

# The Broken Warrior's Daughter

## Chapter 7: Cara

The next morning at training, Alpha Anders put me up against three of his warriors. I wasn't concerned, Dad has been training me for multiple attackers most of my life. Two of them will be easy to take down. Trevor, however, will take some work. Next to me and the ranked wolves, he's their best warrior. He's smart in his fighting, not just relying on his strength which is the mistake that most warriors make with me. Trevor watches his opponent and learns their weaknesses. He's still trying to find mine, but that hasn't slowed him down one bit.

I wait until they are in position, putting me in the middle of a triangle between them. I face Trevor, my biggest threat, while keeping the other two in my peripheral vision. Trevor comes in first swinging to punch me in the gut. I quickly duck under his right arm, sliding down to my knees and skidding over to Richard, or The Dick, as I call him. I swing my arm as hard as I can up between his legs and crush his family jewels, bringing him down and taking him out. I hear and feel the air whooshing near my head and I lay back flat on my back, bent at the knees so my feet are still planted on the ground. I see Kent's leg flying over where my head just was. As his body turns with the momentum, I swing my feet up, catching the leg he has planted. I twist my body, pulling Kent down and dislocating his knee in the process. He howls in pain, rolling around on the ground.

I swing myself back up, ready for Trevor. He's watching me, calculating. I give him a smirk, waving him forward with my fingers. He fakes like he's going to hit me and then slides, trying to take out my legs. I leap over him, swinging back around to give him a roundhouse to the head, but he ducks, using the move that I just did with Kent. Clever bastard.

We go back and forth, both getting in jabs but not able to take the other one down until I was finally able to throw a punch to his throat. In his moment of shock, I was able to grab his arm and twist it, just to the point before dislocation, bringing him to his knees and forcing him to tap out or have me dislocate his shoulder. The rest of the squad is watching, clapping for my win. I give Trevor my hand and pull him up. "Nice job little badass, but I'm coming for you." he smirks before helping to get the other two to the infirmary. I smile back, "I look forward to a real

challenge one day Trevor.” He barks out a laugh before helping to carry Kent. I look at Alpha Anders and he gives me a nod of approval.

The school day goes by in a blur. I caught Rik looking at me several times throughout the day, but was able to avoid running into him. Of course, his ever present entourage helped out with that as well.

On our way home, Jason starts chatting about our night at the Club. Friday nights are our night. The end of the week we go to a local club, Dark Moon. It's in between the packlands for Canyon Ridge and Shadow Falls, therefore, it's werewolves only. I've been going since I turned 17 almost a year ago. It's a great way to blow off the steam of the week. It's also become the place that I meet up with Alpha Liam.

We haven't put a name to what we are. We're definitely friends, but more than that. He knows that I am waiting for my mate, so we're not exactly friends with benefits, but he respects my choice and doesn't pressure me for a sexual relationship. He's older than I am by quite a few years, him being 24 and me only 17. But, unlike a certain future alpha of my pack, Liam knows who and what I am. He appreciates me for who I am and has left no question that he would be more than willing to take me as his chosen mate. He is also aware that at my age, I haven't been able to potentially find my fated mate, so he is being patient and I think he's secretly hoping that we're fated mates. In truth, I am too. I like Liam a lot. He's everything an alpha should be. Besides being one of the sexiest men I've ever met, he is intelligent, caring, and he's a strong alpha that takes good care of his pack. It doesn't hurt that he's got the sexiest smolder that I've ever seen, and I'd be lying if I didn't say my lady parts get all hot and bothered when he turns that look on me.

After training with Dad, I quickly grab a bite to eat then head upstairs to shower and get ready. A friend of mine from warrior training, Lacey, calls to make sure I'm going tonight and to see if she can hitch a ride. I tell her it's Jason's turn to drive and she agrees to text him.

I dress in a pink criss cross top that wraps around my rib cage and ties in the back. I pair that with low rise black jeans and a matching pink scarf that I use as a belt. I finish the outfit with pink and black colorblock cutout suede stiletto heels. I leave my hair down and accentuate my natural curls. I go light on makeup since I plan to work up a sweat, but I do put on a smokey eye to make my green eyes pop.

I head downstairs as I get a text from Jason that he's out front. I say goodnight to my father and head out. Jason has already picked up Lacey and another warrior from training, Dean. I climb in the back with Lacey. "Hey guys," I acknowledge all of them at once.

"Hey little badass. Take down any more alphas in the last 24 hours?" Dean asks with a stupid smirk on his face. "Not in the last 24 hours, but the night is young Dean," I reply.

"So," Lacey looks at me, "expecting to see a super hot alpha tonight?" I shrug. While, yes, I do expect him, he is an alpha and he has things that are more important than coming to a club on a Friday night and dancing with me. Although, lately, he's also started driving me home, but again, he's a busy man, so I don't count on him being there, although I do hope I see him.

"I never know for sure," I tell her, "but, if I was to put money on it, I'd say yes, I expect to see him." I smile at her.

"Girl, that man is fine. You need to tap that and tell me all about it." I just laugh. I see Jason looking at me in the rearview mirror. I'm not really close to anyone except for Jason, so most people don't know that I'm saving myself for my mate.

We arrive at the club and see a long line of people waiting. Jason and I are regulars so we walk up to the front of the line and the bouncer lets us in, much to the grumbles and complaints of the others who are waiting. "Looking good little badass," the bouncer says as I walk past him. I stop and turn to him. "Seriously? You too?" He just shrugs and gives me a smile. I sigh and walk into the club.

In werewolf clubs, there is no drinking age. We are different from humans. Our metabolism is much faster, so we burn alcohol quickly and it takes a lot for us to get drunk. We head straight for the bar and order a round of shots. I'm not a beer drinker and I'm here to dance so a shot will get me going.

We get our shots and I pay for the first round. Jason orders another round while I look around. It's crowded here tonight and I see a bunch of wolves from both local packs and some I don't recognize. I see several girls from school and I'm just about to turn around for my second shot when I lock eyes with Alpha Rik.

"Son of a bitch," I swear as I turn around, pick up my shot and clink my glass to Jason's, Lacey's and Dean's before downing the drink. The burning warmth slides down my throat to my stomach.

Jason looks at me, “What? Who’s here that you don’t want to see?” He’s looking over my shoulder trying to figure out who I’m not happy about seeing here tonight.

“You’re seven o’clock.” He twists his head to his left looking in the direction I’ve given and whistles low and looks back at me. “You think he’ll come over here?” I shrug and take the shot that Lacey just got for us, “Don’t care, I’m about to head out to the dance floor.” I lean over to shout above the music so Lacey and Dean can hear. “I’m going to dance, anyone coming?” Jason says he’ll join us in a minute and Lacey grabs my hand and pulls us into the center of the dance floor. I can feel ice blue eyes on me as I begin to dance.

I close my eyes and let the music wash over me, as my body starts moving to the beat. Most of the people around me are warriors from my pack, so I know they won’t try to hit on me. I can lose myself and not have to worry about anything. Plus, every one who spends any time in this club on Friday nights knows that eventually, Liam will be here looking for me.

Lacey leans over to talk above the music, “Alpha Rik hasn’t taken his eyes off of you since we walked out here, what’s up with that?” she asks. I shrug, because I honestly don’t know. I lean over to her to reply, “He sort of hit on me yesterday at school.” She leans back and looks at me, her eyes wide but I motion for her to lean back in. “He has no idea who I am.” She stops dancing and looks at me. “No. Fucking. Way.” I shrug and lean in again, “He asked me what my name is and what pack I belong to.” Her mouth drops almost to the floor. “How is that possible?” Her head is doing a swivel going back and forth between him and I. “EVERYONE knows who you are.” I shrug again. “I guess I’m just not important enough for the future alpha to know.” She looks back at Rik once more then at me, “Well, now I’m Team Liam all the way.” I smile back at her. “That makes two of us.”

For the next several songs we just move and dance, no more talking. Periodically, we dance with other warriors, sometimes breaking off in twos sometimes dancing as a large group. As the first slow song of the night starts, I motion to Lacey that I’m going for another shot. She nods and follows me to the bar.