

Chapter 138

74 - Kennedy

I don't really understand the change, but I'm also not going to complain. Ever since they found me in the forest almost frozen to death, Ryker and Bennet have come to some kind of understanding. I'm still not alone... ever. That would be too much to ask. But I have started training with Greta again. It's too f*cking cold outside for my thin skin, but I do get to go to the gym at the training center.

I hadn't realized I had lost so much weight and muscle until she kicked my ass and then made fun of me for it. I can feel myself getting stronger everyday though and that is helping with my mood.

I have also gotten completely caught up with classes and I'm ready to start a light load of business courses so I can follow in my parent's and Aunt Beth's footsteps. Being so far away from my mom's studio, and being in the center of the largest wolf pack I know of, I won't be training any humans any time soon. But, I know that The main source of income is construction and building projects, so maybe I will focus on something that can help me understand that. I'll just stick with the basics and see where it leads. After all, Sarah did say I should do what I want and let Ryker pay. 1

I have had a regular date with Alpha every Saturday morning to watch the pups too. He sits with me on the sidelines now. The kids are finally comfortable around him, though I think that might have more to do with Emily giving her stamp of approval. She was the first to approach him and pet his head after giving me a hug. No one else pets him, but that might be a guy code thing.

"Luna, are you coming to training today? We've been working on this new move that's, like, super hard, but I was the first one to get it. You

should come and see.” One of the boys calls over. I think his name might be Brandon. There’s so many of them now, I can’t always put names to faces.

“He just wants to flex for his Luna.”

“Alpha, don’t tell me you’re jealous too.”

“I don’t get jealous. I just don’t like any male hitting on my mate. I don’t care how young he is.” 

“Pretty sure that describes jealousy.” I giggle at him as I lean back into his fur. He lets out a rumbling sound like a contented purr. Late January is still bitterly cold. “Are you going to finish your run or are you coming back with me? I’m getting hungry, you and Ryker must be starving.”

“We could always eat.” He rumbles out while I stand up.

“That sounds dangerously like an innuendo.” I laugh as he pops up next to me and we head for the SUV that I’ve been allowed to use. No one but Greta rides with me. The rest of the guys just follow when they are on guard duty. I turn before I get too far realizing I never answered the boy. “We are going to go eat and head to our own training. I have to see what our schedule is, but if I can stay I will.” 

His face lights up with the rest of the kids while Alpha grumbles. When we reach the SUV, Alpha heads to the back and I hear the popping and cracking of his bones as he shifts. Then the gate lifts.

“Do you really want to stay and watch the pups today?”

“If we can. I really don’t know what our schedule is, but I would like to go and be supportive. What are you doing?”

“I had someone stock some back up clothes in here, just in case.” I walk

around the side just in time to watch him adjust the waistband of his athletic shorts on that delicious 'V' muscle. I think my brain just turned to mush. "My eyes are up here, Mate."

"I'm fully aware of the layout of your anatomy, mate. Am I not allowed to blatantly appreciate it?" I continue giving him a once over and I swear he flexes his muscles for me. I can't hide a smile. He's the only guy I want to ogle anyway, I might as well make my intentions very known. 

He growls and adjusts himself as he moves closer. He still waits for me to make the first move. He won't touch me unless I initiate it. I thought it was him trying to be a gentleman after everything that happened, but it's deeper than that. I just haven't gotten him to crack. Actually the only time he's even a little out of control is like this. When I catch him off guard.

"You could probably get away with almost anything."

"How about this?" I step even closer to push my luck and run a finger down the valley between his pecs and through the center of his abs to the dusting of jet black hair that starts at his belly button and disappears into his shorts. I stop right at the top of the material and trace back and forth twice when he grabs my wrist.

"Yep," He sounds out of breath. "We need to get going before I throw you up against this truck." He shivers and pushes me forward towards the passenger side, closing the hatch.