



Chapter 0028

"Well, thank you for the absolute destruction of our fragile egos, but we have a date after all of that and Oliver has some lunch to buy us." Sam walks up and puts his arm around my shoulder.

"Actually there's another class." I say biting my lip, looking as apologetic as I can. "But you guys can go, I'll catch up later." I have no intention of chasing them down at all. I feel like this little friend bubble we have been in for the last 12 hours is about to break.

"How many more classes are we talking?" Sam leans back to look at me. "I am slowly dying from lack of food here."

"You should have eaten before we came, like a normal person." Sierra laughs at him.

"I was unaware of the team breakfast at the beta house to satisfy the ridiculous amount of exercise I would be subjected to today. How many more Little Bit? If you're here, then we're here so you can stop making us look pathetic." He laughs. 1

"The next class is a basics class for beginners and non-warriors just to stay sharp and in shape. It's less intense than the rest of the training, but I think it's super important. It runs for 2 hours. Then we're done for the day."

“Remind me to never, ever, ever rise to your challenge again. I’m going to die.” Sam walks off to grab his water bottle as the rest of the guys, the Luna and Sierra all laugh at him.

“I’m pretty sure I didn’t challenge anyone.” I say to no one in particular.

Basic training goes better and as we all walk through correcting form and technique, I can see the current leaders watching us again with curious and hopeful expressions on their faces. They even come down to do some of the exercises with us, which is a rare thing. They don’t normally have time to intermingle casually like this. I think it’s great for the pack members that are here. If anything the looks on the pack members faces is totally worth the full interruption of having all of them here.

The slow stretching and body weight exercises are great for our newer, younger fighters and our older fighters who want to stay in shape. We work on dynamic and functional movement, building up muscle memory so they don’t hesitate in an unfriendly situation.

Even though the training is light for us we are all still a sweaty mess when we are walking out of the arena. “Should we go home and change before we eat?” I ask noting I probably look something close to a drowned rat that’s been run over a couple times.

“Not a chance Little Bit, get your sweaty ass in the truck and

for the love of my sanity somebody feed me!" Sam growls out. "Martha won't care, when she hands Oliver the bill. I'm going to eat one of everything on that menu. You guys are going to have to roll me out the door." Everyone is laughing now.

Mateo, Oliver and Sam jump in the back. Sam basically hauls Sierra in and on his lap with a lot of protesting on her part. Dakota picks me up from behind and slides me into the center of the front seat like I weigh nothing as Cameron jumps in and fires up the truck. Is it weird that after all of that working out and sweating, I am not at all bothered by the smell of these boys? Collectively, it's a musky scent that is all male, but not bad by any means. I, however, am sure that I wreck.

Another five minutes later and we are pulling into the local diner. The guys must be regulars because they didn't even wait to be seated, they walked straight back to an extra large corner booth. I somehow ended up between Cameron and Oliver making me notice my small size. I look like a toddler next to all these guys and I can't help but laugh.

"What?" Cameron asks.


"Some situations make my lack of size very apparent." I laugh again pointedly turning my natural line of sight to the middle of his bicep then looking up at his face, then doing the same to Oliver. Everyone else joins in.

"Would you like a booster seat, I'm sure they have one

around here somewhere?" Sam asks.

"Nope, I'm good. It would be my luck to fall out of it." I blush. Everyone chuckles at me again.

 Comments

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Chapter 0029

An older woman comes out with a tray full of drinks. "Oh! You boys brought company. How did you manage to get these lovely ladies to even come near you like this? You smell like a locker room that hasn't been cleaned in a year." Oh Goddess, I love her already. I stifled my giggle. Sierra didn't even try.

"Hey! I smell sexy!" Sam actually looks a little offended. "All man here."

"Martha, if you must know it was actually her fault we are like this, she is a ruthless trainer that made us train for four hours straight, early, on a Saturday morning. So if you're going to complain, talk to Tiny here., but only after you bring us something to eat, we're dying here!" Dakota laughs and points at me.

She looks at me and smiles like the rat that got the cheese. "You did this deary?" I nod my head at her, slowly, not sure where this is going and her face is unreadable. "You eat for free. Keep these boys on their toes. They have never once come to see me on a Saturday after training, nor have they ever looked this ragged after their usual training. Keep up the good work." She winks at me. Sierra and I both laugh at her description.

"Martha, babe. We have been coming here forever and you

have never let any of us eat for free. I thought we had something special." Sam pouts at her.

"You are something special, sweetheart." She pats his cheek. "But us girls have to stick together, and she's probably the first girl, in your lives, that hasn't had her pants charmed off by one or more of the five of you. And, you certainly never bring those...bed warmers here." I actually spit my drink out and began choking. Super attractive I'm sure. WHAT?! I can't decide if I love this woman or am scared of her. Maybe a little of both. She just says it how it is without any regard to who's around and listening in. Cameron and Oliver are both patting my back as I cough up the rest of the water that went down my windpipe.

When I finally calmed down Martha looked at me pointedly. "Oh, did you not know? They don't bring girls in here to me, they know better, this is a known fact, so you two must be special." My eyes are wide, but not as wide as the guys, and are they blushing? Like she just gave away their greatest secret.

"We bring girls in here Martha." Oliver says looking confused.

"Yeah, all the time." Sam follows up, sits up straight eyes wide and then looks at Sierra who's eyebrows shot up in question. He then sits back looking a little sheepish at the confession.

"We are always in here with groups of people, both guys and girls." Cameron tries to calm the tension while contributing

to the point.

"Yeah, but how many sit here, at this booth, with you? Hmm? None, that's how many. Think about that while I grab your food. Ladies, are you just going to pick off the guys' plates or do you want to see the menu?" She abruptly changes the subject.

"Oh, I am definitely going to need a menu." I say far too quickly.

"Same." Says Sierra.

She smiles brightly at us. "Girls who eat and make decisions for themselves. See, special." She says, pointing and winking at us then walking away.

Martha comes back quickly with a tray full of waters and sodas. She clearly doesn't need the guys to tell her what they want.


Sierra and I order and once our food comes out, it looks like we are feeding a small army. I did not even hesitate to smash the plate of waffles and fruit in front of me. Sierra followed suit and the guys looked at us with surprise in their eyes before coming to their senses and digging into their own food. After we each polished off our first course quickly, we all settled into a slow graze of the rest of the food, passing plates and sharing bites. I couldn't even tell you how long we had been sitting there. We are all enjoying a great time and most of the food is gone when again the moment is ruined by the condescendingly chipper voice of

Kaley.

"Oh wow, we didn't know you boys would be here today, you should have called us and we would have come to keep you company. We were just out doing some shopping. We have to look good for our future Alphas and company." She giggles and it sounds strained.

"We're good in company, but thanks." Oliver points out and I want to melt into the seat. He has no idea what kind of target he just put on Sierra and I. Although, Sierra doesn't give a sh*t.

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