

### Chapter 115

It is funny to see them tongue tied because the alpha is here. I know he helps with their training occasionally, but maybe he isn't as interactive as I thought. I sigh, stand and turn to head in, I'm getting cold, even with Alpha's body heat right next to me. I don't even know why he's here, but clearly the wolf part of him likes me more than the human part of him. I wonder if Alpha took over and brought him here.

I can feel him, Bennet and the other four warriors following me. It feels like having stalkers that are really bad at the covert part. No one talks or makes a motion to walk next to me. They all just trail behind, it's so weird. Once we make it back to the packhouse I head towards the office I have been using, shrugging off my coat leaving it on a bench in the entryway. I have one more final to turn in. I'm basically done, but I haven't had the motivation to really put effort into completing it. It's a valid reason to walk away from all of them. That is, if they ask, but they won't. 2

Bennet and the guys stop in the foyer and do whatever they do while I wander around the house, Alpha keeps following me, silently. As I walk the last stretch of hallway, I make my decision, I should at least give it a try. I have been studying all of the books the former luna kept in here. There is a lot of history on wolves, the Moon Goddess, pack dynamics and mates. I found out how to reject a mate and nothing in any of these books says a human can't reject their wolf mate. I might as well get it over with while he's here. 2

I move towards the couch and table that is covered in my stuff and look out the window. I didn't really have a plan in place, but if this is my last look I am going to make it count. I take a deep breath and let it out slowly as I turn around. Alpha is just sitting there, in the center of the office. I think he's looking around, but without facial expressions, I can't really



tell what he's thinking. 1

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"I don't even know if this is how it works, but here goes." Alpha tilts his head. That expression I understand. I'm not making any sense. I can feel my heart breaking and my eyes well up. It's just words, but they hurt. "I, Kennedy Matthews, reject you, Ryker Tryn as my....mmpf." 1

"Don't finish that sentence." Ryker growls in my ear as a single tear drips from my eye and down his fingers. He somehow shifted and got his hand around my mouth before I could complete the rejection. "Why would you say that? How do you even know how to reject a mate?" 1

I scrunch my eyebrows, sorrow replaced by irritation, and look at him in my best 'you're a moron' way while his massive hand is still secure around my face. He doesn't move, just keeps staring at me, so I gesture to the wall to wall shelves of books and roll my eyes. 1

"Why? Did you find someone else?" Does he sound disappointed? I tap his hand on my face and raise my eyebrows again. "I'll let go, just promise you won't finish that... sentence." 3

I let out an irritated breath and roll my eyes again, but nod. Fine. If he wants to talk we can talk...for about five minutes before I punch him in the hypocritic teeth. Oh yeah, there's the fire I need.

He lets me go slowly and steps back. "Give me just a second to get some shorts. Don't do anything or go anywhere." He steps backwards towards the door like I am a tiger ready to pounce. Not an incorrect assumption. 2

"I got you covered boss." Josh steps in the open office doorway, shorts in hand. Ryker's head whips around.



“When did you get here?” I ask, not very nicely.

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