



Chapter 36

24 - Kennedy

"Would you mind terribly taking a picture?"

"Huh?" I know, super intelligent, but I blame the hot man in front of me for my brain being melted.

"I need a picture from the party tonight and Alpha Ryker is a little too rough around the edges. You would help soften his image up a little and you both match perfectly. Please? It will only take a moment."

"What about me? I would look better as Alpha Ryker's arm candy." The brunette whines, fluffing her hair.

"That is the point Amy. I need Alpha Ryker to be the arm candy. Miss Kennedy is a warrior and can match his dominance. But, thank you. This way Alpha Ryker, Miss Kennedy." I smile at the idea that the big ass Alpha is any sort of decoration, but I like the tactic Robin took. There was no obvious insult, unless you paid close attention to the words. Something I don't think Amy is capable of.

She turns to walk away and Ryker gestures for me to just follow, he's right behind me and Amy is audibly pouting behind us looking like a bubble gum pink disco ball deflated. It took everything in me not to laugh at the image.

We walk down a hall, through a door and down an additional hall. I think Robin is purposely trying to make sure that Amy doesn't follow and I am completely lost at this point.

"Okay, I think we are safe now. She was not going to let you go for anything." Robin laughs and this time I do too.

"So you don't need pictures of someone dominating your Alpha? You are sneaky, remind me to stay on your good side." I continue to laugh with Robin.

"No, but seeing as you are both here I should get a couple photos, just in case I need to prove my point. Let's go here."

"Why my office?" Did he just whine at her? Something to pack away for later. She opens the door to lead us in.

"Because I keep your office immaculate. Go stand in front of the desk." She waves us over with a hand and we follow directions.

She takes a minute to pose us. I feel like I'm taking cheesy prom pictures, but I let her have her fun and she is living it up. I think she's dragging it out because of how uncomfortable Ryker is too, so I start to play along more dramatically. I link our arms, lean into his shoulder. I even grab his forearm and tilt up like I'm going to kiss him on the cheek with one leg popped behind me. Robin snaps everything, giggling like a schoolgirl. For his part, Ryker's face stays neutral, not happy or angry at the situation.

"Okay, that was fun, but I really should get to bed. I promised Greta and some of the guys that I would go to training in the morning." I move to leave out the office door, but I get about two steps and turn around. "Can someone point me in the direction of my room? Your packhouse is like an endless maze and I have no idea how we got here." I laugh a little so they know I'm not trying to insult them, I just don't want to look like an ass getting lost or risk running into Amy lurking around.

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"I can walk you up, that's where I was trying to get to when Amy stopped me anyway." He says goodnight to Robin, then joins me in the hallway.



She says something to him too low for me to hear, but I assume his bionic hearing caught the whole comment. He doesn't respond with words though, just a little grunt, or huff might be a better description.

We don't go back out into the main hall though. He leads me through this hall and makes a couple turns then we end up in the kitchen which is dim and free of people. From here he heads to a door in the corner that I assumed was one of many pantries, but it turns out it is hiding a staircase. 2

"Ooh! Secret stairs. You're not leading me into a dungeon where you're going to murder me are you?" I ask half jokingly.

"No. If I was going to murder you I would do it publically. Haven't you heard the rumors?"

"Of course, but most rumors are information out of context. I prefer to figure things out for myself. I mean I'm a human who trains as a warrior in a werewolf pack." I shrug, feigning calm at being alone and this close to him as we climb the dark stairs. "I'm sure there were assumptions and rumors about me before I got here and now I'm invited to some invite only training."

"You mean my training?" Ryker sounds surprised.

"Yeah, I guess so, Greta invited me. I guess I never thought to ask if that was okay. Do you mind?" I'm kind of worried I overstepped somehow, even though it wasn't my idea. He's kept his distance from me all night, unless forced to be near me. Maybe he doesn't want a human taking up time at his specialized training.

"No, not really. After everything I have heard so far, it will be interesting to really see you fight."

We hit the landing and he reaches around me to open the door before I



can even move for the handle. His scent envelops me again and I am hit with a wave that lands straight in the nether regions and makes my stomach flip. I need to get away from him and handle this.

"This really is your super secret door. Is this how you get late night hook-ups in and out without anyone noticing?" I see we are in the Alpha hall and just across from his bedroom door.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" He smirks at me again. Why is that so sexy?

"Sorry for c*ckblocking you downstairs. But, I'm sure you can find someone a little higher on the intelligence scale if you need a quickie though. Just remember, I'm right next door, so either keep quiet or be loud enough that I can get off too." I wink at him and turn to walk away and I swear I hear a growl. 8

"My neighbor has some kinks, good to know. Should I be worried about visitors and noises from your room tonight?" He asks and I turn around slowly to give myself time to get my breathing under control and come up with a reply. I don't know if I've ever had sexy banter before that has left me actually panting.

"Visitors? No. Noises? Maybe. I have two hands that do an excellent job." This time I wink then walk the rest of the way to my door. He responds as I open it and turn to walk in.

"In that case, leave your balcony door open. You're not the only one that likes to listen." This time I get a blinding grin and his eyes go dark, I'm sure imagining that look is how I'm ending my night. At least now I know why he smirks most of the time, that smile could be a lethal weapon. 2