

## Chapter 7 - Isla POV

**Author: Darma Day** © 2022-11-15 03:42:55

I don't even remember falling asleep when I am jolted awake by the blaring of my alarm clock. Today is my first day of training and after that encounter last night, I better be on my best behavior.

I can't believe my nerve of Kyle. Who does he think he is, trying to answer for me and at that making it seem like we were involved? He was the last guy I'd want in my room.

Turning the knob of the hot water in the shower on, I strip down. I catch a glimpse of the light pink raised keloid scars on my back in the mirror. Trouble is the last thing I want to be in today. Reaching in and testing the water, it's perfect. I step in, letting my body relax as the warm water wraps me up and I close my eyes.

My mind starts to wander back to what I saw last night...Alpha Zac's huge appendage was out on full display. I didn't realize he had a girlfriend, couldn't be his mate, they weren't marked. His rock-hard cock consumes my mind as my hand trails down to my wet slit. I didn't get to look long but long enough to commit it to memory. The dull throb fades away and is replaced by a wave of pleasure. Quickly finishing my shower I hop out, wrapping myself in the fluffy white towel.

I pull on a pair of black high-waisted leggings and a matching sports bra. I throw my unruly waves into a quick ponytail, tug on my joggers, and out the door, I go.

The training facility is right behind the packhouse. Looking around the large gym with mats covering the floor, it is twice the size of the one at TRTC. I see Grayson talking with a group, he waves me over.

"Good morning Isla!" he says with a smile. I thought he looked good yesterday, but man, without a shirt on, his rippling muscles on display, yum. He takes a minute to introduce me to everyone here and I see similar looks of waning confidence in my skills based on my size. Stopping when he gets to a blonde girl with a pixie cut, "Audrie here will be your partner for drills and will work in tandem with me for your patrol training."

Audrie is about five or so inches taller, with a slender frame but solid muscle. Her belly button ring is like a diamond in a rock pile. I wish I could have a six-pack like that!

She steps towards me smiling warmly. "Let's take the spot over there." I follow her to a spot in the back corner as everyone slowly starts to pair off. We take our spot as Alpha Zac walks in.

Heat builds in my core as my heart flutters. It takes everything I have not to drool over the god on earth that makes his way to Grayson. I thought he was attractive in clothes, but I'm a goner now that he's shirtless.

Those tan corded forearms are connected to bulging biceps with tribal tattoos that scroll across his hard chest. My eyes follow down his washboard abs to the deep v-cut of his adonis belt pointing down to where I know that huge appendage is. Taking it all in, I look up only to see him watching me.

Crap.

He totally just saw me admiring him. His lips curve up into a GQ-worthy smile and I swear he winks.

"Earth to Isla!" Audrie snaps her fingers at me. I feel the blush form on my face as I turn towards her.

"Sorry" I squeak.

"No worries girl, Alpha, and Grayson are solid eye candy for sure!"

"Oi, was I that obvious?"

"Nah, no one was looking at ya yet." She says reassuringly.

As we make our way through the warmup, my nerves start to build up. "Why don't you take offense first?" Audrie suggests. "Uh, Sure." I say taking my position. We are set to square when Grayson blows the whistle. I take off full speed at Audrie, waiting til the last possible second I juke to the right, hooking my left foot onto her right to disrupt her balance. While she is caught off guard, I spin behind her, grab her arm and flip her over my body. She hits the mat with a thud.

"Damn shorty, I sure wasn't expecting that," She says as she takes my hand popping back up.

We switch up stances, and she barrels at me, ducking down, driving her shoulder into my abdomen, she lifts me and takes me down. Before I can think, I'm facing down on the mat, and she's sitting on me with my arm behind my back. We go back and forth with the rest of the class. When Grayson blows the whistle at the end, we are both dripping in sweat and panting.

"Solid sparring shorty," She says wiping the sweat from her face.

"Thanks, glad to have a challenge for once" I replied. "My partners at TRTC were more in it for fun that to sharpen the skills, so it was either less of a challenge or ended with me getting hurt."

"Is that how you got those scars?" She asks, motioning towards my shoulder.

"Uhm, no those, are from an uh, accident when I was little" I stammer.

She eyes me taking a drink of her water. I don't know that she believes me but she doesn't press further, instead, she shrugs and says "well they totally give you a badass vibe."

"Thanks" I smile back at her.

"Want to grab a coffee before we start patrol tonight?" She asks as we start to head out of the gym. "Yeah! That'd be great!" I reply probably a little too eagerly. "Cool, I'll meet ya outside the packhouse a half hour before". I nod, excited to have what seems like my first friend here.

As I'm crossing the yard of the packhouse Grayson jogs up to me. "Isla, Alpha would like to see you in his office in twenty minutes." I stare blankly at him, oh no, this can't still be over last night, can it? "Is that okay?" He questions. "Yeah," I say as I work to keep from going into a full-blown panic.