

## Chapter 0207

He jumps up, turns and starts moving forward in a fluid motion someone his size shouldn't be able to do, but he made it look like nothing. He reaches me and grabs for my arm and I turn out of his grasp only to be caught by his other arm. I take a swing of my own making an attempt to free myself from his massive hand. He didn't let go, but I know the contact affected him by the look on his face. We keep this dance up for a little while. Close combat is something I am good at. My size usually requires it, but it is difficult for my larger friends. I will take any advantage I can get.

He grabs my wrist and spins me, aiming for a headlock, but he overestimates my height and I slip back under his arm, pulling him with me. He aims a punch at my rib cage which knocks all of my breath out of my body and I see a flash of white for a brief second with the pain. He pulls down on my wrist trying to get me to the ground again. I roll and hit him in the chest with as strong a kick as I can muster at this point, but it was enough. He stumbles back, looks at me and smiles. It is the most wickedly playful smile I have ever seen. The fire in his eyes let's me know I am in deep sh\*t.

He takes two running steps and jumps shifting in mid air. I don't even hesitate to run forward, slide under his shifting form and shift to my wolf as I stand to all fours and he lands facing me. His massive rust colored wolf has his head

tipped low to the ground, both amber eyes locked on me, muscles rippling, tensed and ready to pounce on me.

My wolf shifts her chest low to the ground ready for anything. We can jump head on or dodge either right or left. The benefit to being small is I am always close to the ground and I know how to brace my center of gravity.

He charges at me and my wolf dodges right and aims a bite at his front left leg. He's too quick for us though and pivots just out of reach and whips his hind legs around to barrel into our side. We take the hit and absorb it in a roll, back to our feet before he can pounce. We charge at him this time taking the offense, he lowers his head anticipating a head on attack. Instead we jump up and over his head landing on his back, another benefit to being smaller. We sink our teeth into the scruff of his neck and clamp down like our life depends on it.

He flails around trying to knock us off, but we extend our claws and hang on for the ride. When I look back on this I may laugh at the idea of me riding on his back like a horse. But, right now, I'm determined to win this battle and survive. He whips his head down trying to throw me forward, but my claws are doing me proud right now. As I have the thought though I feel a ripple under his skin and he shifts below me and drops to the ground in human form. My weight follows him down, but he tosses me sideways and I shit to match him, shoving the thought of being completely naked to the very back of my mind so it can't distract me. 2

He runs at me and drops low, shoving his shoulder into my hips and lifting me off the ground. We are both so sweaty at this point he can't get a good hold on me and I go up and over his shoulder. Whipping my arm over his shoulder and putting him in a headlock. My height gives me an advantage since he has to bend backward almost in half in this position.

"TIME!" Another trainer shouts.

I let go of Warrior Nickolas and step back, my friends are clapping and laughing behind me.

"Here." A very large shirt is thrust in front of me.

I look over to see Wyatt. "Thank you." I mumble through the shirt while I pull it on.

"I figured this would be easier than trying to get back in your teeny tiny stuff, just to have to shift again."

"That's what a fight should look like." Nickolas shouts, still breathing heavily from the fight. "She didn't just do the bare minimum and stay out of range. You will almost never find a fight like that. She found opportunities to go on the offensive and take control of the fight instead of waiting for things to happen. She used her size to her advantage, was quick to observe my movements and learned throughout the fight. She has clearly seen a lot, experience makes us wiser and better not age, many of you would do well to remember that."

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He stepped over to the trainer who was keeping time and grabbed a water and a towel before turning back to the group and dividing us up into pairs. I am pulled over to Warrior Osiston. 1

"When can I train with the group, this seems like a punishment now. Did I do something wrong that you keep separating me from them?" I look at him, needing answers. They brought me here, I didn't request it. I was perfectly fine waiting until I was old enough, but now something feels off like they are regretting bringing me here, but can't send me away either. So they are just tolerating me, waiting to figure out what to do with me. 1

"Not punishment, just acclimating." He says cryptically.

"Seriously? That's the best you could come up with? I can handle the truth. If you don't think I'm ready just say so. I know you don't want to send me back to my pack, and I'm not sure I want to be there right now anyway. But, I could just do school here, I don't have to be in training if you all have decided you don't want me here or I'm not ready or whatever." I try to keep the hurt out of my voice, but I don't think I did a very good job.

I've only been here a couple days, but this feels right. Even with Audrina breathing her clear dislike down my neck every

possible chance, this is where I'm supposed to be. The old sting of not being wanted or good enough slices through my heart though. I wanted to come here to get away from that. I have been working so hard the last year on being accepted for me. The guys and Sierra really helped too. Being seen and wanted felt good and now the idea of going back to being the girl that was just kept for image's sake, but not really wanted or needed around chaffed.

"It's not that we think you are not ready, and we are not actually acclimating you, we are acclimating the rest of the warriors. You are a force Little One, and make an impression wherever you go. Your intelligence, fighting skills, and general demeanor are well above your age, but you are still very young in some ways and I don't want to interfere with experiences that you, as a teenager, are supposed to have either. You have seen the extreme reactions people have around you. The negative interactions have not gone unnoticed by the trainers, but we will not step in unless you request it. We know not everyone will get along here, we want you all to handle your own business, but I will not tolerate you letting it get as far as you did back in your pack. They have all seen you fight now and they have seen your scars and injuries that are still on the mend. They know you've seen real battle and dealt with real trauma. Some may outright ask and others will beat around the bush to find out what happened. They are trainees as well and have just as much to learn as you do, but there are also things that you have trained regularly that they have

never been taught. So, until I see fit, you train with me. Understood?' 2

"Yes, Sir."

We train for the rest of the day. Sometimes in human form, sometimes as wolves. I am becoming more comfortable with being around all of these naked people. Not like I really have a choice. I think I am the only one here that hasn't been given a warrior brand yet, so the trainers are forced to shift so I can be given instructions. I kind of feel bad to being an inconvenience, but Warrior Ossiton and Alpha Reggie won't let me have it yet, so I really don't have any control over that.

By the time we are done, everyone is covered in a thick layer of dirt and sweat. It's kind of gross, but I feel very satisfied and thoroughly tired. It feels so good to train hard and with people who are at my level. I am learning from them, not just teaching. I can't wait for school tomorrow so I can tell Sierra all about it.

Dinner was uneventful, thank the Goddess. I'm not sure if it's because Of my session with Warrior Nickolas or if everyone is tired from the hours of shifting and fighting, but I won't complain either way.

"When you are ready, I really want to hear the story behind the scars on your back. That's not something that just happens and you ignore. I am actually curious if you are so good because of the scars or if you got the scars because

+15 BONUS

you are so good." Lillian muses like this is the most normal dinner conversation ever.



Miss L Author

" Updated! Thank you so much for following along! "

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