

## The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 31-35

### Chapter 31

It took me a little over a week to get healed. To be fair, I was fine and could walk around and do things on my own from like two days before but Ryker wouldn't have it. I had told him time and time again that I was fine but he didn't want to take any chances and had Lucy come over to look me over.

She told him that I looked fine but he had her run a few tests and do a full body check out. She obliged him and when she was done, she told him that I was good to go but advised that I still take things easy so my body can get used to doing them gain.

It was a relief honestly because it meant that I could finally start doing things by myself. Ryker had babied me endlessly since I got hurt and Eve was no better. She was in my room every morning to help me get dressed and I barely went downstairs because according to Ryker 'it could hurt my side' After Lucy left, I went into the bathroom to get freshened up for the day and decided to take a look at what was left of the injury. Both were now scars on my skin that I hoped would go away soon. I knew the only thing that could scar a wolf was silver but I didn't know how long this would take to fade. The last thing I want is a scar on my body reminding me that I almost died. That is why I haven't even looked at it since.

I forced my feet to lead me away from the mirror and into the bathtub where I sat down for a long soak. I don't know how long I sat there but I didn't move until my skin pruned up and the water became cold.

I stepped out of the bath and for some reason I felt weird. I don't know how to explain it but I just felt tired and my bones felt a little weak.

I had told Eve earlier that I wanted to get dressed myself so I put on some leggings and a shirt but somehow I was feeling suffocated. I thought that maybe it was because I had been locked in my room for a very long time so I desperately wanted to leave.

I made my way downstairs to the dining room and saw that the table had only been set for one- me. Ryker was there but he was standing and from the expression on his face, I knew there was something he wanted to tell me.

I tried to avoid the scrutiny of his gaze as I took my seat. I waited for him to join me but instead he stood there in silence. Eve came over and put my plate of food and tea in front of me and exited.

I honestly thought he was never going to speak until he cleared his throat.

"Now that you're fine," he began, "I have to go back to work at the pack

house.”

I knew he was going to have to leave at some point, I don't know why he bothered explaining it to me; other people wouldn't have bothered. I'm even surprised he spent some much time here with me.

“I can't leave you unguarded,” I shut my eyes because I didn't want to see Lauren walk in, “This is Steven, he is one of the best guards we have.”

My eyes flew open in shock and I took in the man who had walked in through the doors. My first thought was ‘he isn't Lauren. My next thought was ‘Lauren isn't going to bother me anymore’.

Steven is young, a bit younger than Ryker but definitely older than me. I would put him at around Eve's age. Judging by the mark on his neck that was barely hidden by his collar, he was definitely mated.

He bowed to me, “it is a pleasure to serve you Luna.”

I was so stunned that all I could do was wave at him awkwardly which had the corner of Ryker's lips tilting up. Steven excused himself and stepped back out probably to give Ryker and I space when Ryker made his way over to me and sat down on the chair in front of him.

“What do you think?” he asked and I shrugged, “Do you like him or would you like someone else?”

“I don't know him,” I answered softly, “I can't judge him based off one five second interaction.”

“That's fair; this evening, you can tell me if you like him or not.”

“Okay,”

He stood to his feet and placed a kiss on my forehead. He had been doing that lately and I actually loved it. I had come to expect it every time that we were around each other and my heart ached for the time that he would inevitably stop.

“I have to go, if you need anything tell Eve or Steven and they will inform me.”

Without another word he was gone and I was left with a full plate of almost cold food and the silence of the dining room. I finished my meal and was about to take the plates to the kitchen when Eve emerged and stopped me.

She took them from my hands but she didn't take them immediately. She placed them on the table and told me that she wanted to show me something. I was shocked and confused but allowed her lead me up the stairs and back into my own room.

I wanted to ask what she wanted to show me that I hadn't already seen this morning when I saw it.

Sitting at the foot of my now made bed was a basket filled with yarn, knitting needles, a guide book and a journal. There were a bunch of other things there that I didn't recognize but Eve pointed each and every single

one out to me.

Attached to the basket was a little note: I hope it keeps you company when I'm away. R.

Tears welled in my eyes as I took in the small but thoughtful gift. I didn't even think he was listening or remembered when I told him that I enjoyed knitting with Evelyn. Even if he was, I never would have expected him to do all of this for me.

"When did he do this?" I asked Eve, "It wasn't here when I left this morning."

"He brought them in before you woke up but they were in his room. When you came down for breakfast, I snuck up through the other stairs and placed them here."

"This is so beautiful," I said more to myself than anyone else, "He just left, how am I going to say thank you?"

"Perhaps when he gets back," she shrugged, "Until then, maybe you can put his gift to good use."

Eve went back to the kitchen while I decided to start knitting. I sat there for a while when the same uncomfortable feeling from earlier came back. I tried to ignore it even when Eve returned and that was when I started to feel hot and the room got even stuffier.

"Can we take this downstairs?" I asked and she looked at me confused, "The room just feels too stuffy."

She still looked confused but she obliged. She took what we were using in her hands and we went downstairs to the living room. I hated that I was bothering her but I couldn't have ignored the feeling for much longer.

The curtains and windows were pulled open in the living room and that helped with the feeling for about half an hour before it came back again. This time, I felt a little nauseous and I could actually feel a little sweat sliding down my arms.

I saw a newspaper and I picked it up and began to fan myself with it which caught Eve's attention. She put down her knitting and looked me over with concern.

"Are you okay?" she asked and I hummed, "You don't look fine, you look sick. Should I send for Lucy?"

I shook my head, "It's probably just the heat."

"It isn't hot at all Camilla," Eve seemed skeptical but I was adamant that I was fine so she let it slide.

She refused to let me keep knitting though. She took the equipments back upstairs and when she returned, she handed me ice cold water. I drank it down greedily and it called me down for a second and handled. the heat but then the discomfort started again.

I didn't want to bother Eve anymore so I stayed silent about the discomfort

and instead told her I wanted to take a walk in the garden. She left for a second to get Steven and when he returned, he bowed and gestured for me to go with him.

The walk helped the discomfort and a little bit of the heat but not my nausea and general tiredness. Honestly it just felt like everything I was trying was alleviating something but making the other thing worse.

I don't know how far we walked. Steven stood a few feet behind me being respectful and not making any conversation. I knew that must be uncomfortable for anyone so I decided to break the ice.

"How long have you been mated?" I asked and I saw him smile fondly.

"Officially, a year; but unofficially, fifteen months,"

"What do you mean by unofficially?"

"She hated me when we first met and it took her three months to warm. up to the idea of mating with me."

"I'm glad it worked out in the end; what's her name?"

"Pearl,"

I had another question on the tip of my tongue but I lost track of it when I tripped over a root and I felt myself crashing to the ground. Before I could hit the floor, Steven grabbed my wrist and managed to pull me to my feet

As soon as I was stable, his hand left mine and moved to my forehead, "Are you alright, you're burning up?"

"Am I?" I felt around for my own forehead but I couldn't feel what he was talking about.

Before he could say anything else, another guard rounded the corner. He must have heard the commotion and come to check it out. He bowed to me but then I saw his nostrils flare and he took a step back.

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## Chapter 32

I was so stunned when Steven said those words that I wasn't quite sure how to react until he grabbed my upper arm in his and started to pull me back in the direction of the house. I could see the wheels in his head turning as he furiously tried to think of what to do next.

Eve saw us when we walked through the door and the concern on her face was palpable. Steven didn't even give her a chance to ask any questions before he spoke.

"I need as much ice as you can possibly get." He told her and although she looked confused, she nodded. He turned to me, "Where is the Alpha's room?" Eve rushed out to do as he had asked and this time I led him to Ryker's room.

He shut the door behind us and took the first piece of clothing he saw which so happened to be Ryker's shirt and stuck it at the bottom of the door way.

I assume he did it to trap any smell. He then shut every window and balcony in the room and in the bathroom. He didn't speak to me when he was done, instead, he went to Ryker's desk, muttered something under his breath and took a piece of paper and a pen and began to scribble some words on it.

I wanted to ask what he was writing but the heat was getting stronger and I felt like I was overheating inside my outfit. I wanted nothing more than to pull it off but I was still sane enough to know that it would be a good idea.

Eve knocked on the door and he let her in. He whispered a few words in her ear, handed her the piece of paper and left the room without a second glance.

"I didn't get to thank him." I began as she locked the door behind him. "He doesn't want to be here when the Alpha comes," she explained. "In fact, I think it is better if he isn't here. Mates can be very territorial when their partner is in heat."

"Have you ever done this before?" I asked and she shook her head then lifted up the piece of paper.

"Thankfully, he left us instructions on what to do." She walked over to the side of the bed where I was sitting and placed her hand on my forehead, "All we have to do is wait it out until the Alpha gets here."

"Where did he go?"

"The edge of the border," she answered with a small grimace, "they're going to try to get to him but it might take a while."

A while turned into over three hours by which time I felt like I was being boiled alive. I had stripped off my entire outfit and was now wearing a flimsy short sleeveless gown with nothing under.

It was bordering on transparent but it did nothing to cool my skin and I felt like screaming. It wasn't just the heat anymore, it came with a fresh wave of pain and nausea and it felt like I had a thousand needles pricking my skin all at once.

My vision darkened for a second and within that time, I noticed that Eve had hooked a hand under my shoulders and was half dragging and half leading me into the bathroom. I tried my best to help her but even I felt too weak to stand. Against all odds, we got into the bathroom and she helped me get into the tub then she left and returned with a big bucket of ice water and dumped it into the bath. My teeth chattered and in an instant I had gone from boiling hot to freezing cold. I let out a relieved breath and wanted nothing more than to bury myself into the water.

I allowed it soothe my skin but after a while, I felt my skin begin to heat up again and this time tears filled my eyes. Eve placed her hand against my forehead again when she saw my teary eyes and she shot me a look of sympathy.

“He will be here soon,” she whispered softly and the first tear escaped, “you just have to hold off for a while longer.”

“I just want it to stop.”

“It will soon.”

It took another half hour before I faintly heard a loud knock on the door. Eve left my side briefly and I waited for her to return but instead of her, I smelled Ryker. I lifted my eyes to him and through my blurry vision, I saw him slowly make his way over to me. I saw him holding a piece of paper in his hand that I recognized as the one Steven wrote on.

He placed the paper on the sink and ran his hand through my wet curls and I felt the pain lessen a little. He put his hand into the water and he pulled it out instantly.

“The water is hot as hell,” he said and I shook my head.

It shouldn't be possible. Eve changed it less than three minutes ago. It shouldn't be as hot as he is claiming it to be. I wanted to protest but I was too weak to even utter a word.

Ryker dipped his hands into the water until they wrapped around my figure and he lifted me out of the tub. His hands on my skin felt like a salve to the pain and I wasted no time in burrowing into his skin. He hissed out a breath and kissed my forehead softly.

He led me over to the bed and I shook my head, “I'm wet,”

Ryker shut his eyes as if he was in pain, “It doesn't matter.” He placed me on the bed and as soon as his hands left me, the pain came back with blinding force and I let out a sound that was a mixture between a groan and a scream.

“Please don't leave me,” I begged, “you make the pain go away.”

“Camilla, I-,” he trailed off and that was when I saw it.

His hands were bunched at the sides and I could see his eyes alternating between their usual color and black eyes showing that he was struggling with his wolf. A memory popped into my head about someone saying that a female

wolf's scent during heat is almost impossible to resist.

"You don't have to stay," I forced out. The last thing I would want is for him to have to stay in a situation he doesn't want to be.

"I'm not leaving you."

He climbed into bed next to me and pulled me straight into his body. A wave of relief rushed through me along with a foreign feeling that I didn't know I could feel in places that should never be spoken about. He ran one hand down my back and the other ran through my curls softly.

His hands ran down my figure softly and I felt that unfamiliar feeling continue to build in my lower belly. I tried not to let it show because I didn't want to make Ryker uncomfortable but then his hand massaged one spot on my head that had me shifting and moaning softly. While I shifted, I brushed against the hardest part of him. Ryker paused all his movements and stared down at me with a dark look in his eyes. His hands on my body ceased and he shut his eyes tightly.

"Camilla," his voice was gruff and sounded strained, "I'm trying not to take advantage of you."

"Please,"

I didn't know what I was asking for but I knew that he would know and I knew that he would be the only one I wanted to give it to me. He shut his eyes and leaned back against the bed. I wasn't against begging him again but then he leaned down and kissed me.

The last time, I didn't have time to savor his kiss but this time, I wasted no time in returning it. His hand at the back of my head tangled between my curls and he pulled me closer to him as he deepened the kiss.

All the pain evaporated in that instant and I couldn't feel anything except for his lips on mine, his hands in my hair and his body that was flush against mine. His tongue slipped into my mouth and I let out a loud moan.

He pulled away and we were both breathing heavily. His eyes had darkened considerably and I could see him visibly struggling with himself as he ran his hands softly down my skin and my hair. I stayed silent because I didn't want to break the spell but each stroke of his hand against my skin had my nether regions weeping.

"Camilla," he spoke softly but I could see that it was a struggle for him to speak, "if I start, I won't be able to stop. You only want this because of your heat."

"That's not true,"

His eyes held mine captive and the sheer intensity of them had me wanting to look away but I couldn't. It felt like I was trapped in the limbo. with them and I couldn't bear to look away.

“I want this,” I whispered, “please.”

The plea seemed to be his catalyst because he pulled me flush against himself and he kissed me. His hands held my head in place while he assaulted the inside of my mouth with his tongue. I struggled to keep up with him but the sheer pleasure he was giving me from his mouth alone had me squirming against his lower body.

His lips moved from my mouth to my neck and he peppered open mouthed kisses along the path. He kissed a spot on my collarbone that had me moaning and arching my back.

He smiled against the spot and did it again and again making me go wild. All I could do was grip his shoulders and moan his name over and over again as it felt like I was losing all sense of self.

I felt his canines sharpen against my neck and I angled my neck to give him better access. I could feel his relief at my agreement and before I could say another word, I felt his canines sink in.

At first there was a blinding pain which quickly morphed into pleasure He pulled out his teeth and licked over the area and I felt that action all the way from my head to my toes.

He gave me a dizzying kiss that I returned to the best of my abilities and when he pulled back, I saw him searching my eyes for any sign of regret When he didn't see it, he sighed in relief.

I wanted to tell him that I didn't regret it but my mouth wouldn't move Exhaustion washed over me and I could feel myself drifting in an out of consciousness.

“Sleep,” Ryker said and so I did.

### Chapter 33

When I woke up, the first thing I realized was that there was a heavy arm over my body pinning me into the bed. I tried to move but that had somehow banded around me tighter and pulled me back into a hard body and an equally hard member pressing into my lower back. I felt Ryker nuzzle his nose into my neck and drag a long inhale before drifting back to sleep.

I opened my eyes and looked around the room as yesterday's events filled my mind. I looked down and realized I wasn't in the wet nightgown. Sometimes during my sleep, I was changed into one of Ryker's shirts and from what I could feel of Ryker behind me, he was shirtless.

I tried to gently shift out of his hold but I miscalculated my movements and accidentally grinded my hips against his already hard member. Ryker awake immediately and in the span of one second, I was flipped. over to my back and he was hovering over me.

He stared down at me with darkened eyes an



normally I would be frightened to have someone over me like this but it was Ryker and I knew there was no way that he was going to hurt me. He leaned down and kissed my forehead. I tried not to let my disappointment show because I wanted him to kiss my lips. As if he heard my thoughts, he leaned down and kissed me on the lips then I felt a rush of amusement and relief. It took me a second to realize the emotions weren't coming from me and that was when I remembered that he marked me. When he pulled I heard his voice in my head. "You don't know how long I've wanted to do this."

I remembered what he said about the mind link being like a bridge and I tried to imagine it in my mind. "Please tell me I'm doing this right." "You are," he was smiling as he spoke to me and he climbed off me. Once again disappointment and embarrassment rushed through me as I realized that yesterday I wanted him to have sex with me and he refused. Technically, he didn't refuse; he just opted to mark me instead.

I couldn't help but wonder if he was at all interested in me that way. But if he marked me that should mean that he at least wants something to do with me, right?

Ryker paused where he was at the foot of the bed and rounded the bed until he was standing next to me. I sat up slowly as he made his way over to me and he sat on the edge of the bed so that we were eye to eye.

"If you don't want me to hear your thoughts then you should build a wall." He said slowly and my cheeks heated to know that he heard me.

"How do I do that?"

"I'll teach you," he brushed off the statement, "I don't want you thinking that I did not want you last night, I did and I still do. The only reason you asked me to was because you were in heat and I didn't want to take advantage of you. You wouldn't have asked that of me if you weren't in heat."

"I would've."

I was surprised that the words left my lips and Ryker was too because his eyes widened. There was a second of silence and no movement between us and then he kissed me once again. The kiss was heated and passionate and my first thought was that I must have morning breath.

"You smell amazing," Ryker pulled back to tell me.

He didn't wait for me to respond before he kissed me again. I didn't realize that Ryker was waiting for me to tell him that I wanted him. I thought he was the one who didn't want me but from the way he was kissing me, it was enough proof that I was wrong.

He pulled me into his lap so I was straddling him and his hands descended to my ass. He reached under his shirt and grabbed fistfuls of my ass and when

his hands came in contact with my bare skin; I was reminded that I was completely naked under the shirt. He moved my hips over his and we moaned simultaneously.

Through the haze of pleasure, a lone thought pushed through and I pulled back, "wait."

He stopped every movement the moment the words left my mouth and he looked up at me. He waited patiently to hear why I had stopped him and I thought about how to say the words without ruining the mood but I knew there was no way. There was a possibility he would hate me after I said this and he wouldn't want me anymore but I knew I had to say it.

"I'm not pure."

He paused and looked at me in confusion, "what do you mean you're not pure."

"My former mate," I choked back the words. I hadn't thought about that memory in a while but it was still raw, "after he rejected me, he came into my room drunk and he-,"

I couldn't voice the words but Ryker understood. He stayed silent but I felt a tsunami of anger hit me so hard that I had to grasp my chest to ease the red hot pain that came with the feeling. Ryker seemed to realize I was struggling to deal with his emotions because the next thing I knew, I couldn't feel him at all. He must have built a wall to cut off his emotions. from mine.

I expected him to tell me to leave but he grabbed my cheeks in both hands. His thumbs stroked my cheeks softly and he kissed me softly once- twice- three times.

"You are pure," I opened my mouth to combat him but he cut me off, "What that bastard did has nothing to do with your purity."

"But you won't be my first."

"I will be your first because your first time has to be given; it cannot be taken from you without your consent," his touch was so soft in comparison to the harsh anger burning in his eyes, "Even if you gave your first to someone else willingly it wouldn't matter. It doesn't make you any less pure."

"I want to kill that bastard for making you feel this way and putting those thoughts in your head."

"Don't do that," I said immediately and he raised a brow, "Please."

He sighed and nodded then he kissed me again, "We don't have to do this."

"I want to do this."

I didn't know how true those words were until they left my lips. Ryker lay me on my back and climbed over me never once removing his lips from mine. When he was settled between my thighs, he started to slowly undo the buttons on his dress shirt that I was wearing.

I felt a wave of anxiety go through me as I thought about the fact that he

would be seeing me naked. I'm not as skinny as Lauren; I have curves. and belly fat and I hoped it wouldn't deter him.

I forgot that he could feel my thoughts until he opened himself up to me and I could feel the awe, astonishment and pure undiluted need that was seeping from him. It was his way of telling me that he didn't care about how my body looked, and I felt a rush of power go through my head.

When I was fully naked in front of him, he pulled back to admire my body. I debated covering myself with my hands but the way he was staring at me had me burning with need and pride.

He leaned over me and kissed my neck- directly over my mark. I have heard that the mark is an erogenous zone but I didn't realize how true that was until he kissed mine. My back bowed off the bed and his name left my lips in a heavy whisper.

"Say it again," he breathed as he kissed me there again.

I was already soaking wet and he was making it worse, "Ryker, please." As he kept placing soft kisses against my neck, I felt his hand trail down my body to my folds and he ran his finger softly through them. I let out a choked gasp but he made no move to fit his finger in. Instead he kept tracing it up and down my folds making me impossibly wetter.

I squirmed against his movements, "Ryker please."

At the plea, he slipped one finger in and I moaned. He kissed my lips once more and his free hand came up to tweak my nipples as his finger worked its way in and out of me.

His lips replaced his finger at my breast just as he slipped out his finger and pushed two in. it was a snug fit and his fingers hit a spot that had me bowing my head in pleasure. I was climbing the peak of pleasure and he knew it too because he kept up his pace and when his thumb flicked my clit, I came all over his hands.

"I want to taste you," he whispered to me as he rode out my orgasm with his fingers, "but I know you're not ready for that now."

He pulled out his fingers and licked my juices straight off them. It was weirdly erotic and I was staring at him with wide eyes.

I can't tell you how quickly he happened but the next moment, he was naked as well and I was staring at his long and thick member wondering how it would fit inside me without tearing me straight open. He must have felt my fear because he leaned down and kissed me softly.

His hand worked my clit again until I was a weeping mess almost begging him to let me orgasm. That was when I felt his head at my entrance. There was a small pinch as he pushed into me and I thought that was it until he pushed into the hilt and white light flashed across my vision. It was a tight fit and I had to breathe through my nose to get used to the feeling of him inside

me. He waited patiently, never once moving until I became accustomed to him.

I squirmed from the fullness and he took that as his sign to move. His hand hooked around my thigh and he raised it higher on his waist. The movement had my eyes rolling in the back of my head.

He kept that angle and made love to me slowly until his name was the undoing on my lips.

## Chapter 34

Being mated with Ryker has been a very different feeling. Since we mated, our bond has been stronger and I can always feel him at the back of my mind, like an ever constant presence.

The first night after we mated, I wasn't sure whether he would want me to spend the night in his room again so I had retreated to my room, only for him to knock on my door a few minutes later.

I opened it and he walked inside then stripped and proceeded to lie down on my bed. When I asked what he was doing, he had said.

"If you don't feel comfortable coming to me then I'll come to you."

I have spent every night in his room since then. In fact, right now my room is more of a formality. Most of my things have been moved into his and the only time I have gone back to my room is when I need to knit with Eve.

A soft kiss to my temple pulled me out of my thoughts and I looked up from my position on the oversized bed to see Ryker leaning over me. "We have to train," he reminded me and I groaned but pulled myself out of bed.

I didn't feel well rested; maybe it was because I didn't fall asleep until the early hours of the morning due to Ryker realizing that he found my nightgowns extremely sexy.

I changed into my gym cloths and dragged my tired body out of the room and down the stairs where I knew he would be waiting. He was holding two bottles of water and when he saw me, I saw his eyes darken for a second before they switched back to normal.

That should have been my first inclination that training probably wouldn't go very smoothly but I ignored it.

We trained in our usual spot and I was happy to note that I was actually building up my stamina and I was getting better at sparring. He hated sparring with me but he did it because he knew I had to learn. I knew he was going easy on me but regardless, the first day we soared, he had me on my back within seconds. He still beats me but at least I can hold my own for a while, sometimes even a few minutes.

We were sparring when Ryker spun me around and pulled me close to his chest, his hand was at the base of my throat and although it should

have signified the end of the session, neither of us moved.'

He buried his head into my neck and pressed a small kiss to my mark that had my knees wobbling.

"Ryker," I warned but he didn't seem to care because he did it again.

"Do you know how beautiful you look in that outfit?" he whispered. against the shell of my ear.

I didn't respond and his hand moved to my waist to run his thumb across the sliver of skin that was showing. I knew it was incredibly reckless of us to do this in public where anyone could see us but I couldn't bring myself to care.

He traced his lips across the shell of my ear then he pulled back abruptly. I was so shocked by the change in motion that it took me a few seconds. to understand what had just happened. I turned to him with curious eyes and he offered me a small smile.

"You're exhausted," he explained to me as he placed a hand on my lower back to lead me inside, "I saw it in your stance throughout training. Let's get some food into you first."

By the time we got in, Eve had already set the table. I thought I was going upstairs to get changed first but Ryker led me to the table. It wasn't until after I had finished eating that I realized just how hungry and exhausted I previously was. Ryker must have been paying extra attention to me in order to have noticed it when I didn't even realize.

Ryker finished eating first and he went to freshen up while I stayed down a little longer to finish up my food. By the time I was done, I stood to my feet but my knees wobbled and I almost fell down. I gripped the table for dear life and tried to regulate my breathing before I took another step. I was grateful no one saw me because Ryker would have flipped out about my well being.

It was a chore to make my way back up the stairs but I managed to drag my body into Ryker's room. When I got there, he was stepping out of the bathroom in nothing but a towel. Despite my tiredness, I could feel myself getting turned on for him but I knew I wouldn't have the energy to keep up with him so I cast my eyes to the ground as I made my way over to the edge of the bed.

I sat down but Ryker's footstep carried until I saw him come to rest in stilt

front of me. He cupped my cheeks softly and tilted my head upwards. until I was looking him directly in the eyes.

"Are you okay?" he asked and I nodded, "you look a little green."

I shook my head which was a mistake because it made my entire head pound, "I'm fine, I just need to take a bath and go to bed."

He went quiet for a second then he pulled back from me and disappeared into

his closet. When he returned, he was in silk pajama trousers and he was shirtless. He picked me up bridal style and carried me into the bathroom where he deposited me on the floor.

Before I could ask what he was doing, he slowly stripped my clothes off me, never once taking his eyes off my face as he did so. He balled up the sweaty clothes and put them in the hamper before picking me up again. and putting me in the tub.

He filled the tub with warm water and that was when he brought a wash cloth. "I can do it," I told him but he ignored me and soaped it up, "Ryker, I'm serious."

"Let me do this for you."

There was a sort of plea and vulnerability in his voice that had me pausing in my tracks and nodding. He washed my entire body and even when his hands brushed against the sensitive parts of me; it felt more intimate than sexual.

He cleaned me up and wiped me down with a fluffy towel then carried me back into the room again. He placed me on the bed and retrieved a white nightgown for me. Before he put it on me, he let his eyes roam my body and then he went on his knees in front of me.

I was confused as to what he was doing until his finger softly traced the barely there scar on my stomach. I watched him as he traced it in silence then he stood to his feet and helped me put on the nightgown.

As soon as I was dressed, there was a knock on the door and Ryker opened it to reveal Eve. She had a small flash in her hands along with a mug that was steaming hot. She placed both of them on the table and left immediately.

Ryker handed me the cup and I realized it was tea.

"Drink," he instructed, "it will help you fall asleep."

"Ryker you don't have to do all of this," I whispered as I took the cup from him, "I'm just a little tired that's all."

He smiled knowingly and kissed my forehead, "You're my mate," he explained, "if you are in pain or discomfort then so am I. I don't care if it is tiredness or if you pricked your finger on a rose thorn. I will do everything in my power to ease your discomforts or I will never be comfortable myself."

I sighed in resignation because I knew I wasn't going to win with him and drank the tea. When I was done, he took the cup from me and gestured for me to lie down.

After lying down, he crawled into bed beside me and pulled me into his chest-pulled me over his chest sounds like a better description if I'm being honest. He was sitting up and I was practically draped all over his body.

"Don't you have to work?" I asked and he hummed, "you should be getting dressed to leave."

“Don’t worry about me Camilla.”

“I don’t want you to be late.”

He laughed at my words, “I’m the Alpha Camilla, I cannot be late.”

“Ryker,” I began again and he sighed.

“I will work from home today,” I was about to protest and he knew it too because he cut me off, “nothing you say will change anything. I will be more useful here where I can keep an eye on you. If I go there, I will spend my entire day worried.”

“I’m sorry that I’m disrupting your life so much.”

His entire body froze at my words and one second I was lying down, the next I was sitting straddling him and he was gripping my jaw so I wouldn’t look away from him.

“You have never disrupted my life,” his voice was low and he enunciated every word, “it is a pleasure and a privilege to look after you.”

“I was just-,”

“Understand me Camilla,” he cut me off, “I will look after you forever if you give me the chance. You have never been a disruption or a bother.” I nodded and he kissed my lips softly then lay me flush against his body once more. His fingers began to run through my scalp and the feeling was so blissfully euphoric that I felt my eyes begin to droop of their own accord. I tried to fight it for as long as I could, but sleep kept pulling me under.

“I’ll be here when you wake up.” Ryker promised and that was all I needed to finally allow the darkness take me.

## Chapter 35

When I woke up, I actually didn’t expect to see Ryker. Some part of me thought that he had only said that in order to get me to sleep but when my mind came into focus; I was shocked to see Ryker sitting up on the bed with a bunch of papers in his hands and beside him.

I knew he had to be uncomfortable as hell because I was draped all over his legs and he was seated up against the headboard and trying to do his work without bothering me at all.

I shifted in his lap and he immediately ceased all movements. I peered up at him and he immediately pushed the papers aside in favor of giving me all of his attention. I sat up trying to ignore the pounding headache I was feeling at the back of my skull and I offered him a small smile.

“Hi,” I said sheepishly and I saw the corner of his lips quirk up.

“Hi back,” I smiled at him, “How are you?”

“I feel, better,” I paused before adding the last part wondering whether or not I should tell him about the headache but I stayed silent.

He ran his hand down my cheek softly, “You still have a fever.”

"It's probably nothing," I tried to assure him, "I'm sure it'll go down on its own."  
He frowned deeply, "I don't want to take that chance."

He stood to his feet and I watched in silence as he rang the bell by his side of the bed. Shortly after ringing it, there was a knock on the door and Ryker opened it to reveal Eve holding a tray of food.

She offered me a small smile as she placed the broth and bread on the table next to me. She bowed to me and then Ryker before exiting the room and leaving us draped in complete silence.

Ryker moved over to my side of the bed and sat next to me. He placed the tray in my lap and gestured for me to eat.

"Have you eaten?" I couldn't help but ask and I took his silence as an answer.

"You should eat something."

"I will, don't worry about me."

I frowned at him then handed him a piece of the garlic bread. He tried to refuse it at first but when he realized that I had no plans on eating unless he ate as well, he finally resigned and took it from me. We ate together in silence and I could honestly rate it as one of the best experiences we have had together.

By the time we finished, my headache had gotten so much worse and I felt like someone was trying to split my head open and tear it into two. It was becoming more difficult to hide and I had to bury my head in between my thighs because the brightness seemed to be making it worse. "Are you okay?" Ryker asked and I nodded, "B ullshit, what's wrong?" "I think it's the lights." I said finally.

I still wasn't looking up but I heard him move around until I heard a soft click and I felt the room go into darkness. I still didn't raise my head until I heard him draw the curtains shut. He had plunged the room into complete darkness and although my headache was still there, I couldn't help but feel grateful that he was willing to do this for me.

"Thank you," I breathed and he nodded but I could still feel the ridges. and tenseness of his skin.

"I'm calling Lucy to check on you." I opened my mouth to complain but he cut me off, "Something is wrong with you whether you want to admit it or not and Lucy is going to tell us what it is."

I nodded finally because I knew it was the best deal I was going to get and I allowed him mind link the doctor. A part of me wondered if he was tired of all the house calls. If I had a wolf then I wouldn't be getting sick. and having all these issues.

As we waited for Lucy to arrive, he pulled me into his chest and stroked my hair and I suddenly remembered something.

"How is Steven?" I asked, "I haven't seen him around in a while."



“He’ll be here when I leave. I figured there was no need having him watching you when I was here too. Why did you ask?”

“I just never got to thank him for helping me the last time he was here. I didn’t even know I was in heat and it would have ended badly.”

“It would have if he wasn’t here.” Ryker agreed, “But I will be sure to relay your gratitude to him.”

We stayed like that in complete silence until there was a knock on the door. Ryker went to open it and before he did, he turned on the lights again. I had gotten so used to the darkness that it took me a full minute with me blinking rapidly before I got used to the light.

Lucy walked in wearing her usual doctor’s coat with a small bag in her hands. She offered me a warm smile as she made her way over to me and pressed her hand against my forehead.

“How do you feel?” she asked and I shrugged, “Can you rate it on a scale of 1 to 5.”

“Maybe a three,” I trailed off, “Or a three and a half. I don’t feel terrible but I don’t feel good.”

She hummed to herself and took out some things from her bag. She checked my temperature and my reflexes but those seemed to be normal excluding my temperature which was a little above average. When she tried to flash her little light into my eyes, I winced because of how bright it was and how sensitive my eyes were.

“Is it okay if I take a blood sample?” she asked and I nodded.

I tried to ignore the needle as she brought it close to me. I’m not scared of needles but I would rather not have to look at them as they go into my skin and I have never been awake when someone poked a needle into me. I braced myself expecting the worst of the pain but it was barely a prickle and she was done.

“I will take this back to the lab and run a few tests to see if I can figure out what’s wrong,” she said mostly to Ryker than to me, “In the meantime, I suggest a lot of air and sunlight. Maybe it’s just a twenty four hour virus and she will be fine soon.”

“I’m sorry we had to drag you all the way out here.” I said softly and she waved me off.

“Please, it was no problem at all.”

She bowed to both of us and exited the room leaving both Ryker and I in complete silence once more. He stared at me for a full minute before he made his way over to me and held out a hand for me to take.

I stared at him cautiously but I trusted him and I knew he wouldn’t hurt me so I took his hand and allowed him lead me out of the room. As we passed the living room, I caught Eve’s eye and she smiled at me as he pulled me out

through the front doors.

I realized the path we were taking and I paused mid step as I turned to stare at him.

"I'm in my nightgown." I reminded him, "Shouldn't I have changed first?"

"You're at home Camilla; you can wear whatever you want."

Dudzes was still a mystery to me in a lot of ways. I was shocked that he didn't demand that I was impeccably dressed at all times. Tyson always used to demand that of his friends and everyone else. I have never seen Lisa look anything short of impeccably dressed and I worked in the pack house. But here I was walking around in a nightgown and slippers while Ryker wasn't even remotely bothered by it.

"If it makes you feel any better, I'm also in pajama pants," I looked down at him and realized that he was wearing silk pajama pants.

I could only imagine what a sight we were to behold walking around the woods at the back of the house in nothing but pajamas and slippers. If I had seen us a few months back, I would have said that we were crazy.

We walked over to the little lake with the waterfall and Ryker pulled off his shirt and pants. I looked away when I realized he was naked underneath and I heard a splash. By the time I turned back, he was in the water completely naked.

"You should come in," I shook my head vehemently making him laugh; "I promise it isn't that cold, and it might make you feel better."

I stared at him as I bit the inside of my cheek in contemplation. He did look like he was having fun but I wasn't sure how eager I was to get inside the water naked.

"I'm right here" he assured me, "Come."

"You have to turn around first."

I knew my request was impractical considering the fact that he had already seen me naked a handful of times but he obliged. He turned his back to me and even made a show of covering his eyes with his hands.

I stripped off the gown and slowly made my way towards the water. I put my

foot in first and I realized that he had lied earlier; the water was freezing cold. I slowly made my way deeper into the water until it covered everything that needed to be covered and I swam over to where Ryker was.

"You can look now."

He turned around and I realized how close we were. I could feel his thigh brushing mine but it was almost as if he was making a deliberate effort to not have his body touch mine. I wondered why but I didn't want to ask mainly because I didn't want to break the spell.

"You lied," I said finally and his brows scrunched up in confusion, "You lied

about the water, it is cold.”

He threw his head back and laughed. It was a hearty laugh that had my insides squirming and turning around as if there was a tornado in there.

“It got you to come in didn’t it?”