s face bursts into a grin.

“You’re really weird, Shrimp,” he says, shaking his head and smiling at me, “but you’re funny. I like funny.”

My wolf sits down on her haunches and lifts her nose to the sky, howling in her grief that I’m not hurling myself out of this spring and into his arms –

Because that smile – oh my god, something in me melts at the sight of it. I actually have to force myself to not swim towards him.

When I don’t say anything, Luca just laughs again and shakes his head. “Anyway,” he continues, “thanks for

the tip on the girl. That way, you said?"

I nod vigorously, not even looking where he points because I don't care – I just want him to go–

 Comments

 Vote (419) 