

Letters Sent To Eternity

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Chapter 33

22 – Ryker

I linger longer in the stands, my mind fixated on the human warrior Alpha Jeremiah brought along. At first, I assumed her presence was out of pity or some obligatory gesture, but now it's clear that's not the case. They've been here all day, and I can't help but feel a twinge of disappointment that I didn't get to see more of what she can really do. The brief moments I caught were enough to confirm that Danny wasn't exaggerating in the slightest.

I come to an abrupt halt in the middle of the stand. Where the hell did that thought come from? I've never been one to care about watching warriors fight — I'd rather be in the thick of it with them. Why should I be interested in what a human from another pack is capable of? I have enough on my plate already, no need for distractions in the form of a curvy blonde whose legs look like they'd wrap perfectly around my waist... No! I shake my head sharply, banishing the thought.

I need to get ready. Robin wants this event to feel like a party — a chance for everyone to relax, have fun, and socialize — but this is business too. I have to entertain these new arrivals, make sure they're truly on board with the changes I'm implementing in their packs. Frankly, I don't care if they agree or not; I'm making these changes regardless. But if they're on board, the headaches will be far less irritating.

I also need to speak with my sister's mate. Now that she's bonded to an Alpha, our packs should form a closer alliance. From what I saw earlier, he doesn't seem like he'll be a problem, but I'm not leaving anything to chance. I want my wolf to check him out too, and for that, we need to be in closer proximity. My wolf can sniff out lies and deceit, and I won't send her into a pack like the one Greta came from — I'd burn it to the ground first.

Finally, I force myself to move and jog back toward the packhouse. I clear my head, steeling myself for the inevitable flood of flattery and ass-kissing that's about to come. I have to let it slide. Many of these packs are emerging from dire situations and cling to hero worship that we just have to work through. Others, the leaders especially, think they'll benefit personally by sucking up. They'll all learn quickly that I value actions over words. They'll either rise to the challenge or step aside.

I take the back stairs leading to the end of the hallway nearest my room — the only way I use to slip away quickly without leaving a scent trail on the main stairs.

As I enter, guests are already arriving, but I'm not worried about being late. I operate on my own schedule, and this night is about Rayna anyway. I plan to deliver a brief speech about how Alpha Jeremiah's pack has gained an incredible addition, about alliances, and all the usual positive rhetoric. After that, the spotlight will be on her for the rest of the evening. I'm

also working through some last-minute emails as I go, careful to keep my phone hidden — Robin would snatch it away if she caught me using it downstairs.

But when I reach my floor and open the door, I'm stopped dead in my tracks. A rich scent of honey and spice hits me like a physical blow, and I almost collapse to my knees. What the hell? It feels like I've just woken from a deep sleep. Every nerve in my body ignites, my mind sharpens, and my heart pounds so hard I swear it might burst through my chest.

"MATE!" my wolf shouts inside my head.

I grip the doorframe tightly to steady myself. Oh, shit.

I blink, shaking my head. No. There's no way. The only people on this floor are Rayna, her mate, and his team. Besides the human they brought, there's no other female here — unless I'm missing something.

"MATE! Go get her, NOW!" my wolf demands, trying to take control and push me forward.

"No! I'm not barging into her room, especially if it's the human. She obviously knows about werewolves, but we know nothing about her," I argue silently.

"Go now!" he growls, frustration thick in his voice.

"Will you just stop?" I mutter, grateful I came up the back stairs. I slam my door shut behind me, effectively cutting off the strength of her scent. Had I come up the main stairs, I would have had to pass her door, and I don't know if I could have resisted letting him take over then.

"We've been waiting seven years for her. You're going to deny us now? We need her," he pleads.

"Do you think I don't know that? I'm terrified. What if she's not what the pack needs? What if she makes us weaker? I've seen Alphas fall because of weak mates. Hell, I've taken down Alphas with weak mates. She's a fucking human!" I run my hands over my face, frustration and fear swirling inside me. Why would the Goddess send us a human?

"Mates make us stronger. Those Alphas were weak from the start. Their mates couldn't help them. Go to her. Try. I need my mate."

"Even one without a wolf? You'd be alone."

He doesn't answer. I can feel the sadness in his silence, but it's the truth. Lunas can't be weak. They have to survive. They are the heart of the pack and frequent targets. I already have enough enemies — I won't force that on anyone unwillingly. My wolf retreats to the back of my mind, and I make a silent promise.

"I'll meet her. But until I'm sure, I won't tell anyone about being mates. That's the least I can do."

No reply, but the weight in my chest eases slightly.

I take a shower and get dressed, though I won't admit it out loud, I spend more time than usual combing my hair and trimming my beard. Every last detail of grooming is attended to. I select a suit and decide to forgo the tie.

When I finally feel presentable enough to formally give my sister to her mate, I step out of my room and head down the main stairs, still enveloped in the spicy honey scent that my wolf and I have already come to love.

This is going to be harder than I imagined.

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Chapter 34

23 – Kennedy

Aside from my senses feeling completely overwhelmed from being acutely aware of his presence all night, I'm genuinely enjoying myself. I've had the chance to chat with several of the warriors who trained alongside us today. Naturally, like true warriors, our conversations revolved around practical topics—debating the most effective fighting styles, sharing opinions on the best meals to fuel intense training, and discussing the ideal times of day for practice. Of course, my favorite subject came up too: the most epic fight scenes in the greatest fight movies. Many of these warriors are around my age and still in high school, so we also talked about the challenges of juggling school with all the responsibilities that come with being a warrior. It's encouraging to hear that even with so many packs to support, they still have options and plans for their futures.

These people are incredible—they've kept me laughing all night. For the first time in what feels like ages, my guys aren't hovering over me like protective shadows. It seems they're enjoying themselves too, relaxing instead of playing my bodyguards. That doesn't mean they've wandered far, but it's a start. Meanwhile, Rayna and I are having a fantastic time together. She's introduced me to so many people that I doubt I'll remember all their names, but it's refreshing to have a girl in my corner for once. I think she feels the same way; I noticed her brother and his friends patrol in a way very similar to mine. We have more in common than I initially thought. Eventually, they leave us dancing in the middle of their makeshift barrier. They might think they're being discreet, but judging by how the guys keep glancing at us and then back at them, subtle isn't exactly the word. Honestly, I couldn't care less. We're laughing, singing along to every song, and many of the older wolves have already called it a night, so I don't feel guilty about letting loose a little more than usual.

Finally, a slow song begins to play, and Ben sweeps me into his arms. I've danced with all of them equally tonight, but Ben has been noticeably closer, more than usual. There's definitely something going on with him, and I can't help but feel a little uneasy. I know we aren't mates, but sometimes the way he looks at me makes me wonder if he wants more than just friendship. I shared many firsts with all of them, but Ben holds my biggest first, and that will always be special. Still, I just don't see anything beyond friendship in him.

Despite my reservations, I let him hold me tightly. I have a hunch this is something he needs from me right now. We sway together for only a few moments when Rayna's voice cuts through the music. "Ryker! There you are. Come meet everyone."

I turn in Ben's arms and spot the unfairly handsome Alpha watching us. Oh no, oh no, oh no. My mind freezes as he starts moving toward us. I've been trying to avoid him all night, but he always seems to be near—like a planet orbiting me, or more likely Rayna—never drifting closer or farther no matter where we move in this enormous room. And he's good at mingling while patrolling us. I have to admit, I'm impressed. He could probably teach Jer a thing or two about subtle hovering.

Ben releases me to stand beside him as Rayna formally introduces us to her brother. He offers a half-smile, the kind that looks like his face can't quite manage a full one. Maybe this is just a formality for him. Rayna did say most of the rumors about him are true. Maybe he's a total narcissistic jerk, and we simply aren't worth his extra effort. Or perhaps this half-smile is his version of going the extra mile. Aside from his speech, he hasn't said a word to any of us, and I hate that my body betrays me by craving to hear the deep gravel of his voice again. I swear, just listening to him talk about pack unity made me feel like I was melting—his voice vibrating through me better than any toy I own.

I shake my head, pushing those thoughts aside to save for when I'm alone in my room later. That's when I realize Alpha Ryker and I are standing alone. I glance around, wondering if I'm imagining things. When did that happen? To make things even stranger, another slow song starts playing. He almost looks pained at the idea of having to dance with me. But before I can turn and run, he silently extends his hand. I take it, though reluctantly.

The moment our skin touches, it's like I've stuck my finger into a live electrical socket while standing in a puddle of water. I can't pull away even if I wanted to. Every nerve in my body ignites like a firework, and I'm pretty sure I just came right there—my panties ruined, legs trembling like jelly, mind completely scrambled. I'm lost in his eyes, yet somehow see nothing at all. And that's just from one touch of his hand.

Then he does something that's almost cruel—he pulls me closer, slow and deliberate, as if silently asking permission to touch me. His other large hand slides around my waist, settling at the small of my back, where the only thing between us is the sheer, barely-there fabric of my dress. The warmth from his hands seeps deep into me, spreading southward, adding to the heat already burning from staring at him all night long.

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Chapter 35

In that moment, I did what any rational woman might do—my hand slid up his chest, trying to appear casual, but honestly, I was savoring every contour of his muscles beneath the fabric of his suit. My fingers finally came to rest at the nape of his neck, where his hair was cropped short. The softness of that spot sent an unexpected shiver racing through me.

He pulled me closer, and oh, dear heavens, the sensation of him pressed against me was overwhelming. I think just feeling what he carried with him completely spoiled me for any

other man. We had barely started moving to the rhythm of the music, and I was already a flushed, sweaty mess. And his cologne—ugh! I realized it was the same scent I'd been sniffing along the hallway earlier, and it only made me more undone. I wasn't sure I'd be able to stand steadily or walk straight once he finally released me.

We swayed together, lost in the music, and honestly, I couldn't tell you what day it was or how long we'd been there. Somewhere in the back of my mind, my usual sharp intellect was just idling, waiting to be called upon, but this man rendered me utterly foolish. Is this what it's like to be around all Alphas? Do they effortlessly captivate women like this? Suddenly, it made sense why so many women throw themselves at them. Maybe it's because I've always been close to my own guys—their charms never worked on me because I'd grown used to them.

But then, just as the song ended, Alpha Ryker stepped away from me, releasing me slowly like he was reluctant to let go—or maybe he noticed me wobbling slightly. That same pained expression returned to his face, as if dealing with me required more effort than he'd expected. Without a word or even a backward glance, he turned and walked away.

What the hell was that? Now that I had some breathing room and a break from his intoxicating cologne, my brain finally kicked back into gear. He hadn't said a single word to me the entire time and then just left like he was desperate to escape.

I'm so exhausted trying to decipher what guys are thinking. I glanced around the room, taking stock of who was still there. Danny had left earlier with three women—so much for all his flirting. Rayna and Jeremiah remained, looking disgustingly adorable as they lost themselves in each other. None of my other guys were visible. They must have found their own entertainment for the night. Near the door, Beta Josh and Gamma Bennet stood like bouncers rather than party guests. They were probably on Rayna duty, which made sense for Bennet since the Gamma's role was to protect the Luna, a position she'd take over since Alpha Ryker didn't have a mate. But Josh's presence puzzled me. He should be shadowing the Alpha, unless he was still around somewhere and I just hadn't noticed. Who was I kidding? I'd definitely spot him if he were still in the room.

The emotional rollercoaster of the day had drained me. Scratch that—I was both tired and incredibly turned on. With no one around to help with the first problem, I decided it was time to head to bed and take care of it myself. At least I had some vivid, firsthand visuals to work with. I was sure I'd be able to finish quickly tonight—maybe even more than once, considering how worked up Ryker had left me. Even his name sounded sexy.

Making my way toward the door, I offered polite goodbyes and “see you at training” to people as I passed. But then, once again, I was stopped in my tracks. Ryker was standing just in front of the stairs I needed to use, a brunette woman clinging to his arm, petting him like a loyal dog, whispering something in his ear. His expression was unreadable—neither clearly pleased nor annoyed by her attention—but for some reason, my stubborn, jealous nature flared up fiercely. Since when did I get jealous? And over a guy I'd literally just met, who hadn't said more than five words to me?

I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, determined to approach calmly instead of like the crazy woman inside me, itching to rip out the girl's fake hair extensions.

“Oh! This is perfect!” In my blind fury, I hadn’t even noticed who I was walking past when someone grabbed my arm. I yanked it free, probably looking like I was ready to kill. The woman raised her hands in surrender. “I didn’t mean to startle you, Miss Kennedy. I’m Robin, the house manager.”

Blinking a few times, I forced myself to calm down. “I’m sorry. I wasn’t paying attention—you startled me.” I tried to mask my reaction, though I doubted Ryker bought it. “Hi, Robin. Nice to meet you. I was just heading upstairs.” I glanced toward the stairs and swore I caught Ryker smirking, as if he knew having the brunette on his arm had gotten under my skin. Cocky bastard.

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Chapter 36

“Would you mind terribly taking a picture for me?”

“Huh?” I blink, momentarily caught off guard. Not my brightest moment, but I couldn’t help it—the man standing before me was so striking, it felt like my brain had melted into a puddle.

“I need a photo from tonight’s party,” Robin explained, “and Alpha Ryker? He’s a bit too... rough around the edges. You’d help soften his image, and honestly, you two look perfect together. Please? It’ll only take a moment.”

Before I could respond, Amy, the brunette, chimed in with a whine, fluffing her hair like it was the most important thing in the world. “What about me? I’d look way better as Alpha Ryker’s arm candy.”

“That’s exactly why I’m asking you to take the picture, Amy,” Robin said smoothly, not missing a beat. “I want Alpha Ryker to be the arm candy this time. Miss Kennedy here is a warrior and can match his dominance. Thanks for offering, though.”

I smiled inwardly at the idea of the big, imposing Alpha being considered a decoration of any kind. Robin’s approach was subtle—no direct insult, just a clever twist of words. Amy probably didn’t even catch it.

Amy turned and stomped off, clearly pouting, her bubblegum-pink dress deflating like a sad disco ball. I fought the urge to laugh out loud at the ridiculous image.

Robin gestured for me to follow, and I did. Ryker was right behind me, silent and imposing, while Amy’s disgruntled sighs faded behind us.

We wound through a hallway, passed through a door, and then down another corridor. I suspected Robin was deliberately trying to lose Amy, and honestly, I was completely disoriented by now.

“Okay, I think we’re safe here. Amy wasn’t going to let you go without a fight,” Robin chuckled, and this time I joined her laughter. “So, you don’t need pictures of someone dominating your Alpha? You’re sneaky—remind me to stay on your good side.”

We both laughed, and I felt a comfortable warmth spreading inside me.

“No, but since you’re both here, I should grab a couple of photos—just in case I need to prove my point later. Let’s do it here.”

“Why my office?” Ryker’s voice carried a hint of whine. That was a new one. I filed it away for later.

Robin opened the door and led us inside. “Because I keep your office immaculate. Now, go stand in front of the desk.” She beckoned us with a wave, and we obeyed.

She took her time arranging us. I felt like I was back at some cheesy prom photo shoot, but I let her enjoy herself. I think Robin was dragging it out because Ryker looked just as uncomfortable as I felt. So I decided to lean into the fun, playing it up for both our sakes. I linked my arm through his, leaned my head against his shoulder, and even grabbed his forearm, tilting my face up as if to plant a kiss on his cheek, one leg popped behind me like a cliché pose. Robin snapped away, giggling like a schoolgirl.

Ryker’s expression remained unreadable—neither pleased nor annoyed, just stoic.

“That was fun, but I really should get to bed. I promised Greta and some of the guys I’d be at training in the morning,” I said, moving toward the door.

I paused after a couple of steps and turned back. “Can someone point me to my room? Your packhouse is like an endless maze, and I have no clue how we ended up here.” I laughed softly, hoping they’d understand I wasn’t trying to insult anyone—I just didn’t want to look foolish getting lost, or worse, run into Amy lurking around.

“I can walk you up there. That’s where I was trying to get when Amy stopped me,” Ryker said, bidding Robin goodnight before joining me down the hall.

Robin whispered something to him—too low for me to hear—but I could tell by his reaction, a low grunt or huff, that he caught every word. He didn’t reply verbally, though.

Instead of returning to the main hall, Ryker led me through a side corridor, making a few turns before we arrived at the kitchen. It was dim and empty, the quiet hum of the refrigerator the only sound.

He moved toward a door in the corner, which I assumed was just another pantry, but when he opened it, I saw a hidden staircase.

“Ooh! Secret stairs. You’re not leading me to some dungeon to murder me, are you?” I teased, half-joking.

“No. If I wanted to kill you, I’d do it publicly. Haven’t you heard the rumors?” he replied with a smirk.

“Of course, but most rumors are just information taken out of context. I prefer to figure things out on my own. I mean, I’m a human training as a warrior in a werewolf pack,” I shrugged, trying to sound casual despite my pounding heart as we climbed the dark stairs. “I’m sure there were assumptions about me before I got here. And now, I’m invited to some invite-only training.”

“You mean my training?” Ryker’s voice held a note of surprise.

“Yeah, Greta invited me. I guess I never thought to ask if that was okay. Do you mind?” I felt a flicker of worry—I might have overstepped somehow, even though it wasn’t my idea. He’d kept his distance all night unless forced near me. Maybe he didn’t want a human taking up time in his specialized training.

“No, not really. After everything I’ve heard, it’ll be interesting to see you fight,” he said.

We reached the landing, and before I could even reach for the handle, Ryker reached around me to open the door. His scent washed over me again, a wave that hit straight to my core, making my stomach twist. I needed to pull away and regain control.

“This really is your super-secret door. Is this how you sneak in late-night hook-ups without anyone noticing?” I teased, noticing we were in the Alpha hall, right across from his bedroom door.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” he smirked again. Why was that so damn sexy?

“Sorry for cockblocking you downstairs,” I said with a grin. “But I’m sure you can find someone a little higher on the intelligence scale if you need a quickie. Just remember—I’m right next door, so either keep it quiet or be loud enough that I can get off too.” I winked and turned to leave, and I swear I heard a low growl behind me.

“My neighbor has some kinks. Good to know. Should I be worried about visitors and noises from your room tonight?” he asked.

I turned slowly, giving myself a moment to steady my breathing and think of a reply. I wasn’t sure I’d ever had sexy banter leave me genuinely breathless.

“Visitors? No. Noises? Maybe. I have two hands that do an excellent job,” I teased back, winking before heading to my door.

As I opened it and stepped inside, he called after me, “In that case, leave your balcony door open. You’re not the only one who likes to listen.”

I caught his blinding grin just before the door closed, and his eyes darkened with that dangerous gleam. I realized then why he smirked so often—his smile was a lethal weapon all on its own.

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Chapter 37

25 – Ryker

I storm into my room, slamming the door harder than I probably should, and then slump against it, trying to steady my racing thoughts. How could one person have such a hold on me? The suffocating weight of my suit feels unbearable now. I yank off my jacket and fling it carelessly onto the chair by my desk. Then, reaching over, I switch on the lamp beside my bed, bathing the room in a soft, muted glow.

That encounter with her was by far the most intense and electrifying I've ever experienced with a woman—and I hadn't even laid a finger on her. She knew exactly which buttons to push, the precise words to say, stirring something deep inside me, igniting a fire that only grew hotter. I can't stop pacing, the tension coiling tighter with every step, fueled by the memory of her. The ache doesn't ease; it just builds.

And then there was tonight, walking into the ballroom. The moment my eyes landed on her, my heart nearly stopped. Seeing her from afar at the training grounds didn't begin to capture her true presence. Her hair was swept up high, elongating her neck in a way that made it impossible to look away—giving me a perfect target for the mark I longed to leave. The neckline of her dress revealed just enough of her shoulder, that delicate curve where skin met fabric. Her smile, painted in bold red lipstick, shot straight to my core, setting off a primal hunger. My wolf stirred instantly, claiming her as his own, unwilling to let any other expression cross her face. He was hooked, and so was I.

But then jealousy slammed into me like a freight train. There she was, sitting comfortably between her Beta, Gamma, and Delta—and my own pack—knowing full well that one or all of them had earned that radiant look on her face, but not me. Danny was far too close, his arm casually draped over the back of her chair. I've never wanted to tear my best friend's arm off before, but in that moment, every fiber of me screamed to do just that. I had to fight to keep still, to keep my wolf and myself in check. Taking a deep, steadying breath, I forced calm into my body. Danny had told me he was interested in her, and I was okay with that—until that exact moment. Then, the image of her charging at me flashed back, while Amy clung to me, begging to be taken to my bed that night. The jealousy radiating from Kennedy was so tangible, so fierce, it practically scorched the air.

I'm honestly surprised Amy didn't recoil entirely; the intensity of that feeling was overwhelming. At least she finally released her grip on me, which was something.

Watching Kennedy stride past me again set my raging desire aflame once more—right after Amy's presence had deflated it completely. I'm convinced she added an extra sway to her hips on purpose, those "f*ck me" heels clicking with every step, her dress scandalously short, daring me to look.

Later, when we were in my office—the last place I needed her scent and presence to linger—I struggled to keep my composure. She was so playful, teasing, and I fought the urge to bend her over my desk, right there in front of Robin, and claim her without

hesitation. Every time her hand brushed mine, I felt the heat radiate through the layers of my suit. I was close to combusting, and I could tell Robin noticed too, dragging the moment out longer than necessary. Then, as I followed her up the back stairs to our floor, I swear I caught glimpses of her curves with every step—her ass just barely peeking out. It's a miracle I'm even able to walk straight, with this steel rod pressing hard against my zipper.

Speaking of which—I'm way overdressed. The heat from being near her has me panting, practically drenched in sweat. I unbutton my shirt and shrug it off as I pace the room. Moving toward the balcony door, I push it open, letting the cool night breeze wash over me in a desperate attempt to cool my overheated skin—and maybe, just maybe, hoping she'll hear me and come.

I stand there, inhaling deeply, the crisp air soothing my burning chest.

Then, I hear it.

I hold my breath, straining to listen, half convinced my mind is playing tricks on me. There's no way I'm this lucky—or unlucky, depending on how you see it.

There it is again: a soft, almost hesitant mewl, followed by a breathy pant.

I draw in a deep, intoxicating breath.

My wolf snarls inside, urging me to burst out the door, leap over the balcony railing, and take her right here, right now. But I can't. This is her game—a delicate tease, a test, a way to let me know she's listening. Oh, my mate, you are one sly little vixen.

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Chapter 38

I finally unzipped my pants, releasing the rigid steel pipe that was my erection, and wrapped my hand firmly around its base. It had been suffocating me all night while we chased our mate relentlessly across the crowded ballroom.

“Umm.” Just that soft moan from her made my knees weaken. I had to steady myself by gripping the frame of the sliding door. Those little sounds she made were driving me closer to the edge. “Yes,” she hissed, and I responded by stroking more intensely.

I'd never done anything like this before, but it was quickly climbing my list of favorite pleasures. She sounded so close, almost as if she were right outside my door. But that couldn't be—these balconies were enormous, separated by a locked gate. Still, her voice felt like it was right there with me.

“Hmmm,” she purred, her tone low and lingering, and I couldn't stop myself from letting out a deep grunt. “Ryker?” That purr, uttering my name, only made me harder. Hearing my name on her lips was pure bliss. She didn't sound shocked or offended—just confirming it was me. She wanted it to be me. That thought sent my wolf into a frenzy. His pride wouldn't

survive if she asked us to join her out there. My name whispered by her sweet voice was now my favorite sound, and anything she said to us stirred my wolf's hunger.

"Yeah?" I growled through clenched teeth.

"I'm close. Help me. Tell me what to do." That simple plea nearly made me lose control right then and there. I groaned, struggling to catch my breath.

After a few deep breaths to clear my head, I growled, "Slide two fingers in and out nice and slow." Another soft pant came from her. "I want to hear how wet you are for me."

"I need more, please."

"Greedy girl," I chuckled, and she whimpered softly. "Add a third finger, and use your other hand to pinch your clit."

"Ah, yes! More." I could hear her fingers slipping in and out of her, slick with her own juices—a sweet, intoxicating sound that would be etched in my memory forever.

"Harder, faster. Pinch it until you come hard for me, Kennedy." I grunted, pumping my own fist in rhythm with her moans.

"Mmmm, feels so good... Ryk... Ryker, come with me... Oh, fuck... Now!!" I heard a sharp slap against the side of the house. A wild growl tore from my throat like nothing I'd ever unleashed before. I stopped breathing, my vision narrowing to black for a moment. I had never come so hard in my own hand. My hips jerked forward violently, and if I hadn't been clutching the door frame, I would have tumbled right out onto the balcony. I had no idea where any of it landed, but it certainly wasn't on me.

Leaning my side against the door frame, I tried to steady my breathing. What the hell had just happened? I was never going to be able to have an orgasm with another woman again. She had ruined me—and she wasn't even in the same room.

"She's our mate. She's made for us. She'll satisfy every desire you have—and probably awaken even more. You don't take any other women. She's all I'll ever allow."

"But...?"

"Holy fuck, that was hot." I could hear her panting softly just outside her door. "Thank you. Goodnight, Alpha." A sweet giggle floated through the air, then quiet footsteps faded as her door slid closed.

How was it even possible to get hard again just from her giggle? This woman was going to be the death of me. "Mate." My wolf laughed at me, flashing images of her from tonight—talking, smiling, dancing, then walking away from me. Ugh. Not helping my situation at all.

It took two more intense sessions before I could finally drift off to sleep—once in the shower, imagining her touching herself to thoughts of me, and again in my bed, picturing her riding me hard and fast.

Yep. I was completely—and utterly—screwed.

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Thank you so much for reading. I appreciate all thoughtful comments and feedback. I can't respond here, but if you want to join the conversation, you can find me on Facebook under

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Chapter 39

26 – Kennedy

Something absolutely scorching happened, and I'm bursting at the seams not being able to share it with anyone. I can't even mention it to the guys—they'd lose their minds for sure. Ironically, most of their conversations revolve around sex, but when it comes to me, they shut down. And telling Rayna? No way. It was with her brother, after all. She wouldn't want to hear about it any more than I want to hear about Jeremiah. Ugh.

I was soaked through, my body aching and sensitive in all the right places, so much so that I had to relieve myself again in the shower. The sensation was nearly as intense as when I stood close to his balcony, listening to his heavy breaths, the grunts, and the faint thud of his fist hitting his pelvis. That low growl echoing across the narrow space between us sent electric jolts through me. I climaxed so hard that even the friction from walking back to my room left me trembling, ready for more.

Later, I lay in bed, tossing and turning, the ache between my legs pulsing relentlessly. Sleep eluded me, and I found myself doing something I'd never tried before—but will definitely do again. I flipped onto my knees and rode my own hand, cowgirl style. The pleasure was fierce and freeing.

At this rate, I'm going to run out of panties by tomorrow evening if I keep this up. I guess I just have to stay away from tall, dark, and dangerously tempting men before I lose my mind.

I managed a few hours of sleep but was too restless to stay in bed past five. The special invite-only training wasn't until nine anyway. I suppose even an Alpha enjoys a lazy Saturday morning. I slipped into my workout clothes, threw on a sweatshirt because I'm a total freeze baby—even in summer—and decided to explore the pack while I had the chance. I wanted to head out before anyone assumed I needed four escorts and a guide.

Breakfast was easier to navigate this morning, and there was actual food this time. The Omegas bustling around were incredibly helpful. Despite the impressive spread laid out, at least three of them asked if I wanted anything special ordered from the kitchen.

I grabbed a bit of everything, savoring the meal slowly, enjoying the calm of the morning. Then I made my way to the front door. I had no real destination in mind, but the sun was shining, the air cool and crisp, and I felt drawn to wander down the long driveway to see where it might lead.

It took a solid ten minutes to reach the end of the driveway, where I faced a choice: go straight ahead or turn left. I knew going straight would take me to the city center, so I veered left instead. I thought that direction might lead to the playground, and pups are always the best way to size up a pack. They have no filter, and usually speak plainly without malice, just stating things as they see them.

This pack's grounds were stunning to walk through. The builders had preserved as many trees as possible when constructing the houses and shops. Everything felt natural, warm, and inviting. It was still too early in the season for the vibrant fall colors to have fully appeared, but being at a higher elevation than my own pack, the cool breeze had already started turning some leaves light green and yellow—the first signs of autumn. I loved how the scent of forest permeated the air everywhere. Despite the pack's size, nature remained dominant, not the stench of car exhaust or hot asphalt. I felt light and peaceful here.

I was right to head this way. In the distance, I spotted the playground, and in the open field nearby, a group of pups were playing soccer. A few smaller kids sat on the sidelines, cheering on their favorite players with enthusiastic shouts.

I approached a little girl with a dark blonde braid cascading down her back.

"Hi! Mind if I watch with you?" I asked.

"Sure!" She glanced at me, then back at the players, and then back to me again. "Are you new? I don't think I've seen you around before. I'm not supposed to talk to strangers."

"I am new," I said, smiling. "My name's Kennedy. My Alpha is Rayna's mate, and we're visiting before she moves to my pack."

"I'm Emily," she said. "Are you the human girl all the boys were talking about?"

I couldn't help but laugh. "Yeah, that's me. Just call me Kennedy. Were they saying good things or bad things?" I raised an eyebrow, teasing.

Emily shrugged. "I think good things, but boys are weird. They said humans can't be warriors, but you're a warrior. That don't make sense. Then they said you beat Miss Greta, and that don't make sense either. Nobody beats Miss Greta."

"Well, let me clear that up. I did NOT beat Miss Greta, but I did get to work with her. She's a fantastic warrior, so if she tells you to do something, listen—she's the best. But yes, I am a warrior and a human. I just have to do things a little differently. I can get hurt worse because I don't heal as fast as you do."

"Oh, so can I tell Todd he was kinda wrong then?"

"Kinda? Yeah, he was kinda wrong. What's going on here?" I tried to shift the focus from my training to her world. "The big kids are playing soccer?"

"I see that. Why aren't you playing?"

“We’re too little to play with them.” She pointed to herself and the handful of younger kids watching eagerly from the sidelines.

“Did they say you were too little, or does the game get too rough and someone got hurt and you’re nervous?”

“They said we were too little.”

“Got it. Well, do you mind if I watch for a little while longer?”

“I guess,” she shrugged. “You’re big though, they’d probably let you play if you wanted.”

“Nah, I just got here. You’ve been waiting longer—you should get a turn first.”

She gave me a funny look but then settled down in the grass beside me. I’ve seen soccer before but never really played, so I started asking her questions about what was happening on the field. For such a little kid—maybe five or six years old—she really knew her stuff and spoke with confidence. She sounded like a fifty-year-old coach yelling at the “big kids” whenever they messed up, and it was hilarious. If they were smart, they’d listen to her advice. Even I could tell it would improve their game.

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Chapter 40

It’s been a long time since I’ve had a night of decent sleep. Maybe the secret is having that many orgasms every single night. It would be a kind of heaven—intense and utterly draining all at once—but I suppose that’s exactly the point. I rise from bed and head straight to the shower again, trying to wash away the lingering images of her in that tiny dress from last night. My wolf is restless, furious even, that we didn’t get a chance to see her when she came for us. But deep down, I know that meeting her then might have only made things worse. Yeah, this girl is trouble, no doubt about it.

I throw on a pair of shorts and make my way downstairs to start my usual rounds around the packhouse. I take the back stairs leading to the kitchen, hoping to avoid any unnecessary questions or the inevitable game of ‘avoid-the-whore’ that I’m sure at least one of the pack women is waiting to play with me.

It’s strange how, in less than twenty-four hours, my feelings have shifted. Yesterday, if I had been home, the idea of someone pulling me into the nearest empty room for a quick blowjob before my run would have been something I welcomed eagerly. Today? That thought feels off, even unappealing. Jean and my wolf are constantly in my mind, and there’s something inside me that no longer finds that kind of distraction enjoyable.

In the kitchen, I find Robin already busy, as usual, working alongside the staff. She doesn’t hesitate to get her hands dirty when the situation calls for it. After all, with so many real guests and those who made themselves guests at the packhouse last night, there’s plenty to be done this morning.

“Good morning, Alpha,” she greets me with a smile. “Anything I should add to your agenda today?”

“I need to finish reviewing the rest of Alpha Edwards’ files so I can send them over to Matt before our meeting tomorrow,” I reply. “His secretary, Linda, might be more involved in some shady dealings than anyone suspects. I have to figure that out before their business moves forward. Also, I’ll need to block out about an hour this afternoon to handle Alpha Claude’s problem.”

Robin raises an eyebrow. “What kind of problem does he have? Can I help?”

“The truth is, he still thinks he’s in charge of his pack the way he wants, but his father handed it over to me after trying and failing to attack us. I don’t trust him, but I’m not sure how much influence he still holds in his territory. Otherwise, I’d have taken care of him already. He’s demanding new training facilities, warriors to train his pack members, and a school—all within the next year, on Don’s lands. Of course, all at our expense, since he’s stopped focusing on bringing in money for the pack.”

“Didn’t they do a lot of logging but over-farm the land?” Robin asks thoughtfully.

“That’s exactly their doing. He tried to turn pack members against me by blaming the over-farming on my orders. Lucky for me, those pack members aren’t as dumb as he thinks.”

“When you talk to him, get all his requests, including costs and any schematics he’s had drawn up. You know he has them. Send everything over to me. I’ll work my magic with the red tape—maybe we can figure out what he’s really after by looking at the bigger picture.”

“Deal,” she says with a grin. “And you can’t back out now that you’ve made the offer.”

I respond with a small smile and a nod. “You’re ridiculous. You know it’d be better for all of us if you just killed him and saved us the trouble.”

She laughs, half-joking. “If you’re heading out, I’d use the back door. We still have several ‘guests’ hanging around, probably waiting for an Alpha sighting. All the real guests are either still asleep or in their rooms, except for Miss Kennedy.”

I take a sip of my coffee and suddenly choke as the hot liquid splashes onto my bare chest. “You waited until I was drinking to say that?”

“No comment,” Robin says with a sly wink. “But I do find it interesting that’s what made you choke.”