

# Chapter 4 Trying to Figure Me Out

**Josh's POV:**

I was half-asleep when gossip from the girls in front of me stabbed right into my ears.

"I heard Angeline from the class next door went to corner Amanda. Bet that ugly chick's face got ripped apart."

"Angeline's a Gamma from Phantom Pack, while Amanda's just some country Omega. She's definitely getting carried to the infirmary."

I cracked my eyes open, glanced over, and scratched the edge of the desk with my finger.

Yeah, I was the one who let it slip at training camp that Amanda was engaged to us. But I didn't mean for Angeline to go this far. If someone actually died, Grandpa would kill me first.

Panic shot through me. I jumped to my feet and sprinted toward the bathrooms.

The second I hit the hallway, I heard crying spilling out from the girls' restroom.

I leaned in for a peek—and froze.

Four girls were sprawled all over the floor. Angeline was slumped against the sink, hair a mess, blood on her lip, and all her arrogance completely gone.

Amanda stood there with her back to me, brushing her hands together, voice cold and sharp. "I hate being threatened more than anything. Try me again and see what happens."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I'll never do it again!" Angeline sobbed hard.

Amanda turned, locking eyes with me. One brow arched, mocking glint in her eyes.

I jabbed a finger at the wreck on the ground, my words tumbling out. "H-how the hell did you ... "

Angeline's one of the strongest in school. Four against one, and they still got destroyed?

This ugly girl wasn't normal.

"I don't ~~have~~ <sup>be</sup> a wolf spirit, so I trained my body instead." She shrugged, as if she was just talking about the weather. "But you—what are you doing in the girls' bathroom?"

Heat rushed to my face, but I snapped, stiff-necked, "Because I felt like it. None of your business."

I stormed off, but inside I was shaking. Amanda seemed way more dangerous than she looks.

**Amanda's POV:**

I couldn't care less about Josh's little meltdown. On my way back to class, my phone buzzed.

I picked up, and an anxious voice exploded in my ear.

"Boss! Save me!" It was Theo Meskill, from Lunar Pack. His voice cracked into a whine.

Our packs were close, so we grew up together. Years back, I saved him from a rogue, and since then, he had been following me everywhere, calling me Boss.

I rubbed my temple. "What's going on?"

"Josh from Eclipse Pack challenged me to a street race tonight!" Theo almost squealed.

"He's even bringing his brother—I don't stand a chance! Boss, you gotta come help. If you do, I'll give you that arctic fox you wanted!"

Josh?

I thought about the way he sneered at me this morning and laughed coldly. Perfect. I'd been waiting to watch him eat dirt.

"Send me the spot." My voice was lazy. "Pick me up after school."

The address came through—Nightwind Racetrack, a neutral track outside the pack lands, built just for racing.

Right, I'd need to text Derrick not to pick me up.

After school, Theo rolled up in a shiny Lamborghini and parked right in front.

I opened the door and got in. He whipped his head around, eyes bugging. "Who the hell are you? Are you sure you've got the right car?"

I smirked. "What, you don't recognize me?"

"Holy crap! Boss? What happened—did your face get wrecked?" Theo nearly jumped out of his seat.

"It's a disguise." I buckled up. "First, we eat and wash this off. Then we hit the track."

Nightwind Racetrack blazed with lights, the smell of burnt rubber heavy in the air.

I gave the place a bored once-over. "This is where you waste your time every day?"

Theo looked hurt, eyes wide. "Boss, it's my only hobby. Don't roast me."

I rolled my eyes, got out, and felt all the stares right away.

"Who's that girl? Damn, she's gorgeous!"

"When did Theo start rolling with someone like her?"

I ignored them and walked straight to the starting line.

Josh stood next to a black sports car. The moment he saw me with Theo, he burst out laughing. "Theo, this is your backup?"

"Yup," I said coolly.

"You?" Josh barked out a laugh like it was a joke. "Theo, you've lost it. I brought my brother, Samson."

Behind him, Samson leaned against a car, sleeves rolled up, showing those sharp forearms.

When our eyes met, I saw a flicker of surprise, which quickly vanished as he returned to his usual cold look.

Theo puffed his chest and slapped my shoulder. "My Boss is tougher than your brother."

"Save it." I flicked my gaze at Samson and lowered my voice on purpose. "Let's start."

Josh still didn't take me seriously, tilting his chin high. "You got the guts to bet? Loser has to kneel and grovel."

"Deal." I agreed without hesitation, then smirked wickedly. "But if I win, you'll spray-paint on your car, 'Theo is my Boss,' then grovel before me."

The words slapped him hard, and Josh's face went red with rage. Before he could blow up, Samson's hand landed on his shoulder, holding him back.

Samson's eyes locked with mine. He gave the smallest nod.

But in those stormy, dark eyes, there was a spark of curiosity, as if he was already trying to figure me out.