

Chapter 143

"Did you just make a joke?" Kennedy chimes in before his insult is done as I drag her around to the back side of my desk. I can't bear to have her in her own chair next to me. "I didn't think that was a thing you were capable of." She giggles as I pull her down to my lap and Josh lifts his eyes to stare at her, giving a rare smile.

In that one defense of me, she has him hooked too. My whole team loves her and they have barely spent any time with her. Something I am trying to remedy.

"I will have you know, Luna, that I am a very funny guy."

"You keep telling yourself that and everything will be alright." She shifts on my leg and I have to squeeze her hip to make her stop, otherwise, I will not be able to stand up and walk out of here. "What are we doing today?" She looks over her shoulder at me.

Josh smiles at her ease of changing the subject. "We have a couple close visits today. We try to check in on at least two areas a month. The pack is close to the five thousand member mark. Our biggest focuses are training so each section of our pack is ready in case we need them. The hospitals for obvious reasons and our schools. Many of our warriors need a place for their pups if they are on a long duty so we have all the schools in our territory set up with dorms to accommodate. It's a lot of work, but worth it."

"Then," I add on, bringing my computer out of sleep mode. "We have our projects that bring in our income. With so many pack members to care for we try to keep the income steady with our building projects and utilize whatever the pack had going before we brought them in. Most have something, but there are a few who don't want to work or can't. Adjusting the victim mindset can be a challenging thing. We distribute to



the best of our ability. I can't wait for you to attend the monthly meetings with me. It's going to make going so much more bearable. Some former leaders are not that bad, but there are always a few who make everything difficult on purpose. Still self centered, entitled assholes even though they lost their pack to me." 1

For two hours Josh and I review plans, requests, notices and updates. Kennedy asks questions for clarification and finds holes we never would have noticed. She's invested and seems to be excited about being involved. I don't think I have ever seen another Luna as into this side of pack business, other than my mother. But, maybe I am just biased. This is all behind the scenes, maybe more Lunas are involved, but what we see is the party planning and event organization. I won't knock it, I see what Robin does for me, but she is my employee and gets paid to do the job. I don't think it should be a Luna's main focus.

Once we are done and ready to head out, I can feel my nerves rise. Josh went to get the cars ready, but Kennedy and I haven't even left my office yet. I wonder if it will always be like this or if it is just PTSD from when we moved her here. Just the idea of putting Kennedy in a car and taking her away from the safety of the packhouse has my heart jackhammering in my chest. She can't get hurt, not again. We just got her healthy. I know it's my mistake, but I'm finally able to have her by my side and the thought of something happening while we travel is making me physically ill. 2

"Hey. Hey! What's going on? What happened? One minute you were smiling and now you are clammy." Kennedy is standing in front of me, I don't even know when she shifted positions. "I didn't think werewolves could get clammy." She smiles at her joke, but I can't return it.

"I...I...Uh...Just give me a second." I lean forward, resting my elbows on my knees and running my fingers through my hair. I just need to calm



down. I can't keep her here forever and we aren't going far. The whole team will be with us. It will be okay. I just have to keep saying the mantra.

Then I feel tingles wrapping around my head and down my spine. Her fingernails are lightly scratching my scalp.

"Tell me, please. Tell me the truth. Nothing halfway, I want to help."

I take a deep breath in debating what I can or should say.

"The whole truth..." She pulls my hair to make sure I know she's serious. It's like she's reading my mind.

Another breath. "The truth? I'm afraid. Any time you are with a group in a travel formation, whether that is in a car or running, you have been attacked. And I can't help but worry. The track record isn't great."

She huffs a laugh, then whispers. "But all of those times you weren't with me." I look up at her. How did I resist this for so long? I pull her in and rest my cheek on her stomach, holding her tight. She wraps her arms around me. "You are the difference." 3

I don't deserve her. That's my biggest fear. The more I know her, the closer I get. I know I don't deserve her. 3