

Chapter 0139

"I will not stay here, caged and restricted. I will leave at the first opportunity and you may or may not be told about it if this is how you are going to react." I changed my focus to the Alpha. "Alpha, may I use your gym? The Luna does not want us to go out alone, and I respect that, but I don't want any of these guys near me right now and I have some anger to work out." My whole body is still shaking in anger and I need to desperately release the energy before I shift in the middle of this office. My wolf is just as pissed as I am. She's ready to bang their heads together.

"Yes sweetheart, use it as long as you need, I will send Brett and Kyle down to check in in a little while, you may need sparring partners." I nod my head and turn to leave. "Stay put, all three of you." The Alpha aura was strong and suffocating, it had me stutter in my steps until I realized he was giving me the space from them that I needed. "Would you like me to send Sierra down in a little while as well?"

"That's fine, thank you Alpha." I say over my shoulder. I can't bear to look any of them in the eye. I won't feel bad about this.

As soon as I am through the door the explosion of arguments from all three of them make me flinch. They can't be that angry about me leaving. It's not their decision, it's mine. And just the thought of them feeling so entitled makes the lava in my veins run even hotter.

Gamma Brett is waiting for me in the hallway, his blank expression tells me, he has been told of the situation and he turns as soon as he sees me and walks to the stairway that leads down the the cells and the Alpha's personal weight room.

He can't always get to the gym that is attached to the main arena, and frankly, probably can't get a workout in if he does go. There is always someone who wants to talk to him or ask a favor of him, so he had a portion of the cells turned into a gym with weights, hanging bags and a large area for sparring.

Gamma Brett lets me in with his code. "Do you want me to wrap your hands? The Alpha had a brand new bag hung that could use some breaking in." Like father, like son I guess. That thought just adds fuel to my flames. He gives me a little smirk. Now I know he's aware of the whole situation and wants me to burn some of the energy before offering himself as a partner to spar with. At least he appreciates my

strength and skill level.

“Yes please.” Is all I say as he walks me over to the storage rack that seems to have everything I might need to burn off the negative energy I have aimed at my friends right now. He takes my hands like Oliver has done so many times and gently wraps each of my fingers making sure the straps are secure. 1

Once he is done he steps back towards the door and takes the position of a sentinel on guard. No words or eye contact needed, just my protector so I can disengage and fully let loose without having to spare energy on the world falling apart around me.

I let the world fall away. No friends, no limitations, no bullies, no one to answer to, just me and the bag in front of me. Every possible emotion I have pent up inside goes into each and every hit, every kick more lethal than the last. I lose all sense of time and feeling. All the negative thoughts swirling in my head are released into the bag. Everything my father has ever spit out at me, every insult and false accusation from Kaley and her minions, all the self doubt that has pushed me to be better each and every day. I heard a crack a while ago, but I don't stop to check for breaks in my hand. The pain just fuels the anger more. Pain is a weakness and I am tired of

feeling weak, being treated like I am weak, seen as being weak. Even my wolf is giving me space. She hates that we are fighting with the guys, she wants her pack, needs them, but she has always understood what I want and need. She hates being stifled by them too. She will not fight me when I choose to leave and further my training. Whether my mate is here or not this is a decision I have to be able to make. Training has really been the only thing I have ever had control over, that will not change now. I will never let anyone take this physical release from me. It's my bliss, my zen, the happy place that is attributed to no one other than me. I want to push and see what I am really made of. I know I'm not the best based on how I did in the trials. I want to be THE best, not just the best here in this pack. I want to be tried and tested, battle-worn with experiences I will never get being stuck here, so I can come home and pass on the knowledge to future generations.

Chapter 0140

When all of my limbs are numb, and I can't even lift my arms to throw punches, I sit in front of the new bag and just stare at the hole I produced. The bowels of stuffing and sand spilling out onto the floor in front of me. I don't even know when it broke. I just stare and cry, let the emotional exhaustion take over, and a sick, twisted part of me hopes they feel it. Feel it to their core and it brings them to their knees. I want them to feel the pain and heartache that they have contributed to, unconscious or not.

At some point the weariness must have taken over, because the next thing I know, my eyes are fluttering open to the sounds of voices. Angry, but whispering voices. I strain to listen while I take in my surroundings.

“She has broken every bone in both her hands...”

White walls, my bedroom walls are white right?

“How is that even possible, she wasn't down there that long?”

These sheets are scratchy, definitely not mine.

“She punched a hole straight through the brand new

bag! It's one hundred percent possible."

I don't recognize the smell, I'm not in one of the guys' rooms either. I wish these people would shut up, I'm exhausted.

"There are stress fractures in both forearms and in her lower legs that have already begun to heal. She is severely malnourished too, but that is probably a result of her level of training and participating in the trials and not replenishing properly. And don't get me started on the list of old injuries that were never treated properly before she got her wolf."

I try to move my arms to sit up. "Ugh!" Everything hurts, what the hell happened? Even my hair hurts.

"I hear her, please can I go in?" I know that voice. Luna Ava.

"Yes, Luna, but only you. We don't want to overwhelm her with too many people, she clearly has had plenty to deal with. It took 2 of us over an hour to catalog all of her previous injuries."

What are they talking about? Who are they talking about?

"What the hell is beeping? Can someone turn that off?" Is what mumbles out of my mouth as my eyes

focus.

“Oh, sweet girl. You’re awake. You have no idea how happy I am to see those gray eyes.” I blink again as I focus on Luna Ava walking over and grabbing my hand. I wince at the gentle touch.

“What happened? Where am I?”

“We had to bring you in when you passed out in the gym and Brett couldn’t get you to wake up.”


“Where is here?” I can feel my heart rate rising at the thought.

“You’re in the pack hospital sweetheart. Why didn’t you tell me how bad it was?” She’s whispering, tears filling her eyes.

“How bad what was?” I try to play dumb but my slow brain is starting to connect the dots of the conversation that was going on out in the hall.

“You said the bullying wasn’t that bad and you could handle it.”


“The beatings? The torture? Who cares? No one gives a sh*t or it would have stopped. No one in our school cares about helping anyone else, they only care about their own status and personal well being. They all just keep their heads down and don’t make waves, because

being an inconvenience is punishable any way the principal sees fit and anyone else paid off. People look the other way when students are missing from classes, they don't bat an eye when injuries that have nothing to do with training show up. Why would anyone tell, when there is no one to tell?" I know she means well and she is not the real target for my anger, but she is here and she asked. I hope my voice was loud enough for the jack *sses in the hall to hear through the crack in the door. 

"We do care, there is just..."


"Nothing to go on? No proof? Concrete evidence?" I raise my eyebrows at her, trying to keep my voice level, and she at least looks ashamed. "Those excuses are just more proof that not every voice is listened to with the same level of interest, if you aren't deemed important, then no one takes a second look. The only important people are the future ranked leaders, just so you are aware." I sit up and start to pull the IV out of my arm, wincing at the pain from the needle and all the bones still healing in my hands, and then peeling all the sticky pads off the various parts of my body as the monitors start screaming in protest. The doctor and a nurse come running in looking horrified.

"You can't leave, we need to get you healthy and

 +20 BONUS

strong. Please come sit back down, we will make arrangements for you to be moved back to your room at the packhouse if you don't want to stay here." Luna Ava reaches for me looking like she wants to cry.

 Comments

 Vote (42.9K) 