

## Chapter 50

"I'm pretty sure that was cheating." Ryker grumbles, but with his signature half smile that almost reaches his eyes.

"It's not cheating, she just has more assets than you, and she knows how to use them all." Danny winks at me and I can't help but laugh. "And I am pissed that once again, I missed out." He doesn't sound pissed and his scowl is bullsh\*t.

All of the warriors are laughing too, so this must be a good thing, but I only have eyes for the Alpha who is using his thumb to wipe away the blood from his lip. Why is that hot? Then he smiles darkly like he knows what I'm thinking. I roll my eyes at him, which makes him actually huff a growly little laugh and send another shock down south. Stupid hormones. Stupid hot alpha.

We wrap up training shortly after, everyone still talking about the alpha getting beat. I didn't beat him, far from it, but I guess I'll take it since he barely broke a sweat. I'm sure he was able to go through his schedule for the day while working with me.

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We all start to grab our stuff and head to the cars. I hang back because I didn't ride here with them and don't know if there is room in a vehicle for me. My friends are too engrossed in talk of tactics to notice they are leaving without me. That is a new scenario, but I realize not a completely unwelcome one. At least they aren't hovering over me. Worst case, I can just run back. The packhouse is on the main stretch of road and should be easy to find.

"You ride with me." That low timber right over my shoulder sends goosebumps down my neck and makes me gasp. He knows what he's



doing and he laughs under his breath. I can't even take a breath to respond so I just nod, then turn to follow him.

We get to his jacked up truck. I'm average height at 5'5", and the bottom of the running board sits at my hip. Who makes their truck this damn big? This is ridiculous. I can't deny it's beautiful. It's sleek black with blacked out windows. And so shiny like it's freshly washed and other than the lift kit on it, there are no other obnoxious adornments. It screams 'elite.'

He opens the door for me and I look at him with raised eyebrows. His response is to lift just one of his and then nod his head into the truck. I roll my eyes again and climb up the jungle gym that is his truck's running board. It's a slow process, but he doesn't patronize me by trying to help, just waits patiently. When I finally get into the seat, he closes the door, wordlessly. It's big in here too, like everything about Alpha Ryker, apparently. The interior is a dark slate gray leather and butter smooth. I could sleep in here comfortably. I lean back, close my eyes and take a deep breath to try and calm down, but that was a mistake. His scent permeates this truck. Like no one else has ever been in here. It's only his scent, not even food can be smelled. I wonder if it's new. My whole body shivers as I take another breath, like an addict.