

Chapter 51

34 - Kennedy

I have to be cool though. I cannot act like the freakish girls that I have seen around Jeremiah, or even Amy last night. These alphas have girls throw themselves at them all the time. Girls that only want a piece of the 'alpha,' not the guy who happens to have the title of alpha. He also doesn't seem super happy about having to deal with the presence of a human. Although, I thought last night might have at least made him more open to me.

We had a moment last night and then again on the training grounds. I know he could feel it too, see it in his eyes, even if he won't admit it, but this little flirtation will end when I go back with Jeremiah, Rayna and the guys in a few days. I may never see him again after this. I just need to relax, he's just a guy like all the other guys I hang out with daily. Just treat him like one of the guys. A really big, really hot, alpha male kind of guy.

Just one of the guys. Just one of the guys. That's the mantra I have in my head as he climbs in the driver's side. How can he make sitting in a truck seat sexy? Well, being shirtless is working in his favor. There is not an ounce of fat on his cut body. I wonder if he just flexes all the time. He clears his throat. Oh sh*t! He caught me staring, but I can't help the elevator eyes as I look up to his face. My matra goes flying out the window when I make eye contact with him and he smirks. He knows exactly what I was doing and his ego just grew three sizes. I have to break this silence somehow. What is it about him that makes me tongue tied? He's just a hot guy. I'm around hot guys all the time. I clear my throat while trying to get my brain to restart.

"How do you seem to know what I am thinking?" I blurt, wanting to



cringe at my slightly aggressive question. Not as smooth as I wanted to be, but here we are and that could be taken so many different ways. I am officially a loser.

"What do you mean?" That stupid smirk.

"Well, last night..." I hesitate and he stares at me, eyes going a darker shade. Nope, not going there while it is just the two of us stuck in this confined space. I clear my throat again. "You seemed to get that I was nervous to dance and you helped me out. I don't usually do the slow dance thing outside of my guys. I try to avoid it actually, too many guys get handsy. Not a big fan of random people touching me." I swear I can hear him suppress a growl in his chest. "And then when you offered me a ride back to the packhouse just now. It had literally just crossed my mind that I walked here and I wasn't sure if my friends had room. You offered, kind of, before I could even ask." I shrug, like it was that simple. It's not, but I also want to know if he will bring up the other situation last night, cause he definitely knew what I needed then too.

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He makes a sound that could be a grunt, or maybe just talking himself into having a conversation with me. He knows where my thoughts went, maybe his have been stuck on that loop too. It's a great loop. "Umm, well as far as dancing. That was easy, everyone else had paired off and you and I were left, so..." He just shrugs.

Thank you for that reality check mister Alpha sir. I had to work to not look annoyed or hurt as my ego took a hit, it made sense, sort of. Even though I was hoping for something a little more, I guess. Whatever.

He pulls out and starts driving before he finishes. "As for the ride, I saw you walk up with all the pups. I mean who wouldn't notice an entrance like that?" He didn't smile, but huffed what I think was a laugh. "But you



walked, so I figured you would need a ride back." He gives me a side eye that I pretend to ignore, looking out the window at the pack as we drive by. His non-dismissive dismissal is frustrating. He clears his throat, "How did you get them all to follow you like that, by the way? Like the pied piper. We can't seem to corral them for sh*t at training. Getting them started takes forever and it's exhausting."

I fully looked at him this time, confused. "Really? I played a game of soccer with them, they are really coordinated together, then I asked someone to show me the fastest way to get to the training grounds so I wouldn't be late." I shrugged. "I guess they thought I needed all hands on deck as an escort."

He makes another sound that I can't place, nodding his head and looking annoyed.

"What?" I don't think I really want to know his opinion, but he clearly has a strong one.

"I know what those boys thought." He grumbles, hands flexing on the steering wheel.

"What is that exactly?" I cross my arms, fighting the frown that wants to take over my face. I should not be getting into this with the Alpha of the pack we are visiting, but I also will not let him talk down to me.

He looks sideways at my tone and his face falls. "Uh." Cough, "You are a new face in the pack and a beautiful woman. Then you asked for help after giving them your attention. Every one of those boys wanted to be your hero, and you fed right into it." He presses his lips together, eyebrows raised, hoping I will take the compliment wrapped in an insult. That is not what went through his head originally and we both know it. Then he implies that I led them on or tried to manipulate them. Asshole. I did not miss the way he said 'boys' either.

He pulls up to the garage next to the pack house without saying anything else on the subject.

"Good save, Alpha." I emphasize the word like I did last night when I told him goodnight. Then jump out of the truck, not looking back. His overwhelming scent is making my head spin and I'm liable to do or say something stupid in my irritation if I don't get some distance soon. I won't let him make me feel like cheap entertainment or gloss over what we did, even if he doesn't want to talk about it. I'm going to keep it in the forefront of his mind. Because to be honest, I really want a repeat no matter how irritating he is. I have never felt so good after an org*sm and he didn't even touch me. It was so good, in fact, that I didn't have one nightmare. I don't remember dreaming at all for the first time in three years. 1



Miss L author

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114