

Chapter 344

"Welcome to your first day of training."

She turned around. Ethan was grinning at her.

He was in his training clothes. His black training pants and white skin tight t-shirt could grab anyone's attention. His muscles were visible in that t-shirt.

Allison almost lost in his good looks but then she controlled her heart.

He walked to her. "You came late. I thought you would be on time."

She averted her gaze from him and looked around the massive hall.

"I was busy. Where is everyone?"

"I gave them leave."

She was stunned. "Leave?"

"Yeah, I thought it was your first day. So you need some privacy since you are shy."

She glared at him. "I am not shy."

"Will see." He replied and headed to another room. Allison did not know if she should follow him or not.

She followed him. They arrived in a large room. It was similar to a locker room, except it was a place where everyone came to change their clothes.

He went to the large closet and opened one of the drawers. He pulled out a black cloth.

"Here are your training clothes. Change your clothes. Come to the hall now. I'll be waiting for you."

Allison nodded and exited the room. It was a restroom. People gathered here after training to take a shower to eliminate sweat from their bodies.

She was dressed in a black T-shirt and cargo pants. Those made her feel at ease.

She went to the training room.

She noticed Ethan drawing a line with white chalk. He halted when he turned his head to her.

"Let's get started," Allison remarked, approaching him.

He stood up and nodded.

"By the way, you look good in these clothes." Ethan said as his gaze traveled to her body. He had never thought her body would be like this. So perfect and beautiful. The curves of the upper body were visible to him.

He averted his gaze so as not to make her feel uncomfortable with his skimming eyes.

"Stand on the opposite side of the line."

Allison attempted to follow his instructions. He demonstrated some warm-up movements to her.

"How can I possibly do that?" Allison inquired when she noticed how neatly he stretched out one leg on the ground while bending the other.

"You certainly can. Just give it a shot."

"I am trying."

"No, it's not like that."

He spoke up and approached her. He sat alongside her and pushed her leg, which was at its limit.

"Wait, what are you doing? It hurts."

"Assisting you in preparing for a perfect fight. Legs are the most important body part for any fight. So concentrate on your legs."

When Allison clenched her eyes hard to bear the pain, Ethan gazed at her. She placed her palm on his shoulder and fist-cuffed his t-shirt.

"You are going to kill me today. My knees are in excruciating pain."

Ethan did not respond to her. He was staring at her. He could see her clearly and very closely.

She was stunningly attractive, with flawless skin.

Why hadn't he looked at her this way before?

Or did he lack the confidence to do so?

Allison felt his hand moving from her knee to her thigh. She jerked back and opened her eyes.

"What exactly are you doing?"

Ethan averted his attention from her and rose up as he heard her query.

"Let's do this right now."

He moved back and began to stretch his hands. Allison slowly stood up and followed his moves.

Ethan taught her some fighting techniques. They were all defensive moves.

"You are free to use them whenever you are in danger, okay?"

Allison nodded and concentrated on her exercises. She also desired to learn to fight. She wanted to defend herself on her own.

They practiced for two hours. They were drenched in sweat.

"You can shower and put on a bathrobe. You are free to wear your attire."

"I'm going to wear the clothes I was wearing before this training."

"Sure."

Ethan walked to the restroom to take a shower.

Allison punched the air behind him as if she were pounding him.

He turned around at that point. In her astonished state, she froze.

He frowned at her unmoved hand in the air. She glanced at her hand slowly and immediately moved down.

"W-Well, I-I was-I was trying out the moves."

"Hmm"

He turned and started to walk again. She sighed and shook her head.

But she could not see the faint smile on his lips.

Allison took a shower and changed into her clothes which were blue jeans and a black top.

She came out of the shower and rubbed her hair. Ethan was already out so he waited for her outside.

When she went out of the training hall she saw him talking with someone on the phone.

He glanced at her and hung up. He approached her.

"You look fresh." He murmured while looking at her wet hair.

Allison did not respond to him. She made her way to the pack house. She decided to return right away. There was still time for dinner. She would eat dinner with her parents at home.

"How was your training?" Luna Ella asked when she saw her entering the pack house.

"Good, Luna."

"That's satisfactory. Your hair is wet."

"Yeah, I took a shower."

"You will catch a cold. Go upstairs and dry your hair."

"Okay."

She made her way upstairs carefully. She went through the first room, which was Ethan's. He might go to his room now, so she did not go there.

There were two further rooms. One of them, she remembered, was the guest room. But she was unable to recall which one. As a result, she headed to the last room in the corner.

When she opened the door, she noticed the room was dark. She turned on the lights, and the room brightened.

The room was painted in black and white. On the right side, there was a king-sized bed. A large window next to it. Many black-colored pieces of furniture were scattered across the room.

"The room has changed a lot in two years." She said to herself.

She needed to use the restroom to fetch a hair dryer. But her gaze was drawn to the bedside table. There was a photograph of a boy and his parents.

She recognized the young boy. Did she mistakenly come to his room?

She was about to turn to leave the room but paused when she heard the boy's voice.

"What are you doing in my room?"