



Chapter 121

66 - Ryker

She scoots over and pats the empty space next to her and I instantly start to panic. I don't know if I can do this, be near her and keep my hands to myself. I don't know if my wolf will let me. This needs to be slow, for both our sakes. What if I'm too rough and I hurt her? What if I am terrible and she finishes rejecting me? I think what we have is better anyway. I take on packs of wolves and vicious rogues. Rip out throats and shed blood for the safety of my pack and don't blink twice. The first time I am considering laying next to a woman, my mate, in the same bed and I feel like I am going to throw up. I take a deep breath and walk to her bed, rubbing my palms on my shorts slowly, hopefully she doesn't notice.

"Is this okay?" I ask, reaching for the blanket. I hope my voice sounds like I am confident.

"I think so. Is this alright for you? I just figured if I sleep well with Alpha near, you shouldn't be any different. But if you don't want to..." She looks down at her lap. 1

"Stop right there." I close my eyes and take another breath in. At this rate I'm going to hyperventilate. That was way too harsh, but I need her to not think about me being somewhere else or with someone else. I take a deep breath. Time for a confession. "I want to, really. I'm just... It's just ... I don't know how to do this." 1

She raises an eyebrow, like I'm stupid, which I am. "Go to...sleep?" Yep, her tone screams that she thinks I'm an idiot. 1

"No. Umm, I mean this." I gesture between the two of us. I'm just standing here at the side of her bed. "I haven't ever done this before, I have no idea what I am doing." 1



"Umm...Well you have to get in the bed first." Great. She's a comedian. She throws the blanket back and I almost swallow my tongue and start to cough uncontrollably.

How could I forget I took off her jeans when I put her to bed earlier? I wanted her to be comfortable. That was the only thought I had, but now I'm torn between regretting and loving that decision. Her creamy legs look so inviting. I just want to touch her, run my hands all over her. Memorize each and every luscious curve.

"Okay. Maybe this is a mistake." She starts to pull the covers back up. I have no idea how long I have been standing here staring trying to get control of myself and she thinks I don't want to do this. I hurt her, again. Dammit! Why can't I do anything right with her? 1

"Wait! Just give me a second." A few more coughs later and I think I have enough control to speak like a semi-normal person. "I was not ready for that. I'm sorry. You always seem to catch me off guard. I just...I need slow. Is that okay? Can we go really, really slowly?" She nods and I flex and release my hands a few times. I can do this.

I sit on the edge of the bed. "Can you tell me why you need slow?" Her voice is soft. I've never heard this tone directed at me before and I could listen to it forever.

"I told you, I've never done this before." Another deep breath and I move to lean back on the headboard, kicking my feet up.

"You do realize that means absolutely nothing to me right?"

"It's hard to explain and I need to concentrate on keeping my hands to myself. Can we just sit here, like this, for a bit?"

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“You want to lay next to me and not touch me? That is not comforting in the slightest. You know that right? Is there somewhere else you would rather be? Or someone you don't want smelling my scent on you?”

My head whips to her and I can see the uneasiness in her eyes. “F*ck no!”

“Then what is your problem?! Why is it so hard for you to be close to me? Why won't you touch me? Why are you being so cryptic?” 

I scrub my hands over my face. How can her scent calm me down and rile me up all at the same time? My head is so confused. “If I touch you, I don't know if I will be able to control myself and stop.”