

Chapter 178

This pompous asshole still thinks he is in some kind of control. Maybe he's too comfortable in his home. Or maybe I am just too soft on him. I have always felt honorbound to the agreement that we made, a lifetime ago. But, he clearly doesn't, and thinks he has a free pass. This has gone on too long.

"I think we should lighten his load just a little bit."

"What should I grab Boss?"

"Anything well used, anything in their hands, and if you think Kennedy might be interested, grab it. She likes to add to her library."

Josh smiles at me. As much as we love a good fight, sometimes the passive aggressive battles are the best. We both step into this disheveled office, I take the book that Claude has been pretending to read the whole time. Josh takes the one from Rick, who looks close to wetting his pants. I have no idea how he was as a beta for Claude, but he's a pansy. Both men just stare at us, mouths open at our audacity as we each collect an armful of books. No words and stoic expressions is all they get as they watch us walk out. 1

"Grant, bring us a car. We got Kennedy a present and can't shift with it."

"On my way Boss."

Once we are loaded up, we go and check on my dad who has everything under control. I guess Claude called in some changes and talked to several people giving each different information under the guise of being my changes. They were smart enough to stop the operation once they found the errors he created, but a few things need to be torn down and redone to the correct measurements. 1

I invited my dad back to the packhouse to finally meet Kennedy. My workaholic behavior is definitely genetic. He is always home every night and talks to my mother all day, but sometimes I think he works so hard to try and remind everyone that his injury doesn't make him useless. I can't exactly argue with him when it's not busy work he's doing. He really does keep things running on the business side of our operation. He also spent some time in Silver Crescent with Rayna and Jeremiah. I just get the feeling he's avoiding Kennedy for some reason, and I don't understand.

He's been nothing but supportive of her. He even got her something after I told him her capture story. I know she told parts to my mom and Greta, but she left out the more gruesome details for them too. It's too late for me to argue with him and I just want to get home to her. I hope she's awake, but knowing my mother she's exhausted from whatever they got up to today.

"Josh, will you have those books put in Kennedy's office? She can go through them and see if they are anything she wants or can use." 1

"You got it Boss. See you in the morning. Are you going to actually make it to training this time?"

"I'll have to see what my Luna wants to do." I smile at him.

"That really is weird, you know that right?"

"What? Me letting my mate dictate the schedule?"

"No, jackass. You, smiling about it." He laughs and dodges away from me the best he can with an armload of books.

"I will have you know that you are just as uncharacteristically chipper too."



"So what you're saying is, as long as the Luna's happy, we're all happy?"

"Something like that." I turn to head up to my floor. I need my girl in my arms and I can feel the magnetic pull get stronger the closer I get.

When I open the door, the room is dark except for the light on my bedside table. I find her mess of blonde hair splayed over the pillows. She has her face turned toward my side, facing away from the door so I can't see her expression. She's clutching at my pillow with one hand though and I move to her instantly, worried about her having a nightmare without me here. 1

I move to my side so I can sit next to her. Her eyebrows are drawn together, but she isn't making any noise. I rub my finger along her browline, trying to erase the crease there and I feel the tingles warm her skin and mine. She takes a deep breath like she's been under water and she grabs my wrist as her eyes fly open.

"Ryker? You're here?" She's confused in her sleepy state.

I pull off my shirt and slide under the covers with her. "I'm here, Lamb. Sleep."

As I pull her in closer my fingers graze her bare thigh just past the hem of a t-shirt. I slide my hand up to grab her waist, because I have to touch all of her, and nothing is there.

"Lamb, are you naked under this t-shirt?"

She nuzzles her nose into my chest, not opening her eyes again. "You told me I could only wear your shirt to bed."

"You really are trying to kill me aren't you?"