

Chapter 78

I can't help but smile when she isn't looking. "Behave yourself, got it?" 2

"What are you talking about? She actually requested my presence. Right now I am winning."

"Don't get cocky, she only wants you because you can't talk to her."

"That doesn't mean I can't communicate." His chuckle rumbles in my head as we shift.

He lets out a sniff to let her know we are done and she can open her eyes. She blinks a few times taking in my wolf's form. 1

"You are huge!" She sounds impressed in spite of herself. "I thought so in the woods too, but there was a lot going on. I wasn't sure if my imagination was making it up."

"See, she likes me better. She called you tiny and me huge!" He gloats. 2

"We'll see how long that lasts. You're more obsessive over her than I am." He takes a tentative step forward.

"Watch a master." He keeps moving forward slowly, one step at a time.

She isn't phased at all by my wolf's size or deep red eyes. The eyes that send fear into the most hardened warriors and this tiny human girl is just staring, curious. I can't smell nervousness or sense any apprehension.

"Are you both in there? I mean can you both hear me all the time?" I don't even know if she realizes she asked the question out loud. I hate how much I like the way she scrunches her nose when she asks.

"So much for not talking to you. Too bad you can't answer." Before I get

too smug about it though, my wolf dips his head and she smiles, f*cking smiles at him and it's gorgeous. "Seriously? Whose side are you on?"

"The side that gets us our mate, dumbass. We need her. She might as well like one of us."

He gets right up next to her at the edge of the couch as she settles in on her side and he sits like the dog she thinks we are. I'm getting more and more angry with him...and with her. She can't f*cking talk to me like an adult, but she can talk, and be pleasant to my wolf who can't even communicate back. I'm in the damn twilight zone.

"I wonder why your eyes are red? Uncle James and Jeremiah's wolves don't have red eyes like this. They change to a wine color but yours are pure ruby." She reaches out like she wants to touch my wolf's face, but maintains an inch of space. I still don't think she realizes she's asking questions out loud. Jeremiah and all his guys say she is super smart. She's naturally curious, wants to learn. Interesting. She's clearly seen and studied their wolves.

Before my wolf can lean into it, she pulls her hand back quickly, like she finally caught on to what she was about to do and my wolf whimpers a little at the loss. She lays down, pulls her blanket up all the way to her chin and tucks her hand under her cheek. My wolf takes that as an invitation to curl up on the carpet in front of her. Just as I was about to yell at him again, tingles ripple through our whole body and all my tension melts instantly. Her fingers lightly brush through the fur on our back and we shiver at the contact. The comfort and calm is immediate.


"Night Alpha" She yawns. "I guess, you too Ryker." She mutters sleepily and my brain stutters.

"See, she needs us."

We don't sleep or move for the rest of the night. My wolf is too afraid of disturbing her and we are both hypnotized by the hum of electricity coming from her touch. It's nothing like we have ever felt before. If this is how it feels every time she touches me, I can see it becoming an addiction. No wonder mates can't keep their hands to themselves. I'm going to have to be aware of how much physical contact we have. This could be a problem.



Miss L 

Thank you so much for reading. All constructive comments and gems are appreciated. I cannot interact here. If you would like to join in the conversation you can find me on the Book of the F 

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