

## CH 3 - Kai

KAI POV

"I'll see you at dinner, yeah?" Reyes called behind me, annoyingly cheerful.

"Sure," I muttered, not slowing down.

The second the door to Room 214 clicked shut, I let out a breath and pressed my back to it. That boy could talk the paint off a wall. Summer snorted in my head. "He likes you."

"He likes the sound of his own voice," I corrected.

I scanned the room, expecting it to be empty or maybe lled with the usual clutter. What I didn't expect—what I denitely did not sign up for—was to walk straight into the aftermath of a goddamn war.

There were three canopy beds, neatly arranged. they looked lovely, comfy even. But the room was anything but peaceful.

Two shirtless Alphas stood toe-to-toe in the center, tension thick enough to choke on. Muscles tight. Nostrils ared. Glares sharp enough to slice.

They hadn't heard me yet. Too busy growling at each other like one wrong word would set off an explosion.

But I knew them.

Not personally. Not yet.

But I'd done my research before coming to the Academy. The tall, bearded one with dark eyes like spilled ink with tattoos crawling up his chest and throat? That had to be Derrick, the Redfangs' second-born heir. A bad-boy reputation so solid it might as well have been printed on his forehead. Arson charges, brawls, and the kind of bedroom rumors that made even the nastiest girls blush.

The other? Leaner, a shade prettier, but with a smirk that made you want to punch his teeth in? That had to be Dalton from the BloodClaws. Hazelnut hair, smug green eyes, and the look of someone who'd broken bones just for fun. I'd heard his pack called him "The Snake." And not just because he liked to strike from behind.

Redfangs and BloodClaws.

Oil and re.

And now I was the lucky i\*\*\*t stuck in a room with both.

Fabulous.

As if on cue, the tension snapped and both of them turned toward me—shoulders squaring, eyes narrowing like they'd just smelled a new threat.

Well. Technically they had.

I could kick their asses with my eyes closed.

But Goddess, I could see them.

Really see them.

And for the rst time in my life I got what the other shewolves said about my brothers or Gunter.

Those males were too hot to be fair.

And Summer? She was practically panting in the back of my mind.

"They look delicious," she whispered.

"They look like trouble," I replied, ignoring how my throat had gone a little dry. My eyes betrayed me, sweeping over Derrick's sculpted abs, down the ink twisting around his ribs, lingering on Dalton's lean torso and sharp jaw. Sexy, yes. Ripped, absolutely. Safe? Not even close.

I dropped my bag with a heavy thud.

"Don't stop the d\*\*k-measuring contest on my account," I said, voice dry. "I was starting to take bets."

Dalton's head snapped to me like a hound catching a new scent. "Who the hell are you?"

"Roommate number three," I said, strolling in like I hadn't just walked into a powder keg with a lit match. "Don't mind me. I'm just your emotionally unavailable third wheel." I added, walking right past them and surveying the beds. One was already a mess—sheets twisted, hoodie thrown on the pillow. The second had a laptop plugged in and weights stacked underneath. The third was untouched.

Mine, then.

Derrick's mouth curled slightly.

Dalton, not so much. "Name?"

"Kai Savage."

Derrick raised a brow. Dalton snorted.

"Fitting."

I gave him a at look. "That supposed to be a joke, or are you always this original?"

Dalton stepped closer, head c\*\*\*\*d. "You're the new one, right? The underage little—very little—Winter Pack heir? Fifth-born or something?"

"Wow," I said, tilting my head. "You memorized my pack bio. I'm attered."

Derrick smirked. Dalton's eyes sharpened.

Strike one.

"Listen, kid," Dalton said, circling slightly. "This isn't your playground. You're not gonna impress anyone with your attitude and baggy clothes. You've got no weight, no rep, and you sure as hell don't look like you belong here."

And that was strike two.

I moved before he could blink.

One step. One motion.

I grabbed his collar and slammed him into the wall so hard the window shook. My forearm pressed to his throat—not enough to crush, just enough to remind him what fear tasted like.

His hands ew up too late. I was already leaning in.

My mouth brushed his ear.

"Wanna say that again?" I whispered.

His eyes ared. Surprise. And... interest?

I pushed a little harder. "I'm not what I look like. And I've dropped bigger assholes than you before breakfast."

A strangled sound escaped him—a mix of a growl and choked air.

I stepped back smoothly. He stayed against the wall just a beat too long. Good. Let it burn.

Derrick whistled low. "Damn. Maybe this year won't suck after all."

Dalton rubbed his neck and glared. "You got a death wish or something?"

I stretched and cracked my neck. "Only if I have to keep listening to your voice. Honestly, I hope you go home early. Tail between your ass and all."

"He's fun," Summer practically purred.

"He's an i\*\*\*t," I shot back.

Dalton didn't say anything, but the glare he threw my way was sharp enough to skin me.

I threw myself onto the empty bed. "So," I said casually, "are we agreeing not to murder each other in our sleep, or should I keep one eye open?"

Derrick chuckled. It was deep, slow, and rich like black coffee on a bad night. "No promises."

Dalton grabbed a towel and headed to the bathroom without a word.

"Enjoy the quiet while it lasts, pup," he muttered.

Pup?

I grinned. Big mistake.

"Call me that again, and you'll be pissing blood."

His back stiffened, but he didn't respond.

I leaned back on the mattress, staring at the ceiling.

Room 214 was gonna be hell.

But at least it wouldn't be boring.