

Chapter 79

49 - Kennedy

"Kennedy. Hey Ken. You have to let go and wake up. Kennedy." The last one comes out like a song.

"What?" I grumble. I am so comfortable and I don't think I had a nightmare, I don't think I dreamed at all last night. I just want to curl up and fall back into the blissful darkness. I am so comfortable, I don't want to move.

"Luna, I need my alpha back." My eyes fly open at Bennet's words, and he laughs.

"Don't call me that." I grumble and try to bury my face back into the pillow as he laughs.

"Then let go of my alpha and get your butt up. We need to leave and your death grip on his fur is making things difficult. His wolf is not going to let him up until you let them go."

I don't move, but I blink and look around and sure enough Ryker's wolf is still laying in front of me. My arm is draped over the side of the couch and my fingers are threaded through the fur at the nape of his neck and balled into a fist. Maybe I did have a nightmare and don't remember. I don't usually reach out for things in my sleep unless I'm trying to pull myself from that memory. 1

I gasp, realizing I'm just staring at my fingers in the deep black fur instead of moving. It's like my brain hasn't fully become conscious yet.

"I'm sorry." I pull my hand back, tuck it under my pillow and look up at Bennet. "How much time do I have? I need to pack."

"Luna Beth said to just pack your clothes and anything you will need immediately she will call you about packing up your room. She's making breakfast for everyone else now." He gives me a sympathetic look, but he's letting me know that everyone is in the kitchen which I will have to pass by to get to the stairs. At least he understands my emotions are raw right now and I need people to give me some space.

I stand up and grab my blanket and pillow, skirting around the massive black wolf just watching my exchange with Bennet.

"You want me to walk you?"

"I'm good, thanks Bennet." I say over my shoulder. I can't bring myself to look at Ryker or his wolf right now.

"No problem, LUL..." He coughs. "Kennedy." He sighs and I hear a huff behind me. I hate it when they mindlink about me when I'm in the room.

No one even looks in my direction as I pass through the kitchen. All of my friends know to leave me alone when I am angry and Ryker's guys must be following their lead. I just need time to process stuff in my head and get past it. I am the mate of someone who doesn't want one, or more likely doesn't want me. I'm moving to a pack that is too far away for me to attend the college I want or work at my mom's studio like I planned. My whole life is changing and it's out of my control. I wonder, again, why me as I stumble over the broken door that no one touched or thought to move. Me either, I guess. I head straight for the shower and wash off all of the grime from the forest last night, then I get to packing.

I have two large suitcases, but I don't know how much room I have to work with in the SUV's we're driving home. I am sure that Ryker brought more warriors than we have actually seen and I know Greta is here somewhere, Danny said she would be, but I haven't seen her yet. Meaning she's out on patrols. Do they all have stuff to pack too? I am a

planner, I hate not knowing what's going on or what is expected of me or simply what I can expect. [2](#)

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Once I have the basics packed in a single large case and toiletries bag, I grab my backpack, planning on heading over to talk to the principal about what I can do to finish school remotely and clear out my locker. For some reason I think it would be weird for me to finish high school in Ryker's pack. And all of my current early college courses are already online so that shouldn't be a problem.

I walk downstairs and to the front door without looking at anyone. The low murmur of conversation stops, but I don't. I'm still not in the mood to discuss this. I am being given no choice in leaving, so the least they can do is let me handle things in my own way. I pull the door open and head out.

"Wait! Where are you going?" I hear rushed footsteps behind me.

"School, Bennet. Not all of us have a pass to do whatever we want, whenever we want. I need to talk to my teachers and make some kind of plan to finish my senior year. With everything going on here I have missed a ton and I am still catching up." Kind of a lie, my load this semester is light and I'm too neurotic about school to get behind, but he doesn't need to know that. I just need to take a walk and this is a good excuse.

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