

Chapter 97

57 - Kennedy

I may not be able to do anything about the caveman behavior Ryker is throwing at me right now, or my traitorous body's reaction to it, but that doesn't stop me from trying. I keep pounding on his back and just yell nonsense trying to get him to put me down. It is also helping me pretend to not notice the absolutely toned, naked muscle flexing and moving under me. I notice there are no tan lines. I have half a mind to smack his ass and see what happens. Would it jiggle at all? I shake my head. I'm not doing a very good job ignoring him. I'm not su*cidal though and I can not guarantee he won't throw me back into the woods and leave me there.

He hasn't said a word to me the whole walk back, and it wasn't a short walk. I may have a bruise on my hip from his shoulder digging in. I keep trying to pry my legs apart, he has them clamped together and that and the motion of his shoulder is giving my cl*t the rubdown of a lifetime. I may come just riding his shoulder like this. He didn't even yell at me, but I can feel the tension rippling off of him. He's waiting until he can look me in the eye to lay into me and not the way I want him to. He slams through the front door, but instead of throwing me down here or heading back to his office, he turns towards the main steps and starts up.

"Where are you taking me, asshole?" I kick as I pound on his back this time. Big mistake, my thighs just rub my cl*t more.

He just grunts in response and keeps on moving. We are in our hallway now. Is he going to lock me in my room? He doesn't think that will keep me, does he? What does he think I have been doing the last three weeks, sitting around with my thumb up my ass? I have found as many unwatched entrances and exits to the pack house as I can. I won't be trapped here even if I can't leave the pack lands. I'm not dumb enough to

think I would make it out of the pack. But, I should be free to walk around the city at the very least.

I am so lost in thought I don't notice we've gone into a room until I am launched onto a bed. Somehow he twisted me so I face plant into a soft mattress and the wind is knocked out of me as I bounce. I take a deep inhale... this is not my bed...It's Ryker's. My core clenches as I am engulfed in Rosemary, mint and something inherently male. I take another deep breath in and then stop myself. I cannot like his scent. Scrabbling to get up, I get caught in the comforter and tumble into a pile on the floor. When I finally get my head out I look up into his furious face from my cloth trap.

"Do you have any idea what kind of danger you were in?" He whispers, skin rippling. His wolf is just as agitated.

"Not any more than any other day in a werewolf pack, I assume. Or on a drive from one pack to another with a notorious alpha." I keep my eyes focused on my task of getting free. I need to get out of this blanket, the scent is doing things to my senses and turning off my anger. And I really, really need to be angry at him. It's the only way I am going to win this. I also look less than intimidating piled on the floor like a child.

"You cannot be this irresponsible. Dark Moon is always under threat. There is always someone who wants to harm us and you are our weakest link right now. How do you not understand that?" He's pacing in front of me. My eyes shoot up at that. He can't even look at me right now.

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