

## Strength Test

[Five days later]

[Bellamy]

After breakfast, I dressed quickly in a tank top and some workout pants. Today, I'd get to take my physical ability test and get sworn into the pack. Last night, Alpha Kieran accepted my offer to claim the pack.

He said his son, Jason, told him it couldn't hurt and it could provide a safer place for the pack. They'd been having issues with rogues for years. In the time I'd been there, rogues had attacked the border guards three times.

Galen met me at my door. He was just about six feet tall with dark brown hair and light brown eyes. His build was as thick as his dad's and he was well muscled. Galen was in the warrior's elite class for ghting. It was the top class and where I aimed to end up as quickly as possible.

He was excited. We'd all grown closer in the last few days. The boys had made sure to visit with me and take me around to the garden in the back for some time in the sun. We played video games together and they talked about their family and friends.

Bruce introduced me to Cara, Kieran's daughter, and we really hit it off. She was beautiful with strawberry blonde curls, impish blue eyes, a sweet button nose, and a self-assured smile. Of course, Cara was taller than me, even though we were the same age. But she was fun, friendly, and didn't rub it in. Everyone loved her.

Cara insisted they introduce me to Todd's two younger cousins. Their names were Drake and Dillon. They were both really fun in different ways.

Drake liked playing ghting games with me and Dillon would sneak snacks from the kitchen and gossip about all the things he heard while sneaking around. They were a year older than me and Cara, but we all got along really well.

"You ready to show us what you got, Amy?" Galen asked with a grin.

"I hope no one's disappointed. I haven't really been able to train in about a year." I replied.

"Just do your best. As you grow we'll move you up into the other ranks of training."

"What can I expect here?" I asked.

"First, we'll check strength. Then, speed and coordination. After that, you'll ght Clint. He's the only one who didn't think he'd have a problem with ghting a little girl." Galen laughed.

"Thanks. I'm ready." I smiled, and we headed to the training grounds.

The sun was warm and everything felt so electric. Training soothed me when I was without a home. I'd remember my father's deep patient voice encouraging me and telling me what I needed to do to be better. He was the best teacher. It made me feel safe when there wasn't any safety to be had.

We approached the eld. There was a raised platform at one end and some metal bleachers on the sides. The Alpha, Beta, and Gamma were all in attendance along with their sons. It made me a little nervous. I was ne with training around other people, but having people watch me was weird.

Clint met me at the edge of the eld and sent Galen to sit with his friends. I saw my other brothers sitting under the bleachers with Cara, Drake, and Dillon. They'd all been told not to come, but had anyway to 'support' me. I held back a smile as they made faces.

"I have some weights over here set up with where we think you're at. We need to nd the heaviest one you can lift without strain. Got it?" Clint asked.

I nodded and we walked to the area he indicated. The bar had two small discs on it and I started laughing. It couldn't have been more than ten pounds altogether.

"I'm just messing with you." He chuckled and added some larger weighs.

It was a little over a hundred pounds now. I lifted it easily, most wolves my age could lift more, he was probably trying to make sure I didn't overdo it so soon after healing.

We spent the next twenty minutes adding weights and lifting. He was going up by small amounts each time he added weight. Once I couldn't lift the bar without a struggle, he marked down the weight and date so we could mark my progress. I saw his gaze drift over my head. He was reporting back to the ranked members.

"Next is speed. I want you to run as fast as you can to the benches there and back." Clint instructed. "Go." He said, clicking a little stop watch.

I ran as fast as I could, kicked off the seat of the bench to turn and ran back, stopping in front of him. Clint blinked and stopped the watch, shaking his head.

"Holy shit." He whispered. "I barely saw you move."

I blushed. "Sorry, did you need me to do it again?"

"No. You said you were an alpha, but I didn't expect that." He snorted. "Let's just move to the ght. I can gauge your speed for blocking and attacking, along with your coordination there."

"Alright." I smiled.

He put down his watch and led me to the center of the eld. Clint indicated where he wanted me to stand and walked to his own starting spot, not too far away. I watched how he walked and moved. I'd been thinking of everything I'd seen of him since I arrived.

Clint was right hand dominant and tended to lead with that leg, it held most of his weight when standing. At some point in the last few days, he'd taken a hard hit to the ribs and was breathing shallowly. They'd had to have broken at least one fairly badly if he wasn't healed yet.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, focusing on the area where he was standing. I could hear his heart beating, his lungs taking in breath, the rustle of his clothing. Breathing in, I could smell the scent of his shampoo and shaving cream. I could smell the scent of his wolf and his excitement. Warriors loved a good ght, and he was expecting one.

Then I smelled something else. It wasn't coming from the direction Clint was in. I opened my eyes and turned. Something moved behind a tree not far from the bleachers. I ran to the weights and grabbed a disc before taking off in the direction of the scent.

The rogue didn't have time to react. He was intently staring at Cara and hadn't noticed me. Since he was downwind, no one watching had scented him yet. An obsessed ex-pack. I knew the look. They often stole younger girls to raise as their mates. I jumped the last few feet and brought the weight upside his head as I landed.

Bringing my arm back up, I smashed his nose with the weight while repeatedly pounding my knee between his legs. He whimpered in defeat and bared his neck before my next swing. I tossed the weight aside and pressed my ngers into his windpipe.

He stared, terried, into my eyes.

"You're in my territory. That's my female." I growled.

He coughed in answer.

"This will be your chance to gain my mercy. You tell every rogue you know that Queen Bellamy has claimed this land and this pack. If I see you, hear you, or smell you, within a mile of my territory, I'll rip out your heart and eat it while the light fades from your eyes. Do you understand?" I threatened.

The rogue nodded and I let him up. He stumbled and ran, limping heavily, back the way he came. I watched until he disappeared in the tree line. He wouldn't be much of a messenger if he thought he could steal a female who was surrounded by all those males.

"Damn, Amy! That was awesome!" Galen shouted.

"You totally kicked his ass!" Drake cheered.

I turned to look at them. The men were already behind me, but everyone else stood further away. Clint grinned and clapped Daniel on the back.

"She ghts like a demon. No mercy until he gave in. That mutt won't ever reproduce." He laughed.

"Bellamy. How did you know he was there?" Kieran asked cautiously.

"Rogues are more sensitive to the scent of other rogues. Especially ex-pack. They smell off. They're not meant to be without their people and it changes them." I replied softly.

"Do you know what he was after? Was he trying to kill the Alpha?" Daniel asked.

"He was after Cara. Some of the ones who don't have a mate when they go rogue become obsessed with nding one. They'll take unmarked girls, human, rogue, pack, it doesn't matter, and drag them around until they break and call the male 'mate'. I met one who was stubborn, a year and a half ago. He'd had her for seven months before she broke. I almost wasn't fast enough and he nearly marked her. She couldn't have been much older than Bruce. I returned her to her pack's territory." I answered.

"Pansy Killian." Tobin whispered.

"That was her name." I nodded.

"Pansy always said a little rogue saved her. No one believed it. She found her mate at the regional gathering last April. She's in the Ice Moon pack." Tobin told me.

"I'm glad."

"Will sending that message bring anything down on us?" Kieran asked.

"The next few times rogues are spotted, I should be notified. I will release one more to verify the ex-pack's story. All others, I'll kill." I informed him.

I didn't look at their faces. Even though we're wolves, there are some human ideals we're prone to. I knew they were shocked and disgusted. A child talking about killing so easily... no adult liked that. They would probably ask me to leave, now. Too much, too soon. Packs weren't meant for rogue-born wolves.

Two big arms scooped me up into a hug. It was Daniel. He held me tightly and rocked me back and forth.

"You did great, Amy. I'm so proud of you." He whispered as he kissed the side of my head.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and squeezed him close. "Thank you, daddy." I whispered.

He laughed. "She called me daddy! Not Daniel!"

My brothers whooped and I couldn't help but smile. They accepted me. Even though I was a killer. Even though I was a rogue. They still wanted me. I vowed to do everything I could to make sure they never regretted their decision.