

Chapter 11

Tess

I absolutely hate Jocelyn. The bitch is fucking gorgeous. Wearing a rucked mini dress with gold chains for straps and one more across her voluptuous chest, the burgundy color against her tanned skin makes her look like a fucking playboy bunny. Every guy around turns their head to check her out. Not gonna lie, I'd check her out too, she's that hot, but she touched my mate. I want to break every fucking bone in her hands, slowly, with a sledgehammer and an ice pick. Her glossy brown hair shimmers down her back as she leads us to the different vendors. If it weren't for Cody holding my hand, that bitch would be a bloody mess.

Cody leans down to kiss my cheek. "You're growling, Darlin'."

I look up at him as we're waiting while Jocelyn schmoozes a vendor. "She touched you."

Cody chuckles. "Don't worry, Tess. I only have eyes for you. You look hot." I'm not wearing anything new, just my regular denim shorts and a flannel that I left open over my sports bra. We're training after we're finished so I didn't think to dress up.

"Yeah, well what if one of these guys touched me?" I try to make a point.

He smiles deviously then whispers. "I'd choke slam anyone that comes near you. Then I'd tear off their balls and use them as a hacky sack."

I smile up at him. "My point exactly. You're the hottest guy around. Jocelyn has eyes for you too. I want to stab her with a red hot fucking poker."

This time Cody growls and it goes right to my panties. "Keep talking like that and I'll have to take you to our room."

"Promises, promises."

Cody smacks my ass then grips it tight. "Eventually, Darlin'. Just a few more days." "Can't wait."

"Cody." Jocelyn goes to grab his arm, but I growl and Cody politely backs away. That's right, bitch, he's mine. "I need to introduce you to Mr. Langers and Mr. Wilson from Combat Sporting Gear." Cody takes my hand and we follow Jocelyn to meet the two men. "Gentleman, this is Cody Johnson. He's ex-military. His stats are 24-3-2. As you can see he's a heavyweight contender.

"I saw you fight earlier this year when you got your number 3." Mr. Langers comments. Asshole. I already don't like him.

"Yes sir, that was unfortunate. I was without a trainer at that time. I have recently found a new trainer that works me harder than I've ever worked before. I hope you have the chance to watch my match so you can see how far I've come since then. May I introduce my new trainer, Tess Denton."

The guy points to me. "This is your trainer?" He says it like it's some joke. He looks me over, but I don't flinch.

"Yes sir. She and her father have been working with me, but it's mostly been Ms. Denton." Cody stands proud beside me.

"I'm intrigued." Says Mr. Wilson. "We'll have to keep our eye out for you, won't we." He says mostly to me, but it's Cody's show, not mine.

"We look forward to it. If you'll excuse us gentlemen, Tess is pretty strict and I have training to do." He shakes their hands then leads me to the weight room. I strip out of my shorts and flannel to the sound of whistling. Cody grabs my ass for all to see. I'm digging the

possessiveness. I'm his mate and he is mine. I would be disappointed if he didn't claim me.

"Alright, five miles on the treadmill, let's go," I promised I would run beside him. Honestly, I'm happy to get back to moving. I hated sitting around while he and Dad got to run. I love running, especially in my wolf. I still haven't told him my secret, but I don't think it's the right time just yet.

After our run/jog, we both start out on pull-ups then work through the rest of our routine. A few guys have stopped their workouts to watch me, surprised by my strength and stamina. I ignore them all and keep my focus on Cody. We're running our last ladders when a presence catches my attention. The guy is just shy of Cody's size, but werewolves are usually pretty big. I turn to face him having never met him before. Cody notices my line of sight. "Holt. Long time, brother. How have you been?" He reaches his arm out to the wolf, Holt.

"Not bad, James. Who's this little fox?" The wolf smirks at me but shakes Cody's hand.

Wait, what? "James?" I ask.

"James is my first name. I go by Cody." He explains then answers the wolf's question. "This is my girlfriend and trainer Tess Denton. Tess this is my friend Holt." Neither of us moves to shake hands.

"Holt, as in Holt Lancaster?" I ask. Holt Lancaster is the next Alpha of the Rocky Mountain Ridge pack in Colorado. His Granddad is also on the Council. Holt has the coppery skin of werewolves with jet-black hair and dark almost black eyes. His face looks firm, but his eyes are soft and kind.

Holt's brows go up. "Denton? Micco Denton's heir if I'm not mistaken." He asks of Cody.

Cody looks between us. "You two know each other?"

"Only by reputation. Denton here is in the same boat as me. Isn't that right?" Holt answers. "What is the Luna of the Snowy Lake Pack doing with a human, I wonder." He says under his breath so only I can hear him. "That's correct," I say as I cross my arms. "Cody is my mate. You have a problem with that?" I answer under my breath.

Holt smiles big and bright. "Not at all. James and I go way back. He would make an excellent alpha, despite being human. He would get no challenge from me." I relax minutely at his response to me alone.

"You're in excellent hands with this one. She's known among the tribes." He tells Cody.

"Is that so?" Cody asks with pride radiating from him. "I have yet to see her in action since her leg injury. I've been sparring with Micco."

I see Holt looking curiously at my leg. "Long story," I whisper.

He just smirks. "Really? Your opponent better watch out. How about a little spar, Denton? We're not allowed to spar with each other before a match and I could use the practice. One five-minute round?" Under his breath he says. "Not a challenge. Maybe later on you can fill me in on the leg thing."

My face lights up. "Absolutely."

"No way," Cody says at the same time.

"Don't worry. I'm not going to hurt her. I doubt I would be able to anyway. I hear you're pretty fast." Holt praises my skill having never met me before. I just now notice that the room is silent as everyone is watching and waiting. "Let's do it," I tell him then turn to Cody. "You won't spar with me so why not your friend? I promise to be careful."

Cody kisses my lips then gives me my gear. "I'm only agreeing to this out of pure curiosity. Try not to make your leg worse." I nod and strap on my gloves then put in my mouth guard.

There isn't a ring in this room, but there are wrestling mats. Holt and I step up to face each other.

Mr. Wilson steps in the middle of the mats having removed his shoes, jacket, and tie. "I'll play ref. You two ready?" Holt and I nod and tap gloves. "Let's get it on."

Holt is quick and tries to capture my leg. I sprawl out and grip his neck in a reverse choke-hold called a guillotine, but he's like a freight train and we still end up on the ground. He cracks me in the ribs. I grunt, but I still have control of his neck. I use my legs to wrap around one of his, trying to maintain control. Normally I would be able to get shoulders on the mat, but Holt is massive and I know there's no way I'm pinning him. I give him a few rib shots of my own causing him to grunt. He uses this time to pull out of my grasp. Now he's leering over me so I crack his jaw with a few hard strikes.

Holt falls to the side a little dazed. I wrap my legs around him and I try to finagle his shoulders to the ground. Holt maneuvers out, but I still have a grasp on him. I land a few more rib shots. He grunts then moves to get out of my grasp, but I have him locked. He gets hold of my right arm and pulls me toward the mat. I strike him just under the armpit with my left hand and pull my right arm free. Mr. Wilson calls time and we break apart to the sound of applause. Cody hands me a water bottle then pulls me into his chest. He runs his nose along my neck while I take a drink. "That was pretty impressive. I was hoping to see more of your striking abilities, but what I saw was incredible."

I giggle at his appraisal then pull my hair free from its mess to return it up into a bun. Holt comes back over to shake my hand. Neither of us won, but it was a good match. "Luna. Your pack is lucky to have you." He says under his voice so only I can hear him. "I was caught off guard by how hard you hit. Good work." He says then heads off to the showers.

"That was fun." I can't keep the smile from my face.

"They have a women's division, you know," Cody states.

I just shake my head. I like sparring and taking on opponents, but I just want to be with Cody and Willow. "Maybe one day if I get an itch for it, but for now I'll stick to training. You, big guy, still have footwork to do." Cody chuckles, but we go back to finish his training.

After training, I take a quick shower in the locker room only to be accosted by Jocelyn. "Cody doesn't need you messing with his head. You're not a trainer, you're just using that as an excuse to get close to him. He has a daughter and he never takes women around her. He puts her first. You're not good enough for him. He'll never fall for your little scheme"

"I have no idea what scheme you're talking about, but Cody and I are already together. I know all about Willow. I'm looking forward to meeting her." I roll my eyes at the bitch and slip my shoes on.

"I've been with him from the beginning of his fighting career. I've seen women try to swindle him, but he never falls for it. You're no different. You may think you're special, but you're not. I'm not surprised he mentioned his daughter, he's so proud of her. Just because you know her name doesn't mean anything. Whatever your plan is, it isn't going to work. You can be sure I'll be speaking to him about you" She combs her hair out of her face with her fingers and I get what she's really trying to say.

"You mean he never fell for your little scheme. That's where you messed up; you thought some crazy plan would work on him. You thought you had a chance with him, when in reality he never even gave you the time of day. I'm not playing around." Judging by the look of bitterness on her face, I'm sure I nailed it. "You've been trying to land him for years. Guess what sweetheart, it took less than a day for him to see me. He was never going to be yours. Cody is mine. You can try all you want to get

between us, he'll never go for you. In the end, he'll choose me. In fact, he already has." I blow her a kiss then grab my stuff and leave the locker room. Yep, it's official, I hate her.