

Chapter 0087

When I woke up next I was in a bed and the room was still dark with just the light from the moon shining through the sheer curtains. I stretched and took a deep breath in. This smell was all Kota. That warm cinnamon smell just lulling me deeper into the cloudlike cushion of the mattress. I was so comfortable, I didn't want to leave, but curiosity got the better of me. I slowly sat up and looked around, curious at how he lived when no one was looking. I am laying in the middle of a king sized bed with the softest light blue comforter I have ever felt. The room itself has minimal furnishings. He either doesn't spend a lot of time here or just doesn't like excess stuff. I find that interesting for the more happy-go-lucky twin. The walls are a dark gray. There are double doors on either side of the bed probably leading to a closet and bathroom. The wall to the right of the bed is almost all windows. The cream curtains are sheer to let in light but keep privacy. It looks out over the front drive of the house. The wall opposite of the bed had a long deep cabinet with a marble top and three floating glass shelves above it. The wall to the left of the bed had a few framed photos of the twins together and them with the rest

of the guys.

I slowly climbed out of the bed wanting to get a closer look at what he thought of as things important enough to remember and display. There were no pictures smaller than an 8x10. The largest in the center was a copy of the same family picture that was down in the main hallway. One of him and Cam in sharp black suits posing together in an unfamiliar garden. Probably the second biggest was a picture of the five boys together, maybe a year or so ago, all shirtless in swim trunks sitting on a log in front of a lake. They look sunkissed, soaked and happy, like they are having the time of their lives. I wonder if this was their first summer away. The rest are other pictures of him and the guys, but as I turn to walk towards the door to see where everyone else is at, I notice a picture on the bedside table and my heart rate sped up. It was like my body had a mind of its own and moved me towards the photo. I picked it up and just stared. I don't remember anyone taking pictures the night of my party, but it is one of all five boys, Sierra and I laughing at the table by the pool. We all had cake so it was after my embarrassing crying episode, but you wouldn't be able to tell I had cried at all from this photo. There is a light in my eyes and I truly look relaxed with them, like sitting there and having fun was something we do all the time.

I set the photo down before I could dwell on why this one was by his bed and how fast that was printed and framed and headed toward the door. I stepped out into the hallway, I have no idea what time it is. With all the minimal stuff in Kota's room there was no clock either. I'm sure he just uses his phone. The doors to Cam's room and the office are closed. So I head to the media room to find Mateo and Oliver sprawled on the couch. Sam and Sierra must be on the guest bed, but where did Kota sleep?

I walked over to the ottoman where my phone is laying and saw that it's just after 4am. My body is just hardwired for this time of the morning. I am actually a little sore from the very long training from yesterday, but I can't skip today, nor can I skip school. I'm sure my dad was pissed about yesterday, which is why he said nothing to me last night and I have a suspicion that's why I am here at the packhouse rather than at home, but that won't fly today. At least Luna Ava gave me leggings and a sports bra. I can get my morning training in without going home, then I can go home to change with Mateo. Being with him may lessen the fallout of missing school and not going home at all last night.

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I learned my lesson though, these boys will come find me and they will be pissed if they have to search. So I found a piece of paper in Kota's room and wrote a simple note telling them I had to run and would meet them at the training grounds and left it on my brother's phone.

Let's hope this will be enough 'notice' for them. I say to my wolf.

She just laughs. You do realize how protective of you they really are, right?

Yes, but is that normal? I mean, they have known me forever and have never been this 'in my personal space' before.

They are all 16 now, maybe they are developing mate senses early.

All of them? There is no way I am a mate to all of them, even Mateo is different and the thought of that is just weird.

Okay, so maybe it's too early for mate talk, but I agree they are acting differently. There's something special about you, that much I can tell.

They are still weird. Let's go run before training, I need to clear my head. Especially if the warriors are training us again today. It's been a long time since I was this sore, so I need a slow warm-up today.

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Cam and Kota were annoyed at me for not waking anyone, but in the end decided that since I left a note and told them where I was going to be, and they actually found me there, I could be forgiven. I just rolled my eyes. Boys are stupid sometimes.

We did get to train with the warriors today, but instead of leading they joined in our regular sessions. I was selected to work with Warrior Nickolas and Warrior Thomas much to the guys annoyance. They must have thought I was hogging their attention. Although, after a while they seemed to work with everyone pretty equally, they did tend to wander towards our group more often to give tips and correct movements. It wasn't as intense of a training today, everyone was sore after going against wolves yesterday and we stuck to the standard two hour time.

Sweaty and laughing, Sierra and I beat the guys out to the truck.

“What is taking you so long? I have a test today and

I'm not a future alpha who can get away with walking into class whenever I feel like it." I whine at the top of my lungs.

"We're coming, keep your shorts on!" Kota yells across the parking lot.

"Or don't. I'd be okay with that too!" Sam laughs right before my brother knocks him in the back of the head.

"Knock it off, asshole."

"What? This is not a new sentiment. They are both hot and you, my friend, are going to have to get over the fact that all these guys," he twirls his hand over his head, "fantasize about your beautiful sister and her equally beautiful friend. And after the ass whooping they both gave us, I'm sure the wet dreams are going to be more intense." Sam laughs as my brother chases him around the truck muttering unintelligible curses.

We eventually get in the truck and drive toward the packhouse. Once Oliver and Cam round up my brother and Sam from the ground where they ended up wrestling. Sam laughing and continuing to egg on my brother and my brother getting progressively more irritated with his friend.

We pull into the packhouse parking lot and I turn to walk toward my house when Cam stops me.

“Where are you going?” He asks, holding onto my elbow.

“Home, to change for school.” I raise an eyebrow at him and then look pointedly at his hand on my arm. “I really can’t be late, and I need clothes that are actually mine for school.”

“All your stuff is here. We had it brought over this morning.”

“Wait, what?! Why is my stuff here? And why is the first I am hearing about being moved into the packhouse? Mateo!”

“Yeah, we were supposed to talk to you about it last night, I guess we were just having such a good time, it slipped my mind.” My brother looks at me, shrugging his shoulders, not looking apologetic at all.



Miss L Author

“ Double Update!! ”

