

ALPHA, ALPHA KINGS MATE, chapter 16, Kings, ALPHA KINGS MATE,

Reika POV – His body was different, I had seen a man naked before but never in the light and never this close where everything was on display. Even when I saw him in the forest naked I never truly paid attention to how different we were, to me it was just skin but now seeing him relaxed I noticed more, he had hair in places I didn't, and his skin looked harder than mine and he was bigger than me. A lot bigger than me.

"Alphas are meant to look scary," My wolf tells me. He turns me around obviously not liking me staring at him. Was it wrong to stare?

I wet my hair, the water was hot, nicer than the streams or the cold buckets of water at home. The water is not making our teeth chatter.

"I need to take your measurements later, if you're staying here you need clothes. I won't have you walking around naked," he says, making me turn to look back at him. He was rinsing soap from his hair, his eyes closed as the water ran down his face. My eyes marveled over the strangeness of his body. I reach my hand out wanting to touch him, my wolf growling at me.

"You shouldn't touch him, we can't keep him," she says.

"I just want to see if his skin is as hard as it looks," I tell her.

"6 don't you touch him," She snaps at me but I shove her back and she seems stunned for a second. I have never done that before but she recedes, annoyed at me as my hand touches his chest. He jumps his eyes snapping open looking at me as I move my hand down the hard muscles of his chest, his skin-tight under my hand as I move my hand down the strange bumps on his stomach. He doesn't stop but watches me, his head going to the side as he watches me. My hand moves lower when he suddenly grabs it making me jerk away from him. His eyes turn black and he breathes harder as his chest heaves with each breath.

"Great you have pissed him off, now we will never escape," My wolf says growling at me. But he just turns away from me, he doesn't seem mad, I thought to myself.

"Turn around," he says, and I do when I feel his hands touch my hair and I smell something sweet-smelling, soap suds getting in my eyes burning my eyeballs. I rub my eyes trying to rid of the suds.

"You're meant to keep your eyes closed," he says with a laugh. The stuff smells nice as he rubs it in my hair. I tasted the suds on my hands, pulling a face at it, it didn't taste as good as it smelt.

“Close your eyes,” he says, pulling me against him and under the stream. I could feel something pressing against my b*m as he washed the soap from my hair. I touched my hair, it felt softer, not so straw-like. I turned looking down at what was digging into my back to find his body was different, the appendage between his legs standing upright.

“What’s wrong with it?” I ask him and he raises an eyebrow at me.

“Nothing, it’s because your naked and close to me.”

I look down at my privates. “Mine doesn’t do that?” I ask him and he laughs shaking his head like he thought what I said was funny.

“I would hope not,” he says, handing me a bar of soap. It smelt good but I didn’t taste it after the other stuff didn’t taste nice. Back home they gave us water, before my friend 9 died and I shifted remaining in wolf form, we used to use the oatmeal they fed us to make soap. This stuff felt better, felt cleaner as I washed, the oatmeal used to make me feel sticky. When we were clean Ryker turned the taps off before handing me a towel, his thing still hadn’t gone down.

“That’s how you mate.”

“How do you know?” I ask my wolf.

“I saw Myra mating with Josic, it was gross,” My wolf says, shoving her memory in my head making my face flush red at the sudden images. I scrunch my face up.

“What’s wrong,” Ryker asks.

“Nothing, my wolf just showed me something gross.”

“Gross?”

I nod.

“What did she show you?” He asks.

“Myra and Josic mating,” I tell him blanching.

“You find that gross, it doesn’t feel gross,” He answers walking out and into the small room with clothes hanging in it.

“What do you mean?” I ask, curious.

“Just that it doesn’t feel gross, the opposite actually,” he says pulling on some shorts. He hands me some and I slip them on only for them to fall back down. I pick them up

and he turns, tightening the drawstring before handing me the shirt I had on that he gave me. I pull it on.

“I will send someone out to get you some clothes later,” he says looking down at the clothes I had on.

Ryker walks out, moving to the bedside table and pressing a button on the remote. The shutters trapping me inside this room groan as they lift, letting in the light from outside. He then walks into the bathroom, grabbing the pants he had on before rummaging through the pocket and holding a key out. He unlocks the door before reaching over and grabbing my hand, and tugging me out the door.

I see one of the boys from in the car walk out another door, down the long hallway.

“Training in an hour,” Ryker tells him.

“But it’s our first day home,” The boy whines.

“I don’t care. Get your asses to the fields. You want to come home, you abide by my rules,” Ryker tells him. “F*****g jackass,” I hear the boy mutter as he walks back into the room. Ryker growls, continuing down the hallway.

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