

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



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Lunewulf Law

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LUNEWULF LAW

Lorie O'Clare

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Suburban: General Motors Corporation

Chapter One

Sophie jumped out of the car the second Gertrude put it in park. "It's a perfect day. I swear I can smell the leaves changing."

"I smell males." Gertrude got out on her side, grinning from ear to ear as she inhaled deeply.

"You're such a whore." Elsa climbed out of the backseat. She pulled her long hair off her back and stretched.

"No, my dear youngest littermate. I'm not a whore," Gertrude corrected her.

"That's right," Sophie added. "We're sluts. Whores make you pay for it—we just beg for it."

She and Gertrude broke out in a fit of giggles. Elsa rolled her eyes. "It's hard to believe we're whelped from the same sire and bitch," she said, curling her lip and growling at the two of them.

"Elsa," Sophie said, brushing up against her youngest littermate and wrapping her arm over her shoulder. "You can't tell me that at least some of these males don't get you hot."

She gestured at the field in front of them, which quickly filled with most of their pack members. Thursday night was her favorite night of the week. The entire pack, or at least most of them, congregated in the back hills of their property for a midnight run once a week. As she looked around, holding Elsa close to her side, uncontrollable energy made her heart pound harder.

"We've known everyone here most of our lives. I don't understand why any of them would turn you on." Elsa pushed away from Sophie. "I'm going to go find Johann. At least I know I'm safe with him."

"Let her go," Gertrude said, shaking her head. "I'm afraid our little littermate craves new adventures. Maybe if she sniffs around a bit, she'll find someone who appeals to her."

"Sounds like a plan to me." Sophie watched Elsa leave. "But Elsa won't find anyone with Johann. He'll keep her on a tighter leash than Grandmother would."

"Not our problem. I know where you'll be sniffing." Gertrude suddenly sounded like the older littermate, her eyebrows rising with her all-knowing look. "It's no secret you ache to go belly up for Nik Alexander."

"So what if I do? It's not like I'm a cub anymore."

"Just don't let Grandmother catch you rolling around in your fur. She'll put a choke collar on you."

"Like hell she will."

Gertrude pointed over Sophie's shoulder. "Speaking of the old bitch, here she comes now."

Sophie looked in the direction Gertrude pointed and made a face at the approaching Suburban. "Time to get lost," she muttered.

"You know if we don't run together she won't let us attend these anymore."

"Then we'll run together. There's nothing wrong with mingling first though," Sophie said, waving at her littermate and then trotting across the field, quickly out of smelling distance from her grandmother.

Cars and trucks were parked in rows just off the end of the old gravel road that lined the edge of Grandmother Rousseau's land. Over a hundred acres spread out before her, gorgeous countryside that had been in her den now for several generations. Their pack was blessed. She'd heard it all of her life. They would run in their fur tonight, free from any care or worries of humans interfering. Everything around her, as far as she could see, was werewolf land.

"And where do you think you're going, little bitch?" Nik grabbed her hair, stopping her in her tracks, and tortured the side of her neck as he whispered against her flesh.

"Just checking out the scenery." She sucked in a breath, inhaling Nik's rich scent deep into her lungs.

His grip on her hair stung at the base of her neck. The slight pain created sparks of desire inside her —eager lust she was sure he'd be able to smell.

"Oh really," he growled. "And without an escort?"

She grinned, turning her head as best she could with his hand gripping her hair. "Over half the pack is around me, wolf man. I think I have plenty of escorts."

"You have all the escort you need now. You'll do well to remember that."

"And what's that supposed to mean?" She loved how his eyes turned bright blue when he stared down at her.

"No respectable single bitch runs without an escort."

"And I would be respected running with you?"

He growled, yanking harder on her hair so that she arched her back, feeling her breasts stretch against her sweater. Her nipples hardened, and more than anything she wished he would touch them, rub his fingers over them and soothe the growing itch that created pressure deep inside her.

But already she was sure more than a handful of concerned werewolves watched the two of them, keeping an eye on the Rousseau bitch, granddaughter of their pack leader.

"Run with another werewolf and he dies," Nik promised her.

Sophie smiled, praying she looked coy. "I'll keep that in mind."

He let go of her hair, turning around and brushing his fingers down her neck. "Is there another *lunewulf* you would howl after?"

He really did wonder if there was. She saw it when his jaw hardened and his mouth formed a thin line. Ever since high school, she managed her schedule so that she saw Nik as much as possible. He worked in town doing construction and she and her littermates didn't go into Prince George that often. Grandmother didn't like being around humans. But Sophie got as involved with the pack as she could, which Grandmother approved of, and it allowed her to see Nik several times a week at least.

"If I see one, I'll let you know," she teased.

Nik growled and wrapped his fingers around her neck, squeezing slightly. He didn't find the humor in her words. Then, grabbing her shoulders, he turned her so that her backside pressed against his front. She stifled her gasp when his hard cock pressed against her lower back. The rich smell of lust swarmed around them.

"Look around you," he whispered next to her face. "Most of the pack is here now. Tell me what male appeals to you."

She made a show of looking around the field where a lot of the pack mingled, talking and laughing and getting wound up for the run. Mated couples formed circles, discussing their dens. The unmated males took potshots at each other, showing off for the unmated females who grouped together in a circle nearby. Sophie heard their laughter, watched while some of the bitches whispered to each other. The chilly night air brought the fresh smell of evergreen down from the mountains. She also smelled the testosterone flying while the males fought and energy mounted. It would be a good, hard run tonight, and afterward, many would get laid.

Would she be one of them?

"I have so many to choose from." There were at least twice as many males her age as there were single bitches. Although the only one she wanted stood right behind her.

"Is that what you want, little bitch?" he asked, his mouth close enough that after he asked her, he nipped at her ear. "Do you want *lunewulfs* at your beck and call? A different one to fuck every day?"

"Where would you be in that line?" she asked, turning her head and looking into eyes that were now laced with silver.

"I would control that line." His determined expression stole her breath.

She couldn't stop her smile. Forcing him to let go of her, she turned and his arms wrapped around her. She grabbed his shoulders, leaning against him and then biting his lower lip. The way he growled his approval made her insides boil.

"That's all I want," she confessed, her heart suddenly pounding in her chest.

If it beat any harder, her bones would ache to stretch. Already blood flowed through her fast enough to bring on the change, transform her into the beautiful creature who would control the night.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"You," she answered quickly, forgetting that she meant to be coy, to tease him and make him wonder.

Nik straightened, looking down at her with an incredibly satisfied and dominating expression.

"You'll have me, sweet bitch. That's a promise."

She opened her mouth to say something, to tease Nik further, when a car horn honked and she almost jumped out of her skin. Nik pressed her to him, tightening his grip with his arms around her waist. They turned toward the car that honked, as did the rest of the pack. It was time for the run to start.

"I better head over to where my littermates are." She hated pulling away from him. "It sucks being herded with all of the single bitches."

"Tell me you don't enjoy all the males drooling over you." He squeezed her ass and then ran his fingers up her spine and tangled them in her hair. "The group of bitches gets all the attention on a run. You love that, little bitch. Don't you?"

"What female wouldn't love all the attention?" She smiled up at him but then reluctantly put a few inches distance between them when the pack began congregating.

"Just remember who is watching you." Blond hair fell straight around his face and one lock brushed over his forehead.

"I thought all the males would be watching me," she teased, pulling away from him when he looked like he might bite.

"I'll be watching you." The look in his intense gaze sealed that promise.

She wanted to say something fresh, something to keep his attention—like she would be sure to put on a show for him. Or maybe she should say, "*make sure you don't sniff out anyone else.*" But when she stared into his blue eyes and watched as silver laced them and his teeth grew and pressed against his lips, there was no doubt in her mind that this wasn't a game.

"Good," she whispered.

"Hurry over and join the bitches." He swatted her rear end. "And undress where I can see you."

Suddenly there was a lump in her throat. She nodded, feeling stupid that words had escaped her, and trotted toward her littermates before he smelled her sudden uneasiness.

"That looked like more than casual flirting." Gertrude grabbed her arm and dragged her toward a clump of evergreens. "What were you two talking about?"

There were times when her oldest littermate was a real pain in the ass. But Sophie knew that Gertrude had her tail when things got rough. At the moment though, she wasn't sure what to say.

She blurted out the main thing on her mind. "He told me he would be watching me."

"Who's watching you?" Simone, her cousin, came up behind them and sniffed Sophie's shoulder. "Someone smells like she might get some tonight."

Her laughter made Sophie blush and she was grateful they were still in their human forms and it was dark. She let her hair fall over her shoulder while bending over to undo her boots.

"If anyone gets any tonight, I'm sure it would be you," she retorted.

Simone plopped down on the ground and slid her boots off then leaned back to undo her jeans. "Who are you —"

"Shush, Simone." Gertrude kicked her shoes off then put them next to each other by the tree. "Come on, Sophie. His paws were all over you. And I know you. You don't let just any *lunewulf* grope you like that."

"Who all saw us?" Sophie glanced around them, feeling her insides begin to boil as the change rumbled to life.

Most of the single bitches surrounded them. The mated couples created a line where they chatted amiably while undressing. On the other side of them were the males. They would run in this order. The older pack members and those with mates ran in between the single males and females. In their fur, the most basic of instincts prevailed. Once, packs didn't allow single females to enjoy pack runs. Grandmother Rousseau ran a conservative pack. But at least she walked far enough into the twentieth century to allow females this much freedom. Sophie doubted the old bitch would ever realize they were in the twenty-first century now.

"I could smell the lust on you two all the way over here." Gertrude made a face although she really didn't look repulsed. "Is he going to fuck you?"

"Shit. Now you sound like Simone." Sophie rolled her eyes, all too aware of the excitement that tingled inside her. "But I tell you, I sure as hell wouldn't say no."

"Damn. I miss everything. Who the fuck are you talking about?" Simone stood up, barefoot, with her jeans undone and her hands on her hips. "Don't make me prance over to those males and sniff around until I find your scent."

"God. You'd do that too, wouldn't you?" Sophie fought the urge to laugh and wring her cousin's neck at the same time.

"If you weren't so busy trying to get your own piece of tail, you would have seen the obvious." Gertrude stuck up for her. "At least Sophie isn't running with every single male out there."

"I want to make sure I find the best one," Simone said, smacking her lips and stretching to see past the mated couples where the single males were making enough noise to wake the dead. "Which one are you going to fuck?"

"I think it might be more than just fucking him," Sophie confessed quietly and both bitches turned on her with serious gazes. She stood slowly and then pulled her sweater over her head. The chill in the air did nothing to cool the fire burning inside her. "And I'm talking about Nik Alexander. You keep your claws away from him."

"Well, well," Simone said, raising her plucked eyebrow. "You've got good taste."

Sophie bit her lip so she wouldn't ask Simone what she knew about Nik. It was no secret that her cousin ran a bit too loose in the meadows late at night with the single males. She couldn't fathom the idea of her fucking Nik. It left a foul taste in her mouth.

Gertrude wrinkled her nose. "God, Simone. Tell her that you haven't fucked Nik before she stinks up the air with jealousy."

Sophie smacked her littermate, hoping she looked like she didn't care what he'd done in the past.

"I haven't fucked him. Chill out." Simone slid out of her jeans and underwear then popped the clasp free on her bra. She stretched before them, naked, and raised her arms in the air. "Good luck with your male," she said, and then let the change consume her.

Sophie looked over toward the single males. It was dark. Most of the pack seemed to be between her and where Nik would be. She hurried and undressed, tossing her clothes in a pile by Gertrude's and then exhaled, giving in to the hard thumping of her heart.

The blackness of the night faded. Dark shadows around her turned to shades of gray as her eyes changed. The smells of the night became more distinct—the grass and dirt underneath her feet, the ripe sweetness of the evergreens and the excited, eager smells of her pack members all flooded her senses.

Autumn was right around the corner, and in British Columbia that meant that the nights already had a fresh bite to them. She shivered, suddenly aware of how cold it was. But the chill simply made her feel more alive.

Will you fuck me soon, wolf man?

Her last thought in her human form became her primary focus as her mind shifted. Chills covered her skin, prickling her flesh. Her beautiful white coat poked through her skin, spreading over her and offering warmth. She stretched, feeling her flesh harden as she grew stronger. Bones and muscles contorted and popped, changing form and making her feel more alive. Within moments her spine had altered, no longer shaped to hold her on her hind legs.

Sophie fell forward, landing on all fours, and sniffed the air. *Lust is heavy in the air tonight.* And she knew the musky aroma came from her.

Gertrude turned toward her, nipping her cheek while she yelped with excitement. Simone barked at the two of them and then leaped forward, breaking into a run.

The pack needed no announcement to take off. Sophie tore her claws into the ground, racing across the meadow with her littermate and cousin on either side of her. The earth trembled underneath her paws as *lunewulfs* ran at full speed around her. The most dangerous predator around, intelligence mixed with deadly skills—tonight the world belonged to them. Sophie had never felt more alive.

She searched the pack, glancing past the couples running alongside her. If she made a show of searching the males, the couples would notice and close in around her. They

all seemed to love making a show out of any single bitch who got too adventurous. And the last thing she needed or wanted was to be labeled as a bitch who would raise her tail for any male.

Because that wasn't how it was, no matter how she and Gertrude teased Elsa about being loose bitches. Already some of the mated bitches ran alongside Simone. Her cousin's reputation was a mess, and for the life of her, Sophie had no clue how Simone managed to get out and fuck so much. The ripe smell of sexual pleasure often lingered on her.

Clouds parted above and moonlight lit her world around them. *Lunewulfs* were gorgeous in their thick white coats. The moon made them glow, showing off what beautiful creatures they were. She gulped in the moist air, felt it soak through her fur and fill her lungs with the smells of the night. *Lunewulfs* around her barked, enjoying themselves, putting muscle into it while they raced up the incline and headed toward rockier ground.

And that's when she spotted him. Somehow Nik had managed to trail the end of the line of males, almost running alongside some of the older mated couples. His silver eyes pinned her, glowing in the night. He opened his mouth, showing off long, thick, pointed teeth. Muscles moved rhythmically under his thick white coat. Nik stood taller than many in his pack, and his chest was thick, his body slick and powerful looking.

Sophie almost stumbled over her own paws while drooling over him. Gertrude slowed, glancing at her, and Sophie didn't know if the heat pumping through her came from embarrassment or from the fire simmering deeper inside her. She snapped at her littermate, keeping pace with her, and managed a side glance at Nik.

Damn. He was so fucking perfect. And he wondered if she would belly up for another werewolf. Silly male. Didn't he know that there wasn't another *lunewulf* in their pack who came close to how perfect he was?

Something exploded ahead of her and Sophie's heart about blew out of her chest. She skidded to a halt so fast that her claws dug into the earth and she tripped. Suddenly everyone around her seemed to be running in circles. Gertrude almost fell over her and Simone wasn't too far behind. All of the smells around them changed too quickly for Sophie to figure out what the hell had just happened.

Anger and panic filled the air. And then another explosion sounded.

What the fuck?

They had stopped running, but the barking and thick smells of emotions made it confusing to figure out what she'd just heard.

Until she heard it again. And again.

Gunfire.

They were being shot at.

Which meant one thing—humans.

Lunewulfs were the fastest breed of werewolves on the planet. But none of them could outrun a bullet.

Several more shots were fired and this time someone screamed. The high-pitched wail burned her ears, making it hard to think straight. All she heard were howls of confusion and outrage.

Humans didn't ever come onto their land.

More shots were fired and this time one of the bitches nearby flew through the air, howling in pain while blood soaked her coat.

Oh my God! No!

Sophie howled in protest. Why would anyone attack them?

They were nowhere near Prince George. She never heard any rumors of humans coming out this way. Several pack members tore away from her, racing toward the hills while others joined them.

Shit. This wasn't fair. *Don't chase after the damned humans and make it worse.* But no one listened to her barked protests.

Gertrude pushed against her so hard she almost fell over. And suddenly Elsa was there too, howling and barking while she jumped between her and Gertrude. The smell of blood clogged her senses. Through the confusion she spotted one of her pack mates—a bitch just a couple years older than she was—on her side, returning to her human form. Blood covered her naked body. She was dead.

Why? What have we done to humans that they would do this? She knew the answer without anyone telling her. They hadn't done a damned thing. Humans didn't accept the fact that they existed, and werewolves had no problem keeping it that way. Some stupid-ass hunter, or more than likely a handful of them, were out shooting where they didn't belong. Or at least she prayed that was the case.

Not that knowing that helped matters. Members of her pack would die—her friends, bitches she'd run with since she was a cub. And for nothing! For no reason at all!

There were horror stories of packs being burned out of their territory, killed and chased off by humans who didn't understand what they were. But nothing like that happened around here.

She almost jumped out of her skin when more shots went off. There were more screams. The smell of blood made her sick to her stomach.

Sophie hit the ground hard when a male knocked her over. Before she could stand, Nik grabbed her by the neck, pulling her with his mouth. She stumbled to her paws, barely standing when he growled orders. He shoved his massive body against hers again, making his point clear.

Fucking run. Get the hell out of here!

Sophie didn't need to be told twice. Using the speed she'd been born with, she tore at the ground, racing for the safety of their den. Paws pounded the earth around her.

Her eyes teared and she looked around her through blurred vision at the *lunewulfs* racing alongside her.

Gertrude and Elsa. Nik on the other side of her. She didn't see anyone else. Her heart swelled painfully. Her muscles cramped. But she didn't slow down. None of them did. Lives were lost tonight. What had started out as fun and exciting had turned into a nightmare, and all because of fucking humans.

Chapter Two

Nik stared at the smoke as it twirled into the sky. Dark gray clouds hung low and the smoke faded into them, making his entire world turn to shades of black and white. He moved away from the foul smell, leaving the dens to mourn their dead and wait to gather their ashes and spread them. He hadn't attended many *lunewulf* funerals. He was damned grateful for that. And no one he knew well, or cared for, had been killed. Possibly that was selfish of him. His bitch hadn't been killed.

Sophie was still alive.

"Thirty-six females." Johann Rousseau had his arms crossed over his chest and glared at the burning bodies, looking disgusted. "I can't believe those fucking humans took out thirty-six of our single bitches."

"And all they got were the bitches." Lukas Kade smelled pissed.

"I never agreed with the bitches running on the edge of the pack." Nik headed toward his truck, ready to be done with this morbid scene. Let the dens mourn their dead. "I'm headed back to the pack. We're done here."

Grandmother Rousseau had called him and some of the other males early that morning to help build the huge ceremonial bonfire where the dead pack members would be burnt. Werewolves didn't bury their dead. The traditional *lunewulf* burning site had always given him the creeps, and this was the first time he'd seen it used for one of their kind who hadn't died honorably, fighting until his last breath. It was like he could feel the energy from the flames as their dead burned and their ashes floated around him. His skin itched as depression smelled thick around him and he craved a hard run.

"Every single one of those bitches was mating age." Johann headed toward the Suburban.

"Only single bitches of mating age are allowed to attend the communal pack runs." Lukas rubbed his hand over his face, probably trying to hide the smell of his emotions by spreading sweat over his skin and adding its salty smell to the nauseating aromas surrounding them. "We fucking herded them up and made it easy for someone to kill them."

"Last night's fiasco will make it harder for those of us who want a mate to find one."

Nik glanced at the *lunewulf*. He wouldn't waste his breath growling for the lot of them to keep their paws off Sophie. Although he planned on going to Grandmother Rousseau and officially announcing his intentions to see her, it might be wise if he put his mark on her as well. His little bitch was willing. He'd smelled her lust on her last

night. And even though she tried smelling like she could take on any of them, her true scent reached him easily. Sophie didn't want another *lunewulf*. It was time to see to it that the rest of the pack knew that too.

"There's a pack meeting tonight to discuss that," Lukas told them.

This was news to Nik. "What time?" He'd planned on heading over to Sophie's den. Maybe accompanying her to the meeting would fit into his plans.

"Midnight." Lukas glanced at Johann. "Any word on what it's about?"

Johann shrugged. "I haven't talked to Grandmother today other than to get sent out here."

"What did you hear?" Nik asked.

"My sire talked to some of the other *lunewulfs* who met with Grandmother Rousseau. Something about figuring out what to do with the sudden increased shortage of females who were of age to mate."

"Shit. It's that serious?" Nik shook his head. Not his problem. His little bitch waited for him at her den, and he couldn't wait to inhale her sweet scent.

"Thirty-six bitches between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five are now dead. That could have one hell of an impact on males finding mates." Johann kicked the ground with his boot and scowled. He was one of the males of age, ready to find a mate.

"Guess I'll see you all tonight then." Nik climbed into his truck just as his cell phone rang. Curling his lip when he saw who called, he answered reluctantly. "Yes," he mumbled, not in the mood for pack gossip.

"Nik. It's Frederick. Have you heard?" Frederick Gambo was a bitch in male fur.

"Heard what?" He started his truck, throwing it into gear and heading back toward the road.

"I just finished sending gifts to the mourning dens from Grandmother Rousseau. A lot of them are pissed because with such a huge loss of females, we could lose some males to other packs."

Nik wouldn't be surprised. Even before last night's tragedy, there hadn't been that many single bitches. Every den seemed to have birthed males when he'd been whelped into this world.

"The pack will remain strong. Don't worry. I'll talk to you later, Frederick." None of this really mattered to him.

"Grandmother Rousseau would frown on any male who bred with a bitch who wasn't *lunewulf*. And there aren't any other *lunewulf* packs in British Columbia, unless you count the *Cariboo lunewulf*." Frederick chuckled as if he'd just told a good joke. "And we all know how barbaric they are."

"Can't say that I've ever given them much of a thought." Nik didn't have to smell Frederick to get a strong whiff of a nark. He had no intentions of offering any information that Frederick could run and tell Grandmother Rousseau.

"She won't have our line washed out with mixed breeds. You wouldn't want that either, would you Nik?"

"What I think is really none of your fucking business," he growled into the phone, getting a damned good visual of the piss-ass excuse for a male cowering on the other end of the line. "Talk to you later."

He didn't bother saying goodbye before closing his phone and tossing it to the seat next to him. It would be smart to get a shower before going to see Sophie. He smelled like death, and after talking to Frederick, the mixture of foul emotions running through him didn't help matters.

The small house he parked in front of had belonged to his den since he was a cub. It had been years since their pack had endured violence like what they'd witnessed last night. That didn't mean that challenges and fights never occurred within the pack. He'd lost both of his parents at a young age. His sire died when his neck was snapped in two during a bar fight. His mother was killed a few years later when she challenged another bitch for her mate and lost. He wouldn't go so far as to say they were unduly violent creatures. Their ways were how it had been for centuries. And the strongest prevailed.

He parked his truck, getting out and walking up the drive. His littermate's car was in the driveway, still warm with the smells of antifreeze and power-steering fluid. Usually his older brother worked nights and slept days. But he'd been somewhere recently, which meant he was probably awake. Nik pushed open the front door and spotted John Alexander sprawled out on the couch, the remote aimed at the television.

"Where have you been?" John growled, turning his head and sniffing the air. "God. You fucking smell like shit."

"Try death." Nik kicked off his boots and headed toward the kitchen then pulled open the refrigerator. His littermate's foul mood made their den smell as bad as he did. He grabbed a beer, not really in the mood for one this early in the day, but needing something to wash the stench down his throat. "Why are you awake?"

"The entire fucking pack is going insane." John aimed the remote at the TV and began flipping channels too quickly to tell what was on any of them. "I get called first thing this morning by some of the males down at the shop. Apparently they're lining up challenges for some of the available bitches. Everyone is suddenly in a panic that they won't get their dick wet ever again now that we've lost so many females."

"Fuck." Nik sat down in the overstuffed chair across from the couch and stared at his damp socks. "What challenges are scheduled? Who's fighting?"

"A couple *lunewulfs*, but it's not happening." John relaxed his hand, letting the remote dangle toward the floor, and stared over at Nik. His littermate was an ugly bastard, but he had a good heart—usually. "I told you it was insane. They go to set up this challenge over some bitch and then her den denounces it—doesn't want a thing to do with either male. The den gets Grandmother Rousseau to back them on it. So the males got their claws out for no reason and go at each other anyway. They call me down to the shop to help knock sense into the assholes."

"Seems to me they should have just let them fight it out. Who were they?" Nik scratched his head, feeling the need for that shower grow stronger the longer he sat there.

"Jordan Rousseau and Armand Gaston. Gaston beat the crap out of Rousseau." His brother grinned broadly, showing off his crooked teeth. "I didn't have the heart to break it up."

Nik laughed at the mental picture. "Gaston is twice the size of Rousseau. Wouldn't hurt the pack any right now to lose some of the wasted flesh we have. The fewer males around, the easier it will be on the rest of us."

"Like you have anything to worry about." John resumed his pose and aimed at the TV, flipping to an old western. "I saw you just about mount that little Rousseau bitch last night. She's fucking hot as hell. She put out for you yet?"

"Not yet. But she will." Which reminded him he needed that shower. He guzzled down a fair bit of his beer and then stood and stretched. "I'm headed over to her den here in a few. Want to come along?"

"She's got some hot littermates." John wagged his eyebrows and then grabbed his crotch, making a show of humping his hand. "Think I could get a piece of tail out of one of them?"

"You never know." Nik shook his head in disgust, pretty damned sure that his older littermate would die a virgin as long as he acted like that.

A car pulled up outside and the two of them stopped talking, turning their attention to the door while Nik sniffed the air. He opened the door to their den as Matthew Jordeaux strolled up the walk, running his fingers through his thick blond hair and grinning that sickening, charming smile he always had on his face.

Nik scowled at him. "I knew my littermate was sick in the head, but I didn't know it was bad enough to call out the pack doctor."

Matthew had inherited the title of doctor after his sire retired. *Lunewulfs* didn't take their kind to hospitals. And a pack their size, although their numbers were dwindling, had to have someone on hand with training in case of emergencies. Although most werewolves, no matter their breed, healed quickly unless the wound proved life threatening.

"I hear your whole damned den is beyond help." Matthew held out his hand, shaking Nik's briskly. "Not a thing I can do to help either of you." His scent turned serious. "But I'm not here as pack doctor."

Nik stepped out of the doorway, allowing the male to enter. Matthew was a tall *lunewulf*, not overly muscular but thick in build. His scent had never set right with Nik. There was something about the male that always seemed to border on sinister. Matthew had never done anything to cause Nik to bare his teeth. But for some reason, Nik had never been comfortable turning his tail on the *lunewulf*.

"What can we do for you?" Nik shut the door and then returned to his seat.

The male could stand and address his den. Nik wasn't in the mood to be overly sociable.

"I thought I'd come over and talk to you. I know you have an interest in that Rousseau bitch."

Nik stiffened. "What if I do?"

"Well last night's run stirred up quite a bit of energy," Matthew began, and scratched his hair until several strands fell the wrong way over his head. "And now we have a handful of males who seem to be in a panic over claiming bitches before there aren't any to claim. Obviously the good ones will go quickly."

"Yeah?" John sat up on the couch, putting the remote on the coffee table. "Sounds like the whole fucking pack suddenly has a hard-on."

"You're a good *lunewulf*, Nik." Matthew ignored John's comment. "Otherwise I wouldn't come to your den first. I'll give you tonight to speak up for Sophie. If you don't, I plan to approach Grandmother Rousseau and ask to mate with her."

Nik leapt out of his chair and pounced on the pack doctor, wrapping his fingers around the asshole's neck until the *lunewulf's* eyes almost popped out of his head. He ignored John when he jumped off the couch.

"You lay one claw on that bitch and there won't be a pack doctor in all of Canada who will be able to help you," he growled, getting little satisfaction when he threw Matthew at the closed door. "Get the fuck out of my den."

"You think any other male in this pack would do you the courtesy of offering you right of first refusal?" Matthew rubbed his neck, his speech slightly garbled from his teeth, which were suddenly longer. "You should thank me for honoring you like this. That little bitch is the pick of the pack, right along with her littermates. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if the line is already forming at their door."

"I said get out of here, before you can't walk." Nik reached for Matthew.

But the *lunewulf* had enough sense to open the door and hurry out into the front yard. Nik followed him to his car.

"I'm right about this. Don't think that I'm not. We didn't have enough bitches before last night—not young, single bitches. And now we've lost thirty-six of them. There are way too many males in this pack as it is. Those bitches will go fast. If you're going to mate with her, you have today. After that, she's fair game." Matthew jumped into his car before Nik could grab him again.

He stood in the street, growling as the pack doctor quickly took off. So much for his shower. Hurrying to his truck, he grabbed his cell phone, punching in Sophie's number while he stood outside, scowling at the gray sky.

"Hello." The soft female voice purred into his ear.

"Let me talk to Sophie."

"Who is this?"

"Nik."

"Oh." There was silence on the other end, and his ears tickled when he heard females talking quietly in the background. He strained to hear what they said but couldn't. The same bitch came back to the phone. "She would like to call you back."

Nik scratched his head, squeezing his eyes closed while fighting the urge to demand she be put on the phone immediately. He didn't have that right. Although he'd be damned if another *lunewulf* would ever have the right to demand anything of her.

"Who is this?" he asked, keeping his tone calm.

"Nik, this is Gertrude. I promise I'll have her call you back."

He believed the bitch. Gertrude was his age, and a good female. Although not as pretty as Sophie, she would fall close to the top of the list if the males in the pack started scrambling for mates.

"Tell her I'll be there in half an hour. I'll talk to her in person."

"I'm not sure Grandmother will allow us visitors right now." Gertrude didn't sound pleased.

"Don't worry. I'll take care of Grandmother Rousseau." Even an old bitch could be charmed.

Nik took time for a shower. It proved a damned good idea. When he pulled up in front of the large country home less than an hour later, a fair amount of the pack was already there. Matthew might have been right. He recognized every car and decided an unannounced entrance might be to his advantage before he made his presence known.

Nik trotted around the side of the den, glancing at the outbuildings that possibly had been used for horses decades ago when humans still owned this land. Werewolves and livestock didn't often get along. He smelled and heard *lunewulfs* and slowed his pace.

Derek Rousseau, Sophie's uncle and the oldest and only remaining son of Grandmother Rousseau, stood talking to Benjamin Tooley, one of the oldest males in their pack. Old Ben walked with a limp and had more scars on his body than any *lunewulf* Nik had ever known.

The two males sniffed the air at the same time and Nik hesitated only for a second before making his presence known. Sneaking around to get answers wasn't his style.

"Are you lost?" Derek asked, his usual snotty attitude making the air stink around him.

"Nope. Just looks like a three-ring circus up front. Figured I'd come back here." Nik strolled over to the two males, keeping his tone and mood as relaxed as he could. No use baring his claws before he knew he had to.

"How are you doing, Nik?" Old Ben grinned broadly, rocking up on his feet while giving Derek a side glance and then turning his attention to Nik. "Sophie is inside. She'll be happy to see you."

"Benjamin," Derek hissed.

Nik hid his smile but enjoyed the hell out of the innocent look Old Ben gave Derek.

"I'll head inside in a minute and pay her a visit," Nik told him, ignoring Derek and wishing he could ignore his stale smell. "The pack is a mess today and I knew if I wanted the facts about anything, this was the place to come."

Old Ben smelled pleased as punch at the compliment.

"I would think if you wanted facts, you'd address your pack leader." Derek raised a bushy eyebrow, straightening and almost standing as tall as Nik.

"Is she available?" Nik stepped toward the back door. "I do have a few things to discuss with her. Of course, when I'm done, you must tell me what to do about the madness attacking this pack." He squeezed Old Ben's shoulder.

"It's going to get a hell of a lot more insane from the smell of things." Old Ben shoved dirt around with his worn-looking boot. "Since you're asking me—"

"No one is asking you anything," Derek scolded, frowning at Old Ben. "Don't you have inventory to count or something?"

"Nope. Everything's in order." Old Ben's watery blue eyes glowed with amusement. "Which is more than what I can say for the goings on inside. Maybe you should head back in there and take care of things."

Even Old Ben, who had to be pushing sixty, had more muscle on him than Derek. Truth be told, Derek probably wasn't a lot younger than Benjamin. Where Ben had eagerly taken on any fight that came his way like a proud *lunewulf* would, Derek tested the speed of his breeding by turning tail and running whenever things got rough. History repeated itself when Derek turned to the door, making a ridiculous snorting sound.

"Mother has everything under control. If *lunewulfs* like you were in charge, we'd kill ourselves off." He pulled open the screen door and let it slam shut behind him, disappearing into the house.

"And we wouldn't have bitches like you pretending they were males," Old Ben muttered under his breath.

Nik laughed easily. "It would be a hell of a show watching you knock that jerk down a few notches."

Old Ben shook his head, his smile slowly fading. When he looked at Nik, the two small scars alongside his mouth added to the wrinkles on his face. Suddenly he smelled very serious.

"Forcing him to belly up won't fix what they are about to do." He grabbed Nik's arm, his bony fingers still having a decent grip. "The chill in the air gets to me more than it used to. A hot cup of coffee is in order. Head on into the kitchen with me. Your scent will bring your bitch running."

"Sounds like a plan." Nik opened the door, holding it for the old *lunewulf*, and followed him into the spacious kitchen. "Tell me what you've heard," he prompted, once he'd sniffed out the room and made sure they were alone.

A heated conversation was going on somewhere in the house. And there were males in the large meeting room carrying on like they would break out in their fur any minute. From what Nik could overhear, every male there seemed adamant about claiming a mate. Things were possibly worse than what he'd feared. Their females wouldn't be safe at this rate.

"You're hearing part of it right now." Ben grabbed a couple of mugs out of the cabinet and handed one to Nik.

Caffeine was probably the last thing he needed in his system right now. Just hearing the bickering going on in other parts of the house, smelling the tense emotions, had Nik's blood racing in his veins. He picked up the pot of coffee, sniffing it for freshness, then poured Old Ben a cup.

"I can't believe the death of thirty-six females would send all these males toward a bloodbath. We won't have to worry about outnumbering them if they kill each other fighting for mates."

Ben took his time sipping the coffee. Twice he looked past Nik, cocking his head and listening then sniffing the air. Finally he put his cup on the counter, either not noticing that Nik hadn't poured himself a cup or not caring. He crooked his finger, and Nik lowered his head so that Ben could whisper what he had to say.

"Grandmother Rousseau will destroy this pack faster than our lack of females could," he said, his breath rich with the smell of coffee. "What I just heard a bit ago is insane."

"What did you hear?" Nik didn't take his attention from the old *lunewulf* but listened to all the sounds surrounding him. Ben's expression made it clear enough he was about to share something he probably shouldn't know.

"Tonight at the pack meeting, she's making an announcement. From this point forward, Grandmother Rousseau will arrange all matings. Those *lunewulfs* out there are making a lot of demands on deaf ears."

"Arrange our matings?" Nik hissed, more than shocked. He looked behind him quickly, his heart suddenly pounding so loud in his chest he wouldn't trust any sounds he heard. "What the hell are you talking about, old man? Pack leaders haven't arranged matings for decades."

"I hear there is a list." Old Ben grabbed his arm. "But it's worse than you think. You're going to have to share your mate with another *lunewulf* male."

"Like fucking hell," Nik hissed.

The old *lunewulf* squeezed his arm, shaking him. Nik fought the urge to send Old Ben flying. His anger almost got the better of him and he backed up, breathing hard until he found control of his emotions. More than likely aware that he'd tripped Nik's temper and that he wouldn't stand a chance in hell against him, Old Ben backed away too, giving Nik a moment to calm down.

"Just remember, you didn't hear it from me." Old Ben refilled his cup and then headed toward the back door. He turned and wagged his finger at Nik. "If it were me, I'd grab my bitch and run like hell from this pack."

Chapter Three

Nik was in the house. Sophie smelled his scent. She sat in the window seat, staring outside while her sisters paced and griped behind her.

"God. I just love being a caged animal." Elsa plopped down on Gertrude's bed.

"It's going nuts down there." Gertrude had her ear pressed to her bedroom door, where the three of them had congregated when it became apparent that they weren't going to be allowed downstairs. "They are fighting over all of us and I can't tell who is saying what."

"I'll be damned if I'm going to be sold like chattel." Elsa kicked her shoes off, sending one flying so that it hit the wall.

"What are you doing?" Sophie turned from the view and her memories of being with Nik the other night and frowned at her youngest littermate.

"I know what I'm not doing." Elsa glared at both of them and then walked to one of the other windows. "I'm not sitting here while they argue my future downstairs. You two are nuts, you know that? You sit up here acting all horny and shit because a bunch of lame-ass males have their claws out downstairs. No one mates with me unless they win my heart first."

"That will happen," Sophie assured her. "And when it does, you will be as thrilled as I am. I promise."

Elsa rolled her eyes. She turned her back on them and fidgeted with the window.

"Oh no you don't." Gertrude jumped at Elsa when she slid open the window. "You aren't going anywhere."

"Try to stop me and I swear I'll run from this pack and never once look over my shoulder," Elsa hissed, her anger filling the room. "I'm fucking out of here."

"Elsa!" Sophie leapt over the bed when Elsa shoved Gertrude hard enough to knock her backward.

She reached the window as her little sister ripped the screen with her extended claw and then turned a wild look on Sophie. Her teeth pressed against her lower lip, longer than they should be, and her blonde hair flew wildly around her face.

"Leave me alone," she growled, her words garbled from her partially changed body.

"Elsa. Think of the pack. No one will make you mate with someone you don't want to mate with. Everyone's worked up from the death of those bitches last night." Gertrude tried grabbing Elsa, who'd already shoved the screen out of the way and climbed into the open window.

"And if you take off running, you could be another dead bitch," Sophie told her. "God, Elsa. I know I give you shit, but I would want to die too if something happened to you."

"I just need to run." Elsa wouldn't listen to reason.

She jumped out of the window, leaping to the ground. If she'd been completely in her human form, she would have broken a few bones. They were on the second floor. But partially changed, she landed on all fours, her long hair flowing down her back and making her look more animal than human. Sophie and Gertrude watched her run toward the nearest outbuilding.

"Shit." Sophie hurried to the bedroom door.

"Stupid bitch." Gertrude quickly kicked off her shoes. "I'm going after her. See if you can go find Johann."

"What?" Sophie turned in time to see her littermate leap out the window. "Good grief."

She'd been trying to figure out a valid reason to go downstairs without immediately being stopped by Grandmother or her uncle. At least now she had a damned good one. But she still would have to avoid either of them. Elsa didn't need the wrath of Grandmother on her shoulders. Grandmother didn't understand Elsa's wild nature.

Opening the bedroom door slowly, she sniffed the air before stepping out in the hallway. The strong scent of angry males downstairs hit her almost as quickly as their loud arguing. Gertrude had been right. She heard her name, as well as her sisters', mentioned several times. Maybe they were all so worked up fighting with each other they wouldn't smell her if she crept down the back stairwell.

And maybe they were so riled that the scent of a female would make them all attack.

Nik was here somewhere. She couldn't imagine him in the large meeting room with the others howling like a fool. If he had been in there, they would all have their asses kicked. Nik didn't waste time whining or complaining about anything. He was an action kind of *lunewulf*. One of the many things about him that turned her on.

She slipped down the hallway and tiptoed down the back staircase toward the kitchen. As she turned in the stairwell, holding her breath and listening to hear if anyone was in the kitchen, Nik appeared at the bottom of the stairs.

"Going somewhere?" he whispered, glancing around him before stepping onto the first step.

His scent filled the space around them. Her legs were suddenly wobbly when she cleared the distance between them. Even standing on the step below her, he still stood tall enough to stare her in the eye. His intense blue eyes devoured her, looking very pleased that he cornered her in such a private location. Sophie was thrilled too. And for a moment she entertained the thought of her own private run, one with her and Nik.

Loyalty to her den came first though. Elsa wasn't thinking straight, which only put her in more danger.

"Elsa just jumped out the window and headed for a run. She's pissed that we were kept trapped upstairs all morning." She kept her voice quiet, itching to run her fingers over the blond hair that fell over part of his forehead.

Nik raised an eyebrow, his expression turning serious. "How long ago did she run?"

"Just now. If I could find Johann, he could go after her quietly. He always did seem able to talk sense into her."

Nik nodded, then pulled her down the stairs. For the briefest moment she pressed against his hard, muscular chest. When he pushed her toward the kitchen, her flesh still tingled where he'd touched her.

"I'll find him. Go to the barn. Old Ben might be out there, but just tell him I sent you. He'll understand. I'll be there soon." He gave her a quick shove, growling to emphasize the importance of his instructions, and then let go of her and disappeared down the hallway toward where the other males were.

Sophie trembled when she slipped out the back door. Nik's rich male scent fogged her brain. She shook her head, squeezing her eyes closed for a minute to regain control of her senses.

Glancing around her, she didn't smell any other *lunewulfs*. The backyard was quiet. Her sisters must have bolted quickly. She studied the grass, the side of the house and the outbuildings. It was almost too quiet.

The large door leading into the old barn stood open and she walked in, immediately feeling the chill from the darkness surrounding her. Pack supplies filled the huge wooden structure—tools and machinery that anyone who needed them could use. The place smelled of sawdust and oil.

Sophie turned around, remaining in the shadows but standing so she had her eye on the back door of the house. She would see, or smell, anyone before they saw her.

A hand touched her shoulder. Well, maybe unless they walked up behind her.

"What?" Sophie turned around quickly.

"Steady, girl." Old Ben grinned.

"Damn it, Ben." Sophie pressed her hand to her heart, feeling how hard it thumped in her chest. "Nik told me you might be out here. I guess I'm more nervous than a whelping bitch."

Old Ben's laugh had always made her smile. "So he sent you out here for me to watch over, did he? You got yourself a smart *lunewulf*, Sophie."

"Have you seen my littermates?" she asked, deciding not to burst the old *lunewulf's* bubble by telling him that wasn't exactly the case.

"Nope. All three of you come out here and you might be missed. Are you two going to run?" His watery blue eyes flashed with excitement.

"Run?" Sophie shook her head. "I don't think so. He said he'd meet me out here."

"The way this pack is headed, I'd take off faster than you can make your claws appear if I had a pretty bitch like you. No way would I share what is mine."

"What are you talking about?" She turned quickly toward the open door when she thought she heard something. There was no one in the yard.

"Nik didn't tell you?" Old Ben could be impossible when it came to sharing gossip. He took her by the arm, pulling her deeper into the shadows of the barn. "Well I told him myself, so I know that he knows. And I heard it with my own ears. This isn't news sniffed out or anything. It's from the source—the old bitch herself."

If she interrupted, he would never get to the point.

Sophie followed him around a tractor that was ripe with the smell of gasoline. Old Ben ran his weathered hand over the metal and led her to a more secluded part of the barn. Several snow blowers and rider mowers surrounded them.

"Have a seat, bitch. Man. It seems like yesterday when you three cubs would chase each other around in here until your mother insisted I keep the doors locked."

Sophie plopped down on the seat of one of the rider mowers, aware that back here among the equipment, it would be harder to sniff the two of them out.

"I don't remember that." Her parents had died when she'd been so young. In her heart she missed them, although her only memory of her mother was her clean scent when she held Sophie in her arms.

"And it amazes me to this day that the three of you turned into such lovely bitches with that queen bitch raising you."

"You were around to help out too." She shoved the thought of her parents out of her head, needing to understand the comment he'd just made. Sophie could barely see the door to the barn over the equipment around them. She glanced at the light that flooded into that section of the barn and then back at Old Ben. "Was there something you were going to tell me?" she prompted.

Ben gave her a long, appraising look. The wrinkles in his face seemed to deepen while his watery blue eyes studied her face.

"Yes. You should know. I already told your male. And I'm sure he's getting it firsthand there in the house if he's visiting with Grandmother." He stared toward the barn door, his look turning into a scowl. He didn't look at her when he continued and his smell turned spicy, anger building in him while he spoke. "She's really gone and done it this time. It will ruin the pack, if you ask me. That old bitch thinks forcing bitches to mate with several males at the same time will make us stronger. She's out of her mind."

"What?" Sophie asked in disbelief, jumping off the rider mower.

Old Ben stiffened and then sniffed the air, holding his hand up to silence her at the same time. She turned, growing nervous, even though there wasn't anything wrong with her being out here.

She smelled *lunewulfs* at the same time that she heard them. Males spoke outside the barn, their low baritones tickling her ears.

"Who's out there?" she whispered, praying Nik finally had gotten out of the house.

"I'll go find out. You stay right here." Old Ben hurried off without waiting for her to answer.

She glanced around at the dark shadows in the huge, musty-smelling, old building. Her mind twisted around the meaning of what he'd just told her. Nothing she came up with sounded good at all. Her stomach twisted, creating a disgusting bitterness in her throat when she wondered what Grandmother might be up to. With the growing unrest in Elsa, if Grandmother plotted some unacceptable future for them, she would lose her youngest littermate. Elsa would run. And what would she do? Or Gertrude?

Hell. She didn't want to think about life in this pack without her littermates around her. They were growing up and would all have their own dens soon. Not once did she dream they wouldn't all be in the same pack though.

Elsa wouldn't really run. There wasn't anywhere she could go. This was the only pack of *lunewulfs* in British Columbia. Her youngest littermate simply freaked out on all the hard emotions racing around in the house.

It was still odd thinking that the three of them wouldn't be together that much longer.

Without any doubts, she would be with Nik. Not that he'd spoken to her about mating, but she smelled it on him, sensed it. Nik wanted her. God. He'd better want her.

Footsteps crunched over the ground right outside the barn entrance, and Sophie knelt down next to the large tractor. She pressed her hands against the cool metal, listening as someone moved around outside. They didn't say anything, and with all the smells of oil and gasoline and dust in the air, she couldn't single out their scent.

Glancing around her, she imagined Nik approaching her, his steady, determined pace never hesitating. What a perfect location for them to do anything they wanted. Anything. Just the thought of it made her insides twist even further.

Old Ben was the only *lunewulf* who ever came into this barn. None of the older Rousseaus would think of getting dirty and messing with this equipment. Sometimes she wondered how their blood ran through her and her littermates. But Ben didn't keep late hours. The old *lunewulf* had his own room in a cabin on the grounds, and she'd seen him more than once head across the yard before midnight, calling it a night.

She relaxed on her haunches, rubbing her damp hands down her jeans. Her heart pounded harder when whoever it was entered the barn, their boots making a steady beat as they walked around equipment. The scent of a male *lunewulf* drifted around the smells of oil and gasoline. It grew stronger and she breathed it in deeply, detecting the unique determined and possessive scent of Nik.

"Do you know how many times I've imagined you in that position?" He appeared at the front of the tractor, looking down at her with a very satisfied expression on his face.

"What have you imagined me doing?" She didn't want to think about her littermates or what possible atrocities Grandmother might be devising. Nik stood over her, sexy as hell, and for a moment she just wanted to enjoy being alone with him.

"I've imagined your wet mouth wrapped around my cock." His voice deepened as he spoke.

Goose bumps quickly covered her flesh. She licked her lips before she realized how the act would make him respond. His eyes glowed while his expression hardened. Heat washed over her and she stared up at him, visualizing what he'd just described.

"I've imagined doing that to you too," she whispered, not daring to move. She lowered her gaze, feeling her insides swell with need at the sight of his cock pressing against his jeans.

"You've thought about sucking my dick?" he asked, stepping closer, letting her smell the need dripping from him.

She nodded, unable to voice how she'd used a dildo before and stroked it with her tongue, imagining it was Nik.

Nik grabbed the top button of his jeans. Her mouth was suddenly too wet and she almost panted when he began unzipping them.

"Old Ben joined Johann looking for your littermates," he told her in a husky whisper. "Our territory is more secure than it was when we ran the other night. I don't want you worrying about Elsa. They'll sniff her and Gertrude out in no time flat and have them back here safe."

It made sense that Grandmother would have *lunewulfs* guarding their territory and making sure humans stayed off their land. Relief rolled off her and she smiled up at Nik. "What should we do while we wait for them?" Her fingers itched to stroke the bulge in his jeans.

"You're going to show me what you've imagined doing."

She went up on her knees, glancing at his face before watching him unzip his jeans. Her heart swelled in her chest, moving to her throat while she sucked in a breath. The smell of lust filling the air around them didn't come from just him. And she loved how their scents combined, creating a musky, rich smell that almost made her feel drunk.

"Tell me what you've thought of doing." He lowered his jeans enough to pull out his cock.

Sophie swallowed the lump in her throat as she stared at him. He was a hell of a lot bigger than the small dildo she played with late at night. Not that she didn't know he was large. Many times he'd rubbed himself against her, let her feel and smell his need for her. And she'd seen him in his fur, the way he hung, proud and aggressive looking

when she pranced around him. But seeing him this close, inhaling his musky scent while practically drooling, her mind went blank.

"I've sucked on a toy," she stammered, feeling the tiny hairs prickle to life down her spine. Nervous and excitable energy attacked her, making her feel wild, anxious to play out this scene. But at the same time, being brave enough to impress Nik, give him a blowjob that would rock his world, scared her to death.

"You've practiced on a toy for the times you'd be with me?"

She didn't want to sound like an idiot. Maybe if she'd paid more attention to how Simone easily wagged her tail and got any *lunewulf* she wanted, this would be easier.

"Maybe not practice," she whispered, her voice huskier than she wanted it to be. "But I play with it sometimes and imagine..." Her voice trailed off.

"Show me what you do with it," he growled and rested his hand on her head.

She moistened her lips, allowing the thoughts she'd have when pulling out her precious sex toy to surface. His fingers stroked her head, surprisingly a lot more gentle than when he usually touched her. She liked his aggressive nature—loved and craved it. Glancing up at him, watching his chest swell when he sucked in a heavy breath, she drowned for a moment in his deep blue eyes. He waited, his fingers barely moving, but the almost delicate touch fed the fire growing inside her. More than anything, she wanted to impress him with her next move, with her actions, with her mouth around his cock.

Sophie lowered her gaze and breathed in his musky, sexual scent like it was her life source. His cock jerked slightly when she touched it and Nik hissed in his breath. He was so warm, so hard with a velvety round head. She wrapped her fingers around him, just as she had with her toy when dreaming of Nik. She moved her lips to the tip of his cock, looking up at him while heat burnt her cheeks.

"You're bigger than my toy."

Nik chuckled. "Suck my cock, Sophie. Now."

Her insides flip-flopped. Leaning forward slightly, she ran her tongue over the tip of him, and the salty taste made her insides quicken. She would give him what he wanted, show him how well she could satisfy him. Just as she had in her fantasies, she would make this *lunewulf* hers.

Nik's fingers moved over her head. He put both hands on her, cupping either side of her and tangling her hair around his fingers. His grip tightened when she sucked him into her mouth. Holding her, keeping her head in place, he slowly moved his cock into her mouth. She opened wide for him, feeling her lips stretch and tingle. His cock was so hard but covered with velvety soft skin that moved when she sucked him in deeper.

He hadn't asked her to confirm that she'd never done this before. It would matter to him if she had. She knew that. Yet for some reason, she didn't want him to think of her as a novice, as a bitch who couldn't satisfy him. Preparing herself for this moment had been on her mind when she played with her toy. But it was more than that. As often as he flirted with her, drove her mad with his touches and suggestions, she'd needed that

relief. Yet that hard plastic toy was nothing compared to actually having him in her mouth.

His taste mixed with his rich, musky scent. Nik growled his approval and held her head even tighter, pulling her hair. His actions fueled her burning desire.

Damn. Nik. She murmured her need for him, lapping at his cock and feeling her lips grow numb when he moved faster in and out of her mouth.

"That's it, sweet little bitch. Fuck."

His words tore at her system. His scent turned muskier. She ran her hand up his hips, reaching to touch his hard chest while arching her neck to take him deeper. He growled when she almost gagged yet pulled out some and didn't push as deep when he entered her again. The tension she felt rippling through him, the way he gripped her hair, let her know he loved going that deep. She wanted it again, and tried pushing her head forward to take him completely into her mouth.

"Oh shit. You're fucking amazing. I love that hot little mouth of yours. Oh Sophie."

The salty taste filled her mouth and she sensed when she pushed him over the edge. *Lunewulfs* expanded when they had an orgasm. She didn't have to have fucked before to know how their bodies worked. Not to mention, bitches shared all the incredible details with each other—just like she knew the males did. He would have to pull out when he came, yet he had a vice grip on her head and moved in and out of her mouth so quickly that all she could do was hold on to him and keep her balance.

"Can you taste me?" he asked.

She hummed, loving how he grew saltier with his pre-come filling her mouth. When he moved one hand from her head and grabbed his cock, she covered his hand with hers. He kept her from taking more than half of him into her mouth as he gripped his cock, holding it tightly and allowing her only to suck the tip.

"Little bitch," he hissed. "Tell me how you imagined me coming."

Her mouth felt weird when she leaned back slightly and glanced up at him. "All over me," she confessed. "But then when I fantasize about both of us, we're naked."

She'd never seen him grin quite like he did at her words. Something carnal, almost dangerous looking, made his eyes glow while he smiled down at her.

"Pull up your shirt," he ordered.

Her legs were shaky when she leaned back and then lifted her shirt quickly.

"Your bra too," he ordered, his fingers snaking around his cock and sliding back and forth against it quickly.

She yanked up her bra.

He grabbed her shoulder, pulling her body close. Then stroking himself, his fingers moving faster and faster, the smell of sex hung heavily around them.

"Now." A growl tore through him, deep and making his body shake.

She watched white cream squirt from his cock and at the same time the hot fluid hit her breasts, searing her flesh. She gasped, her insides flip-flopping as the cream began slowly dripping down her.

"Oh Nik," she said on a breath, loving how his come felt on her.

It was like he'd marked her, put his scent on her for all to know that she was his bitch. That thought was almost as hot as watching him orgasm in front of her. Such an intimate act—one that bonded the two of them together.

She cried inside to have more of him, to experience what that bulging cock would feel like stretching her insides. And at the same time, a sensual warmth, satisfying and strong, crept over her. Slowly she stood, her legs shaky and her bones threatening to pop and grow. The carnal side of her made it easier to smell him, to sense his emotions and feel his satisfaction. She wanted to demand that he give her more, fuck her until the intense pressure inside her disappeared.

"That is the most incredible sight I've ever seen in my life." Nik praised her, petting her hair with his hand and then pulling her to him.

With her shirt shoved under her armpits, her damp breasts pressed against him. He devoured her mouth, impaling her with his tongue now instead of his cock.

"Sophie," he growled, breathing into her and adding to the heat that tore at her insides.

She couldn't catch her breath. "I need more." She didn't mean to say it but her body burned with turmoil. She felt stuck, trapped in a state of need, as if her body had half-changed and didn't know whether to recline into one shape or continue growing until fulfilled by her purer shape.

"Little bitch. Yes. You do." Nik rubbed his finger down her cheek. "Stand right there. Don't move."

He bounded around the tractor, leaving her standing there.

"Where are you going?"

He reappeared in a minute, carrying a roll of paper towels, and then wiped her breasts with the loving attention a bitch would give her cub. Then he pulled her bra down, and then her sweater. Giving her an appraising look, his gaze settled on her face, while a slow smile tempted the corner of his mouth.

"Soon, little bitch. Very soon that craving that wars inside you will be satisfied. And believe me, more than you know, I wish I could fuck you right now."

"When?" She took slow, deep breaths, fighting to calm her body. But every time she inhaled, she filled her lungs with his scent, which made her pussy swell and ache even more.

"I won't just casually fuck you. That won't ever be how it is between you and me."

She knew this about Nik. His sense of tradition, loyalty to the pack and strong values were traits that ran deep in him. Those same traits would make him a perfect lover—she would bet money on that.

"How will it be between you and me?" she asked.

He pulled her into his arms again, holding her tightly against his hard body while one hand roamed down her front until he found the top button of her jeans. He yanked it hard enough that for a moment she thought it popped free. And then her zipper slid down, his palm brushing over her skin while he worked his hand inside her pants.

"You will run by my side, little bitch. We will fight together, kill together and love together." His fingers parted her swollen flesh, touching the most sensitive spot on her body.

She stiffened, digging her nails into his shoulders while she fought not to cry out. "Yes. That's what I want," she hissed through her teeth, which ached to grow as the pressure simmering inside her reached a boiling point.

"I know it is. I can smell it on you," he told her. "We will stand by our pack, but they will know our loyalty is strongest toward each other."

Sophie remembered what Old Ben had said before leaving her alone in the barn. If Nik heard anything inside, maybe that encouraged him to put his scent on her. God. Wouldn't Grandmother have a rabid attack if she got a whiff of Sophie right now?

She would question him about it, but when his fingers stroked her clit and then moved inside her jeans, soaking her, there was no way she could carry on a conversation.

"You are so damned wet. I can smell how desperately you need to be fucked." He thrust his fingers inside her, pushing against the sensitive spot that held the pressure in place.

"Nik. Shit." Her world toppled to the side, and if he hadn't had such a tight grip on her, she would have fallen over.

"That's it. Come for me, Sophie." He stroked the tender flesh inside her pussy, pushing her quickly over the edge.

She'd been that ready, that close to exploding that with just his fingers he made her explode, brought her orgasm on so hard that she couldn't breathe. She couldn't think. He finger-fucked her hard and fast, not letting up when she was sure she'd come as hard as she could.

"I can't take it," she whispered, although there was no way she could move with his hand shoved inside her.

"Do you fuck your pussy with your toy?" he asked, keeping his movement steady and not relenting in spite of her pleas.

"Yes," she whispered, staring at him with blurred vision.

Silver streaked across his blue eyes and his scent grew richer while his lips parted. His teeth were slightly more pointed than they had been a minute ago. Knowing that she masturbated turned him on. She loved how he smelled with the knowledge in his head that she fucked herself with her toys.

“Next time you masturbate, you will call me before you begin.” The dark edge in his voice added to the intensity of his command.

He pulled his fingers out of her jeans and the air filled with the ripe scent from her come. Some of the pressure inside her had diminished, but then his request and the smell of her orgasm had her needing him even more. She would die if he didn’t fuck her soon.

Chapter Four

Nik loved how Sophie smelled. Even in the barn, with the pungent smells from the engines surrounding them, his scent clung to her skin. And the flush on her cheeks, the way her hair streamed around her face along with the glow in her eyes, showed how hard he pushed her. His little bitch craved sex, and her willingness to explore what would satisfy her made her even more appealing.

It was more than just her sexuality that made him want her. Sophie sniffed only after him. Her loyalty ran deep in her. After what he'd heard in the house, he would need that from her as much as he'd need that hot little body of hers. His blood still boiled when he thought of how Grandmother Rousseau had plotted out a solution to the lack of female bitches in their pack.

"Are you leaving me already?" Sophie asked. "I'd rather you watch me masturbate than call you on the phone."

His heart swelled and pride swept over him with so much intensity that for a moment he couldn't breathe. When he did slowly take a breath, it didn't surprise him a bit that the air now had a mixture of his emotions in it.

"There will be plenty of time to explore all the things you love sexually, little bitch." And slowly he would prepare her for what she'd have to do as his mate, and in order to be mated.

Sophie chewed her lip, staring up at him, and slowly ran her hand from his shoulder down his arm. When her eyes darkened, he cocked his head, noting the change in her scent.

"Tell me your thoughts," he said quietly, glancing only for a minute toward the open barn door. He really didn't care who found him in here with Sophie. But for her, for the granddaughter of their pack leader, he would protect her reputation and make sure she wasn't attacked for being in here with him.

Unmated bitches didn't hide in shadows with unmated males.

"I heard there is some crazy howling going on inside—something about sharing bitches," she began.

Nik put his finger over her lips. "Do you trust me, little bitch?"

She nodded. "You know I do," she said, looking over her shoulder as she followed his gaze.

"Walk with me." They would stroll through the large yard, visible to anyone who cared to peer out the windows. If they complained about her being with him, that would be a matter he could handle. At least Sophie wouldn't be tarnished for being with a male at her own den where everyone could see them.

"What did you hear inside? Is it true that Grandmother wants males to share bitches?" she whispered behind him as he led the way to the door. "Which bitches would do this?"

They reached the door and Nik sniffed outside. Johann and Old Ben hadn't returned. He didn't smell Sophie's littermates either. He had no doubts that Johann would sniff out Elsa—the *lunewulf* had it bad for the little bitch and had for quite a while now. Gertrude would be on Elsa's tail, and the bitches would return home without anyone knowing they were gone without escorts. Johann and Old Ben would see to it.

He held his arm out, stopping Sophie so she wouldn't walk past him. Her small hand trailed up his back and she pressed her cheek against his arm. He thought of finding a more secure spot, of fucking her until she howled. He wouldn't be able to wait long to do that. Even though she'd blessed him with that hot little mouth of hers, he needed all of her, and soon.

"We won't discuss this until I know no one can sniff us out or overhear us talking." The large yard appeared quiet. More than likely almost all the single males were inside. None of them would get wind of Sophie though. The whole lot of them were too worked up.

"So you have heard that something weird is going on?" she whispered, clinging to him when he stepped out into the sunshine.

There better not be anyone nearby. The way Sophie smelled right now, he'd be forced to kill half his pack to keep them from fucking her. Although that might solve the uneven ratio between males and bitches.

"Yes." And when he'd listened to Grandmother Rousseau explain her thinking, it had been all he could do not to tear out a few walls. He'd needed to get out of there, find Sophie and think about all of this. But there hadn't been enough time yet for him to figure a way out of this without dishonoring himself with his pack.

He took her hand, leading the way around the side of the barn and then back toward the other outbuildings.

"What is going on?" She fell into stride next to him, her expression loaded with worry when she looked up at him.

"You won't worry about any of this." He'd keep her as uninvolved with Grandmother's lunacy as he could.

"About what?" She tried to stop and confront him but he kept a firm grip on her hand and led them toward the next building.

"Grandmother Rousseau has a wild idea that if bitches took several mates and bred with all of them, it would strengthen the *lunewulf* line."

"You're kidding!"

He wished he were. "Nothing is confirmed yet. When I went in to speak with her, she asked me what I thought of the idea."

"Obviously she's asked for several opinions if Old Ben knew about it."

He was sure he'd never know how the old *lunewulf* already knew. More than likely Ben's hearing wasn't as old as the rest of him.

"We'll talk her out of it. I wouldn't let anything like that happen to you."

They reached the edge of the outbuilding. Beyond that, a grassy meadow spread before them with forest after that. This time he thought he caught a whiff of *lunewulfs* and decided walking toward the house slowly might be best for appearance's sake. He wanted to be alone with Sophie. But if her littermates were heading back, they needed to stay close to her den.

"I'm sure some bitches would love the idea of having more than one mate." A blonde strand of hair fell over her shoulder, blocking his view of her face.

He brushed it out of her way and she looked up at him.

"Do you want to fuck anyone else other than me?" He pictured her howling for another *lunewulf* and instantly his blood boiled.

She turned into him, putting her hand on his chest and stopped walking. Shaking her head fiercely, she went up on tiptoes, still smelling of his sex on her.

"Wolf man, you are it for me. I promise."

"I'd hate to have to kill someone if you thought otherwise."

She smiled and then nipped playfully at his chin. "Would you fight for me?"

"I'd kill for you," he admitted, hoping she saw how much he meant that.

"I would kill for you too," she whispered. She glanced to the side and looked adorable as fucking hell sniffing the air. But then she returned her gaze to his, determination piercing her expression. "Old Ben suggested we should run, find another pack. Should we do that?"

"We will never dishonor ourselves by running when things get a bit challenging. That much is final. This is our pack. No matter what happens, we stand tall and proud and show that we are strong and unconquerable."

"I knew you would say that," she said, smiling. "But I wanted to make sure you knew I would do whatever it took or go anywhere, to be with you."

Her eyes glowed but he smelled the turmoil swimming deeper inside her. Sophie truly was the perfect bitch for him. She would honor the pack's laws and run by his side always. But at the same time, her fear and uncertainty of what may lie ahead drew out the protector in him. Nik would take care of her. No matter what happened with their pack, he would see that Sophie always smiled as she did now, and he would fight and kill to keep that warring turmoil that he saw inside her at the moment from reappearing.

"We aren't going anywhere," he said with conviction. No old bitch would scare him away. He would rather stay and fight than run with his tail between his legs. "But I do believe we have company. Walk with me toward your den."

He ran his hand down her long, silky hair. Her scent warmed as she fell into stride alongside him. He kept a slow pace. He wanted to enjoy the few remaining moments they would have alone. She turned her head when the smell of other *lunewulfs* grew strong. Stopping, he put his arm around her possessively when Johann, Old Ben and her littermates walked toward them from across the field.

"Perfect day for a run," Old Ben announced, reaching his side and slapping him on the arm. His grin was ornery, and there was fire glowing in the old *lunewulf's* eyes. "Gave these young pups a run for their money. But some of us have to work." He left them with a wave, more than likely to sneak off for a nap.

Nik nodded, watching until Old Ben was out of earshot, then turned to study Johann and the bitches. Gertrude rolled her eyes at Sophie, then trotted toward the den, not saying a word to him. Elsa tried to do the same and Johann grabbed her by the back of the neck.

"You won't do that again," he growled.

She struggled, shoving him away and then put her fists on her hips. The *lunewulf* that got stuck with that fiery little bitch would need a thick leash just to control her. She was too spoiled and undisciplined for Nik's tastes. Johann straightened though, towering over her and matching her stance.

"You don't own me, wolf man. No one does. Go sniff after one of your whores. I'm not interested." She tossed her hair over her shoulder and marched toward the house, leaving the spicy smell of her anger in the air.

"Maybe I should go talk to her," Sophie said quietly.

"You've thought of something to say that she hasn't already heard?" Nik asked her.

She hesitated, looking up at him and then glancing at Johann. He sensed she wouldn't speak openly in front of the *lunewulf*. Johann was a good male, although he had a few double standards that Nik didn't approve of. One of them being his opinion of females. Elsa had a point. He wanted the good little bitch at home and the wild bitch out in the meadow. Not many males were as blessed as he was to have both kinds of bitches rolled into one package like he had with Sophie.

"If she sniffs out what Grandmother is thinking about doing, she'll run again. And we may not be able to catch her this time." Sophie looked so worried about this that he hated that he could do nothing about it.

She had a point. "We don't know for sure yet what will be decided."

"You've heard the rumor that she might start controlling the matings?" Johann asked.

"More than control them." Nik wondered if Johann didn't know all the facts and played stupid to learn what Nik knew. He didn't smell deception on the *lunewulf* though. "I spoke with her this morning."

He didn't elaborate and finally Johann nodded slowly, pursing his lips as he stared toward Sophie's den.

"She'll pass the law," Johann said, barely moving his mouth. "We're going to be required to share bitches."

"Grandmother has forgotten what it's like to be a single bitch," Sophie whispered.

Johann glanced at her but then focused on Nik, giving him an assessing look. For a moment, Nik swore there was warped pleasure at the knowledge of the pending law on Johann's face. He didn't smell anything on him though.

"We'll see what happens." Nik rubbed Sophie's shoulder. "I'll walk you to join your littermates."

He would learn Johann's feelings on all of this soon enough. Not that the *lunewulf's* opinion really mattered to him. He was a Rousseau and a very distant relative to Sophie, but Nik seriously doubted Grandmother would view Johann's feelings as having any more merit than his own.

Sophie didn't say anything when he led her into the house. He kept his hand in a chaste position on her back until he had her to the stairs. An unmated male didn't ascend the stairs to the bedrooms of unmated bitches. He grabbed her wrist, turning her when he didn't smell anyone nearby.

"Call me later tonight when you are alone," he told her, instantly picturing her with the dildo she'd told him about earlier.

She nodded, still looking worried. "I'll try."

"You won't play with your sex toy unless you can call me," he whispered.

Her cheeks flushed, but it wasn't from embarrassment. He tightened his grip on her wrist and smelled her lust, which strengthened the scent of his come on her. He risked anyone else coming up on them and smelling it just so he could inhale the wonderful aroma for a moment longer.

"I'll call you," she whispered, her blue eyes deepening in color while her nipples hardened against her shirt.

"Now get upstairs and shower before anyone else inhales how good you smell." He turned her around and swatted her ass.

Her squeal got him hard instantly and he stood at the bottom of the stairs, enjoying the view until she disappeared upstairs. Turning, he stalked further into the house. It was time to learn a few more details about what their pack leader had in mind.

He entered the large living area where more than a dozen *lunewulfs* argued and filled the room with the stench of their emotions. There wouldn't be any answers here. Not to mention, one *lunewulf* uttering Sophie's name and there'd be a fight. He had enough energy at the moment to tear into a few of them, but reasoning with the old bitch would save him the trouble of ripping out a few throats.

"Nik Alexander, where are you heading?" Matthew Jordeaux stepped out of Grandmother Rousseau's office and closed the door quietly behind him. He blocked Nik's path.

"When I'm sick, I'll howl for a doctor. Step aside, Jordeaux."

"I don't think so. You hardly hold the rank to be part of the sensitive meeting going on in there." Jordeaux put his hand on Nik's shoulder, attempting to turn him around.

Nik shoved it off with a bit too much aggression, getting warped satisfaction when Matthew stumbled backward.

"Apparently you don't hold that rank either, since you're leaving. Go on about your business."

"That's hardly the case." Matthew regained his composure quickly and used his middle finger to shove his glasses up his nose. "I'm tending to business. You go about your own."

"Exactly what I'm doing." He moved past Matthew, catching a whiff of the lie the pack doctor had just told. Its sour smell made Nik curl his lip. "Talk to you later."

He rapped on the door quietly with his knuckles, hearing muffled voices inside. Since no one told him to go away, he opened the door and stepped into the large office that stunk of old *lunewulfs*.

"I told him he wasn't welcome," Matthew complained from behind him.

Grandmother Rousseau looked up from where she sat behind her large desk. The petite old bitch stared at both of them with watery pale blue eyes. Nik hadn't noticed before how hard and cold they looked. It surprised him to see Johann leaning casually on the edge of the desk. Derek Rousseau growled, raising the corner of his lip at the intrusion.

Grandmother waved her bony hand in the air, doing nothing more than stirring up the stench that already hung heavily around them.

"That's quite all right. You may enter, Nik."

Nik didn't bother with the doctor behind him, but shut the door in his face, then stared at the three pack members who all gave him very different looks. He would worry later about what Johann was doing in here. Derek Rousseau was an old bastard, but easily handled. He forced himself to relax, knowing Grandmother Rousseau might be old, but her power made her a deadly presence to reckon with.

"Grandmother Rousseau, you flatter me with your audience." He stopped in front of her desk, keeping his gaze locked on hers.

"Cut the bullshit, Nik. Are you through flirting with my granddaughter for the day?"

He decided insulting her with a lie wouldn't be in his favor. "I sent her upstairs with her littermates as soon as they returned from their run with Johann."

Grandmother raised an eyebrow at Johann. "Something you neglected to tell me?"

"The bitches wanted to run and Old Ben chaperoned. Nothing to tell, really." He looked almost bored and didn't change his position at the edge of her desk.

"Derek, go help our pack doctor. Send the males to their dens. The meeting will be tonight at midnight and they'll get their answers at the same time everyone else does."

Derek looked ready to protest, glancing at Nik and then Johann.

"Do as you're told," the old bitch snapped.

"Fine." Derek sulked noticeably at being sent away.

Nik kept his emotions in check, standing still until Derek left the office and the door closed behind him. Grandmother leaned back, crossing her thin arms over her sagging chest and pinning each of them with a stare that would have had his tail between his legs when he was a cub.

"Either one of you would make an outstanding pack leader after I die." Grandmother never minced words. She ran her tongue over her lips, which didn't seem to moisten them at all. "Therefore, you'll learn today how important it is to put what matters to the pack over what may matter to you personally."

Licking Grandmother Rousseau's ass didn't usually get a *lunewulf* very far. Nik already despised where she was going with this, but insulting her wouldn't help him either.

"Creating a law most despise will destroy the pack." Nik didn't move a muscle when her glare hardened.

"*Lunewulfs* will not die out," she hissed, hitting the desk with her fist and then breaking out into a fit of coughing.

It surprised him that Johann didn't move to soothe her. Nik really didn't care to either. Let the old bitch catch her own breath. He stood patiently while she opened her drawer and pulled out a handkerchief, then dabbed at her face. Her stare was icy when she'd regained composure.

"We are one of the oldest and greatest breeds on earth. But with so few females, we risk diluting our line if rash measures aren't taken." She straightened and then slowly stood, walking around her desk with more ease than Nik had seen her move in a long time. She stopped when she faced him, standing a good foot shorter than him. "You'll get your bitch. Both of you will. Don't worry about that. But you will honor the ways of our pack, unless I smell you wrong."

"You know that you don't." Nik itched to ask her what she meant by him getting his bitch. But letting her know he wanted more information would give her power he didn't want her to have at the moment.

"Good. I expect you early at the pack meeting. All my good alphas should make a show tonight. I'm an old bitch, and my days are numbered. Let the pack see that you back the ways of our kind. It will go well for both of you." She patted Nik on the arm, and her touch almost gave him the chills.

Chapter Five

Sophie's stomach twisted in knots when she followed her sisters into the large living area. Grandmother's den wasn't like most other dens in the pack. Her living room could seat over half the pack, the spacious area more like a meeting hall than a room where her den would recline and visit after a good run or meal. Tonight every member of the pack who was of mating age filled the room. The older members of the pack—the ones who attended every meeting no matter what was on the agenda—and the young mothers took all the available chairs. Cubs didn't run around like they usually did. Even they smelled the difference in the air. Some hovered near their mothers while others crawled around in human form with their tails dragging behind them.

"I don't even want to be here," Elsa sulked, stopping in the doorway before entering the large, overly crowded living area.

"Don't let them decide your future without you," Gertrude scolded.

"It's not like we have a say in our future," Sophie pointed out.

"Like single bitches ever have a say in anything," Elsa crossed her arms in front of her and looked down when Johann walked over to them.

Simone followed behind him and focused on Johann's back instead of looking at any of them. The bitch wore too much makeup and her jeans might as well have been painted on her slender legs. Her perfume hid the smell of any emotions that Sophie might have smelled.

"Come on over here," he said, focusing on Elsa but then glancing at Gertrude and Sophie. "I hear the meeting won't last long. We'll take a nice, long run afterward."

"Running to the other side of the world sounds good," Elsa muttered, but then let Johann take her arm and lead her through the pack.

Sophie searched her pack, looking for Nik. Several males gave her the once-over. She bared her teeth and growled at each of them.

I belong to Nik Alexander, she wanted to let each of them know. One male she'd gone to school with reached for her and she silently thanked Johann when he turned and glared at the *lunewulf*.

"Stay with your littermates," he growled at Sophie.

She hurried past the male, who laughed, along with the other guys hanging out behind the rows of chairs. They reached a stretch of wall where most of the other pack members she usually ran with were already gathered. Mostly, the small group of them talked about work or the run they planned for afterward—anything but the reason all of them were gathered here tonight.

"We'll meet at Howley's in Prince George." Johann grabbed her attention. "You can ride with me into town after the meeting if you want, Elsa."

Sophie had been searching for Nik, and her stomach twisted further when she finally spotted him at the other end of the room. He stood with a couple of the older pack members, hovering outside the door to Grandmother's office. What was he doing standing up there instead of back here with the rest of them?

"I'll ride with you, Johann," Simone said.

"You would ride anyone," Johann teased.

"Must not make you anyone special," Elsa told him, winking at Simone.

Sophie ignored their banter. Nik stood with his back to her. His blond hair curled at his collar while broad shoulders made him stand out among the other males around him. Even with most of the pack standing between them, she noticed how his shirt stretched over his hard body. She wanted to join him, prance around her pack until she stood at his side. Tingles rushed over her just thinking about touching him, running her fingers up his arm until she could tangle them in his soft hair.

Derek Rousseau said something to him and he nodded, then turned and moved toward the wall. He hadn't said anything about hanging out with the older pack members during the meeting. Grandmother Rousseau usually handpicked the *lunewulfs* who were closest to her when she addressed the pack. Sometimes they stood up there for a reason, either to speak during the meeting or because she wanted their help with something. Maybe Grandmother had sought him out after he'd left her earlier today.

She thought about their parting words. He wanted her to call him later tonight when she was alone in her bed. That would have to be after their run, which quite often was when she masturbated while unwinding so she could sleep. The way she felt right now, so antsy she could hardly stand still, she would have a lot of energy to burn off before sleeping.

What would it be like masturbating so he could listen? It sounded so intimate, so personal, like sharing a secret no one else knew about. Of course, that was exactly what it would be. But then giving him head in the barn earlier today had been pretty damned personal too.

The door to Grandmother's office opened and, as if on cue, the pack grew quiet, everyone turning their attention toward their pack leader when she slowly entered the room. Nik took her hand while she moved to the podium slowly enough to make Sophie want to scream. The pack settled, giving Sophie a good view of Grandmother. Nik stood by her side once she reached the podium while she said something quietly to him. Sophie was sure her ears weren't the only ones tickled and she wondered what the old bitch said. He nodded once, his expression unreadable, and then left her, walking over to stand alongside the wall.

He didn't look toward the pack until he leaned next to an old bookshelf. And then he focused his attention directly on her. It was as if he knew all along exactly where she stood. He didn't search, didn't hesitate, but stared into her eyes. For the briefest of

moments, everyone around them faded and she drowned in his dominating gaze. Nik knew where her thoughts had been. She didn't know how. But when she looked at him, forgetting to breathe until her chest burned, his eyes grew brighter, as if silently promising her that soon she would experience sexual pleasure like she never had before.

And masturbating to an audience definitely qualified as a new experience. Her heart raced and a flush spread over her cheeks, making them burn. She sucked in a deep breath, inhaling the smell of her own lust. It didn't matter that she'd scrubbed herself in the shower earlier. She swore she smelled his come on her flesh.

"My fellow *lunewulfs*," Grandmother began, her voice quivering with age. "It is always an honor to stand before you. I feel and smell the greatness that so many *lunewulfs* offer my humble den."

Knowing what Grandmother was about to say—or at least having a vague idea—should have made her want to scream and run. She was no fucking brood bitch to be shared and bred. But Nik's intent stare, the way he looked at her from across the room, somehow made being here less painful.

"Not many of you remember the early days when *lunewulfs* controlled most of Prince George. But you all know the history. We are one of the oldest breeds of werewolves. Our ancestors came over from Europe, carrying a strong pedigree and heritage. And today, in the twenty-first century, we are as strong and powerful as our breed was when they first entered Canada."

"Amazing that she knows what century it is," Elsa muttered under her breath.

"Shush," Johann scolded from behind them.

"We helped found Fort Saint James," Grandmother continued, her voice rising with excitement while she recited the unneeded history lesson. "And soon after that, our breed became the founding fathers of Prince George. We have helped build oil refineries, breweries and dairies. *Lunewulfs* are respected by all breeds for our speed and intelligence. We are leaders, always breaking new ground and making way for other werewolves to sniff after."

The old bitch paused and sipped at the glass of water sitting on the podium. She took a moment to stare at the pack and look around the room while letting the anticipation grow toward what she would say next. Sophie shifted, hating the sensation that rushed through her. Grandmother would drop the bomb any second, voice law that would impact the rest of her life. Sophie held her breath, not liking the aromas that hung heavily in the air. Resentment carried a foul smell.

"And that is why a new pack law will go into affect tonight. From this moment forward, all matings will be decided by me." She held up her hand although no one uttered a word and, ignoring the deathly silence, took her time in continuing. "I have put a lot of effort into a list that will be distributed tomorrow. On that list are matings that will take place in the next thirty days. One bitch shall be mated to three males. Every bitch currently between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five not already mated

will be on that list. Each bitch has three males she will mate with. The matings will be consummated during that thirty-day time period. Any mating not consummated will result in the death of the male."

"Oh God," a bitch closer to the front cried out.

Nik pushed away from the wall, growling loudly. A few whimpers from the pack members closest to him followed. Grandmother scowled in the direction of the outburst. The pack shifted, a few whispering among themselves, taking advantage of the momentary interruption to say their piece on the matter. Again Nik moved forward, his hair suddenly more tousled while his teeth grew, and the low rumbling from his throat could be heard where Sophie stood.

She didn't get why he growled as Grandmother's personal *lunewulf*. Usually he had nothing to do with pack meetings but simply attended them like she did. Her heart pounded too hard in her chest while she watched his muscles bulge. Nik could be a deadly looking *lunewulf* when he got pissed off. But his actions at the moment confused her. She couldn't imagine him supporting this terrible new law so much that he would volunteer to keep the pack in order while Grandmother announced how things would be from this moment forward.

"As I just said," Grandmother said louder, silencing the pack with her shrill tone. Nik's menacing appearance more than likely forced everyone back into submission. The smell of anger lingered though. "All matings will now be prearranged. My decisions on which males mate with which bitch will be final and not open to discussion. Any *lunewulf* who wanders from his bitch will be killed. Likewise, no illegitimate cubs will be tolerated. Each bitch will be expected to produce cubs from each of her males. Any male or bitch who disobeys pack law will be killed. This is pack law. It will be obeyed."

The howling started somewhere over by Nik. For all Sophie could tell, he might have started it. She couldn't imagine that to be the case though. Nik wouldn't approve of sharing her with two other males. As the howling grew until those around her joined in, Sophie's heart lodged in her throat. The traditional way of showing approval and respect to their pack leader by leaning their heads back and allowing enough of the change to come forth while they howled, always occurred when a pack consented with their leader.

Lunewulfs were aggressive by nature, dominating and territorial. How could any of them howl over such a ludicrous law? She dared glance at her littermates. Gertrude had thrown her head back, her mouth forming a perfect circle as she bellowed with the rest of them. Elsa met her gaze, the look on her face matching the confusion that Sophie felt inside her.

Sophie looked away first, searching for Nik. He'd disappeared and Derek Rousseau helped Grandmother Rousseau away from the podium.

Where was he?

Strong fingers wrapped around her waist and Nik's scent tortured her system at the same time that he whispered against her cheek.

"You will show your respect to your pack and give no indication that you are dismayed by pack law," he ordered gruffly.

She raised her head, her insides swelling with need so quickly that she almost fell backward against him. Nik raised his head, letting out a low baritone that sent goose bumps rushing over her flesh. She howled with him, feeling the small hairs prickle to attention along her spine.

Three males. She would be required to fuck three males. And according to pack law, all of them would be at her beck and call. They would be her mates. She would be their bitch.

If Nik wasn't one of the males, there was no way she would be able to honor pack law.

Nik lowered his head and the smoldering gaze he gave her just about soaked her panties. He wrapped his arms around her possessively, pulling her against his hard chest.

"Don't worry, little bitch," he whispered and nibbled on her ear. "I've taken care of everything."

She turned, opening her mouth to question him. Nik pressed his finger to her lips and then ran it down her chin. Heat washed over her, creating a swelling throb between her legs.

"Not right now," he whispered. "Trust me."

She nodded but frowned, wanting more of an explanation right now. She wouldn't get it. Nik's hardened expression made that clear. His scent flooded her senses with pride, determination. His emotions didn't make sense to her at the moment, but she'd question him first chance she had.

The meeting didn't end like most pack meetings did. No one had time to hunt before showing up for the impromptu meeting. There was no kill laid out to share with the other dens. Grandmother Rousseau disappeared and the pack filed out front, leaving quietly. The feeling of unease and trepidation clung so heavily in the air it was like thick humidity. Sophie swore she could reach out and slice through it with her claws.

"Are you Grandmother's new whipping boy now?" Johann asked Nik as they gathered around the cars out front.

"Hardly. The job is all yours." Nik wrapped his hand around Sophie's.

She figured Johann was lucky that Nik didn't give him much more than a second of attention before looking at her littermates.

"Would you bitches like a ride to Howley's?" Nik asked Elsa and Gertrude.

"If you're buying," Gertrude teased, then scraped her fingernails down his chest before winking at Sophie.

If any other bitch had touched him like that, Sophie would have been all tooth and claws. But her littermate was a tease. Sophie grinned and then gave Elsa a pointed look.

"Ride with us," she told her youngest littermate.

Elsa looked so grief-stricken that a drink or two might do her some good. Elsa nodded and Johann looked ready to protest until Simone wrapped her fingers around his arm.

"Looks like it's you and me, wolf man," she said in a sultry voice. "Think you can handle it?"

"I'm sure I can find a few other males if you want the practice," Johann told her.

"Oh hell," Elsa cried out, tossing her long hair over her shoulder. "That's not even funny."

Nik put in a Tool CD when they were all situated in his car and turned up the volume, preventing any conversation on their way into town. They were a caravan of *lunewulfs* descending on Prince George for a night of fun and forgetting. Soon enough all of their lives would change forever, thanks to Grandmother's paranoia that their breed would perish without drastic measures. Sophie sat up front, with Elsa and Gertrude in the back. Nik next to her made her heart pulse harder, pumping blood through her veins while the change warred with her human half. So many emotions rushed around inside her that getting wild and crazy tonight sounded like a damned good idea.

More than a handful of cars pulled into Howley's and found parking places. Nik followed Johann into the lot. Simone raised her head from the passenger seat, looking like she'd been giving him a blowjob on the way in, and turned around, her expression caught in Nik's headlights. She gave them a broad grin and then turned and nipped at Johann's ear.

Sophie turned down the stereo and leaned into Nik as he parked. "I should have thought to do that," she whispered.

"You would suck my dick in front of your littermates?" Nik asked, giving her a shit-eating grin like he loved the idea.

"Like hell she would," Elsa growled, pushing the car door open the moment he stopped.

"She's such a party-pooper," Gertrude said, snickering and then hitting Sophie on the head before climbing out on her side.

"Maybe Elsa is jealous of Simone since she was with Johann," Sophie suggested, getting out on Nik's side and dragging her nails down his chest while looking at Gertrude.

"I don't think so." Gertrude looked after Elsa, who'd joined some of the other bitches and headed into Howley's. "He's got the hots for her, but Elsa doesn't seem to like anyone."

"You two will need to keep a close eye on her once the list comes out tomorrow." Nik's serious baritone stilled the air around them. "My guess is that she is terrified of mating with any male right now, and she's going to be given three."

Sophie looked up at him, studying his strong jawbone and the stubble from a day's growth. Those small hairs would torture her flesh if he rubbed his face over her skin. Just the thought of it made her blood boil while need pumped quickly into her pussy.

"We've always been there to help each other, and that won't stop now." She fought the sensations rushing around inside her and looked at her youngest littermate's backside before Elsa disappeared inside Howley's.

"We all are going to have to endure it together." Gertrude turned stubborn, the way she always did when preparing herself for something she'd rather not do. "I'm kind of curious to see how it all works out."

"It will be harder on the males. None of us enjoy the thought of sharing our bitches."

Sophie cocked her head at him, deciding now might be her best chance to learn why he had helped Grandmother during the meeting. "Then why did you stand up for Grandmother during the meeting?"

Nik stared down at her, his blue eyes glowing in the darkness. "Sometimes we have to sweeten our scent to get what we want, little bitch."

"Did you fix it so that Sophie won't have three mates?" Gertrude asked quickly.

"No." Nik ran his hand down the side of Sophie's head but looked at Gertrude. "I made some suggestions as to who her other mates might be."

"Oh shit. Tell me." Sophie grabbed his shirt, doing her best to shake him.

Nik didn't budge. "Grandmother has the final say over everything. We'll know tomorrow when the list is put out."

Sophie sniffed out his emotions and Nik pulled her hair hard enough to get her attention.

"Do you think I would lie to you, little bitch?" he growled.

"No." She shook her head. "I know that you wouldn't."

"Good. Let's go inside and enjoy the rest of the night."

Sophie actually enjoyed herself inside Howley's. They drank beer and played pool. She flirted with Nik and teased the other males. Gertrude pranced around with her, just as she always did. Even Elsa loosened up after a few beers and once Sophie caught Johann steal a kiss from Elsa. The rich, sweet smell of lust floated in the air and it was just like any other night at the bar – for the most part.

Every now and then Sophie would let thoughts invade her good time, imagining what the list would look like and who her other mates would be. Nik had almost gotten pissed when she tried sniffing out his lie, and she wondered if he did know more and didn't share his knowledge to protect her. Bringing it up again might cause an argument, and that was the last thing she wanted to do with Nik tonight.

"Ready for some fresh air?" Nik came up behind her, leaning over to whisper in her ear and then nipped the sensitive flesh with his teeth.

Most everyone in the bar was *lunewulf*, and when the bartender announced last call it seemed like an announcement that they would all run soon. The strong smell of excitement mixed with lust and body sweat.

"Very ready," she said, turning and trying to bite his cheek.

Nik grabbed her jaw, then nipped her lower lip. She watched his long, thick blond lashes flutter over his eyes when he ran his tongue over the spot he'd just bitten. Everything inside her hardened while her body temperature hit the boiling point.

"Nik," she whispered.

Never had she seen more intense satisfaction line his face. "Mine," he uttered, his eyes glowing with silver streaks.

The pack pushed and shoved around them but Sophie didn't care. All of their scents were familiar, but the one she craved inhaling the most wrapped around her like a warm blanket when they stepped outside into the chilly night air.

They agreed to park at Johann's den, and this time Gertrude rode with other friends. She laughed in between two males while waving to Sophie. What would Grandmother think if she realized her new law successfully increased the promiscuity in their pack?

She chuckled, knowing the alcohol had hit her but finding the thought very funny.

"What?" Nik asked, reaching his car and pulling the door open for her.

"*Lunewulfs* will become known as a pack full of perverts," she told him and then grabbed his cock to prove her point.

"I think some of us were already there." He tweaked her nipple through her shirt and then pushed her toward the car. "Get in."

Cars parked up and down the street Johann lived on. The pack descended on his place and strolled to the backyard, most of them stripping while they walked.

"You'll run by my side," Nik said seriously while untucking his shirt.

The group of them huddled in the darkness and Johann glanced at the females around them. Sophie, her littermates and Simone all worked on getting out of their clothes.

"We keep the females between us and head for Rousseau land." Johann looked at Nik.

"Agreed."

Sophie looked up at Nik when he answered Johann. "We're a smaller group tonight. You know we'd smell humans before they could shoot at us."

"If we run straight from here to Grandmother's land, we won't be anywhere near human territory." Elsa sat on the ground, undoing her boots, and looked up from one of them to the other.

She sounded confident, but Sophie smelled her worry. And she hated that scent on her youngest littermate. Changing into their purest forms enabled them to be free of the

worries and stress that came with being human. It was a cleansing experience, existing in a more raw and simple state of mind. They could run and kill like they were meant to. And although humans didn't know werewolves were real, they attacked anyway, thinking they'd killed a wolf or some other wild animal. It really pissed Sophie off that any of them were robbed of the pleasure of a good, hard run.

"I'm not going to let a lesser species ruin my night." Sophie pulled her sweater over her head but then sucked in her breath when she caught Nik staring at her as she dropped her arms.

"We'll keep an eye out for each other." Simone's teeth chattered when she stood naked, quickly twisting her clothes into a rope and then tying it around her neck.

Sophie did the same, her nipples burning while they puckered fiercely against the cold night air. She wrapped her twisted clothing around her neck. Nik tied his and then reached for her, taking the end of her jeans that wrapped around her sweater and adeptly tying the knot that would keep them in place while they ran.

She stared into his eyes, watching them smolder. Silver streaks, like small lightning bolts, highlighted his blue eyes. His teeth lengthened while he watched her, never saying a word, but slowly changing while keeping her captured with his gaze.

He pulled her into the transformation with him. His hands rested just below her shoulders, and his pulse matched the thumping in her heart. Her teeth stretched, bulging against her gums and then her lips. Her breath came quicker, harder, deeper—filling her lungs and then exhaling with the shifting of bones and muscles.

Nik's body grew, altering as his own metamorphosis took over. When his fingers and palms thickened and his nails changed to claws, he scraped them down her front. The slight amount of pain burned like fire through her, escalating the change. She wanted to howl, scream into the night for all the world to hear.

No law. No order by any pack leader would change the bond she had with Nik Alexander. Her heartbeat accelerated. The cold night air no longer bothered her as a thick coat popped through her skin. Straight, beautiful white hair covered her body and she fell to the ground, wagging her tail and feeling the strength and power that surged inside her.

Nik leapt into the air, a *lunewulf* almost twice her size, and instantly tried to mount her. She laughed, barking with excitement as she dodged his efforts.

You've got to catch me first, wolf man, she snapped and tore into the night.

Chapter Six

Nik fought the urge to fuck Sophie. He didn't care that Johann and the other bitches might watch. Primal instinct, so much stronger than any human emotion, consumed him, burning like a wildfire in his veins. When they reached her den, he pushed against her, guiding her toward the barn.

Sophie snapped at him but she didn't have his strength. He nudged her inside, snapping at the others so that they would have privacy. It didn't surprise him a bit when Sophie immediately let the change take over and returned to her human form. Alone in the dark, he would mount her so fast she wouldn't be able to stop him if they stayed in their fur.

"That was a fucking blast." She grinned broadly and flipped her damp hair over her shoulder.

She glistened with sweat, and her toned body seemed to glow with energy while she untied her clothes.

"Don't mention fucking, little bitch. I might have used up all the control that I have." He didn't want her to dress.

She sucked in a breath, still smelling of the outdoors. Her rich, lusty scent took over his ability to think straight. Sophie stood completely naked before him with her long blonde hair draped over one shoulder and then falling down her back. Her nipples were puckered into hard knots, perfect to chew and suck. And her full breasts looked swollen. God he wanted to bury his cock between them, feel their softness while he rubbed against her.

"Why are you fighting to control yourself?" She let her hand drop to her side, holding on to her clothes, and stepped closer to him.

All blood drained from his head while he watched his sultry little temptress move in on him. "I've made a promise that I won't fuck you until we mate."

"When will that be?"

"Within the next few minutes if you don't behave," he growled.

Sophie grinned, looking very pleased with herself, and scraped her fingernails up his chest. "I love you, Nik," she whispered, biting her lip and looking up quickly at him for his response.

His cock got hard so quickly that he was suddenly lightheaded. It throbbed between them and she pushed into him, rubbing her smooth tummy against it.

"You better." His voice sounded harsher than he intended, and she about ripped out his heart when she gave him a pouty look. "You know I love you too, my sweet bitch."

"You better," she told him and stretched her body against his, reaching for his mouth and then nipping at him. "Tell me again why we're waiting?"

He couldn't explain the details, and the way her breasts pressed against his chest and her intoxicating scent tore at his senses, he was having a damned hard time remembering the reasons.

"There are a few small matters to take care of first." He grabbed her wrists, every muscle inside him hardening to stone when he put her at arm's length. "Get dressed – now."

Before he lost all control.

"Are you scared to fuck me where we might get caught?" she challenged.

If he took her up on that offer, he would bet hard-earned money that she'd back down before he did.

"More like too smart to start something where we might get interrupted," he corrected her. "When we mate, we'll take our time and do it right."

"Okay," she whispered on a breath, her blue eyes glowing an absolutely sexy color.

He let go of her reluctantly and messed with his clothes. "You'll go inside and wait an hour and then call me. And no masturbating before you call me."

Her eyes opened wide, as if he'd just caught her thinking about doing just that.

"Why do I have to wait an hour to call you?" She followed his lead and started dressing, but he smelled her curiosity mix with suspicion. He guessed that she believed he was up to something. Yet another reason he knew he'd picked the right bitch – Sophie was smart as hell.

Nik pulled his shirt over his head and then tapped her on the nose with his finger. She made a face at him.

"There are some things I need to take care of before I go home, and I want to hear you when you masturbate."

"What if I don't make any sounds?"

"You'll talk to me while you get yourself off." And just thinking about it made it damned hard for him to zip up his jeans.

She studied him for a moment and then quickly finished dressing. The flush appearing in her cheeks was all he needed to see. Sophie couldn't wait to perform for him. Her sexual desires ached to be educated, enhanced, called out and explored. Virginity didn't have a smell, but he knew she'd never been with a *lunewulf* before. In the years that he'd watched her, and then during the time he'd taken to get to know her, Sophie ran with her littermates. Other males always sniffed them out, but Nik made damned sure the entire pack knew she wasn't available. He may not have fucked her yet, but he did everything in his power to put his mark on her, lay claim to her so that no other male messed with her. And soon, very fucking soon, she would be his completely.

If it weren't for the damned law Grandmother Rousseau had just passed, his plan to mate with her would have happened without anyone howling about it. He thought about what he needed to do when he left Sophie. Jogging in his human form back to Johann's place where his car was did him some good—gave him time to think things through. He thought about his conversation with Grandmother Rousseau earlier. The old bitch was shrewd as hell and could smell out a situation faster than most *lunewulfs* half her age.

She'd informed him before he'd had a chance to say a word that she knew he and Sophie loved each other. That was fine. He hadn't tried keeping it a secret. But when she'd demanded to know what he thought of bitches mating with several males, he'd hesitated.

Grandmother Rousseau detested the smell of a lie more than anything. He needed something from her more than he needed to breathe, and she knew that. The least he could give her in return was the truth. He wouldn't tolerate anything less had he been in her position.

"I think it sucks," he had told her candidly, ignoring the arch of her eyebrow when he spoke his mind. "*Lunewulfs* are territorial and you expect males to share bitches. We'll kill each other off."

"A typical male response," she'd said easily, waving her bony hand in the air and dismissing his comment without giving any thought to what truth might lie in what he said. The stubborn determination was etched in the wrinkles on her face and filled the air around her with a ripe scent. "If I had given each of you three bitches and told you to mate with each of them, each and every one of you would have agreed wholeheartedly. I'm doing what must be done. And you should be grateful. Now all the males will get their dicks wet at least once in a while. And we'll continue to grow and be strong."

There wasn't any point arguing with her so he didn't try.

Grandmother Rousseau had leaned back in her chair and studied him for a long while. It was a practice she enjoyed, allowing silence to pass and waiting until she smelled nervousness on whomever she had in her office with her. The old bitch didn't make him nervous, and maybe that pleased her. He hadn't expected to hear what she said next.

"All of my granddaughters have trust funds waiting for them. Their parents set them up when they were cubs. The terms were simply that each bitch would receive her money when she mated with a male who was approved by the pack leader. Sophie will receive one million dollars when she mates." She looked proud when she paused and stared at him—or maybe it was more of a victorious look. He wasn't sure. Her old emotions smelled similar, mostly stale and a little salty.

When he didn't say anything, she continued. "I know that you've come to me to ask for a blessing in mating with my granddaughter. You thought you could sneak in a

request for Sophie before this new law passed and have her all to yourself. Admit it, wolf man."

"And you would not honor that request?" He had been livid when she stubbornly shook her head no. But filling the air with his outrage would make her less agreeable. As much as he wanted to leap over the desk, attack with full force and demand to have what he wanted, he held his position, fighting the tension warring inside him.

"You will stand by me tonight during the meeting, show the pack you back this law. The million dollars will go solely to you. And," she paused for dramatics and he tasted blood when he bit his tongue, fighting to stay in his chair. "I will let you know who her two other mates will be. Set the matings up how you see fit. No other *lunewulf* will have that privilege."

In Grandmother's warped way of thinking, she'd blessed his mating with Sophie. He still thought her insane. But killing her on the spot would have created chaos in the pack. And being pack leader wasn't a position he wished to seek out.

He wanted a quiet den, one with Sophie hunting by his side. Grandmother thought she'd bribed him, and the money was incredible. They would have a very nice den and not want for anything ever again. But that didn't matter to him as much as assuring their happiness.

Although it was well into the middle of the night when he parked in front of Jonathan Abram's den, the lights were on inside. He got out, inhaling the scents around him. The cold night air was full of only the usual smells—nothing out of the ordinary. Well the conversation he was about to have with the *lunewulf* was damned out of the ordinary. Never in his life would he have imagined discussing with another male how they would fuck his bitch.

He ignored the apprehension that twisted around in his gut. The conversation would go the way he wished or Abram would die. To hell with pack law and Grandmother. Sophie was his and Grandmother knew it. But she had some trust in him or she wouldn't have given him the names. He focused on that bit of knowledge as he rapped on the front door of the small, nondescript house buried deep within the dens of their pack.

No one answered right away and he sniffed at the door, wondering if Abram was even here. He didn't know the *lunewulf* that well, and he didn't know what kind of car the male owned or if he even drove.

Finally he heard movement inside.

"Yup." Jonathan Abram pulled open the door, wearing only jeans and looking like he might have been asleep. He stared at Nik for a moment, frowned and glanced around him. "Alexander. What is this?"

"I want to talk to you."

"What do you want?"

"Let me into your den."

The *lunewulf* studied him for a moment, then scratched his head, messing his long blond hair up even more. Finally he backed up, then turned his back on Nik as he led the way into his small living room. Several tattoos adorned his back. Jonathan Abram was tall, maybe an inch taller than Nik. He worked construction—that was about all Nik knew about him—and the work had him fairly well built up. His straight blond hair was in a ponytail, although half of it had fallen out and hung in strands around his face. When he turned to face Nik, he tucked those strands behind his ears.

"What do you want?" he asked, sitting back down on his couch where it appeared from the indention that he had been sleeping a few moments before.

"You know of the new law Grandmother Rousseau just passed." It wasn't a question. He'd seen Abram at the meeting.

"What about it?" Abram had his emotions under check.

That didn't surprise Nik. Grandmother had put him in a position to show the pack that he backed the law by having him stand with her. He did it for Sophie—for both of them. Telling anyone else in the pack that would be a moot point. They would believe what they wanted, and he really didn't give a rat's ass what any of them thought. All that mattered was that this male understood the terms of what would have to happen.

There was no point in building up the suspense. Better to get this over with and make sure all terms were understood.

"You are one of the males assigned to mate with my bitch."

Jonathan Abram just stared at him for a moment. He didn't move, and his scent didn't change. Finally he reached up and pulled out his ponytail holder. Long, stringy blond hair fell over his shoulders, and he quickly gathered it up and redid the holder, attempting to straighten his hair. Then he stood, sizing Nik up with a quick glance.

"Who is your bitch?"

"Sophie Rousseau." He watched for recognition but didn't see any.

Abram walked out of the room and a refrigerator opened. He returned with one beer. Pulling the lid off with his teeth, he spit it out onto his floor and then took a long, slow drink, emptying most of the bottle while watching Nik.

"Can't say that I know her. How do you know this?"

"She is one of Grandmother Rousseau's granddaughters. And I got the information when I agreed to stand up next to Grandmother during the meeting."

"One of her granddaughters?" Jonathan grinned for the first time.

He wasn't an ugly *lunewulf*. Nik wished he were, although for Sophie's sake, at least she would have a good-looking male to fuck when he agreed that she could do him.

"They're all fucking hot. Which one is she?" He finished off his beer and put the empty bottle down on his coffee table.

"The middle bitch—and she is mine." Nik crossed his arms over his chest—a sign that he didn't plan on making this an aggressive meeting but he would make his case clear. If Abram didn't agree with his terms, then he'd attack.

"If you're telling me the truth, which it smells like you are, then she must be mine too." Jonathan walked back into the kitchen, yelling out when he opened his refrigerator again. "Why are you here?"

"Because I want to arrange a time and place for you to mate with her." His stomach roared to his throat, but he tightened his insides, fighting to stay calm. This was for Sophie. They would honor this damned law and make it as pleasurable as possible.

"Oh really?" This time Jonathan returned with two beers and handed one of them to Nik. "Well then, let's talk."

Morning was still a few hours away when he pulled in front of the second den he needed to visit. He'd told Sophie to call him one hour after he left her. He just had a little bit of time left.

Nik and Lukas Kade had gone to school together. And after finishing his discussion with Jonathan Abram, he'd calmed down a bit. The meeting had gone well and he didn't anticipate any problems here.

He banged on Lukas' door for several minutes before the *lunewulf* answered. "Where the fuck is the fire?" Lukas grumbled when he pulled open the door and squinted outside.

Lukas was a big *lunewulf*. Their breed wasn't known for their size and Lukas stood over six feet. And he was thick-chested. Overall, not a good-looking male at all. But he was a good *lunewulf*, and Nik and he had always gotten along.

"Sorry to wake you up, Lukas. We need to talk."

"No problem. Come on in. Trouble?" Lukas backed into his den, leaving the door open for Nik while he scratched his hairy gut and turned toward the kitchen.

"No trouble, but it couldn't wait." Nik followed Lukas into the kitchen and explained to him how he'd found out who Sophie's mates would be. "Man, I love the bitch. I'd kill for her."

"Yeah I thought you had something going on with her." Lukas prepared coffee and then nodded toward his cluttered kitchen table. "Have a seat. Tell me what's on your mind."

"I already talked to Jonathan Abram and he'll go along with what I've got planned. After the list is posted tomorrow, Sophie will need some time to get accustomed to the idea of you two fucking her too."

"So you're cool with that?" Lukas flipped his chair around and sat in it backward, scooting a mug of coffee toward Nik and then blowing on his own.

"Neither one of you is howling after any bitch that I've noticed."

Lukas grunted and rubbed his blond crew cut with his stubby fingers. "Unfortunately, you're right."

"I'll let you know what night, then you and Abram will show up over at my den. We'll all fuck her at the same time."

"How often you willing to share her?" Lukas grinned and wagged his thick blond eyebrows. He looked like an excited idiot. He was going to get his dick wet with the hottest bitch in the pack. At least Lukas respected who Sophie belonged to, and for that Nik figured he should be grateful. "You can't blame me if I'm into the thought of fucking her. I don't usually get such a lucky break."

"No. I don't blame you. And she is hot as hell. She'll get into this too if I set it up right."

"I got to admit I'm impressed as hell that you're willing to share her." Lukas smelled like he needed a shower. More than likely he'd crashed after a hard run and sweat dried on his skin. But there was a tangy smell of admiration on him too. Again he grinned over his coffee. "You've sniffed after her pretty closely over the past few years from what I've seen."

"And I plan on continuing to do that. Believe me. I tried to get my mating with her to stand before this law went through. Grandmother wouldn't hear of it."

"She's a cranky old bitch," Lukas muttered.

"It's a power trip. And if you ask me, she's got her nose bent out of shape toward males. The law definitely favors the females in this pack. The old bitch said as much herself."

"Probably couldn't ever get a male to put out for her." Lukas had a deep laugh that was easily contagious. He put down his coffee cup and rubbed his puffy eyes. "But now your Sophie is a different story. All those little bitches in that den are hot. You know for sure I'm supposed to mate with her?"

"Positive." Even though Lukas meant well with his praise about Sophie, Nik had a hard time remaining relaxed listening to him talk that way about her. He took a big gulp of his coffee, feeling it burn all the way down his esophagus. He focused on the pain, using it to keep him sane while pushing the conversation forward. "I need your word though that you'll respect and honor Sophie as long as this blasted law is in affect."

"Of course. You don't think it will remain a law that long?"

"You know damned good and well that when Grandmother dies and a new pack leader takes over, the first thing he's going to do is abolish the law. It sucks for us males."

"You're probably right." Lukas had never been one to mess with politics. He kept his life simple, made few enemies and did just what he had to do to keep fresh kill in his den. "Well you tell me when, and I'll help you fuck your bitch. Are we all going to live together?"

Lukas grinned like an idiot when Nik growled. He did everything he could to hold his position, stay in his chair and remember that Lukas wouldn't make trouble for him.

"Hell no," he said through clenched teeth.

Lukas wasn't daunted by Nik's simmering temper. "Just asking."

"We're going to honor the law. You two will fuck her. Then you'll return to your dens and life goes on as it always has."

"We just fuck her once?" Lukas shook his head. "Hell of a mating."

"Don't twist your dick in a knot, *lunewulf*. Let's get through this first time. We'll just have to see what happens after that." He didn't even want to think about the part of the law that said Sophie would have to have cubs with all of them. "A lot of this is up to Sophie," he added, trying to sound reasonable. He had to remind himself that Lukas and Jonathan hadn't asked for this.

"Of course it is." Lukas got serious. "Just don't attack if I try talking to her. I wouldn't mind getting to know her a bit."

Nik stood, putting his cup on the table. "There's nothing wrong with talking." But he would be damned sure he was present any time either of the males spent any time with her.

Nik left after that, exhaustion hitting him like a ton of bricks. He drove to his den as the sun slowly rose. The only thing that motivated him in getting there was knowing that the hour was about up. Sophie would be calling him soon.

Chapter Seven

Sophie walked quietly across her bedroom and pushed her door completely shut. There wasn't any movement upstairs, but then her littermates would be sound asleep by now. Her eyes burned from exhaustion, but she forced herself to focus on the digital clock on her nightstand. Less than ten minutes and the hour would be up. She turned the lock on her doorknob. It clicked, sounding too loud to her over-sensitized senses. Her heart jumped from the sound.

Grandmother didn't come upstairs anymore. When they were all cubs, she ascended upon them after they were in their own bedrooms and made sure lights were out and they were sleeping. Now no one ever came up here. Grandmother didn't approve of her son or any of the other males who worked for her being on the second floor. Nonetheless, whenever she pulled out her toys, Sophie locked her door. It would be just as humiliating if Gertrude or Elsa snuck up on her while she masturbated.

Her nerves twisted around each other inside her and filled the air with a salty smell, like sweat. Add to that her excitement about calling Nik and the swelling pressure growing in her pussy and her room filled with such a montage of odors that she would have the entire den rushing in here if she didn't calm down. They would all want to know what the hell was wrong with her.

If they smelled sadness or fear, none of them would budge. That was the sad truth of it, she realized. Her grandmother had never put any of their feelings ahead of her own. Sophie didn't feel she should be more appreciative, even though Grandmother raised them after her parents died and gave them the best of everything. Sophie knew her den had money. That was no big secret. But her sire had invested wisely. He had a knack for it. And it had left all of them very comfortable. Grandmother should be appreciative that she had Sophie and her littermates in her den. More than likely she used Sophie's sire's money to continue her tyrannical rule over the pack. Being generous when it counted, keeping the pack secure when otherwise they might have had to go with less, manipulating decisions with bribes—all of that was Grandmother's nature. And over the years, it had left a foul smell on her.

No. Sophie didn't need to be appreciative. Even if her room was cluttered with the smell of anger, Grandmother wouldn't care. It didn't bother the old bitch in the least that she ruined her granddaughters' lives. All that mattered to Grandmother was keeping the harsh choke chain on the pack that she'd held on to tightly for so many years. If only she'd been challenged when she was younger, torn down from her position as pack leader. But there was no use dwelling on what might have been. That didn't change a damned thing. She knew that much from the many nights she'd howled

for her parents to come back, return to their den. But they were gone—dead. And nothing would change that.

Glancing at her phone lying on her bed pushed all morbid thoughts from her head. Her heart throbbed, matching the pulse between her legs. Sophie crawled onto her bed, kneeling over her phone, and stared at it for a moment.

The clock showed one hour had passed. Maybe getting naked first, pulling out her dildo and lying on her bed would be good preparation for her phone call. Nik said he had some things to take care of. His mysterious comments had left her perplexed, but asking him over the phone would do no good. She would wait until she saw him next, then learn what he'd been up to. Tonight—well, almost morning—they would focus on one thing.

Her masturbating.

For the first time since she had come upstairs to her bedroom, Sophie smiled. Nik wanted to be included in this private part of her life. And she wanted him involved in everything she did. Soon there would be two more *lunewulfs* who would wish her attention. Did she have what it took to please all three of them? How would Nik react to her fucking the other two?

Her stomach twisted at the thought—an anxious sensation that mixed with the growing need flooding her insides. At this rate, she needed to masturbate just to chill out.

Quickly stripping out of her clothes, she tossed her jeans and shirt to the floor and then rolled onto her back, stretching while she pulled off her socks. She unclasped her bra and then slid out of her underwear, straightening her legs above her and staring at her toes. The phone nudged her side—a reminder of the adventure she was about to embark on. She picked it up, staring at it while she wiggled her toes in the air and then finally let her legs crash to her bed while punching the numbers to call Nik.

"Will you always leave me waiting, little bitch?" he growled into her ear after the phone had rung once.

"I wanted to be prepared," she said quietly, grinning while warm pleasure soaked her insides.

"Oh? And how have you prepared yourself?" he asked, not sounding the least bit upset that she'd made him wait a full five minutes longer than the agreed upon time.

"I wanted to be naked," she said, her voice suddenly breathy with excitement.

Nik growled and she swore the vibration made her tremble. She scooted across her bed and pulled out her dildo from the hiding place where it was safely nestled. Just touching the false skin-like texture of the penis-shaped toy made her pussy swell and drip.

"And I have my toy in my hand." She lay on her back and ran her tongue over the smooth, round tip.

"What are you doing?" he groaned.

A wave of power helped build the pressure growing inside her. Suddenly the room filled with the sweet smell of her happiness and the musky scent of her lust.

She hummed. "Licking my dildo. Putting it in my mouth." She groaned into the phone when she sucked it as far into her mouth as she could.

Just because she didn't have a lot of personal experience with this act didn't mean she was a prude. Other bitches willingly shared what they knew about giving head. Her cousin, Simone, was a walking encyclopedia of knowledge.

"It's too big," she added after pulling it out and running her tongue down the side of it. "I can't get it all into my mouth."

"Shit," Nik hissed, his voice sounding tight. "That is so fucking hot."

She smiled and hummed for his benefit while sucking it again into her mouth as far as she could.

"I'm getting it wet so I can put it inside me." She arched her back, feeling how soaked her pussy was when she spread her legs. Her scent made her even hornier. She hardly needed to suck on her toy to put it inside her. The come coating her pussy would be lubrication enough. "But I'm so swollen. I really need it inside me now."

"Then put it inside you, little bitch. Let me know when you do." He sounded strained, his breathing irregular.

She pushed the phone against her ear, closing her eyes and wishing he lay next to her instead of across town in his own den. "What are you doing?" she asked, needing a visual of some kind.

"Nothing. Listening to you."

"Where are you? What do you have on?"

His chuckle warmed her blood until it flowed hot through her veins. "I'm lying on my bed, naked. Can you picture me?"

"Oh yes." She imagined him stretched out on a large bed. She decided it probably wasn't made, but instead, his long, naked, muscular body would be on top of twisted sheets and a crumpled blanket. Somehow that visual added to the sex appeal of the picture.

"Your breathing is heavy, little bitch. Slide your toy inside your hot pussy and describe how it feels when you do it."

"Okay." She bent her legs, spreading them, and positioned her dildo so that it pressed against her soaked pussy.

"Are you wet?" His voice was deeper than usual.

"Soaked." She giggled.

Even though she'd masturbated many times alone, sharing every detail with Nik, as exciting as it was, also made her feel a bit weird. She liked it though. Liked it a lot. As her tummy tightened with nervous anticipation, her pussy swelled, throbbing and pulsing. She sucked in a breath, filling her lungs with so many smells that her muscles hardened around her bones, calling forth her more carnal side.

"Good bitch. I wish I could smell how rich your lust must be right now."

"Me too."

"Close your eyes and imagine me there. Picture me leaning over you, watching you while you slide that dildo into that hot pussy of yours. Do it now." He breathed harder the more he spoke, almost panting by the time he finished.

Her breath matched his. She pushed on the hard plastic dildo and it slid easily inside her. It stretched her, pressing against her oversensitive muscles. She quivered, her breath catching. Usually she eased it in, taking her time until her body grew accustomed to its size. But tonight, in her excitement, she shoved half of the toy into her pussy, using some effort to make it go deep quickly.

The sensation she experienced was more intense than she expected. Her legs clenched together, smashing her hand against her toy. The hard plastic dripped with her come and she fought to relax – and almost lost her grip on her phone.

"Oh shit," she hissed, forcing her breath to slow and letting the toy glide out of her.

"Does it feel good?"

"Yes. Oh God. Yes."

"Is it in you?"

"It was." She stared down at her dildo and the glistening creamy white come that coated it.

"Push it back inside you, little bitch. I want to hear you ride it."

"Okay." She sucked in her breath, adjusting the phone between her shoulder and ear and then used both hands to hold her toy and push it back inside her.

Nik seemed to know exactly when she had it positioned. "Push hard, little bitch."

"Damn." She held on to her dildo with both hands, wrapping her fingers around the hard end of it, and thrust the smooth, round tip deep into her wet heat.

Muscles constricted and a pressure shot upward, leaping as high as her throat. Sophie swore she choked, struggling to breathe while white light exploded in front of her eyes.

Did she howl as loud as she thought she did?

Nik's chuckle made her cheeks burn. She opened her eyes quickly, searching her dark, quiet room while the smells from her lust hung so heavily in the air she bet if she allowed the change a bit, she could cut through it with her claws.

"In and out, sweet bitch. Come for me. I want to hear your orgasm over the phone." Nik's voice was gravelly.

She pictured his fingers on his cock, stroking it while his face hardened from concentration. As she managed to regain control of her breathing and her grip on her toy, she began easing it in and out of her. Her eyes fluttered shut, opening and closing a few times before she managed to relax enough to keep them closed. Then she saw him in her mind, his intense blue eyes, his soft blond hair tousled around his well-chiseled

expression. The aggressive, satisfied look on his face, which she pictured in her mind, made her even wetter.

"I'm fucking myself," she told him, whispering the words without thought. "I love how it feels."

"I would feel better."

"When, Nik?" She had no doubt he would feel a thousand times better. For one thing, her hands and forearms wouldn't cramp while her pussy constricted. The effort she put into pushing the dildo inside her again and again distracted her and kept her from appeasing the pressure. "I want the pressure to go away," she whined.

"You are so fucking perfect." There might have been amusement in his tone. She couldn't tell.

"Don't tease me." She pushed the dildo in her harder, determined to bring herself over the edge.

There had been only a few times when she'd felt the crashing release that she craved to experience right now.

"You're teasing yourself, Sophie. Make yourself come. Do it for you — for me."

"I want to." More than anything.

"Then do it. Push hard and fast. Don't stop until you explode."

She wouldn't ask how he knew that was what it would take. She worked the toy in and out of her, spreading her legs and lifting her ass off her bed in order to make it go deeper. Her dildo, a toy she'd dared to buy on a trip into town with her littermates a few months ago, was too thick and long for her tight pussy. Never had she managed to get more than half of it inside her. And it wasn't any different tonight.

But she pushed, shoving it as deep as she could, feeling her inner thighs grow more and more wet while she hit the spot that held the pressure at bay. And when she hit it just the right amount of times, the dam that contained her orgasm broke, sending her over the edge.

Again she worried that she cried out too loud. Her littermates would be at her door, convinced she had Nik in her bedroom. And God, she wished to hell and back that she did.

"Oh Sophie," Nik growled in her ear, sounding like he was right next to her. "You are so damned hot."

She rolled over onto her side, every inch of her quivering while the urge to cry and laugh hit her at the same time. She'd made herself come, but damn it if she didn't want more. And not more of her dildo, but the real thing.

"I can't wait much longer," she told Nik, resting on top of her phone while she muttered against it.

"It won't be much longer. I promise." Nik cleared his throat and she wondered if he'd masturbated along with her. She hoped that he had, and that he'd come too. His

voice was clearer when he spoke again. "Pull the dildo out of you. Put it in your mouth."

When she lifted the dildo and stared at it, white cream covered half of the flesh-colored plastic. She brought it to her mouth, putting her tongue against the tip of it and tasting the rich flavor of her come.

"Do you like how it tastes?" he asked.

"Yes," she told him honestly.

"Suck it into your mouth. Clean it off."

She did as he asked, giving her dildo head and closing her eyes as her tongue swirled around it.

"Can you still feel how stretched your pussy is?"

"Mmm...hmm," she said, her mouth full of her toy.

"And you've got it in your mouth now."

She slid it out, licking her lips. "Yes," she whispered.

"Imagine a dick in your mouth and in your pussy."

She froze, holding her toy above her, staring at it but not seeing it while his words hit her.

"What?" she asked, even though she'd heard what he'd said the first time.

"Think about two dicks, both deep inside you."

"Two?"

"Yes."

Her pussy throbbed and her lips tingled from stretching them around her toy. Two dicks entering her at once—she'd never thought about it before.

"What are you saying?" Slowly she put the toy down on her bed next to her and then moved to a sitting position. Crossing her legs, she stared down at the dampness coating her inner thighs. Her stomach twisted in knots while she imagined what he'd just suggested. Just thinking about it created a new pressure inside her.

"Does the thought make you hot?"

"Yes," she confessed. "But it sounds a bit scary too."

"It wouldn't be. One of them would be me."

She looked up, staring across her room at nothing in particular. Her mind envisioned all kinds of scenarios. The scenes popped into her mind quickly, changing and altering while she played with the idea. Usually when she masturbated, a peace settled over her afterward. But what he suggested, how casually he brought it up, like he'd already given it quite a bit of thought and just knew she would love the idea, turned her insides around until they twisted in a knot. She couldn't even identify the smells of the emotions that rose off her.

"Are you serious?" she asked.

"Very. It is the only way you'll take your new mates."

"My new mates." She hadn't thought about how it would happen. Apparently Nik had given it a lot of thought. "They will do me with you there too?"

"That is the only way it will happen," he growled, the finality of his statement unquestionable.

"There will be two of them."

"Think you could handle three *lunewulfs* at once?"

"Oh shit." She crashed back against her pillows, pulling at her blankets when a chill suddenly hit her. She wrapped the edge of the blanket over her, cocooning herself inside it and snuggled deeply, suddenly wanting to know all of his thoughts about this. "If you were there, I could handle anything."

"I know you could." Again the conviction in his tone made it sound so much simpler than she would have thought it otherwise.

"Will this..." She hesitated. But she had to know. Nik had worked this out in his mind, but she needed to also. Her heart thudded in her chest as if what they discussed would happen any minute now. She fought for her breath so she could continue. "Will this happen soon?"

"I think it would be a good idea."

She swallowed the lump that quickly swelled into her throat. It settled like a large knot in her gut. Nervousness flooded her insides and her palms suddenly were so damp, she switched hands on her phone and wiped the one hand on her blanket. Three males at once, all of them fucking her, so much attention that she would definitely be more satisfied than she'd ever thought possible. And Nik there through all of it. He would oversee it. She had no doubts there. She let her mind wander, creating scenes in her mind and playing them out while the silence grew between them. Maybe Nik knew she needed these moments to see how it all might happen.

"I want to be alone with you, first." She had to have Nik, to know that he was her alpha, her male above and before any other male.

"I wouldn't have it any other way. Believe me, your other mates will know who you howl for. They already know you belong to me."

Already know? Had he talked to them?

Chapter Eight

Sophie rolled over in her bed when someone knocked on her door. She squinted at the sound of her name, shielding her eyes from the bright sunlight streaming through her bedroom windows.

"Damn it. Sophie. Open the fucking door," Elsa hissed from out in the hallway.

Her youngest littermate would make more noise than fighting cubs if Sophie left her out there by herself much longer. Again Elsa took her fist to the wooden door, banging louder this time.

Sophie leapt out of bed, not bothering with clothes, and quickly unlocked her door and then yanked it open. Elsa almost fell inside and Sophie grabbed her by the shoulder, shoving her toward the bed and then quickly shutting the door.

"What the hell is your problem?" Sophie snapped, marching over to her dresser and yanking open one of the drawers. She found a sweatshirt and unfolded it then put it on before turning to glare at Elsa. "Did you mean to wake the dead?"

"It's two in the afternoon. You never sleep this late." Elsa plopped down on the bed then quickly leaned to the side when she spotted Sophie's cherished dildo stuffed between the crumpled blankets. "Wet dreams?"

"Shut the fuck up." Sophie adjusted her sweatshirt so that it fell to her thighs and then walked to the other side of the bed. She picked up her toy, memories of talking to Nik on the phone the night before suddenly flooding her thoughts. She carefully slipped the sex toy into its hiding place next to her nightstand. "Maybe if you masturbated once in a while, you wouldn't smell like a dried up mutt."

"Insult my heritage and you insult your own," Elsa said, lifting her chin while she stared at Sophie with bright blue eyes. She waved her hand over the bed, fanning a mixture of her emotions across the room. "I didn't wake you up to fight."

The strongest smell hitting Sophie was sadness. Instantly her guard dropped. Elsa had always come to her more than to Gertrude when they were cubs. They were closer in age. And Sophie had always listened no matter how terribly Elsa whined about some injustice or another. She took a step toward Elsa, inhaling the fresh smell of soap and conditioner. Sophie probably smelled a bit riper, and she stopped before she got too close to Elsa.

"What's up?" she asked, softening her tone.

"The list has been posted."

"Have you seen it?" Sophie's stomach flip-flopped and her heart did a painful number in her chest. She turned toward her dresser to grab more clothes. She needed a

shower. But then she turned back to stare at her littermate's woeful expression. "Do you know who our mates are?"

When Elsa shook her head, long blonde strands glided over her shoulder and covered half of her bright blue sweater. "Grandmother couldn't be so kind as to give the three of us a copy. It was posted down at Howley's and Gertrude drove into town to bring back a copy. Grandmother is locked in her office. All doors seem to be locked today."

Sophie smiled sheepishly at Elsa's implication that she would lock out her youngest littermate. "How long ago did Gertrude leave?"

"Thirty minutes, maybe." Elsa gave her the once-over. "You should shower."

Less than half an hour later, Sophie walked back into her bedroom, towel drying her hair. Elsa had pulled the covers up on her bed and lay sprawled out on it, spread-eagle and staring at Sophie's ceiling. Her sadness hung in the air and she had twisted her expression into a determined look. It was like she tried to figure out something on the ceiling.

Sophie ignored her and walked over to her dresser to trade out her baggy sweatshirt for nicer clothes. Nik might show up today, and she would look good if he did. She decided on black jeans that hugged her but didn't feel tight and a pale pink knit sweater with no bra. After pulling her hair out from under the collar, she surveyed herself in her full-length mirror.

"You look fine," Elsa muttered.

"What's wrong with you?"

Elsa rolled over and propped herself up on her elbows, looking at Sophie like she'd grown an extra tail. "Doesn't it bother you at all that you are being collared to three males? We have no say in this, and thirty days to have sex with all of them. That doesn't strike you in the least bit as crazy? Insane?" She spoke the last two words louder, stressing each syllable.

Sophie didn't think it would help matters to tell Elsa that Nik had already talked to the other two males and that he'd made arrangements somehow so that things might go easier on her. If she didn't have Nik, there would be no way she could go through with this new law.

"It's completely insane," she said quietly.

"Grandmother had to arrange it so that she was in control of us even when we were fucking," Elsa muttered. "It makes me want to puke. I can't handle this, Sophie."

Elsa's irritation had a thick, sweet smell to it that almost turned Sophie's stomach. She knelt on the floor at the foot of her bed and put her elbows on her mattress. Staring Elsa in the eye, she exhaled slowly. Already her stomach did flip-flops. Anything could happen today. Gertrude would bring the list, names would be on it and their future laid out—like a metal cage—binding them to males whether they liked it or not.

She had to believe Nik would make it all right or she would be as crazy as Elsa was now.

"Last night Nik made a good point."

Elsa rolled her eyes. "See. You have Nik. What if he isn't one of your mates? Would he kill and challenge your other assigned mates just to have you? Will others do that if they are put with males they can't stand? Don't you see the chaos that will occur?" Her voice rose a pitch higher with each question.

Sophie put her hand over Elsa's. "He pointed out that Grandmother will probably only live a few more years. You know when she dies, whoever takes over the pack will abolish that law first thing."

"Big fucking deal," Elsa snapped. "In the meantime we let *lunewulfs* fuck us that we don't want? Or even like? I won't do it."

Sophie sighed. "You can't tell me there's no one in the pack that you wouldn't mind running with. What about Johann?"

"Johann is fucking Simone."

"Simone rolls over for everyone."

"Yeah. I'm sure she won't mind whoever she gets. And she doesn't have to be faithful to them." Elsa collapsed her arms and dropped her chin on to her hands, closing her eyes. "Johann is a nice enough *lunewulf*, but he isn't for me. I want someone who would stand up to this bullshit, someone with balls. I don't see any male in the pack who would do that. There isn't anyone here for me."

Sophie heard the loneliness in Elsa's words and her heart broke for her little littermate. Elsa had no one. Sophie rested her head next to Elsa's. "I wish I could make this easier for you."

"I know," Elsa muttered. "You would think Grandmother would want us happy."

Sophie snorted, a very undignified sound. "Grandmother doesn't know what happiness is. That's her problem and it has been for years. She doesn't base any of her decisions on what is best for anyone, just what is best for the pack as a whole."

"Breeding us with different males isn't going to strengthen this pack. All it will do is tear us apart. She's insane not to see that. What works on paper doesn't work when you add in emotions, jealousy, ownership, love. She didn't consider any of those factors, and they are all strong feelings that flow in our blood."

Elsa was right. And in the end their pack would fall. Something told her that Nik, and maybe a few others, worked some kind of plan to sidestep the brutality of the new pack law. Sophie would have her say in all of it before it was said and done. She wouldn't live with three males. That much she knew right now. Nik might have construed a plan, but when they were alone, she would make sure her feelings on how things would happen would be heard.

"Sophie?" Elsa whispered.

"Yeah?" Sophie pulled herself out of her personal thoughts and raised her head, meeting Elsa's gaze.

The determined look on her littermate's face brought her pause. "What is it?" she asked.

"I think I might run," Elsa told her.

"Run?" Sophie shook her head slowly. "What do you mean?"

"Leave the pack. Disappear. Get the hell out of here."

"But you can't."

"Sure I can." Elsa pushed herself up until she was on all fours. Then she moved to a sitting position and stared at Sophie. "And if you tell a soul, I'll never speak to you or see you again."

"Don't turn into a drama queen," Sophie snapped but then softened her tone. "If you never wanted to see me again, you wouldn't be talking to me about this now."

Elsa's expression turned hard. She wasn't the gullible cub she'd once been, and possibly she was here for advice, or to be talked out of it. "Let's say you do this thing," Sophie said. She ignored Elsa's glare as her sister sat cross-legged on the middle of the bed and followed Sophie with her bright blue eyes. "You decide you're leaving the pack. Obviously you wouldn't be leaving with anyone's blessing and you don't own your own car, so you run in your fur in the middle of the night. That goes without saying that you'll have one change of clothing and some cash. Maybe you can get a motel room. Maybe you can access your bank account before Grandmother puts a freeze on it. Where would you go? What would you do?"

Elsa slid to the edge of the bed, excitement making her eyes sparkle and her scent turn fresh and sweet. "I would go to America, find a pack who knows nothing about this pack, nothing about *lunewulfs*."

"And you think there is an American pack that has a different opinion of a single female running alone? Any territory you enter will mark you as a slut."

"So what!" Elsa stood now and put her hands on her hips while staring head-on at Sophie. "You're getting ready to take on the task of fucking three males. This pack wants me to have more than one *lunewulf* in my bed. And you stand there and talk to me about my scruples and morals?"

"Good point," Sophie mumbled.

"Sophie." Elsa put her warm hand on Sophie's arm. "No one is going to tell me who to mate with. No one. Ever. That's how it is."

Sophie shook her head and managed a smile although a wave of sadness washed over her. "You're as stubborn as Grandmother."

Elsa's grip on Sophie's arm tightened hard enough that she felt the tip of Elsa's nails press against her flesh. Elsa released her grip and walked to the door.

"This new law is going to create chaos in the pack and keep Grandmother busy or locked in her office for a while." Elsa had her hand on the doorknob and spoke in a

whisper as if she feared being overheard. "It's the distraction I need. Promise not to say anything?"

"I won't stop them from going after you." Sophie crossed her arms and stared at her pretty younger littermate. Her heart hurt thinking about her out on her own. Elsa was more damned naïve and gullible than a newborn cub.

"Then I can't tell you what direction I'll run." Elsa opened the door and slipped out, shutting it quietly behind her.

"I've got the list!"

Sophie jumped off the couch where she'd been trying to follow some movie on TV and lunged at Gertrude as she walked in the front door. Sophie grabbed the stapled sheets of paper from Gertrude's hand before her littermate could get out of her coat.

How odd that it looked so normal—not that she'd given thought to what the list would look like. Some prophetic-looking parchment etched in blood?

"I don't know why you're so excited to read that bitch's list." Elsa hadn't moved from her spot on the other end of the couch. "You two don't even care that she's completely controlling your lives. Before you know it, Grandmother will be telling you where you can sniff and not sniff, how to wag your tail..." her voice drifted off, but Sophie ignored her.

"You know you want to see it as badly as we do." Sophie plopped down on the couch, crowding Elsa.

Gertrude sat on her other side, pulling her knees up and leaning into Sophie while stretching her arm across the back of the couch. Sophie held the papers up, scanning the first page and then flipping it over once she realized the bitches' names were listed alphabetically. On the second page she ran her finger down the list and stopped when she reached Rousseau. Both of her littermates leaned in close, almost blocking her view.

"Oh my God." She stared at the three names alongside hers.

Nik Alexander, Lukas Kade, Jonathan Abram.

For a moment she forgot to breathe. Her lungs started hurting and she gulped in air, making her heart pound hard enough to ignite the desire to change inside her. Her three mates. This was really happening. All the time in the world to think and ponder this over didn't prepare her for this moment. Icy chills crept up her spine.

Three mates.

"You fucking scored," Gertrude said and grabbed the list out of Sophie's hand.

Sophie pushed her way out from between her littermates and walked across the large living area toward the huge windows that overlooked their land. The urge to change crawled through her system. She wanted to simplify all the emotions she felt at the moment to their rawest form. Her bones ached to stretch and grow. She felt her joints pop with eager anticipation. A tickle started at the base of her neck, tiny hairs

standing at attention, anxious to transform her into the beautiful creature that lay within her.

"Has Nik already talked to them?" She stared out the window, talking to no one in particular.

An image of his penetrating blue eyes appeared before her—eyes that always watched her and seemed to know everything. His heated gaze made it so clear what he wanted to do to her. And then his words last night—like her fucking two other men would turn him on. A wave of desire attacked her with so much fierceness that she almost staggered as pressure grew inside her.

Nik was her alpha male. She didn't know Lukas and Jonathan very well, but they would have to accept that. And she would fuck Nik soon—real soon. Damn. She could hardly wait.

"Shit, Sophie. I can smell your lust. You're panting worse than a bitch in heat." Elsa's disapproving snarl brought Sophie out of her daydream with a start. "You better learn to want all of your mates," Elsa continued with her berating, and then matched Grandmother's harsh tone. "We're the lucky bitches who get to fuck three *lunewulfs*."

Sophie smiled at Elsa's imitation of Grandmother. Her own lust did fill the air around them, but not enough to hide the scent of Elsa's fear and nervousness. If there was any way, she would make this easier for Elsa. She turned around, praying that sharing her thoughts would show Elsa how she came to terms with all of this.

"Nik will be my alpha. But Jonathan and Lukas are good males too. Life won't be so terribly different. The other males don't have to live with us." Maybe she had the advantage of time to think this through, of a male who would stand with her—and fuck with her—while she took each of her mates. And that time had made the taste of this new law a bit more palatable. Having three *lunewulfs* to fuck every once in a while wasn't such a raw deal.

"You know you love the idea of all that sex." Gertrude giggled and tossed the stapled papers in Elsa's lap. "I got three good males too. Now to figure out how to tame them all."

Elsa tossed the list onto the coffee table and pulled her hand back like the papers might come to life and snap at her. "I don't want any of these males. I don't see how you two can be so excited about being told who to fuck. Shit, this is the twenty-first century, not the dark ages."

"You need to take more pride in being *lunewulf*." Gertrude let her smile fade, turning a serious look on Elsa. Her tone grew quiet. "If you don't agree with a law, you don't lose your temper and howl at the night. Keep your hackles down and think clearly, little bitch. There are better ways to manipulate a situation."

"I agree," Sophie said quickly, smelling the change in the room as she watched Elsa, who stared at Gertrude. "Once we are mated bitches, you know we'll have more say. And mated to three males. Think about it, Elsa. Even if this law doesn't last long, we'll

go down in history. And we're keeping our breed strong. Plain and simple, there aren't enough bitches to go around."

"We'll go down in history as perverted fools," Elsa hissed, her voice no more than a whisper. "I'm not going to be shackled to three males."

Elsa would get in trouble if anyone overheard her. Her littermate had her mind made up and Sophie didn't know what else to say to her to make her see how this could be to their advantage. Granted, there was a terrifying edge to it. But it was embarking on the unusual, running toward the unknown. The more she thought about it, the more excited she got.

She turned and stared back out the window. Three *lunewulfs*! More than anything, she wanted to escape her littermates and roll in her fur over the thick grass and imagine their cocks going in and out of her. All three at once! Shit!

"Don't look at it as shackled. You'll be in charge." Sophie looked at the papers lying in disarray on the coffee table. "Who are your mates?"

"I don't have any mates," Elsa said stiffly and hurried out of the room.

Sophie sighed and then picked up the list. "Johann is one of them," she told Gertrude. "She got George Ricard and Frederick Gambo too."

"Eww." Gertrude looked over Sophie's shoulder at the names. "They'll be drooling like pups at her feet—more than likely bellying up for her before it's the other way around."

"If she stays here long enough for them to try," Sophie said quietly.

"What's that mean?"

Sophie glanced at Gertrude but then turned toward the stairs. "We should go talk to her some more. She told me earlier today that she might run."

"God." Gertrude groaned but followed Sophie toward the stairs.

They crossed the large living room and Sophie glanced down the hallway toward Grandmother's office. The thick wooden door looked uninviting and was fortunately closed. There had been no sign of Grandmother all day, which was about the kindest act the old bitch could bestow on them. Even though it was quiet in the house, Sophie made as little noise as possible ascending the stairs. They found Elsa in her room, sitting at her computer.

"Did you know that if we don't honor pack law within thirty days that we'll be shunned from the pack?" Elsa asked them and pointed at her monitor. "Says so right here."

"Don't get any ideas," Gertrude warned and plopped down on Elsa's bed behind her. Her cell phone rang and she pulled it out of her pocket, then collapsed on her bed, quickly sharing her thoughts of the list with one of her friends and forgetting they'd come up here to console Elsa.

"I shouldn't have signed on," Elsa groaned. Instant message boxes popped up on her screen while the chimes repeatedly went off. "Why the hell is everyone making such a big deal out of this?"

"Because it is a big deal, you dork." Sophie ruffled Elsa's hair playfully, wishing her youngest littermate wouldn't always act like she was older than Grandmother. "How often are you encouraged to fuck three males?"

"Do you hear yourself talking?" Elsa asked. "Are we suddenly all sluts? We're being ordered into orgies without even knowing the males we're supposed to fuck."

"You know all three of the males you got."

Elsa typed furiously as the chimes continued on her computer. She waited a minute before commenting. "And I don't want to fuck any of them."

"Oh Elsa." Sophie wrapped her arms around her younger littermate's neck and then leaned her chin on her shoulder, trying to keep up with all the chats Elsa had going on her screen. "Don't mention what you're thinking about doing to anyone on the computer."

"I'm not an idiot." Elsa glanced over her shoulder, her blue eyes flashing with defiance. "I shouldn't have told you either."

"I can smell your unhappiness."

"Then you understand why I have to leave," she whispered.

Sophie's eyes suddenly burned as her heart hurt more than she ever remembered it hurting before. "I don't want to lose you," she confessed, hating that any second she would cry like a cub.

"You won't." Elsa put her fist over her heart. "Not in here."

"I don't want you to leave the pack." There. She said it. No matter how selfish it made her feel. Elsa smelled so damned miserable one might think she was going to die. Yet Sophie couldn't bear the thought of her youngest littermate out on her own in a crueler and more selfish world than even this pack.

Elsa stiffened, taking Sophie's words at face value. "Not all of us have it like you do, Sophie. You just don't understand." She sighed, turning back to her monitor and typing furiously. "Go enjoy your life with your male. At least you have one who loves you."

"I love you too," Sophie told her and straightened. "I can smell that no matter what I say you're going to do what you want. You always have." She tugged Elsa's hair, getting her to look at her. "Do me a favor and let me know what you do?"

When Elsa kept typing, Sophie glanced over at Gertrude, who was lost in conversation on her cell phone, then headed out of Elsa's bedroom.

"Don't go too far or they'll put a leash on you," Elsa called after her.

"I'm not the one who needs a leash." Sophie turned in the hallway, imprinting her younger littermate's concerned expression in her mind. How much longer would she look so innocent and beautiful?

"And I'm not the one who is a demented pervert." Elsa made a face at her, but her smell wasn't as hateful when she spoke again. "You are lucky, Sophie. I smell your happiness."

Sophie leaned from one foot to the other in the middle of the hallway, Elsa visible only because she sat at her desk by her bedroom door. "I'm lucky to have Nik."

"Then go to him." Elsa's smile didn't reach her eyes.

Sophie hesitated a moment longer, wishing for the perfect thing to say. Elsa would find her happiness. That much Sophie believed. Her younger littermate was too strong of a bitch for any law to bring her down.

"Happy mating!" Elsa called after her, almost making Sophie trip on the stairs.

Sophie ignored her as she went back downstairs and headed through the large kitchen that still held the faint smell of coffee. She opened the back door quietly and closed it behind her. Sunshine immediately soaked into her skin and the cool breeze felt damned good against her flushed cheeks. Nik had to call her soon or maybe she should call him. Thoughts of his rock-hard cock, of all that muscle pressed against her body, of how he would feel buried deep inside her almost made her stumble again. Heat surged inside her and she licked her suddenly too-dry lips, imagining his hot come squirting while she lapped furiously at it.

Gertrude was right. She couldn't wait to fuck!

Chapter Nine

Nik struggled to free his phone from his belt and stopped at the red light. The fucking sun was giving him a headache. He'd barely crawled out of bed when his damned phone started ringing. Now he was on his way to Howley's, where apparently all hell was breaking loose. It was too damned early for this shit. Hell, it wasn't even noon yet.

The list was posted and the reaction was exactly what he'd expected it to be. *Lunewulfs* everywhere were pissed. The phone call that got him out of bed and away from his dreams of Sophie had come from Johann.

"Better get your ass down here," Johann advised. "I'm at Howley's, and it isn't pretty."

He was not in the mood for any of this.

The cell phone rang a fourth time before he managed to answer it. At the same time the light turned green.

"Yes," Nik grumbled, not recognizing the number and definitely not in the mood for chivalry.

"Nik, this is Derek. Grandmother asked that I call." Derek Rousseau's nasal tone was almost as bad as the self-importance in his voice. Like somehow he would gain more of Nik's respect if he knew the puny *lunewulf* called on Grandmother's behalf.

"I'm busy. What do you need?" Nik glanced over his shoulder, managing to hold on to the cell phone as he quickly switched lanes and cursed under his breath at the amount of traffic in Prince George today.

"Grandmother feels a party is in order—something fun to celebrate the upcoming matings." Derek immediately sounded excited. He was as delusional as Grandmother Rousseau if he thought the pack was in any mood to party. "I can't reach Johann but we think if you two organize it, the younger males and bitches will be more inclined to come. Call it a meet and greet of sorts—a time for everyone on the list to get to know each other."

"From what I hear, some of them are already getting to know each other really well." And beating the crap out of each other.

"Wonderful. Grandmother will be so pleased." Derek let out a long sigh, then hurried to continue as if he guessed Nik was ready to hang up on him. "I'll let Grandmother know you and Johann will handle everything. Have the party at Johann's den and be sure and let me know the time. Got to run."

The *lunewulf* actually hung up on him. Nik growled, clutching the phone in his hand and signaling to turn into Howley's.

The late morning sun glared at him as he pulled into a stall. It was as if it taunted him for getting up this early and taking advantage of his not being awake yet. What he wouldn't do for a cappuccino right about now. Maybe he should run over to the gas station across the street, grab much-needed caffeine and then figure out why in the hell Johann had called him out so early in the day. The parking lot wasn't even half full—unlike surrounding parking lots where humans worked. Why in the hell did that breed start their day so damned early?

He sat there for a moment, his car idling quietly and his radio humming with an overly animated announcer trying to pry into the private life of someone involved in a scandal. The door to Howley's flew open while he sat there debating on caffeine, and Frederick Gambo almost fell out of the building. He glanced around the parking lot, looking rabid, rested his gaze on Nik and then took off running in the other direction.

"Well hell," Nik grumbled, rubbing his bristly chin while instincts that shouldn't even be awake yet began kicking in.

He watched Gambo run across the next parking lot, dodging cars until he disappeared around the corner. The small *lunewulf* even ran like a bitch. But something had sent him racing out of there. And aggressive instincts replaced the lack of caffeine in his system. A sudden urge to bare his teeth, let his claws grow and settle any matters that might be out of hand helped get him out of the car.

He strolled across the parking lot, his boots making a steady beat against the asphalt. The faint smell of testosterone had him picking up his pace.

A bar stool almost hit him in the face when he pulled open the heavy door to the bar.

"Fuck," he hissed, raising his arm in defense while his eyes quickly adjusted to the dim lighting.

Johann stumbled backward when Armand Gaston bulldozed into him. Nik jumped to the side just as Johann's back hit the wall next to the door. The two *lunewulfs* shook the entire wall with their impact.

"It's about fucking time you got here." Johann looked over at him, gave him a half smile, then roared and shoved Gaston off him.

"Looks like I'm missing the party." Nik stepped into the bar, letting the door close behind him.

Johann successfully pushed the shorter but stockier *lunewulf* back a few more feet before Gaston jumped to the side. He took a shot at Johann, his fist a lethal weapon that missed Johann's head by inches. Johann ducked, then moved to the side quickly and punched Gaston in the gut.

"Just trying to make a point here," Johann yelled, daring to glance over his shoulder at Nik but then turning his full attention back to his attacker.

The punch to the gut didn't faze Gaston. "I'll take you both on," he sneered, looking at Nik for the first time with puffy, beady eyes that were almost completely silver. "Rousseau thinks he can handle two bitches, but he sure as hell can't handle one male."

"Never been my style," Johann offered gallantly and then aimed a shot at Gaston's face.

Armand Gaston was a much stronger *lunewulf* than Johann. But Johann's wiry build made him faster, which was a damned good thing. Gaston's next punch would have been deadly if it had made contact. Johann leapt out of the way.

"Maybe if you fill me in on the conversation." Nik heard bits and pieces of what he guessed might be the problem.

Standing there watching these two, he also pinned some of his attention on a growing argument over by the pool tables. Obviously some of the males felt they already had certain rights over some of the bitches. And they were settling the score with the males who'd just found out they would be these bitches' mates.

Nik thought about turning and walking back out the door. No one would challenge him for Sophie – not and live through the words uttered to announce the challenge.

"You get Elsa Rousseau as a mate and think you can keep on fucking Simone," Armand hissed through his teeth that had grown long enough to prevent his thin lips from covering them. "Simone is my mate now and you're going to keep your fucking paws off her."

Johann ducked and managed to miss another swing from Armand. His efforts had him stumbling to the side and almost knocking over a chair at a nearby empty table.

"That about sums up the conversation," he told Nik, grinning while he pushed the chair back under the table. He shook his head at Armand. "And Simone isn't your bitch until you mate with her. Read the rules, if you can read."

"I'm not the one who isn't following the rules." Armand lunged at him again, sending the table sliding across the barroom floor. "I just saw you out back with your pants around your ankles, you fucking mutt!"

"Now you're getting personal." Johann's lack of concern about keeping his affairs private had gotten him into more than one fight in his life.

Sometimes Nik thought the *lunewulf* loved the fight as much as he loved pussy. He shook his head and turned toward the bar.

"Looks to me like you have things under control," he told Johann, just as Armand yanked the chair away from Johann and flung it across the room.

"Hey!" Shackley bellowed from behind the bar. He tossed his bar rag down on the damp countertop. "Don't throw my fucking furniture around!"

"Sorry," Armand yelled and then a crashing sound came from behind Nik.

He ignored it and leaned against the bar, sniffing in the direction of the pool tables and getting a nose full of the smell of beer, cigarette smoke and spicy outrage.

"Coffee, Shackley. Black." He intentionally ignored the howling going on behind him as Johann continued fighting off Armand. Sooner or later the two *lunewulfs* would get tired of beating the shit out of each other. In the meantime, he needed caffeine. "Nice morning?"

Shackley growled at him and turned to grab a pot of coffee. The hot brew sloshed into an off-white coffee mug that he placed in front of Nik.

"I want to know what the hell I did to piss off the pack so bad that they would post that fucking list here," he mumbled and picked up his bar rag.

Nik snorted. "Who the hell knows," he said, and sipped at the coffee.

At that moment, someone howled over in the corner and a fight broke out by the pool table.

"Shit," Shackley growled.

Nik nursed his coffee, letting the adrenaline go nuts around him while the caffeine slowly kicked in inside him. It didn't surprise him a bit that all this violence resulted from that fucking list. He downed more of the coffee, set his cup down and stared blankly as Shackley refilled it to the rim. Cursing and the sound of flesh pounding flesh filled the room behind him. Nik worked hard to ignore all of it.

The door to the bar crashed open and more anger filled the air. George Ricard stormed through the door, his blond hair looking windblown. His fists were clenched at his side and he snarled when the door slammed closed behind him.

"Where the hell is that list?" he asked, and then turned his attention toward Armand and Johann.

The two males were on the floor, and when Nik turned, Armand had Johann in a tight pin, looking like he'd break his neck, if he could get Johann to hold still long enough to get his stubby fingers around it. It amazed him the two *lunewulfs* could fight so long and not wear each other out.

Nik took a quick gulp of his second cup of coffee, swallowed the bitter brew, and then reached Armand in two long strides. Picking the stout male up by his shoulders, he shoved him toward George. Johann jumped to his feet, rubbing his neck while taking heavy, deep breaths.

"I want to see that list." George grabbed Armand, giving him a hard shake.

"Let him go," Nik told George. The *lunewulf*, who was about Nik's age, didn't have bit of sense and was about as intelligent as a dog. "Go ask Shackley about the list."

George pushed Armand into Nik and stalked over to the bar. The fight in the corner escalated and yells turned into loud growls. Shackley ignored George and roared at the males to keep it in their skin or to get the fuck out of his bar. Armand tried freeing himself from Nik's grasp but Nik pushed him toward the door.

"Why don't you get to know your bitch so that she won't go running after stray males," he encouraged, shoving Armand outside the bar.

Armand turned to say something but Nik pushed the door closed in his face. He turned toward Johann, not waiting to see if Armand would come bursting back inside again. He really hoped the asshole wouldn't. Another cup of coffee before he had to kick ass would be nice.

"I almost had him," Johann said easily, rubbing his neck, which was red from handprints, and gave him a lazy grin.

"Yup." Nik surveyed the action going on in the corner of the bar. "I could tell."

George still stared at the list when Nik and Johann joined him at the bar. Shackley pushed a cup of coffee toward Johann and refilled Nik's cup, then glanced back at his pool tables.

"Shit gets broken in here and that old bitch is paying for it."

"I'll see that she does," Johann assured him.

One of the males in the corner went flying over the pool table and rolled across the floor. He took his time standing up and Shackley, who'd apparently had enough, decided to come around the bar.

"Playtime's over, cubs," he yelled, grabbing a pool ball as it rolled across the floor. "Go find a meadow and get the fuck out of my bar."

Shackley stood over six feet tall and had a fair amount of weight on him. His shaved head and tattooed body helped add to his menacing look. He followed his command up with a low growl that stilled the fighting males.

The *lunewulf* on the floor struggled to his feet and created a wide path around Shackley, growling under his breath before hurrying out the door. Another *lunewulf* raced around the pool table, attacking another male. Nik shifted his weight, nursing his third cup, thankful that he finally felt awake. Nothing like a good barroom brawl to get the cobwebs out of his brain.

"How long do you think this will go on?" Johann asked with his cup resting against his lower lip.

Nik looked at the good-looking male, knowing that in spite of his nonchalant tone, it mattered to him that they didn't kill themselves off.

"Hell if I know."

"How come you aren't fighting for your bitch?"

"Got matters under control." Elaborating wasn't necessary. It wasn't like Johann would follow Nik's lead.

"Oh really?" Johann waited out the silence between them.

It didn't matter at this point what he shared with the male or kept to himself. But for Sophie's sake, he wouldn't go into details about their personal life.

"Sophie and I are cool with the law." He kept his tone and his scent unwavering.

"Oh really." Johann studied him a minute longer. Resigned to the fact that Nik wouldn't let loose with details, he returned to his coffee, drinking it down. "Maybe you should give lessons."

"Not my job." He finished his cup, needing to take a piss before doing anything else.

More males and a few bitches were in the bar when he came out of the dirty bathroom. Laughter mixed with threatening conversations. The mixture of lust-filled energy and hostile emotions made for an interesting combination of smells in the dimly lit bar.

Shackley was around the pool tables again, yelling at more males who were throwing potshots at each other. He tossed the ball onto the pool table and scowled at the *lunewulfs* who stubbornly stood on the other side of the table. Anger still flooded the air but no one moved and finally Shackley made his way back around the bar.

Nik followed him, returning to his empty cup, which Shackley dutifully filled.

"Tempers are going to soar for a while," Johann said, leaning into the bar and nursing his cup of coffee.

George held the list in his hands and dragged an index finger down the second page.

"I'll be damned." He looked at Nik, showing off several dark holes where teeth once were. "Maybe this ain't such a bad law after all. Who would have thought a *lunewulf* like me would ever get a mate like Elsa Rousseau?"

Nik swore Johann gripped his cup a bit harder, but he didn't say anything. Not that he had any room to talk. He'd just fought over the fact that he howled for one bitch and fucked another—something that wasn't a pack secret. Everyone knew as soon as Elsa refused his advances that he'd go sniffing after Simone.

"Some of us got luckier than others." Nik downed his coffee, enjoying the caffeine high that now worked hard on his system, and slid the cup to the end of the bar where Shackley snatched it up. Nik stepped back and looked at Johann. "Oh by the way, you're having a party tonight."

"Oh really?" Johann didn't move but turned his head and gave Nik an unimpressed look. "When did I decide to do this?"

"When I got called on the way over here and informed that a celebration was in order," Nik said dryly.

"You're having a party?" George asked, putting the list down and nodding to Shackley to give him a beer. His blue eyes opened wide when he looked at Nik, but then he gave his attention to Johann, pulling his jeans up. The *lunewulf* was way too skinny. "Will Elsa be there?"

"If she is, you'll show some fucking respect toward her," Johann growled, his lips barely moving. His anger hadn't completely subsided after fighting. But his words stirred the spicy smell of the emotion in the air around them.

"All I want is a piece of tail every now and then and I'll be good." George shoved his hand into his pocket and pulled out a wad of crumpled bills when Shackley put a draw in front of him. "What time is the party?"

The male was too damned stupid to see how his indifference toward Elsa affected Johann. Nik let out a silent sigh, dreading the damned party before they even had it

planned. He fought to keep his emotions at bay. The last thing he wanted was to add to the stench already surrounding them from too many negative emotions.

"Let's start it at midnight," Nik suggested, staring past George at Johann.

His friend's look turned to one of resignation. "I'm sure you'll fill me in on why we're having this party when you're ready."

Shackley decided the bar counter in front of them needed to be wiped clean. He made a show of doing so while listening in. When Johann spoke, he looked at Nik, waiting for his response.

"Just what I told you—I got a phone call." Nik shook his head, but when George gave him his attention as well, he kept his expression neutral. "We're celebrating all the upcoming matings."

Shackley raised an eyebrow and Johann shook his head, running his hand through his hair. But George grinned, gulping down his beer and leaving a foamy mustache on his upper lip.

"I'll help spread the word." George shoved the empty cup toward Shackley, nodding for another. "You'll make sure Elsa is there?"

"Can't promise a thing." Nik looked at Shackley as well. "Post an announcement and let everyone know. I'm heading out since obviously you have everything under control in here."

"Always do," Shackley said with a grunt and put some elbow grease into wiping the counter.

Nik wanted to call Sophie, see her now that it was a decent hour to call on her den. Maybe he should take advantage of this party tonight and officially mate with her. His little bitch was primed and ready, and he'd be damned if he wouldn't fuck her first.

Johann pushed away from the bar and followed him.

"See you tonight," George yelled after them.

If he said something else, Nik didn't hear it. The door shut behind Johann. Nik gulped in the fresh air, freeing his lungs from the stench of negative emotions that had clogged the bar. The sun shone brightly in the cloudless sky, no longer at an angle where it burned his eyes. It would be a crisp, star-filled sky tonight. Perfect for enjoying his sweet little bitch.

"What the fuck is up with this party thing tonight?" Johann demanded.

Nik turned when he reached his car. "Talk to Grandmother for the details."

"Have it at your den. They called you."

"They want it at your den. It wasn't my idea."

Johann opened his mouth to protest, but Nik wasn't in the mood. He opened his car door and slid into the driver's seat.

"Howl your complaints to our pack leader. I'll see you tonight." He shut his door and didn't look at Johann, who stood there when he drove off.

Johann had issues to iron out with his own mating. Many of the males, if not all of them, needed to figure out how the hell to deal with this new law. Nik wouldn't waste energy trying to figure out how they would lie in their dens. None of it was his damned business or his concern. All that mattered was assuring Sophie's happiness, and his. And that included keeping a close eye on her other mates. He grabbed his cell phone and called Lukas and Jonathan, letting them both know about the party this evening. Both males wanted to know if Sophie would be there. He assured them she would be, and they would have the opportunity to spend time getting to know her better.

Lunewulfs like Johann could growl over males sniffing around their bitches. But not Nik. Sophie's other mates would be allowed to talk to her, spend time with her and fuck her. But every move they made around her would be with his consent and his knowledge. They wouldn't do anything with her that he didn't authorize and approve.

When he placed his third phone call, it rang several times before it was answered.

"Hello?" Sophie's quiet, relaxed tone assured Nik he had handled matters properly.

His bitch didn't know about the anger and fights that erupted throughout the pack over the new law. She sat at her den with her littermates in a sheltered and well-protected environment. He'd see to it that she remained in such a surrounding. Although soon, very soon, she would be in his den.

"I'm coming to see you," he announced, turning out of the parking lot and heading toward her den.

"Nik!" Her excitement was answer enough. "When?"

"Now. Meet me out at the barn."

"Hurry." She sounded breathless.

His entire body hardened, reacting instantly to her excitement and eagerness to see him.

"Get your cute ass outside now." He couldn't stop his smile when she giggled and assured him she would be waiting.

Accelerating, he hurried through traffic out to the large country home where Sophie's den was. He parked out front, not concerned with who knew he was there. The sun warmed his back while he inhaled the fresh country air. There was no animosity here. Although there should be, he thought ironically. The hatred and anger filling the pack stemmed from the queen bitch living here in this grandiose den.

He strolled around the house, his boots moving silently over the thick, recently mowed lawn. He heard the rumble of the rider mower somewhere around back and guessed that Old Ben might be busy and the barn empty.

His cock pressed against his jeans when he thought that he might actually be alone with Sophie. More than likely Derek would be inside, sniffing around after his grandmother and making sure he stayed on her good side. Sophie's littermates would be here too. They wouldn't disturb them but Derek might. Nik would enjoy whatever

time alone he had with Sophie. He reached the barn, sniffing the air at the entrance and smelling no other *lunewulfs* in the area. Sophie wasn't here yet.

The cool barn was ripe from smells of machinery. Today the other end of the barn stood open. The large doors had been rolled back so that Old Ben could drive the rider mower outside. It made it easier to see inside and Nik walked over the hard dirt floor, idly glancing at the different items stored here.

There were stalls where animals would go if the pack owned farm animals. Nik heard the back door to the den open and close and stood silently at the entrance of one of the empty stalls as he listened. Soft footsteps, creating a quiet, steady repetition, sounded as someone walked across the yard. It was a bitch. Nik guessed that much easily enough. He sniffed the air, waiting for her scent to reach him while stepping into the stall.

It was Sophie. He saw her enter the barn at the same time her scent wrapped around him. She stood in the open doorway, hesitating, and flipped her blonde hair over her shoulder.

He watched her sniff the air. "Nik?" she asked, keeping her voice quiet as she searched the barn with her eyes.

She wore a sleeveless sweater with no bra. The material stretched over her breasts, accentuating their roundness and making his mouth water. There was no way she wouldn't smell his lust. Just staring at her as she stood with the sun on her back sent heat rushing over him. Every muscle inside him hardened, his sight grew more acute and his dick filled with blood, hardening painfully.

In front of him stood the bitch he knew, beyond any doubt, that he would fight and kill for. Sophie was destined to be his mate, his other half. Sharing her with anyone tore at him harder than anything he'd ever sniffed out in his life. He watched her walk slowly into the barn, sniffing, searching with her eyes, while knowing that she'd do anything for him. Sophie would fight and kill – and fuck other males – for him.

He'd howled about loyalty to the pack since he was a cub. It was all he'd heard from his sire when he was alive. They were strong, invincible, as long as the pack remained intact. No matter what, a male fought for his pack just like he did for his bitch.

"I know you're here, Nik," Sophie said quietly. "I can smell you."

Her lips twitched into a smile as she walked silently over the dirt floor. Dark blue jeans hugged her slender legs and showed off her narrow waist. His cock pressed against his pants while he imagined himself buried deep inside her, making her scream, hearing her cry out his name while he showed her the wonders of sex.

When she turned in his direction, he stepped back into the stall, squatting so that she wouldn't see him as she approached. He barely heard her flat boots step closer, her movements cautious, while he smelled her scent wrap around him. Soap and deodorant, mixed with a musky perfume she didn't usually wear, didn't hide her

natural scent, the smell that was unique to Sophie. And a fragrance he couldn't live without.

He lowered his gaze when her boot appeared at the edge of the stall. Standing quickly, he grabbed her arm, pulling her to him and covering her mouth before she could cry out in surprise.

"Little bitch." Her blue eyes opened wide with surprise when she looked up at him. He held her firmly, pulling her into the stall as she relaxed and allowed him to control her actions. "Did anyone see you leave your den?"

She nodded her head while he held her face, his palm pressed against her warm, moist lips.

"Will they follow you?" he asked, glancing over her head at one open door and then the other.

Slowly, she shook her head no.

He let go of her mouth and ran his hand down her smooth flesh, then wrapped his fingers around her slender neck. His cock pulsed with too much energy, straining to be free from the confines of his jeans. More than he wanted to breathe, he ached to fuck her right now.

"Gertrude and Elsa know —" she began.

"Shh." He placed his fingers over her lips, silencing her.

She closed her mouth.

She pouted, looking up at him while desire glowed in her eyes.

"I've been dying to see you since I woke up today," she whispered.

He grinned, loving her disobedience. "I told you to be quiet," he whispered in turn.

Sophie licked her lips, the small act enough to almost make him explode. She didn't say anything though, just looked up at him with blue eyes so clear that he saw through to her soul. Her love for him made them sparkle. Her cheeks flushed and she sucked in a breath, standing motionless next to him, waiting for him to make the move.

Which was what made him love her even more. Her trust in him, her untamed desire to please him and satisfy herself, added to her beauty and made her glow. His bitch. His property. His female to cherish and see to it that she continued looking as beautiful and happy as she did right now.

"Your pussy is soaking wet right now, isn't it?" He watched her lips part and pressed his finger against them, reminding her to stay quiet. "I want you to keep it that way for me, little bitch. Stay as horny as you are right now. Tonight there will be a party that you'll be attending. I will see you there and take care of that pressure that I know is growing inside you."

Chapter Ten

Sophie hated Nik and couldn't wait to see him again, all at the same time. He'd left her with a fever raging inside her. And he knew he had her on the brink of exploding. Not to mention, getting out her toy and taking care of herself wasn't exactly an option during the day.

Babette Trent, one of the older bitches in the pack, had taken Sophie and her littermates into Prince George to do some shopping. The pack was howling all over the place about a party at Johann's den tonight, so new outfits were in order. But shopping with Babette was about as much fun as running with a pack of old bitches. Babette reeked of stale, stuffed emotions and body sweat. Most *lunewulfs* weren't overweight. Most of the pack stayed in shape by running in their fur a few times a week. Babette was an exception to that rule. She preferred her kill brought to her, already cooked with plenty of sauce. Sophie couldn't believe that her pussy still throbbed when they finally returned to their den before nightfall.

She headed upstairs with her bags of new clothes and shoes, taking the stairs slowly. Her jeans rubbed against her crotch, creating a dampness that filled the air around her with lust. She took each step deliberately, feeling the bump in the hem of her pants press against her clit while she moved.

She would see Nik in a couple of hours. He'd promised her he would take care of the pressure that was making her nuts. They would fuck. Damn. She couldn't wait.

But where would they do it? How would they do it? From what she'd heard in town, every member of the pack who was affected by the new law would be at Johann's tonight. Simone planned on picking up Sophie, Gertrude and Elsa. All their destined mates would be there. The place would be packed. Would they sneak off somewhere? Everyone would know if they did.

And who the fuck cared if the pack did find out? Pack law ordered them to mate. Fucking each other would only show that they were following pack law. She reached the top of the stairs, knowing her smile had to look conspiratorial, and headed down the hall to her bedroom.

"Sophie?" Elsa called from her room. "Come here. I absolutely hate this fucking outfit."

Gertrude opened her door as Sophie turned toward Elsa's and followed her into their youngest littermate's room.

"You don't look so bad," Gertrude immediately decided.

Elsa turned in front of her full-length mirror, twisting as she stared at herself. The black leggings she had on showed off how slender she was. And her dark blue wool

sweater brought out the color in her eyes as well as showed off how large her breasts were. Every male there would be drooling after her.

"What's wrong with it?" Sophie wanted to know. "Why did you buy it if you didn't like it?"

"Nothing looked good. Babette was making me insane so I just grabbed these without trying them on. I look like a damned slut." Elsa wrinkled her nose, making a face at the mirror.

"Sometimes sluts have more fun." Simone appeared in the doorway, decked out in a black miniskirt with black stockings and a silk blouse. She tossed her hair over her shoulder and struck a pose for all of them. "Fucking is a good thing, my dear. You should try it sometime."

"I'm not opposed to fucking," Elsa said quietly, grabbing everyone's attention. Elsa never gave indication of having any sex drive at all. "I just don't see a need to advertise to the entire pack that I'm dying to do it."

"Are you?" Sophie asked before she could stop herself.

Elsa's blush was more answer than any of them would ever get out of her. "Not with any of the limp-dick males in this pack," she said stubbornly, then quickly turned her back on all of them even though she couldn't hide the smell of her embarrassment.

Sophie smiled, walking over to Elsa's bed and plopping down on it. She dropped her bags next to her. All three bitches in front of her were dressed to kill. Excitement tore through her just thinking how much fun they would have tonight.

"Tonight's party is going to be different than any other party we've gone to," she told them.

"Different is an understatement." Simone walked over and grabbed Sophie's bags, dumping out their contents. "A night full of fighting and fucking, all thanks to dear old Grandmother."

"I'm going to avoid the fighting part," Gertrude said, holding her hand out in front of her and surveying her painted fingernails. "I think I'll try taking on Matthew Jordeaux first."

"I never knew you sniffed after him." Elsa grabbed her brush and stroked her long locks as she turned and frowned at Gertrude. The sour smell of her embarrassment—like lemons—still lingered around her.

Gertrude sighed, giving Elsa that oldest littermate look, like she was ready to explain something for the hundredth time. "He's one of my three mates. We need to support this law, make it work. If we don't, our pack will fall apart. Do you want that to happen, Elsa?"

"Of course not. But I don't support this law. I don't." She stamped her foot and her waist-length hair fell over her shoulder. "Besides, Grandmother hates me. She gave me three lousy males."

"You got Johann," Simone said quickly.

"You can have him." Elsa waved her hand in the air, scowling at Simone. "Oh wait—you've already had him a number of times, haven't you?"

"Rolling with a male in the meadow doesn't put a leash on him." There was an edge of bitterness in Simone's tone.

Sophie knew Simone sniffed after Johann. But she was cool with announcing that he was now one of Elsa's mates. Listening to the two bitches bicker about him didn't sound like much fun. She personally doubted any bitch would be able to put a leash on Johann. But she'd keep that thought to herself.

"I guess I need to get dressed." She changed the subject and reached for the clothes that Simone had scattered over the bed.

"Definitely. You're going to have your mates going belly up for you once you put this on." Simone grabbed the dress Sophie had bought earlier.

"I don't want my males going belly up for me." Sophie grabbed the dress. "They will stand tall and be proud of our mating. It's the only way we're going to make this work."

"You're really getting into this, aren't you?" Elsa gave her a curious look.

Sophie held her dress up, loving how it changed colors in the light. She struggled to find words that might help her youngest littermate. Remembering Elsa's comment about running, she wanted to say the right thing.

"I'm proud to be a *lunewulf*," she said slowly. The other bitches all looked at her, their expressions turning serious. "And I'll do whatever it takes to keep our pack strong."

The room grew quiet while a sobering scent surrounded them. It lasted only a moment.

"You sound so patriotic and loyal," Elsa said dryly. "But you have Nik. I see how you sniff after him. You love that *lunewulf*. I'm sure that makes all of this a nice big adventure for you."

"It's not an adventure, but it's something he and I will walk through together," Sophie admitted, then ruffled Elsa's hair.

Her younger littermate slapped at her and Gertrude and Simone quickly started chatting about who would be at the party.

Sophie took her time getting ready, wanting everything to be perfect. Tonight she would mate with Nik. No amount of perfume or fragranced lotion would hide the musky scent of lust that seeped from her pores. She couldn't wait to fuck him, to know how it felt to have him buried deep inside her. And she would know soon, real soon. Every inch of her hummed with nervous excitement. She almost shook with anticipation.

By midnight, Grandmother had already fallen asleep, and they were able to slip out of the den without lectures from the old bitch on how good little bitches were supposed to behave.

"Would you look at this," Simone purred as she pulled her car off the road and parked behind a row of cars.

Johann's den was buzzing with activity. From the road, almost a block's distance away, they could see and smell a bonfire burning in his backyard. There weren't many lights on inside the den, but *lunewulfs* trailed inside and out, chatting and hollering at each other.

Simone parked and the four of them got out, making their way along the country road toward Johann's den. Sophie's knees wobbled from nerves and she fought to walk at a slow pace. It would be just her luck to trip over her own feet and fall face forward, running her stockings before she even had a chance to strip out of them.

As soon as they were spotted, others quickly came out to greet them. Within minutes, Sophie strolled through the front door by herself. Gertrude and Simone joined pack mates and hurried inside ahead of her, and somehow Elsa managed to disappear on her.

The rich, thick aroma in the air couldn't be missed. Everyone here wanted to fuck. She spotted Gertrude, gyrating to the thumping, loud music with a handful of males surrounding her. Leave it to her oldest littermate not to be satisfied with only three. Pack members lingered everywhere, talking over the music, taking punches at each other and laughing loudly. Some werewolves from a pack west of Prince George had shown up too. Sophie recognized the larger *Cariboo lunewulf* breed. Word of the promiscuous behavior suddenly legalized in her pack obviously had traveled fast.

Damp air coming through the window gave her goose bumps when she passed in front of it. She kept moving, weaving around *lunewulfs* who hovered around the dining room table, munching on someone's kill. The rich smell of freshly grilled meat made her stomach growl, but she ignored it. She wasn't in the mood to eat right now.

Salt, lust, body sweat and the bitter smell of cigarette smoke permeated the air in the close quarters of the den. Her hair would stink tomorrow. Sophie leaned against the wall next to the open window, inhaling the hint of pine that crept in from outside. She searched the crowd, overhearing several conversations, most of them about who was mating with whom. The chatter seemed to grow louder, along with the volume of the music. Most of the pack seemed concerned with which of them were pleased with their chosen mates and who was outraged. She overheard gossip that some pack members planned on leaving the pack, and listened to predictions of who would disappear and who would stick it out.

"Everyone will end up in the corners fucking before the night is over," Simone whispered into her ear, grinning mischievously when Sophie turned to look at her. "Ready to party, cousin?"

More than ready, she wanted to say. *I can't wait to get fucked tonight.*

Her thoughts had to smell stronger than the mixture of aromas around her, because Simone's grin broadened.

"Who will be the lucky male for you?" Sophie asked, changing the topic from herself to Simone.

The bitch lazily lifted her shoulder. Her long lashes were coated with mascara that accentuated her pretty eyes. Simone didn't need all the makeup she insisted on wearing all the time, although Sophie wondered if she would even recognize her without it.

"We get three. So I guess whichever can still put out after they're through pouring all this alcohol into themselves." She laughed easily and then spotted someone in the crowd who caught her interest. "Get out there and mingle. Don't stand here holding up the wall." She gave Sophie a nudge before darting into the crowd.

Sophie swallowed and then almost choked on the variety of smells that filled her lungs. She searched the crowd again, looking for Nik. There wasn't anyone else here that she wanted to see.

Across the room, she spotted Lukas Kade. He was one of the males she would mate with. Instantly her heart started pounding so hard in her chest she could hardly breathe. He'd just walked into the den and stopped to talk to another male. They exchanged a few words, and she took a moment to study his stocky build. Lukas worked at the sawmill and often ran with the group she hung out with. She'd never really talked to him before but hadn't ever heard anything bad about him either. His blond hair was cut short, almost into a crew cut, and his arms and chest were thick. He wore a sweatshirt and jeans, and stuffed his thumbs into his front pockets as he nodded at something said to him.

Sophie turned quickly, her mouth suddenly too dry. She didn't want him to notice her – not before she found Nik. Granted there were three males she was supposed to get to know, but it just didn't seem right to speak to the other two unless she had Nik with her.

Elsa's words from earlier popped into her head. All of this was so much easier for her because she had Nik. Being with other males with him panting next to her didn't sound like such a raw deal.

Imagining what it might be like for many of the bitches here who didn't have a male already, who would have to take on three males without help, turned her tummy into uncomfortable knots. Suddenly it made perfect sense to her why Elsa wanted nothing to do with any of this. Her heart ached for the discomfort her littermate must be experiencing. Since she couldn't find Nik, she would go seek out Elsa.

She moved around the dining room table, keeping a wall of pack members between her and Lukas. He would touch her soon. And she would touch him. But tonight, and soon, she would be with Nik. He would have his hands on her. It would be Nik's tongue scraping over her flesh. She would run by his side, roll over and give herself to him. His wicked promise earlier had kept her on the verge of an orgasm all day. The cool breeze coming through the window rushed over her back. It did nothing to soothe the intense heat of her aching pussy.

Sophie glanced into the kitchen, easing her way around two bitches who were getting into a heated discussion about their future mates. She ignored them and the spicy smell of their growing anger and quickly searched the pack members lingering in the kitchen.

"Elsa, wait up," she called out to her younger littermate, who had reached the back door. "I'll go outside with you."

Maybe Nik would be in the backyard.

"Are you having fun?" Elsa looked miserable. She shoved her long blonde hair over her shoulder. Worry clouded her pretty blue eyes.

Sophie ran her hand over her littermate's hair. "If you relaxed, you'd have more fun. There are tons of sexy males here."

Elsa sucked in her lower lip and then scraped her teeth over it. She looked even more upset than she had earlier today. "Go find your males, Sophie. Don't worry about me."

The cold night air slapped Sophie in the face and filled her nostrils with the ripe smell of pine and burning wood. Testosterone mingled among the smells. She glanced past Elsa at the dark figures that appeared to be dancing around leaping flames. Laughter, howls and hollering filled the air.

"I'll always worry about you. It's my job." She smiled at Elsa but ached to learn if Nik might be in the crowd of *lunewulfs* over by the fire. If he was, she'd think that he'd sniff her out. But then, he hadn't in the barn earlier. Nik had made her come find him. Well she had no problem tracking her male now.

"Go find him," Elsa said, nudging Sophie with her elbow.

"I'm that easy to read?"

"I can smell how much you love him." Elsa grinned for the first time and actually sounded happy.

Sophie shook her head. Her youngest littermate could fend for herself. She didn't need any more encouragement.

"Howl if you need me," she told Elsa, and then moved into the darkness to find Nik.

Her new shoes weren't waterproof, and moisture from the damp grass soaked through them while she walked toward the fire. She didn't feel the discomfort though. Her heart pounded faster and blood raced through her veins. The primal urge to change filled her being. The beast inside her, the stronger half of her whole, cried out to be released.

Smoke from the fire filled her lungs, along with the sweet smell of the surrounding trees and the heady aromas of lustful emotions. A tinge of spicy anger hit her too, but only sporadically. The overwhelming desire to fuck dominated everyone outside. Even those who felt disparaged or resentful toward the new law craved to fornicate before the night ended. Their emotions wrapped around her, drawing her closer to them.

The cold night air added to the energy already pulsing inside her. It drew her nipples to hardened peaks against her new dress. She loved when autumn changed to winter. It made her frisky, full of life and the desire to run and play. Rolling in the meadow with a certain tall, well-built *lunewulf* would make everything perfect.

It will happen. Nik had promised her that much. Tonight. He would fuck her tonight. Cream soaked her inner thighs and she almost stumbled over a clump of uneven ground just thinking about it.

She glanced back at Elsa. Johann had found her. Good. Her littermate would be distracted. Sophie put a strut into her walk and strolled across the yard. A beer might calm her nerves.

"Looking good, Sophie." Lukas Kade grinned from the other side of the keg, while holding a black tube and pouring beer into his plastic cup.

It would be rude to walk away from him now.

"Thanks, Lukas." She accepted the cup when he handed it to her. The golden brew foamed over the edges, soaking her hand.

She had no idea what to say to the stocky *lunewulf*, so she sipped at her beer and watched over the rim when he moved around the keg and approached her. He was one of her mates, according to pack law. She was bound to get to know him, and fuck him. According to the law, she would have his cubs. Her tummy twisted painfully at the thought, and the beer she'd just swallowed foamed up inside her.

Where the hell was Nik?

"I'd say it's time we got to know each other a bit," he said, taking a long, slow drink from his cup and staring down at her.

The lust swarming in his gaze shouldn't frighten her. She'd professed to her littermates and Simone just a few hours ago that she could do this. She would be damned if this male saw her cower before him.

"We've known each other most of our lives," she teased, trying for a light, casual tone.

"Now we get to know each other a lot better." He downed the rest of his beer and she wondered if it was his first cup. He turned, and for a moment she thought he'd walk away from her, but he set his empty plastic cup on the rim of the keg and returned his attention to her. "I'm a good *lunewulf*, Sophie. You won't regret fucking me."

She shouldn't encourage him. Then, biting her lip, the realization that discouraging him would look bad made bile rise to her throat.

"This is all just new to me," she said quietly, her voice a bit husky as she desperately tried to make up for the unappealing scent she suddenly smelled on herself.

She froze when Lukas touched her shoulder. No male touched her other than Nik. They wouldn't dare. Except Lukas had a right. Damn this new pack law. He wasn't out of line or even being too forward. They were supposed to mate. The whole point of tonight was for all of them to get to know each other better. "This is new to all of us."

Lukas laughed easily, obviously not offended by her pungent smell of fear. His thick fingers squeezed her bones, and he leaned into her, then buried his face in her hair. "I love your scent. I can smell your come. Your pussy must be soaked. We need to get together really soon."

Sophie couldn't see past him. Lukas' thick frame pressed against her while his hand slid down her arm to her waist. She held her breath and squeezed her eyes closed when he slipped his fingers underneath her sweater. Lukas would fuck her. That was part of the deal. Nik had told her he would take care of everything. Maybe he'd sent Lukas to her, told him to give her some attention. And it wasn't like he was hurting her.

Nonetheless, she jumped when he cupped her breast and then pinched her nipple between his finger and thumb. Electric tingles shot through her, and a nervous sweat broke out over her chilled skin. He twisted her puckered flesh while his other hand pressed against her back, holding her to him.

Her efforts not to panic over the fact that he touched her so intimately almost distracted her from what he was doing—almost. And that bothered her. He didn't feel, or act, or move or do anything the way Nik did. Lukas shouldn't be turning her on. Yet her body reacted to his touch, to the way he pinched her nipple.

Sophie took a deep breath and sawdust, beer and lust consumed her senses. They blended together rather well, combining everything that basically made up who Lukas was. He worked hard, more than likely played hard, and she should be flattered that she turned him on. He wasn't a bad *lunewulf*—she should be grateful for that. If only she could get over her guilt for reacting to him when that was exactly what she was supposed to do.

She molded into him, forcing herself to relax, and his powerful body wrapped around her like a warm blanket. Of her three mates, he would be her teddy bear. Although his thick, stubby body was very muscular, there was a softness about him too.

"I can't wait to feel that hot little mouth of yours wrapped around my cock," he whispered into her ear, the beer on his breath saturating the air. Lukas continued kneading her breast, sending nervous energy flaring through her.

Never before had a stranger spoken to her like this. And although she'd known Lukas most of her life, he'd graduated a couple years ahead of her, and they'd never so much as had a conversation before tonight—if she could call the words exchanged so far a conversation.

Will I grow to love you too?

Long fingers stretched over her ass, fondling her. Slow caresses robbed her of her rational thought, while the rich smell of lust grew in the air around her. His large hand moved lower, getting dangerously close to her steaming pussy.

She opened her eyes, fighting to clear her senses and see when everything around her seemed blurry. Lukas cradled her head with one hand while his other hand squeezed her breast hard enough to leave a mark. But someone else now stood behind her. Someone with experienced hands who knew exactly how to touch her. They

pressed their fingers against her silk panties, pulling them so that they rubbed over her swollen clit.

She couldn't think. Sensations rippled inside her. Pressure built in her womb as her pussy pulsed with eager anticipation. Skilled fingers moved between her legs, caressing her and creating a fire inside her that quickly burned out of control.

"Don't stop," she blurted out, bucking her hips forward and forcing her panties to stretch and stroke her clit. A wicked heat burned her cheeks while embarrassment over her voiced plea made the air smell sour for just a moment. But her request was honored, and the males in front and behind her continued fondling and touching her. "Shit. Oh shit." Her world around her blurred, and she exploded, coming hard.

Sophie panted until her mouth was too dry to cry out. She licked her lips and looked over her shoulder. Nik's all male, possessive and proud scent filled her lungs. He'd just made her come in Johann's backyard, where half the pack could have been watching.

Chapter Eleven

It had been all Nik could do not to pounce across the yard and rip Lukas to shreds. When curiosity filled the air around him and several members of the pack glanced his way to see his reaction to the male groping Sophie, he'd sauntered toward her with more control than he'd ever managed in his life.

Sophie was his bitch. He'd talked to Lukas, had the *lunewulf's* word on how the mating would work between the four of them. Then, entering the backyard at Johann's, the first thing he saw was Lukas with his paws all over Sophie. He'd ignored the hush that closed in around him as his attention riveted on the two of them.

"Remember pack law," Johann said quietly next to him.

He'd glanced at Johann but then turned and watched Lukas pull Sophie into his arms. She didn't fight him. Her arms hadn't gone around him, and she kept her cup of beer in her hand. But when he'd lowered his mouth to her neck and his hands ran down her back and under her shirt, his blood boiled.

"Go check on Elsa," Nik growled, nodding past Johann at Sophie's younger littermate.

She looked at the two of them wide-eyed, and then appeared also to be watching Sophie because she looked over that way. And Elsa, who already hated this new law along with so many other members of the pack, looked ready to leap forward with claws extended and protect her littermate. Elsa knew who Sophie belonged to along with every other member of the pack. As much as he'd love the honor of throwing Lukas across the yard, he wouldn't have a scene take place and make Sophie a spectacle.

Most of the pack that ran with them on a fairly regular basis watched him closely. His actions—the move he made in the next second—would make or break this new pack law. He felt the weight on his shoulders, sensed the impact his decision would have. He could saunter over and join Lukas and Sophie, or he could tear the *lunewulf* apart limb by limb.

"What are you going to do?" Johann asked, tensing as he studied Nik.

More than likely, his warring emotions created one hell of a stench. He blew out a long breath and looked at his friend. "I'm going to make a statement the only way that it can be made."

He looked back toward Sophie and then slowly started across the yard. It might have been his imagination, but he swore everyone and everything around him grew silent. He didn't imagine the tension that hung heavily in the air. Nik smelled the lust too. Angry, horny *lunewulfs* were a deadly lot to mess with. He had to show the pack

how this new law would be handled. Every inch of him tightened as he narrowed the distance between him and Sophie.

Lukas didn't look up and apparently didn't smell Nik approaching. The *lunewulf* was drunk. He could smell the beer and knew it wasn't coming from Sophie. Her ripe scent was pure and intoxicating. Just breathing in the rich scent of her come made him drunk. He really couldn't blame Lukas for being too distracted to notice him.

When he touched her, knowing Lukas had his hands on her too, his cock filled with blood so quickly that he almost staggered. He grabbed her soft ass and then grabbed her panties. She was so fucking wet! Damn! And then she twitched her ass, rubbing herself against the moist cloth. She loved this—loved the attention. Both of their hands on her turned her on enough that she came right there in the yard, with their pack surrounding them.

And damn it if he wasn't ready to fuck the shit out of her right now. She glanced over her shoulder and gazed up at him, her intense blue eyes laced with silver. Nik had come over here to show the pack that he accepted the new law, that Sophie still belonged to him and that he had enough confidence and strength to handle her other mate's touching her.

Sophie studied his face for only a moment before slowly smiling. God. He had to be the luckiest damned *lunewulf* in all of British Columbia. Another male touched her and still she focused all of her attention on him. Just maybe—maybe—they might successfully pull off this bizarre mating they'd both been thrown into.

Eyes dark with lust stared down at her. Relief and excitement swept over Sophie. Nik stood behind her, his hand still stoking the feverish heat in her pussy. Her legs turned to putty when she met his dark, satisfied gaze. For a moment she knew she'd fall over, completely lose control of her wits and make an ass out of herself. She collapsed against his powerful chest, wishing the two of them could run away. More than she needed to breathe, right now, this very fucking minute, she needed him buried deep inside her.

"Damn, Sophie, you just came." Lukas tried to pull her to him, but Nik wrapped his arm around her waist, pinning her to him.

Sophie's heart pounded, matching the pulse that throbbed between her legs. She looked up at the two males who had her sandwiched between them. Their hands were on her, caressing her. She was overly aware of everywhere that they touched her.

"Looks like you've had plenty to drink tonight, Kade." Nik's rich baritone sent shivers rushing over her flesh.

He took a step backward, holding on to Sophie. Lukas' hand slipped out from under her sweater. Lukas' gaze clouded. He straightened, seeming to regain his wits about him, and looked above her at Nik.

For the first time, she got a glimpse of the *lunewulfs* around them. Males and bitches stood attentively, watching the three of them. She didn't have time to focus on their

expressions or try to pick up their scents. Two *lunewulfs* stared at each other with her in the middle. She didn't smell hostility or anger on Nik—far from it. If anything, his rich, lustful scent made it damned hard for her to concentrate. And she needed her wits about her. Getting stuck in between two males if they decided to attack would be bad.

"You can't hog her to yourself." Lukas' voice sounded gravelly. Extended teeth pressed against his lips and his eyes flashed silver. "She's my mate too."

"She will be your mate. And she's looking forward to it," Nik said calmly, although he held her so closely to him, like a prize possession, that she couldn't move if she wanted to.

And she definitely didn't want to. Sophie could hardly focus on anything other than the powerful arms around her. Nik had a body of steel and hard, firm muscles offered a wall of strength. The throbbing length of his cock burned against her lower back. Her insides swarmed with heat. Fire nestled between the folds of her pussy. The raw, untamed scent of sexual need permeated the air. She still trembled from coming and she couldn't wait to experience Nik inside her.

"We've talked about this, Kade. We've discussed and agreed how it would be done." Nik's words took a moment to register.

When he let her go, placing her next to him, the cold night air attacked her quickly, chilling every inch of her while she glanced from one male to the other.

You've talked about this with them?

"What have all of you decided to do?" she asked.

Lukas looked at her first, a slow grin spreading across his face. "You're excited to fuck me," he said huskily.

She tried not to be obvious when she quickly glanced at pack members who lingered around them. They were curious onlookers, fighting to hear the conversation between her and her soon-to-be mates. If she kept her cool, stifled any worry or apprehension she had about any of this, they would all be impressed. Her opinions were just that. Hers. The pack would see her as proud, willing to do what was best for all of them, and she would show the males and bitches watching attentively that no law would ever make her cower.

"I know you'll make a good mate," she said quietly, keeping her tone calm and straightening, holding her head high.

"I will be. Anything you want, just name it," Lukas said eagerly, almost drooling while his gaze sauntered down her body.

"I'll keep that in mind." She smiled, believing he would fight for her.

She glanced at Nik and he took her hand, looking very possessive. He gave Lukas a hard look, although she didn't smell any jealousy on him.

"Remember what we decided," he told Lukas.

"I don't need to be put in my place," Lukas said quickly, his expression clearing as he met Nik's gaze. "It helps seeing that she's cool with everything too."

Nik nodded, then pulled Sophie to him and headed across the yard. More than one pack member grinned while he hauled her away. She fought to keep up and not make it look like he dragged her.

"What am I cool with? What did you two decide?" Sophie turned into Nik, forcing him to slow.

He looked down at her, his expression unreadable. "It helped him to see that you wouldn't fight him when he touched you."

Her breath caught in her throat. She fought the sudden burning in her eyes when a panic attack threatened to hit hard. She'd pulled off being strong for Lukas, a *lunewulf* who'd never been a close friend. But standing in front of Nik, the male she'd fight and kill for, displaying her strength proved a bit harder.

"He will be my mate," she said, managing to keep her tone calm and not looking away from his penetrating gaze.

Shit. He looked ready to pounce. It lasted only a moment.

He ran his finger up her arm and gripped her shoulder. "And when I say, you'll fuck him."

"Is that what you two discussed?"

"You'll find out soon." He turned her so she no longer blocked his path but kept his hand on her while leading her the rest of the way across the yard. They reached the parked cars, many of them filling the field next to Johann's den.

Nik let go of her, although his touch had branded her skin. It was as if his fingers still stroked her flesh, making her tingle while heat burned inside her. He walked ahead of her, working his way past the cars. Tall meadow grass tangled around her thighs. She stomped after him, following him toward the pines that lined the property. His long, thick legs distracted her as she followed the path he created by stamping down the unmowed grass. Buns of steel flexed while corded muscle stretched against denim. In spite of the cold night, the heat inside her ignited into flames.

Would they fuck soon?

Nik stopped, turning in the dark shadows and crossed his arms, facing her. "You're nervous about mating with all three of us."

Words escaped her for a moment. All fears surfacing, she stared at him. Straw blond hair framed his face—a perfectly chiseled face with high cheekbones and deep blue eyes that watched her like a predator watched his prey. She could lose herself staring at him. There wasn't a better looking *lunewulf* anywhere. But it was more than how wet he made her watching her, waiting for her response. Nik was a leader, an aggressive, intelligent *lunewulf* capable of seeing deep inside her and knowing her thoughts without her voicing them. She wished she could sniff him out as well.

"Don't tell me how I'm feeling, wolf man. I can't wait to have three males at my beck and call."

"When we arrange it, you will fuck all three of us and enjoy it?"

"I won't dishonor this mating by running from Lukas or Jonathan. If this new law says I fuck all of you, then I'll do it. I won't disgrace my den, or the pack, by breaking laws."

"And you aren't scared?"

She reached for him and scraped her fingernails down his chest. He lowered his gaze, watching her touch him. When he looked back into her face, fire burned in his eyes. They glowed while he impaled her with his stare.

She sucked in her breath, making a hissing sound. "I'm never scared to try something new."

Nik pushed a strand of hair behind her ear. "What about me?" His voice changed, becoming more of a husky whisper. "I will make all decisions regarding when you fuck them and how. Are you scared of me?"

"I want you more than I want to breathe." Her cheeks flamed with the confession. "You've never scared me, Nik."

"Then take off your clothes."

"What?"

A sudden wind wrapped around them, making her shiver even though she burned alive inside with lust that quickly intensified.

"I have your trust and you don't fear me. Take off your clothes." He ran his fingers down her chin and then traced a circle around her nipple. "Show me this boldness that you have. If you can't willingly do as I wish while we're alone, how will you fuck your other mates?"

He captured her nipple between his thumb and finger and pinched hard. She hissed and grabbed his wrist. Cream soaked her panties while she held on to him, watching his eyes turn silver in the darkness. Intense satisfaction lined his face and filled the air with its appealing scent.

"You like your nipples pinched, don't you, little bitch?" he growled.

"Yes." It was like sparks of electricity hissed through her body straight to her clit. "I like you touching me."

"And I want to see my mate naked before me. Undress," he said, his voice soft and deep.

His teeth lengthened as he spoke. She saw that his request not only turned her on, but got him hot too. Nik craved being inside her as much as she wanted him there.

Come dripped from her pussy. Her insides tightened with nervous, lustful energy. She trembled when she let go of his wrist, excited to do as he wished. A small amount of fear washed over her though. This was it. After waiting so long, she would be Nik's mate. She never would have guessed they would end up mating with such bizarre circumstances surrounding them. But if Nik could handle this, then so could she.

Right now though, it was just the two of them. No other *lunewulf* would interfere or demand her attention. She grabbed the hem of her dress, inhaling her rich, ripe scent as

she slowly pulled it up. His gaze dropped to her pussy when she lifted the dress high enough for him to see her panties. A wave of power soaked her even more.

Grinning, she turned around slowly, feeling incredibly sexy and suddenly very confident. "Unzip me," she demanded, glancing over her shoulder at his mesmerized expression.

As if her words snapped him out of some trance, he looked at her quickly and then moved just as fast to yank the zipper down.

She let the soft material slide down her shoulders while turning back around. He looked like he'd rip the dress from her body if she moved any slower.

Icy fingertips tickled her flesh when the cold breeze attacked her. Praying her knees wouldn't buckle underneath her, she pulled her dress over her head and then let it drop to the ground.

Sophie stood before him wearing her thigh-highs, boots and panties. Her nipples hardened furiously, the one he'd pinched throbbing from the cold.

"You are beautiful, Sophie. So fucking beautiful."

"I'm cold. I want to change." She hated sounding whiny, but it was too easy to be herself with Nik, say whatever came to mind. Her bones popped in agony, and it proved impossible to keep her human body from shivering against the cold.

"Fight it. I want to see you in your flesh." He rubbed the hard length of his cock that pressed against his jeans.

She watched his long fingers move over the bulge. Her mouth watered and her pussy dripped with come. Every inch of her craved his attention. Standing in front of him naked proved worse torture than the cold. Icy fire teased her clit. "Look at you." Nik pulled her into his arms, wrapping around her like a warm blanket. "You are mine, little bitch. I'll share you with two other mates, but, my sweet Sophie, you are my bitch. That will never change, no matter what law the pack announces."

Chapter Twelve

There had been only a few other bitches—females willing, on the spur of a moment, to belly up in a secluded meadow and fuck him. They had been good and had appeased the pain and need that built inside him. But once he met Sophie, her scent took over his thoughts. No other bitch in the pack would do. All this time waiting and going without sex would pay off—tonight, right now. Sophie would give herself to him and be his mate—for life.

He'd watched her throughout high school and then afterward, with her littermates at pack meetings or around town and at parties. Years ago he knew Sophie would be his bitch, the mother of his cubs. Her den held appearances over everything else. And he'd made sure his advances toward her impressed the right *lunewulfs*. Nik worked hard, ran with a good crowd and could provide a decent and protected den for Sophie. There hadn't been any doubt in his mind that when he approached Grandmother Rousseau and announced his mating to Sophie, she would approve without hesitating.

Then this damned pack law had crashed down on their pack. He wouldn't dwell on how things might be different today if he'd acted faster and fucked Sophie sooner. Nik dwelt on the future, not the past. What was done or not done couldn't be changed.

Nik lifted Sophie into his arms. "I love how fucking soft your skin is."

"Your body is so warm." She wrapped her legs around his waist and circled her arms around his neck. Her eyes glowed and her grin showed her happiness and how much she trusted him.

"Not as hot as you are." He could get lost in the glow of her eyes. "And your willingness—hell, your excitement—to take on all three of us... I'm hard as a fucking rock for you."

"I can smell how hard you are, wolf man."

Something changed in her expression and her scent.

"You are scared to do this," he guessed.

"You know I am a little," she whispered and wrapped her arms and legs tighter around him. "But if you're with me, I'll do anything."

"You better believe I'll be with you. No one touches my mate without me there." Her submission made his blood burn. He ached to be inside her, to take her everywhere, fuck her pussy, her mouth and her ass.

"You keep calling me your mate. Sounds like it's time you made me your mate, wolf man." She teased him and rubbed her body against his.

"Sweet little bitch, I'm going to fuck you until there's no doubt that you're my mate. My scent will drip from you."

"And no one will doubt that you're my male," she whispered and then leaned to kiss him and nibble his lower lip.

He gripped the back of her head, tangling his fingers in her silky hair, and claimed her mouth. He inhaled her rich aroma, so full with her lust and need for him. It matched her wonderful taste. His senses heightened, the world around them closing in while he devoured all she offered.

"There are certain things your other mates will never do to you," he whispered into her mouth.

Sophie's lashes fluttered over her eyes. They almost glowed silver and her scent had turned so musky that he smelled nothing other than her. "What are those things?"

"They may fuck you, and I'll enjoy seeing you bring them to their knees when you suck their dicks, but neither one of them will ever fuck your ass. That part of you will be saved for me and only me. Are we agreed?"

Her expression and scent turned serious while she studied his face and listened. When he mentioned her ass, her eyes got wide, then he watched her digest his words. It was as if he saw his little bitch picture each scene in her mind. Although she stiffened for a moment, her body then rubbed against his while her scent almost turned sweet, like perfume.

"Agreed," she told him, then lowered her head and pressed her moist lips against his neck.

Fucking her until she couldn't move sounded damned appealing. The act would consummate their mating. But he wanted her to crave fucking him, beg for his attention, and that would only happen if he didn't rush things tonight. She would love his cock. He could tell by her actions. Her breath was quick and excited, her breasts smashed against his chest with each inhalation. The longer he allowed her to nibble on his neck, lick his flesh and then scrape her teeth over him, the harder it was to remind himself that slow and easy would benefit both of them more.

Walking proved almost an impossible task. He grabbed her dress and Sophie didn't look up while he carried her into the woods. He sniffed the air, searching for the scents of other *lunewulfs*. No other animal would hang around long once they picked up on Nik's and Sophie's presence. Even in their human form, the creatures that might be out here in the woods at night recognized them as so much more than human. And they knew to get the hell out of their way.

Nik found a quiet spot between the trees where a patch of pine needles carpeted the otherwise rough ground. His cock strained painfully against the pressure of her lithe body as she slid down him. "I don't smell anyone else out here." Sophie glanced around them, the slight scent of her nervousness hitting him as she crossed her arms and stared into the darkness.

He had no problem distracting her. Quickly pulling off his sweatshirt, he spread it over the needles on the ground, making a bed for her.

“Lie down for me, little bitch,” he instructed, squatting next to his sweatshirt and looking up at her round breasts and eager, hard nipples that puckered so fucking perfectly.

All blood drained to his cock, and he swelled, pressing against his pants painfully. Sophie went down on her knees, adjusting herself while he unbuttoned his jeans and then unzipped them. The small amount of relief when he offered his cock a bit more space helped him keep from attacking her. All he could think about was forcing her to her hands and knees, mounting her and impaling her pussy and ass. He needed her soaked heat wrapped around him now.

She sat on her ass, and then fidgeted around on his sweatshirt while sliding her stockings and underwear down her legs. Once she was naked, she piled her clothes, creating a pillow of sorts, and leaned back. He quickly stripped the rest of the way, not wanting her naked while he was still dressed. With all of their clothes creating her bedding, she lay down before him.

She’d spread her legs slightly, offering him a glorious view of her damp pussy, nicely shaved and so smooth looking. The scent of her come mixed with her hesitation, creating a scent that would drive any sane *lunewulf* nuts. He wanted to kiss her, to tell her what she did to him, to let her know how desperately he’d wanted to fuck her for years. But if he got any closer to her right now, he’d pound his cock deep inside her and gain only his satisfaction. Tonight would be for both of them.

Tonight would unite them for life.

“Touch me, Nik,” she whispered, tempting him more with those three words than her scent and the sensual pose she offered him did.

He didn’t mean to hold her in suspense while he enjoyed the beautiful view spread out before him. She appeared a sacrifice offered to him, and he wished just to enjoy her beauty and enticing smell for a moment.

If he kissed her, he would ravish her. He was sure of it. Maybe conversation would keep him sane, help him remember that the sexy little bitch who sat before him with her legs spread, her pussy exposed, was in truth an innocent virgin, anxious to be fucked but deserving of the best he could give her.

“Why do you shave?” he asked, and ran his finger down her soaked slit.

She lurched when he touched her and hissed a breath through her teeth, nipping her lower lip. She reached for him but then hesitated and instead combed her hair with her fingers while her legs clamped shut. Then she slowly opened them farther than they had been before he’d touched her.

His cock jerked, aching for attention. Instead of freeing himself, stroking his swollen cock, he ran his fingers up and down her opening, spreading the smooth folds of skin and filling the air between them with the rich smell of her pussy.

Her hips bucked and she captured his arm between her thighs when she clasped them shut.

"God. Nik. Oh shit, Nik." Her head fell back and she cried out, collapsing back on her elbows while her entire body shivered.

Her orgasm ripped through her, filling him with pride and desire. She would come for him from the simple stroke of his finger. And the way she cried out his name...his bitch would be a wonderful playmate.

"You are so beautiful." He couldn't help but praise her.

She kept her legs clamped around his arm when he tried pulling away. Taking her knee with his other hand, he exerted a little strength to separate her legs again. She gazed at him with glowing eyes under lowered lashes, like a wild animal sniffing out a predator.

"Open for me, little bitch."

She relaxed, but then tightened her legs again. "Yes," she murmured, as if trying to convince herself to relax.

With a deep exhalation, she finally let her legs fall far apart.

"Good bitch. Now answer me." He ran his finger through thick come that clung to her pussy. It took every bit of strength he had to keep his touch gentle while soaking his finger with her juices. "Tell me why you shave."

"I like how it looks," she said on a gasp, her mouth forming a small circle.

What he wouldn't do to slide his cock past her lips. He couldn't argue with her though. She had the best-looking pussy he'd ever seen. And her scent—so pure and rich, sensual and untried. She was fucking perfect.

He stretched her pussy lips with his fingers, then inhaled a wash of her incredible aroma as he stared at the pool of come inside her. Sliding his finger inside, he sucked in a breath when her inner muscles clamped down on him. He barely managed to control his own actions. Muscles swelled throughout his body and his bones popped. He fought so hard for control not to explode or attack her, and now he had to keep the change that burned inside him at bay. He wouldn't be able to hold out much longer.

"Nik," she hissed. Her body prepared for another orgasm.

As terribly as he tortured both of them, watching her muscles harden, her legs quiver while her head fell back and her long blonde hair fanned over the ground proved a show he wouldn't miss for anything.

Her thighs quaked. Her breath came in pants. He pushed a second finger in, thrusting deep into her heat while imagining his cock impaling her. She was so fucking hot! Her lusty fire burned through him.

"Do you watch yourself, sweet bitch? When you masturbate, do you see how beautiful you are?" His voice turned into a growl, the change threatening to consume him in spite of his fight for clarity.

"Sometimes," she confessed.

Her come seeped out and covered his palm, filling the air with a ripe scent. He fucked her with his fingers, pumping them in and out of her wet pussy. Her breathing

grew quick and shallow, and she grabbed her breasts, falling down on her back. She pulled and squeezed them, forcing her caramel-colored nipples to poke up at him. He drooled watching her play with herself.

His balls tightened. Pre-come seeped from his cock. He couldn't endure the sweet torture any longer. He struggled one-handed with his jeans until he freed his cock from its unbearable confinement. The cold air did nothing to soothe the savage heat burning inside him.

In and out. His fingers drove deep inside her tight pussy, then slid out slowly, her muscles fighting him. His need to bury himself inside her made it impossible to think straight.

Spreading her legs farther apart, she rocked back and forth, encouraging her orgasm.

"Shit. Nik." She rode his fingers, thrusting wildly like an untamed creature snagging onto and claiming all the pleasure she could master.

Hot come drenched his hand. It took all the effort he could pull off not to come with her. He bit down on his lower lip, tasting his own blood and focusing on the smell of it to keep his senses straight. The beast inside him roared with the smell of her orgasm.

Claim her. Possess her. Fuck her now!

"I have to taste you," he muttered, barely able to get the words out.

Without waiting for her response, he pulled his fingers out of her and grabbed her legs, stretching her and pulling her to him. "Before I fuck you, I'm going to lick your come out of you."

She stared at him with almost completely silver eyes, her hair a wild mass of glowing blonde that draped her shoulders and fell down her back and over her breasts. She lifted her head, propping herself up on her elbows and met his gaze. He held her captive with his eyes, willing her to continue watching him while positioning himself in front of her pussy. Then he shoved his tongue deep inside her and tasted her fresh, ripe lust.

"Damn. Oh shit." She thrust her hips up, pushing her pussy in his face while her legs clamped against either side of his head. "Nik!" she cried out.

He lifted her higher, loving the way she said his name while he feasted on her. Running his tongue from her clit down to her ass, he pulled her flesh apart farther with his fingers and tortured the tight little hole with his tongue, feeling her quiver against his touch. Muscles that had never been teased, never been touched by another, jerked against his intrusion. He rimmed her asshole, knowing it would be so damned tight when he fucked her there.

"I can't wait any longer," he whispered against her soaked flesh, talking to himself as much as to her. "I'll go mad if I don't fuck you now."

"You're going to make me your bitch," she whispered, saying the words with reverence. "There's no turning back after this."

Her words hit him as she voiced the meaning behind the act. The age-old tradition, honored still by any *lunewulf* who believed in the strength of the pack, of what made them the most powerful creatures on earth would be played out now. They would be united forever. Werewolves didn't believe in divorce.

When he lifted his head she was studying him, her gaze heavy with lust and with the love he'd seen glowing in her so many times before. Now it almost made her entire expression light up the darkness surrounding them.

Her blonde hair tangled around her face. Her blue eyes streaked with silver. Then her mouth puckered, almost turning into a pout. Her scent changed. Worry and fear clouded her pretty face. He'd taken too long to agree with her.

"My sweet little *lunewulf* bitch. Sophie." He lifted himself over her, needing to kiss that worried expression off her face. "You've been my bitch for years. We didn't need a ceremony to confirm that. Tonight, now, we will consummate what we already have. You will be my bitch forever. And I will be honored and thrilled every time I bring you my kill."

She gasped, a warm shade of pink making her cheeks glow as a slow smile spread across her face. He'd said what she needed to hear, and more than that, what they both already knew.

"I've wanted this for years," she whispered.

"I won't let you down," he promised her. "Your happiness will mean more to me than anything else for the rest of my life."

His cock burned with fever to prove himself to her. It was time to make sure she knew that she belonged to him first and foremost. He pressed his cock against her soaked pussy, instantly feeling her heat burn through him. She opened her mouth to cry out, and he captured her gasp with his lips, pressing them against hers. Her tongue darted out but then retreated just as quickly.

Her shyness mixed with boldness excited him. The eagerness of her body filled the air around them with its luscious scent. Hot and ready. Her mouth was sweet, the lingering taste of the beer she'd drunk mixing with a heady taste that appealed to him. He fucked her mouth with his tongue, lost in the desire to pound her pussy.

Sophie broke the kiss with heavy breaths. "Fuck me, Nik," she whispered huskily. "I've waited forever for this."

So had he.

Drenched and ready to be his bitch, she would fuck him, give him what no other male would ever have—her first experience.

She was so tight as he slid in...so fucking hot...he knew he would lose his mind buried inside her.

"God. Sophie."

Control. He had to maintain control or he would change while inside her. She called out every primal instinct he had, every carnal desire that had ever burned inside him.

Her heat devoured him, igniting every inch of him in flames, drawing out the predator from his soul.

"Mine, Sophie." Molten fire scalded his throbbing cock. She felt so fucking good. "You are mine!"

She tensed briefly, reminding him to keep his movements slow, and looked up at him with wide, beautiful eyes.

"Tell me if I hurt you, my bitch. Please." He slowed until he almost didn't move, fighting the blood that filled his shaft, drained through him until he was dizzy.

He ran his tongue over her bare shoulder, tasting the salt on her skin and the fresh scent from the outdoors.

"Don't stop, Nik. Please. I've needed this for so long. Fuck me now. Please."

Her cries echoed through his feverish mind, adding to the chaos of his enraptured senses. Nik arched his back, his bones aching to grow and change. His heart pounded in his chest and blood flew through his veins at a dangerous speed. While he lowered his gaze, focusing on her, he slowly picked up speed, creating a rhythm that felt so incredibly good, he'd do it for hours if he believed she could handle it and if his need to come didn't weigh so heavily inside him.

Her body glistened with sweat, her belly rising and falling as she panted. As he picked up momentum, the way her breasts jiggled stole his breath. He lowered his head, capturing her nipple between his teeth, and scraped the sensitive, puckered flesh, then bit down while burying himself deep inside her.

This is where he'd wanted to be forever, needed to be—where he fucking belonged. God her pussy was better than changing, felt more incredible than anything he'd ever experienced in his life. She fit him like a tight, hot glove, her muscles clinging and vibrating around him while her come soaked his balls and allowed him to move even deeper inside her.

Sophie grabbed his shoulder and dug in with her nails. The quick pain heightened his senses, calling forth his need to dominate, claim and control. She ran her legs up his sides and then wrapped them around him, holding on to him while taking all that he had to offer.

Rational thought left him. He had waited so damned long for this. He impaled her pussy, thrusting hard and fast and creating a friction that burned him alive. Muscles twitched inside his body, every inch of him turning harder than stone while he fucked her hard, fast, thoroughly. He fed off the warm scent of her growing orgasm, gliding in and out of her.

"Nik. Help me. The pressure..." She didn't finish her sentence, but instead stiffened, staring wide-eyed at him when another orgasm tore through her.

So tight. And although he wanted her ass, her mouth, her pussy—*his pussy*—clenched around him, milking him, he quit fighting and his orgasm ripped him apart. Nik threw his head back and howled, growling into the night, announcing to all the world that their souls had united, binding them together, mating them for life.

Chapter Thirteen

Nik held himself above her while his cock remained swollen and buried deep inside her. His scent enveloped her, strong and dominating yet caressing her at the same time. He'd tried to be gentle, yet he'd just about split her in two. Fire burned her alive inside, settling between her legs where she throbbed hard. Her pulse pounded with a steady beat in her pussy.

Emotions ran rampant inside her too quickly for her to understand. Fear and excitement, a thrilling peace and a terrified reality. Mated for life. She loved him. Her life now was forever changed. No longer was she a single bitch. She didn't answer to Grandmother anymore, but to Nik. Would she make him happy? Would he please her? And her other mates. She had to fuck them too. Trepidation mixed with her elation and twisted unpleasantly in her stomach. It was more than she could handle.

Her heart hammered in her chest, matching the beat that pounded around his cock. Her bones stretched, muscles rippling and contorting around them. Veins thickened while blood raced and called forth the beast inside her.

I'm no longer a virgin. Not that she'd been proud of the damned title. But now she knew sex, had experienced orgasms ripping her in two. In spite of the heat that burned inside her, she craved it again already. But at the same time, she worried that if she loved it this much with Nik, she might enjoy it just as much with her other mates. What if that pissed Nik off?

She couldn't turn back and she couldn't alter the future. Tradition dictated that when she fucked a werewolf, it bonded them for life. Nik belonged to her. She belonged to him. It was done.

So many thoughts bombarded her at once. They would have to tell Grandmother. Nik would come for her. She would move into a den with him. The den she grew up in, had been whelped in, would no longer be her den. Everything would change now.

But those thoughts paled next to the onslaught of her newly fucked body. Her pussy burned, was stretched and swollen, satisfied yet aching. Every nerve ending in her body ached and tingled. Excitement and fear wrapped around her and she knew Nik smelled them as easily as she did.

She stared into his smoldering gaze. "I am your mate," she whispered, but her words came out garbled. She'd begun the change, and her mouth had stretched, unable to enunciate the words that she ached to voice.

Sophie looked up at Nik, so gorgeous and in control. Those dark blue eyes watched her, protected her. He smiled, leaning down and kissing her nose and then slowly pulling out of her. His cock had receded to its normal size, the swelling that was natural

after having sex going down far enough for him to slide out of her without hurting either one of them.

But as he lifted off her, the cold night air didn't attack her flesh. White fur sprouted through her skin. Rushing blood inside her created a ringing sound in her head while the sweet pain of the change consumed her body. There wasn't a more pleasurable experience in the world than releasing the restriction of human hesitation, giving in to her more carnal and pure side and letting emotions give way to instinct.

Bones altered, popped and grew stronger as muscles changed inside her, the physical part of her metamorphosis making her more powerful, aggressive and full of life. All the worries and fears that filled her mind gave way to the simpler, clearer way of thinking as she completed the change.

Sophie rolled over, hurrying to her feet, wanting to dance under the moonlight and celebrate her mating. *Life is perfect now. Nik and I are one!* She wanted to celebrate with her new mate, race across the meadows and feel the rush of wind in her coat. But fucking had left her weaker than she realized. Her legs wobbled underneath her and she fell to her side before she could stop herself.

Either Nik sympathized with her inability to prevent the change or he deemed it a good idea for them to be in their fur.

He grabbed her clothes and twisted them into a rope knot. Had a human witnessed the intimate moment, they would have been stunned, terrified that this man so casually tied the clothing around the *lunewulf's* neck.

"You are just as stunning in your fur as you are in your flesh," Nik whispered, securing her clothes like a collar around her throat. "You no longer need an escort to run. My mate will run by my side, protected and cherished as we enjoy our time alone together."

Quickly tying his own clothes around his neck, he allowed the transformation from man to *lunewulf* to take over. She lay on her side, in awe of his glorious body as he changed. There wasn't a single flaw. Muscles bulged and stretched, altering in shape until he fell to all fours. She completely forgot about the pulsing energy coursing inside her and opened her mouth, panting her appreciation.

Every bitch in the pack will envy my catch. You're truly amazing.

He moved over her and took the back of her neck in his mouth, his long, powerful teeth pressing against her hide as he held her until she could stand on her own.

After a minute she had her strength and he let go, licking the moist hair where his mouth had just been. Chills rushed over her at the roughness of his tongue and instantly her throbbing increased, becoming a raw and powerful need between her legs.

Nik nudged her and at the command of her mate, she pranced at his side when he took off at a slow trot. She moved eagerly alongside him, working to keep up with his long strides.

Come matted the moon-colored hair along her inner thighs. She was all too aware of Nik's powerful body running alongside her, of his strong alpha scent permeating the

air and tickling her nose. Muscles rippled under his thick white coat, creating waves of motion that reminded her how hard he'd made her come.

Desire lanced her insides. She wanted his cock inside her again already. Her pussy ached, but there were other things they could do. He'd mentioned them already, and images tortured her mind while she moved quickly to keep up with him. She could suck his cock, lick her come from his shaft and taste their mingled juices. Or he could take her ass—an act so raw, so carnal, that her heart pounded too hard in her chest thinking about it.

They raced alongside a roaring creek and danced under the moon while chasing each other around rocks and large boulders. Sophie couldn't remember a better night, her time with Nik so perfect that she never wanted this moment to end.

They were mated, bonded for life, committed to live the rest of their days by each other's side. She didn't dwell on the stringencies of their pack, of what lay ahead for them. Right now it was simply her and her male. She truly understood the meaning of perfection.

A V-shaped line of geese honked above them and Sophie threw her head back and laughed, howling at the night. Nik pressed into her, almost knocking her over, and growled his satisfaction.

I don't ever want this moment to end. She looked up into his silver eyes, at the broad structure of his jaw. His white fur glowed against the backdrop of black sky. She rubbed against him, then ran her tongue over his coarse, thick hair. He growled, the rumbling inside him vibrating through his entire body.

You're as happy as I am. If only it could be the two of us forever.

His look changed when he lowered his head and stared her in the eye. She saw his confidence, his determination and intelligence. But the passion that made his gaze glow, his silver eyes sparkle like rare jewels, sent a flood of heat rushing inside her. He lowered his head farther, sniffing her body until he reached her backside.

Sophie's back legs trembled when he inspected the moisture still seeping from her pussy. His large head was hard as a rock when he shoved against her, and she fell to her side willingly. Offering her belly, rolling over and spreading her legs, the smell of his pride and incredible happiness made her heart swell.

She almost jumped off the ground when his long, thick tongue stroked her sensitive flesh. Slowly and deliberately, he licked her pussy, cleaning their come from her, while his eyes drifted shut and a look of peaceful contentment softened his expression.

The hard ground underneath her hardly affected her as his tongue worked magic on her pussy. She trembled, her flesh so sensitive and his tongue rough yet gentle at the same time.

Nik stood over her, his head lowered, his focus intent on his task while he cleaned her thoroughly. Fresh come seeped from her while she ached to reach for him, hold his head in place and beg him never to stop. But her paws wouldn't work that way, her front legs unable to reach for him.

Instead she let them relax, or tried to, while her body tensed and jerked under his continual stroking.

Nik growled his pleasure and she shivered, a pressure growing inside her that quickly took over her ability to focus. All she could do was dwell on the way he made her feel. Her pussy swelled and her eyes rolled in her head while she panted for more.

Don't ever stop. Please. That is so damned good. She growled her pleasure, letting Nik know the only way she could how wonderful he made her feel.

He dipped his long tongue inside her, and his sharp teeth scraped over her soaked flesh. A quick sensation rushed over her and she jumped. Nik's low growl relaxed her instantly. He moved his tongue in and out of her slowly, his teeth continuing to press against her. But she relaxed. Nik would never hurt her, not in any way. He would kill for her just as she would for him. Their mating sanctified that commitment between the two of them.

And that knowledge, along with the way he made her pussy quiver, brought the pressure inside her to a boiling point. She yelped when the dam inside her broke and wave after wave of intense pleasure flooded her system.

Before she could stop herself, she jumped up and then immediately fell sideways. Her orgasm hit her too hard for her to control her actions. Nik looked up at her slowly, his shoulder blades arching in his back while he penetrated her with a very satisfied gaze.

If she could have blushed, she would have. Her embarrassment flooded the air, mixing with the strong, rich aroma of her orgasm. Once again, their sexual play had caused her to react foolishly when she'd exploded. More than anything, she wanted to show Nik that she was a bitch of the world, excited about sex and eager to explore the many ways it could be enjoyed.

His mouth opened and his long, red tongue hung to the side while he panted and watched her. His cock hung low between his legs, hard as stone and looking incredibly dangerous. As much as her pussy throbbed at the moment, she was sure she would pass out and never return if he impaled her with that thing right now. But at the same time, she couldn't wait to experience fucking him in her fur. Tradition stood even stronger on the point that *lunewulfs* mated in their purest form would never be untangled.

For a moment she worried Nik laughed at her, but his scent only smelled of pleasure and happiness. He didn't mock her. God. She prayed that he didn't. Slowly, she stumbled toward him, then brushed her head against his shoulder.

Powerful muscles rippled and twitched under her touch. He nudged his head against hers, lowering it so they stared into each other's eyes. Nik was so much larger than she in their fur. His strong and dominating presence made her tremble. But not from fear. More love than she'd ever known possible flowed through her. She opened her mouth, wanting more than anything to tell him how much she loved him, but there was no way to form the words right now.

Nik's eyes flashed like lightning crashing across the sky. His scent changed, growing muskier and intense. If this was the smell of his love, she adored how rich and masculine it was.

He waited until both of them had caught their breath and then pushed against her, indicating they should head back. Already the horizon glowed a pale pink. The sun would rise soon. And even though they were on *lunewulf* land, in their territory, being outside in their fur during daylight could prove dangerous. Humans didn't know about their boundaries and didn't honor or acknowledge their existence. She fell in alongside him, matching his lazy stroll as they walked side by side across the untamed meadow, back to their pack and to the responsibilities that lay ahead of them.

The party had broken up when they finally reached Johann's backyard. His den stood silent, all lights out and everything quiet. Nik changed first, his fur turning into flesh and his hind legs growing until they were long and strong enough for him to straighten and stand on them. He raised his body slowly, his shoulders adjusting and his arms moving to his sides.

Her beautiful *lunewulf* body transformed, taking on her human form while her heart slowed painfully and blood flowed in her veins at a speed she could handle as a woman. The sweet pain distracted her for only a moment. Returning to the form of a human always took something from her, made her less aware of her surroundings and more conscious of the many thoughts and worries that climbed around in her head.

She straightened, changing into a human, small and petite – and cold.

"Nik?" She untied her clothes from around her neck, focusing on his sweat-soaked body while he untangled his jeans from his shirt. The darkness added a predatory hardness to his features and accentuated his well-defined, muscular chest. He looked dangerous – a *lunewulf* to reckon with.

He stared at her, a hint of silver lingering in his deep blue eyes. Dark blond curls pressed against his pecs, spreading across them and then forming a line of fuzz that moved down his stomach and then spread again around the rich patch of hair surrounding his cock. She almost drooled as she drowned in his gaze and fought to clear her thoughts.

She inhaled sharply, the primal instincts slowly fading in her mind while the many swarming worries and apprehensions of her human brain took over.

"What is it?" he asked, sniffing the air and frowning.

She cringed, hating the first thoughts that consumed her. "I'm going to have to..."

His brooding gaze rested heavily on her and she had to look away, pull her dress over her head and then fight with her stockings while her body shivered against the cold.

"Well, you know. I'm going to have to fuck Jonathan and Lukas too." She scraped her nails on her cold legs, struggling with her pantyhose until she had them situated and then dared look up to see his expression.

He finished dressing and didn't say anything. Her heart constricted painfully and she hurried with her boots. He didn't have to speak for her to smell his pain, his discomfort with the idea. Before now they'd both been so strong and cocky about this new law. But now they were mated, together, just the two of them. And according to pack law, that wouldn't last long. Soon there would be four of them. She hated the thick smell of her sadness.

"I'm loyal to the pack." She tried again, wanting him to know, to see into her heart and understand that she'd do what was necessary, but that her heart belonged to him. She chewed her lower lip, taking a step toward him. "I don't want you thinking that I'll ever be trouble for you as a mate. You're my alpha, the only male who matters to me."

Nik glanced around the yard. It was quiet, although the smell of beer still lingered in the air. They were alone. The cars were all gone, and she didn't smell any other *lunewulfs* around them. When he looked at her, she fell into his gaze, letting him pull her to him with his penetrating stare.

"I don't want to share you with *anyone*." He stressed the last word with so much conviction that her heart swelled to her throat. He gripped her arms, giving her a slight shake, while his emotions swarmed, anger, love, lust and determination mixing together violently. "You are mine. Do you understand? Completely and totally mine!"

Oh hell yes! Her heart pounded from the fierceness of his words and the way he held her, almost lifting her from the ground. Raw energy coursed through him, filling the air between them with its electric charge.

"Yes. I'm all yours. And you're all mine. But what about this new pack law?" She had to know if he'd changed his mind now that they were mated. "Whatever you decide, I'll back it. Just as long as we're together."

"We'll honor pack law." His grip relaxed on her slightly, but he held her close, staring down at her with blue eyes that were darker than a thunderhead. He had something else to say—it was etched in the determined look on his face. "I've made arrangements."

Her stomach twisted in knots.

He rubbed her arms, his expression noticeably relaxing. Maybe he sensed her nervousness, smelled the trepidation that oozed through her. He cupped her chin with his hand and searched her face.

"I've already made arrangements as to how you'll fuck your other mates. Everything is arranged, and we'll go through with it—if you agree."

"Agree to what?" she whispered, shocked that he'd taken measures to see to it that she fucked Jonathan and Lukas. And here she was worrying that he didn't want her to.

The comments Lukas had made earlier during the party came back to her. Her mouth went dry while her insides twisted nervously. He'd warned Nik that he couldn't hog her. And Nik assured him that she couldn't wait to mate with all of them. Then he'd said that they'd discussed it, that Lukas had agreed to how it would be.

Now Nik wanted her consent.

"Jonathan and Lukas will meet us at my den. All three of us will fuck you at the same time. You will mate with both of them while I'm there. We will do this together, unite the four of us. I've spoken with both of them and have their agreement." He brushed his knuckles over her cheek, still smelling of the outdoors, of the beast that she guessed still lingered very near the surface. "I will know what my mate experiences and the pleasure that she receives."

Suddenly she had a hard time catching her breath. Nik had already spoken with Jonathan and Lukas. It was more finalized than she realized. Her heart pounded in her chest as she tried picturing how it would be. Would one fuck her and then the other? Nervous energy sparked inside her but she couldn't deny the heat from arousal that simmered deep within her womb.

A foursome. Three males fucking her at the same time...

"You'll be by my side the entire time?" She wanted him next to her through all of it.

"Yes. It has to be this way, Sophie." Nik pulled her into his arms and his heart pounded against her breasts, reminding her of his strength. When Nik wanted something to happen, it usually did. When he sniffed something out, he learned the truth of things. When he chased someone down, they got caught. "They will be mated with you after they fuck you. Then pack law will be honored. After that, I will say when they breed with you."

She relaxed into the heat of his body, knowing Nik would have taken charge of the matter. None of this should surprise her. And although thinking about all of them at once scared her, a bit of excitement surged through her at the same time too. Her pussy was sore, but the urge to fuck again turned into a mounting desire.

Nik would never break pack law. She didn't doubt for a moment that he wanted her to himself, but he would always view honor and pride over anything else. If they were bound to this law, he'd see to it that he still remained in charge. Jonathan and Lukas weren't unattractive or cruel. But she loved Nik—only Nik. She would do this for *lunewulfs*, for her pack, but mostly she did this for Nik. It would be easier for him this way, and easier for her to have him with her.

"Yes. This is how it has to be," she whispered.

Chapter Fourteen

Nik hated dropping Sophie off at Grandmother Rousseau's den. It was no longer Sophie's den—he made that much clear to her. The way her eyes glowed when he told her she no longer would think of this place as her den, and then the disappointment clouded her pretty face when he left her there, gripped at his heart.

Sophie needed to rest. And he had matters to tend to. The first and foremost being securing them their own den. John lay snoring on the couch when he entered his den, one of his hands stuffed down his boxers. Nik scowled, looking away from his older littermate and heading toward his own room. He'd sleep until the pack woke up, but then business would be handled. Stretching out on his bed, he licked his lips, tasting and smelling Sophie. His dick hardened instantly, and imagining her fucking him while sucking another *lunewulf's* dick, and possibly stroking another with her hand, drained all blood from his brain.

It had taken an exerted effort not to fuck her in the meadow while they were in their fur. If she only knew how hard he'd fought off primal desires that were almost too strong for him to keep at bay, it would have terrified her.

Sophie had given her virginity to him tonight. But he also held her heart and her trust. She would do anything for him. And he wouldn't abuse that trust, not now or ever. Lukas and Jonathan couldn't wait to dive into her hot pussy. He couldn't really blame them. If things were different, he would kill both of them if he knew they ached to fuck his bitch. But the pack came above all else. Keeping their line strong, insuring that *lunewulfs* remained powerful and in control of their territory mattered more than anything.

And Sophie believed this too. She'd said as much earlier. Drifting off to sleep, he slowly stroked his cock, anxious for the next time he'd fuck Sophie. One thing he knew—this would be the last night they slept alone. Tomorrow night, no matter what, she would be with him—and she would remain with him for the rest of their lives.

A banging sound brought Nik to his feet. He rubbed his eyes, taking a moment to realize someone pounded on the front door. John must have headed off to work already. He glanced at the time on his cell phone. In an hour he'd have to be at the site where they were building some new dens. One of those homes would be their new den. He'd already talked to the contractor and once he had the banker's approval, he'd tell Sophie. Whoever was at the door had better be a fast talker. It was already noon and he had a full schedule.

"What?" he demanded, pulling his door open and squinting at the brightness outside.

Matthew Jordeaux grinned at him. "I want to talk to you."

"I don't have much time." He knew how annoying the pack doctor could be when he wanted something. If he shut the door on the male's face, more than likely he'd keep on knocking. Leaving the door open, Nik turned and headed into the bathroom.

"I hear you have your little bitch all excited about fucking her other mates," Matthew called out from the living room.

Nik took care of his business and then padded barefoot into the kitchen for coffee. "Where the hell did you hear that?"

"Pack gossip is flying today. I stopped into Howley's first thing. Most of it I'm sure is grossly exaggerated or completely false. Gossip is like that, you know. But I can smell the truth when I hear it." Matthew entered the kitchen and rocked on his heels, looking a bit too confident and cheery.

The smell on him was sweet enough to turn Nik's stomach. "And what exactly did you hear?"

"I spoke with Lukas Kade. Seems he's rather excited for his turn with his new mate." Matthew moved a bit too close to Nik and sniffed him before taking a quick step backward when Nik turned and glared at him. His all-knowing smile didn't fade, but the coldness in Matthew's eyes put Nik on his guard. Obviously the pack doctor was more concerned with how everyone else smelled and didn't bother keeping his own stench at bay. "What did you do to Sophie to get her so psyched up about fucking three males?"

Nik couldn't believe the asshole's forwardness. "I didn't do anything to Sophie, other than love her and gain her trust—something I'm not sure you know how to do with a bitch."

"You think because I stand in your littermate's den that you can insult me?" Matthew's smile faded, then completely disappeared. His hard look set the lines in his forehead and at the side of his eyes deeper than they were a minute ago. More than likely, Nik now smelled and saw Matthew's true colors—hateful and manipulative. "You better watch yourself, wolf man," Matthew said with a quiet chill in his tone. "Your den is related to mine now. I fucked Gertrude last night and made her my mate. Now there are two other males lining up for their turn. Tell me what to do to make sure that Gertrude always howls for me and doesn't choose one of those other bastards as her alpha."

Nik instantly pitied Gertrude and also made a mental note to keep an eye on her. One thing Matthew said rang true. Their dens were related now. And Nik kept a close watch on his den.

"Let Gertrude run the show," Nik told him.

"You're kidding." Matthew sincerely looked surprised.

"Nope. She'll respect the male who honors her and allows her to decide how she will fuck her mates."

Matthew shook his head, giving Nik a bewildered look. "I wouldn't have expected you to be a male who would let a bitch put a collar on him." Matthew turned, heading toward the front door. Nik followed, not wanting the male out of his sight as long as he was in his den. Matthew turned when he reached the door, pinning Nik with his cold, pale blue eyes. "Gertrude will submit to me. I really look forward to watching her fuck other males though. You have to admit this new law does have its perks. If she behaves, maybe I'll let other males fuck her too. Have you ever thought about fucking her? She really is a hot little bitch and comes so damned hard she almost yanks your dick right off you. Maybe we could swap bitches sometime."

"I'll give it some thought." Nik thought more seriously about throwing the *lunewulf* out the front door onto his ass.

Possibly Matthew picked up on the sudden aggressive scent that Nik didn't try to hide. He gave Nik a quick look, sniffed the air, then left, closing the door quietly behind him.

Nik showed up at the worksite in Prince George before he was supposed to be there. His boss, Randy Hartman, stood talking to one of the inspectors and, much to Nik's surprise, Grandmother Rousseau. Not much got the old bitch out of her den, and instantly his instincts went on red alert when he saw the three of them looking rather serious as they discussed something.

Nik hopped out of his car and sauntered toward the three of them. He'd be damned if he stood to the side submissively, waiting until he was called. After all, he was here to work, and protocol deemed that he check in with his boss.

"Nik," Randy said, announcing his presence with a quick nod when Nik joined them. "You've met Alex Wall?" he asked, nodding toward the inspector, who wore a badge showing he worked for the city. "We're lucky to have a *lunewulf* inspector this time around. Apparently we need to pull double time to get these dens built. I'm told that we have quite a few new dens coming forward needing housing."

"Niklas." Grandmother Rousseau used his formal name when she turned and extended a bony hand. "I'm not at all surprised to see that you'd be the first to show up to work."

Nik took her hand, bringing it to his mouth and gently kissing the shriveled, cold flesh. Her stale smell made the coffee churn in his stomach, but he smiled gallantly, then let his smile fade and nodded seriously to the two males.

"I like hearing that there might be overtime. Once I hear from the banker, I'll put my money down on one of these dens." He wouldn't let Grandmother Rousseau think for one minute that he needed the money she had offered him with Sophie.

Grandmother glanced down the street at the five homes being built. "It's a shame that these five are already spoken for. But my granddaughter would be more comfortable in something a bit nicer, don't you think?"

Nik fought the anger that quickly surfaced inside him. "Everything we build is very nice, Grandmother." He kept his tone civil, calm and relaxed. Just as he also worked to make sure that his emotions didn't surface enough to be smelled.

Grandmother Rousseau ignored his comment and pulled her hand from Nik's, turning her attention to Randy and Alex. Both males straightened, giving their pack leader their complete attention. Energy prickled in the air, and Nik guessed whatever reason brought her out to this site, it didn't please either *lunewulf*.

"I'll hold you to your word that these dens will be ready by the end of the week. I want everyone who mated last night settled quickly. That is the best way to assure that our young bitches are soon pregnant." She turned toward her waiting car, which idled silently on the street, and reached for Nik. "Walk me to my car, Niklas."

He did as she wished, allowing her to wrap her arm around his.

"I will turn Sophie's trust fund over to you soon. You'll make arrangements to build your den on Rousseau land. I want my granddaughters' dens to be near me." They reached the car and Derek jumped out, hurrying around the car to open the door for his mother. She ignored him and looked at Nik with a piercing gaze that chilled his blood. "Make arrangements with your builders here to start on the den immediately. Until funds are transferred, you will come to me for any money needed. I expect you to start building it immediately."

She let go of him, stepping into the car. Derek shut the door and walked around to the driver's side, not saying a word to him.

Nik stood there, fuming. He couldn't believe the old bitch would fuck with his mating by creating her Goddamned law and then demanding that he build his den on her land. Who the fuck did she think he was?

He shook his head slowly, letting out a breath that simply made him more outraged. On second thought, he could completely believe Grandmother Rousseau would pull stunts like this. Both actions smelled like the shit she'd come up with. He kicked a chunk of rock with his boot, fighting the urge to pick it up and hurl it toward her car.

The last thing he wanted was for their den to be right under Grandmother's continually sniffing nose. She'd already put her granddaughter through enough. The old bitch had no soul, no concern at all for Sophie's happiness.

"You okay?" Randy wrinkled his nose at the spicy smell of Nik's outrage. "I'm sure sorry that your plans to set up your den here got fucked up."

"Shit happens."

"I don't suppose she suggested an alternative location for your den, did she?"

Nik glanced at his boss. Lying wasn't his style, but he'd be damned if he'd build a den right next to Grandmother Rousseau's.

"She suggested it, but I didn't hear her tell me it was a law."

Randy slapped Nik on the back and gestured with his head for Nik to follow. "I had a feeling it might be something like that. I had an overbearing mother-in-law too—died last year. But anyway, hear me out." Randy led the way to his truck, where a stack of lumber was loaded in the back. He yanked on the boards and Nik helped him unload them while Randy spoke. "My den has a small section of land up for sale. Talk to your banker if you're interested. I can work with you some, but we're hard-pressed for cash with our oldest wanting to head off to college."

Nik perked up. "Where's the land?"

"North of Prince George." Randy's eyes sparkled when he met Nik's gaze.

"How far from Rousseau land?"

"If our pack leader wants you close to her den, this isn't too far away—no more than ten miles, I'd say. But it is on the same side of town," he added quickly.

Nik liked the idea already. "I'll take it. And haven't you heard? I don't need a banker anymore. Apparently my new mate has quite a bit of money that comes with her adorable tail."

"Humph," Randy grunted, shaking his head.

"Grandmother Rousseau wants me to get started building a den on the land she's determined is appropriate for Sophie and me. Would you be willing to conspire in a small plot with me?" Nik quit unloading for a minute, giving his boss a serious look. "I'm not a *lunewulf* to turn my back on our laws and traditions. And I would never suggest that anyone dishonor our pack leader."

"I know you aren't, son." Randy nodded, understanding. "You've sniffed after that sweet little bitch of yours for quite a while. You got slapped with a real rotten-smelling deal with your mating. I don't mind saying that out loud at all."

Randy had strong convictions when it came to honoring pack tradition. He had a large den that seemed full of love and pride, as far as Nik could smell.

"Grandmother told me to start building my new den. She will finance it until all money is turned over to my name."

"She'll hold on to the cash until your den is built how she sees fit."

"Kind of what I heard too." Nik didn't care if she held on to that cash until she fell over dead and was burned. And that would be one nasty-smelling funeral. "I'll bet that she doesn't come out and supervise the construction of my den. Would you help me with bills to turn over to her so that we can build the den on this land you have?"

"As long as you can pay for the land, I'll help you."

"I'll pay for it." Nik put his load of wood down and reached out to shake on it.

Randy gave him one hard, firm handshake, then turned to get more wood. A thought hit Nik that suddenly lifted his spirits. He'd be able to build their den to his own specifications. What a gift to give his new mate. He couldn't wait to tell her that she needed to get busy deciding what rooms she wanted in her new den.

Another car and a truck pulled up to the site. Apparently the city inspector, Alex Wall, hadn't left. Nik hadn't given him much thought after being distracted with news that his plans for a den had suddenly changed.

Others showed up as well, and soon the lots were full of the sounds and smells of houses being built. Nik dwelt on his den situation more than he did his work. His actions were mechanical, measuring and cutting wood, then helping others when needed. He paid little attention to the usual banter between the *lunewulfs* working around him. Grandmother's claws were digging in too deep. He knew he wasn't the only male who'd given thought to ripping the old bitch's throat out, ending her reign as pack leader and putting a stop to her tyranny.

"It's not as easy as you think." The male next to him sounded like he spoke to Nik.

He looked up, surprised, certain that he hadn't voiced his thoughts out loud.

"The bitch needs to die. How hard would it be to kill the old, smelly thing?" Josh Pergot stood on the other side of him.

A handful of males surrounded him, deeply involved in a quiet conversation that they probably assumed he'd been listening to all along.

"Pergot, you need to smell things out better before you start wagging your tail in excitement," Alex Wall said quietly, then glanced around the site as if what he would say next needed to be spoken without being overheard. "Grandmother Rousseau pays *lunewulfs* well to be her eyes and ears for the pack. The bitch isn't stupid. Pack members who are hard up, have a difficult time putting a fresh kill on their tables for their dens, will do anything to keep from starving."

"She's never offered me a damned dime," the male next to Nik, Monte Rackney, said while disgust mingled with the smell of his body sweat.

"That's because you are an honorable *lunewulf*," Alex told him. "But you mark my words—try to start a conspiracy against Grandmother Rousseau and you'll end up a dead *lunewulf*. I've seen it happen before during her reign as pack leader. How do you think that fragile old bitch has been pack leader for so long?"

Nik grabbed his nail gun and lifted the two-by-fours he'd just cut onto his shoulder. He didn't say anything to the *lunewulfs*, but headed across the yard. More than once he'd discovered pack members dead from some freak accident. And oftentimes they were *lunewulfs* who had a gripe against Grandmother Rousseau. Nothing had ever been proven, but werewolf packs weren't a democracy. They didn't have trials or jails. If someone broke a law, they died, no questions asked. Nik planned on living a long and happy life. There were other ways to deal with Grandmother Rousseau than starting a conspiracy against her. He wouldn't lie. The day the old bitch died would be cause for a celebration. But he'd be wasting good days if he put all his attention into living for that moment. He had better things to do with his time.

He was sweaty and his muscles burned with raw energy by the time they called it quits and Randy announced everyone should head to their dens for a good night's run.

He got directions to the land and shoved the piece of paper in his pocket. Randy asked a fair price for the few acres that, in fact, were just down the road a good run from the Rousseau land. A fair compromise, if anyone were to ask him.

Heading across town to his den for a quick shower, he grabbed his cell phone and called Sophie.

"How is my mate doing?" he asked when she answered the phone.

"Nik!" Her excited tone every time he called her reassured him how lucky a *lunewulf* he was. "Please come get me."

He perked up at her tone, pushing down on the accelerator and altering course. "What's wrong?" he demanded, taking a quick turn and heading toward the Rousseau den.

"No one was at the den. And I didn't want to be there either."

"You aren't at Grandmother's den?" he almost shouted, cutting off a car while breaking the speed limit and driving faster in her direction. "Where in the hell are you?"

"I'm not a single bitch anymore, wolf man, in case you've forgotten. I am completely in my right to take a walk alone if I wish. And I have the cell phone on me, just in case." She added the last words a bit more quietly.

He fought the urge to scream. "You are mated. And you know damned well I haven't forgotten that for one moment all day. But I can't protect you if you decide to take a walk out in broad daylight unattended. Especially when you didn't consult with me first."

"I have to ask permission from you every time I leave my den?" Her tone alone implied she didn't think too highly of that idea.

He thought of their lovely pack doctor who'd paid him a visit earlier that day, and his bold suggestion that they swap mates. Nik kept his tone cool, not wishing to upset Sophie but needing to impress on her a few simple facts.

"You are by far the most beautiful bitch in this pack. It's no secret that I'm out working all day. I'm easily seen by anyone who drives by. As much as I'd love to say our pack is full of respectable *lunewulfs*, that simply isn't the case. I would ask that you call me when you leave our den, just so that I know where you are. I would certainly offer you the same courtesy."

She was silent for a minute, taking in what he said. He doubted she'd have a sound argument to dispute his words so he didn't wait for her response.

"Where are you?" he asked quietly.

She sighed. "I'm just walking along the highway."

Nik smiled. His shower would have to wait. His little bitch needed him. "That's actually perfect. I'm on my way to pick you up. I have something to show you."

Their new den was just down the road from where she walked. Now he wouldn't have to deal with explanations when he picked up *his* mate from Grandmother

Rousseau's den. Within a few minutes, he pulled off the road and enjoyed the view from his mirror when Sophie's breasts bounced beautifully as she jogged to his car. She pulled open the passenger door and climbed inside, her scent wrapping around him and filling his lungs. He could get drunk off the smell of her, like fresh laundry and just-cut flowers. Her happiness and contentment were the best aromas in the world. And the glow on her face when she smiled at him had his heart swelling in his chest.

"I love you," he said, the words slipping out so easily.

She started to lean in to kiss him but stopped, her expression turning from stunned to a large, wide grin.

"Oh. My gorgeous wolf man, I love you too!" She almost leapt on him, which about knocked the car into gear.

He didn't stop her from applying kisses all over his cheeks, or pressing her breasts against his arm while doing so. His cock hardened eagerly while lust quickly became the dominating scent in the car. Sophie would have her moment. Soon enough he'd need to discuss with her yet another challenge that stood before them—taking on Grandmother. The tiny old bitch's power had gone from smelling sickening to downright putrid.

"What do you have to show me?" she asked when she finally returned to her side, keeping her hand on his arm.

Nik quickly told her about Grandmother visiting his work site earlier that day.

"You had a den picked out for us?" She didn't seem as upset about Grandmother taking it away or suggesting that they build right next to her.

"And now I have another one picked out," he told her, giving her a conspiratory grin.

She raised one eyebrow, studying him. "You're going to defy Grandmother?"

"Nope. I respect our pack leader, and both of us always will." He continued grinning as he drove down the two-lane highway. Remembering the landmarks Randy Hartman had told him marked off the land, he recognized them easily enough when they came up on them, and pulled off the road.

Sophie tugged on her sweater when she got out on her side. The material stretched over her round breasts, accenting their shape and showing that she didn't wear a bra underneath. Her long blonde hair blew behind her, and she squinted as she looked around them.

He got hard instantly watching her. The breeze captured her scent and carried it to him and he inhaled deeply. The smells of the wildlife scurrying away from the two of them dimmed in comparison to her captivating scent.

Nik forced himself to look away from her and take in the undeveloped land around them. "We'd have to do a fair amount of clearing," he said, half to himself, while picturing where their den might go.

"I kind of like the rugged look." Sophie walked over to him and slipped her hand into his.

"You want a cabin in the woods?" he asked.

"Will my big bad wolf protect me?" Sophie nuzzled into him and her fingernails crept up his arms to his shoulders.

Chills rushed over him, making every inch of him harden to stone. He reached under her sweater and cupped her breasts, staring down into her glowing blue eyes. She grinned with happiness while staring up at him. No matter what ridiculous laws and obstacles were thrown their way, with Sophie at his side, he'd take on the world.

"I'll be all over you, little bitch," he growled.

Her cell phone rang, and Sophie groaned. She didn't want the pack disturbing her any more than he did. She made a face and pushed away from him to pull it off the clip at her waist. He caressed her soft breasts, loving how they fit perfectly in his hands.

"It's Grandmother," she said, sighing as she flipped it open and answered it.

He had half a mind to lift her shirt, twist her nipples to hardness and then nibble on them with his teeth. Sophie would have a hell of a time talking to the old bitch while he slowly made her come. But then Grandmother probably didn't remember what it was like to have an orgasm. She'd never know her granddaughter trembled and fought not to cry out while she carried on a conversation over the phone.

The old bitch's crusty tone was easily heard at the other end of the line. She wanted Sophie home. Grandmother Rousseau would have to get accustomed to the idea that his mate was with her den—with him. Sophie nodded. "We'll be there soon. Yes, Grandmother—Nik and me."

"There's another pack meeting tonight," she told him when she clipped the phone back to her waist. "And I'm expected at the den for the evening kill."

Nik let his hands slide out from underneath her shirt. "Sounds like I need to have a talk with our pack leader."

"She won't let you take me unless you have a den for us to live in."

"We'll stay with my brother in his den until this one is ready," he decided instantly. It wasn't the best place to keep Sophie, but at least he'd have her out from underneath Grandmother Rousseau's claws. "Now let's check out this land."

The acreage was undeveloped but there were fresh creeks, and wildlife scurried away in fear from the male and female who were so much more than human.

They reached a clearing not visible from the road and surrounded by sweet-smelling pines. "This is where I want our den." Sophie spun around, her hair fanning behind her as she held out her arms and grinned. "We could build a narrow drive to the road and then have our den here. Would that be terribly expensive?"

"You don't know about the trust fund?" he asked, surveying the land and picturing mentally how they'd build a cabin here.

"Trust fund?"

He looked at her blank expression. All he smelled was her happiness. Sophie didn't have a clue about the money. If the money did exist, Grandmother Rousseau hadn't bothered filling her granddaughters in on the news.

"Grandmother Rousseau told me that your parents left you a million-dollar trust fund."

Her jaw fell open. "Shit," she whispered. "Are you sure?"

"No. But I'll find out."

Chapter Fifteen

"Come on, bitches." Grandmother clapped her hands together twice. "Get those chairs unfolded and line them in rows. The pack will be here in less than thirty minutes and I want this place ready."

"It's wrong to fill our tummies with such wonderful seafood and then make us work," Gertrude said quietly as she lifted several folding chairs from a cart at the end of the living room.

Old Ben had rolled the long cart into the living room, but the aging male didn't have what it took anymore to bend and straighten and get the chairs in order. Sophie and her littermates now had that duty.

"What did you say?" Grandmother walked across the large living area and stopped in front of Gertrude.

She forced her to a stop, and Gertrude stood facing Grandmother with the chairs pressed to her chest.

Gertrude smiled and blew a strand of hair out of her face. "I was just whining about working on a full stomach."

Grandmother looked at her for a moment. When she turned, her plain cotton dress hanging on her petite frame, she focused her attention on Sophie, and then Elsa. Once her hair had been blonde, like all purebred *lunewulfs*, but now it was a steel gray and pulled back so tightly into a bun that it had to hurt to turn her head.

"I can't believe any of you can think of a thing to whine about," she said, seriously smelling surprised at the thought.

Elsa almost dropped the chair she was unfolding, but retrieved it quickly and placed it in the row next to the others. "You're joking, right?" she asked.

Sophie straightened, staring from Grandmother to Elsa. It had been years since Grandmother had punished any of them. They were grown bitches, and technically Sophie was mated, although it hadn't been announced. But the way Grandmother looked at Elsa, Sophie had a sudden urge to step between the two of them.

"No. I'm not joking. None of you will ever know the trials of an unfaithful mate. Don't you see? I've made everything perfect for you. Everything I've done as pack leader, I've done for you three." Grandmother smelled so sincere that all of them stopped what they were doing and just stared at her.

"I don't mean to sound disrespectful, but how have you made everything perfect for Nik and me?" Sophie had to hear the answer to this one.

Grandmother wore black heels tonight and they made a muffled sound when she walked over the carpet to Sophie. The old bitch stood several inches shorter than

Sophie, but her presence still had a power to it even though she had to be pushing well into her eighties. No one knew exactly how old the bitch was.

"You not only have Nik, but two other males to bring into your den," Grandmother said softly, like she was explaining a simple problem to a cub. "The females of this pack will be the alphas. You will say who you have sex with and when." She waved her bony hand in the air between them, as if dismissing the question on Sophie's lips. "Sure the males will try to play like they are in control. Males have always been that way. But now they are no longer, and they never will be again. Through sex, you can control your mates. They will do anything to be with you, and you will call all the shots in your den. They will do whatever it takes to please you, just so they may be the chosen one that night. And, my dear Sophie." She turned to glance at the other two. "All of you. You will never know the pain of a cheating mate."

Gertrude and Elsa looked at her, dumbfounded. Grandmother didn't often have personal conversations with any of them. Sophie smelled their shock at Grandmother's words and was dying to ask the question she'd bet all of them wanted to ask.

Had her mate cheated on Grandmother? He had died before Sophie had been whelped. And Grandmother had become pack leader when Sophie was still a cub. There had been controversy around it, but the stories explaining that time so long ago varied and were full of holes. Sophie never had the nerve to ask what Grandmother had done to become pack leader. The obvious had to be true. She'd killed the previous pack leader. That was the only way any *lunewulf* led a pack.

"Nik wouldn't have cheated on me," she said quietly.

Grandmother turned around with more agility than she usually used. "All young bitches make that claim. But mark my words. He won't cheat on you with pack law. He'll be too busy making sure he is the alpha male in your den. The three of you should be thanking me, and not acting like cubs."

Elsa grabbed several folding chairs and one of them clanged against the floor, making a loud banging sound. Her anger made it so spicy in the room that Grandmother made a show of wiping her finger over her nose.

"You'll regret your lack of appreciation long before I do." Grandmother pointed her bony finger at Elsa, and the room filled with even more anger.

Elsa didn't say a word. Neither did Sophie or Gertrude. Obviously feeling she'd put her granddaughters in their place, Grandmother walked out of the room and into her office.

Sophie finished unfolding the chairs and lining them in rows. Her littermates worked alongside her, none of them saying a word. No matter how old and decrepit Grandmother made a show of being, Sophie didn't doubt for a moment that she'd overhear anything they said while in the living room.

They had twenty minutes before the pack would show up and Sophie hurried toward the stairs, her littermates at her heels.

"Shit," Gertrude said when the three of them closed the door to Sophie's room. Gertrude collapsed on Sophie's bed and shook her head in disbelief.

"Grandmother is insane." Sophie cocked her head toward the door, fighting her human senses to try to hear more than she could while in her skin. She was pretty sure no one was upstairs who might overhear them.

"I wonder if she had a mate who cheated on her," Elsa mused.

"Kind of sounds like she might have," Gertrude said.

"That would explain why she's gone nuts with this new pack law." Sophie moved away from her door and looked in her mirror. A little makeup wouldn't hurt. Even though she'd just seen Nik, she wanted to look her best when she saw him again. Not to mention, her other soon-to-be mates would be there too. That thought twisted her stomach into knots. "I don't get why she used the lack of females in the pack as an excuse."

"Especially when it's true," Gertrude added. "We don't have that many single females. But she could have ordered all of us to have lots of cubs instead of giving us three mates. By the way, have either of you mated yet?"

Sophie powdered the shine away from her nose and forehead. Then reaching for her brush, she worked the tangles out of her hair and glanced curiously at Elsa before meeting Gertrude's attentive stare.

"You?" Gertrude asked.

"Yes," Sophie said, unable to hide her smile.

When Gertrude grinned too, Sophie hurried to the bed and plopped down next to her oldest littermate. "I want all the details," she announced.

Elsa rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest stubbornly, but she didn't leave the room. No matter how much of a prude their youngest littermate tried to make everyone think she was, Sophie had an idea that she was just stubborn. God help the male Elsa finally set her eyes on. He would have his work cut out for him.

"Matthew and I mated last night," Gertrude told both of them. She smelled happy about it and looked to Sophie for her blessing.

Sophie immediately hugged Gertrude. "I can smell how happy you are."

"Well he's a good male, and the pack doctor. He spoke with Grandmother this morning, and I'm moving into his den with him this weekend." Gertrude bit her lip, nervous for obvious reasons. "We haven't discussed my other mates yet, but Doug Fleming called me today."

"You've mated with the pack doctor?" Elsa asked in disbelief.

"He is a respected male in our pack." Gertrude defended him immediately. "And he really isn't that bad. I'll have the rank offered with his den, and Doug Fleming is one hell of a sexy male, you have to admit."

"But do you love either of them? What about your third mate?" Elsa challenged.

"This isn't about love." Gertrude waved her hand in the air as if the question was silly. She then combed her short blonde hair with her fingers and looked down at her lap. "I'm the pack doctor's mate. That is an incredibly honorable position in the pack. Doug Fleming is hot as hell. I don't know Roger Peugeot—the other male I'm supposed to mate with—that well, but I've seen him and he's definite eye candy. So I get rank and good looks. What else matters?"

Sophie had a feeling love mattered quite a bit to Gertrude. "Maybe you'll grow to love at least one of them."

Her littermate glanced at her and smiled. "Maybe. And you? How are things with you and Nik?"

"We mated last night."

"Finally," Elsa said with exaggerated exasperation. "So now both of you are moving out and leaving me behind."

Sophie jumped off the bed and Gertrude was right behind her. Both of them pulled Elsa in to a group hug. Their youngest littermate stiffened for only a moment and then relaxed against them. For a moment the three of them held each other and Sophie wished she could wipe the smell of sadness off her youngest littermate.

"Nik hasn't spoken to Grandmother yet." She quickly gave her littermates a summarized version of the story that Nik told her earlier today about their den situation. "The land we checked out earlier though is beautiful. I can't wait until our den is on it."

"And what about your other two mates?" Elsa asked. She rubbed Sophie's shoulder, really sounding like she wanted to know.

Sophie licked her lips. Sharing what Nik had told her felt like exposing the intimacies of their sex life with her littermates. Although in the past the three of them had always told each other about the males who came sniffing around, this somehow seemed even more personal. She'd bonded with Nik now, become his mate, and her loyalties now lay with him. But Elsa asked because she cared, not because she was being nosy or wanted to spread gossip. She couldn't stop the heat that spread over her cheeks or the sour smell that seeped from her pores when she grinned at Gertrude and Elsa.

"Well," she began, whispering. "Nik has arranged for my other two mates to join us."

"Join you?" Gertrude asked, wrinkling her brow.

"Yes. I'm going to fuck all three of them at the same time."

The pack filled all of the folding chairs, and most of the males stood along the walls. Grandmother had the chairs in rows facing her for a reason. She paced in front of them, adding to the already overwhelming sensation of ill ease.

Sophie stood in the back, near the doorway heading into the dining area, with her littermates on either side of her. She watched Nik, whose attention was on Grandmother. He stood along the far wall, his arms crossed over his muscular chest. His straw blond hair was windblown, and his brooding expression offered no clues of what he thought about the meeting so far. Sophie didn't give a damn about the disputes between dens—like any of the arguments she'd heard presented to Grandmother so far were a bit of a surprise. Nik respected pack laws. She wouldn't doubt for a minute that he'd agree that all complaints presented by the dens standing before Grandmother should be resolved according to the letter of the laws.

Two dens, each convinced the other had done them wrong, howled their grievances to Grandmother. She mediated calmly, her tone firm. Sophie couldn't help but notice that the frail old bitch they so often saw around the den was nowhere in sight at the moment. Grandmother appeared strong, aggressive and ready to fight if needed. In spite of her petite stature, she looked like a bitch to be reckoned with.

"She is enjoying this way too much," Elsa whispered loud enough for a few of their pack mates to turn and sniff in her direction.

"Shush." Sophie didn't want Elsa in even more trouble with Grandmother.

The dispute seemed petty and Sophie turned her attention to Nik. Even across the room he made her wet with desire. Then she noticed Jonathan Abram standing next to Nik. She'd never known the two males to spend that much time running together. He was a couple years older than Nik, and Sophie hardly knew him at all. But she would know him really well soon.

She took advantage of the pack surrounding them and let her gaze travel slowly down Jonathan, checking him out. He wasn't an unattractive *lunewulf*. His lanky physique would probably appeal to many bitches. Did he have a girlfriend? If so, no bitch had sought her out to challenge her. His longish blond hair was pulled back in a ponytail. The black leather coat he wore gave him that badass look. She'd seen him in Prince George working construction and knew he had a few tattoos. Would he be a rough and demanding lover?

Suddenly her pussy throbbed hard enough to make her smell like lust. She turned her attention to Grandmother—anything to make the musky scent go away. No matter how boring the pack meeting was, she couldn't get the thought of fucking all of them out of her head.

She would know soon enough what it would be like.

"I will say it again—there will be no more challenges over the assigned matings. All of them will be consummated within thirty days or the males will be killed." Grandmother gave the pack a shrewd look. "Now, is there any more business that needs addressed?"

The pack shifted in their seats, and the many standing along the walls grew edgy, anticipating the end of the meeting. The old bitch nodded at the group. "Very well. This meeting is adjourned."

Grandmother Rousseau took her time returning to her chair at the other end of the living room, but Sophie sighed with relief. She almost floated across the room when Nik started moving toward her with Jonathan at his side. Her insides danced nervously, but she couldn't wait to be in Nik's arms. She had no problem getting to know Jonathan if the three of them were together.

"Sophie." Gertrude grabbed Sophie's arm to get her attention. "Matthew just got word that Grandmother wants to talk to you in her office in five minutes. She said you're supposed to go there now." She ran her finger across her throat and made a face.

Sophie glared at Matthew's backside when he moved away from them and out of the living room.

She glanced toward Nik, who'd been detained by an older couple. She couldn't get his attention. Resigned that she would have to deal with the old bitch by herself, she made a face and nodded. "She can't accuse me of doing anything wrong." She hoped.

The pack mingled in the living area and the dining room, where food was laid out for everyone. Sophie walked down the quiet hallway, staring at the closed office door that suddenly looked very foreboding. The doorknob was cold in her damp palm when she turned it and pushed the door open silently.

Grandmother entered her office from the adjoining door to the living room. She closed the door behind her and stared at Sophie with icy, pale blue eyes. Sophie shut her door, leaning against it with her hand still on the doorknob, hating how her heart thudded in her chest. But damn it. She hadn't done anything wrong and refused to feel like a cub being called in for some punishment.

"You wanted to see me?" she asked.

"I hear you are now Niklas Alexander's mate." Grandmother didn't waste time getting to the point.

"Yes." Since she was ordered by law to mate with him, she didn't see any problem in admitting to it.

She extended her hand to Grandmother and helped her to her upright office chair, which had always looked incredibly uncomfortable. Once again Grandmother moved slowly, taking her time relaxing into the chair while her stale scent clogged Sophie's nostrils.

Grandmother let go of Sophie's hand, then slapped her hard on the ass.

"What?" Sophie cried out, jumping away from Grandmother while her ass stung with pain.

Damn the old bitch for mastering the ability to look so frail and then managing to still come out with all teeth and claws extended.

Grandmother's slap didn't hurt as much as it was humiliating. "What have I done wrong? He is one of my assigned mates."

"Sophia." Grandmother seldom used her given name. She clasped her hands in her lap and pursed her lips with obvious disapproval. "You mated with him in the woods, like a common mutt. You are a Rousseau!"

Sophie stood facing her, silent. It would be pointless to ask how she got this information. Any member of the pack could have guessed that was what happened when the two of them disappeared. Not that Grandmother would announce who any of her informants who sniffed around for her were. The best thing to do was get the reprimand over.

"Would you have him breed you in the woods?" Grandmother curled her lip in disgust. Even that emotion smelled rank on the old bitch. "I spoke with Niklas this morning, which I'm sure you know by now. He lives with his littermate and has no respectable den to offer the two of you. I know you feel I have no heart, but honestly, I wouldn't have chosen him as a mate for you if I didn't know how you feel about him. He's a hard worker, but he'll never amount to anything. Just a laborer, like the rest of his den."

"He's a good and very loyal *lunewulf*, Grandmother." Sophie couldn't stay quiet while Grandmother insulted him. "You should wish to have more males like him in our pack. Why, he honors and respects your wishes while half of the pack howls..." She stopped quickly, snapping her mouth shut before Grandmother figured out a way to accuse her of listening to slanderous whimpering or some other concocted charge.

Grandmother nodded once, her scent not changing. "Since he doesn't have an acceptable den for the two of you, you will both live here. At least that way I can ensure that things are done properly from here on out."

Sophie cringed at the thought of Grandmother standing at the foot of their bed, instructing them on how they should fuck. "I'll let Nik know you've offered your den to us," she said, hoping like hell that she sounded humble when in truth she wanted to laugh in the old bitch's face and yell at her that she'd live in a shack with Nik before she would consider sharing a den with Grandmother.

Grandmother nodded. "You may go."

She was excused. Sophie didn't hesitate and quickly left the office before Grandmother came up with any more demented ideas. She needed to get out of there, out of this den and as far away from Grandmother as she could.

The chatter of the pack quickly surrounded her and she searched the huge living room and extended dining area where tables were set up. Where was Nik?

Elsa stood at the end of one of the tables and looked at Sophie curiously when she approached. "I'm supposed to tell you that Nik ran into Prince George with a few males and will be by later to pick you up."

"What did Grandmother want?" Gertrude asked from behind Sophie.

Sophie glanced around them and her littermates closed in around her, their curiosity enough to make a few other pack members glance at them with raised eyebrows. Sophie nodded toward the kitchen, and her littermates followed her outside.

A handful of males were out back, wrestling with each other, but Sophie pulled Gertrude and Elsa off to the side.

"Grandmother apparently knows all the details about Nik and I mating. She didn't approve of our fucking in the woods."

Gertrude snorted. "She probably masturbated to all of the details."

"You are so disgusting." Elsa rolled her eyes. "That old bitch dried up decades ago."

"I'm sure," Sophie mumbled. "She also told me that since Nik doesn't have a decent den to offer me, the two of us should live here."

"Oh God." Gertrude grabbed her arm.

Sophie nodded. "And Nik would have a den for us if Grandmother hadn't intervened and decided the new construction would be homes for other mates."

Elsa shook her head. Nothing could be said about Grandmother that all of them hadn't said before.

"Well, you both have one down and two more to go." Elsa rolled her eyes, took a quick potshot at Gertrude and then yanked Sophie's hair.

And I will have all three of them together soon! Fear gripped Sophie, but a rush of nervous excitement attacked her as well. The more she thought about it, the more she couldn't wait to find out what it would be like.

"Speaking of which, I'm headed back inside to get to know my other males." Gertrude winked at them and then sauntered back into the kitchen.

Elsa made a face, scowling after her littermate. The sky was exceptionally black and the moon was full and hung low. Glowing moonlight made Elsa's long hair look like gold. Sophie had always thought her youngest littermate the prettiest of the three of them. Her troubled expression tore at Sophie's heart though. She reached for her, but then pulled her hand back when Johann showed up behind them and grabbed Elsa's shoulders.

Elsa stiffened, immediately trying to pull away, but Johann proved the stronger of the two. "Take a run with me under the moon, sweet bitch?" he whispered loud enough for Sophie to hear.

"Go run with Simone, Johann." Elsa's tone was cold.

Johann glanced at Sophie, and although she got the impression he silently begged Sophie to go find something else to do, she stood firm, remaining at her littermate's side.

"You're my mate, Elsa, not Simone."

"Oh really?" Elsa turned her back to Sophie and faced Johann. "You must really suck then, Johann. I don't remember fucking you."

He stiffened at the insult and Sophie sucked in her breath. Elsa could bite worse than any bitch she'd ever known.

He studied Elsa's face for a moment, his scent undetectable, and then glanced over her shoulder at Sophie. His dark, intense blue eyes were captivating. Sophie never understood why Elsa refused his advances over the years. She gave Johann credit for never giving up though.

"Both of you run with me. We'll keep it platonic. Please, Elsa." Johann didn't belly up too often. Although his plea had a hard edge to it. No matter that he sounded calm, emotions swarmed inside him even if they couldn't be smelled.

"I'm sure Simone would love the invitation. And I know you well, Johann. You want anything but platonic." Elsa turned to leave.

Johann grabbed her arm and for a moment, there was a spark of silver flashing in his eyes. Sophie saw it, but when Elsa looked his way, she glanced at his hand wrapped around her arm before focusing on his face. By the time she looked up, his eyes glowed a rich blue.

"Simone and I are friends. That's it. That's all it's ever been. With the new pack law, she has her three mates. We've already agreed there will be no further sexual activity between us. She's cool with that. Go ask her." Johann relaxed his expression, smiling easily. For the first time, a hint of determination seeped from him. "Both of you should run with me."

"I'm a mated bitch," Sophie said, not sure if backing out of the run would help Elsa or not.

"That's right." Johann gave both of them that mischievous grin that Sophie had seen on him since they were cubs—that look that showed he successfully achieved the upper hand and would now strut around with the knowledge. "And I know Nik just took off into town for a bit to spend some time with your other mates. I'll give him a call and let him know his mate is well chaperoned."

Johann let go of Elsa and quickly placed the call. Elsa glanced at her, resignation lining her pretty face. Even her youngest littermate didn't have the strength to fight Johann when he set his mind to something. Sophie's ears perked up when she heard Nik's baritone through the cell phone. The two males exchanged a few words, all of them sounding casual and friendly, then Johann hung up his phone.

"Everything's arranged. Shall we, my dear bitches?"

Elsa fell in alongside him as he walked toward the other side of the barn where they would undress. Sophie walked behind them, glancing around the yard and wishing more than anything that she could be with Nik. Why was he hanging out with her other mates and leaving her out of it? She didn't know whether she liked that or not.

As she scanned the yard, Simone grabbed her attention. The bitch stood alone at the side of the house, watching Johann and Elsa. And she looked anything but pleased.

Chapter Sixteen

Nik concluded that Jonathan Abram simply didn't have a lot to say. The male rode with him to his den, at Nik's request, and remained silent when they entered and spoke to John.

"I can't come home to my own den and watch the show?" John would have to be a prick about things.

Nik shook his head, keeping calm. "Sophie will be nervous. Just stay out until dawn. It's not like you would be doing anything different from any other night."

If he growled at his littermate for being difficult, he'd never get him to cooperate.

"Well, I get all the juicy details when I get home." John took his time getting off the couch and then grinned devilishly at Jonathan. "I must say, you're one hell of a lucky bastard. That Sophie is one hot bitch."

Nik gave silent thanks that Jonathan didn't say a word and simply watched John until Nik's older littermate got the hint that his perversion wasn't welcome this evening.

"We'll be back later this evening. You'll be gone by then." Nik spoke quietly, but he watched his littermate for any sign of protest.

Although the oldest in their den, John wasn't the aggressive male. He stared Nik down only for a minute, his scent never turning angry. With a shrug, John grunted and then headed into the other room. Nik gestured for Jonathan to follow him, and they left his den.

"You'll promise me one thing." Jonathan stopped before reaching the car. He was a large *lunewulf*, muscular and in shape. His blond hair, pulled back in a ponytail, and the large leather coat he wore gave him a dangerous edge. "You'll never leave Sophie alone with that male."

Jonathan's pale blue eyes watched him intently. Nik wasn't intimidated. Although he was surprised. Something akin to respect flooded his insides. This male wouldn't intrude on Nik's relationship with Sophie. That much he'd assured himself already. But knowing he'd care about her well-being, would protect her if needed, raised his appreciation for the male a bit.

"She'll be with me." He started around the front of the car, letting the male know silently where he stood with Sophie. Jonathan would fuck her, but her well-being and security remained in Nik's hands.

"The pack is in an uproar over this damned law." Jonathan apparently had stored up a few things—he spoke now more than he had since Nik had sought him out before

the meeting. "Your littermate isn't the only one who will sniff after her. And you won't be with her all the time. When you can't be, I want your word now that you'll call me."

Nik stopped on his side of the car, staring at the *lunewulf*. The darkness added shadows to Jonathan's hard expression. In a fight, he would be a deadly competitor. But there was no aggression coming off the male—only determination. If anything, he seemed calmer than Nik felt at the moment.

"You will never fuck her without my consent." That had to be made clear.

Jonathan nodded once. "You have my word."

Nik nodded as well. "Then I appreciate your offer of protection."

That would have to do for now. He got into the car and started the engine. Jonathan climbed in on the other side, taking up more than half the space with his large body.

Howley's was quiet. Nik guessed the pack meeting stole most of the patrons from the bar. Jonathan pulled open the door and held it so Nik entered first—silently acknowledging Nik's rank in their bizarre new den arrangement.

He spotted Lukas at the bar, waiting for him as he said he would. The *lunewulf* turned, sniffing the air, and focused on Nik and then Jonathan. If the male was drunk, Nik would kick his ass into sobriety. Sophie wouldn't endure a drunken mate, especially tonight, her first time with all of them.

"Where's Sophie?" Lukas asked, then raised his glass to Shackley, who stood attentively behind the bar. "A round for my friends here."

Nik nodded at Shackley, who put down his bar rag and pulled a couple of clean glasses from the counter space behind the bar.

"I'll pick her up soon." Nik took the stool next to Lukas and then glanced around the quiet, dimly lit establishment. A couple old-timers sat at a table in the middle of the bar. Their conversation was quiet and unobtrusive. Jonathan moved to stand next to him, blocking his view of the older males. Nik studied the large male for a moment and then looked at Lukas, who didn't smell drunk but had a stupid grin on his face.

"You two will stay here and I'll call you once I have her over at my den." He was eager to have Sophie with him. Just imagining her fresh scent after showering and preparing for the evening made him even more eager to go get her.

"Why can't we all go get her?" Lukas asked.

"Because she's nervous," Nik snapped, but then released his breath and took the tall glass of beer that Shackley set in front of him. "Sophie is mine. Either of you want to challenge that, let's get it out of the way right now."

Neither male said a word although the air around them suddenly grew a bit hostile. More than likely, most of the stench came from him. He focused on the smell of the hops when he took a long, slow drink of his beer.

He started again, wanting tonight to be perfect—for Sophie and for him. "I've known Sophie for years. Had things been a bit different, she would be my mate right now and we wouldn't be having this conversation."

Jonathan and Lukas drank their beers. For all he knew, neither one of them wanted to be here either. They hadn't said as much. It would take a hell of a lot of howling to make him believe that they wouldn't want to fuck Sophie. But he had to believe, had to accept, that Sophie would always be his. This law wouldn't last forever. But for now, while they worked to reverse it or get Grandmother out of leadership, he would let these two males fuck her. But that would be all that they did.

"Things aren't different. At least not right now, they aren't." Jonathan spoke so quietly. The male had a way of grabbing everyone's attention when he spoke. More than likely because he was a *lunewulf* who didn't howl simply because he liked the sound of it. "I'll honor pack law until it changes, but my terms stand. She is under my protection as long as she holds the title of my mate."

"Same here," Lukas added, and nodded quickly. "So how long until we go to your den and see her?"

Nik finished his beer with a few swallows and put the empty glass on the bar. He pulled out a wallet and slapped a few bills down next to the glass. "Stay here and have a couple on me. Don't get drunk." He glared at Lukas. "I'll head out and go get her and call you shortly."

"Support your bitch. But you don't need to support me." Jonathan picked up the bills and handed them to Nik.

Lukas looked ready to protest but held his tongue. After a minute, Nik silently took the money and shoved it into his pocket.

"Very well. I'll call you soon." He turned and left the bar.

Now to call his sweet little bitch and prepare her for the evening. A mixture of trepidation and lust created an unsettling sensation in his gut. He pulled his cell phone free while heading to his car. Everything that could be done to make tonight perfect, he'd done. For the most part, Nik trusted Jonathan and Lukas. They wouldn't hurt Sophie. And they sure as hell wouldn't take her from him—hell, they would die trying.

Now for Sophie. He punched her number into his cell and pushed send. It rang and then went to voicemail. Her sweet, luscious voice spoke into his ear, asking him to leave a message.

"Where are you?" It was the only voicemail message he'd ever left on her phone as long as he'd known her.

So he wasn't the most original *lunewulf* on the planet. But when it came to his bitch, that was what he wanted to know. He left the parking lot before remembering he'd approved her running with Johann.

Hell.

Where had that son of a bitch taken her?

His cell phone rang and he grabbed it. Sophie's number glowed at him in the darkness.

"Where are you?" he asked as soon as he accepted the call.

Sophie laughed. "Sorry. I was in my fur when my phone vibrated against my neck."

Her happiness flowed like a sweet addiction through his soul. "I'm coming to get you. Where are you right now?"

"We just reached the Potter's Lake." They had to have run at full speed in order to get that far north. "Johann is trying to convince Elsa to go skinny-dipping. Hurry and join us."

"It will take me almost an hour to drive that far. I'll park at Johann's and meet you up there in my fur."

"Hurry," she pleaded in a breathless tone.

He hit the accelerator, wishing traffic would just disappear. Even though he made it to Johann's in record speed and tore through the meadow in his fur faster than he'd run in quite a while, it still seemed to take him forever to reach her. He'd had to call Jonathan and Lukas to explain that his little bitch had been escorted a bit farther north than he'd realized. But he would call them when they got back into town. Now to make sure Johann didn't have too much fun with Elsa and Sophie.

The cold night air felt good against Sophie's naked, sweaty skin. They'd hauled ass across the countryside. Elsa ran like her life depended on it. Sophie finally nipped at her, urging her to slow down after they'd run almost an hour. It had been almost a year since she'd been to Potter's Lake, and when they slowed, Johann had led them to it.

"That water has got to be freezing." Elsa's long hair fell to her ass and down her front. She held her clothes to her chest, more for warmth, Sophie guessed, than out of modesty.

Sophie and her littermates had run with Johann most of their lives. Seeing each other naked wouldn't bother any of them, unless of course they weren't on a run. She shoved her phone into her jeans pocket and watched Johann when he surfaced for air. Dark water rippled around him as he shook his hair and laughed.

"It feels great. You had me sweating like a pig running that fast." He splashed water at them and Elsa jumped to the side, laughing easily. He grinned broadly, his white teeth glowing in the darkness. "See. It feels great. Come on in."

"Was that Nik on the phone?" Elsa dropped her clothes along the bank and stepped closer to the water, ignoring Johann when she looked at Sophie.

"Yeah. He's headed out this way." She was thrilled to see Elsa looking happy. Running that hard had freed some of her demons, and as anxious as she was for Nik to show up, it meant a lot to her to spend time with her littermate when she wasn't scowling and pouting. "He said he'd park at Johann's and cover the rest of the distance in his fur."

Sophie glanced past Elsa when Johann crawled out of the water. Droplets clung to his chest, and the hair there curled and looked almost brown. His cock was semi-hard when he hit the ground on all fours, like a predator making a dash after his prey.

Elsa turned in time to see him leap up, and squealed when he grabbed her. They struggled while she called him several choice names, although laughing through all of it. He finally overpowered her and the two of them fell backward into the dark water.

"God, you two," Sophie said, laughing so hard she bent over and held her belly. "If that is a mating ritual, I'm not sure I want anything to do with it."

"It is *not* a mating ritual," Elsa yelled, spitting water from her mouth and struggling to get hair out of her face before Johann dunked her again.

"You're next," Johann warned when he shoved her littermate under the water.

"Like hell," Sophie claimed, putting her clothes down before they got soaked. "I'm already a mated bitch and last time I checked, you aren't on my list."

She grinned and her cheeks hurt from laughing. It might be smart to ease herself into the water before Johann took her on too. She wouldn't put anything past him. She touched the water with her toes and then pulled back quickly.

"It's cold as hell," she squealed.

Elsa resurfaced a few feet from Johann and shoved her hair back. "No shit," she cried out. "Whose idea was this anyway?"

Johann laughed and made a show of diving at her, but she splashed him in the face and proved she was just as fast in the water as she was on land. Johann dove at her and got a mouth full of water. Sophie sat on the bank, dangling her legs and getting accustomed to the frigid water while enjoying the show. This time when Elsa surfaced, she was behind Johann. She grabbed his shoulders and pushed him under.

"Take that, you brute," she shrieked, laughing when he disappeared under the water. Her expression quickly changed to one of surprise and then suddenly she was yanked under too.

Sophie wasn't sure if Elsa was actually loosening up when it came to Johann or not. They resurfaced with their arms wrapped around each other, both of them laughing. She tried picturing her younger littermate mated to him. Johann had always been around. He was a good *lunewulf*, although a bit on the wild side. And Elsa had a good argument when it came to his promiscuity. Sophie would have pictured him with Simone before she would have guessed him mating with Elsa.

Pack law would change all of them. No matter if Grandmother died or the law got changed, already the effects of it shown in her and her littermates. Regardless of what happened in their future, events occurring right now would stick with them for life.

Like fucking three males at once. Sophie never would have guessed she would do something like that. And she would—soon.

"Someone isn't wet." Johann's words pulled her out of her thoughts too late to stop him from grabbing her legs and yanking her into the water with them.

She landed on her back in the water, kicking quickly while the icy chill attacked her. Going under, she blew out air, instantly frozen to death.

"Shit!" she screamed, flapping her arms and legs as she blew water from her mouth. "How can you stand this?"

"I don't know. I'm staying rather warm," Johann said, grinning mischievously with his arms wrapped around Elsa.

He held her in front of him with her back to him and Sophie shoved hair from her eyes in time to see Elsa make a face.

"Would you get that hard cock of yours out of my ass?" she demanded.

"It's really warm there," he teased and nipped at her neck. "But if you like, I can move it a bit."

Elsa's eyes grew wide, and for a moment Sophie wondered if he'd penetrated her. There wasn't any doubt in her mind that her littermate was a virgin.

"Don't you dare!" Elsa transformed, changing while in Johann's arms until her skin disappeared and white fur quickly covered her.

Her face changed, her eyes taking on an eerie glow and her mouth stretching as her nose grew and turned black. She howled and Johann let her go, unable to match her strength in his human form. Instantly she leapt out of the water and disappeared into the darkness.

"Damn it." Johann let the change consume him too. He raced after her, leaving Sophie alone in the cold, dark water.

She would freeze her fucking ass off lying on the bank in her flesh. Her blood boiled with the change taking over. The contrast of the frigid water and her suddenly overheated system shocked her and stole her breath. Quickly kicking out of the water, she hit the bank on all fours as fur and a thick hide replaced her soaked human flesh.

Her surroundings transformed before her eyes. Dark shadows turned to gray. The smell of her soaked fur filled her nostrils, but along with that, the damp ground underneath her, the sweet pines surrounding her, every scent filled her senses. She shook herself furiously, no longer cold, and feeling so alive and in control of the night.

How long until Nik would get here?

She suddenly couldn't think of anything other than fucking him. He would show up soon, having run as hard and as fast as they had to reach her. He would be hot and sweaty, his heart pounding and energy peaking inside him. Would he take her just as hard and fast in their fur?

Sophie stretched out on the ground next to their clothes. Sooner or later Elsa and Johann would be back. More than likely with Elsa pissed as hell again and Johann doing everything in his power to calm her. She rolled over, staring at the stars through the branches above her. They twinkled and glowed while the moon washed over her with its bright light.

She closed her eyes and Nik filled her thoughts, creating a need in her so intense the pressure was too much to bear. In his fur, his cock was twice the size as in his human form. He'd fill her completely, popping the swelling desire that had her almost

quivering. Every inch of her would explode and come would flow freely. She pictured it so clearly it was as if she could feel his powerful muscles touching her everywhere. Sophie ached to touch him, taste him, experience him inside her while he panted above her. The sweet, musky smell of her lust filled the air, and she breathed it in, wishing more than anything that he would get his ass here now and fuck her under the moonlight.

The vague scent of *lunewulfs* grabbed her attention, and she rolled over quickly, coming to her feet. Instinct prevailed and she sniffed the breeze coming toward her, picking up the smell of her kind.

She felt the pounding of the ground before she saw two white shapes approaching quickly. Another smell grabbed her attention too. Sophie turned, spotting Nik as he appeared between the trees. He was large and deadly looking, with his white teeth pressed against his fur, his mouth parted and grinning devilishly at her, as if he already knew what she'd been thinking.

At the same moment, Elsa dove into the clearing, sliding to a halt so quickly that dirt flew up from her claws digging into the ground. Johann was right behind her and jumped on top of her. Elsa screamed and slid out from underneath him, racing around Nik and hiding behind him as she growled fiercely.

Sophie froze, watching the two males as they sized each other up. Elsa had just demanded Nik's protection, and in their fur, certain laws existed that humans wouldn't adhere to. Nik would fight and kill to keep her honor. Sophie didn't doubt it for a minute.

Johann lowered his head. His shoulder blades rose in his back like shields, wrapped with powerful muscles. He barked once, a sharp and fierce command. Elsa's low growl made her answer clear enough. She didn't want him.

Sophie stepped backward, fear wrapping around her and making her heart pound way too hard in her chest. Nik and Johann would fight and possibly one would die. She yelped at Johann—*quit being a bastard*—but he ignored her. Nik held his head high, not moving and staring at Johann with silver eyes that glowed like small moons in the darkness. When he'd first appeared through the trees, Sophie swore she'd smelled lust on him. His triumphant grin at finding her by herself showed his pleasure, even if she hadn't detected it with her other senses.

Now he looked pissed. Damn Johann for putting him in this position—for stalking her littermate continually and not wishing to hear "no". She hated that it had come to this. And glancing from Nik to Johann, she prayed this wouldn't tarnish their friendship—or worse, get one of them killed.

Johann tried stepping around Nik, which brought him closer to Sophie. Nik leapt at him, putting his massive body between her and Johann.

Stop it, you two! She barked frantically at both of them.

Elsa snapped and growled and darted around Sophie. Nik moved in front of both of them, his large white body blocking her view of Johann. The terrible growls grew

between the two males, and she swore Nik grew in size before her. Both males lowered their heads, their shoulder blades arching in their backs, and bared their teeth at each other. As Nik edged closer, Sophie got a better view of Johann. He looked deadlier than she'd ever seen him look before. And Nik smelled cruel – and pissed.

This wasn't how she wanted tonight to end up.

Nik leapt at Johann and Sophie yelped before she could control herself. *God. Please stop this!* At the same time, Elsa let out a spew of nervous barks. Her littermate didn't expect that jumping behind Nik would bring the two males to this either. Both men were honor bound, even if Johann practiced his methods of honor slightly differently than Nik did. Sophie didn't doubt for a moment that if her littermate had known asking Nik for protection would instigate the possibility that the two males might kill each other, she might not have raced behind him.

Johann took a step backward and then slowly started turning into his human form. Sophie was surprised at the act. She watched him straighten while his fur receded into his body and his face contorted.

"Fuck this," he said, his words so garbled she almost didn't understand him.

At the same time, Elsa grabbed her clothes in her mouth and tore off past the three of them – gone into the darkness in a matter of seconds.

Johann turned to watch her disappear, and for a moment Sophie feared he would return to his *lunewulf* shape and chase after her. Instead he turned and pointed a finger at Nik, who still stood in front of Sophie.

"I wasn't out of line," he snapped, his attention diverting from Nik to Sophie. "I would never rape Elsa. Never!"

He snagged his clothes off the ground, his naked body shimmering with sweat and his breathing making his chest swell and contract. She watched him tie his clothes around his neck, turning his back to both of them.

There wasn't any fear or anger in the air around them anymore. Johann's frustration mixed with his strong human smell of sweat. Nik stood in front of her, watching Johann without moving or uttering a sound. She was more than content to stand behind him in her fur, protected from the elements while Johann shook and struggled with his clothes until he made a rope out of them.

When his clothes were secure he turned around again, letting out a long sigh as he studied both of them. "Elsa hasn't been tarnished in any way, Sophie. You have my word on that. Nik, you're an honorable *lunewulf*. I'd protect your bitch just as you did mine just now. You know that. I'll track her back to her den, and you have my word that I won't try to touch her again tonight."

Nik raised his head, still remaining silent and watched Johann resume his *lunewulf* form. He looked at them with his almond-shaped silver eyes and then turned and took off running in the direction Elsa had gone. Sophie let out a breath she didn't realize she'd been holding. Then it dawned on her that she was alone in the woods with Nik – with her mate – and they were both in their fur.

Chapter Seventeen

The instinct to dominate, to claim what was his and whom he'd kill to protect ran rampant through his blood. More than anything, he wanted to mount Sophie. They were alone and he could smell how willing his little bitch was. Nik wasn't perfect. Hell, he had a list of faults.

Johann had just called him honorable. And the *lunewulf* was right. But Sophie would be honored too.

Nik wouldn't take Sophie to her other mates with his come filling her. Jonathan and Lukas would know Sophie was fresh and clean, excited and willing to have them. They would see her as the incredibly beautiful bitch that she was. Not once would they ever view her as a whore or a slut.

He endured her pouting as they ran back to his car. She didn't understand his refusal to fuck her. And damn if he didn't want to. But there would be time. Plenty of time. He would enjoy her sexual eagerness in her fur and in her flesh again and again.

When they arrived at his den, he took her cold hand and led her to the front door. One breath confirmed the salty nervousness that seeped from her.

"Are we alone?" She looked up at him with wide-eyed blue orbs, licking her lips and searching his face.

He tightened his grip on her hand. "For now."

"Grandmother will throw a fit if I'm out all night." Her lower lip came out in a perfect little pout when he closed the door behind them, enclosing them in the warmth of his den. He could so clearly imagine sliding his cock between those perfect lips. "How long...how long before Jonathan and Lukas arrive?"

All he'd told her on their way over here was that the two males waited for them at Howley's. He didn't want her so nervous that she would back out. And at the moment, she looked close to doing just that.

"You are my mate. I can keep you out all night, and for the rest of our lives if I choose." He loved watching her bright blue eyes narrow into suspicious slits while happiness gave her a fresh scent. The sweet smell of pine still lingered on her from their hard run back to his car. "And Jonathan and Lukas will come over here when I call them."

"Oh." She chewed her lip. Would she back out? "I guess we can't leave them sitting down there all night."

"We can take all the time you need." He brushed his fingers against her cool cheek and watched her attention dart around the room.

"I guess it's better to get it over with."

"I don't want you doing this simply to get it over with." He ran his fingertips over her moist lips. Knowing she might refuse to acknowledge pack law no matter how others would scorn her hit him hard enough to bring him pause. "I swear to you, Sophie, all that matters about this evening is you."

"And all I'm thinking about is you, wolf man," she said, confirming his thoughts, and then she opened those pouty lips farther when he touched them and sucked his finger into her mouth.

His cock danced to life, blood filling it quickly enough to make him lightheaded. "Then we'll enjoy this together. They've both insisted that I honor them with the right to protect you when I can't."

"Really? Well as long as they both know that I howl only for you." She pushed his finger out of her mouth when she spoke, but then sucked it back in with a new energy and looked up at him with wide blue eyes that glowed with passion.

His small fears quickly subsided and he pictured her being fucked by the other males. It would be so fucking hot to watch, and it would happen soon, within the hour. Once he called them, they would arrive in minutes, ready to fuck his bitch.

"I have something for you." He almost hated pulling his finger from her hot little mouth.

"What is it?"

Nik walked into the dining room, enduring the intense throbbing as his cock pressed against his jeans. He held out the bag of garments he'd purchased for her and watched her delighted expression when she accepted it.

"I can't believe you bought lingerie," she whispered, quickly taking in its contents.

She would never know how hard it had been to go into that store alone and pick out what he wanted her to wear.

"Undress for me, Sophie." He sat on the couch, barely able to think straight with all blood draining to his crotch. "I want to watch you strip and then put that outfit on."

"I love lingerie." Her delighted smile let him know he'd done the right thing.

She would wear what he'd bought for her, be dressed in clothes he'd chosen when he presented her to the other males. His heart swelled almost as painfully as his cock, a warmth he hadn't experienced before filling his insides. Sophie made him happier than anyone ever had in his life. She was his bitch—his mate—and she was willing to do anything, experience anything so long as she did it by his side.

Sophie moved in front of him, placing the bag on the coffee table between them. Gripping her sweater, she slid it up her body, stretching as she exposed her tummy and chest to him. Plump, perky breasts spilled over her pink lacy bra. Strands of blonde hair fell over her shoulders and then swayed around her when she removed the sweater and dropped it to the floor.

A slow smile played on her lips. She was enjoying herself. It was good to know, and to see. Nik wouldn't have her doing this just to get it over with.

Her delicate fingers traced invisible lines over those mouthwatering mounds of flesh and lace. He wanted her to give him this private show, finger-fuck herself, beg him to take her first, before the other *lunewulfs* showed up.

She unzipped her jeans, torturously slow, then slid them down her long, slender legs.

His heart pounded in his chest, matching the throbbing in his cock.

"Damn, Sophie." The tip of his incisor pricked the inside of his lip. He tasted his own blood, which called forth the beast inside him. He fought to maintain control of his senses. "I can't promise to control my actions when you torture me like that."

She looked very pleased with herself. "But you told me to undress for you," she said in a very innocent tone that dripped with amusement.

"So I did." He wanted to help her, rip those clothes from her body, send lace flying everywhere and watch her breasts bounce free. But if he moved one inch, he would never see the outfit he bought on her.

She slipped out of her bra and lace panties, then pulled the black silk corset out of the bag. "It's so beautiful," she whispered.

"Not as beautiful as you," he answered instantly, his voice garbled while emotions tore at his insides. "Put it on."

She pulled it on and adjusted it to her body. It fit snugly around her waist, accenting her already prefect curves. Those tits of hers looked even fuller and plumper when squeezed into the cups of the corset. He had to look like an idiot mutt with his tongue dangling to the side while he drooled and panted over the sight of her.

Sophie reached into the bag again, flashing him a quick glance. Her eyes glowed, sparkling with hints of silver. That wasn't the only hint he had that performing for him turned her on. The rich, musky aroma of her come soaked the air around them. He would be hard-pressed proving to Jonathan and Lukas that he hadn't fucked her before they arrived. She pulled out the small thong that went with the corset and slowly bent over, then took her time sliding it up her legs. The way her ass curved and the angle she gave him made him almost explode in his pants. The corset made her waist look narrower, her hips curvier and pushed her breasts together so damned perfectly.

"You're driving me insane."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No," he said quickly, and she giggled.

Her wonderful scent wrapped around him. Then she looked down and her long hair flowed over her shoulder while she situated the thong, taking care to ensure it was on right. A raw hunger ate at him just watching her place the material over her pussy.

"I can't wait to fuck you. And I can't wait to watch you get fucked." The time had come and he had to prepare her.

But she was so fucking hot he needed a moment to stare at his perfect little bitch. Her blonde hair glowed from the lamplight in the living room and crystal blue eyes

searched his face, needing his approval. She didn't have any scars on her body. He would see to it that she never knew a challenge or battle. Every inch of her was perfect, and he believed it was his job to keep her that way, inside and out. Her narrow muscles and petite waist added to her sex appeal.

"Turn around."

She obeyed instantly, giving him a wonderful view of her round ass. "Like the view?" she teased ruthlessly.

He stood slowly – the lethal weapon in his jeans made movement difficult.

"So fucking much," he breathed hoarsely.

Nik cupped her ass and spread it to give himself a view of the black elastic that pressed against her asshole and disappeared over her soaked pussy – a pussy he craved to eat.

"Something you want?" She shook her ass, tossing her hair over her shoulder and looking over it at him.

"God. Yes. Jonathan and Lukas won't believe their eyes." He dragged her back to him, pressing the soft flesh of her rear end against his inflamed cock.

Breathing in her lusty scent, he buried his face in her hair, then scraped his teeth against the soft part of her neck. He stared down her front at the swell of her breasts, pushed up and together from the corset. It was a view that would torment a saint.

"You'll enjoy watching?" She looked over her shoulder, stretching against him and staring up at him. Her breath was warm and moist against his skin.

He sure as hell enjoyed the view she offered him at the moment. What he wouldn't do to slide his cock between those breasts.

Nik reached for his phone, knowing the time had arrived. He flipped it open while holding her and punched the number for Howley's. "Let me talk to Jonathan Abram."

Sophie stiffened in his arms, her scent changing drastically. She turned quickly, panic gripping her as her expression tightened. Sensing her instinct to run kick in with a vengeance, he grabbed her.

"This is Nik. We're ready." He stared into her eyes, watching the deep blue of her orbs flash silver as too many emotions attacked her.

"It's okay, my sexy bitch," he whispered when he hung up the phone. "We're in this together. And I have a feeling you're going to love being fucked by all three of us at once."

"This is the best way. And I agree," she told him, slowly relaxing while he held her. "When I think about it, I get all hot. But now that it's here, going to happen—I guess I'm just a bit nervous."

"You love to fuck." He was nervous too. And he should tell her that. It just didn't seem right to add to her fear by not being strong for her. "I see how you crave it when you look at me."

"I crave being with you," she insisted, turning completely and running her fingers up his front to his shoulders. "You turn me on, Nik, not any other *lunewulf*."

No one had ever said anything more wonderful to him ever. He wrapped her into his arms, loving the smooth feel of her corset, the way her breasts pressed against him and her incredible aroma – a mixture of love and lust.

"I know the feeling. You're the only bitch for me too."

"Grandmother told us we should thank her because with three mates, you'll be too busy making sure you remain my alpha and never go sniffing after another bitch."

"What?" He straightened, looking down at her. "The old bitch is insane. I don't need other males to keep me from wandering from you. Damn, Sophie. That really makes no sense."

"No. It doesn't." She bit her lip, hesitating even though it was just the two of them. "Have you heard anything about anyone challenging her to take her title as pack leader?"

"A few rumors." There were always rumors. "Seriously though, she won't live much longer."

He'd heard rumors about that too. But he wouldn't share them with Sophie. Like it or not, Grandmother Rousseau was part of her den. Sophie didn't want to hear that pack members had discussed ending her life. Talking about that right now wouldn't help her through the next few hours. He ran his palms down her arms and kissed her forehead.

"Your new mates will be here soon. Are you ready?"

Chapter Eighteen

Sophie couldn't breathe. Her heart beat with a frantic craving to run, to let the change surge through her so she could protect herself. She wanted to bury her face in Nik's chest and confess that she wasn't ready.

He must have sensed her need to run, to beg not to do this, for he held her, not saying another word but keeping her close to his powerful, muscular body. All the while his cock throbbed between them like a warm, solid promise of wonderful things to come.

Grandmother wouldn't win by making them do this. She wouldn't fuck Jonathan and Lukas for those reasons. Reminding herself of all the good things that could come from three males at her beck and call, she breathed deeply, sucking Nik's rich scent deep into her lungs.

Just as Nik had stood ready to fight for Elsa earlier, Jonathan and Lukas would become part of their den too. It would make them stronger, with protection around her always. She didn't know them well right now, but she would take the time to do so. Tonight would initiate two more males into their den, binding all of them together tighter than any friendship would do. They would take her, be inside her, and she would care for each of them.

Strength rose from an unknown source deep inside her. If she accepted the knowledge that she did this to make her and Nik stronger, improve their den, create a bond that no pack law could supersede, she would find the will inside her to enjoy what was about to happen.

When she looked up, Nik had a strange look on his face, studying her as if he'd fought to burrow into her thoughts and know her mind.

"I don't want to do this because of pack law," she whispered and watched his eyebrows narrow together. She smiled, reaching up and rubbing the wrinkles that appeared on his forehead. "We're doing this because we love each other, because nothing will ever come between us. I will fuck Jonathan and Lukas, but between the four of us, they will understand that it is you and I who are mated. They will be part of our den, a very special part, and we will kill and fight for each other. But nothing, wolf man, nothing will ever come between you and me."

His wrinkles faded. "I'll make sure they know."

She had no doubt of that.

"Then I'm ready."

"They'll be here any minute." He let her go, moving her to arm's length. "Go into the bedroom, sweet little bitch."

He turned her around and gave her ass a swat. She yelped but couldn't help grinning at him when she turned back to him.

"Go," he repeated.

Her legs wobbled when she headed toward his bedroom. She'd only been in this den a couple times before, and she prayed she wouldn't stray into the wrong bedroom when she entered the dark hallway. Sniffing at the closed doors, she moved toward the one that smelled of Nik. She needed the privacy of his bedroom, a sanctuary, if only for a few minutes so she could quit trembling. Although sharing her thoughts, agreeing to do this for each other and not for Grandmother or some fucked up law, helped calm her a bit.

She brushed her fingers over the doorknob and the door opened easily enough. The darkness didn't hinder her but her arms and legs were weak and shaky. Taking a deep breath, she inhaled Nik's scent, as if he still held her in his arms. Everything in this room smelled of him and she entered slowly, allowing the change to take over just enough to see more easily in the dark. It made her heart pound harder, and her breath almost came in pants, but she took in the large bed in the middle of the room and the dresser against the wall. A pair of jeans lay crumpled on the floor and his work boots were next to each other in the corner. A perfect sanctuary — one that was all Nik.

Climbing onto the bed, she tested it for softness and moved to the middle of it. As she absorbed the stillness of the room, the front door opened and low baritones filled the main room. Sophie froze. They were here.

My two other males have arrived.

Her ears tickled while she fought to hear what they said. Nik spoke to them, his tone quiet and deep. She heard her name mentioned a few times, and something about doing things the way she wanted them done. He was telling them what she'd just said to him. Holding her breath, she didn't dare move a muscle while struggling to hear the conversation.

It proved impossible. Jonathan and Lukas both spoke, their voices just as quiet. She would have to let the change completely take over if she wanted to eavesdrop. And she had a feeling she'd look better in this outfit in her flesh than in her fur.

They quit talking. The silence seemed to loom around her forever. Then there was one pair of footsteps moving toward the bedroom door. With every fall of his boots, her heart exploded in her chest.

The bedroom light flicked on, stealing the comfort of the shadows. She leapt to her hands and knees, in position to pounce even though she held on to her human form. Her pussy swelled, the pressure suddenly unbearable, even though her nerves were raw and on edge.

Nik stood alone in the room, closing the door quietly behind him. Sophie gasped for breath, suddenly feeling ridiculous for panicking after she'd justified everything they were about to do in her mind and to him.

Slowly, he began undressing, watching her without commenting.

"What should I do?" She hated how she sounded out of breath and pressed her lips together, exhaling. Silently, she demanded control of her senses.

"Enjoy yourself," he said quietly, calmly, and dropped his shirt to the floor. He kicked off his shoes, first one and then the other. Then he unzipped his jeans, moving way too slowly. Maybe he meant to torture her the way she had him when she'd changed.

If so, he did a damned good job. Her pussy dripped, soaking the small triangle of material that clung to her flesh. The elastic rubbed between her oversensitive pussy lips, and stretched against her ass. She was so aware of every inch of her body, and of Nik taking his clothes off in front of her, that she didn't move. Her fists and knees pressed into the mattress while her mouth went dry from panting and then got too wet when she pressed her lips together. Every inch of her throbbed with anticipation and lust.

Suddenly, she couldn't wait to be touched, explored, fondled and fucked. She needed it now!

"I want the light left on, sweet bitch." His tone soothed, soft and deep. "I want to see them fuck you. And I want to watch you come again and again for each one of us."

All of them fucking her—their cocks buried deep inside her. Her pussy quivered in crazy nervous anticipation. "And I'll see you watching me, smell your excitement and lust as each one of them goes deep inside me. God, Nik. I'm so wet."

"I can smell how ready you are." He finished undressing and his cock had never looked so gorged, full and erect, swollen and dangerous. The blond hair curling at the base of his shaft looked damp, and muscles rippled in his abdomen and chest.

She moved to her knees, straightening, feeling very sexy in her outfit. His gaze traveled down her and the heat from it scorched her flesh. Arousal spread through her with feverish delight.

"I'll never be more ready than I am right now." She sucked in a breath and the fabric of her corset tightened around her breasts. Her nipples puckered, aching to be sucked and nibbled. She needed all of them right now or she would die. "You talked to both of them?"

"We're all going to fuck you tonight. None of us wishes to lose our lives, and the conditions of the law will be honored." Nik would always make sure all of their actions were acceptable in the eyes of the pack. That was one of the wonderful traits about him. "Between the four of us, you and I will be mated. We won't hold Jonathan and Lukas into a mating if down the road they find good bitches for themselves."

Sophie smiled. Until that day, she would honor each of them for agreeing to her terms. That in itself raised her opinion of both of them.

Nik moved in on her slowly and the temperature in the room seemed to get warmer as she stared at his gorgeous body, inhaled his scent. The bedroom door remained closed. It was just the two of them.

He must have caught her glancing past him. "We're doing this together, Sophie. I wanted to make sure you were calm first and ready for them."

"So it's just you and me at first?" Her body was a frenzy of emotions. She wanted all the details, to know every moment of what would happen to her. Fucking Nik had been the best experience of her life. Fucking all three of them would be just as wonderful. But her mind ached to understand what would happen, know a plan so she could act accordingly.

"Relax." Nik crawled onto the bed and over her, forcing her backward until she lay underneath him.

His mouth covered hers. His kiss was hot, branding her, possessing her, claiming his rank as alpha male in her life. He scraped her lower lip with his teeth and then ran his tongue over the spot he'd just nipped, leaving her mouth warm and moist.

"We're all going to give you pleasure like you've never known before. All you have to do is lie back and enjoy it."

All I have to do is enjoy it. She repeated the words in her mind like a mantra. Simple enough. No work involved there.

Nik lowered his head, burying it in the cleavage placed on display from her corset. His hair tickled her chest, and she ran her hands through it, arching into him. He gripped her thighs, spreading her legs, exposing her to fresh air. Moisture seeped from inside her, soaking her thong. The lace rubbed over her oversensitive flesh. Every inch of her was raw with desire and fire burned inside her as his hands moved over her slowly, torturing her. She wanted more—needed more.

He ran his tongue between her breasts. The need for him to fuck her consumed her senses.

"I want you to suck my cock," he whispered into her chest.

She nodded her agreement but realized he couldn't see her action. "Yes," she whispered.

Anything. She would do anything. He lifted himself over her, the heat in his lust-filled gaze burning her flesh. When she tried moving, he pressed his hand over her breast, squeezing and keeping her in place. Nik moved up the bed, crawling on his knees until his cock, with its bulging dark purple veins, hovered over her face.

His rich, heady scent went straight to her brain like a lethal drug. She lifted her ass off the bed, thrusting her pussy up as if she could fuck the air. Shit. She was out of control with her craving to be taken—and taken hard.

Powerful hands clasped her head, fingers tangling in her hair. Her mouth was suddenly too wet. She would drool like an untrained cub being offered a treat and make a damned fool of herself if she didn't get control of her senses. But damn it, she couldn't wait to taste him.

"Closer," she whispered, almost begging.

Nik's intent expression didn't change. He didn't smile as he gripped his cock and pressed it down to her mouth. She stretched her lips around his head and then touched his tip with her tongue.

His cock filled her mouth, the soft skin moving against her lips while hard steel forced her to open farther and take more of him into her. She gagged on his size, the thickness of him pushing, pressing, until he reached the back of her throat.

“Damn, Sophie. Your mouth is even hotter than it was when you did this before.”

This position allowed him to go deeper than when she’d been on her knees in the barn. She gagged again and he pulled out enough to let her catch her breath. Looking up at him with blurred vision, she saw his eyes glow a beautiful silver while he held his cock in his hand and moved it slowly back into her mouth. She wasn’t even taking all of him. Yet his expression, the way he watched her suck him, was enough to show he didn’t give a damn if all of him didn’t fit.

She flicked her tongue around his shaft. Long lashes fluttered over his captivating gaze. Her heart swelled and every inch of her tingled as she thrust her hips up again. As submissive as this position was, a sense of power surged through her. The pleasure she gave him made her feel so damned good.

Sophie closed her eyes, savoring the taste of his pre-come as it filled her mouth with a salty taste. He stroked his cock back and forth over her lips while her tongue swirled around his hardness, exploring him as he fucked her mouth.

His cock and his rhythm. That was all she knew, all she focused on.

Then hands gripped her thighs, easing her thong off and spreading her legs. Fingers touched her overheated pussy lips. She gasped, stiffening while her heart suddenly beat too hard for her to catch her breath. Nik didn’t stop fucking her mouth, and one of his hands remained tangled in her hair. The other held his shaft, his strong fingers pressing against her lips when she took as much of him into her mouth as would fit.

Those weren’t Nik’s hands. Someone else touched her. She hadn’t even heard the bedroom door open or smelled another male approaching. A tongue soothed her sweltering ache and then sank deep inside her pussy. She opened her eyes but couldn’t move her head enough to see who was between her legs. Either Lukas or Jonathan had some fucking skills.

She groaned, arching her hips up and begged for more while her tongue moved faster around Nik’s cock.

Another pair of hands grabbed her breasts, pulling and kneading them. They messed with the strings that held the corset tight around her chest, loosening the material, their knuckles scraping her skin while they exposed her. The moment her nipples felt air hit them, strong fingers pinched them hard and white light exploded before her eyes, sparkling like thousands of fireflies.

She cried out and then gagged. Waves of electricity pierced her insides and her pussy pulsed and throbbed.

She was in heaven. Fucking heaven. So many hands. All this attention. She hummed her approval even as the pressure built to a dangerous point inside her. Male grunts responded, which at the moment was enough for her to know they were pleased with her reaction to them.

Someone lifted her hand and wrapped her fingers around his cock. Immediately she traced the length of the shaft, feeling veins bulge, heat radiating from its thickness. The velvety skin slid under her fingers, and hardness turned to steel as she stroked and rubbed.

Running her fingers over the swollen head, she learned the thickness and length of it. When a drop of pre-come seeped over her fingers, she rubbed it over the shaft, loving the slipperiness of it. This new smell of lust, holding another cock in her hand while sucking on Nik, turned her world upside down. No one could ever have explained to her what she would feel inside, how it would feel being touched by so many hands, explored and fondled and given so much attention. There weren't words to let anyone know how wonderful it felt being brought to the edge of sanity and knowing three males hovered over her, watching and waiting for that moment to happen.

"You are so fucking hot." Lukas' voice—so it was his cock she held in her hand.

She explored further, stroking and pulling, discovering what she could about her thick, brawny male.

Pleasure flowed over her when he groaned in appreciation.

"She is absolutely beautiful." Jonathan, her tattooed construction worker, spoke between her legs, his hot breath torturing her soaked pussy. Then he lowered his mouth and sucked on her clit, sending sparks igniting inside her. Thousands of nerve endings sizzled in her body, making her spasm and pushing her closer to the edge.

Sophie couldn't believe how wonderful all the praise and attention made her feel. Worries and unnecessary panic crept away, and she flexed her inner thighs, pushing her pussy into Jonathan's face. Fiery moisture trickled down the crack of her ass as he sucked.

If this lasted forever, it would end too soon. Jonathan growled, and his incisor scraped over her swollen flesh, sending her over the edge. She spasmed off the bed and so many hands held her in place while grunts and groans sounded above her. Her world toppled to the side, every inch of her exploding and the pressure breaking inside her while her juices soaked her inner thighs, filling the room with a musky aroma.

"Look at her come," Nik said, his tone full of approval and sounding far away.

She couldn't think, couldn't breathe, as she rode out the explosion until it left her dizzy and craving more.

Sophie smiled, her mouth still full of cock, and opened her eyes to stare up at Nik. Never in her life had she seen him look more proud. She loved his possessive look of ownership, the way his eyes glowed, the dominating smell of him as it mixed with her scent.

"I told you she was the best there was," he said, voicing his pride.

"You weren't lying." Lukas sang her praises.

Her cheeks warmed from their approval and she sucked Nik's cock farther into her mouth, feeling it grow as she lapped at his hard shaft. She moved her fingers up and

down Lukas' cock, her comfort level increasing, her insides relaxing after coming. More than anything, she wanted to show all three of them how well she could take care of each one of them. She grew more and more confident as his steel shaft bucked in her hand.

"My little bitch is enjoying herself." Nik's voice had turned husky. His personal claim made it clear she would answer to him, and only him, in this relationship.

His words also made her insides swell with love, adoration for her male and pride in his confidence to share her without worrying that he'd lose her. Because that would never happen.

When he pulled his cock from her mouth, she licked her numb lips. They seemed tingly and swollen and she didn't care. She loved the taste of him.

Nik moved her away from the other two males, propping her up so she sat on the bed. She blinked and then rubbed moisture from her eyes so she could take in the males surrounding her. All three of them were naked, their firm, hard bodies so different, yet all aroused, all attention on her. Their glazed-over looks of lust sent a rush of embarrassment flushing over her. She smiled timidly, commanding herself to relax and enjoy every minute of this. They would all see how well she could please each of them. No one would leave this room tonight complaining.

"Straddle Lukas, Sophie." Nik pulled her into the act, moving her body as Lukas lay down next to her.

Lukas reached for her, squeezing and fondling her sensitive breasts as she climbed over his thick body. He was a heavier *lunewulf* than Nik. Her inner thighs stretched as she mounted him. But his cock was hard and ready and pressed against her soaked pussy before she even had herself positioned.

"You're ready for this." She smiled down at his reddened face.

"Ever since I saw your name on that list," he confessed, his cheeks turning even redder while his cock danced between them.

Sophie laughed. She wasn't the only one who had been nervous about this. Lukas' confession helped her enjoy the moment. They were all thrown into this, forced to work it over in their minds and come to terms with how they would accept it.

"That's it, sweet bitch." Nik stroked her hair down her moist back, his hand soft and gentle. "Slide that drenched pussy over his cock. I can smell how ready you are for him."

Sophie reached between her legs, taking his cock and pressing it against her entrance. "I'm not the only one who's ready." She laughed, enjoying the release of tension when she grinned into Nik's adoring gaze.

Her muscles opened to allow Lukas to impale her. Pressure built up again in her womb, quickening, growing as he moved deeper and deeper inside her.

"Nik." She reached blindly in his direction, needing to feel him, to know he was there. "Oh. Shit."

"That's it, Sophie." Nik moved behind her, his powerful muscles brushing against her.

Lukas' cock felt so much better with Nik touching her too.

"Take Jonathan's cock," Nik whispered into her hair. "I want you to suck it just like you did mine."

She fell to all fours, unable to answer but more than willing to comply. Nik rubbed her back, reassuring her with his touch how much he truly enjoyed watching her. She tried to pull his scent as deep inside her as Lukas' cock was. But she breathed in a mixture of all three males, and their lust, their happiness and hers, smelled better than anything she'd ever inhaled in her life.

Sophie turned toward Jonathan, momentarily fixated by the tattoos covered by dark blond curls on his chest. She lowered her gaze to his long cock, which seemed to stand proud, showing its eagerness to get to know her.

Nik held the back of her neck, controlling the speed at which she sucked Jonathan's cock. It was longer and more slender than Nik's. Lukas' wasn't as long, but it was thicker. They were each so different, yet capable of making her hot, getting her excited and building the need to explode again.

Jonathan slid his swollen head and shaft over her tongue, past her lips, filling her mouth and then slowly receding. The rhythm built, escalated, her riding Lukas and sucking Jonathan. She let go, her mind freed of every thought but enjoying the pleasure of two cocks inside her. Nik stroked her back and ran his hands over her ass, silently encouraging her to continue. His other hand gripped the back of her neck, maintaining her rhythm, being part of it by touching her and giving her the strength to pleasure these two males.

His fingers moved to tease her sensitive asshole and sparks ignited when nerve endings not accustomed to being touched sprang to life. His fingers were moist, and he glided one inside her gently, spreading the tight, puckered flesh and making her jump.

"Shit." Lukas growled underneath her and thrust harder, hitting a spot that made her lurch forward.

She took Jonathan even farther into her mouth, and he hissed in a breath, then a low growl rumbled from deep in his chest. Could she take all three of them? Nik never mentioned fucking her ass, but suddenly thinking about it filled her insides with heat that burned her alive. She fucked Lukas' cock and Nik's finger, incredible pressure building in her ass, creating another orgasm that begged to explode.

Her asshole stretched, and fire burned inside her.

"You like this, don't you my precious bitch?" Again Nik claimed possession while his growls made her crazy to be fucked and to fuck.

An aching desire spread inside her to experience all three of them at once.

Six hands explored and adored her feverish body, all three males surrounding her, invading her senses with their individual scents. Her brain reeled with the sensual

overload. Nik slid a second finger inside her ass, stretching her further, using her own juices to lubricate her. He pressed into her as she rode Lukas' cock.

And then they were moving her again. Focusing proved too much of an effort. She wanted their cocks, needed them inside her. She barely heard the instructions this time as they lifted and situated her, allowing Jonathan underneath her. His cock slid inside her easily, instantly hitting a spot that Lukas hadn't hit. She howled at the intensity of it and Nik was right there, holding and stabilizing her as she rode through the orgasm that crept up and exploded, almost making her topple over.

"Suck on Lukas' cock, little bitch." Nik's encouraging whisper filled her head, became one with her own thoughts.

She opened her mouth to his cock. He slid into her mouth, filling her with the taste of her own come. She lapped at him, the flavor bittersweet and exciting. Her hair clung to her back and sweat soaked her body. Every inch of her was drenched as need coursed inside her, taking over so that she attacked both cocks with new energy that made both males howl. Their pleasure almost sent her over the edge again.

Nik's cock pressed against her ass, causing electrical tingles of pleasure to dance inside her. Her pussy stretched around Jonathan's long shaft while her tongue darted around Lukas' thicker cock.

Suddenly searing pain shot through her, and it seemed the bed fell out from underneath her. The quick, shooting pain faded into a pressure that filled her, impaling every inch of her so that she couldn't breathe, couldn't think. Nik's cock sank deep into her ass, her own come easing his way.

The two cocks—Jonathan in her pussy and Nik in her ass—stretched her, rubbed her, building an ache beyond bearing. She would explode, filled with so much cock she would burst and absolutely die from the pleasure that attacked every inch of her.

Throbbing from the pleasure mixed with acute pain, her orgasm hit the point of exploding, robbing her of all senses. She couldn't see, couldn't breathe, couldn't think. Yet deep inside she knew she never wanted this moment to end.

Sophie sucked furiously on Lukas' cock, and he gripped her head, either slowing her or simply controlling the direction. So many sensations attacked her at once, her body shifted from the pleasure. If she didn't maintain some form of control, she would change, her human half incapable of handling the level of pleasure these three males gave to her.

"I'm going to come," Lukas howled, returning a small amount of sanity to her frazzled mind. His salty taste filtered through her like a drug.

She lapped at him until he pulled free, leaving her mouth empty.

Panting and gasping for air, she barely had the strength to keep herself up on her hands and knees. All she could do was ride through the multiple sensations that attacked her as Nik and Jonathan pounded her pussy and ass.

Jonathan pulled out of her pussy, managing to move from underneath her with a skill she wouldn't have guessed such a well built *lunewulf* could master. He stuffed his

cock into her mouth, the first action initiated that Nik didn't instruct. She was beyond caring, and Nik's grunts behind her didn't offer any indication that Jonathan's act bothered him. Her male was as lost in the moment as she was. The thick smell of lust and come in the air proved all of them fought to hold on to that final exploding orgasm as long as possible.

She sucked and tasted the strong, musky come that soaked Jonathan's cock. He thrust into her mouth and exploded almost immediately, hot fluid flowing down her throat before he pulled out, which caused more come to drip down her chin. She lapped at the juices, enjoying how arousing the act made her feel.

"It's my turn, sweet bitch." Nik gripped her hips roughly, thrusting hard.

A sudden, moist heat filled her ass. At the same time, he pulled out, preventing his cock from swelling inside her tight hole.

Sophie collapsed, her arms and legs giving out as her own orgasm continued to ripple through her. Jonathan lifted her, cradling her in his arms, and then kissed the top of her head.

"Nik, you've got one hell of a mate here." He spoke with a solemn sincerity that warmed every inch of her.

She grinned, too tired to form words. Strong hands pulled her out of Jonathan's arms. He willingly let her go and Nik wrapped her into his grasp, cuddling her against his sweat-soaked chest. The soft, strong thud of his heartbeat steadied her somewhat, and she relaxed, looking up at him as her vision blurred.

"You did it, Sophie." He leaned down and brushed his lips over hers.

"We did it," she managed to say.

"I love you." He voiced the words so that both males heard.

His overwhelmed look of adoration almost made it impossible to answer him.

"I love you too, wolf man. I'm definitely the luckiest bitch alive."

She lay there, sated and limp, and all she managed was a smile when Lukas and Jonathan said their goodbyes. Her world was complete. The mate of her dreams held her in his arms, and no pack law would ever dissolve that.

About the Author

All my life, I've wondered at how people fall into the routines of life. The paths we travel seemed to be well-trodden by society. We go to school, fall in love, find a line of work (and hope and pray it is one we like), have children and do our best to mold them into good people who will travel the same path. This is the path so commonly referred to as the "real world".

The characters in my books are destined to stray down a different path other than the one society suggests. Each story leads the reader into a world altered slightly from the one they know. For me, this is what good fiction is about, an opportunity to escape from the daily grind and wander down someone else's path.

Lorie O'Clare lives in Kansas with her three sons.

Lorie welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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