

Chapter 110

"I second the motion." Josh throws over his shoulder.

I scrub my hands over my face and through my hair. "I hate you both sometimes."

"Would it make you feel better to know that she's hanging with the pups right now and should be having dinner with your mom in the next couple of hours."

"My mother? Since when does she have dinner with my mom?"

"A few weeks, but you would know that if you spent any significant amount of time at home." Greta rolls her eyes at me and now I am panicking. There is no telling what my mom has said to her. Weeks?! At least I know why Greta's being so bold, my mom put her up to it.

"Hey, bossman?"

"I am out of f*cks to give, Josh. What?" I growl, looking over my shoulder.

"Christmas is next week. Have you thought of what you are going to get your mate?"

Apparently, I do have more f*cks to give. I sigh. "No, Robin usually handles all of that for me."

"Kennedy is obviously not a 'stuff' type of person. Think about that. You won't be able to buy anything that she wants. And she'll know if Robin chose it." I hate it when he's more observant than I am.

"Then what do you suggest?"



"If you're not ready to be her mate or give her her freedom, then maybe give her gamma back." His eyes meet mine and it isn't a suggestion. 1

He and I are the closest in personality and he was there the night my mother was taken and my father was attacked. We all still have scars, some on the outside, some in. We were just kids and those kinds of traumas bond people. He knows me better than most and as much as I am fighting this mate bond, we both know I can't give her up either. I just nod, take a deep breath and throw him the keys to the SUV we drove here, then I shift and take off towards Kennedy.

It takes about thirty minutes to get to where she's sitting, watching the pups play. Obviously, she goes out into the pack, maybe Greta was wrong about her just staying in the packhouse. We hold back just watching for a moment. She's the magnet to my personal compass. I am drawn to her so strongly as she is, I can't imagine what it would feel like if she had a wolf. I wouldn't be able to leave her side. Greta is right, her personality has always been large, even just sitting or standing. But, now she seems to be making herself as small as possible, hugging her knees to her chest as best she can in her puffy coat. She's smiling at the kids, but it doesn't reach her eyes, not like the first day I saw her with them. I notice the distance between her and the pups too. They are normally all over her, vying for attention, but now she's alone just observing.

I take stock of her team. Bennet notices me, but doesn't do more than lift an eyebrow at me from his post leaning on a tree behind her. The other four are stationed at each corner of the field. They look like they could be watching the game.

I debate shifting back and trying to talk, but then I remember the night at Jeremiah's. She likes me in my wolf's form. She says it's because I can't talk back, but I think he's a good buffer between us. He knows he wants



her and she can feel that sureness. She has never once shown that she is afraid of me or him, but something about my wolf settles her, and Josh has a point, I have to give her something if I am going to keep her. Especially if Bennet and Greta are right and any bruising or pain has been caused by me.

My wolf slowly walks up beside her and sits. She makes no indication that she notices and doesn't turn toward us, but she does lean in closer. Not putting any weight against his flank, but close enough that we can feel his fur brush her arm and side. Now I just need to get her to sit with me like this in my human form.



Miss L

Author

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