

Chapter 185


97 - Kennedy

I grab at everything I can as Dirk continues to walk. They think I am just putting up a fight. It's fine they can continue to be stupid. This is where their underestimation of me because I am human works in my favor.

"Ryker! Come find me, baby." I keep chanting in my head as I leave a trail of blood on everything I can. I'm just hoping it's enough. It has to be enough. I know he can sense me when I am near, but I don't know how that works out here. Does his Kennedy compass work outside the packhouse? Or is that just a home thing? I can't be sure, so my injuries need to work for me now.

I have no idea how long we walk, but my stomach hurts where Dirk the D*ck's shoulder is digging in. I know he's bouncing harder on purpose. I am going to enjoy watching him go down slowly and hopefully with a lot of pain.


I am starting to get tired with the blood loss and being hung upside down for who knows how long and I can't afford to fall asleep with these assholes around. Who knows what they will do to me. I can't let that happen again. I don't stop reaching for anything and everything that we pass. It's the best distraction for me. I have to focus on Ryker and the guys finding me. Lead them to me, to these assholes who think they can just walk into a pack as big as ours cause so much damage and pain to innocent people and get away with it. I cannot let the dark thoughts of what they might do to me to get Ryker's attention creep in. I can see them like a black haze at the edge of my vision. The feel of unwanted hot breath on the back of my neck, calloused hands dragging roughly up the bare skin of my arms, the tearing of my clothes, being pressed to the ground.

No! I can't think like this. I have to think about positive things. I have to find my light, fight off the dark. Ryker. Ryker is my light. Ryker will come for me, he wants me, needs me. I have to keep thinking of things that are real. They were all out with me, Bennet wasn't that far from where I was. He always keeps me in his sight. I don't know how they got past his sharp eye, but he will not be far behind. He's probably crawling out of his skin right now. He's almost more clingy than Ryker. It makes me sad and makes me smile all at the same time. 

I reach for another branch, I'm so tired, but I have to keep trying. More blood. I have to keep spreading it no matter how much it takes. Ryker and the guys will come and get me.

I feel the exhaustion take over just as I go flying through the air. My eyes fly open as all the air is knocked from my lungs. I don't know what I landed on. It's not the ground, but it isn't any piece of comfortable furniture I am familiar with either. It smells like sweat and earth and something else unpleasant. I try to not breathe through my nose as my lungs fight to take air in. Copyright © 2024 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

"Stop your b*tching. You're too soft after living in that cushy packhouse." Dirk spits at me. "Go get the alpha..." He looks at the kid that was helping him. "I have to make sure she doesn't escape. Apparently this one is slippery."

What the hell is he talking about? I just roll my eyes as I continue to cough at the unceremonious throw and the stench in the...wherever the hell I am. This isn't a house or shack. Maybe a tent, but it's too dark to see and whatever the walls are made of must be thick, I can't hear a thing from the other side. That might be a human ears thing though. 

"Are you trying to figure out how to get away?" Dirk tilts his head,

pretending to study me. He's trying to look intimidating, but he just looks constipated.

"Not a new thing, Dirk." I emphasize his name as sarcastically as I can while looking at my surroundings.

I'm on the ground. I can see grass now that my eyes have adjusted to the dark a bit. There is a sliver of light coming from the crack in the door that wasn't fully closed. I'm not sure if that was to try and trick me into running or to keep Dirk in check and let him know someone is watching. I'm sitting on a pile of material. Maybe sheets and blankets, but they are so grimy and disgusting to the touch I can't actually tell. I do know I might need several shots when I get out of here to keep me from catching anything.