

Chapter 152

81 - Ryker

"What made you ask for my wolf?"

"I don't know, I just had an urge to see him. Ryker, you're hurt, does that really matter right now?" She's pulling away from me to try and look at my shoulder. I'm almost completely healed. The only thing that doesn't go away is the blood spilled. That's all she sees.

"I'm fine, really...."

"Oh! Ryker...It was so scary. I'm so glad you're alright. You're so brave to take on those rogues all by yourself!" 2

Amy throws herself at my back, ultimately shoving Kennedy away from me. I'm not sure if she didn't see her or if, most likely, she doesn't care. But I am naked and not in the mood to put up with her stupid behavior. The only person who should see or touch me like this is Kennedy.

"Amy. Off. Now!" I growl out.

"But... I just wanted to make sure you're alright. You never minded before." She coos at me. "I know how to comfort you." 1

"Amy," I grab Kennedy, who looks close to angry tears, and pull her to my chest, resting her cheek over my heart and turn using her to shield my junk. "Kennedy and I are fine. The attack was not that extreme. Your Luna is a very smart woman and we were able to diffuse the situation quickly together." I glance down at Kennedy and the look in her eyes has me placing a kiss on her lips. "We're okay." I whisper against her mouth, then without looking up, dismiss Amy. I can't leave any doubt where and who my attention is on. "Thank you for your concern. Kennedy and I



need to debrief with the team." 3

Without a backward glance at Amy, I turn us and walk away, doing my best to use Kennedy as a shield. Knowing Amy is still standing there staring at me makes me uncomfortable. It's never been an issue before, shifters are naked around each other quite a bit. It's part of the job, but I know how Kennedy feels about her specifically and I'm starting to understand why. I would be beyond pissed if some guy wasn't getting the hint that she's taken and kept approaching her or touching her. I can feel my blood pressure rise at the mere thought. 1

Once we get back to my office, I close the door. "I'm sorry. I know she's a lot." I say moving across the room to the bathroom where I have extra shorts stored. When I return Kennedy is standing where I left her, hugging herself tightly. "Hey, talk to me. What can I do to take that look off your face?" I step close enough to rub her arms, but I am going to let her make the choice to touch me. 2

"She's the only one that can't get the f*cking message to leave you alone." She growls and rubs her face and I kind of like her jealousy. The tension in her body is different when it's not directed at me. It's kind of hot. "What do I need to do to get her to back off? She hasn't been around in a long time. Why is she here now? And how did she even know about the attack? We just got back." She rubs her face walking to the window. 4

"All good questions, that I don't have an answer for...yet. But, I must say, I do like your sassy side." I move behind her, still not touching, but close enough for me to feel the heat radiating off of her back. 1

"You don't like it enough. Not enough to do something about it anyway." She changes the mood and the topic, arching back into me. I let out an involuntary whimper as I grip each of her biceps in my hands. Not to push her away, but to keep her from doing anything else. I cannot



start anything right now. She's in danger and I have to fix that problem first. 1

I lean in, brushing my lips against the shell of her ear. "I like it plenty. We'll get there soon enough. I told you I am very interested in practicing making pups with you. I just really want to take my time and that is something we never seem to have enough of. L..." 1