

3 Her Resentment

Carli POV

I woke early the next morning, sluggishly getting ready for 5AM warrior training with Beta Anthony. I texted Simone last night, telling her about my brother being back and the hostile greeting we shared the night before. She told her brother, who insisted on picking me up this morning, knowing I would be tired from worry and lack of sleep.

Casey hands me a Rockstar energy drink after I climb into his lifted Jeep.

"Thanks. Life saver," I muttered after a huge yawn. Before leaving my room, I threw on a pair of sweat pants over my spanx, but kept the sports bra uncovered. I hate feeling sweat drenched fabric against my skin, so spanx and sports bras are my usual workout attire unless I'm in classes where there will be little kids.

Casey's eyes travel over my exposed midriff, but I'm too tired to take much notice.

"So," Casey starts, putting the Jeep in rst gear, "How's the big bad bro doing?"

"As much of an asshole as ever. Why couldn't he just wait to come home? 9 days and I would be driving out of Crystal Moon for the last time. Now I have 9 days of putting up with his s**t, along with my parents' s**t. It's going to make the time drag so much longer."

"If it makes you feel any better, I talked with my parents last night. They went ahead and applied for my transfer request to Blue Cliff, so I don't have to wait 3 days until I turn 18."

"That's awesome," I smiled genuinely at my handsome friend. His scruffy facial hair from skipping shaving this morning adds to his 'I woke up this way' good looks. I studied his face for a few minutes as he drove the short distance to the training eld. If I could get over the fact he's like a brother to me, being my best friend's brother, he would dentally be boyfriend material. I've never had a real boyfriend, though, so what do I know? I just had a couple guys I would keep hanging in the background to be used to relieve stress.

After Casey parks, he looks at me and smirks, "Whatchu lookin' at?"

"You," I smirked at him. "You would look good with a beard," I said, reaching out and rubbing the scruff on his chin.

Casey looks momentarily stunned, but soon recovers and smiles shyly. "I bet you'd look good with a beard too. It would go great with that mustache you got going on right there," he laughs, rubbing at the peach fuzz on my upper lip.

I smacked him playfully across the chest, laughing with him. I waxed my upper lip, along with every inch of my body. It must be time for me to make another appointment at the salon.

When I get out of his Jeep, Casey comes up beside me and tosses his arm around my shoulder as he continues to rub the peach fuzz on my lip. I bite his nger every time he brings it to my face again, and we're both in a t of giggles by the time we make it to the astro turf eld.

"Quit irting, you two, and get in formation," Beta Anthony calls to us. It looks like we're the last to arrive. I take my usual spot between Casey and Hillary in the back. She looks over and smirks at me as I wave to her.

"Look at you, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. That bushy tail of yours get a little pre-workout workout this morning?" She laughed at me, waving teasingly to Casey on the other side of me.

"Wouldn't you like to know," I smirked at her. She is always teasing us, telling us to just work out our relationship in the bedroom. She knows I wouldn't do that with someone as important to me as Casey unless he turned out to be my mate, but she still likes teasing me.

A erce growl brings our eyes forward. Parker is standing up front next to Beta Anthony. I didn't notice him before because he was standing in the shade of a palm tree, dressed all in black dri-t gear. Why is he here? Dad never comes to morning training. I thought Parker would want to sleep in too, since our father usually did.

Casey leans in to whisper into my ear, "What the heck is his problem?"

"Who knows," I sighed. I'm used to his scowls and sour mood now.

After the basic stretching and warm-up, we pair up and start to spar. I partner with Hillary, while Casey partners with her mate, Daryl. Hillary is a good ghter, but I'm better by far. Parker, though he's a prick now, did train me well. I spent most of the time giving her pointers, advising her on better foot placement, breathing patterns, and better pressure points to aim for. After a few rounds, we switched off and I'm now partnered with Casey.

I'm too advanced for the women in this training group, aged 16-22, but some of the men I still struggle to subdue. Casey is one of the few men I have a hard time beating. He is the only guy in this group, besides Beta Anthony, of course, who is stronger than me when it comes to ghting. I can't rely on strength alone with him. I have to outthink his moves, which is hard since we know each other so well.

I end up under him for the 3rd time, both of us breaking out into laughter as he pretends to bite my vital point on my neck.

"It's cuz I'm still tired," I laughed at him. He's gripping my hands above my head, looking cockily down at me.

"Bull shit."

"Yesterday wore me out," I shrug, not giving up the excuse.

"I'm the one you used as a human jungle gym yesterday. I even got you an energy drink this morning. No excuses, babe," he climbs off me, then helps me to my feet.

"She's not your babe," Parker's gruff voice breaks our playful banter.

I groan and roll my eyes, hands heavy on my hips as I anticipate the crap I'm about to receive from my jerk of a brother.

"Sure I am," I smiled at him in fake sweetness. If he's still holding on to that self-righteous belief that you can't have relationships before you nd your mate, I'm not going to feed his ego, even if Casey and I aren't in a relationship like he thinks we are. "Babe, let's go train with the Gators in the swamp. It'll be more fun than staying here."

I grab Casey's hand, meaning to drag him to the other end of the eld, closer to the marsh, away from my brother, but Parker reaches out and grips my wrist rmly in his large, rough hand.

"It looks like you don't take your training all that seriously. I may need to withdraw your transfer. Don't want to send dead weight to Blue Cliff. Wouldn't be responsible of me as the next alpha."

"f**k you," I sneered. "Casey is the only one here that I can't always beat. Dead weight my ass."

Parker looks apprehensively at me, regarding me like he thinks I'm full of s**t. This pisses me off. I jerk my wrist free from his grip and am about to walk off on my own, not wanting to deal with any more of his crap, but he holds his arm out to block my retreat.

"Fight me then. If you can beat everyone here, then surely you can take me on," he challenged.

"Seriously?" I gaped at him. I'm all for a challenge, but he's clearly too high of an opponent for me. Still, it would feel so good to knock him on his ass just once. Even if I end up losing, it will feel like a win if I can at least draw blood.

"Dead serious. Show me you aren't dead weight and I'll consider keeping your transfer intact."

I know the transfer threat is crap. Mom can't wait to ship my ass off. The image of Parker on his ass, subdued by me, is playing in my head and a slow smirk spreads across my face.

"Don't start crying from losing to your little sister. No one wants a p**y for an alpha."

He starts clicking his tongue at me, "Such a potty mouth you've developed."

"I'm not the one talking s**t," I jutted my chin out deantly.

Casey is watching us nervously. I can tell he wants to interfere, but he knows better. I'm stubborn as hell when I set my mind on something, and my mind is now set on kicking Parker's ass.

Beta Anthony clears the center of the training eld, dening our boundaries and reiterating the rules.

"No permanent injuries, no jewelry, no weapons, no shifting, and under no circumstances ever, never any biting. We don't want any accidental incestuous bonding. If you hear my whistle, that's the end of the match. Any break of these rules and you will be subjected to pack discipline, even as the alpha's children. Ready?" He holds his hands up, waiting for us both to nod, giving the signal that we're ready.

Park nods immediately, but I smirk at him, stripping out of my sweats before I nod. I threw them at Casey and looked back at Parker's disapproving glare. I knew this would unsettle him. Who wants to ght and have their hands all over their adult younger sister's bare body?

Beta Anthony drops his hand, indicating the start of the match. Parker and I slowly circled one another. He's way bigger than the last time I sparred with him, but heavier isn't always better. Agility and speed are my weapons, and even though his mass has doubled, my skills have quadrupled in the time he's been away.

I jog in place a few times, lifting my knees high to keep the blood owing and muscles ready as Parker bounces back and forth on his own feet, assessing the way my body moves in order to gauge my ability. He's in for a rude awakening if he thinks this is going to be easy for him.

I hop in half circles, watch the ex of his muscles, anticipating his rst move. I move closer and closer with each half circuit, him doing much the same, only with a lot less hopping. He looks much more like a tiger, smooth and calculated, waiting for the right time to strike. I can tell the moment he decides to strike, his bare toes curling and his right hip exing ever so slightly. I anticipate him going low, trying to make me lose my footing so he can take me to the ground. I side-step and bring my elbow down on his back, but he shifts slightly, causing me to only make contact with his side. It still hurts him. I can tell by the way he grunts in response, making my face break out in a devious grin.

"You improved your foot game," he smirks back at me.

"And you got fat. I thought you'd go down like a ton of bricks," I taunted him.

"Fat my ass," he grumbles, circling around me as I go back to hopping on my feet.

"That's fat too. Makes it easier for me to whoop," I said, then dropped down, kicking his legs out from under him.

I was hoping to mount his back and hog tie him like the pig he is, but he recovers before he is even fully on the ground, rolling and knocking me down to the mat with him.

I roll into the fall, but somehow still end up in a tangled mess with Parker, both of us ghting to get the top position.

"Prick," I grunted, hooking my leg around his torso, trying to get some leverage to shift position, wanting to knee him right in the face.

"Fat ass," he taunts, spanking me. This asshole has me; I know it. I know it's low, but I got a hold on his face, shoving my ngers up his nose as far as I could. He groans in protest, then nally lets me go.

"That's not allowed," Parker yells, blowing his nose as I wipe his snot off on the ground.

"Nothing in the rules says I can't dig for gold in your nose during a match. Quit whining like a bitch."

"That mouth," Parker growls, "What happened to the sweet little sister I once had?"

We are back to circling one another. My hair is half out of its ponytail and Parker looks like he's got a busted lip. Good. Everyone is circled around us, watching anxiously. Hillary, Daryl and Casey are standing together. Casey makes eye contact with me, then looks down at his left ankle and back up at me. He then points to Parker. I looked at Parker's left ankle, and sure enough it was sprained. He's trying to hide it, and doing a good job, but now that Casey pointed it out, I can see the minimal pressure he is placing on it.

I smirk, calculating how to use this to my advantage. If his foot is sprained, and he's favoring his right, it's still his dominant side. If I'm not careful, I'm going to end up tangled up with him, him taunting me and swatting my half-exposed ass again.

I lunged for his left side. He turns slightly, shielding his injury just like I thought he would. I side step, bringing my foot back on the back of his right knee, then step down rmly on his left ankle. Parker rawred in pain, but locks his arm around my waist, ipping me so he falls with me beneath him.

I try to bring my knee up to his crotch, but he blocks me, laying the bulk of his weight on my lower half. I ail my hands around until he captures them, gripping them both, then bring them together to grip in one of his abnormally large hands. What kind of freak has hands this f*****g big? He brings his free arm down across my throat, winning the match. If this were a real ght, he would still be hurt, but I would be dead.

"Tap out," he grunts.

"f**k you," I spit in his face, causing everyone watching to gasp in surprise.

If my spit on his face bothers him, it doesn't show. The asswipe probably has a thing for girls spitting on him.

"That mouth of yours is pissing me off," he grunts, putting more pressure on my throat. "Where did my sweet, well-mannered sister go?"

"She's been gone for 4 years now. Since the day her asshole brother started treating her like s**t, like the rest of her family," I sneered.

Parker looks momentarily stunned, loosening his grip on my throat. I use this to my advantage. I headbutt him in the face, causing him to recoil and roll off me.

My victory doesn't last long. The second I'm up on my feet, our mother is stomping towards me. She comes right in my face, spluttering and shaking. She's so mad. She stares me right in the eyes, then slaps me hard across the face.