

Chapter 0057

That last part hit me the hardest. That stupid f*cking motto my brother and his friends lived by. They let people think that only the strongest should survive. It was actually the way that they played when they did drills together. Last man standing and all that. They taunted and teased each other for being the 'weakest' that day. The problem was they never explained that they were teasing and motivating each other to anyone. They just said the stupid line and went about their lives not realizing who's listening and following their lead. They are oblivious to the influence they have without even trying.

I throw my covers off, I can't sleep. The memory just brings on more nightmares. I rub my eyes forcefully and look at the clock, it's 3am. The only thing is to run off the nervous energy now.

You want out tonight?

I thought you would never ask. It's been a while. Hanging out with those boys hasn't given you as much free time since we are still hiding that you are special.

You know why we do, and it was your idea in the first

place. Let's get a couple miles out and then I will turn it over to you. Maybe I can get a bit of rest that way.

Whatever you need, I'm here for you. We got this, kiddo.

My wolf feels like an old soul. Almost like a cool aunt that gives me advice when I ask, but also lets me totally figure things out the hard way after instigating a less than intelligent idea. That used to come in the form of broken bones or other self inflicted injuries when I was trying some new defensive move. I can at least say I haven't injured myself in a long time.

I get my running gear on and tiptoe to the back door, hoping to not make a sound going out. I don't know if the guys went home or are still out partying. Maybe they each found a girl to entertain now that they didn't have to babysit me. I spared one look at the twins' backyard as I ran towards the forest. I didn't hear any noises, but the garden lights were still on, who knows. I couldn't dwell on it though, I have already decided to let them go. I'm not allowed to wonder what they are doing or who they're with. I can't want to be with them and keep my secret, that's not fair to them. The pack members are more important, they need to stay safe. That's the mission.

I made it to the edge of the forest and sat to put on my shoes. I couldn't risk tearing up my own feet and I can't shift here, someone could see or hear me. The transformation was not pleasant to go through or to watch, especially for a new shifter. Once you get the hang of it, you and your wolf can interchange pretty easily and quickly, but it takes a lot of practice. We are pretty good, but the noise could still attract someone and I can't take that risk.

I tie my shoes tightly, check my ponytail to make sure it's secure and wrap the straps of the little backpack I brought to store everything around my waist so it doesn't bounce around while it's empty. I start to jog, thinking, again, about everything that happened today.

How does Kaley always seem to find me with the guys? Even if it's not the twins, she manages to track me down and make things difficult and cause a scene, then I am attacked the next day. I wish they would at least get creative and find a way to hurt me at training. Then again, I would have their faces and be able to identify who is abusing their strength and assumed power. What is it about her dad that gives her so much power to not get in any kind of trouble? Just that thought makes me angry again. I run faster, pushing my legs. I need to feel the burn in my

muscles before I turn over control. I start running the patrol route and let muscle memory take over letting the heat take all of the anger I have towards that one person and incinerate the emotion.

I've been going for about an hour when my wolf lets me know there is another presence near us. I'm on alert now, letting her enhance my vision and hearing. To my left I can hear labored breathing, someone is trying to flank me, but at a distance. Then a twig crack to the right and a huff. I sniff the air, they are down wind, but not making an effort to be stealthy. Whoever is following me should have known I would figure them out quickly, so they either want their presence known or they are stupid. I'm hoping it's the first one, I'm not close enough to the border's edge for a rogue or neighboring pack member to be following me without patrol picking it up, but as I have that thought six faces pop into my head.