

Chapter 12 Practice Makes Perfect

Blake

“Five more laps!”, I yelled out to the warriors who had just began warming up for training. All of them had shown up bright eyed and eager to showcase their improvements over the last month. Asher stood next to me, focused on the warriors as they ran laps. He was unusually quiet, it was evident that something was pestering his wolf. I focused my attention on my brown clipboard, reviewing the drills that Asher had chosen for today’s final practice before the other packs arrived.

“Faster! It’s called warm up, not cool down,” he shouted, his nerves radiating off of him frantically. He began to pace up and down the field. I could feel his wolf clawing at the surface to shift and quickly concluded that he was in no mood to play games today.

“Asher!”, I called out to him, grabbing his attention. His head shot in my direction and he jogged back to me but I could see he was holding something back. “What’s got your panties in a knot?” I asked. Just yesterday he was so proud of the pack, ecstatic to see them go head to head with the allied shifters.

“Nothing that’s any of my business Alpha,” he replied and reverted his gaze back to the warriors. While I appreciated his sense of boundary when it came to his Alpha, he was still my friend. “Is this about Kelsey?”, I continued to probe. It was no use having an angry Beta running practice, the warriors saw him as the “good guy” when I was the one typically complaining and prolonging practices.

“Like I said Alpha, it’s none of my business,” he answered and joined in to run with the pack warriors. “Let’s go!”, he belted through the field in a very annoyed voice, making the warriors all pick up speed. I returned my attention to the drill list, rearranging the tactics that I thought needed more practice.

After a few minutes, the warriors finished their laps and began to gather around me for further directions. “Crimson, this is our last practice before the other packs arrive for this month’s training. Last month, we flat out embarrassed ourselves. This month will not be a repeat, find your sparring partners and get to work,” I yelled out. They all began to fan out and get into their positions with their assigned partners. Partners were constantly swapped around as they improved their skill sets, keeping them working with shifters of similar levels. It was also vital that they never got too comfortable with one partner, every shifter had their own moves and soon it would become predictable. If we ever went to war, assuming you knew your enemy’s next move could cost you your life.

Asher and I walked through the maze of shifters, stopping and advising each pair. I was demonstrating a high leveled sparring technique to an enforcer when I caught a whiff of marshmallows and vanilla, causing my wolf to stir inside. I tried to stay focused, recognizing the scent but I couldn’t control myself when my head darted to the direction from the delicious smell and followed with a growl that happened to slip out. I watched as Kelsey threw her bag against the floor with such force, lifting her arms to tie up her hair violently. She had a scowl on her face which bothered me. My wolf couldn’t take seeing her like that, I wanted nothing more than to wrap her in my arms and kiss all that anger away.

She wore a dangerously short pair of black spandex shorts, which her ass peaked out from when she bent over to rummage through her backpack. She pulled out a metal water bottle, opening the lid and chugging down the liquid. I stood there mesmerized as the sun glistened on her tanned skin around the white sports bra she was wearing, I could feel my gym shorts tighten around the groin. My eyes narrowed on her and I called out her name from across the field.

She shoved her water bottle back in her backpack and walked over to me at her own pace, with no care in the world that she had just been summoned by her Alpha. She crossed her arms defiantly over her chest, causing her breasts to perk up. Fuck, I missed the taste of her sweet pink nipples in my mouth.

“Yes?”, she said, her green eyes staring straight into my soul like she was reading every secret I had ever had.

My wolf grew impatient, irritated that our mate was not reacting to us in the slightest. Did she not feel what we felt? “I thought I already warned you about disrespect Kelsey,” I reminded her. The eyes of the shifters who were training nearby began to linger to the confrontation between the two of us.

Kelsey bit the inside of her cheek, still staring attentively into my eyes. I loved when she behaved like a little brat, sometimes I was convinced she did it on purpose to get a rise out of me. She hadn’t changed at all in the four and a half years we’d been separated, except she had become much more breathtaking than I remembered, if that was even possible.

“Yes AL-PH-A”, she answered, sounding out the syllables like I was a five year old learning to spell.

“Much better pup, don’t be late for next practice or there will be consequences,” I answered. I couldn’t stop the smirk from enveloping my face, satisfied that I was able to break her and her stubbornness. My words must have caught her off guard as her chest inflated and deflated in a huff. My eyes scanned the field for a suitable partner, maybe even one slightly more advanced than Kelsey who hadn’t trained with a pack in years. I wouldn’t mind seeing her struggle a little bit, maybe she’d even regret leaving. Every action had a reaction after all. “Erin,” I called out and the 5 foot 7 she-wolf quickly approached.

Erin was one of my best warriors, she was strong and agile. I swore that her favorite part of the day was training, she was never late and always made every fight seem effortless. She could easily take on most of the male shifters in the pack. “Yes Alpha?”, she said softly as she approached Kelsey and I.

Kelsey pressed her lips together, like she was sizing up her opponent. Kelsey had never been a fan of Erin in high school, convinced that Erin wanted to sleep with me because she was constantly flirting. Heck, every she-wolf in Blackclaw would bat their lashes my way; all desperate to become the next Luna. There was no doubt this would be entertaining to watch. “Erin, I’m sure you remember Kelsey. She’s back from Arizona and will be your partner this week, she hasn’t trained with a pack since she’s left but I’m sure she wouldn’t want you to go easy on her. Or would you Kels? I mean it has been a long time....”, I taunted.

I couldn’t hold back the grin on my face when she grabbed Erin’s wrist and pulled her away, the fire was burning brightly in her emerald green eyes. I watched from the distance as the two began sparring, it lasted less than ten seconds and Erin had Kelsey pinned down already. Kelsey got up like she was just warming up, reassuming her fighting stance. Kelsey takes a left jab then swung her right hook, giving her the advantage and pinning Erin’s larger body under hers.

Kelsey stood up, a look of determination glittering in her eye. I had no idea how Kelsey was able to take on Erin, it was an unfair match from the start. I continued my rounds, sticking nearby in case Erin managed to hurt Kelsey. I didn’t want my mate hurt, my wolf would never forgive me for allowing it. A large hand patted on my back, “looks like your pack’s been busy,” Alpha Tate said in a low menacing tone. I could see that he was impressed with the improvements the warriors had made. I nodded, my eyes still glued to Kelsey as she continued to dodge Erin’s blows. “We’ll put it to the test tomorrow,” I chuckled.

Kelsey’s round ass bounced up and down as she moved from side to side, tempting me to pin her to the ground and shove my face into it. Many of the other male shifters were distracted too, I noticed how they would glance her way before beginning another sparring battle. “I swear if you don’t, I will. That girl is an absolute rocket, fuck Blake,” Alpha Tate admitted.

I gave him a low growl, warning him to back off. “Does Alpha Blake have a crush?”, he teased, “what happened with Ashley last night? She couldn’t wait to get into your room last night.”

“Nothing happened last night. I was too drunk,” I confessed, “I told her to leave and she refused, so I gave up and fell asleep. She was spewing some Luna crap this morning.” I remembered how annoyed Ashley became when I told her she should leave because nothing was going to happen between the two of us. I was already on edge with Kelsey being home, thinking that nailing Ashley would release some of my frustration. Then when I saw Kelsey closing her bedroom curtains and how her tits were showcased on full display for Crimson Pack, the need to have her under me taking over, I couldn’t get hard with another woman. I barely slept last night, my wolf was pestering me all night to go fill my load in my mate’s tight little hole.

Alpha Tate chuckled, “well at least one of us got some, that girl from the bar had me going all night. I don’t think I’ve ever met a girl like that, too bad she’s not my mate”.

My eyes widened when Kelsey ducked down in a squat and her fist connected directly with Erin’s face when she shot up unexpectedly. Erin lay on the grass of the field in defeat, raising her hand in a surrender. “What the...”, Alpha Tate began to say but I scurried off in their direction, helping Erin up and dismissing her to take a water break. Her nose was bloody, maybe even broken but thanks to shifter healing, I knew she’d be ready to re-enter in battle soon.

“You good?”, Kelsey asked, remorse evident on her face. Erin nodded, “well done Arizona, you still got it in you,” she replied and walked off the field, tilting her head back while her fingers pressed at the bridge of her nose to stop the blood from rushing out.