

## Chapter 8

KALEN

Not surprisingly, Maddox did not approach me once school started. I figured that he had taken the not-so-subtle hint.

I could not have been more wrong because he bombarded me when I got to the lunchroom and asked if we could go somewhere to talk privately after eye-fucking me. I told him, and I quote, my knee to your tiny dick should've been conversation enough.

Zion had the forethought to make his way to me the moment that I had come through the door, so he threw his arm over me, and we walked away. Maddox growled either in anger, embarrassment, agitation, or he just thought he was a scary puppy. Any of those options would fit, especially the last one.

I would not have minded speaking to him if he had not eye-fucked me then asked if we could go somewhere private to talk. Not after what happened at the party.

Then Grant and Gabriel, the Alpha heirs of the Nightshade pack, came over and asked me to play along. All of us were close because our parents were, so we were essentially raised as cousins. Of course, I trusted them and knew they were doing it for a reason. They essentially asked me to come over to the packhouse for some Italian food this

weekend.

I was not entirely certain what their intention was, but I would just ask them later.

There were whispers and gossip flying around left and right after what happened at the party. It appeared that people did not have anything better to gossip about. I really did not care what they all had to say about me.

I would be able to get out some frustration during Training Ops. At least, that was my hope.

My body was in the middle of hamstring stretches when a shadow was cast over me. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up. A strange tingle moved across my skin. Somehow, I knew who it was without looking at or even scenting him.

I switched legs before looking up at him. Goddess, his body was built. I could clearly see that from this angle and remembered what it had felt like he was pressed up against my back.

"Can I help you with something?" I asked him, keeping my tone neutral.

Maddox crossed his arms over his chest, which just made his biceps bulge more. It was a damn good thing that I had great control because I was a sucker for the strong types. However, his personality left much to be desired.

"Just wondering if you're still up for our sparring match or

not," he asked, his eyes keenly observing me as if trying to figure me out. C'mon, I was not a Color By Numbers. I was a bit more complex than that.

"Hmm..." I drawled out.

I began a glute twist, bending my right knee, and placing the heel as close to my sit bone as possible. Then I placed my left elbow on my right knee, pulling my knee to the left.

Was I torturing him? Yes. Was I enjoying this? Also, yes. Was I evil? To be determined.

"I am a woman of my word," I said as I switched legs. "Let me go request it."

I eyed Maddox as I stood up. He certainly looked like the ability to speak left him. Then I turned on my heel and jogged over to Mr. Hall.

After the request left my mouth, he turned to eye Maddox, assessing the potential matchup.

"Go for it, but remember that death blows are frowned upon," he teased me, knowing that I would never go that far.

"Aye, aye, Captain Hall," I said, saluting him.

He just rolled his eyes and went back to assigning groups. I just prayed that I was not put in Maddox's group permanently. It was taking everything in me to not fall prey to his devilishly handsome looks and those eyes of his.

Argh! What the fuck was wrong with me?

'That's a great question,' Nika mused.

'Not helping if you don't have an answer.'

Tinkling laughter filled our connection. Damn it. She really loved to mess with me.

Zion's eyes caught mine, trying to make sure I was good while I headed back over to Maddox. I gave him a small nod. My cousin was awesome and would always have my back when I needed it just like father did with Mom time and again.

"Great news. He agreed," I told him with a wide smile.

\*\*\*\*\*

MADDOX

'Try not to be a douche, and you might actually get to talk to her this time,' Neo chimed in.

I would love it if we could deck our wolf counterparts, but that was impossible. So, I was stuck with a wolf wanted to be a dick.

Part of me did not want to ever see her again. That part belonged to the dick that she assaulted with her knee. Another part of me was drawn to her for some reason that I could not fucking fathom.

Was it that she looked like a fucking goddess? Perhaps it was because she kept me on my fucking toes. I loved a challenge, and that was exactly what she was proving to be. Beauty did not seem to be like any chick that I had ever taken an interest in.

She could not talk to me for five minutes but had all of the time in the world for that fucker who loved to throw his arm over her and those twins. Thus, a plan began to form. She had agreed to the matchup. So, I wanted to see if she would still go through with it. To my pleasant surprise, she seemed excited to do it.

Beauty had gone over to ask permission to pair up with me. My eyes were glued to her body while she moved. If I had almost burst a nut from watching her stretching, then I might actually do it when I saw her jogging. It sent some pleasant images into my mind of what it would look like with her body moving like that while she was on top of me.

'Can you think with something other than your dick for two seconds?' Neo deadpanned. 'Kalen won't even talk to you, but her wolf is fairly chatty. See what can be accomplished when you get your head out of fantasies that'll never happen unless you shape up?'

Oh, that fucker! I swore to the Goddess that my wolf was a fucking asshole. That was 100% accurate.

'What's her wolf's name?' I asked curiously, hoping to learn

something about the chick that kept fucking with my head.

'It's – insert any variation of not telling you – so, perhaps you can get that info from the human that's going to kick your ass.'

He was fucking enjoying this. I bit my cheek to hold in my frustration. He had been a fucking dick since the party. He had been very vocal about it all.

"Great news. He agreed," Beauty said once she returned, flashing me a bright smile.

She might be smiling, but there was something in her eyes that told me that I needed to keep my guard up around on.

C'mon, beauty. Let me see what you have got.

"Fantastic," I replied, giving her a confident smirk.

We dropped into our stances. I observed her, trying to find any point of tension, but I saw none. We circled each other, waiting for the opening move. I figured that she would not want to take it, but I was wrong again.

She shot diagonally towards my right side. I went to block, but she was too fast and spun around me. Her knee collided with my ribs, causing me to hiss in pain. I tried to grab onto her knee, but she pulled it back too quickly.

How in the fuck was this chick so fast? At least the fight was already turning out to be interesting. Okay then. It was time to get down to business.

I came at her, throwing three successive punches. The first and second were missed, but the one to her jaw did not. It was a hard hit, but she did not even react.

She lunged towards me. I prepared myself to block, but then she juked to the right at the very last moment. Yeah, that was unexpected. I planted myself again, but that did not last as she swept my feet right out from underneath me. The fucking wind was knocked out of me when my back collided with floor.

I did a quick kip-up and was on my feet again, ready to go again. She was good. Fast, calculating, and had power behind her.

"I have to give you props. You're definitely a fighter like you claimed," I told her, smirking because I would be taking this beauty down one way or another.

"Can't tell if you doubted me about that." She shrugged as we continued circling. "What I claim to be, I am. I don't hide behind pretenses or falsities. I'm real, I'm raw, and I have many talents."

We were getting closer together with each pass that we made. I was about to make a move the moment that I had the right opening.

"Pretenses and falsities are illusions of idiots. Smokescreens that are shown to the world to keep on the blinders of the masses. Being blunt eliminates those things.

+25 BONUS

Being real and raw provides power to one's image. C'mon, beauty. Show me those talents," I purred.



Shana Allen Author

" Here you go, lovelies. "

5

Comments

Vote (670)