

Rejected Protector Chapter 3 - Tips

Trevor and I used to be friends. Our parents used to tease us about being mates when we grew up. We used to laugh about it, but all of that changed last year during sparring practice. I have beaten almost everyone that I spared, except the alpha and my parents and sometimes the beta. Trevor challenged me once last year since he was an alpha wolf. Trevor thought since I was a gamma wolf and female, he could take me down easily. He prides himself on being the strongest wolf. Initially, I was going to let him win. My mother had told me a while ago about the fragile egos of the males in our pack. Secretly, my mother is stronger than my dad and probably the alpha, but she always gives them a narrow win to keep the peace and balance in the pack. I was going to do the same, I swear I was. I was also going to take this opportunity to help him improve some of his fighting skills. Trevor has a tell when he is fighting. He tends to lead off with his left leg every time he is going to get a power punch with his right hand. He favors his right side as his power side. To be a well-rounded warrior, you have to be powerful on both sides. If the one side is weaker, then you work on strengthening it. I had a training plan in mind for Trevor that would have made his moves unpredictable and made him almost unbeatable. You know what they say about the best-laid plans? Trevor never gave me the chance to go over the fight and point out areas he could work on.

As we began to spar, Trevor started attacking right away. I can tell he was trying to overpower me. One of the first lessons Beta Varen taught us was to watch your opponent and find an opening to hit them where they are weakest. I noticed Trevor kept shifting to the left before he tried to kick me in my midsection. I kept sidestepping him. I can tell he was getting a little frustrated when he could not get a hit on me. So I waited for his left shift, then I moved, but not enough to completely avoid the kick. His foot made contact with my right thigh. Yes, I took an indirect hit and let Trevor get me down. I tried to make it look real like I've seen my mom do when she spars with my dad. Trevor then tried to pin me and put me in a submissive hold. I would have submitted, but as we were on the ground, he whispered he knew that I let him hit me and wanted a fair win, so I got back up and fought a little harder, but still was not using full strength and let him get a few good hits in, but I fought hard. I was able to best Trevor with ease, but I am a natural-born warrior, after all. At first, he seemed ok. Then, all of a sudden, he got pissed about losing to me. I don't understand why. I mean, almost everyone loses to me, so I don't see a problem. Most of the pack members measure their success and progress on how long they can stand against me before I take them down, not

on winning or losing. You see, most warriors understand that I have an advantage when it comes to fighting. I have been training since I was a pup. Most wolves don't train until they shift at 12 or 13, but my parents started training me when I was five. That's a tradition in our family. I have been receiving specialized training since age twelve and have been learning from other packs and species for the past three years. Everyone in the pack knows this and appreciates the insight I can give them. I mean "Hello," that is my job as Gamma and trainer.

After the match, I went to help Trevor up and he pushed my hand away from him. I was so surprised, all I could do was stand there. Trevor told me I was playing with him and trying to make him look bad. He accused me of not being a genuine friend to him. He said that I treated him like I thought he was weak and couldn't handle me in a fight. I mean, obviously, he can't. I wasn't even trying to win. But that is not the point. I did not do anything to him and I fought him hard. It is almost like he is mad that I didn't fight him like he is an enemy. I mean, why would I go overboard; this was a sparring match. I honestly don't know what his issue is. It was a good fight. He started out overconfident and relied on strength alone. He did not focus on technique. I was planning to tell him how to improve the next time. That's what I usually do with the Elite 12 when we spar. That is how we get better. Trevor just stormed away, telling me to stay away from him and that I was no longer his friend.

Trevor has been mad at me since that day. We stopped hanging out together. Even when the Circle of 10 gets together, it ends up being a Circle of 9. Trevor will not take part in the activity if he knows I'm going to be there and if we are both there at the same time; he ignores me and acts like I'm invisible. That was v

ery painful in the beginning. I mean, we once were best friends. We told each other everything. I knew all his hopes and dreams and knew mine. I knew how much keeping the pack strong means to him. He told me about how he wants to prove to his father that he will be a powerful alpha and lead by example. I thought we wanted the same thing for the pack. He wanted to be the strongest alpha, and I wanted to be the strongest Gamma. Together, we would make our pack unbeatable. I don't understand how one incident could change that. We were friends for life. I thought our friend bond was unbreakable, but I guess not if he can turn against me over something so small and petty.

I thought he would get over it in time. That I would let him calm down and then we would talk it over, but when I tried to talk to him a couple of weeks after "the incident," that didn't go so well. I saw Trevor leaving the training ground

alone and tried to approach him to work things out. Our conversation went a little like this.

“Hi Trev, you have a second,” I asked, walking up to him.

He cringed and looked at me clearly, getting angry for some unknown reason. “First, my name is Trevor. You don’t have permission to call me Trev.”

To say that the venom in his voice shocked me was an understatement. “Wow,” I exclaimed.

“Second,” he continued, “I made it clear that I had nothing else to say to you. We are no longer friends. You stay out of my way and I will stay out of yours, ok?”

“But Trevor, we have been friends for over 16 years, why won’t you talk to me. Can’t we work this out and remain friends. I’m going to be your third in command. We will need to work together.”

“Look Seleste, you should have talked to me before you decided to fight me like a girl and make me look weak in front of all the warriors. Did you get a good laugh at me with them?” Trevor yelled in my face.

He really needed to take it down a notch. “I never tried to make you look bad. What do you mean I fought you like a girl? Um, Trevor, I am a girl. So, I’m a little confused. I thought it was a good fight. If you had waited, I could have told you the areas you need to work on to do better the next time. I mean, that’s what I usually do with the other warriors. You have a couple of tells why you fight that could make a difference in a fight.”

I started trying to explain the things I noticed, but I could tell that Trevor was getting madder. I honestly don’t know what I did wrong this time, but Trevor had smoke coming out of his ears. He was so mad. A vein was popping out on his forehead. Everything in me wanted to touch him right now. For some reason, it feels like our touching would calm him down, but there is no way I would get that close to him right now.

“Seleste, are you hearing yourself? You want to tell me, the future alpha, what I need to do to improve. Well, listen and listen well, I will only say this once. I don’t care what you do with other warriors. I am NOT THEM! I will be your alpha and you will respect me. I can’t believe you think you have the right to correct me! Like I said earlier, stay away from me and I will stay away from

you. As for you being the future Gamma, we can work together without having to interact personally. You just do your job!" Trevor yelled and walked off in a huff.

I just stood there with my mouth hanging over. How could such an innocent conversation turn into something like that? I don't know what to say to him. It seems like he is determined to be mad at me no matter what, so I will honor his request and stay away from him as much as possible.

I told my mom and the girls about the conversation I had with Trevor. They were just as confused as I was. Everyone agreed that I should stay away from him and just give him space. No one thought he would stay mad this long. This was not like him. I had never known Trevor to be so unreasonable. None of our friends can believe he is acting like this. He has always been one to put the pack first. That's how we were all raised. The pack is more important than the individual. Collectively, we are stronger. What Trevor is doing is dividing the pack. It's almost like he wants our friends to choose between him and me, but I refuse to put them in that position. I let them know I understand they will do things with Trevor, and I will stay away so that they can have a good time without the tension between the two of us messing up the fun. I respect his desire to not be around me. Honestly, with his attitude, I don't want to be around him anymore, either. Over time, I got used to not having him around and after a year, I barely missed his presence in my life. It's sad that one event that was not that serious could ruin a 16-year friendship.