

### Chapter 99

"You think you can get away from me that easy, little lamb?" Ryker has his face in the crook of my neck, his hot breath leaving moisture on my skin. Not touching but ghosting his nose along my shoulder and I get the chills all over my body, not able to fight the shiver that wracks through me. His voice is different, deeper, more raw with a metallic sound like he hasn't used it in a while. When he pulls back I can see why.

His eyes are blood red, this isn't Ryker, it's his wolf. Like this, he's dangerous and not in a fun way. This must be the last view his victims see. My heart rate speeds up. Is he going to kill me? Did they decide they don't want or need me and it would just be easier to kill me, than reject me and send me home? I don't want to die, but I still don't feel afraid of him either.

He leans in close, touching his nose to mine. His chest is heaving. "You do not make demands of us. We answer to no one. You belong to us, this is your home now. You aren't going anywhere, so you might as well get that idea out of your head." His movements don't match his words. His words are harsh and demanding, but he's tracing my face slowly with the tip of his nose, gliding his hands up and down my bare arms with a featherlight touch, like a lover. I'm so confused and overstimulated.

"You...you...don't want...me." I whisper and stop breathing when he pauses at the crook of my neck again and takes a deep breath in. "Just find out how to reject me and both of us can be put out of our misery." I whisper. "You can be with whoever you want then."

"What we want is for our mate to stop being difficult and follow directions." He squeezes my arms and presses his hips closer to me. I can feel all of his weight leaning into me. If I bent my elbows, I would be able to touch his chiseled torso. Glide my fingers over every curve of

defined muscle. I ball my hands into fists to keep them to myself. He grinds into me again and lets out a satisfied breath.

"I won't stay here isolated from people." I just have to keep talking. He can't mess with my head if I keep talking. My body is screwed, though. I am so wound up and s\*xually frustrated. It's been over a month since I have gotten laid, thanks to my guy friends. And Ryker, or his wolf, or both are breaking down my very fragile walls. I can't figure him out though. He says and acts like he doesn't want me, but like this his body tells me a different story.

"You will do whatever we tell you to do, little lamb." He rubs his pelvis against mine, hitting my oversensitive bundle of nerves, mouth right behind my ear. I bite my lip and squeeze my fists to try and hold in a moan at the feel of him pressed into me, but I'm not successful. I can feel him smile against my neck, he knows what he's doing to me. He shifts his hand to stroke himself, still pressed against me. His knuckles brush my cl\*nt on every pass and I am vibrating. "You will follow directions like a good girl and maybe we will finish this little game." He runs the tip of his tongue from the base of my neck up to the sweet spot behind my ear. It is so light and quick, I almost can't believe it happened, but my whole body shuddered and my p\*ssy gushed and before I could do anything else, he was gone.