

Chapter 118

I let a small chuckle out. At least I know he does have my best interests at heart, even if he can't talk to me. "So what now? Where does this leave us? You won't let me reject you. You won't reject me. You won't make me pack. You won't mark me as your mate or luna. You don't want me to train, but hate that I am too weak to protect myself. You don't want me to leave the safety of the packhouse, but I am bored out of my mind and school isn't distracting enough for me. You don't want to teach me about your pack, but don't like that I'm learning things from your mother's books. If I am a luna, I should be doing something to help make this pack better, but you don't want my help either."

"You don't need a mark to show that you are a Luna. The pack can tell who you are to me and to them."

"You said your wolf won't let you stay away. What does that mean exactly?" I'm ignoring the luna comment since he basically ignored mine.

"I guess, like Josh said, we will start to introduce you to all of the projects that we have going on. If that is what you want. I would like for you to sit with me at meals, if that is alright. Bennet has made it difficult to get to know you through him. He seems to think I need to put some effort in." He gives me that half smile that makes butterflies flip around in my stomach. Shut up mate bond... I'm still pissed. 🗨️

I can't help but smile at the thought of Bennet being difficult though. "He's a great gamma. I need to work on his patrol scheduling though. It's predictable. I manage to avoid my babysitters pretty frequently." I smile at the game I made for myself. Just another way to practice tracking and masking. The look on Ryker's face is just icing on the cake. 🗨️

"What do you mean 'avoid them?' If you are in the packhouse, how do



you avoid them?"

I just shrug my shoulders. I will let him suffer and feel the irritation of me coming and going as I please in the only place I'm allowed to roam around. "What else can I do?" I'm pushing this thing as far as I can.

"Ideally you would travel with me, but I don't know if I can handle that yet. Some close, short trips maybe, but I would lose my mind if you were attacked en route again."

I just nod. What else am I supposed to do? It sounds like I might be getting some freedom, even if it's not the way I planned. I'm not going to say anything that might change his mind. He seems to be reasonable right now.

"Can I help?" He points to my stomach, but my confusion must show. "I can help with the bruises and the pain."

I look down, not realizing I was rubbing at one of the more intense bruises.

"Uh sure, I guess." I slide to one side of the couch as he moves over, slowly. He must really think I'm skittish the way he moves around me.

"Umm...I need to...umm...touch your skin." He's so nervous. This is not the intimidating alpha I know. I lift my shirt to expose the bruises and lean back on the couch. I can't tell if his sharp gasp is good or bad. If I'm being honest, the lean was to make me look more appealing as much as it was to give him better access. I can't seem to help myself when he's around. I seem to always be looking for his approval.

He places his hand on my stomach and it's like an ice pack soothing the ache. His giant hand splays, his pinky is dangerously close to my waistband and his thumb is touching the underwire of my bra. It is not



lost on me that he just needs to move his hand a little in either direction to turn this very innocent interaction naughty. The tingle in my nerves is also helping numb the pain. My fatigue has gone away at least. 

I am dizzy, his scent engulfs me and I have no idea how long we sit here for. But I do know he is close enough for me to see the dark green flecks in his emerald eyes. He keeps looking from my face to my abdomen. I'm not sure what he's looking for, but he says nothing. I try to keep my breathing even as the sensation goes from soothing to fiery tingles.

"Umm. I think it's all gone." I grab his wrist to pull his hand off of me. This is too intimate for me right now. I can't have him this close. He looks at me, a dazed expression on his face.

"Oh, uh, alright." He pulls back, slowly, unsure.

I look down at my stomach and it's like nothing ever happened. It's amazing what wolf healing can do.

"Knock, knock."



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Thank you so much for reading. All constructive comments and gems are appreciated. I cannot interact here. If you would like to join in the conversation you can find me on the socials. Miss 

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