



## 16 CHAPTER 16

Aella 1

"Huh?" Braz turned to me

"I said, I. Want. To. Train." I replied

He looked at me like I'd grown two heads,  
"We really need to go Luna, the females have  
their own training, you can play with them later"

I frowned at his words, I wasn't kidding, "I'm  
not leaving" I folded my arms.

"You're really serious?" He asked again,  
looking at me ....

"Yes," I nodded, nothing's gonna change my  
mind.

"You don't even need to train, you're the  
Luna every wolf would lay their life for you." He  
pointed out

"I'm more interested in protecting myself  
and standing beside my mate than being a  
doormat Luna" I insisted.

His eyes lit up with approval, "fine, Alpha's  
gonna have my head for this" he groaned.

"You'll survive." I muttered.

"I'll be your trainer," he led me to a changing



room, "wait here"

The room smelled of Testosterone, "yucky"

"I don't know if it'll fit but, change into this," he handed me a pair of pants and top to match. It looked awfully tiny, he must have borrowed the pants, hopefully it's stretchy.

I forced my body into it, it hugged body too tightly, making my butt pop out, I used the top to cover it a bit.

"This might be a bit oversize, but just use it for now. Since I'm just testing your abilities, it shouldn't be much of a problem" he threw a pair of training gloves at me.

I walked behind him, feeling a little giddy, I couldn't believe I was finally doing this, I couldn't care less about the curious stares coming my way.

He stopped in front of a punching bag "Hit this as hard as you can." He stepped aside, watching me with squinted eyes.

Looking at the bag, I took a deep breath, time to show him what I've got. Mustering the strength I lunged, punching the bag as hard as I could.

"Oww" I winced in pain, was the bag made of steel, not only did it fail to move even an inch, it



was incredibly strong.

"Weak" Braz said dryly, not mocking me. A fact.

"That's why I'm here to train, genius" I rolled my eyes

"Try it this way," he advanced closer "raise your hand, fold it" I positioned myself and waited for his next order.

He straightened my hand, refolding it, and angling it towards the punching bag, "widen your legs" he said, I opened my legs more,

"Not like that, do it this way," he demonstrated with his body, "lean your weight to your legs, use the momentum to strike" he hit punching bag, it flew on its swing, he caught it and positioned it.

"Your turn,"

I exhaled, then following his orders, I tried again, this time the bag shifted slightly, I squealed in excitement, "did you see that?"

"Manageable" he said, but a smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

I grinned. He began testing my abilities in other aspects, archery, one on one combat, running, etc. The day blurred by quickly, I slumped to the floor by the time he released me.



"After all this, I can say your ability is barely passable, it can be worked on,"

I felt an intense gaze burning holes into my back as he spoke, goosebumps rose up my arm, glancing around for the source, I saw Eros standing at a podium looking at me with a darkened gaze.

Without a word, he turned and left, "what are you looking—Fuck" Braz said, following my eyes to sight his Alpha.

"We'll meet again, tomorrow," I told him and ran after my seemingly moody mate.

What was wrong with him? Did he have a problem with me training with the soldiers? I was done letting people tell me what I can and can't do, so he's got another thing coming if it's really what I think.

"Eros, wait up" I screamed immediately he came into view, I had chased him all the way to the pack house.

He stopped till I caught up and without a word he continued heading up, "what's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing" he sighed, heading to the room opposite mine, I followed him, determined to get a response.



"You don't want me training right?" I whispered, already feeling my heart crack from the realization that my mate was just like everything I've been desperately trying to avoid.

"No...Just."

"Your just like them," I spat, "I'm going to train, with or without your approval" I turned to leave, I can't believe I thought Eros was different, that he'd understand, I was such a fool.

Eros held me back by my arm, he hugged me from behind, I should shove him away but, I leaned into his touch, he bent to my level, burying his neck into my neck.

"You should've come to me instead" his voice came out muffled.

"What!" I exclaimed, did I hear him right.

He turned me to face him, cupping my face in his hands, "You should have told me to train you instead, not Braz. So many eyes were looking at you, I didn't like"

I was suddenly at a loss of words, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. But my heart felt lighter, "you were jealous," I giggled.

His face turned red, he buried his face in my neck, my mate is so cute, I squeaked inwardly.

"Sorry, I didn't tell you, it was just a spur of

the moment decision." I tried to explain.

I felt a sharp pain on my neck, he bit it, hard, "ouch" I exclaimed, but he held me in place, and began trailing kissing on the spot. Licking and kissing. My toes curled at the sensation, an involuntary moan slipped off my lips.

I slammed my mouth shut, covering it with my lips, he lifted his head, his eyes peering straight through mine, darkened with desire, "don't ever hide your sweet sounds from me" he said huskily.

Compelled, I gulped and nodded, my cheeks already hot.

"That was punishment for thinking I would ever stop you from doing what you want."

"More like seduction" I blurted.

Amusement flickered in his eyes,

"Let me show you seduction, doll"

