


Chapter 0155

I showered and spread out my books to make sure that I am as far ahead as I can be on my work, since I know I won't be getting anything done this weekend.

I woke up early, well, my usual time and was both relieved and lonely finding my room completely empty of my friends. The revolving door of protectors the last few weeks with everything going on meant there was a constant presence, whether outside my door at the Beta house or camped on the sizable couch that showed up in my packhouse bedroom after the threat was delivered last week and everyone stayed with me.

I'm still trying to wrap my emotions around my friend's behavior. They know very well that I am a great fighter, but treat me like a porcelain doll. They claim to trust me, but have secret conversations without me over their mindlink. I know they care for me, but the looks of fear and uncertainty thrown my way make me anxious. 


I shower quickly and head down to grab a bite to eat before my patrol shift starts. I'm met with Gamma Brett and Oliver standing at the island having a low

conversation that quickly stops once they notice my presence. Oliver hands me another shake but walks away. I reach for his arms as he walks by me. He stops but doesn't turn his head.

"Thank you." I whisper, indicating the shake.

He takes a deep shuddering breath, then steps out of my grasp and heads for the stairs, clearly just off his shift. I take my own calming breath before turning to Gamma Brett who just watched the whole situation in silence.

"Ready?" Is all he asks. And I nod in response.

If that interaction is any indication of how tonight is going to be, then I may skip out on the ball all together. Sierra would understand, hopefully. Especially if the twins are similar. 

Patrols were the same. We have found nothing out of the ordinary along the coastlines and the doubled up patrols across the isthmus that connects our territory to the mainland. Everything and everyone that comes and goes is now thoroughly checked and vetted before coming onto our territory.

I think best when I run, and I have found that even actively participating in patrols and concentrating on what we are being taught, my brain processes

information so much better and I have come up with a theory as to why we haven't found anything yet, but the threat wasn't clear and there wasn't any indication that whoever sent it would even be back. I just don't understand what the severed fingers mean and what is the significance of the silver?

What are you thinking so hard about over there?
Gamma Brett asks, a little amusement in his tone.

Theories.

Really? Care to share?

Not sure they are worth sharing, honestly. Just jumbled thoughts. Probably things everyone else has already thought of and planned for.

I don't know why I am being so vague. It's weird talking to him when normally I would be hashing my ideas out with the guys. They are my equals, I'm just a kid to Gamma Brett. He's more than likely just asking to help me learn a lesson of some kind, like any trainer.

You know you can talk to me right? Or Kyle or Gwen or Ava. You seem to have shut everyone out, not just the boys.

I take a deep breath, knowing he's right, but too

stubborn to admit it out loud.

I don't think we are going to get anything until after the guys leave for training. Even with all the extra training and patrols, we are losing five of our best fighters when they head to the Royal Pack. Whoever is behind this has to be waiting for something. That's the next big transition for the pack, it's logical. But I also feel like it's too obvious at the same time. Maybe tonight at the mating ball? There are a ton of people from other packs that are here, maybe then? But I'm sure that you have all thought that through and taken precautions, otherwise we wouldn't be having the mating ball. Unless you're using the ball as bait to get the culprits out into the open. Which is sketchy by the way. And what is so special about the two fingers that were sent and the silver powder that was clearly the weapon. It kind of makes my brain hurt.

I snort an unamused laugh and get a strange look from Marnie. She must have just realized she's being left out of the conversation.

"You know it's not fair to give inside information to her just because she's the favorite and can shift and mindlink right?"

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“I wouldn’t dream of doing that, besides...” I have the ability to link both of you even though you cannot respond Marnie. Please be careful of your accusations before you start letting them fly out of your mouth without any real thought. Gamma Brett links both of us. Her eyes go wide. I don’t think she has ever been called out like that before, so used to getting away with flippant comments like that. He was far more calm than I would have been after days of her holding us back. She’s trying, but it’s not any less frustrating. “Sky to answer your question, we have started to think of those possibilities and work through them, and no, we would not use anyone as bait unknowingly.

Marnie’s eyes go wide at the mention of people being used as ‘bait.’ I nod and we continue. Marnie makes no more comments or even asks what my question was.

The only good thing is her and Jeanie at least took my notes seriously and they have actually started participating in training, but they are years behind, which is painful for everyone involved.

The five hour shifts are only slightly less painful than

the first day with her, and to think, I have three more weeks of this rotation. I'm so overjoyed.

We head back to the patrol cabin and check in before we all go our separate ways. I head off to Saturday morning training with the pups. They should actually be close to wrapping the first session up with the younger kids when I get there. It feels like forever since I have seen these kids, with the trials and the lockdown and can't wait to catch up with them. I didn't realize how much I would miss training with them. Getting to see their excited faces when they finally master something they have been working on forever.

When I walk into the arena, training is in full effect and for the first time ever, I just stop to watch the beauty that is my pack. Each of the guys and Sierra have taken a group and they appear to be teaching release techniques for close combat. Everyone is sweaty and red-faced, but happy and engaged.

"Sky! Sky! Come look. I did it!!" Brandon, a very hyper eight year old that reminds me of Sam when he was little, shouts at me as he barrels into the side of my leg, breaking me out of my thoughts.

"What did you do?!" I ask excitedly as he grabs my hand and I can't help but be drawn in by his


enthusiasm. I let him drag me across the field, we are both smiling and laughing and I am so caught up I don't realize who he is dragging me to. Until I'm thrown straight into a solid wall of muscle. I bounce and strong hands keep me from embarrassing myself by falling on my butt in front of all these kids.

A sharp intake of Citrus lets me know exactly who saved my dignity. I look up at Cam's face and give him a small smile. This is only the second one on one contact we've had in days and I have to admit, it's also the first time I have felt any sense of calm since our fight. I shamelessly take another deep inhale of his scent closing my eyes to savor the peace that washes over me. The rumbling chuckle in his chest lets me know the action didn't go unnoticed.

"The feeling is mutual, Tiny, I mean Skylar."


Every fiber of my being wants to tell him it's okay to call me by the pet name, but thank the Goddess that my brain is in charge. I just nod and then clear my throat.

"Umm, Brandon said he had something to show me." I look down at the boy still attached to my hand, looking up at us, completely oblivious to the moment that just passed.

 +20 BONUS

“Yes! I totally took Alpha Cam down! It was the greatest thing EVER!” Brandon has a crazed look, pumping his fists and his whole body is vibrating with excitement. I am fighting to hold back my laugh.

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