

Chapter 0154

“Sam told them that Sierra and I were evaluating their performances during patrols and they came to ask for help. I guess they are worried about failing if Kaley’s dad can’t rig anything in their favor. They’ve probably never had to truly work for something before” I shrug, turning to put my book back in my bag.

“Huh. You need to eat something, you are not gaining weight fast enough and you are tiny enough as it is.” He slides a tray with a sandwich, chips, veggies, fruit and water on it towards me, then turns and just leaves.

I just blink and take another deep breath and try to remember that he is taking care of me in his own caveman way. It’s a sign of him trying to mend fences that he came over in the first place and as much as I want to throw it away to show I am still angry with them and I don’t want to prove he is right. But I am hungry and the doc said I wasn’t eating enough for my activity level, so I eat everything, quickly, then get up to throw my stuff out and head to our next class without a backward glance. The presence of six bodies behind me tells me I have a full escort this time.

The next couple days are more of the same mundane routine, but I really don't mind routine. Sometimes with all the chaos, having expected things happen the way they are supposed to is calming and reassuring. Marnie took my advice and while she wasn't any better, she wasn't as big of a pain as she was on day one and she seems to be really trying. Sierra said something similar about Jeanie Friday morning.

"So after training tomorrow morning we are getting ready in the Luna's suite for the mating ball. You have zero choices in this matter and I don't want to hear about it. We also have to be ready by 7pm because Martha wants to see us at the diner first before we head over to the ball." Sierra looks over at me like I might explode at her for telling me what our plans are for this stupid dance. The casual way she just throws more things we have to do before actually attending the ball is wearing my nerves though. She has talked of nothing else all day and I don't think we have discussed the same thing about the ball twice as we walk between classes. I am also doing the mental math and do not understand the amount of time she has allotted to get ready either.

I have made my peace with going with her and the guys and I have determined myself to have a good

time, even if it is for Sierra's sake alone. I can see her almost vibrating with excitement about the whole ordeal. We have one more class for the day and then I can get to the gym. Sam, Mateo and Sierra have been taking turns 'hanging' out with me there. After what happened last time no one, including Luna Ava and Delta Kyle trust me in there by myself. None of us really talk, just work. The twins and Oliver have yet to take their turn though and I can't decide if I am more happy or disappointed in the amount of space they are giving me. 1

Tonight was Sierra's turn, she asked if we could use the packhouse gym for convenience, and the topic returned to the ball. This time we are discussing the after party that seems to be happening at the packhouse. We apparently have to have a different outfit for this party than the dresses we are wearing to the dance.

"The Luna has us covered though. She told me this morning that our 'after-dresses' will be hanging in your room and we should be able to quickly do a wardrobe change before anyone notices we're missing." She keeps rambling as my eyebrows rise farther into my hairline and I am momentarily stuck mid squat.


“Are you serious? I am already wearing one dress that you chose for me. Why does there have to be a second monkey suit?”

“First, monkey suits are for the boys. Second, I don’t argue with the Luna.” She giggles at me and I can’t help but crack a smile, knowing full well there wasn’t a fight at all.

I just roll my eyes and get back to my leg workout. An hour later, Sierra and I emerge from the dungeon of the packhouse to find all the guys conveniently hanging around the island of the kitchen as we come out. Sam and Mateo make eye contact and give me a half smile, the other three just stare, no expression on their faces. Oliver slides a shaker to me full of a dense brownish concoction without a word or a second glance then heads out of the room. A few minutes later I hear the soft whoosh and snick of the front door opening and closing.

“He had to get to his patrol shift.” Sam says by way of an explanation. “He said you still need to put some meat on your bones.”

I take the shake rolling my eyes and head upstairs. I don’t bother going back to the Beta house tonight, I have an early morning, and I am going to need plenty

 +20 BONUS

of rest to deal with these as*holes all day tomorrow. For the first time in a long time, Sierra doesn't follow me. Maybe she thinks I'm safe here in the confines of the packhouse. And since there is no other babysitter following me, everyone else is in agreement that I'm not a flight risk and need to be monitored.

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