

Ainen Chronicles: Jordan's Quest

Kyla Logan

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Jordan McCabe is proud of the accomplishments he and his fellow Ainen have achieved over the past five years. They have followed the instructions from their goddess, Aine, and the first laboratory has been built. But there's something missing from his life. The instant he glimpses his latest employee he knows she is his long awaited lifemate.

Dr. Micaela Annan is delighted to begin her new job at Ainen Industries and for the opportunity to at last work on her unusual theories for energy sources. However she didn't expect to discover that her employers are not human -- or for her inner wolf to immediately claim one of them for her own.

Chapter One

Jordan McCabe gazed at the laboratory complex from his office. This day had been the target for five long years, so the satisfaction he felt was earned. Two of those years had been spent with mixed emotions. He missed his long-time friend and brother, Cayden. On the other hand, he was able to go out in the daylight for the first time in over two millennia thanks to Cayden's beautiful life mate Marda, and her amazing blood. The other three years... he and the others had been too busy getting the lab built once planning permission had been granted to find time to be lonely.

He grinned as he remembered his joy at stepping out of his house for that first venture in the light of day. It had been spine-tingling, knowing that maybe, just maybe, his body had rejected the changes that Marda thought would take shape. When he didn't burst into flames, tears of joy had been his response.

Turning his thoughts back to the activities below him, Jordan knew that even if any of the workers looked up they wouldn't see him. All they would see was a wall.

Hearing the knock on his door, he blanked the window into a wall with the touch of his mind. The only people who knew about his viewing advantage were his fellow Ainen. Jordan intended to keep it that way.

"Come in."

His secretary, Janet, smiled as she walked into the room. "I need you to sign these, Mr. McCabe," she said as she placed some papers on his desk. "The security guard informed me that Dr. Annan is on her way up for her three o'clock interview."

Jordan sighed. He had completely forgotten that the interview had been set for that afternoon. The doctor was supposed to have been interviewed the next day, but had asked if it could be brought forward. A lecture she was to give tomorrow or

something. As her credentials were the most promising of the candidates for this position, he had granted her the change of days.

Before Jordan could acknowledge the information, he felt a surge on his link with Cayden. *Hope I'm not disturbing you, brother. Marda and I are at the manor. When you are free, come and join us.*

Jordan looked away from his secretary as he grinned at Cayden's words. *You never disturb me, Cayden. I'll be there shortly. Just a few loose ends to clear up first.*

As he said that another voice jumped into the conversation. *He will be leaving in a moment, Cayden; I can handle the loose ends. Go, Jordan.*

Good to hear your voice, Eilish. We will catch up on news later, but thank you for covering for Jordan. This is important.

Okay, it seems I will join you momentarily, Cayden. Eilish, either you or Aislin will have to phone here to give me an excuse to leave. Janet is with me; I can't just leave without a good reason.

Jordan felt the unspoken acknowledgment of his order, the ring of the phone sounding moments later. Picking it up he put on a show of concern at what he was hearing. After returning the receiver to its cradle he turned to Janet. "Sorry, Janet, I am needed elsewhere. Can you ask either Eilish or Aislin to conduct this interview, please? I'll leave through my private exit and will see you tomorrow."

"I hope things are all right, Mr. McCabe."

"Nothing to worry about, Janet, but I have to run."

Jordan motioned her to return to her own office; once she was away he made sure nothing important was left lying on his desk. Just before he teleported, Jordan felt a brief touch on his senses, but he put it down to the fact that Cayden and Marda were back. Jordan shrugged his shoulders, and without more thought teleported himself to Cayden's home.

Chapter Two

When Jordan teleported into the room he was met with the sight of Cayden and Marda kissing. Both were wet and naked, apart from the towel Cayden had around his hips. Obviously they had just shared a shower.

Marda let out a squeal when she spied him, and literally flew into his arms.

Jordan laughed and said, "Remember this is Earth; you need to walk, Marda."

Her response was to bring his head closer to her and give him a kiss. Jordan felt his body respond to the feel of warm woman in his arms. He would be forever grateful that Cayden and Marda shared their love with him whenever they visited Earth. He had kept his promise that he wouldn't again use casual sex when taking blood. All he did now was drink and provide the semblance of pleasure.

So he had been celibate apart from when he was gifted with the presence of his brother and his mate.

Breaking away from Marda's kiss, Jordan held out his arm when Cayden drew near.

Marda shook her head and said, "Men. Come on, give each other a hug, you know that's what you want to do."

Moving his other arm from Marda, Jordan opened his arms and Cayden did the same. Both were uncomfortable with the need to touch each other, and after some self-conscious back patting they separated.

"Now wasn't that better than shaking hands or using a warrior's grasp? You know you've missed each other. Show it," Marda said as she moved into Cayden's embrace.

"I see you haven't tamed her yet, brother." Jordan grinned.

"No, it doesn't seem like it, does it?" Cayden replied.

Marda held out her hand to Jordan. "Come, my friend. You need to relax, and we have much to impart. You know the easiest way for us to pass on this information... and the most enjoyable."

The grin on Marda's face as she said the last few words caused Cayden to shake his head at Jordan. "She is driving me mad, but Marda is right. We need to be together."

Jordan took off his tie then unbuttoned his shirt before dropping it over a chair. Marda came closer and licked one of his nipples. He thrust his hands through her thick hair, holding her to him as she sucked one before moving to the other. Jordan closed his eyes and gave in to the pleasurable sensations rippling through him. When he felt her hands go to the zipper on his trousers he broke away, moved her hands and unzipped them himself. After removing them he once more turned toward Marda. Cayden had claimed her in a passionate kiss so Jordan moved behind her. Reaching round he cupped her full breasts in his hand, squeezing and pulling her nipples gently. Running his tongue over her neck, he kissed his way down her spine toward her buttocks.

"Open your legs for me, Marda," Jordan whispered.

He was rewarded with compliance as she widened her stance. Jordan licked around her ass, moving closer and closer with each lick to her anus. Marda's gasp as he ran his tongue over her anal rosebud made him smile. It wasn't often that he could surprise her.

"Turn around, Marda. I want to lick your pussy," he demanded. He needed this closeness.

Cayden dropped his hands to Marda's waist as she turned to face Jordan. He then ran them up her stomach to her breasts, cupping them as Jordan had done earlier.

Jordan breathed in the scent of aroused female. The hair-free skin of her pussy called out for his touch. Leaning forward he ran his tongue over her labia then pushed further in where he could taste her. The tang of her juices on his tongue caused him to groan as he licked up all she offered him.

He moved one of Marda's legs up and over his shoulder, knowing that Cayden was fully supporting her. He licked her labia and nibbled on her clit. Inserting one finger into her slit, he moved it in and out at the same time as he licked her.

Jordan added another finger and fucked her with his fingers while he sucked on her clit. Marda moaned and as Jordan glanced up he saw the reason. Cayden was pulling her elongated nipples, squeezing them as he kissed her. The combination threw her into an orgasm. Jordan stroked his fingers in and out gently, waiting for her tense body to return to normal.

The tremors in Marda's body stopped but for an occasional twitch. Jordan stood up and claimed her mouth in a kiss before breaking away. "Where is the lube, Cayden?" he ground out.

Marda took his hand in hers. "It's beside the bed, lover," she said before leading him forward.

Cayden lay down on the mattress and Marda swung her leg over him until her pussy was hovering over his hard cock. Slowly she let herself down until his cock was balls deep in her waiting slit.

Jordan grabbed the tube of lube and squeezed some onto his fingers. Pushing Marda's shoulders until he had her in the right position, he rubbed her anus with his slippery fingers. He inserted one finger past her elastic sheath, and waited for her to become accustomed to its presence before adding a second.

Linking with his brother and Marda, he saw how much pleasure she was gaining from the dual sensations of Cayden's cock in her pussy and his fingers in her ass.

Adding another finger, he moved them slowly in and out, stretching Marda so she could take his cock with ease.

"Enough, Jordan. You're going to drive me mad," Marda moaned.

Jordan grinned over her shoulder at Cayden, who laughed back. That was until Marda tightened her internal muscles around his cock.

"In me -- now!" demanded Marda.

Jordan withdrew his sticky fingers and squeezed some more lube out and coated his cock with it. Placing his cockhead against Marda's tight opening, he pushed in inch by inch until his pubic hairs touched her ass.

"At last. Move, both of you."

"Pushy little thing, isn't she?" Cayden gritted out before he started thrusting up into Marda's pussy.

Jordan easily fell into a rhythm with Cayden, with a willing and passionate Marda in between the two of them.

When he felt his body tingle, and his balls tighten, Jordan knew he would reach his own orgasm soon. But he wanted Marda to find her pleasure once more. Reaching around her body, he rubbed her hard clit with his fingers. Her intake of breath at his actions pleased him.

"Take my blood, Jordan. Learn what has been happening with the deities." Marda breathed raggedly as she spoke.

Jordan didn't need a second invitation to sample her potent blood once more. This was only the third time that he had had this pleasure and he took full advantage of Marda's offer.

As her blood hit his parched tongue, he was inundated with knowledge and plans upon plans. It seemed that some of the gods and goddesses were rebelling against each other. That could only mean one thing... trouble for their followers.

Jordan broke away from Marda's neck after licking the two pinpricks closed. He fell into his satisfaction with a growl that Cayden matched as he reached his own.

Chapter Three

Micaela followed the secretary upstairs. She wasn't all that impressed that the big shot, McCabe, had bailed out of her interview. She had been the one to request an interview today instead of tomorrow, but still, he could have made an effort to be here.

As she passed one office she was assailed by *the* most delicious scent. There was no name on the door. Before she could ask, the secretary interrupted her thoughts. "This is Miss O'Brien's office, Dr. Annan. Please wait here for a moment."

Micaela raised an eyebrow as the woman knocked on the door and opened it after being invited to enter. "Dr. Annan is here for her interview, Miss O'Brien."

"Well, show her in, Janet. Don't leave her standing in the corridor," a soft voice answered in an Irish lilt.

Micaela stepped forward so when Janet turned she beside her. "Oh," she gasped. "You gave me a fright! I didn't realise you were so close. Just go in, Dr. Annan."

Micaela murmured a thank you, and walked around the secretary. The woman who stood at the front of her desk was a surprise to her.

At least five feet ten inches, she stood well above Micaela's own five-five. Her waist length black hair was clipped back at the temples with combs. It was a style that suited her oval shaped face and high cheekbones.

Micaela was aware that the woman was busily cataloguing her own figure, and smiled as she caught the other scanning her face. The answering grin told her this woman could become a friend.

Walking toward Micaela, she held out her hand and said, "Welcome to Ainen Industries, Dr. Annan. My name is Aislin O'Brien."

Micaela shook Aislin's hand and was surprised at the strength in her grip. Normally a limp handshake was all she received at interviews. There was something likeable about this woman.

"Please sit, and we can have a chat." Aislin indicated two padded chairs with cups and a coffee pot set on the little table. "Do you take cream and sugar in your coffee?"

"Nothing, thanks. I prefer it black."

Micaela waited until the cup was in her hands, and Aislin was seated opposite her before saying anything else. "Your secretary mentioned that Mr. McCabe wasn't available for my interview. Does that mean that I'm being politely told that I won't be interviewed after all?"

"No! Of course not! Why would you think that?"

Micaela could smell the surprise from her interviewer at her question. "Please, call me Micaela, or Caela. I had to ask. I didn't want to waste your time or mine."

"I knew that I was going to like you, Micaela." After they'd both taken a fortifying drink from their cups, Aislin began asking her questions about her theories of alternative, ecologically friendly fuel sources.

This was a subject close to Caela's heart. To find an employer actually looking to develop this type of research was amazing as far as she was concerned. She explained how far her research had taken her in using natural carbohydrates as a fuel source. She was impressed by the questions Aislin asked in response to her hypothesis.

"So you feel that with proper funding and these facilities at your disposal, you will be able to create a viable fuel cell by using carbohydrates, namely sugar cane and cassava?"

"Yes! There is no doubt in my mind that this is the way to go forward. But I can't stress enough that this process will not be achieved tomorrow. It will take intensive research, more than I can continue to do on my own time. Most of my theories are assumptions based on minimal experimentation." At least Aislin hadn't laughed when

she laid out her ideas. It wouldn't have been the first time, but somehow she got the impression that everything she said was greeted with real interest.

"If we were to offer you a contract to begin your experiments here at this facility, when could you start?"

"Immediately. There's a clause in my present contract stating that if an employer offers me a chance to work on my theories for this type of fuel then I could leave without giving the normal notice." Taking a breath she grinned as she continued, "I knew they laughed behind my back when they agreed to this, but maybe the last laugh will be now mine."

Laughing, Aislin asked, "When can you start?"

Swallowing down her tears of joy, Micaela told her, "A week from Monday."

Caela left the building after confirming a few more details. Once more walking past the doorway to that most intense scent, she wanted to stop and ask who the office belonged to, but that could wait until she started work here. It would be something to ponder over, because she had the strangest feeling the owner of that scent was her mate.

But there was something even more bizarre. She didn't think that Aislin O'Brien was human. So the question was... if she wasn't human, what was she?

Chapter Four

Jordan sat in Cayden's living room enjoying a coffee and a chat with his two dear friends. The loving experience that they shared with him made him even more determined to either find his own mate or stay celibate.

It was hard to imagine the deities in turmoil but the visions that Marda passed to him confirmed that they were just that... in disarray. Dana and Aine were keeping well clear of them; just as well really because it was their actions in placing Marda and Cayden together that started this whole mess.

Or was it? That was what they needed to learn, and to do that they needed to find as many life mates for his family as possible.

Before he could question his brother any further, a mental knock brought the voices of Aislin and Eilish into his mind. *We just wanted to double check that we would be welcome now, Jordan. We don't want to interrupt anything.*

Jordan grinned at Cayden; he knew the playful side of the twins as well as he did. *Come and join us. You will not interrupt anything. In fact, we could use your insight into new information.*

Before he had quite finished his comment, the air popped as the two women joined them in the living room. The first thing they did was to rush over to Cayden and Marda and give both a hug and kiss.

Jordan saw that Marda's eyes glazed over with a sheen of tears when she saw the impact the welcome had on Cayden. A lump was in his own throat.

"If we are having an unofficial meeting of the Scottish Ainen community, we should invite Rohan to join us," said Jordan before turning to Aislin. "Was he still at the lab when you left?"

"Yes, he wanted to finish off going through the applicants for the other vacancies. I hired Dr. Annan, by the way."

Jordan was stunned that Aislin had made this decision without mind-linking with him to confirm it was okay to proceed.

"Oh, she's perfect, Jordan. If you had done the interviewing you would have done the same thing. Anyway, you were busy at the time." The last was said with a teasing grin that made Jordan shake his head.

Women!

"Oh, don't give Aislin that look, Jordan. I was in contact with her the whole time and I agreed with her decision, one hundred percent," Eilish said.

The last was said with a laugh and a grin to her sister and a wink at Marda. Jordan really didn't know what to make of their teasing, but he intended to find out.

Marda said, "You'll have to tell me about this woman. You've intrigued me."

"Believe me, you will like her, Marda."

Jordan glanced at Cayden, knowing he was missing something from this conversation. He just didn't know what it was, and from the blank look on his brother's face, neither did he. "While I am fascinated by the topic, I think we should call Rohan here for the meeting," said Jordan. "In fact, do you want everyone to join us?"

Marda shook her head at the same time Cayden answered, "No, this problem is for everyone here to deal with; the others will have much to do in the coming years. They are busy getting their own labs set up. Leave them to their work for the present."

Jordan put out a call to Rohan, who answered that he was on his way by car. That was taking a bit of getting used to... for the sake of appearance they had to use normal means of transport at times.

"Rohan will be along shortly."

The roar of the sports car outside the mansion brought the conversations to an end. The pop as Rohan teleported into the lounge caused another round of welcome and good wishes.

"Every time we come and visit you, I can see such a difference in you all. It is so wonderful," Marda whispered.

Cayden drew her into his embrace, looking over at Jordan before saying, "It's true. I have noticed it too. You all look wonderful and healthy."

Nodding his head, Jordan mused, "I think it is because we now have a purpose in our lives. Before, we just existed. We made no plans except where our next blood and fuck would come from. Now... well, now thanks to your wonderful blood, Marda, we can accomplish things we never imagined before."

Rohan spoke for the first time. "It is not just that, at least not in my case. I felt alone when I thought Aine had deserted us. Knowing she really didn't know where we ended up after exiting the wormhole, well, it's comforted me in some weird way."

Aislin and Eilish stood and moved over to sit on each arm of the chair Rohan sat on. Wrapping their arms around him, they gave him a kiss, before nodding in agreement.

"We feel the same way. You nailed the main reason, but for us I think it is knowing that although we are working to go home, we are also helping the natives of Earth work toward healing their planet. All the research that is going on now and what will be made in the coming twenty or thirty years, will be for this purpose. We recognize that, and it feels good to know that we will leave something other than rumours of vampires in the world."

Jordan and the others laughed at Aislin's comment. To their consternation, somehow a few humans had found out about the Ainen. Radek and the other central European group had partied hard and long, in the past. It was no wonder that their presence was discovered. But at least the humans put it down to good storytelling when Bram Stoker wrote about Dracula... and not fact.

Sighing to himself, Jordan settled down for a lengthy discussion on what was needed at the Scotland lab and most importantly, how to go about finding their mates.

Chapter Five

Micaela took the security badge and other important documents from the personnel officer; at least she thought that's what he was. He was yummy in his tailored grey suit which fitted his body perfectly. His -- what had he said his name was? Oh yes, Rohan O'Connor -- well, his deep blue eyes sparkled as he talked to her. She felt an attraction to him that seemed to be right, but on the other hand so wrong. The muscled body his clothes hid was broad, his height just emphasising that. And his soft Irish accent sounded dreamy.

One thing that pissed her off was that he seemed to find something amusing and she wasn't sure if it was her or something else. Oh to hell with it! "What is it you find so funny?" she said, glowering. His husky laugh was not what she expected at all.

"Sorry, Dr. Annan. Wait, can I call you, Micaela? It seems silly to be formal when we are going to be working together."

Caela didn't know how to take this man's behaviour. Thankfully before she put her foot in her mouth and told him off, Aislin walked into the room.

Hand outstretched and a friendly smile on her face, she said, "Welcome, Micaela. I hope you did not have too many problems with your old employer?"

"It went over quite well actually. I had a hard time keeping the grin off my face at the expression on their faces though. They couldn't believe that I was using my special clause, and that I have got the job of my dreams."

Caela would have continued but the expression on Rohan's face stopped her. "What is your problem?" she growled at him. "You have been laughing at me since I arrived. What gives?"

Holding up his hand he said, "No, please, it is not you I am amused at. Do not think that at all." He broke off and made eye contact with Aislin before continuing, "I

apologise, Micaela, I did not mean to insult you in any way. Believe me, you are most welcome here. In fact, you are welcomed by us all in a way you do not understand yet."

Caela frowned at his cryptic statement, but she decided to let it go. It wouldn't do to get into an argument on her first day, not with someone as high up as he appeared to be. Before she could say any more, a mirror image of Aislin walked in the room.

"This is my sister, Eilish, Micaela. She will show you around your lab and will be the coordinator for anything you might need."

Caela felt overwhelmed. She was standing among Irish giants. The women were at least five inches taller than her and Rohan was easily six feet six inches.

"Pleased to meet you, Eilish; I am looking forward to seeing where I will be working." Caela hoped she took the hint to show her to her workspace. This was turning into a sort of gathering that she could do without.

"Please follow me and I will show you around the facility. I think you will enjoy working here. Everything is state of the art; we spared no expense to get the latest equipment."

As Eilish talked, she mentioned which scientist worked in the labs they passed. Micaela knew that if it hadn't been for her excellent memory she would have been lost by now. The place was enormous!

"Now we come to the section that really interests you," Eilish said. She swiped her card in the security lock, and opened the door, standing back to let Caela through first.

The gleaming white room with the instruments of research waiting for her gave Caela a thrill. She wanted nothing more than to explore the cupboards to find out what she was going to be allowed to play with. She was dragged back from her thoughts to find that Eilish was waiting for an answer.

Oops! "Sorry Eilish, my mind was wandering, thinking of what I could do with these apparatus."

"It is okay; we had the same reaction from some of the others." Eilish smiled as she walked over to the desk sitting on one side of the large room. Pointing to the pile of folders she said, "We made a short list of candidates who are sympathetic to your ideas. All we need is for you to choose a few so they can be interviewed."

"I get to choose my assistant?" Caela broke in, surprised. She thought that the decision would have been made already.

"Because of the research you will be performing, it did not make sense for us to pick someone you might not be able to work with. So Jordan decided to let you be the one to do the interviewing. That way you know who you will be working with from the start.

"We are here to make sure that all the projects are able to proceed with the least amount of tension. If we choose someone who might not be so open to your ideas, that would make you unhappy, and the project would suffer. This way you will be working with someone you personally chose."

Micaela nodded her head in agreement. "Thank you, Eilish. You don't know how much this means to me."

Eilish laid a hand on her shoulder and smiled. "Oh, I think I have a good idea."

Turning her head so that the gleam of moisture wasn't visible to Eilish, Micaela blinked until she had herself under control once again.

"I take it that until I choose my assistant I can't play?" she said laughing.

Eilish walked toward the door grinning. "There is a coffeemaker through the door beside your desk. Take your time deciding on the three for the shortlist. Let me know when you make your choice. My number is on the pad beside the phone."

* * *

Eilish walked into Jordan's office knowing her sister and Rohan were waiting for her. Both turned away from the viewing window when she entered.

"Well, what do you think?" Aislin demanded.

Smiling, Eilish said, "I think that we hit the jackpot with Micaela. As you both already know."

"She got a bit stroppy with me," grumbled Rohan.

"You were laughing at her; what did you expect? I thought I was going to have to play referee with the two of you."

"Thanks for coming so quickly, Aislin. I did not realise I was so open to her." Breaking off, he looked out the window toward the object of their discussion.

"She is not totally human. But what is she?" he asked.

Aislin said, "I knew at the interview there was something different about her, but until I scanned Janet's memories of Micaela I did not know what she could be."

"And we know what you discovered," Eilish said with a grin.

"Micaela had a very unusual reaction when she passed Jordan's room on the way to mine. She stopped and sniffed the air, and on the way back she did the same. Then there was her reaction to Rohan. You must have caught that little growl she gave, brother." At Rohan's nod, she continued, "I think we are looking at some sort of shifter, probably a wolf."

Eilish sat down on the nearest chair, before turning back to watch Micaela. "Are you sure, Aislin? We took the stories of shifters as just that, bedtime stories."

"If we have been spotted and had rumours told of our existence, why cannot the ones about shifters be true too?"

Rohan turned to Aislin as she said that. "We really have kept to ourselves for far too long. But I would have thought that we would have picked up some signs about other supernatural species inhabiting Earth."

"We kept our heads in the sand. You know that, as well as I do. We have discovered much in these past five years, now that we have shaken off our apathy. Maybe our potential mates were not part of the world before now, so we did not need the knowledge of shifters before now."

Eilish said, "That could be it, Aislin. But who is going to tell Jordan that we hired someone we cannot read because we were sure she was his mate?"

Chapter Six

Jordan laughed at Cayden's comment as the three of them entered the lab complex. Making their way through security and along the corridor to his office, they enjoyed the banter that was part of their long relationship. Marda put in a little dig of her own now and then, to keep them on their toes.

Walking past Janet's desk, he wondered where she was. Normally nothing took her away from her post. Shrugging, he opened the door and let Marda and Cayden walk through first, and then followed them. Jordan noticed that Rohan blanked the viewing window as he shut the door.

"It's okay; it's just us. You didn't have to blank the window. Janet wasn't at her desk, so she will not be disturbing us."

Aislin glanced at Rohan and Eilish before clearing her throat. "We asked her to go take a survey for us, Jordan. We wanted to talk to you without being overheard."

Jordan walked over and sat down in his chair behind the desk, leaning his elbows on it and resting his chin on his interlinked hands. "I see. Well, no, I don't actually. What survey? And you know that she would not hear us if we did not talk loudly." He watched the guilty looks that Rohan shared with Eilish and Aislin.

"Micaela started work today. She is going over the shortlist candidates and will let us know when she chooses three of them for interviewing," said Aislin. Clearing her throat she continued, "We need to tell you something."

Jordan waited as she stopped talking. He had known that something was on her mind but didn't know what was bothering her. He watched Aislin take a deep breath before talking once more. "We cannot read Micaela," she said quickly, before studying her hands.

Jordan couldn't believe what he had just heard. First they employed her without consultation, now he found out that they couldn't even influence Micaela's mind if they needed to.

Slamming his hands on the desk Jordan stood up. "What do you mean you cannot read her?"

Without waiting for her reply he turned to face a guilty-looking Eilish and Rohan. "What do you have to say for yourselves? You told me that you fully supported Aislin's decision to hire the human. Did it not occur to any of you that this could be dangerous to us? What if she discovers what we are? We will not be able to block her memories of us."

Turning away from the three of them in disgust, Jordan moved around his desk toward the viewing window. Before he could reach it, Cayden stopped him with a hand on his arm. "Wait, Jordan, listen to them. There has to be a reason why they took this action," said Cayden.

"You knew about this? Why did you not tell me?"

"No, I did not know about this any more than you did. But you should know by now that our brother and sisters would never put any of us in danger unless there was a damn good reason."

Jordan felt the tension dissolving from his body. Scrubbing his hands over his face, he straightened his shoulders and turned back toward Aislin, holding out his arms to her. She rushed toward him, wrapping her arms around his waist.

"Sorry, Jordan. I did not know how to tell you, but we needed her here. I hope after you listen to our reasons you will understand," she whispered into his chest.

Jordan felt all kinds of a fool for blowing up like that. He couldn't understand why he'd done so. But something was buzzing in his head and had been since he entered the complex. It was irritating him, making him irrational.

Still keeping his arms around his sister he said to Rohan, "Tell me."

As he listened to Rohan's explanation about Micaela's reactions when she had come for her interview, then the ones this morning, he knew that he couldn't fault any of them for their actions. "You think she could be a shifter?" Jordan asked.

Shrugging his shoulders, Rohan said, "It is the only thing we could think of."

Jordan felt the noise in his mind grow stronger, enough for him to rub his forehead in discomfort.

"Do you have a headache, Jordan?" asked Marda.

Jordan looked at his brother and his mate; he knew that they knew something. "What do you know, Marda? And don't tell me nothing."

Marda glanced at Cayden before talking. "Sit down everyone; you may as well be comfortable." She waited till everyone had found a seat or in Jordan's case leaned against his desk. "I -- we -- were ordered not to say anything to you about the shifters living on Earth." She held up her hand to stop any questions. "I was only told after Cayden and I mated, and I was not even allowed to tell Cayden anything until we returned for this visit."

Cayden jumped in. "Marda was only following Dana's directives, Jordan. There was a reason, a good one why we have never stumbled across this race in our time on Earth."

Jordan tried to follow what Marda was telling them all, but the irritating hum in his mind was getting louder and louder, so much that it drowned out Marda's voice.

This had to mean something. But what?

What is wrong, brother? I can tell you are not listening to my mate's explanation.

Jordan glanced over at Cayden. *Ever since I arrived here I have been getting this buzzing, for lack of a better word, in my mind. It is getting damn irksome.*

Let me see, Jordan.

Jordan heard Cayden's mental gasp at the same time as he *finally* recognised what he was feeling. *The mate call! I am feeling the presence of my mate.*

Jordan stood up and strode quickly to the viewing window. He heard Cayden answering the questions that were asked about his actions. But he ignored them as he waved his hand and the wall became clear.

His attention zoomed in on the beautiful woman who took up a good part of the window. He brought her further into focus so that he could study her.

She was about five feet five inches, with short blonde hair cut so it feathered onto her face. He couldn't make out much about her body, with it clad in a lab coat. But her oval face was a work of art with her high cheekbones and creamy complexion.

What colour eyes did she have?

He took the viewing screen in until only her face and shoulders were visible. Noticing her light blue eyes, and Cupid's bow lips, his body hardened as he gazed upon his long-awaited mate.

Feeling a hand on his shoulder he said, "My mate, Cayden, she is my mate."

Cayden squeezed his shoulder in response.

Jordan drew in a deep breath before saying, "I need her."

"You can't go down there and teleport with her, Jordan. Let me bring her up here," Eilish stated.

"No, I must..."

"Eilish is right, Jordan. There are too many humans around. You need to meet her in private for the first time," Cayden cut in.

Jordan sighed. He knew that Cayden was right. There were far too many humans around. Someone was sure to witness it if he entered her lab but didn't come out again in the normal way.

"All right, but be quick. I do not know how long I can wait to be with her," he answered before turning his attention firmly on Micaela... his mate.

Chapter Seven

Micaela rubbed the back of her neck; she had a feeling someone was watching her. But she couldn't see anyone when she glanced around. Her room was totally enclosed and private; up to about seven feet, it was solid wall, then it turned to frosted glass. Great for letting in as much light as possible. There were security cameras placed in the room, and out in the corridors, but the sensation of being scrutinised did not come from the cameras. In fact she had paid attention to the scanning timeframe on them, and the sense of being watched was not the same at all.

Someone was watching her. Someone who didn't need to use the normal surveillance methods.

Shrugging her shoulders, Micaela turned her attention back to the files sitting on her desk. She gave her three choices another quick read, before deciding that her decision on wanting to interview these three was the correct one.

Each had had papers published as to their interest in alternative fuel sources. All had excellent references, although she could tell by the tone of some that their previous employers had reservations about their ideas.

What else was new? She'd had the same response with her own work. But now she had the opportunity to explore ideas that had been on her mind for years. Ever since she became aware of how hurt the world was, and how much damage the humans on the Earth had done it. That was the reason she studied so hard; it was all leading up to this point in her life.

But it looked like there might be a serpent in the garden. Or rather beings that were not humans, and not of her species... shape shifters.

Micaela turned around as the door opened and Eilish walked into the room with a smile on her beautiful face. Caela didn't sense any intent to harm or subterfuge from

either her or her sister. Now Rohan was another matter altogether, but again she hadn't sensed any harmful feelings from him.

She decided, as she had then, to go with the flow and when she went to her lodging at the local Alpha's home today, she would tell him all she had observed.

He was bound to know something or at least have the means to check these people out.

Eilish walked over to join her and said, "I see you have chosen your three for interviews. Were you happy with the choice of applicants?"

Micaela stood up and gathered the files in her hands. "Yes, thank you, Eilish; you all did a wonderful job of narrowing down the list for me. I think these three are the most promising though."

Eilish held out her hand for the files and glanced at the names on the flaps, before saying, "Yes, I think you're right; from what I remember these candidates were the best. Jordan is available now. I came down to show you up to his office."

Caela took off her lab coat and slipped her suit jacket back on. She hadn't really needed it on, but she felt more comfortable in her *uniform*. Following Eilish down the corridor then into the lift, she attempted to see if there were any clues from her scent. Anything that would give her away. It was frustrating not knowing what she was.

Exiting the lift, Micaela was once again hit by the delicious scent that had intrigued her at her interview. She looked right then left, trying to get a fix on the direction of the aroma. She noticed that Eilish had a grin on her face and she knew damn well she had seen her sniffing.

Great, now she'll think I'm weird. Micaela tried to keep herself from trying to find the owner of the scent, but it didn't work. The stronger it got, the more intense her reaction to it became, until all she could think of was her need to find the male it belonged to.

Because it most definitely was of male origin; the hint of musk was too strong to be otherwise. But more importantly -- she was certain it belonged to her mate.

Eilish stopped by the office door that Caela remembered from her previous visit. The owner of the room was present this time. She wanted to close her eyes and take his musky fragrance into her own body, so that it would be with her always.

Oh yes, this was her mate.

Her nipples were taut peaks against her blouse; she was glad they were hidden by her jacket. She hadn't even seen him yet, and her reaction to him was undeniable.

After a quick knock, Eilish opened the door and walked through. Micaela had to force her legs to work so she could follow her.

"Here is Dr. Annan, Jordan. Micaela, this is our boss, Jordan McCabe."

All Micaela could do was stand and watch as he came toward her. She was peripherally aware that Eilish said a quick goodbye and left the office. But she couldn't have answered her if her life depended on it.

This male was her mate. She could not deny that, to do so was to deny her wolf which had raised her head and confirmed this was her mate when she saw him.

Only problem was... he was no more human than the others! He stopped when he was beside her. Neither had uttered a word. None seemed to be needed. Both of them could only stare at each other it seemed.

Micaela began to take note of his appearance. Tall, that was her first impression. Tall and very well built. He had broad shoulders, and she could tell that he was very muscular under his jacket. It seemed to be bursting at the seams, with the fast and shallow breaths he was taking.

His shoulder length, dark brown hair was caught back at his nape. She couldn't see what held it in place, but it looked glossy and thick. The kind of hair she would love running her fingers through.

Her wolf agreed.

Looking up, way up, into his deep emerald green eyes, she found herself caught by his piercing gaze.

Trapped with no way of escape... unless he let her go.

Micaela tried to clear her throat. One of them had to say something -- anything. But he beat her to it. "My mate. You do not know how long I have waited for you, Micaela. I thought that I would never find you," he said huskily.

Caela didn't find it strange that he claimed her as his mate. Her wolf was clamouring to make her do the same. She kept quiet. She needed to think.

Away from him.

Away from the delicious, but confusing aroma of her mate. She started to back away, never taking her gaze off his face. Caela knew when he realised what she planned. A hardness filled his handsome features. His square, chiselled jaw firmed, and a frown grew on those kissable lips of his.

"Do not be frightened of me, little one. I would cut off my hand before I would harm you in any way." He lifted his hand and stroked his palm gently down one side of her face, before cupping her cheek in his palm.

Micaela was lost. The overwhelming sensations, the delicious and intoxicating scent of musky male flesh, made her throw caution to the wind. She leaned into his palm, then laid her own hand under his jacket on his breast bone. A shiver ran through him at her touch.

Jordan closed his eyes as Micaela ran her thumb over his nipple. It grew taut and hard in reaction to her caress. He shrugged off his jacket, and tore open the fastening on his shirt, giving her seeking hands access to his bare skin.

He had thought she was going to run for one moment, but after he touched her she was as caught up in the pleasure of finally being together as he was. Jordan still sensed she was unsure of him. Her brain waves were so different from a human's. Hard to pinpoint, hard to read. But he could feel her opening up to him the more he touched her and she touched him.

Slipping his hands under her jacket, he pushed it over her shoulders and down over her arms and let it drop on the ground. He brushed his fingertips over the hard points of her nipples through her blouse.

He had to touch her skin. To be as close to her as possible. To bind her to him in a way she could never want to escape.

And he knew he had to do this now. Right this minute, because he could feel the hesitation in her.

Not because he was her mate, but because of who he was. He knew she somehow sensed he wasn't any more human than she was herself.

"Open for me, Micaela. I need to taste you," Jordan whispered against her lips.

In his mind he was talking to her, hoping against hope that he would hit the correct frequency and be able to link minds with her. *I need to touch you, little one. Let me in, and allow me to pleasure you as you have never been pleased before.*

He knew his voice ached with his need to be part of her. She opened her beautiful light blue eyes, heavy and sensual in her desire for him. Jordan slanted his mouth over hers, and drank from her, tongues tangling, both fighting to dominate their first kiss. Then he felt the slight withdrawal of hers as she surrendered to his right to be the guide.

Jordan needed her, wanted to be skin to skin. It didn't matter that this was his office. He knew that if he took her someplace else she would find a way to deny what was happening between them.

It had to be here and now that he claimed her for the first time. Jordan broke away from her mouth with reluctance, gathered the edges of her blouse and ripped it apart. Micaela's gasp of surprise gave way to the aroma of her arousal. He took a deep breath and changed the nails in one hand to claws, cutting down the front of her bra with one sharp tip.

Micaela looked up into his eyes in shock. Jordan grinned wickedly at her, glad he had given her something else to think about. He unfastened her skirt and slid it over her hips. The sight that met his eyes caused his already hard cock to spurt pre-come.

She had on thigh-high stockings, and no underwear.

"Naughty girl. If I had known this was what awaited me I would have joined you in your lab instead of waiting for you here," he whispered in her ear.

Lifting her into his arms he carried her the short distance to his desk, and let her slide down his body. It was torture beyond belief to him. The warm, soft curves pressed against his harder male body, arousing both of them to the breaking point if their simultaneous moans of pleasure were any indication.

Jordan lifted her again until she was perched on the edge of his desk, then bent down and took one hard nubbin into his mouth. Sucking strongly on the taut bud, Jordan let the rosy tip pop out of his mouth, before paying attention to its twin.

He raked his teeth over her nipple before drawing it into his mouth, alternately licking and sucking.

Jordan felt Micaela unclip his hair from the clasp at his nape and run her fingers through his hair. She bunched up the long ends and bent forwards over his head. He heard the long inhalation she took as she drew his scent into her.

He was turned on as he had never been before. She smelt his hair and that made his cock spurt.

Jordan pulled back and opened the zipper on his trousers, letting his cock spring free. Micaela reached down and caught his hard length in her hand, moving up and down until he could take no more. "No, I need to be in you, little one," he growled, reaching down and running a finger over her drenched labia.

Her hips pushed against his hand and he knew neither of them needed any further foreplay. But he had to taste her before he claimed her.

Jordan dropped to his knees and inhaled her intimate scent, before bending closer. Tongue probing deep into her pussy, he drank her juices down, enjoying her unique taste.

Micaela cried out, body shuddering as she reached her orgasm. He continued to drink from her, fucking her slowly with his tongue as he let her shudders come to an end. Jordan withdrew from her reluctantly. He wanted more, much more of her essence, but he needed his cock in her body -- now.

He rose before her and pulled her hips forward until they were just off the desk. Micaela leaned back on her elbows, looking at him with a glazed expression in her eyes.

He positioned his cock at her entrance and made little forward thrusts into her tight depths. Finally he was able to sink deep into the warm and wet haven of her body.

Jordan groaned as Micaela's internal muscles tightened around his cock. Moving in and out, Jordan thrust harder and harder as he strived to reach his own pleasure. He didn't want to come alone, so he flicked his finger over Micaela's clit, rubbing it gently so that she too would reach orgasm again.

She made little gasping noises as her body continued to grip him tightly, until she screamed as her body convulsed around his cock, throwing him into his own intense eruption of pleasure.

Jordan fell across Micaela's body before burying his face in her neck. The throbbing of blood in her vein called to him, but he resisted taking her blood for the moment.

He wanted her in his house for that, so that he would be able to give her the explanations she would demand from him.

Reluctantly he let his cock slide from her wet depths. Taking a clean hankie from his pocket, he cleaned her of their combined release before looking into her eyes.

The glazed look had gone, but her eyes had warmth to them that he welcomed. Maybe this would be easier than he thought.

Eilish, clean up behind me, will you? I don't want Janet walking in and wondering what happened. I am taking my mate home with me.

Not waiting on a reply, Jordan lifted Micaela into his arms and teleported to his home.

Chapter Eight

Micaela couldn't believe she had just fucked her boss in his office. And within minutes of meeting him! Before she could ask him to let her up, he stood and lifted her into his arms... again. She would have to ask him to stop doing that.

The room disappeared before her eyes -- blankness -- then a strange room appeared around them. Jordan strode toward an adjacent door, which led into a massive bathroom. Micaela looked around with interest as he placed her on her own two feet, and turned toward the large walk-in shower cubicle.

His trousers disappeared as if by magic, and he turned and held out his hand toward her. "Come, we will shower; then we will talk."

She started to answer him, but he held up his hand, and said, "No, shower first, questions later."

Micaela sniffed with annoyance at his commanding tone. She would let him know how she felt about being ordered around... later though. A shower did sound good.

She removed her stockings then followed him into the cubicle and sighed in pleasure as the powerful jets of water hit her body in all the right places. Micaela raised her head to let the water wash the sweat from her face and neck. She was surprised when she felt Jordan's soapy hands massage her shoulders, but as he worked the knots from her muscles, she relaxed and let him continue. "That feels so good. I didn't realise I was so tense," Micaela murmured, turning to face him.

Jordan bent and kissed her passionately. He ran his hands down over her arms, then back up again, before cupping her breasts possessively.

He lowered his mouth to take possession of her nipple once more. Micaela was stunned at the waves of ravenous hunger that Jordan was projecting.

How was she picking up on so much of his emotions? His feelings? His desires for her?

Because you are my life mate, and I am yours, Caela.

Micaela's heart jumped, startled as she heard his voice talking to her in her mind. Never before had this happened. Only when she was in shifter form was mind to mind talking possible. "How?" she asked shakily.

Lifting his head from her breast, Jordan looked down at her with hungry, passion-filled green eyes. "My people communicate easily in this way. It was only a matter of time before I found the right frequency, for want of a better word, in your mind, so that we could talk this way too."

He must have thought she would accept his brief explanation as he turned his attention to her other breast without waiting for a reply.

Micaela forgot she wanted answers as the skin on her body became sensitised to his touch. She wanted and needed him deep in her depths again. She knew this was the mating heat, had heard how the need of the wolf must be met. But she hadn't realised it would happen so quickly to her.

Jordan was nuzzling her between one breast and the other. Micaela needed his mouth on her pussy. Her wolf demanded it. "Lick me," she ordered, pushing his head lower and opening her legs to give him access.

Giving a short laugh, Jordan did as she asked. Kneeling in front of her, he slid one finger into her wet pussy.

Micaela moaned as his large finger stimulated her, but it wasn't enough. "More," she gasped at him.

Jordan added another two fingers to her pussy. Caela gripped his hair in her fists as she tried to make him comply with her demands.

He withdrew his fingers and replaced them with his mouth, his tongue simulating his cock with an in and out rhythm.

She cried out as pleasure rippled through her body at his touch. "More! I need you in me, Jordan. Please."

Jordan withdrew his mouth from her pussy as she finished talking. He stood up and turned her so she was once again facing away from him. He took her hands and placed them on the two built-in soap shelves on the cubicle wall. "Keep them there. Don't move them."

Then he lifted her hips, bringing her bottom toward him, and thrust his hard, thick cock into her pussy.

Micaela moaned in delight as his hips thrust hard against her, driving his cock deep into her body, again and again.

He leaned over and gripped her wrists in his large hand. She could tell he wanted to, in fact needed to, dominate her. As it was what her wolf needed, she let him have his way.

Her body trembled as it was overrun with sensation. She felt as though she was going to explode from the feelings of pleasure that coursed through her.

Then she felt his mouth on her neck, licking and nipping at the sensitive skin. She felt one lick, then a second, and then the scrape of his teeth over her vein, followed by the pleasure/pain as his teeth sank deep into her jugular.

Micaela moaned as white-hot waves of sensation focused itself on two points on her body. Jordan kept her still as his body plunged and thrust into her. He possessed her in a second way as he took her blood into his body, linking them both for all time in the way of his people.

Micaela took the information direct from Jordan's mind. He had opened up a link between them that would never be closed. She could read that as plainly as if he had said the words aloud.

Her body shuddered as the overwhelming dual sensations of being possessed grew too much for her and she fell, or rather was thrust into another orgasm.

Jordan closed the wound he had made on her neck. At the same time his body thrust harder and harder as his cock spurted deep inside her.

Micaela slowly came down from the high she had just experienced, once again unlike anything that had gone before. Nothing had prepared her for domination like this.

Nothing.

Jordan moved back, letting his cock spring clear from her pussy. He drew her close to him, so close she could feel his still hard cock pressed between both of their bodies.

Caela didn't know what to say or think about how she had behaved with this stranger. It was unlike her normal sedate existence. The only time she let herself be true to herself was when she was in her wolf form. To have sex with someone she had just met was reprehensible to her.

"Don't think that, my mate. What we shared was beautiful. I won't have even you putting what we experienced in the category of just sex."

Micaela could hear the anger and frustration in Jordan's voice. He had been following her thoughts without her realising. How could she block him out again?

"You cannot, Micaela. We are life mates. I took your blood in the way of my people. It is irreversible," he said through clenched teeth.

Oh yes, she was pissing him off!

Micaela tried to find the path to his thoughts. If he could read hers she wanted to find the answers to the many questions she had for him. But try as she might she couldn't make the connection again.

"Why can't I read you any more? I was able to when we..." She broke off, not wanting to experience his displeasure by calling it fucking again.

"You have yet to drink my blood, my mate. I hoped you would have when we made love this time. But maybe you need to face me for that."

Micaela heard the question in his voice. He was partially correct; a shifter bit their mate to join with them for life. But she could have bitten his wrist if she had wanted to, to make the circle complete.

But she had found she couldn't contemplate taking that final, all decisive step. It was one thing to mate, have sex... fuck. Whatever the hell he wanted to call the act.

It was another to tie herself to this male, even though her wolf recognised him as her mate... when she didn't know what he was!

Chapter Nine

Jordan read her thoughts as easily as he heard his own. He should have realised things had happened too quickly for her. She needed time to come to terms with the fact that with him as her life mate, life as she knew it would change.

He reached up and pumped the soap from the dispenser into his hands, then started to wash Micaela once more. She seemed startled at his lack of response to her wild thoughts of a moment ago. But she repeated his actions, and to his delight rubbed over his chest and arms with soapy hands.

Jordan could tell from her gentle touches, not to mention her thoughts, that she found touching him pleasurable. The fact that she didn't want to feel that way he put out of his mind. Once he explained about himself and his people, she would understand why he couldn't wait to claim her.

He reached over and touched the controls to speed up the jets. The sooner they were cleansed and dry, the sooner he could explain things to her.

Turning off the water, Jordan led the way out of the cubicle, and reached for one of the towels sitting on the shelf. Wrapping one around his waist he picked up another and started to dry Micaela.

"I can do this myself, Jordan," Micaela said quickly.

"I know. I just like touching you, little one," Jordan said huskily.

Micaela pulled the towel out of his hands. She had the most delightful blush on her cheeks as she finished drying herself.

Jordan absently rubbed himself dry, keeping close contact with his mate's mind. There was no telling what she would decide to do. "Come through to the bedroom. We need to talk."

"I also need some clothes. You didn't bring them with us when you... moved us here." The last was said hesitantly as she followed him into his bedroom. Jordan watched as she took in the large bed that filled up a good portion of the floor space. He'd had it especially made. Not being of small proportions, even a super-king sized bed was not large enough for him to sleep comfortably.

Walking over to his built-in wardrobe, Jordan pulled out one of his shirts and moved closer to Micaela. "Here you are... you will feel more comfortable with something on."

She grabbed the shirt from his hands before turning away and slipping it on. Fastening the buttons, she turned back to face him. "Thanks, but aren't you going to put on something yourself?"

Jordan decided that although he could dress in the conventional method, he would show her some of his powers. He waved his hand and instantly he had a pair of jeans on... which he left unfastened at the waist.

Micaela blinked, and then looked up into his face, blue eyes showing their surprise at his seemingly careless use of power. She shook her head at him, and then said, "Talk. You said you would explain about who and what you are. I know you are not human, Jordan. Neither are your colleagues -- please, I feel like I am drowning here."

She said the last with a catch in her throat. Jordan pulled her closer to him, wrapping his arms around her and stroking her short hair. "I know this has been alarming for you, little one, but are you agreed that we are life mates?" Jordan put a finger under her chin and lifted up her face so he could see her expression.

Micaela attempted to move away from him, but he wouldn't let her go without a response. "All right, yes, I know you are my mate. But what are you, Jordan? Please tell me. But can we go to another room? I feel... unsettled in your bedroom."

He agreed; this was not the place to have a discussion about his roots. Without replying, Jordan teleported them to his den.

Letting Micaela go when she pulled away this time, he watched her as she looked around the cosy room. It was his favourite room in his home. He spent a lot of time here... or rather had spent a lot of time here in the past, before he and his fellow Ainen had something to aim for, a quest to achieve.

Taking the initiative, Jordan sat down in his favourite chair beside the open fire. Reaching out with his mind he ignited the ready laid peat, watching as it caught fire and heat began to fill the room.

Micaela glanced at the fire, then at him, before shaking her head and walking over to the chair opposite him.

Waiting until she looked at him expectantly, Jordan began to tell her about how he and his fellow Ainen had crashed on Earth.

"We found out the hard way that your sun is not like our gentle star. It claimed the lives of two of our tutors before we had even recovered from the crash landing." Breaking off, Jordan cleared his throat; even after two millennia he still grieved the loss of those two teachers.

"Once we recovered sufficiently, and after our remaining tutors gathered as much information as was possible from inside the ship, we decided that we needed to move around at night. But even with supplements to our diet that the ship provided, we were becoming ill, anaemic. We could only surmise, or rather our tutors did, that the sun and the atmosphere had something to do with the breakdown of our red blood cell count. It was by accident that we discovered that blood, fresh blood was needed."

Jordan broke off, waiting to see if Micaela had any questions she needed to ask.

She looked at him with a sympathetic look on her face, "It must have been horrible for you all. You were so young."

Jordan continued, "One evening, some of the natives gathered outside the ship's entrance. We had seen them from a distance many times. But as we didn't interfere with them, they left us alone. Perivel and Jaden, two of our tutors, went out to see what they wanted. We gathered close to the doorway, in case we were needed to help control their minds. It was as though a light was switched on. The instant that the two of them were

in close proximity to the natives, the scent of their blood drew them... and us as we were all mind linked."

"I know why you took my blood earlier; you let me see that it was part of the binding rituals for your people."

"Yes, we were born with incisors that retract. We use them to bring pleasure to our life mates, and to complete our mating link. But now we also use them to supplement our need to replace our red blood cells. Without this we would fade away and die."

"What is the name of your people, Jordan? How long have you been stranded on Earth?"

Jordan looked into the flames. This was the question he had been dreading. How would she react when she knew his age? "My family -- it is how we view each other, even though there is no blood connection. We are all called Ainen; we are the followers of the goddess Aine."

Micaela gave him a surprised look, one he couldn't read. "And your answer to my other question? How old are you, Jordan?"

Jordan drew in a deep breath. "We crashed on this planet over two thousand years ago, Micaela."

Micaela gave a startled laugh. "Goddess, talk about a slight age difference."

Before Jordan could answer her, he heard Cayden's mind voice. *Sorry to interrupt, Jordan, but there is a problem at the laboratory. You are needed here.*

Now? Right now? Cannot Rohan or one of the twins cope?

If it was that simple I would not have bothered you. But we need you here, Jordan.

Cayden's voice held a dry expression. Jordan knew he would have helped Rohan to deal with whatever the problem was if he had been able to. *What has happened?*

The delivery of the special sugar centrifuges for your mate has arrived damaged. Or should I say smashed to pieces.

What?

Jordan jumped to his feet, causing Micaela to spring to hers and lay her hand on his arm. "What's wrong, Jordan?"

"Cayden has just given me some disturbing news. I am needed at the laboratory. I will not be long. There is food in the fridge if you get hungry."

Jordan knew by the look on Micaela's face as he disappeared that he would have quite a bit of explaining to do when he returned.

Micaela watched in disbelief as Jordan faded from her sight. What the fuck was going on?

Then she thought... this would give her breathing space to get her thoughts together. She could ask the local Alpha's advice about the information she had gathered so far about this alien race.

And find out if he knew anything about them.

Caela walked to the front door of Jordan's home, and thanked the goddess it was in the country. She closed the door behind her and shifted into her wolf form. Lifting her nose, she scented the area. No one was close, so she took off at a trot in the direction of the grounds surrounding the house.

Coming to the back of the gardens she noticed a landmark she was familiar with. She couldn't believe how close Jordan lived to the Alpha. It was only a matter of about five miles across the moors near Loch Stemster till she would reach the little village of Achavanich where Morgan and his mate lived.

Micaela jumped the fencing easily and started to run in the direction of her lodging. She needed answers -- answers she hoped the Alpha could provide.

* * *

Breathing through her mouth, Caela slipped out from the shadows onto the back porch and wasn't surprised to find Melanie waiting to let her in. "Come in Micaela. Why are you in shifter form? Where is your car?"

"Let the girl change, Melanie. I can sense something is amiss," said Morgan as he stood by the kitchen table.

Caela started her shift, visualising her human form, with hands and arms instead of paws and legs. She was loath to give up her stronger, more powerful shape, but only as a woman could she get the answers she needed.

She saw the surprise in both their eyes when she shifted and they could see all she had on was a man's shirt.

Running her hand through her short hair, she said, "Can I have a drink of water please? I feel kind of thirsty."

She broke off as she staggered. The adrenaline of the last few hours had faded quickly. Morgan lifted her into his arms and carried her through to the living room. Placing her on the sofa, he stood back to let Melanie give her a glass with deliciously cold water in it.

Micaela drank slowly. She needed to gather her thoughts before asking her questions. After she finished she handed the glass back to Melanie and swung her legs to the floor. She felt more in control sitting than she had with her legs up on the couch.

"I think it's time you told us why you arrived home without your car, and without the clothes you wore this morning, Micaela."

Morgan's deep brogue brought her attention firmly back to him. Clearing her throat, Micaela said, "I met my mate at the laboratory today." Holding up her hand to stop their comments, Micaela continued, "But I also discovered something else, something unbelievable. He is not human, and neither are at least three others at the lab."

Micaela watched Morgan and Melanie. The Alpha showed no surprise at her words. Melanie's reaction was different. She clutched her throat when she heard that they were not human. But her eyes gave her away; she knew there were other beings -- aliens here in Scotland.

"You both knew about the Ainen," Micaela stated.

Morgan looked at his mate, and then nodded his head toward the door. Melanie left the room, closing the door behind her.

"Yes, we knew that four of the Ainen were running this complex of Ainen Industries. Only the Alpha and Enforcer pair has had access to this information. Let me continue. Micaela, you have found out something that as a pack member you would never have been privy to before."

He broke off as Melanie opened the door with a tray in her hands. Morgan got to his feet to take the tray from her. After closing the door Melanie poured out the herbal tea into a cup for each of them.

Micaela didn't know what to say in reply to this unbelievable information. "You knew and didn't tell me? Why not when you knew my wolf would let me know they were different, and not human."

Because I gave them instructions not to, little daughter.

Micaela dropped the delicate china cup and saucer as she jumped to her feet at the sound of the disembodied voice. She watched as a figure solidified, as the features became clearer so she could see it was a beautiful woman standing before her.

Her auburn hair flowed down her back in waves to her hips. Her green eyes were framed by dark lashes. Her face was oval with high cheekbones, set off with plump rosy lips. She stood a few inches taller than Micaela.

The Alpha pair stood and bowed their heads to the woman.

"Sit down, my friends. You know I need none of that," she said in a melodious voice.

Turning back to Micaela she glanced at the shirt she had on, before looking into her eyes. "Would you like to change into something more practical or are you comfortable in your mate's shirt, Micaela?"

Caela knew who this was, but she had never been one of the privileged few who she had appeared before. "I am fine as I am, my Lady," she said quietly, bowing her head as she waited for instructions.

"None of that from you either, my daughter. I want you to just call me Gaea."

Micaela was stunned by this development. What other revelations was she going to be privy to before this unreal seeming day ended?

Letting Gaea sit down first, Micaela and the Alpha pair followed, and waited until she began her explanation.

"I will start at the beginning, since you do not know these facts, Micaela. When the Ainen crashed on Earth -- and once I saw they were peaceful and made no move to hurt the humans living here -- I enclosed them in the protective barrier that I had placed around the whole planet. This hid them from others searching for them, because at the time I didn't know if these seekers were friend or foe. As the years turned to centuries, I saw the difficulties that would lie ahead. My human creatures would evolve, but would have no concern for anyone or anything that came after them."

Gaea broke off to accept a cup from Melanie. After a sip she continued her tale. "I was also becoming concerned about the Ainen. By this time they had submerged their space ship. They were good children, but I wanted to keep a close eye on them, something that was impossible for me to do alone, as they decided to split up into little groups to start exploring the planet. That was when I had the idea of creating a group of people who would police them, who would watch them and step in if needed."

"My Lady -- I mean, Gaea -- I know that you made the shifter race, but you have answered a question that has long troubled me. Why you made us."

"Yes, I knew that you wondered, just as quite a few of my people have wondered. But we are getting off the subject. After the shifters were made, I gave the task to the natural leaders among them to watch the Ainen. It was through trial and error that the present system of government came about. I am proud of my shifter sons and daughters; they have far exceeded my expectations."

After taking another sip of liquid, she continued, "There was one other reason why you were created, one that until now has been kept secret even from the Alphas. And that is that some of you in this present generation of shifters will be or could be mates to the Ainen."

Micaela could only stare at Gaea. She had created them with a dual purpose in mind all those long centuries ago? Why?

"Why did you do that? Why did you think we would need to become the mates for these aliens?"

Gaea frowned at her. "First of all, Micaela, they are not aliens to me. They have been part of my world for millennia; they are as much my children as my shifters are."

"I apologise, my Lady. I meant no disrespect."

Gaea reached over and took hold of Caela's hand. "I know you are stressed from the revelations of this day. But you have mated with Jordan, an Ainen warrior. You have to accept that fact or you will condemn both of you to a lot of needless suffering."

"I know he is my mate, Gaea... it's just all the other facts that are hard for me to accept." Micaela broke off as a knock, or rather a hammering, was heard on the door.

Chapter Ten

Jordan was pissed, both at the developments at the lab and the fact that Micaela had taken it into her head to run from him at the first opportunity.

He had been in deep discussion with the warehouse manager when he became aware of her intention to leave his home. Not being able to do anything about it at the time was hard for him to take. Then to discover that when she shifted he was unable to keep his link with her -- well, he was extremely unhappy with his life mate at that moment in time.

Once she changed forms, he had been able to follow what was happening. Her startled thoughts matched his and his family's when they discovered that the Alpha shifters had known about their existence. Then the connection was blocked -- not cut, but blocked.

And he didn't know what caused that to happen. The door to the cottage opened and a tall, well-built man stood there waiting for him to talk. "I am looking for my life mate, Alpha. Please be good enough to get her for me."

"I think you better come in, Jordan of Aine. There is much to talk about."

Jordan knew that the only way to get to Micaela without taking out the Alpha was to go along with his suggestion. Nodding, he entered the dwelling, and preceded the other man into the living room, his gaze going immediately to Micaela who stood beside a couch.

"Why did you run, Micaela? I told you I would explain further when I returned."

"Jordan -- I..." She broke off, looking at one of the other women who stood beside her, as though asking for help.

Jordan gave her a quick look, then another, closer one. "Oracle? How?"

The woman sighed and moved toward him, hands held out in welcome. "Ah, I wondered if you would remember this form, my brother. Yes, for a time I was the Oracle at Delphi, who you visited looking for answers," said Gaea softly as she took his hands in hers.

"Wait; let me get this straight. You met Jordan when you were the Oracle of Delphi? Goddess, how many identities have you played, Gaea? How many lives have you organised and used as pawns to fulfil your vision?" Micaela ground out.

Jordan broke away from the Oracle -- or Gaea as Micaela called her -- and pulled Micaela into his arms. She came into them eagerly, Jordan linked with her for the first time since entering the room. He was heartened by her reaction to him coming after her. She needed his comfort, which he was happy to provide.

"Take me away from here, Jordan. It's been too much for me to take in, too many new insights into how I viewed the world before today. I need time to take it all in."

Jordan didn't waste a second; he teleported them to Cayden's manor. He knew that both he and Marda needed to know exactly what Micaela had learned while he was unable to link with her.

And she needed to know about the damage to her equipment.

The warmth of the open fire was welcome after the slight chill of teleporting.

Cayden and Marda were curled up together on the fireside rug, glasses of wine in their hands. Cayden nodded to the table beside the sofa. "Help yourselves, we were expecting you."

Jordan drew Micaela with him toward Cayden and Marda, who stood up as they neared. Putting his arm around her shoulders, he introduced his brother and his life mate to his own mate.

Cayden pulled Micaela from Jordan's grasp and after hugging her he gave her red cheek a kiss. "You are most welcome, mate of my brother. This is Marda, my own mate of five years."

Marda was her enchanting self, and reached up to kiss Caela. "Welcome, sister. I know you have much to ask, but will you do us the courtesy of answering our questions first?"

Micaela glanced at him in inquiry. Jordan picked up two glasses of white wine and handed one to her. "Come, let us sit and discuss this. We know what happened up to the point where your Alpha let you know that some of the shifters knew about us. I was linked with you up till then -- but for some reason after that our link was blocked. I know from what you said at the cottage that the things you learned upset you. Will you tell us what happened?"

To Jordan's delight, Micaela sat close beside him on the sofa. He put his arm around her shoulder, and to his joy she smiled up at him before taking a sip of her wine.

Looking at Cayden, Jordan knew he was getting impatient, so he whispered in Caela's ear, "Tell us what was said, love."

"This has been a strange day for me. I learned that things are not the way they seemed before."

Jordan listened as Caela repeated what Gaea had told her. It was unbelievable. There was a shifter race in the world and they had spent centuries watching him and his Ainen family without their knowledge. How was this possible?

Cayden beat him to the question. "How was it possible for your race to hide themselves from us? You are the first person any of us have come in contact with that we could not read. That was the thing that triggered Aislin and Eilish to the fact that you might be more than human."

"Gaea didn't come out and say why, Cayden. But from what she said about her shield around the planet, I would think hiding our two races from each other would be child's play. She must have dropped the shield to let each of us sense the other when I came into contact with you all."

Before Jordan could ask another question, Micaela's stomach gave a loud rumble -- much to her embarrassment if the red cheeks she tried to hide on his shoulder were any indication.

Laughing, Jordan said, "I have neglected you, my love. I took your blood earlier, and I know you haven't had anything to eat since."

"You can both have something here with us, Jordan," said Marda.

Jordan caught the negative reaction in Caela's thoughts. "Thanks for the offer, Marda, but I think we need time alone. I know there are more questions to be answered. But tomorrow -- tonight I need to be with my mate."

Standing up, he pulled Caela with him and gathered her in his arms. "See you tomorrow." Then he teleported them to the kitchen at his home.

* * *

Micaela gave a sigh of relief as she sat at the table and watched Jordan pop a ready meal in the microwave. Not the best nutrition, but under the circumstances she would eat anything he gave her. She was both hungry and exhausted. The events of the day had finally caught up with her and she found it hard to keep her eyes open.

She gave a start when the bell rang, signalling the meal was ready. Jordan looked at her when he sat the plate filled with a pasta and chicken mix in front of her. "You were just about asleep, little one. Eat this and then we will go up to bed."

Micaela did as he suggested, watching his economical movements as he prepared his own meal, before sitting beside her to eat.

Forking the last mouthful of pasta into her mouth, Caela stood up and rinsed her plate before putting it in the dishwasher beside the sink. Then she turned to watch Jordan as he bent over to place his own utensils in too.

His wonderfully tight buttocks clenched and she found it hard to resist touching him. But she was tired, and needed her bed.

"Come on, little one. Let me get us upstairs, then it is bedtime for us both," Jordan said as he put an arm around her shoulders and teleported them into his bedroom.

"Do you have a spare toothbrush, Jordan?"

"Come in here and I will find you one."

Micaela gave her face a quick cleanse, and used some of the moisturiser sitting on the shelf, then brushed her teeth, before walking back into the bedroom.

"Take off the shirt and slip under the covers. I will be back shortly," Jordan said as he passed her heading into the room she had just left.

Micaela slipped off the shirt and slid between the silky sheets with a sigh. She knew it wouldn't take long for her to fall asleep.

* * *

Micaela stirred from her deep sleep, drowsy and still not quite awake, to the feel of Jordan's hands running over her breasts.

Sorry to wake you, little one. I need you so much.

His husky voice was too much for Micaela and her wolf to even try to deny. She turned into his embrace and lifted her lips up toward his.

Jordan took control of their kiss, his tongue taking hers in a duel of passion. She felt his hard body react to her light caress as she ran her fingers through his hair.

She was through with denying that she wanted this man for her mate. The way he had chased her down and the protective way he had cared for her made it impossible for her to deny his claim to her.

Jordan broke away from their kiss and bent his head to lick his way down to her breast, tongue swirling as he traced patterns over her skin before lowering his mouth further to take her nipple into his mouth.

Caela's body felt tight -- taut and so, so hot. It was as though her blood was boiling, and heating her whole body, and the only thing that would cool her down was Jordan... her mate.

Jordan's hands slid over her ribs and stomach, lingering a few moments before moving upwards again. He left one hard nipple before moving to the other, licking his way over her skin.

Micaela moaned in passion as her body clenched in pleasure at his touch.

"I need to be deep inside you soon, Micaela," Jordan said huskily before continuing his trail of kisses over her stomach.

When he reached her belly button, he swirled his tongue in the small indentation, then moved lower until he reached her mound.

Moving her legs apart, Micaela watched the expression on Jordan's face as he bent and inhaled her intimate scent. Her body reacted by releasing a flood of moisture, which Jordan licked from her labia.

Micaela jumped as his tongue brushed over her clit. That little bundle of nerves was so sensitive to his touch.

His fingers found her hot, wet centre, and he slowly inserted his finger deep into her pussy. He looked up at her, and withdrew his finger, before replacing it with two. "Tell me what you want, Caela. Tell me that you need me as much as I need you," Jordan whispered, as he moved his fingers back and forwards, in and out of her pussy.

Caela was turned on by his little comments, his unsaid demands for her surrender. Her skin felt as though it belonged to someone else as Jordan added yet another finger. She could do nothing as her body fragmented and shattered, as waves of pleasure washed over her. "Jordan, oh goddess, please come inside me. I need you so much," she moaned.

His answer was to remove his fingers from her depths, but he replaced them with his mouth. Caela cried out. Her body rippled around his tongue. It was too much; the pleasure was too much for her to bear.

She tried to move away, pushing at his head at the same time. But he held her still by grasping her hips in both hands. It was as though he wouldn't stop until she had given every ounce of her pleasure to him to drink. He was ravenous in his need to savour her essence. Caela was astounded by his desire for her, although why, when she was experiencing the same herself?

Her breath caught in her throat as the fire in her blood made breathing difficult. She reached out with her mind to Jordan. *Please, my mate, I can't take any more. I need you.*

She knew that was the signal he had been waiting for. She was so linked mind to mind with him it was hard to know where she finished and he began. They were intertwined, and nothing would separate them again.

Jordan pulled away from her pussy, licking his wet lips, fire burning in his eyes. "On your hands and knees, my mate."

Micaela did as he instructed as quickly as she could, turning over and bringing herself to her knees just before he gripped her hips in firm hands. "You are my mate, Micaela. Never will I let you leave me -- never!"

He ground out the last as he thrust hard, driving his hard, thick cock deep into her wet depths. Jordan held himself steady for one brief moment, letting her adjust to his size and possession, before moving his hips harder, deeper.

Too much, it's too much.

It will never be too much, Micaela. You know it, and I know it.

Caela moaned as white-hot streaks of lightning danced through her body as Jordan's teeth sank deep into her jugular vein. He only took a sip, but it was enough to fragment her body once more, driving her toward a stronger, deeper orgasm that seemed never ending.

Jordan waited until her body stopped shuddering, then pulled out and lay on his back and lifted her over him. "Ride me, my mate. Make me your own."

Micaela swung one leg over his muscled hips, steadying herself with hands on his taut, washboard stomach. She rose up, and then, moaning, sank down onto his thick cock.

Micaela knew what Jordan wanted; it was what her wolf was clamouring for too. She leaned forward and sank her shifted teeth deep into the muscle over Jordan's heart. His blood pumped into her mouth, and she drank in the delicious liquid. The taste was unlike anything she had taken before. So sweet, so spicy... so Jordan.

Licking over the pinpricks to seal the wound, Micaela raised herself up once more, and moved quickly up and down on Jordan's cock.

Looking into his emerald eyes, she saw the same look of passion, of possession, that she knew he read in hers. This link was amazing. She would always know where he was, what he was doing.

Jordan gripped her hips, moving her quicker than before. His body clenched, tensed, and then he emptied himself into her depths. She felt the hot jets of his come fill her pussy with his seed.

Caela collapsed on top of his shuddering, sweating body. He wrapped an arm around her as her pussy gave little contractions around his still spurting cock.

At last both of them lay still, bodies recovering from the amazing mating heat that had gripped them. Jordan stroked her hair in a soothing gentle way, which did much to quieten and slow her heart to more manageable proportions.

Micaela wasn't sure when this warrior of Aine had sneaked into her heart, but she could tell he was there to stay.

"I should hope so, mate. Because I know that you are in mine for all time. I will never let you go, Micaela. Never."

Micaela gave a little smile as she closed her eyes. She knew they had things to talk about, questions that needed answering. But tomorrow would be soon enough for those.

Chapter Eleven

Jordan looked over the Standing Stones, which marked and protected the space ship. They had decided it was best to leave it where it rested until they had the means to repair some of the critical instruments. It would soon be time for them to make forays into the ship itself. They had set up the hydroponics bay and carefully monitored the life support systems.

They were just about fully functional now. Enough for them to make little trips to access the database itself anyway.

He looked up at the sun; it was hotter than he liked. He still couldn't get used to being able to be out in the sun at the hottest time of the day. Taking off his jacket, he laid it over one of the stones, listening to its tale as he touched it.

They hadn't realised what their tutors had planned or left for them until it was too late to stop them. They had placed their life force into the very centre of these stones, so that the ship and its information would be available to him and the others when they needed it.

Jordan looked at his watch, Micaela should be along soon. She had wanted to talk to the Alpha pair. He was keeping a line open to her, but was giving her the privacy she asked for in talking to them.

He was suddenly aware of her presence. Looking around, he saw a female wolf loping toward him. As she reached him she started her change, until his mate stood before him.

She walked into his arms as though she missed the contact as much as he had.

"I did, my mate. You and I are mated in both your way, and the way of the wolf. With such a binding, it's impossible for us to be apart for any length of time. Not if we don't want to suffer the stress of separation."

"I know, I can feel it too, Micaela. Come, we have much to discuss with the others, and we have to find out who is trying to sabotage your work."

"It might not just be mine, Jordan. From what you told me earlier, there are a lot of experiments into alternative fuel and power sources going on at the lab. They could have just targeted any shipment. It might not mean anything personal."

"Until the perpetrator is caught, you won't be out of my sight for long," Jordan said in a firm voice.

"I think I can live with that, my mate," Micaela said softly as she looked at the Standing Stones. "This area appears different to me now. Before when I ran here, the stones didn't seem alive as they do now."

She walked over to the stone where his jacket lay, and placed her hand on it. Jordan stayed quietly in her mind, as she watched a vision from the past.

Micaela turned to him, tears in her eyes. "That was amazing. How can I see this now, when I couldn't before?"

"You are part of me now, Caela. You have Ainen blood in your veins."

"I saw you and Cayden, and another male. Who is he? He seemed close to you, Jordan."

Jordan swallowed a lump in his throat. "That was Jaden. He was my uncle." Micaela touched his arm, sympathy flowing through their link in waves. Covering her hand with his, he said, "It happened a long, long time ago, Caela."

"But I sense the grief has never left you, mate. I am here if you need to talk."

Jordan drew Micaela into his arms and kissed her. Tongues duelled, not for dominance but seeking to comfort. Micaela drew back and ran her palm down his face. Jordan closed his eyes, falling into her touch. He never wanted to be apart from her again, and didn't want this moment to end.

"I wish we could stay here together, and talk. But you promised me answers, and I need to tell you and the others what the Alphas told me this morning," Micaela said softly on a sigh.

Jordan took her hand, and teleported them to his office. He had made sure that the only ones near were his family. They had sent Janet off on another fact-finding mission. Poor woman must be wondering why they needed all this unusual information.

As they exited the dark space of between, he was pleased that everyone was there waiting for them in his office.

Micaela gripped his hand tighter as she became aware of their presence. He had kept the information from her. Jordan knew she was nervous about meeting them all together. But she was part of his family now, and the sooner she realised that the better.

"You know everyone here, Caela. There is no need to be uneasy," Jordan whispered, knowing the others would hear him. But if it made his mate easier, then it wasn't hard for him to give the impression of privacy.

Drawing a deep breath, Caela glanced up at him before turning toward the others. "Yes, I know everyone, Jordan. But it's different now. I know what they are and what they mean to you."

Eilish moved closer to them, holding out her hands to Micaela. "The only difference is that you are now part of our family, Caela. You are most welcome here as the life mate of our brother. And for your own sake. Never think otherwise."

Micaela grasped Eilish's outstretched hands, and gave them a quick squeeze in thanks.

"Good, glad that is settled; now tell us what you found out from the Alpha pair this morning, Micaela," Rohan growled impatiently.

Cayden turned toward Rohan, and silently chastised him before Jordan could say anything. Then he looked at Micaela, smiling. "Go ahead, Caela. If you could tell us, we would be grateful."

Jordan pulled out a chair and motioned Micaela into it, before sitting on the arm beside her.

"Gaea gave permission last evening to the Alphas of the shifter nations to make themselves known to the Ainen." She broke off at the gasps of astonishment from the

others, before continuing, "I was as surprised as you were, and I won't tell you what Morgan thinks of her decision. It's harder for him than me; I never knew about you before yesterday. But he and the others have kept their existence hidden from you, while at the same time they watched over you. It's going to be difficult for them to work openly with you."

Cayden leaned forward, elbows on his knees. "What I would like to know is how they kept themselves closed off to us? Or should I say, open mentally, but still hiding who and what they are. It was only when the others could not read you that we started to ask questions."

Jordan reached for Micaela's hand, rubbing his thumb over the back, letting her know he was there if she needed his help.

"I wondered about that too, Cayden. It seems that Gaea not only put a shield around you all, but she put a similar one around us, the shifters. She also taught the Alphas and Enforcers how to change their brain patterns to appear human to you. You never knew when you were working closely with a shifter because of this, as they kept that part of themselves hidden."

"Amazing. I cannot believe this has been going on for millennia," Eilish whispered.

Micaela looked over at Eilish. "There is more. The damage to the equipment here is not isolated. The new lab being built in central Europe has had some problems. Yes?"

"Yes, that is right, but Radek did not think it had anything to do with sabotage. Just delays in getting supplies on time," Rohan said.

Micaela shook her head. "No, according to the Alpha over there, it's more than that."

"Who is this Alpha, and how would he know that it is sabotage and not just delays?" Jordan asked.

Sighing, Micaela said, "Because he is the architect you hired to design the lab over there."

Rohan jumped to his feet. "We need Radek and Daegan to hear this too. It is not the same just linking with us."

Jordan agreed. The others had an open path to this discussion, but with this information, they needed their direct input. He opened his mind to Radek. *Rohan is correct. You and the others should be here, Radek.*

We will be there momentarily, Jordan.

He didn't have to say anything; the others heard his conversation and Daegan's answer. A moment later Daegan and Radek appeared. Neither was in a good mood by the look on their faces. The look momentarily faded as they smiled and moved closer to Micaela. "Salutations, little sister. You are most welcome to our family," Radek said.

Daegan lifted Micaela's hand, and kissed the back of it. "Yes, sister. Although the news you bring is not welcome, you most definitely are."

Jordan grinned at the blushing face that Micaela turned toward him.

I told you that everyone would be happy with you becoming my mate.

I know. It's just meeting everyone like this, when so much is going on.

Don't worry; once this discussion is ended, we are going to disappear for a few days to get to know each other better.

Micaela's cheeks grew redder.

"Did we understand you correctly, Micaela? Novak Debard is a shape shifter?" Daegan stated.

"Yes, he is the local Alpha of the Transylvania region of Romania. Before you ask, he is a wolf shifter."

"Let me get this straight. It has been fascinating linking into your discussions, but something you said jumped out at me and got me thinking. How many types of shifter are there, Micaela?" asked Radek.

Jordan squeezed Micaela's hand. She glanced up at him before she answered. "A few. Novak's preferred shape is that of a wolf. The Alpha situated in the Carpathian Mountains is a bear shifter. There are some feline shifters too."

"I know giving up your secrets is hard for you, Caela, but this is information we need. Would Gaea have told you to tell us if it was not?" asked Cayden.

"No, and it's why I am telling you all. You do need to know these things. Both our people have to find out who is trying to stop the research. And why."

"You are part of our race now, Micaela. Or will be soon. Jordan started your conversion but..." Cayden stopped as Micaela gasped in surprise.

"What? Jordan, what did you not tell me?" demanded Micaela.

"We exchanged blood, Caela. You had to know that would change you in some way," Jordan said.

"Well, of course, but how will that turn me into Ainen? I don't understand."

Jordan stood up and lifted Micaela into his arms and sat down with her on his lap. "The Ainen are a long-lived people, Caela. I do not just want you for fifty years; I want you for as long as I am alive," Jordan whispered in her ear.

"But how will it affect me as a shifter? Will I still be able to change? I love my wolf shape."

"Of course you can still change; in fact, you will find your shifter abilities will grow stronger with my blood in you. Not only mine, but Marda's special blood too. It is that which has enabled us to walk in the daylight as I explained to you this rising."

Micaela laughed. "I have always been able to go out in the sun, Jordan. But I do understand you; it's just another thing I will have to cope with. And don't think you are getting off with this brief explanation, mate."

Jordan breathed out a sigh of relief. She would let it drop for the moment, but he knew she deserved further information on what his blood would do to her. Increasing her life span was only one of the benefits. Add Marda's blood into the equation, and you weren't talking hundreds, but hundreds of thousands of years together. How many, they still had no idea, a side effect that they were all still trying to take in themselves.

They knew how Caela felt to some extent.

"What else can you tell us about this sabotage, Micaela? Why does Novak think that is what it is? He has said nothing to us," said Daegan.

"You will find he will be open to you when you see him next. Be patient with him. He is set in his ways. Gaea told Morgan that there is trouble rising with the major power sources in Russia and the Baltics. They don't want anyone coming up with different, less expensive means of fuel and power. Or a way to protect and nurture our environment for the generations that follow, not if it will cost them in lost revenue."

Jordan saw the worried looks on everyone's faces. They hadn't dreamed that anyone would be against their efforts to help heal the Earth. No, this wasn't good news at all.

Chapter Twelve

Micaela sat contentedly on Jordan's knee listening as they all planned how to handle the terrible news she brought to them. They were resourceful in their plans. She was sure that with the shifters working together with these people, a solution would be found.

But now she needed her mate. The mating heat was once again flowing through her. And if she didn't get Jordan to herself soon, she would attack him with his family present.

Soon, little one -- I need you as much as you need me.

I am burning up, Jordan. Please, I can't wait to... Micaela broke off her plea to Jordan when Marda interrupted the men's discussions.

"I think we should take this somewhere else, everyone. Jordan and Micaela need time to themselves. We can tell them what we decide later."

Cayden looked over at Jordan and took in Micaela's condition with a grimace. Caela knew she was burning up. She was desperate to have Jordan inside her once more. Jordan was too, if the rock hard cock pressed against her buttocks was any indication.

Thankfully the others recognised her need, because they all disappeared with a quick goodbye on their lips.

Micaela turned to face Jordan, slanting her mouth over his lips. Tongues touched, twisted together, and hands tore open their clothes. Seams ripped and buttons popped as they sought the other's body -- to touch and caress each other's burning skin.

Jordan cupped her breasts in his large hands. His thumbs rubbed roughly over each nipple, stimulating the buds into taut peaks that begged to be sucked.

Caela drew in her breath as Jordan bent his head and took one rosy peak into his warm mouth. She closed her eyes, groaning as sensation swept through her body. Tingles ran from her nipple down to her pussy and back, in one continuous loop of pleasure. "Please, stop, it's too much, Jordan. I need you inside me; we can play later. We waited too long."

Micaela knew she was begging, but she didn't think she could stand any further stimulation.

Jordan lifted his head from her breast, eyes slumberous and heavy with desire. Thankfully he saw the truth in her words, because he lifted her off his lap, and pulled her trousers and underwear down in one fluid motion. Standing up, he unzipped his trousers, before pushing them down past his hips, sitting down again and pulling her toward him.

Micaela gave a sigh of relief as she sank down onto his hard, thick length. She groaned in pleasure as her pussy immediately began to spasm around his cock. She didn't need any further stimulation; all she needed was his thickness in her contracting depths. Jordan held her until she regained some control of her body once more. The small orgasm she had just had was not enough, not by a long shot. The mating heat was still burning in her. Thankfully he was still hard inside her.

Running a hand over her back, Jordan said, "Are you ready for round two?"

Giggling, Caela said, "Bring it on, mate. Bring it on."

Jordan answered by gripping her hips and moving her up and down on his cock. Micaela picked up his rhythm quickly and took over as he reached up to play with her breasts.

She rose up just far enough to leave the tip of his thick erection in her wet depths, then dropped down again with a moan as he filled her up again. Repeating her motion again and again, she rose in time to the pinches and caresses of Jordan's fingers pulling her nipples. Caela gasped when he bent his head to take one tip then the other in his waiting mouth, sucking and nibbling from one breast to the other.

Jordan lifted his head to whisper, "Faster, mate, faster."

Micaela's motions sped up as she used Jordan's shoulders to steady her movements. Then she felt the familiar tingle and warmth start on her neck, travel down to her breasts, her tummy and right to the centre of her being. Her pussy contracted around his rampant cock, and Caela felt the warm spurts of Jordan's release at the same time that a groan of masculine pleasure burst from his lips.

She leaned closer to her mate and kissed him as they were both caught up in the physical pleasure of their bodies.

Micaela stroked Jordan's damp hair as his shudders stopped and his harsh breathing returned to normal. Her own heart rate was slowing, settling down. She was exhausted.

For the second time in two days she had fucked her boss in his office. Did she have no shame?

Laughing at her thoughts, Jordan whispered in her ear, "If you are shameless, what about me? You could charge me with indecent behaviour."

Giggling, Micaela lay draped over her mate's sweat damp body, and thanked the goddess that she had met him.

Jordan roused himself minutes later with an effort. "We should go home, little mate."

"I just want to stay here for a little while longer, Jordan." She broke off, wondering how to ask him something that had been bothering her since yesterday.

"When I was in my lab, I felt I was being watched. But I couldn't correlate it with the security cameras. What caused that feeling? I think you know as it was just after it that Eilish came to bring me here -- to you."

Jordan brushed her damp hair from her cheeks, and sat up, taking her with him. "You are correct, you were being watched, my mate. I am going to show you something that is known only to our people. It is something that must be kept secret, as governments would kill for the advantage that this technology would bring them," Jordan said seriously.

"I would never betray you or your people, Jordan. You must know that!" said Micaela indignantly.

Jordan stroked her hair, and gently kissed her lips. "Of course I trust you, Caela. I just want you to understand that not even your Alphas must find out about this."

"Oh! Yes, I understand. Someone somewhere *might* let out the secret by mistake. It's better that the secret remains that -- just in the family so to speak."

"Exactly."

Jordan stood up and stepped out of his trousers, letting them pool onto the floor. Taking Micaela's hand, he led her over to the viewing wall, grinning at her glance of mystification at his actions.

"Do not worry, little mate. All will be revealed... now." As he finished talking, he activated the viewing screen with his mind, then put his finger under Micaela's chin and closed her open mouth.

"Goddess! This is amazing. You can see everything. All the individual labs. How does it work?" Micaela knew she was babbling, but this was out of this world. Well, it was an *out of this world* technology that had created it.

Jordan stood behind her, running his hands up and down her arms, before moving them under her arms and around her body. His chin rested on her shoulder as she looked at all the little individual windows which showed the technicians busy working in their labs.

"Link with my mind so you can see how to use the window," Jordan whispered in her ear. She shivered at the husky tone he used, so sexy.

Micaela watched as Jordan brought one particular laboratory into larger and closer vision. Blinking, she was startled to recognise one of the technicians present in the window.

"I know him; he was in my year at university in Edinburgh." She laughed, remembering how her friend had had a crush on him. But she hadn't stood a chance; he was more in love with himself.

"What do you think he would do if he looked up and saw us, both of us standing here naked? Would he be shocked, or would he want to join us?"

Micaela jumped in shock at Jordan's questions. She suddenly became aware that she was indeed naked. She had become so comfortable around her mate that it hadn't registered she was naked... in his office.

An office that anyone could walk into at any time at that.

"No one will come in here, little mate. My family is keeping everyone well away from us. Do you honestly think I want anyone else to see what is mine?"

Glancing back at the serious look on her mate's face, Caela saw the truth in his statement. It was all well for him to play little games, making her imagine someone watching them. But he was too much an Alpha male to share her with anyone.

Which brought up yet another question. No doubt there was a good reason for Marda's scent to have been present on him yesterday. Very faintly, but present.

She could wait for her answers. Somehow she knew it would have been for a very good reason.

She decided to play his game; who knew where this might lead.

"I think he would be both. Shocked, but then he would want to join in, Jordan," she whispered before looking back at the window.

Jordan reached round and cupped her breasts, plucking the hard nubs as he nibbled at her earlobe. Micaela shivered as his warm breath touched her sensitive neck. She pushed her bottom into his groin, loving the groan of male pleasure he made, and the feel of his hard cock twitching against her skin.

"He is looking at you. He wants to touch these beautiful breasts, but I will never allow that. I am not finished playing with them yet. He comes closer, and kneels in front of you. You feel his warm breath on your labia."

Micaela shuddered as Jordan moved one hand down over her tummy, and then brushed over her pussy. She opened her legs so he could touch her.

"Good girl. Open your legs for him, let him lick away all the juice you have made especially for him. Look how he loves the scent and the taste of you. He is opening up

your pussy lips, looking at that deep pink centre with its little bundle of nerves. Do you want him to touch you?"

Micaela groaned as Jordan ran his finger back and forth over her clit. Gently at first, then harder, in time to his plucking of her nipple and the bite on her ear. She was overwhelmed with the sensation of pleasure on three separate parts of her body.

When he took her clit between his thumb and forefinger and squeezed, her body fragmented, broke into little pieces of pleasure that centred on Jordan and her pussy.

Shuddering, gasping for breath, Micaela came back to awareness, as Jordan moved her closer to the viewing window. "Put your hands on it."

Micaela leaned forward and waited as Jordan went to his knees behind her. She felt his warm breath on her buttocks, before he licked her, and then opened her legs wider. She felt the touch of his tongue as he ran it over her wet labia, before he entered her pussy.

His tongue moved in and out, licking her, and then his teeth grazed over her sensitive clit. Micaela jumped at the unexpected roughness after his gentleness. But it only enhanced her pleasure. He withdrew his tongue, but inserted his fingers instead, lapping up her juice as it flowed from her pussy at his actions.

Jordan stood up and gathered her close to his body. "I am going to fuck you now. Keep your eyes on him. He wants to be the one who is inside you... whose cock is squeezed by your warm wet muscles, deep in your pussy. But there is no way I will let him do that."

Micaela gasped as Jordan thrust deep into her depths. He stopped when he was balls deep, breath harsh against her ear, as he blanked the viewing window. "This is just you and me now, Micaela. This is the way it is always going to be. No matter what else happens, how much we play, it will always be just the two of us."

Micaela turned toward him, hearing the vulnerability in his voice. She put as much reassurance into her answer as she could. "I will never want anyone else, Jordan. I mated with you in the way of the wolf. That means that no one, and I mean *no one*, can touch me in this way. My body will only accept my mate. Only you."

Jordan drew a deep, ragged breath and sighed. "I am not normally so possessive, Caela. Having you as my mate is so new to me. It makes me wonder how Cayden..."

He broke off, but Caela could put two and two together. Micaela reached back and kissed a red-faced and nervous Jordan. "Don't worry, my mate. I worked out for myself your past relation to Marda. You stank of her yesterday. But from your thoughts just now, I think what I should feel is not hurt or anger, but gratitude that she helped you cope with your loneliness."

Jordan sank his face into her neck. "Thank you."

"You don't have to thank me. You just have to make love to me, mate. I need you to move."

Laughing, Jordan thrust his hips forward then back, taking the tip of his cock to the very entrance of her pussy before pushing forward once more. He increased his movements at the same time he licked her neck once, then twice before sinking his teeth deep into the vein in her neck.

The pleasure/pain of his bite caused Micaela to gasp in pleasure. His fingers pulling on her nipples grew rougher as he drank down her blood.

Micaela grasped one of his wrists in her hands and brought it to her mouth. She licked over the vein, tasting his salty skin before shifting her teeth and biting slowly into his vein.

Jordan broke away from her neck, crying out as his cock spurted, and his body shook. She felt him lick the little wounds he made, closing them, before gripping her hips and thrusting faster and faster in time with his spurts.

Micaela withdrew her teeth from his wrist and licked over the pinpricks as she felt the tightening of her body, signalling her impending orgasm.

Her pussy clenched around Jordan's spurting cock. His gasp of pleasure was echoed by her own moan of delight. Micaela was only partially aware when Jordan withdrew from her and gathered her up into his arms.

She really would have to tell him not to keep carrying her any time he fancied. But for now, she was perfectly happy and content to be where she was.

She was home.

Epilogue

Eilish tried to block the thoughts of Micaela as she made love with Jordan. Once she had linked with her through Jordan, Eilish had found herself fascinated with Caela's thoughts and reactions to her mate.

But this was unfair of her. They both deserved privacy for their intimate moments. With reluctance, Eilish separated herself from their minds, and concentrated on the discussion about the lab in Romania.

She knew that she was needed over there, had known for some time that something was pulling her in that direction. But she had put it out of her mind, as she enjoyed working here in Scotland, and she hadn't wanted to leave Aislin. But after finding out about the shifters, and that they *could* become their mates, she knew that was where she needed to go...

Kyla Logan

Kyla Logan was born and raised in Scotland and now lives about thirty miles north of her birthplace. She lives in a quiet area along with her sons and own life mate of many years. Kyla thinks living in Scotland is wonderful and likes to go away for long weekends with her husband in their caravan whenever they have the chance. One of their favourite areas to visit is the Stirling region which is brimming with historical places to see. Their all time favourite overseas holiday destination is Greece. Every chance Kyla gets, she tries to see more of this fascinating country. The variety of the individual islands makes for a different holiday experience every time they go.

Kyla's hobbies include spinning, making paper, and some stitching techniques. Her favourite books to read are paranormal erotic romance, from shape shifters to vampires, mermaids to futuristic. So it seemed natural to her to start writing in the erotic romance genre. And thanks to the encouragement of her husband, family and friends, now she has someplace to share all the ideas that have been running around her head for years. Visit Kyla at <http://www.kylalogan.com>.