

Chapter 165— Master And Trainee

FREYA

The following morning, my training started. I didn't know what I was expecting until Jet took me to the training room where him, Hunter and Kale usually trained. I gasped at their spear collections which was the first thing that caught my attention, there was a weapon room in the castle I know of but I didn't know the Alpha, Beta and Gamma had their own which made sense if you come to think of it.

"Do you guys even use these weapons?" This time, I was referring to their display of swords. I have never been fascinated with weapons, growing up the way I did, where would I have gotten them from? But the artistic and ancient design on those weapons could make you swoon.

"You are getting distracted," Jet said with a hint of disapproval in his voice.

I forced myself to look away before something else catches my attention. "Couldn't you at least allow me one minute to appreciate the ancient forgery of such beauty?" I frowned playfully at him.

"What...?" He burst into a fit of laughter throwing his head back, it's been a while since I've heard him laugh and the sound made me smile even if I wasn't clear on what was making him laugh so hard.

"What's so funny?" Then it hit me. "Jet! Were you making fun of the way I speak?" I also started laughing too, to be fair it was only a matter of time before I start talking the

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way they do. "While we are still on the subject of making fun of someone, do you think I didn't notice you've start pronouncing your *do not* as *don't*," I snickered.

He cleared his throat, indicating that serious Jet was back again. "From now until we leave this training room, I'm changing the label of our relationship to master and trainee," He informed me.

"Good one. Let's roleplay that tonight," I blushed letting my intrusive thought win. This earn me a wink from him causing me blush harder.

"What weapon would you like to train with?" He inquired looking thoughtful and every inch of a master. "Us werewolves mostly fight with our claws and fangs but since you possessed either of those things, you will have to fight the rogue with a weapon."

"I tried fighting Morgana with my hands after weakening her, now I know why it didn't work for me. Knives," I answered the question as I gestured towards the knives display behind him.

He took one and remove it from the seal. "Why knives?" I could hear the curiosity in his voice, he weighted the weapon in his hand before flinging it at me.

I screamed in surprise and bend down to dodge, only to realize a few seconds later that he never actually throw it, he just wanted me to think so. I glared at him as he approached me. "That was not funny"

"Knives are easy to hide, easy to handle but very dangerous if not held the right way. You have to be close enough to your opponent to do a lot of damage, this help discipline your stance, pace and movements." I explained

watching his face transformed to impressive.

"You seem to know a lot about knives," He handed me the knife and went back to his position.

"I make used of knives in the kitchen and I read about them in novels, my favorite female protagonist was obsessed with collecting knives. Something like that just get stuck in your brain," I responded barely paying attention to him as my attention was more focused on the weapon I was holding.

"Good choice. Choosing a weapon you are familiar with also helping with fighting. Always think of your weapon as an extension of your arm, a part of you instead of an extra part." He explained and that got my attention.

Once he started to circle me, I follow suit so now we talk and circle each other from a distance. "I have never seen you use weapons before when fighting, you are very good at this." My compliment made him smile.

"I love weapons growing up, it was something Hunter and I had in common. We had a rough start so that was the only thing we bonded over, I used weapons before I evolved. So after I evolved, I became the weapon." I was so engrossed in the story he was telling me, I barely saw him move until he was very close to me.

Since it was a surprise attack, I made to run away or dodge him. I wasn't exactly sure which one I wanted to do and I ended up cutting him. It all happened so fast but yet in slow motion, the knife sharp enough to cut through his shirt and into his body, leaving on behind some trail of blood.

"Oh my God!" I shrieked, dropping the knife immediately. I

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hurried towards him but he carried me and throw me over his shoulder.

I landed on the floor with a thud. I couldn't tell which one was more shocking, accidentally cutting him or him flinging me on my back. For a split moment I didn't move, afraid I have broken a bone or something.

He looked down at me and smirk. "You were distracted. You should never be distracted," He stretch out his hand to help me up but I slap it away and stood up on my own.

"What the hell!" I poked him by the chest. "You almost killed me!"

"Killed you? Aren't we overrating a little?" The corner of his mouth lift up in a smile which made me more angry, what the fuck was funny about this?

"Are you forgetting I'm human?" It a surprise I didn't break into two. "How could you throw me like that especially after I just cut you!" The fact that he wasn't taking this serious was pissing me the fuck off.

"You are no longer human...you are stuck in transition, most people would probably be in coma but my blood being unusual made you stronger. Don't you think I know that?"

"That isn't the point! I was worried about you! You distracted me with that story, I thought— we were bonding!" I yelled out the last part.

"And that is where you made a mistake. Why would you want to bond with your master? He was sharing an important battlefield information and you thought it was a bonding moment?" He raised his left brow at me.

I stared unblinking at him, having no idea how to respond, I walk out of the training room without much of a backward glance. I was pissed off, I was worried about him and he threw me like that? Couldn't he have warned me? Was it my fault for thinking it was a bonding moment? He hardly talk about himself and the one time he did out of nowhere how could he expect me to act like nothing happened?

"Hey—" Someone yelled snapping me out of my thoughts, I stopped immediately only to realize I was on the verge of walking into Claire.

"Oh Claire! I'm so very sorry," I apologized profusely.

"I take that as the training was not going well then?" She asked.

"No it's not! He's so infuriating today for some reason," I went ahead and explained what happened to Claire. By the time I finished, she was laughing hard.

"I needed that laugh, Hunter is starting to get on my nerves too. I just escaped from him and looking to put some distance between us, he has gotten so obsessively clingy. I understand I might be in danger with the councils but I do not need to feel like a prisoner in my own home," She groaned with frustration.

"I hear you, how about we go somewhere else? A break from the men will make us prettier by the end of today," I suggested causing her to laugh but she agreed.

A very long minutes later... we settled in the bar room. It made me a little sad that Claire didn't remember, I didn't try to remind her of course, the only thing that would achieve is making her sad too.

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I recalled the first time I discovered this room, I was trying to get away from Jet and Claire found me. She told me about a mate running away was a wolf's favorite foreplay, I thought she was crazy but it turned out to be true.

And by the time Jet caught me, I was drunk from only taking one glass of wine. I smiled at the memory as I passed Claire a glass and took one for myself before pouring us a drink.

I felt the need to warn her. "You might want to go easy on the wine now that you are human... Well sort of and I'm a werewolf—sort of," I laughed taking a sip.

"Very weird," She agreed also taking a sip of her drink.

A knock on the door had me looking over my shoulder, well someone figured out where we are pretty fast. "If you aren't Jet or Hunter then come in," I call out to whoever was on the other side of the door.

A second later the door opened and Trisha poke her head through it. "One of the maids told me you were here, I went to the training room to see how things was going but no one was there." She stepped inside.

How did she know there was a training room? I didn't found out until today. I soon got distracted by Hunter walking into the room without much of a knock, was he hoping to sneak in without being spotted?

He catch my eyes and place is finger on his mouth asking me to keep quiet, knowing he was only doing his job, I nodded and face the ladies. "Want a drink," I asked Trisha.

"Not really, you should be training. You might think you

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have time but you don't. We have to take advantage of the upcoming full moon and I would like to go home soon," She added, causing me to feel guilty.

I stood up. "This is for my own good as well," I muttered before stepping outside. I made my way to the training room, as Trisha pointed out earlier it was empty so I decided to train alone until Jet decides to show up.

The knife was still where I dropped it with blood stain on it. I pick it up, looking around for a hand towel or something to clean it up.

I turned towards the window where the sunlight was pouring into the room, I stare at the blood stain for what seem like the longest time before bringing it up to my mouth and licking it off.

I jolted aback as if someone shock me awake. I dropped the knife wondering what in the world possessed me to do that?

TBC