

# His Hunt for Redemption

## Chapter 4

**BRYNN**

The food was absolutely delicious. My father was known far and wide for his grilling mastery. There was none better in many people's opinions. He was a good outdoor chef while I was a good indoor chef.

Sebastian and I did not eat a whole lot because losing by way of vomit would be a very lame way to go, and one could never live that down even if they died at the ripe young age of ninety-nine.

I changed into a sparring outfit which consisted of leggings and a sports bra which covered all of the fun bits. I learned a few years ago that wearing shorts was not the best idea. Maya carefully removed all of the pins before I threw it into a messy bun.

My adrenaline was steadily winding throughout my body, so I focused it, keeping it under control. Too much of it would cause me to burn out fast. Too little of it would make me a sitting duck.

Everyone was gathered around the training area that my father built. This was my domain where he trained me. Not a single square foot of it had been untouched over the years.

Sebastian was in the center of the sparring circle. He was wearing a pair of basketball shorts and a tank top. His body was every bit the warrior that he was planning on becoming. Broad shoulders, rippling muscles, and defined abs. Thus, it was why he was Dark Moon's heartthrob. Many she-wolves panted after him, but not all made the cut.

He was part of the Junior Warrior program. He turned eighteen a week ago, so he could test next month. If he passed their physical trials then he would train as a pack warrior. Only the best of the best was selected. It was a high rank in any pack, and nobody here took it lightly.

"This was a long time coming," I said as I loosened up my arms.

"All because you decided to hold a grudge against one comment I made when I was nine. You're positively the most stubborn person I've ever met before."

We both wanted to win here, but that was not how it worked. There could only be one winner, and I would make sure that it was me.

I smirked at him as he dropped down into my starting stance which he mirrored.

"3 ... 2 ... 1 ... FIGHT!"

We circled one another, looking for any weaknesses that we could use against each other. We both knew how each other fought, which was a good thing and a bad thing. I was able to predict his moves which was a good thing, but he could also predict my moves which was a bad thing.

He lunged at me quickly, but I dodged out of the way and threw a fist at his face with such precision that he barely had time to evade it before putting a little bit of distance between us.

My eyes tracked his body's every movement, analyzing it for any hesitation or anticipation. He showed none, so I decided to set a trap. I dodged to the left before dropping down and kicking my leg into his ribs, pushing him back a good foot. He took it back with ease though.

His fist collided with my jaw just as he got a blow to the gut, causing a growl to tear from his throat. That hit definitely hurt. My leg went to sweep his out from underneath him, but he jumped backwards just in time to avoid my move.

Evasion was one thing that he was great at, so I needed to present a move that he would never expect. I leapt directly at him, catching him off-guard just like I wanted to do. He attempted to move out of the way, but I was faster than he was. The momentum from my body threw his to the ground.

The two of us rolled on the ground, exchanging blow after blow with such intensity as if this was the battlefield because it was. This was where I would destroy him with love, friendship, and my fists.

He was on top of me as he attempted to pin me, but that was not going to happen. My head collided with his face with such intensity that I swore I saw stars. Blood rushed out of his broken nose, and it was enough distraction to throw him off me.

I shot to my feet just as he did as well. Despite the narrowed eyes that were glassy with tears, I could tell that he was enjoying this battle between us.

“Red looks good on you,” I teased him.

The crowd was going crazy just like they did every year. I loved being undefeated, and it would stay that way.

“You know what looks even better? Defeat,” I purred to him, tossing him a cheeky wink.

My taunts did exactly what I thought they would. It caused him to charge. I wasted no time in sending a roundhouse kick straight to his jaw with enough force for his head to whip to the side. The black eyes that looked back at me as so rewarding. I was eating this shit up, and I would never deny that.

A fist was thrown at me, but I moved enough for it to land against my arm instead of my face. That was a painful hit, but I bit back the hiss. My knee collided with his ribs, and a crack rang out. He fought through the pain though, and I took an elbow to the jugular.

Time for this fight to end. I moved back a little to give myself just enough room to spin my body to throw my leg against his head with enough force that caused his body to thud against the ground. He was out cold. It would not be for long, but it accomplished its purpose.

My father grabbed my hand and threw it in the air. Cheers and howls rang out all around us. He checked me over from head to toe. I had no idea what I looked like, but it was probably not that pretty if how I felt was any indication.

“You were amazing. I’m so incredibly proud of you, sweetheart,” he said as he smiled down at me.

“Thanks, Dad. I have the best trainer there is.”

He just chuckled and placed a tender kiss to my head.

Jerry stood next to Sebastian’s body with his arms crossed and a smug smirk pulling at his lips as my victim groaned and blinked his eyes.

“You had a few tricks up your sleeve. Wasn’t that what you said?” he asked him.

“I was lying to myself in hopes of actually believing I stood a chance,” he said, rolling his eyes and accepting his offered hand.

Sebastian winced as he stood up. He pulled his tank top up and glared at the multitude of deep bruises already forming all along his torso.

“Let me take a look, Mr. Coldwater,” Dr. Ashford said as she approached him.

Dr. Ashford was a gifted wolf with the gift of healing which was what pushed her to become a doctor.

We all watched as her hands glowed softly while she moved them over his body. It would tell her what exactly was wrong with him while also being able to help heal him so that he would not be out of commission for a couple of days. It was one reason why she always attended. It was also because she had been best friends with my mother, so she was very close to our family.

“Our birthday girl managed the following: two fractured ribs, bruised kidney, hairline laceration of liver, minute fracture of jaw, and a multitude of surface lacerations and bruises,” she called out so that everyone heard.

He was good to go after being healed but waited for her to heal me before he gave me a big hug. He was a great guy who never grumbled if someone won against him if it was done fairly and without cheating.

“Congratulations, you two made it the longest than any other Main Event in the past. Thirty-nine minutes,” my father said as he clapped us both on the back.

Bessie brought my phone over so that the two of us could watch the match. Watching it and experiencing it were two very different perspectives indeed. We watched with wide eyes. Every move was calculated on both of our parts. It was not just acting and reacting. It was like a dance – one where we were living and breathing chess pieces. Every move had a countermove, and we had to anticipate which ones the other would choose.

I sent the video to Dustin once it ended because he wanted it along with a selfie of Sebastian and me.

“The Main Event this year was the best yet. Fuck, Seb. You definitely didn’t disappoint,” I said, smiling widely at him.

He chuckled and threw his arm over my shoulder, steering me towards the house so that we could get cleaned up and changed.

“You were incredible out there, B. I’ll kick your ass one of these days though,” he warned me.

“I look forward to seeing you try,” I teased.

I hopped in the shower right quick just to wash off the blood and sweat then I looked in the mirror. The bruises and marks from the closed cuts were still visible. They would be gone by tomorrow. He definitely worked me over though, and I could not have smiled brighter because I proved that I held my own in the fight.

There were many things in life that I felt I had no control over, but I did when it came to fighting. It was one reason why I poured so much effort into becoming the best fighter that I could be.

The events surrounding my mother’s death still haunted me. I still saw the man and woman in my nightmares. It took years for me to believe that they were not there lurking in the shadows and waiting for me. I still had no idea to this day how I got away, but I somehow did.

Fighting was my coping mechanism when it came to things that left me feeling out of control or weak. I hated feeling weak more than anything because I refused to be a victim even if that was only as a victim of circumstance. It certainly helped after I shifted, and all that shit went down with the assholes.

I sighed before returning to the party. Everyone was enjoying themselves, and I quickly got swept back up into the joy and celebration.

Not all packs were as close as Dark Moon was, but I loved that it was. There was a comforting sense of camaraderie because we could always rely on each other to have one another’s backs.

“Sweetheart, I wanted to give you something special. Will you come inside for a minute?” my father asked.

I nodded and followed him into the kitchen. There was a gift box on the table. I felt bad that everyone had still brought gifts despite also giving the car.

The wrapping paper was carefully removed. Curiosity was burning through me as I opened the box and pulled out what was inside. There was a book as well as a beautiful pendant as well.

My eyes were drawn immediately to the pendant. It was a stunning black gemstone that looked like it was wrapped in gold wire. My finger caressed it, and I swore there was a current running between my finger and the pendant.

“Your mother would’ve given this to you tonight if she was here. This is a very special necklace that was passed down through the generations in her family. Black onyx is used for protection, strength, balance, and intuition. The chain is long enough so that it won’t break if Moira shifts. Your mother once said that these pendants are supposed to be worn every day.”

A sincere smile graced my face with his explanation. This was another way that I could remember the amazing woman that my mother was. Gone but definitely never forgotten. I slipped it over my head, gently wrapping my hand around it.

“Thanks, Dad. Seriously,” I said, wiping away the few tears that fell from my eyes.

“I didn’t really do anything, but you’re welcome. Now, I don’t know what’s in that book. Your mother made sure that I understood that it was a combo gift for your eighteenth birthday. She said that it was for your eyes only.” He smiled fondly just as he always did when he talked about her.

It almost seemed like she knew that she would not be here today. That made my heart clench. Did she somehow know that her life would be cut far too short?

I forced myself to focus on the here and now. Curiosity was burning through me about the book meant for my eyes only. However, I would do that in private and not when I had a backyard full of people celebrating my big day.

“I love you, Dad.”

“I love you so very much, sweetheart.”