



# V8 -- THE HEALER AND THE ALPHA

by Jeanie Johnson

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## **CAVEAT**

This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually-explicit scenes. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made.

## **Dedications**

To my Momma whom I love so very much, my sisters Rolanda & Dréa, Von-glorious, Anne and last but never least my Man - you are the model of which I base every male character I write, I love you Baby.

## **The Who Done it and Why**

Ajali Nasaler – aka Destiny “Dessie” Smith. Vampiress extraordinaire; reinvents herself at the drop of a hat. Raised with Astarla Hart and Jaylee Sorenson from the time they were tots, she accounts for one-third of the Trifecta – specifically the ‘you must’ve lost your damn mind’ part of it. Ajali has undergone multiple name changes through the centuries but regardless of what name she answers to, she’s simply referred to as ‘The (capital ‘t’) Healer’, in Otherworldly circles .

Jack Mann - aka The Alpha. Not simply an alpha, but the Supreme Alpha heading up both his own Black Ridge Pack and the all of the packs that encompass the entire Northern Hemisphere. A fierce protector, his best friends are his brothers who are equally badass, lip-licking fine, and feared.

## Prologue

Jack Mann could hear something being killed. Though a power male, his sensitive wolf ears just weren't able to take another moment of the excruciating sounds that were coming from the bathroom. Creeping towards the brouhaha, he approached the door on full alert as he wasn't sure what to expect. Opening the door, his eyes immediately caught sight of the commotion and his cock went hard. Though his eyes were eating up the curvy, dark-skinned beauty that stood under the four showerheads, his ear drums were battered by the torturous noise emitted from her mouth. She wasn't engaged in a fight to the death. She was ... *singing*.

She was singing something about average girls and videos. He didn't know the song, but the song didn't matter. The only thing that his cock registered was all that fineness. Damn. Whoever she was, she was the most tempting woman Jack recalled having seen. Perusing exhibits at Guggenheim didn't come close to competing with the experience of perusing the temptress in all her natural and wet beauty. Of course he thought that as his hearing was being damaged.

Hands down, she was categorically the worst singer he'd ever heard, and then she turned around. The blood that was filling his eardrums quickly reversed itself and rushed straight to his groin. Whoever she was, she was like a sledgehammer in his groin region. He felt his incisors lengthening as well as his cock getting a glimpse of the dips, curves, valleys and treasures of the front of her.

Her full breasts which were tipped with the dark chocolate nipples that beckoned him to taste, to nibble. Slick with soap and the luckiest water known to man, they had the beast in him snarling a demand to be unleashed. Those amazing breasts swayed as she did a little jiggle to the music only *she* heard ... hopefully, the tune she heard wasn't hurting her as bad as it was hurting him.

Blocking out the sound that was worse than nails raking across a chalkboard, he licked his lips. Swallowing a moan, his eyes travelled down to the hair that was guarding her secret haven. His eyes widened and his wolf tongue involuntarily came out of his mouth as he saw that her hair was waxed in the shape of ... a lightening bolt. Damn. Jack could almost taste the pearl that he knew was hidden beneath.

"Having fun there perve?"

Shaking his head, Jack finally realized that the cacophony had stopped. He probably hadn't noticed, possibly due to the fact that his ears were still ringing through his brain like the brakes of a freight train. Swallowing, he moved his emerald green gaze up the curvy body that had him sweating and locked on the amused eyes of the owner of the body that tempted him like fresh meat on a hunt. When he didn't respond straight away, the temptress raised her eyebrows a little more.

"I came to see if you needed help killing that pack of wild animals you were fighting," Jack answered.

Not even bothering to hide her nakedness, the curvy goddess cocked her head to the side and stared at him. Confusion fluttered across her features and her caramel eyes looked thoughtful as she asked.

"What animals?"

"I'm sorry. I thought that a whole bunch of somethings were dying in here. It was only after I entered that I realized that it wasn't a fight; you were simply attempting to sing," Jack goaded.

"I like to sing in the shower," she said not looking insulted in the least.

Well maybe she did look insulted but Jack's eyes and brain were locked in a battle. His mind said it was rude to leave her face yet his eyes and cock ganged up against his brain and said fuck that. This is why his eyes continued to wander down her delicious full-figured body. He was on the verge of grinding his teeth in an effort to stop himself from giving into the need to tune her out and peruse her glorious feminine form.

"Can you hear yourself when you do that?" she asked.

He noticed that her eyebrows were once again raised but before he could form a proper reply, a grin spread across her full lips – lips that would look fantastic around his thick cock. Jack shook his head. *Damn! Get it together man!* He silently berated himself. *Yeah, get it together and get her spread out under you!* His brain and cock weren't into helping him out at all.

"Not really, all the water in my ears and what not," she replied.

Still stuck on ogling her, silence fell between them. Being fully dressed in the presence of a naked woman, and already having been caught outright staring, Jack knew that the appropriate thing to do was to back out now that he knew that there wasn't an all-out battle taking place in the bathroom. He also knew that it would be best if he

left the bathroom without looking down. Jack's mind said one thing but his eyes weren't even trying to hear that. Before he could stop them, they looked down without his permission. His gaze fell to the hair between the woman's thick thighs and wouldn't you know it that the mouth-watering fine woman caught him looking.

"Don't you just love it? It's all about where you smooth the wax on. I was like, hey I want something different. I mean everyone's getting a Brazilian which is fine but it's like, seen one; seen them all. Ya' know?"

Jack swallowed - hard. Without answering he turned on his heel and walked back into his bedroom and slammed the door. Leaning against the door he gave his imagination free reign. Of course it sprinted to visions of the craziest, sexiest, curviest, worst-singing woman that he'd ever met. Feeling the wolf trying to claw to the surface, he had to will his body to remain in human form as the sexual tension in his body rammed him hard. Why did his best friend have to get married the night of the full moon? And who was the woman sharing his bathroom? He had more questions than answers but he knew one thing for sure: it was going to be one helluva weekend. Jack just hoped he survived it.

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After the big, beautiful man departed, Destiny finished her shower with the quickness. As she walked naked into the bedroom that Star had reserved for her, she couldn't help but wonder just who in the hell that fine, emerald-eyed piece of eye candy was. Being that he was in the fortress known as the *Locke Mansion*, he was obviously a friend. She hadn't met him before ... because if she had, he would've already been pregnant with their fifth child.

Crinkling her forehead in an attempt to retrieve the miscellaneous stuff she had stored there, she tried to recall what Star had said about any drop-dead gorgeous men and came up with nothing. Oh, wait, Star had mentioned something about being in the room next to Lukas's best friend. And if Mr. Fine was Lukas's best friend that meant that he was in the wedding party, which meant that she'd get the chance to see his delicious ass in a tux. Oh yeah!

Lukas had fine friends. Unconsciously Destiny licked her plump lips imagining Mister emerald eyes all mussed up and beneath her as she had her wicked way with that panty-dropping fine body that had been outlined by his stonewashed jeans and t-shirt. She grinned to herself as she pictured him giving her the ride of her long

life and then reality crept in. A man that fine had to have a woman ... or several of them.

*Oh well, dreams are free* she thought wistfully as she slipped on the black stretchy shirt and pulled on black jeans that moulded to her body like a second skin. Studying her reflection, she turned to make sure the jeans did her ass justice. They did. Hey, she wasn't conceited, but she had a great ass and she liked to make sure it was always shown in its best light. After finger-combing her natural curls, she threw on some gloss and smiled back at her image.

"Hey, baby," she said to her reflection. "Sometimes I wish I was somebody else for a minute so I could see how cool it is to date me."

She wasn't conceited. She was simply a thick, black who was at **one** with her size. Taking one more look at herself, she winked at her reflection, and strutted from the room. Reaching the foyer of the *Locke Mansion* Destiny found it quiet. The quiet meant that no one nor no thing was trying to infiltrate. That was good on the one hand because it meant that she didn't have to worry about having to kick something's ass, but on the other hand, the quiet was simply a challenge for a shit-starter like her. Smiling, she decided to find some of the *Locke Brotherhood* to mess with. Being that the *Locke Brotherhood* was comprised of men and men were pretty much bottomless stomachs and dicks, she headed in the direction of the kitchen. Walking into the kitchen, she smiled at seeing all that brawn stand at attention when she entered. This was going to be such fun, Destiny grinned to herself.

"Ms. Smith," Craven the new second-in-command greeted her formally before bowing at the waist.

"Craven, how're you doin'?" she called him by his first name, just as she did every title-holding Vampire *with the exception of Lord de Vires*. *But then there was only one Lord de Vires*. "And please, this goes for all of you, call me Destiny. Ms. Smith sounds like a school teacher who actually does such stuff as wear underwear and doesn't do oral."

A few of the *Brotherhood* laughed discreetly behind their hands. Boris, one of the few *Locke Brothers* who knew her, stepped forward and bowed respectfully before hugging her.

"Hello Destiny," he greeted her.

Destiny grinned and cuffed him in a broad shoulder. "How's it hangin', Boris!? Or should I simply ask all the fine ladies in the area?"

He smiled and tried not to blush at Destiny's brash greeting.  
"That won't be necessary, Destiny. Obviously, you mistake me for the other Locke Brothers; I am the good one," he smiled.

"That's what word on the street is," she grinned back.

"How can we be of assistance?" he asked her.

"Is Lukas still all up under Star?"

Again several of the *Locke Brothers* hid their smiles behind their hands as she continued talking.

"Cos' I was wondering if y'all were going to give him a bachelor's night out?"

Destiny was about to continue when she noticed the mass look of confusion.

"I know you guys are cut off from the rest of the world but come on, you've at least gotta' get Lukas fucked up on his last night of freedom."

"You want us to hurt Commander Montague?" Craven asked.

Noticing his look of bafflement she burst into laughter so hard that she had to lean on Craven for support. Taking a much needed deep breath after her laughing fit, she spoke.

"Dude, you guys really need to get to know some humans."

"They are our source of nourishment—" Boris began.

Destiny shook her head and smiled big before speaking.

"No you crazy guy! I mean actually get to know some humans. They're fun once you get to know them."

"We'll take your word for that, *Healer*," one of the newer *Brothers* said.

Her eyes flashed a warning at the vampire a split second before she spoke.

"Do not call me that," she snapped as anger replaced her good humour.

She was about to get all up in the *Brother's* face when Boris distracted her.

"So what do we do on this bachelor's night out?" he asked.

Destiny grinned. Her ill humour forgotten and trouble brewing in her caramel-coloured eyes, she answered.

"Oh, don't you worry guys. Aunty Destiny is here to help."

### *The next morning*

“Let’s go, woman.”

Destiny Smith opened one eye and immediately felt the need to shut it when the florescent lighting hit her full force. She didn’t know who’d spoken but she really wasn’t in the mood for chitty-chat so she ignored the speaker.

“Hey!” the voice hissed at her.

“Fuck off,” Destiny mumbled closing her eyes and laying her head back down on the lumpy plastic covered mattress. Large, rough hands wrapped around her upper arms and hauled her upright. Destiny woke up fast then! Instinctively, she swung wildly at the owner of the hands and though she never actually connected, she made sure to make a good show of it. Too late she realized that she hadn’t recovered from her night out with the *Locke Brothers*. Before she could stop herself, she vomited all over the front of the person holding her in mid air. Opening her eyes, she was about to tell her captor to put her down when she found herself staring into light green eyes. *She knew those eyes ... from where?* Oh yeah, it was her shower companion - Mister Fine Emerald Eyes! And he didn’t look happy. Uh oh.

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“Thanks for that,” Jack Mann said as he held Destiny Smith, - likely name - off the floor. She had been swinging at him with her eyes closed and now his jeans and sneakers were covered in vomit.

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“Hey, what’s up dude?” Destiny asked as if being held off of the ground by one of the biggest man she’d ever met wasn’t out of the ordinary. Holding back a groan, she eyeballed the man she’d had a series of short fantasies about since seeing him in the bathroom. Dessie couldn’t help but check him out – he was fine even at the crack of noon. His long black hair was in a loose braid down his back; his copper skin glowed with health; and, his face was all planes and angles. After ogling him for a few more seconds, she had to admit that Jack Mann was still the best-looking motherfucker she had ever met. And he was BIG! At 5’6 1/2” and 165 pounds she was a good-sized woman, but Jackass topped her by over a foot and probably outweighed her by a good hundred pounds. His wide shoulders, massive chest and powerful arms made her hot all over. And though

he was big, it was the strength she felt in him that spoke to the woman buried beneath the crazy-wild in her. *Daaaaammmmmnnnn* her pussy and head said in blissful agreement.

"I'd say everything you ate in the past twenty-four hours," Jack said without smiling.

Destiny grinned upon hearing his answer. She'd almost forgotten that she'd asked a question. Mister Fine Emerald Eyes looked unsure if he should shake her silly or put her down, but thankfully he did the latter.

"Excuse me while I clean up," he said politely and exited the cell without looking back.

Did that fine motherfucker just wake us up and ignore us, she asked herself as she raked her wild curls back off of her forehead.

Yes, he did, her mind said.

Tossing out a few '*fuck that's*' and then a few '*oh yeahs*' as she watched that delicious-looking ass of his walk down the hall, she followed him. He walked into the men's room and without thinking Destiny followed. In all fairness, she would've followed him even if she had been thinking.

They stood side-by-side at the sinks. Jack didn't even look remotely surprised to see her next to him. He simply shook his head as he grabbed several paper towels and began cleaning up.

"Did you draw the short straw?" Destiny asked before filling her mouth with water and rinsing.

"What are you talking about?"

"You know, you got suckered into coming to get me from the Big House," Destiny said as she splashed cold water on her face then ran her wet fingers through her curls. She cursed up a blue streak as she worked her way through several tangles. This was why she preferred short hair, not because she went to jail ... as much anymore ... but because short hair was so much easier to maintain. It simply required a few seconds of attention and it and it looked like she'd made an effort.

"This is a favour to my best friend - your sisters husband-to-be," Jack answered quietly.

"Oh yeah, of course. So where's Star? Usually she picks me up from these things whenever I'm in town."

She watched as Mister Fine Emerald Eyes shook his head before answering.

“Star would be waiting for her maid-of-honour to arrive so she can leave for the church to arrive at her wedding, which is scheduled to begin in forty minutes,” Jack said pointedly.

Gripping the sides of her head, Destiny frowned at him before his words finally kicked in.

“Oh fuck the wedding! Well hurry it up, Dude. We don’t have all day!”

## Chapter One

Jack silently counted backwards from one thousand in Cherokee, even though he was Cheyenne. He was waiting for Destiny Smith to hurry her voluptuous behind the hell up. Of course she was talking the whole damned time. Star had left a note letting Destiny know where her dress was and where the church was. Being the first-class lady that she was, she even left him a note thanking him for being so patient with her best friend. He didn't know if her note was simply wishful thinking or a way to guilt him out of doing something rash such as wringing Destiny's neck.

Meanwhile, he had showered, un-braided his hair and dressed. Yet, he'd still been waiting fifteen minutes for Destiny Smith. They had exactly 9.12 minutes to get themselves to a church that was a good thirty minutes away. They were late ... very, very late. And it was all Destiny Smith's fault.

"*Hee Ma'heo'o!*" Jack muttered in Cheyenne as his number one problem walked out of the bathroom. Though she had on a simple dress that dress was made to mould to her mouth-watering curves and thus accentuated her full, heavy breasts. The blood red colour brought out the colour of her skin. Jack tried his damndest to remember what year it was to take his mind off of the stacked hottie walking his way, but it didn't work.

"Hey Dude, what the fuck is your name? And can you help me with this?"

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Though she phrased it as a question, it was an undisguised order. She walked up to Jack and turned giving him a delightful view of her plump behind. Jack closed his eyes and tried to breathe the wolf back into its corner of his mind. Feeling his incisors lengthening, he bit into the inside of his bottom lip drawing blood. The taste of blood didn't stand a chance in hell against the beauty of Destiny Smith. For once, the blood didn't help him at all.

Breathing in a deep breath and slowly exhaling, he recalled her question. "Jack Mann and a *please* would be nice," he said as he ground his teeth as he reached for the zipper. Destiny didn't bother answering. She merely tilted her head to the side and waited patiently for him to finish ... or begin or whatever.

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“Is that your real name?” Destiny asked completely ignoring his subtle reprimand about using manners. After she’d been waiting for a little bit she realised that there was no movement behind her. Turning to see what his problem was, she realized that her shoulder was touching Jack’s abdomen. *Damn, he was big and hard* Destiny thought as she came into contact with the hot concrete that was his body. When she’d inadvertently poked him, she noticed that there was absolutely no give in him at all.

Destiny scowled as she heard a low growl ... *growl?! What the fuck?* Her eyes flew up to look at Jack who still hadn’t moved. What she saw made her angle her head to one side. With the sun at his back, his body was outlined and shadows were thrown across his features. Even with his face in shadow, Destiny could see his eyes *glowing!* They were bright green, like sparkling emeralds in a spring water brook. Destiny grinned to herself realizing that she was getting poetic in her old age! Though she clicked her fingers in Jack’s face he didn’t blink. She kept clicking but she continued to get no reaction. Finally, she used both hands to snap in Jack’s face. Nothing. As a last resort, Destiny kicked him in the shin.

“What the hell?!” he roared suddenly.

Destiny grinned before answering.

“Jackass, you zoned out on me. I need you to zip me up. We’re already late as hell,” Destiny said impatiently.

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Jack reached out to grab the zipper but missed. He was unable to stop his fingers from touching Destiny’s silky, chocolate skin. Her tempting skin was hot to his touch. He was trying so damn hard not to hump the woman’s leg. Hell, who was he kidding? He wanted to hump, fuck, crush Destiny Smith beneath him as she screamed constantly through the orgasms that with which he wanted to flood her body.

“Dest-” he began but Destiny was already off on her little tangent.

“Can you see my underwear under this? I hope not. The last thing I want to be captured for eternity is my fucken’ panty line. Don’t you hate that? Oh no, you guys don’t have to worry about that. Lucky bastards,” Destiny sighed as she waited for him to zip her.

His hands were gripping her shoulders but he kept them still so he wouldn’t do something stupid. It wasn’t until she turned her head and threatened him that he moved them.

“Do you need me to kick you in the nuts? I mean I know you’re probably not used to women with curves. I bet you date those stick-thin types. Nothing wrong with that, but c’mon don’t you wanna’ sink into a woman rather than rut against bones ... but is it so hard to zip me up?”

Jack snapped out of his reverie at the mention of his nuts and quickly zipped up the dress. He smothered a groan as Destiny smoothed the dress over her ample hips. His eyes longingly followed the movement of her hands. When she walked to the full length mirror in the corner of his room, and turned to get a look at herself in the dress, Jack’s hands clenched into fists as he felt the *change* coming.

“Yo! Jackass, you wanna’ stop fantasizing about my fine ass and hurry the fuck up?” Destiny asked as she grabbed a black denim jacket and slung it on over the top half of the dress that framed her luscious breasts. Although the jacket helped to keep him focused, he was disappointed. He consoled himself with the fact that the jacket didn’t cover up Destiny’s tempting rump. Damn Lukas for getting married the night of the full moon.

“We’re late. There is no way that we can get there on time,” Jack said huskily. The crazy woman kept getting closer, which wasn’t a good idea considering his present state. Right now he could barely control the wolf and it looked like she might do something dangerous like rub those delicious curves against him.

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Destiny noted that the glow in his eyes had lessened but his impressive erection hadn’t. *He-llo*. If she had time she’d introduce herself properly, but they didn’t. Dammit. Instead of jumping on what she was certain would be her favourite new ride, Destiny simply winked at him as she walked up to him. Pressing her curvy body against his, she smiled when she took in his reaction.

“We’re not late at all Jackie. How about you give me a kiss?” Destiny grinned at Jack’s reaction. He stared at her like she’d totally lost what was left of her mind.

“Don’t you think-”

“That’s it. Don’t think and kiss me bad boy,” Destiny ordered the big hunk of man as she reached up and got hold of him. Sinking her hands in his luxurious hair, she pulled, hard. He grimaced but allowed her to bring his head down. With a quick grin at him, she slammed his mouth down hard on hers.

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Jack closed his eyes. He felt the earth shift. He felt the rush of wind. The only thing that he could feel was Destiny in his arms, the soft moans she emitted intermingled with the growls that were torn from his soul, and their heartbeats, which beat wildly. The silence was broken by the soulful sounds of an organ playing.

Opening his eyes he found himself standing beside Lukas watching Star walk up the aisle on the arm of her father, Lord de Vires. Jack looked over at Destiny who was watching him with her ever-present grin before turning and watching her best friend walk down the aisle. She had flashed them directly into the church just as *The Wedding March* had begun. They were on time.

"Isn't she the most beautiful woman you've ever seen in your life?" Lukas said over his shoulder sounding almost breathless as he watched his woman walk towards him.

"She's definitely something else," Jack answered as he watched Destiny Smith.

Destiny looked over as if she'd heard his declaration then she did something that made Jack mash his lips together. She crossed her eyes and stuck her tongue out at him. The sight of her tongue undid him and before he could stop himself, he released a low growl that echoed through the church. All eyes turned to look at him. Star merely shook her head and smiled even bigger at her sister's antics as she continued her trip up to the altar and her husband-to-be.

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Destiny once again declined the champagne that was being handed around like it was water. Trust Star to serve the drink that Destiny hated above all others at her reception. Her sister had set her up good; then again she'd also forgiven her for almost being late to her wedding.

Destiny looked around the banquet hall. She remembered visiting with Star when they'd been teenagers and they'd somehow gotten themselves locked in one of the towers. Okay, if the truth be known Destiny had seen a door and thought: *What the hell?* And that's when the trouble had begun. Snapping herself out of her memories, she watched the happy couple feel each other up. She raised her flute of Coke with crushed ice to her sister in a silent toast and smiled when Star returned the gesture.

*"Thank you Dessie. You are free to go whenever you want. I got you into a dress. To top it off, you were only barely late and you*

*mostly behaved yourself all day! I owe you big time,”* Star said telepathically.

Destiny grinned over the rim of her glass at Star.

*“Hell freakin’ yeah you owe me. I can’t believe you set me up with Mr.-My-Shorts-Are-So-Tight-That-They’re-Squeezing-My-Brain,”* Destiny returned as her eyes swept over the banquet hall until they found Jack Mann. What kind of fucked up name is that? She thought to herself.

*“If he’s so uptight why do you keep checking him out?”* Star returned.

Destiny shook her head before responding. *“Because he’s uptight not dead and I’m crazy and horny and definitely NOT blind. Fuck have you seen that man? My god woman he’s built like a fucking brick shithouse complete with shower unit! Hmm hmm,”* Destiny said as she smacked her lips together as if doing so would enable her to taste Mr. Jack Mann.

*“Jack isn’t like us...”* Star began.

*“Of course he’s not. He’s got a dick Star. Don’t you remember Ms. Warner teaching us about the male genitalia? Does Lukas know that you don’t know the difference between boys and girls?”*

*“Bitch,”* Star replied telepathically whilst laughing out loud,

*“Shhhhhh, I don’t think Mr. Hot Pants Mann knows that yet! I might still have a chance,”* Destiny said with a grin as Jack Mann raised his head and caught her looking at him. Since she was already caught, she wrapped her lips around the straw and began moving it in and out of her mouth. She was fellating the straw ... very well judging by his reaction. Jack choked on his drink and ended up having to remove his tux jacket to shake most of his drink off of it.

Destiny just about fainted at the sight of that huge torso covered in a crisp white tux shirt. His tie was still immaculately tied, his hair was loose around his body and Destiny bit her lip to stop herself from salivating over the hot man she was lusting after.

Destiny closed her eyes for a second as a vision of Jack hovering above her doing what looked to be a press up. In her vision, he was using those massive tree trunk arms to lower and raise his body on, in and out of her body. It was slow, almost methodical and yet his eyes were glowing at her like they’d been earlier in his bedroom. Destiny sighed and opened her eyes and found those glowing emeralds staring down at her. Wow, wishes did come true at weddings! Oh hold on ... she wasn’t naked and he was dressed. Dammit!

“What are you doing?” he hissed at her.

Destiny gave him her most innocent look. When she realised that his expression hadn’t changed, she knew that he didn’t believe her for one second. *Shit!*

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Destiny said in her most haughty tone. She gave a dramatic sniff and turned to walk away, but a big hot hand gripped her elbow, preventing her from moving. Before she could form a response she felt his erection grind into her. Obviously, she wasn’t going anywhere ... yet.

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Jack stepped in close and pulled the tempting woman to him. Settling her against his chest, he knelt down and inhaled her tempting fragrance. He made sure to fit her close to him so that she could feel the erection that was threatening to break free of the tux pants and find its way into her by any means possible. Damn, her ass felt good. All of her felt good he thought as he settled his big hands on her bountiful hips and ground against her ass. He was about to snap something at her along the lines of *‘bend over so that I can shove this big, hard cock into your voluptuous body’* when he heard her moan.

“*Oh yeah,*” she sighed.

That moan pushed the wolf closer. Turning her in his arms, he closed his eyes at the feel of those breasts crushed against him. He was about to lift her in his arms when she suddenly grabbed his left hand. She turned it over again and again before finally looking at him. Though she looked directly in his eye, she didn’t say anything.

“What?” Jack growled at her.

“Are you married? Did you take the ring off when you came for the wedding? Maybe you’re in a long term relationship. I can understand that a wedding might get you horny and all, but I ain’t even going to mess with another woman’s stuff.”

Jack scowled down at Destiny.

“What the hell are you talking about now woman?” he snarled.

Destiny grinned at his confusion. “Don’t you know when a woman wants your bits?” she asked him.

Jack scowled. “Women always want my bits but you’re unlike any woman I’ve ever encountered. On top of that I have no idea what the hell you’re talking about.”

“It’s because I’m so me and you can’t handle it,” she tossed out. Hearing him snort in disbelief she continued. “You’re the type of man

who's used to being in charge and you know that I'm not the type of woman to give up power."

"There's always a first time, Ms. Smith," he drawled.

"There is, but don't worry, if I decide to have my wicked way with you, I promise not to tell anyone that I've made you my bitch."

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*Did this woman just imply that she'd turn him – the Supreme Alpha of the entire Northern Hemisphere – into her bitch? Yes, she did Alpha, his wolf answered. Fuck her and prove her wrong, it finished.*

"You're not even my type," he answered automatically while looking around for a place to have her.

Obviously, she had a little more crazy than he'd initially credited her with, because she burst into the loudest laughter he'd ever heard. His wolf ears protested, but his body howled in pleasure when she leaned her hand against his chest. Even though she was still chuckling to herself about whatever it was that *she* found hilarious, his body responded to the woman.

"I'm your type honey and you denying the fact ain't gonna' change it. Come to think of it, that anaconda in your pants would tell anybody that *you* know it too," Destiny said with a shake of her head before pulling away from him.

"You're delusional..." Jack muttered as Destiny took a few more steps aw

Destiny threw a grin over her before answering.

"It's a wedding, Jackass, and since I'm not your type and all, I'm going to see if I can score a man who does consider me his type," with a click of her tongue she looked him up and down.

Jack felt like he should cover his nipples as she did that thing with his tongue.

"Shame, I was more than willing to fuck you so good you'd forget your own name, Big Boy," she said before stepping away from him leaving him with his mouth hanging open.

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Destiny grinned to herself as she watched Jack try to disengage himself from yet another human female. She'd watched him stave off a few determined women who'd spotted him and proceeded to make him more than a little annoyed. Downing the last of her Coke, she informed her sister where she was going.

*“Star, I need to feed. Wow that rhymes. Who knew? So I’ll see you guys when you get back from your honeymoon?”*

*“Alrighty then, Dessie. Thank you for being here with me. I couldn’t have done it without you.”*

Destiny chuckled before answering. *“You could have honey, but I would’ve had to insist on bringing it up every five minutes until the end of time.”*

Star’s laughter filled Destiny’s head as she walked towards the nearest exit.

*“But of course,”* Star said around her laughter.

Destiny couldn’t help but smile back. Right before she walked out, she turned and spoke.

*“Lukas is a lucky man, Superstar. Congratulations,”* she said as she clasped her hands together and bowed.

Star grinned and lifted her flute of champagne to her.

*“Thanks, Ajali. Make sure to feed nicely tonight.”*

Stunned that Star had used her actual name, which was Swahili for both ‘*destiny*’ and ‘*accident*’, Destiny laughed out loud. It had been a long time since she’d heard it spoken out loud by anyone other than Lord de Vires, and then it was usually followed by a decree or reprimand. When Star used it, it meant everything from ‘*I love you*’ to ‘*don’t accidentally kill off an entire species*’. Still laughing, she exited quickly.

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“Where is she going?” Jack asked. Star turned to look at her husband’s best friend. Whoa! *Her* husband! Wow! With a grin she looked up at Jack. Though his face was neutral, she felt the frustration coming off the *shifter* in waves. Destiny strikes again, Star thought with a small shake of her head.

She watched Jack’s face as she answered. “To feed.”

When Jack continued to stare at the exit that Destiny had walked through mere moments before, Star just couldn’t resist a little bit of match-making. Oh damn, she hadn’t even been married for two hours and here she was trying to set Destiny up. There were all kinds of reasons why this was crazy, but then crazy is what Dessie did best and she had a feeling that Jack Mann was the kind of man that could almost keep up with her sister.

“Jack, I know it’s a lot to ask, but could you look out for Dessie? I know she’s crazy and you’re not sure whether to shake her or laugh

along with her, but she's special to me," Star said as she inserted every bit of sweetness she could muster into her voice.

"How can I say 'no' to Lukas's bride?"

"Thank you, Jack, and oh yeah, and you may want to keep her away from chocolate."

Jack looked away from the exit long enough to give her his undivided attention.

"Chocolate?" he inquired.

"Dessie has what one would term an ... adverse reaction to chocolate," Star said with small smile as she thought of what happened whenever Destiny ingested chocolate of any kind.

"I would be so grateful if you could, you know look out for her and kind of keep her the heck outta' shit and ensure that she gets home safely."

"It would be an honour, Empress," Jack said formally.

Star grinned and took his hand in hers before telling him off.

"Jack, you are family and if you call me Empress again I will smack you around. Got it?"

Jack's face relaxed and Star saw what her best friend saw - an amazing looking big, big, big man.

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"*I know you are not flirting with my best friend,*" Lukas's voice caressed her. She flicked her eyes to the right and found her husband pretending to listen to some humans while he watched her and Jack talking. Lukas's ice blue eyes were bright with something as he watched them.

"*Of course not. I'm trying to set him up with Dessie,*" Star answered with raised eyebrows at her husband. Oh yeah, there it was again! She heard him chuckle inside of her head, right before she felt the usual caress of his finger trailing down her cheek. Biting her lips, she had to open her eyes and do a visual to ensure that he was still across the banquet hall from her.

"*Ensure that my best friend has a full warning. If he fucks with Destiny, I will severely hurt him,*" Lukas said gently.

Star threw her head back and laughed aloud.

"*And here I was thinking that you didn't care, Lukas,*" Star said with laughter still in her voice.

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One moment Lukas was across the banquet hall, the next he was curving his body around hers from behind. Though he was doing

a commendable job working her up, he managed to sound calm and collected as he addressed his best friend.

“Jack, thank you for everything today. Before you go to hunt, please know that if you hurt Destiny I will have to hurt you, regardless of our friendship as she’s a part of my wife’s heart. Nothing will hurt my wife with impunity ... even you, and even if it’s done inadvertently.”

Jack frowned at Lukas before answering.

“I wouldn’t-” he began.

“I know. I just have to let you know ... just in case,” Lukas said with a smile at his poor friend who had no idea what he’d let himself in for.

“I’ve been duly warned. Enjoy your evening,” Jack said before taking his leave. A small smile replaced the frown that had settled over Jack’s visage.

“He has no idea what the hell I was talking about did he, Little Star?” Lukas asked his wife as he wrapped one of his thickly muscled arms around her middle and pulled her tighter against him.

Star laughed throatily before responding.

“None at all,” she laughed but her laughter turned into a moan as Lukas bent his head and nipped at her collarbone.

“You are so bad. When I get you alone I’m to spank that ass of yours,” Lukas whispered into his wife’s ear.

He smiled when she shuddered and pretended to be afraid.

“Oh, no. Please don’t Lukas,” she purred.

Lukas shook his head and rubbed himself against his Star’s satin-covered behind.

“Behave yourself, Empress and I will decide whether it will be a hundred lashes of my hand ... or my tongue,” Lukas said menacingly.

Star threw him a heavy-lidded look over her shoulder.

“Promises, promises-” she said but before Star got anymore words out Lukas had flashed them out of the banquet hall and into their bedroom at the *Locke Brotherhood Mansion*.

“You do realise that Mama and Lord de Vires are going to know where we’ve gone,” Star said.

Ripping his clothes off, Jack strode towards his wife in all his glory.

“I don’t really care, my little Star. Now take it off,” Lukas said as he sat on the edge of the huge, four poster bed that was one of many gifts from Star’s parents.

Though Lukas wanted his wife fiercely, he paused a moment and perused his wife who was standing in the middle of their bedroom dressed in all her wedding finery. The satin dress lent a glow to Star's skin that had nothing to do with cosmetics and everything to do with her happiness. Slowly approaching her, he kissed the side of her neck before unzipping her. Stepping back, he stroked himself as he watched his wife slowly shimmy out of the sheath of satin leaving her in just the barest of panties and a bra. Appreciating the view, Lukas licked his lips and groaned.

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Star had never felt as powerful as when she watched Lukas watch her. Knowing that he was caught up in her curves, she flashed to him and had her husband on his back before he could do more than gasp. Moaning, she rubbed herself against his cock knowing that he felt the heat between her legs. Lukas somehow managed to get her bra off intact, but her panties didn't fare well. He ripped them from her body and held her hips still as he lifted his allowing Star to sink down on him. Taking him deep inside of her, the two of them moaned loudly. Feeling pure pleasure, Star opened her eyes to look at her husband. He was already watching her, his blue eyes electric.

*"I love you Lukas,"* Star whispered inside his head.

Lukas kissed her gently before replying.

*"I love you too, little Star,"* he whispered back telepathically before they lost themselves in the overwhelming ecstasy that only they could handle from each other.

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In the banquet hall the wedding guests partied with abandon. Outside, the full moon illuminated the night. Somewhere in the dark, a lone wolf cried into the night.

## Chapter Two

Destiny swayed in time to the old school R & B song playing in the smoky, dimly lit club. The club was packed wall-to-wall with potential *donors* as Destiny preferred to call them. She'd never turned or killed any human. After all to kill off your food source is just plain stupid and one thing Destiny Smith wasn't was stupid. Well maybe she was a little stupid, or rather touched in the head she thought as eyed the occupants of the club. Spotting a big man with long hair on the other side of the club, she immediately thought of Jack Mann. Sighing, she had the feeling that whenever she saw a big man from here on out, she'd think of Jack Mann. Jack was fine, but she had issues with his name. But hey, who was she to judge? After her numerous name changes over the centuries, she could barely remember the name she'd been given at birth.

What had started as a game that she and Star had made up had slowly but surely turned into survival. Now Destiny used different variations of her name every mid-century to ensure she left as small a paper trail as little as possible. Now if she could just stay out of jail, that paper trail would be smaller and she could stop paying off hackers to delete her from the system. It was a good thing she had friends in high places. Of course, she also had enemies in high places who liked to cause trouble for her.

Such were the downsides to being a live-forever kinda girl. She was so lost in her silent musings, that her senses didn't alert her to the man that was approaching her. She didn't know he was there until he was almost on top of her. When he wrapped an arm around her waist and rubbed up against her back, she had to react. Destiny turned her head to look at the big man. Though she smiled inwardly, her pussy was angry that the man who'd dare touch her wasn't big, big, big Jack Mann. Instead, it was some wannabe who smelt like metro sexual.

Metro sexual men might be the current trend, but they always left her wanting. If she was honest with herself she'd admit that most men left her wanting. There were your average pricks who just wanted to pound anything with a pussy. And then there were the do-gooders who wanted, needed to prove to themselves that they were all round good guys by stepping outside of the box and gracing other women with their attentions. Date, fuck, go out with the chubby girl

and then you're obviously not racist at all. Nope, you've simply done your *civic* duty.

Sometimes Destiny wanted to forget her promise not to kill her *donors* but there was always the exception to the rule right? No. Not for Destiny. She had to repeat that mantra in her head lest she kill the metro, wannabe alpha who was busy sniffing her like a frikkin' truffle- finding pig. Yep, Destiny thought to herself, it was gonna' be one of *those* nights. Dammit Jack!

"How 'bout we get out of here, honey?" the boy suggested as he rubbed his dick against her ass.

Hearing his idea of a come-on, Destiny briefly wondered if he'd go away if she slammed her head into the wall. Probably not. He'd probably keep talking and then all she'd have for her trouble was an aching head. She was barely able to restrain the eye roll she wanted to do and the right cross that she wanted to give him. Withholding her urge to commit grievous bodily harm, she looked up at him coyly and nodded.

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Jack stiffened as he watched Destiny take the hand of the frat boy - whose friends were watching and cheering him on - and walk out of the club. Jack ground his teeth and stifled a growl. Watching the frat boy's friends leave a few moments after Destiny and the limp dick that was posing as a man had left woke his wolf. He knew that his eyes were glowing when a few of the men in front of him stepped away from him. He also knew that his fangs had started to descend when he smelled their fear. Good, he wanted them to fear him. Maybe that way, they'd stay inside. Flashing his deadly grin, he walked by the crowded dance floor and took the same path that Destiny had when she'd disappeared with the punk ass boy.

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Something was off about this kid, Destiny thought as the little motherfucker tried to push her face first into the exterior wall of the club they'd vacated. He also kept trying to pull her dress up over her hips as he pushed his dick into her back. Destiny let it go on for a little bit, but when she felt him grip the edge of her panties and rip them along with the back of her dress, she gave up being nice. She turned so her back was flat against the wall.

"Dude, really, a little finesse would be good right about now," Destiny advised.

The kid didn't answer her. Instead, he brought his hand up and caressed her ear with a finger before grabbing hold of the hair at the back of her head and pulling so hard that the bones in her neck almost cracked. Destiny frowned up into the kid's eyes. She was about to act when she heard a group of boys approaching. Though the boys couldn't see them yet, it was obvious that the kid with his hands in her hair was expecting them when he called out to them.

"We're over here!" the kid announced.

Destiny's eyes widened with annoyance. When five more motherfuckers who looked like him reached them and smirked at her, her eyes narrowed with danger. *Oh no this motherfucker didn't!* He'd set her up!

Destiny was a fairly liberal person when it came to her politics and her sexual desires. She didn't mind a good, thorough fucking between consenting adults. She didn't mind having more than one man at a time. But what she did mind was rape and she knew without a doubt that that's what these preppy, little fuckers had in mind.

Using her power to conceal both herself and the little shithead that she'd allowed to bring her outside, she let the vampire come to the surface. Sinking her fangs into the little shit, she fed until she was full. Licking her lips after the gratifying meal, she kicked her *donor* in the nuts so hard that for a second she worried that the tip of her red-soled, black, crepe satin Christian Louboutin would fly out of his mouth. Though she wasn't hurting for money, after dropping thirteen hundred dollars for those 'hear-me-roar' kicks, she'd have to seriously reconsider her no-killing the *donors* rule.

Smiling when she heard the satisfying sound of her *donor's* grunt of pain, she let the pain work its way through his body before delivering a body-rocking shot to the ribs. Following that up with a move that shattered his elbow, she watched him drop to his knees in pain. Watching the play of pain and shock battle for supremacy on his visage caused her to smile. Though it was a good show, she wanted pain to win so she kned him under the chin to help accelerate the process. Oh yeah. Homie was going to have a headache tomorrow. Actually, he was going to have a whole body ache, she thought as she delivered a punch that sent him to sleep. Normally, she thrall'd her *donors* into a deep sleep, but being that he was a would-be rapist, he didn't qualify for that.

That done, she unveiled herself and faced his friends.

"Hi boys, how's it going?" she purred.

When they saw four men saw their friend laying at her feet and decorating the dirty concrete with his blood, they didn't ask questions. They simply rushed her as a group. Destiny simply welcomed the challenge. Though they looked young and harmless, she only had to remember that they'd planned to end their night by committing rape. Seeing the looks in their eyes, she surmised that they'd probably beat her to an inch of her life to prove a point. That might've been their plans, but they weren't the only ones who had a point to prove. She planned on making it a point to show them the error of their ways.

She was drawn from her internal conversation by a question posed from the biggest frat boy.

"What did you do to him?" he asked as he readied himself to attack her.

Destiny grinned inwardly at the way they stopped to look down at their friend before focusing on her. Noting the cocky grins they gave each other, it was all that she could do to hold back the tirade that was behind her lips. Out of all of the women in the club, these stellar examples of humanity had picked her because they thought she was the easiest mark. Silly, silly boys.

Well, if that's what they thought, who was she to tell them otherwise. Giving them a wide-eyed look of innocence, she answered their question.

"He fell and he couldn't get up?"

Destiny could tell that none of them bought her answer. Still, in spite of their friend's state of being totally fucked up, they didn't back off. She could practically see the wheels in their heads spinning. Four of them, one of her seemed like good odds. After all, what could *one* woman do? They were about to find out.

Destiny held her hands in a prayer position against her chest. Closing her eyes, she listened to their adrenaline-laced heartbeats and smiled. They were beating in various states of fast, except for the motherfucker on the ground whose heart beat at a much more sedate pace. Unconsciousness was good for that. She was about to smile, when she heard a sixth heartbeat. It beat neither fast nor slow, but was instead steady and calm reminding her of the sound a train made going over tracks. For a moment she got lost in that heartbeat before she realized that human hearts didn't beat that way. The mystery guest wasn't a *someone* but a *something*. Destiny opened her eyes as she heard a guttural snarl.

“Oh shit!” Destiny exclaimed as she took in the huge black wolf that had appeared from out of nowhere. The canine looked to be close to three-hundred pounds. She knew that if it stood on its hind legs it would be a good foot taller than her. The only four-legged beast she’d seen bigger was a fuckin’ Siberian tiger that time she’d been exiled to southeast Russia. As cocksure of herself as she was, she hadn’t wanted to fuck with that tiger then, just as she didn’t want to fuck with this wolf in the here and now.

The wolf stood directly behind the group of young men and let out a savage snarl. Just like in horror flicks, they turned to look behind them. Dumbasses. The wolf seemed to smile. Watching that wolf smile was like watching Jaws smile. It seemed like they had the same number of teeth. The only difference was that Jaws never looked so pissed, nor did he have bright, emerald intelligent eyes. The intelligence was what tuned her in. This wasn’t some stray wolf. This was a wolf shifter. She knew a little something about wolf shifters (little being the key word) being that her sister was an alpha female wolf shifter. Jaylee was crazy as hell ... on a good day ... so it stood to reason that this wolf shifter was no different.

“Fuck!” the idiot young men began to scatter and then run. Destiny watched the wolf as it lazily perused the running, two legged meals. Though they deserved all kinds of ass-whippings, she wasn’t sure that they deserved to die. Dammit, that thing called a conscience reared its head. She had to warn the idiots so that she could kick their asses and make the whole of their lives a living hell.

“Don’t run!” Most of the idiots stopped stock still but of course there had to be one who didn’t listen. She tried to use her *thrall* but the idiot was too panicked and kept jittering around. He was literally running amok. If the situation had been different, she would’ve stopped to laugh her ass off at the picture he made. Later, she promised her bad girl side, she would laugh ... as she was pounding that frat boy’s face into the ground.

Right now she had to concentrate on the wolf shifter. The wolf barely made any effort as it stalked its prey. It leaped onto the idiot boy and planted his front paws on the boy’s chest and ripped out a chunk of the boy’s throat.

“Oh man! That was just gross, dude!” Destiny said with a shudder.

Apparently, the wolf took issue with her criticism as he turned its bright emerald eyes towards her. Though she didn’t speak crazy

wolf, she spoke crazy and the wolf's look clearly said: 'you dare question me?' Wagging her fingers at the massive canine, she tried to make nice.

"What I meant to say was 'good doggie!'" Destiny said with a tentative smile.

During her one-sided conversation with the wolf, one of the idiots had decided that instead of running for his life, that he should engage the wolf in battle. Damn, crazy ass frat boys. Finding a large plank of wood from who knows where, he smashed it over the wolf's head.

Everything went still. The wolf looked at her for another moment before turning to its attacker. Looking bored, the wolf turned its head to the side and ... yawned. Oh man. Destiny wasn't a fortune teller, but she knew that this would not end well. She was pretty sure what was going to happen. And sure enough, it happened.

Seeing the wolf attacked had given the proverbial green light for to attack. Sure as shit, the other idiots grabbed shit and tried again and again to hit the wolf. The wolf easily side-stepped their blows and time and time again, their makeshift weaponry struck only air. Idiots didn't realize that the wolf was allowing them to wear themselves out. Soon, they'd come down off their adrenaline high and then they'd be fucked.

Now that the wolf wasn't tearing chunks out of peeps, Destiny was actually beginning to enjoy herself. *Go wolfie, go wolfie*, she chanted in her head and swung her hips in time to its heartbeat. All was well until one of the frat boys had a light bulb moment and realized that the wolf kept itself between them and her.

Destiny sidestepped the first idiot that tried to grab her, but the second one was a different story. In her haste to get away from the first boy, she literally walked into the second kid's arms. The kid wrapped a surprisingly strong but skinny arm around her neck. Destiny was about to fight him, but the wolf gave a warning growl that reminded her of Clint Eastwood playing Dirty Harry. Though he wasn't at a hole-in-the-wall diner or wearing a cheap sports jacket, the wolf was practically begging them to make his day and asking them if they felt lucky. Though the wolf didn't speak, his eyes clearly said, *'Don't even think about it.'*

"Call the fucking thing off," the boy swore at her as he dragged her back causing her to stumble.

Her dress ripped, her Christian Louboutins getting sorely abused, Destiny was ready to do battle, but the wolf however had other ideas. It moved menacingly towards the idiot that held her. Never taking its emerald eyes from the kid that held her, it slowly approached. The kid might be stupid but he made sure to keep her body in front of his so the wolf couldn't see him as well.

Destiny was officially in a bit of a situation. Though she used to get herself into situations like this all the time, it had been a while. Yeah, all the way back to yesterday, she thought. She couldn't help but grin at that. Still, she wasn't in the mood to die ... hadn't typed it into her PDA. But if she had to die, at least her corpse would be rocking some kickass footwear.

"I mean it bitch! Call the fucking rabid dog off!" The kid behind her jerked her neck and she felt it click. It was also the moment she moved her head to the side and gave the wolf a clear shot, for lack of a better word. The wolf launched itself at the boy causing him to fall to the ground, and ripped his throat out. Still holding on to a piece of his throat, it whipped its head to the side it ran after the two remaining kids and quickly and easily disposed of them.

His hard work done, the wolf took a moment. It gave a mighty stretch right before seeming to crack its back. Taking its time, Destiny watched the wolf as it turned to her and licked its lips.

"Dude, I can assure you that I will *not* taste good to you at all."

Either the wolf didn't hear her or it didn't give a shit about what she said because it began stalking towards her. *Oh shit!*

"C'mon, Puppy. You like fresh meat and I'm at least 400 years old. You don't wanna' take a bite outta' my hide. Honestly, I would be as tough as old boots..."

Okay, the wolf was so not listening. Destiny stopped talking. Frowning, she pursed her full lips into a pout as she contemplated her situation. The wolf was getting real close now.

Destiny swallowed. She could handle herself pretty good when it came to humans. Wolf *shifters* were a totally different ball game ... especially this one. It looked like it was an alpha, otherwise why would it be out on a hunt alone unless it had Lone Wolf status. None of the Lone Wolves she'd met during her extensive lifetime had ever been this badass, this threatening, this fucking big. Destiny snapped herself out of her thoughts and saw that the wolf was way closer and watching her.

“If I could find a rolled up newspaper, I’d smack you,” Destiny said looking around the dirty back lot of the building that held the club and some other unsavoury establishments. The wolf didn’t move as Destiny muttered to herself.

“You could at least change to let me thank the man inside of the wolf,” she shouted.

And maybe if he was hot enough ... *no, no, no!* Destiny’s head yelled at her.

Dammit, if she survived the night she was going to find Jack Mann and kick his ass. He had her so worked up that here she was with her life all in danger and shit, thinking about getting laid by a wolf shifter that had just wasted four kids. Asshole. She should’ve fucked him like she wanted and then she wouldn’t be in this mess. She’d be in him. Oh yeah, she moaned. PAY ATTENTION! Her brain yelled to her pussy.

Destiny ignored the fight going on inside of her and concentrated on the wolf which had just stepped closer. Shit. Destiny held out her hand with the palm facing the wolf.

“HEEL!” she yelled.

The wolf seemed to grin at her then, dammit all to hell, the massive canine took another step towards her. With her hand still held out towards the damn thing she took a deep breath and yelled.

“Stay! Sit! Roll over!”

The wolf kept coming. The wide mouth complete with razor sharp teeth was only a few feet away when she came up with an idea. The wolf kept watching her warily. It took another step bringing it to within a hair’s breath of her breathing space. She let it get within her breathing space and when it did, she pulled her dress up. She didn’t know for sure if the wolf was looking at her legs (which were fucking kickass) or her shoes (which were also kickass) but it went still. And that’s when Destiny drew her leg back and used all her vamp strength and kicked the damned wolf in the side. It went flying through the air with a yelp. It didn’t stop yelping until it hit the ground across the road with a where she stood.

Hearing the god awful loud thump, she did the *running-man* dance on the spot in recognition of her most excellent plan. She quickly stopped her impromptu celebration because frankly, she’d had enough shit for one night. Hauling ass around the front of the hustling street, she hailed a taxi. It was a good thing this was the twenty-first century, otherwise she’d have to hump it back into town

on her own two feet and right now neither her Christian Louboutins or her heart were up to that.

She didn't know where the wolf shifter was, nor did she care. She was simply glad it wasn't on her chest ripping out her throat. She liked her throat where it was – on her body and intact. Obviously it was a smart wolf.

The taxi was about to take off when she caught sight of the huge wolf at the end of the street. Without thinking about her actions, she flipped her middle finger at the canine whilst muttering to herself. "Damn fleabag mutt". Though he'd given her a helluva scare, she was almost disappointed that she wouldn't meet the man inside such a magnificent beast. What kind of man would he be? Even though he'd helped her – not that she'd needed any help – she couldn't help but be intrigued by him.

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The wolf's emerald green eyes never the woman. Even when she climbed into the taxi, he'd kept his eyes firmly on her. He watched the taxi until it disappeared from sight. Only when he couldn't smell her anymore did he shift back to human form ... and not just any human, but the form of a very big, big, big human. A big and *naked* man. He shuddered as the last of the shift was made and all his fur disappeared.

Planting his hands shoulder-width apart on the concrete, with a grimace, he levered himself up into a standing position. His hair hung to his waist in a heavy curtain of black. His skin was a copper hue that glowed beneath the light of the moon. His emerald green eyes swept up the street where the Taxi had driven. Standing straight the man threw his head back and breathed deeply. Scenting the air, he headed into the woods and began walking.

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Jack stumbled into the bathroom where he'd first gazed upon the woman who was haunting him. The woman drove him to complete and utter distraction. He could smell her, not simply because he was shifter, but because she had such a distinctive smell. Jack had been around vampires all his life. Their scent was old worldly. Destiny smelled like that, but there was something else about her smell. She smelled ... daring.

Jack tossed his hair over his shoulder and surveyed the damage from his night's activities. Blood stained his mouth and chin and ran down his huge chest, stopping just before his navel. Jack's stomach

churned again, whoever he'd eaten had upset his stomach. Jack turned to the side in the mirror and saw the bruise that he'd received for all his good intentions. Trying to help Destiny Smith was dangerous he thought as he padded over to the shower.

Turning the water to freezing cold, Jack stepped under the spray and sighed and took a moment to gather himself. Though he was sore, he was needy. He wanted Destiny Smith in the worst way in spite of the fact that she was crazy and dangerous and fucking temptation. Thinking of her caused his nipples to tighten. Simply mentioning her name caused his whole body to go hard.

The stinging needles of ice cold water helped to cool his overheated skin; unfortunately it did nothing for his overheated imagination especially as he also had to deal with the memory of seeing Destiny in the shower where he now stood. Her body slick with soapy water, her eyes full of heat, and his nose full of her scent had rendered him stupid.

Jack slammed his palms against the wall of the shower and bent his head under the nozzle, thankful that Lukas's shower was built on a big scale in order to accommodate men his size. Standing 7'1 1/4" and weighing 320 pounds, he normally looked down at shower nozzles ... way down. But Lukas, being a big man himself had covered all of the bases when he'd had the *Locke Mansion* remodelled.

He enjoyed the feel of the freezing cold water rushing down his back and sluicing over his tight buttocks and down the back of his thighs. After half an hour under the spray, the pulsing in his lower body had settled to a less intense hum. Shutting off the water, he quickly dried himself. Ignoring the opulent robes hung on the back of the door he reached for a dry towel and tied it around his waist, totally ignoring the beautiful package he made.

He was wondering if he should eat before going to bed when his sensitive ears picked up the sounds of distress coming from Destiny's room. He could hear muffled cries as if someone had a pillow over their face. Jack tried the door, but it was locked. Using a fraction of his strength, he simply pushed the locked door open and walked inside. Though it was pitch black, he saw just fine.

Looking at the bed, not only could he see that it was empty, he could see that it hadn't been slept in at all. Though he couldn't hear the muffled cries anymore he could feel someone's panic, fear, pain ... and he could smell Destiny. Focusing his energy, he walked to the wardrobe and opened the doors. Finding nothing there he moved

around the room silently. Using his energies, he prodded every dark corner, every crevice, every hidden space of the bedroom before he finally realised that Destiny wasn't anywhere in the room although she was somewhere close. Jack pulled the curtains aside that lead out onto the balcony. What he saw completely stunned him.

Without taking his eyes off of the sleeping figure, he stepped out onto the balcony. Destiny lay sprawled on the massive chaise lounge. Dressed in a hooded jersey (with the hood up) and faded jeans with frayed cuffs, somehow she was revealing more than she did when he inadvertently walked in on her in their shared bathroom.

It wasn't the clothes or lack thereof; it was the vulnerability. In the shower, at the local jail, at the reception, even in that alley, Destiny was all brass balls, but right now in the privacy of her room, she was vulnerable. Destiny was almost in a foetal position and though her face was turned away from him, Jack could hear her soft breaths escaping from her mouth as she silently cried ... and it broke him. He settled himself on the lounge and gently wrapped his body around hers to try and protect her from whatever it was that had hurt her so badly. Placing a finger under her chin, he lifted her face so that he could look at her face.

Though her eyes were closed, her voice was in full, working order. Soft, husky words spilled from her lips. Though he didn't understand the language she spoke, he understood the pain that laced her voice. Her voice trembled as she was lost in the nightmare that took hold of her.

Destiny moved her face away from him as she started shaking her head and crying harder. Jack was about to wake Destiny when she suddenly sat upright and stared out at the monster in her dreams. She screamed silently and mouthed words that had no sound before finally closing her eyes and slumping back against the lounge.

Her nightmare seemed to be coming to an end. Her body began to relax and at long last she stopped sobbing in her sleep. If he'd been a vampire, he would've been crying blood, but he was a shifter so he did what shifters did. Jack caught her tears on his tongue and took them into his body so that her pain became his pain and his strength became her strength.

Picking her up and taking her to the bed, he settled her in the soft bed and settled himself next to her. Though the chaise lounge was roomy, Destiny's nightmares were out there and he wanted her as far away from them as possible. Jack wrapped his massive arms

around her curvy body and held on. And held on some more. He continued holding her closer and closer until they were almost melded into each other. Only then when there was scarcely any air between them did he feel comfortable enough to close his eyes.

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When Destiny had gone to sleep she'd been alone. Yet, she awoke wrapped in the blanket that was Jack Mann and with her face buried in his throat. Opening her eyes she took in the sight of him sprawled out beneath her. He was hard ... and naked. *HOLY SHIT!* He needed to be made illegal ... right after she had her way with him.

And she planned to have her way with him. His skin was so hot and smooth that she couldn't resist pressing her lips against him. She felt rather than heard him groan.

"I knew you wanted me," she said with a grin in her voice as she settled herself against the big man who held her.

No man, no *one*, should ever be this fucking hot! Destiny thought as she sat up. Looking around and found that they were in the room she'd been occupying. She didn't remember coming inside and she knew that she had been outside because that's where she normally had her first nap ... just because she knew she was loudest then. Her second nap was always quieter and by her third nap, she was virtually in a state of hibernation.

"What are you doing?" Jack's deep voice enveloped her from the darkness.

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Though Jack went to sleep with Destiny in his arms, he awoke with her straddling his chest. Destiny was leaning on her hands in an effort to remain upright. Although her jeans were rubbing against the bruise he'd received from her earlier that night, he didn't feel it. He just felt the heat from her hands that were rubbing against his skin.

"I'm hungry," Destiny answered.

Hungry for what he wondered.

Before he could ask his question, the clouds moved and the moon light spilled into the room bathing Destiny in its cold luminosity. Her voice was soft and husky with sleep and Jack felt himself get extra hard. He knew that Destiny could feel it against her bottom, but there was nothing he could do about that. It seemed that he couldn't control much of anything when in her presence. When she rolled her hips, he reached out and stilled them so that she wouldn't make it worse.

“Honey, I don’t think you should do that,” he rasped.

Destiny ignored him and leaned forward so that her palms slid up his abdominal muscles. Jack felt sweat begin to sheen over his skin. He also felt his incisors lengthening. The change was hard for him to control on the night of the full moon as he was at his most animalistic at this time of the month.

Destiny’s hands stopped on his shoulders, and she leaned down so they were a mere breath apart. Seeing her lips curve into a grin, Jack relaxed beneath her. His relief however was short-lived.

“Why?” Destiny tempted as she sucked her bottom lip before biting down on it.

She kept her eyes glued to his mouth and Jack felt his mouth go dry when he watched Destiny lick her lips. He groaned as she licked his lips much like she’d done her own. Jack moved his hands up from Destiny’s hips. He smoothed them up her sides and his long large thumbs swept over her pebbled nipples beneath the hooded jersey. Jack’s hips jerked beneath Destiny’s seat when she dug her short fingernails into his chest. The bite of her clawing made Jack’s blood blaze to life.

Her name tumbled from his mouth like a prayer, “Destiny.”

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Jack’s big body was the hardest, firmest mattress she’d ever laid on, but damn if he wasn’t the finest mattress to find herself sprawled all over. Hearing Jack call her name caused Destiny to stop what she was doing. She didn’t want to, but she did.

Jack called her name like he meant it. Pulling back, she realized that she was practically dry-humping poor Jack whilst clawing at his chest. She could see that his skin was going to welt. *Damn!* Pulling back her claws, she rubbed the area. Cocking her head to the side, she looked down at Jack who was breathing hard. His eyes were glowing in the dark. That turned her on. Who was she kidding, damn near everything about the man turned her on ... except for his name which she still had issues with.

“Do you realise that’s the first time you’ve said my name? I mean, I’ve known you a whole day, day and a half and you’ve never called me by my name. You know what, Jackie? I like you, I really do. I’ve always like big men and well...” Destiny leaned back so that her bottom was dangerously close to his erection.

“You are most definitely a big, big, big man,” she said with a grin at him.

Jack sat up so they were breast to chest.

“Why were you sleeping outside?” he asked.

That wasn’t the question Destiny had expected. Pulling back a bit, she looked away from the intense stare. She made a move to get off his body but Jack’s hands moulded to her hips stayed her.

“Answer me,” Jack ordered throatily.

Destiny wouldn’t look at him ... couldn’t look at him. Instead, she simply shook her head, refusing to talk.

“Dest-” he began.

“Hey, do you think they brought the left over cake here? I mean, all the guests are here right? So it would be safe to assume that the wedding cake would be brought back here. We should go check out the kitchen cos’ I’m pretty sure there will be something,” Destiny said feigning hunger again.

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Jack watched Destiny closely. Though he wanted her with the fierceness, right now he was more concerned about her than he was horny for her and that was really saying something. Destiny wouldn’t look at him anymore and when she started babbling it became clear that she didn’t want to talk about it. He didn’t like it but that was her right. Still, he was hard-pressed to say why her silence irked him so much. Relaxing his hold on her, he allowed her to get off him and walk away. But he didn’t want to.

## Chapter Three

Destiny had her head stuck in the huge refrigerator and was pulling items out and tossing them on the breakfast island behind her. So engrossed in the food she was hungry for – and in the song that she was “singing” – that she didn’t hear the *Locke Brothers* flash into the room. Jack could not help but find the scene hilarious. Though the sight of Destiny’s delectable rump swaying side-to-side was a complete turn on, the fact that the rest of her body was buried in the refrigerator evened it out. Throw in her terrible “singing” voice that filled the kitchen and it completely killed the turn on ... somewhat, okay not at all if he was being truthful. Even his bleeding eardrums couldn’t make diminish the sight of her ass. It wasn’t his fault that he reacted to the sight of Destiny’s ass; he was after all, a heterosexual male. He suspected that Destiny could turn a few homosexual men with that ass.

The sound of her “singing” had sounded the alarm, which was why the kitchen was filled with the *Locke Brotherhood*. The first note had brought them running. Currently, Lukas’s men stood looking at each other wondering what to do about the sounds of death that had obviously woken them. Jack couldn’t help but smile.

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Destiny had finally gotten a decent amount of food from the fridge. Straightening, she turned and with a kick from her heel closed the refrigerator. Looking up, she found the kitchen full of males who were all staring at her like she’d grown another head.

She noticed her object of lust standing in the doorway. Thankfully, he’d put some jeans on, but to her pussy’s delight that was all that he had on. Oh yeah. Actually only a few of the men standing in the kitchen wore shirts, but the truth was that even had they all been buck naked, they would’ve paled in comparison to Jack Mann.

“Damn, I’m not gonna’ have to fight y’all for my food am I?” she asked the *Locke Brothers*.

“Cos’ you know I can kick some freakin’ ass,” Destiny finished as she dropped a plate of cold meat onto the breakfast island amongst the rest of the food she’d pulled out of the refrigerator.

“You probably woke them with what you like to call your ... ah ... *singing*,” Jack teased.

Several of the men hid their smiles behind their hands or disguised their laughter as coughing. Destiny raised an eyebrow at all of them before flipping them the bird.

“Whatever. What’s up boys? Hey, where’s the wedding cake? I know Star would’ve gotten the best cake and I couldn’t find it in there,” Destiny nodded towards the row of industrial-sized refrigerators.

Craven, the newest Team Leader of the Locke Brotherhood, stepped forward. He was almost as big as Jack and almost as hot but his eyes were blue where Jack’s were green. In fact, if she hadn’t seen Jack first, she might’ve considering doing Craven ... several times ... or until he said mercy ... whichever came first.

Team Leader Craven had a body that didn’t quit and apparently, he had a good heart because he stepped right up and showed her ... the cake. Eyeing the cake, she galloped in place, which was her version of the happy dance, before jumping in Craven’s arms and noisily kissing both cheeks. Jumping down she broke into an impromptu cheer as Craven used his height to take the cake down from its hiding place.

“You are a life saver Craven,” Destiny said happily as she bumped him out of the way with her ample hips and rummaged around the drawers looking for cutlery. Normally, she wouldn’t have bothered with a knife. She simply would’ve found a fork and started eating, but since it was Star’s wedding cake and all, she decided to restrain herself.

Squealing when she found a cake knife, she stopped to hold it up in the dance pose John Travolta made famous before stalking the cake. Though it had the traditional white-coloured frosting, underneath the tradition was a dark chocolate cake. *Oh yeah.* A plate somehow appeared in front of her, and she whispered her gratitude and took the plate without looking at or caring about where it had come from. Settling herself on one of the stools that surrounded the breakfast island, she cut herself a big piece of cake and dug in.

Pausing from shovelling cake in her face, she looked up and found Jack and Craven eyeing each other warily. The rest of the *Locke Brothers* had already gone back to whatever it was they did.

“You guys gonna’ eat or just check each other out?” Destiny asked before shovelling another forkful of chocolate cake into her mouth.

The cake was so delicious that Destiny closed her eyes in bliss.

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Jack did not like it one fucking bit when Destiny jumped into Craven's arms. He was contemplating whether it would be rude to shift and tear the man's throat out when he realized that Destiny merely had a thing for the cake and not the man. It was a good thing. Still, he didn't like her in another man's arms. He didn't know the man, but suddenly he hated him ... and he let it show all over his face.

They were busy staring down each other when he heard the sounds that came from Destiny's mouth. She sounded like she was in the throes of orgasm. At first, he thought another male might've come into the kitchen and touched her, but he saw no one near her. Scowling, he realized it was the cake that had prompted such a reaction. Suddenly, Star's words came to him. *Adverse reaction to Chocolate.*

"What kind of cake is that?" Jack asked Craven.

The vampire raised an eyebrow at his growled question, but he answered.

"Chocolate."

The words had hardly left the vampire's mouth before Jack was moving. Jack moved so fast that Destiny didn't have time to get the next bite to her mouth. Standing beside her, he took the fork out of her hand before she could protest. He'd just confiscated the plate and was making his way to the garbage disposal when Craven decided to take his life in his own hands and block his way.

"Mr. Mann," Craven addressed him.

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Destiny was minding her own business shovelling cake in her mouth when it was suddenly snatched away. *What the hell?* Chewing the moist cake still in her mouth, she licked swallowed and licked the lingering bits of frosting from her lips not knowing what a turn on he actions were.

She was about to tell Jack off, but before she got the chance, Craven came to her defence. She snorted at the polite tone Craven used while addressing Jack. It was simply too fucking hilarious and when said as such, both men ignored her.

"You would do well to give Destiny her cake back," Craven told Jack.

Destiny knew what had happened, thus she wasn't mad. Craven however, did not. It was obvious that Star had told Jack not to let her have any chocolate. Dammit.

She watched silently as the two big men measured each other up. Destiny, being the perceptive vamp that she was felt the underlying distrust both men felt for each other. Craven didn't like Jack in the least and Jack? Jack didn't give two shits about Craven and more than that, he looked at Craven like he *knew* he could take the other man. As the two men continued to silently battle each other, Destiny helped herself to more cake.

She gobbled up a few heavily-laden forkfuls before Jack took his eyes off of Craven and swung them over to her. Something about her chewing spurred both men into action. Jack tried to side step around Craven to get back to her even though she was three-quarters of the way through the huge slice of cake she'd cut herself, and considering the slice that she'd cut was about four times as big as a normal slice, that was a hell a lot of cake. Craven stood stock still, preventing Jack from coming near her. With a snarl, Jack pushed past the other man. Craven made a grab for Jack's arm and all he got for his trouble was a face full of crumbs and glass when Jack growled and smashed the plate into his face.

"Oh shit," Destiny said around the cake in her mouth as the two men started beating the shit out of each other. Destiny watched in rapt fascination as Jack began to hammer the shit out of Craven's head. Craven managed to get away from Jack's lethal fists and land an upper cut that snapped Jack's head back.

Destiny was onto her second piece of cake. Stopping to pour herself a Coke, she took a few sips and went back to her cake. It was a good thing she knew where her mouth was because she couldn't take her eyes off of the fight.

She was about to get a third piece of cake when the other *Locke Brothers* flashed back into the kitchen. This was enough motivation for her to stop eating the cake, thus putting her fork down with a heavy sigh, she flashed so she was between Jack and Craven. Craven had been in mid-punch. Though she was fast, she timed it wrong and ended up being on the receiving end of Craven's punch. Shit. Note to self: do not fuck with Craven because this bastard hits hard.

"Oh shit, Crave!" Destiny said irritated at the pinch of pain. Before she could say anything more, she felt herself lifted right off her feet by Jack and placed behind him. Her new position behind Jack allowed her to see the orgasm-inducing tattoo that covered the whole of his back. She was thinking about licking it when Jack began to smash the living shit out of a stunned Craven. Only when he was tired

did Jack stop. She guessed he was tired by the sound of the choppy breaths coming from his lungs.

Destiny wondered why none of the *Locke Brothers* had interceded when they saw their Team Leader getting his ass handed to him. Why rush down the stairs just to do nothing? Then she remembered their rule: *Women, Children always protected. Always.*

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“Get him out of here,” Jack said his voice rumbling with the wolf that was near the surface.

The *Locke Brothers* did as he bid. When they’d quit the room, he slowly turned to look back at Destiny Smith. She was back eating the forbidden cake. She was chewing thoughtfully and she wouldn’t look at him as he approached her. Jack pressed himself against Destiny’s side, but she still didn’t look at him. When he took the fork out of her hand and pulled the cake away from her, her shoulders slumped a little but she still wouldn’t look at him.

“Star told you,” was all Destiny said.

Jack couldn’t help but smile looking at her. She looked and sounded like a child who’d been caught with her hand in the proverbial cookie jar. Biting back a smile, he placed a finger under Destiny’s chin and turned her toward him. He gently lifted her face so he could inspect if for the damage that Craven had done.

“Honey, you can eat the whole cake if you want,” he began.

“Yay!” Destiny squealed.

Cutting her off, he crowded her and finished. “Listen to me, Destiny. If you ever, and I mean **ever** put yourself in the middle of a fight or in danger again I will personally handcuff you to the nearest immovable surface.”

Jack knew that his eyes were glowing as he spoke, but he couldn’t help that. Full moon, his woman in danger. *Wait, where the fuck did that come from?* Tucking it away to deal with it later, he smoothed the pad of his thumb over the slowly-fading bruise. The white of Destiny’s eye was still blood red but it did little to detract from her beauty.

“Jackie, I can handle-” Jack gripped Destiny’s chin and effectively shut her mouth with his thumb.

“No,” was all he said.

Having made his point, he pulled out the stool next to Destiny and sat down. Taking her fork, he began to eat the cake with Destiny.

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There was something strangely intimate about sharing the same fork while eating her favourite food. They'd eaten silently for ten minutes when she felt Jack pause. Turning her head, she looked at him and found him staring at her. His eyes back to normal now.

"What?" she asked before shoving another forkful in her mouth. He was so close.

"Why can't you eat chocolate? You obviously love it" Jack said.

Destiny was sure that he didn't realise that they he was sitting so close. His heavily-muscled legs were stretched out before him but being that their chairs were so close, she was virtually surrounded by him. A few inches closer and she'd practically be in his lap. As it was, every now and then her arm would brush against his wide, muscled chest.

"How come you're not hurt? You did some pretty extensive damage to Craven," Destiny asked between gulps of Coke. Turning her head, she belched loudly then grinned at Jack. She smiled at the way she'd deftly avoided answering his question.

Jack shook his head slightly before answering. "I heal fast and Craven will be fine."

"Are you telling me that you're a vamp because you don't seem like the type," Destiny said whilst tapping her fork against the plate as she spoke.

"Why? I would make an excellent vampire" Jack said while managing to sound all offended.

Destiny laughed and flicked her fork at him effectively sprinkling him with chocolate cake crumbs and frosting. *Damn, Jack Mann looks good with chocolate on him. Ooh, he's like a giant ice cream with sprinkles. I should lick it off, she thought. Yep, that's exactly what I'm going to do.*

Licking her finger, she pressed it to the middle of Jack's hard, ripped chest picking up crumbs of chocolate that had been melting against his copper skin. Pulling back, Destiny took her finger inside her mouth and sucked. *Damn, that tasted good, but I bet it'd even taste better straight from the source.* Bending to lick the tiny bits of frosting from him caused a twittering feeling in her pussy.

Hearing Jack's breath hiss through his teeth at her actions caused her vamp to purr. Smiling, she looked down and saw that his jeans had suddenly become too tight. *Damn, damn, damn, Jack had no right to look this good.* Pulling her greedy gaze from his bits, she looked in his eyes and her pussy flooded when she saw his need. He

didn't disguise his need ... or maybe he couldn't. *Yay, me! Who's the vampire? Who's the vampire she chanted in her head before grinning and bursting into laughter.*

"For a man who says that I'm '*not his type*' you get a little crazy around me," Destiny said as she heard his chest rumble with a groan and watched him bite down on his lip as he tried to rein in his need. He tried but it wasn't working if the veins bulging in his neck and forearms were any indication. Though she was gloating, internally and externally, Destiny had a hard time making her eyes move from his mouth. He had a beautiful mouth and now that she knew what he tasted like, it was strength. If he was a beverage he'd be the type one would need to follow with a chaser. Having recently consumed chocolate cake with her, he also tasted a bit chocolate. *Hmmmmmm.*

"And you're just crazy full stop," he returned.

Destiny turned to give him a droll look before pointedly at the bruise on the side of his torso. Reaching out, she touched him there.

"Damn, Craven got you good, Jackie," she purred.

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Jack was already on edge from her teasing, from her touching, from her presence. When she reached out and touched him – again – he sucked in a deep breath, not because she was hurting him but because every time she touched him she was teasing the wolf. Feeling her fingers grace a particularly tender spot, he winced. Though he was a shifter, it would take a few hours for him to completely heal from injury. And his woman had injured him. She had a helluva kick, even with delicate shoes on.

"Craven didn't do that. That's from my Hunt," he said.

Destiny frowned before speaking. "Hunt? Did you go fox-hunting or something after the reception?"

"No..." Jack kept watching her as she continued to smooth her fingers over him. Her question made him realise that she didn't know she was.

"Honey, you never did answer my question," he said softly.

Raising her head, she asked. "What question was that?"

"Why can't you eat chocolate?"

"I get a little hyper," Destiny answered with a casual shrug.

Jack frowned over her head and asked, "More than usual?"

Concentrating on his side, she simply shrugged and answered. "Kinda."

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One word. That's all it had been. One simple word. Of course it should've been two. It also hadn't actually been a properly recognised compound word, but it had made sense. Jack rubbed the back of his neck and once again waited as Destiny did some crazy, martial arts move with the pool cue she held. She made Bruce Lee noises as she hit an imaginary opponent then spun on her heel and faced the table they'd been playing at for the past hour.

Destiny should've been tired. Damn, he sure as hell was. They'd just returned from a run *around* the nearby city. Yes, around, not through, but around ... as in the whole, damn thing. After her run she'd wanted to go for a spin on one of the motorcycles in the *Locke Brothers* garage. As much as he'd tried to convince her otherwise, of course she hadn't listened. She'd thrown her leg over one of the powerful bikes and taken off at top speed forcing Jack to jump on another and chase her. He'd found all of the activities quite good for blowing out any cobwebs, but he'd felt markedly better when they sped back onto the *sacred land*.

That was, until they'd been greeted by the sight of the entire *Locke Brotherhood* (*sans Lukas of course*) standing at the front of the *Locke Mansion*. Destiny had calmly gotten off the bike and handed the keys over to a repaired Craven. Jack had done the same and then Destiny had decided that they were going to play pool and bet real money on their games. And the whole time? Destiny had talked incessantly. Hyper was not an apt description.

"Fuck, I love this song!" Destiny yelled to no one in particular.

Considering the god awful music that was thundering in Jack's head, he was sure that blood would be pouring from his ears if the noise didn't stop real quick, fast, and in a hurry. Originally, she'd set the volume to hey-hearing-is-way-overrated-as-a-sense, but he'd convinced her to turn it down to brain-numbing loud. Though the volume was now tolerable, her choice of music was not. The song consisted of thumping bass and screeching. If Jack didn't know any better he would've sworn that Destiny *was* the singer!

"You okay, Jackie?" Destiny asked him as she continued to pretend that she was hitting someone with her pool cue.

"Yes," he said even though he knew that Destiny was already on to another subject.

"Well take your shot, Jackass!" she said as she sang to the next song that was something about *wherever and whenever*.

Destiny started dancing around the game room. Her hips made little jerky little movements that distracted Jack even more than her choice of music.

"Please God, give me patience," he muttered as he lined up the pool cue. Usually he could shoot without even looking but that was before he played with the hustling Miss Destiny Smith who'd acted like she only knew a "*little*" about pool. So far, he'd lost every game and now he was in the hole to Destiny for at least a thousand dollars.

"You know Jackie, you've got a sweet ass," Destiny said as she cupped her hands over aforementioned rump.

Jack mashed his lips together at the sensation of Destiny touching him. Turning his head, he looked at her over one shoulder and shuddered. Damn, she was hot. Currently, she was rubbing his ass with her eyes closed and her teeth sunk into her bottom lip.

"Ah, Destiny..." he began.

The song changed to something sultry and with a heavy bass that beat in time to the throb in Jack's cock.

"Yes, Jackie," Destiny whispered as she wriggled around so that she was situated between him and the pool table. With her lips parted, she traced her fingers down the front of his shirt. Jack knew that he was staring at her like she'd suddenly pulled out an Uzi and was about to spray the room, because he didn't know what she'd do. But he knew what he wanted her to do.

"I really need to make this shot," Jack croaked out through dry lips.

Destiny grinned and hopped her sweet rump onto the table in front of him, her knees gripping his hips.

"C'mon big boy, hit me with your best shot," Destiny said as she leaned back and threw her hands over her head and waited.

Jack had to unclench his jaw when he felt his incisors lengthening.

"Destiny-", he began but stopped talking when Destiny suddenly jerked upright, grabbed his shirt and ripped it apart.

Buttons scattered willy-nilly but he couldn't even be bothered especially when he looked into her eyes. Her eyes were dilated so much so that only the bare edges of her caramel-coloured pupils were visible. He now knew why Star had warned him about the chocolate. Destiny was worse on chocolate than she was when she was drunk. *Oh hell.* Jack thought as Destiny latched onto one of his flat nipples. When did she get his shirt off? His entire body was rigid with leashed

desire that just continued to increase as Destiny continued stroking him through his jeans.

“Honey-” Jack groaned as Destiny nipped at his throat making little growling noises as she systematically worked to unman him.

Jack knew he was approaching the point of no return and due to where they were in the lunar cycle he knew that he would not be the ‘man’ Destiny expected. He was on the verge of an all-out wild, which was not the best time to engage in lovemaking with a non-pack female. Though pack females could handle them, few pack females could handle an alpha in either form during the height of the full moon.

Jack wasn’t a gentle man under the best of circumstances and right now there was no way that he could be gentle. Truth be told, he wasn’t sure that he wanted gentle with Destiny. Destiny was the stuff that wet dreams were made of and thus her passion deserved to be met with equal passion, not a watered-down version. Placing his hands in her untamed curls, he attempted to pull her from his chest, but she had other ideas. She shifted and wrapped her legs around him, pressing her pussy closer to his cock. Moaning, she slid against him in a move that would make seasoned strippers green with envy.

“Destiny,” Jack inserted some roughness into his voice as he once again tried to stop her from going further.

“I need you Jack. I need you *now*!” she moaned.

Jack shook his head in an attempt to clear the sudden haze that came over him. He knew that haze. It singled that he was entering a sexual delusion that he would be powerless to stop in a few scant moments.

“Honey, I can’t be gentle-” he began.

Destiny cut off his explanation with words that floored him. Raising her head, she looked him right in the eye. Her eyes were now almost completely black. In one of the most seductive moves he’d ever witnessed, she licked her full lips, revealing her fangs and her passion. *Damn, she was a sexy little thing.*

“If I wanted gentle I’d fuck one of the *Locke Brothers*. Notice that I’m not with them. Now c’mon Jack Mann, fuck me ... hard, and if you can’t accommodate me, point me in the direction of a male who can,” Destiny decreed.

Her sultry look and husky voice already had his cock rock hard, but her dare ripped every last vestige of the gentleman out of Jack. Later, he’d let her know that he didn’t know any alphas who couldn’t handle a woman’s desire; and him being Supreme Alpha sure as shit

wasn't about to point her in the direction of anything except his cock. *Point her in the direction of another man?* Obviously, she was crazier than he'd initially thought. Jack didn't play well with others and he damn sure didn't share.

He took one more moment to ensure that Destiny was aware of him. Destiny didn't give him that moment; instead she took that moment to push him further over the edge. And damn, she did it in grand style.

"Tell me to stop if it's too much, Honey" Jack whispered as he ripped her t-shirt from her body.

Being that she merely grinned at him as he ripped off her bra, he didn't think that she was going to tell him. Needing to get her jeans off, he pulled Destiny up with one arm and roughly ripped the jeans from her body in much the same fashion he did her bra.

Mission accomplished, he turned and looked for a flat surface to spread out his treat. Destiny was definitely his treat.

Moving to the bar he seated Destiny on top of it. The bar was high enough that he would only have to bend his neck slightly to be eye-level with her pussy. Seeing her pubic hair design, he growled low in his throat promising to have a word with the individual who dared touch his woman. Pulling her forward so that her pussy was on the edge of the bar, he thrust his long tongue into his crazy, little woman. At the first swipe, Destiny convulsed around his tongue and screamed down this part of the state. Ironically, her screams sounded much like her singing: freakishly loud and incoherent, but these screams were music to his ears. Feeling her rush of cream, he gripped her thighs harder and kept his mouth attached to her clit as she hit notes so high he was tempted to turn and look for the entire symphony orchestra at the Metropolitan because Destiny was singing like she was auditioning for the role of the lead soprano in the opera *Aida*.

"There, there, that's it, Jackie. Oh yeah, there! Oh! Arrrrrrggghhhhhhhhh!"

Somewhere glass shattered, but he couldn't be bothered with taking his tongue away from her clit. Destiny came again in a matter of moments and it was just as beautiful as the first time. If he hadn't had a hold of her hips, he would've worried that she might shatter her pelvis as her thrusts were so hard. Oh, but he did have hold of her and planned on keeping it that way for a while. Jack had his tongue buried so

“Come for me, Honey,” he growled as he continued tonguing her hot box. Once again, he took her clit into his mouth and sucked the stiff, little bundle of nerve endings as he thrust two thick fingers into her.

Every time Destiny attempted to arch her hips she brought her pussy deeper into his mouth ... just like he wanted. He gave her no quarter and thus kept his fingers stroking in and out of her. When Destiny screamed out another orgasm, Jack was sure she was wet enough to take his cock. Using one arm, he picked her up and moved over to the custom-made pool table. Laying her down, he went to step back but Destiny was determined to have her fun. Grabbing the waistband of his jeans, she ripped his jeans from his body and screamed at him to fuck her.

Jack grabbed her to him and held her to him as he tried to get a grip on his sanity. Destiny didn't help. She went still when she caught sight of his cock. Jack held his breath as he watched her peruse him.

The stillness was shattered when she licked her plump lips. Before he could speak, she grabbed his cock and began stroking. Up. Down. Up. Down. Jack moaned as he watched Destiny intently see to her self-appointed task. Though he enjoyed it, he stopped her hands.

“Honey, I will lose it if you keep doing that,” he hoarsely informed her.

When Destiny nodded in understanding, Jack pulled her to the edge of the table and stopped.

\*«\*»\*

Destiny groaned from pleasure. Jack held her so easily. He loved her so unselfishly. He pleased her so greatly and he hadn't even taken her yet. Her thoughts hazy, she realized that he wore his need as well as he wore his strength. He was fairly shaking from need. This huge man wanted her ... HER! And as close to the edge he was, as hard as need was riding him, he continued to put her pleasure first. He continued to warn her he couldn't take it slow; he continued to ask her if she wanted him. *Was the man a fucking idiot? Did she want him? Was the Pope Catholic? Would the Batmobile have been pimped to within an inch of its life if she'd had a go at it?* Damn skippy. Her musings were interrupted when Jack once again tried to talk her down ... as if she could be talked down from getting some of that.

“Honey, we can take it slow-” Jack began.

Destiny wasn’t all coy and what not, so she hooked her ankles behind his powerful thighs, looked into his amazing emerald eyes she responded.

“You better hurry the fuck up, Jackass!” she ordered.

\*«\*»\*

Jack was holding on by a thread. He was trying to remain honourable. Hearing her command was all of the encouragement that he needed. His wolf broke free. Picking her up, he sat on the edge of the pool table and slammed her down on his cock.

When he finally entered her, Jack closed his eyes momentarily and savoured the feel of finally came home. Home had never felt so good. Destiny threw her head back and screamed her pleasure while Jack threw back his head and howled his.

Jack felt her orgasm seconds before he felt her cream running down the underside of his hard cock. Though he wasn’t orgasming, he was shaking from the pleasure of the feel of her silk. She held him like a vice grip. Holding himself still inside her, he waited for Destiny’s gasping breaths to slow before he brought her head down so that their foreheads rested against each other.

“Fuck me, Jack. C’mon, big man. Show me what you go,” she whispered.

Jack growled and proceeded to do as he was told. He began to lift and lower Destiny on his cock. Though he felt her orgasms, he lost count of the number because they rolled in one atop the other. The mini quakes within her intermingled with her cries overwhelming both the man and the wolf with her scent, taste, feel, sound, and touch. All five of his senses were on overdrive ... and still it wasn’t enough. He wasn’t close enough – yet. He pumped her on his cock so fast that his motions were a blur. Jack lost count of everything and his world boiled down to one Destiny Smith. Destiny was many things – incredible, crazy, passionate, his, and when she passed out after her last orgasm, he knew that he should add well-fucked to that list he thought as he came with a roar of completion.

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Destiny woke to the feeling of being held. Her eyes shot open with the quickness. Three questions presented themselves. One, just who was Jack Mann; two, why did it feel so good; and three, why did she feel like bawling like a baby? Hearing a male sigh of satisfaction intermingled with sleepiness, she perked up. The person holding her

moved their lips against her hair. Okay, it was a man ... a well-endowed, hard-muscled, big-armed, **man**. Now to face the second question ... or not.

Destiny turned in Jack's arms and came face-to-throat with copper skin – smooth copper skin wrapped around muscles that demanded her to lick it, kiss it, and bite it. She didn't. Instead, her eyes travelled upwards and did recon. The square jaw had a touch of stubble. She knew how that stubble felt against her skin considering her thighs were humming about it. Destiny smiled and continued her visual journey. This time she stopped on his lips. They were full enough to make her want to ride his mouth yet not so full that they made him look girly (thank goodness!). And then there were the eyes. It wasn't fair for a man to be able to write his name in the snow with pee and have eyelashes so thick they could drive the mascara industry to the brink of bankruptcy. So unfair, and then there was his hair. Oh good Lord. His hair was a wet pussy alert!

His glossy hair was inky black with a wave that should make him look as masculine as Liberace but it didn't. It only *added* to his masculine features. In his slumber Jack Mann was all MAN! Hell, Jack Mann was always all man. How was that possible? She'd only met one man who was that much man and that was Lord de Vires who was more power than he was man.

Destiny frowned. Her lips pursed in thought she pondered the man who'd loved her so well. He was sleeping and he was pussy-wetting-heart-achingly beautiful.

Destiny rubbed her breasts against Jack's smooth, hard chest as she gently touched Jack's lips with her own. No sooner had she moved than she was pulled hard against that chest. Her titties squashed deliciously against those muscles and her mouth was plundered by a long, thick tongue that felt just as good in her mouth as it had in her pussy.

She moaned into his mouth loving how good he felt. Destiny could've stayed there forever, but the need for air caused them to separate. Moaning, she protested the separation even as she gulped in much-needed air.

Before she could end her protest, Jack's hot fucking mouth moved to her throat and he began to nip and kiss her sensitized skin. His ministrations made her arch against him. How did he know that she liked it when he loved her like she wouldn't break? How did he

manage to fuck her like a call girl yet treat her like a lady at the same time?

She didn't know how he knew but he'd learned his lessons well. He was a master at his craft. He'd fucked her so good that it was all she could do to move without moaning. It was as if she had residual orgasms popping off feeding her pleasure. Though she was well-fucked, she couldn't resist grinding her pussy against his hard abdomen. Feeling him smile against the skin of her throat caused her to want to smack him. That fine bastard knew what he did to her.

Normally, it was the other way around. She was the one who left her lovers in a mindless heap of pleasure, begging for more. This was a new experience for her ... but she liked it. Maybe too much. Perhaps that is why she felt like crying like a baby.

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No words were spoken as Jack pulled Destiny Smith down and positioned her so he could thrust his hard, aching cock into the tightest, most-welcoming and creamy pussy ever created. He held Destiny's caramel eyes with his own as he literally lifted her up and down his cock. Destiny's sharp nails digging into his forearms did nothing but send sizzling heat through his body. His little vampire was hot *inside and out*. Though he was tempted to rush his pleasure, Jack took his time making love to Destiny.

He savoured every moan she emitted, every twitch she made whenever he hit *her* spot with his marauding cock. Every gasp, pant, groan of his name went straight for his cock and ... his *heart*! Jack would normally pull out and get the fuck outta' dodge when he felt more than his cock involved in fucking a woman, but he couldn't for three reasons. First, Destiny Smith was no ordinary woman. Second, he wasn't *fucking* Destiny; he was making love to the woman he wanted forever. Third, before Destiny, he'd never had more than his cock involved when having sex.

Jack's eyes remained glued to Destiny's face and watched her expressions as if he was watching his favourite film ... except watching Destiny was better than watching his favourite film. Every feeling, every sound, every touch was real. Nothing was choreographed, nothing was rehearsed, and nothing was edited or censored. No moment was re-shot.

In that moment, he knew that he couldn't let Destiny Smith go. He had no idea when it had happened; he had no damn idea how it had happened, but it had. But for some reason it didn't feel like the

best thing in the world. Yes, he had found the other part of his soul. Yes, Destiny was the best thing that had ever happened to his heart. Yes, Destiny just happened to be wild in and out of bed. Yes, she was intelligent, crazy, and had a body made for hedonistic pleasures. Yes, Destiny was beyond anything Jack had ever experienced in his life. She might be tiny in stature but she definitely made up for it with her sense of humour, her complete lack of patience for pomp and circumstance ... as well as rules. All of that was true, but there was one small hitch: Destiny was a vampire.

*Oh shit*, he was totally and utterly in love with Destiny Smith. Jack grinned then soon forgot his own name as Destiny's creamy, hot pussy gripped him in a death-hold and milked him dry and left him slightly unconscious. Damn, she was going to be the death of him, which was ironic being that she was fast becoming his life.

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Jack woke suddenly. His eyes shooting open, he sat up and looked around him. He was in bed. He was naked. He had scratches and bite marks over his body. He wasn't hurting and the scratches weren't mean ones, so he hadn't been in a fight. He was mid-thought when it all came slamming home. *Destiny*.

Jack closed his eyes and fell back against the pillows - pillows that smelt like Destiny Smith. His heart thumped hard as images of he previous night flooded his senses. The night of the full moon. His hunt that had gone wrong. His discovery of Destiny asleep outside. His discovery of how much her pain hurt him. *Oh God*.

Jack thought about everything they had done together. Destiny was everything any man could want. Hell, she was *every single thing that **he** wanted*. He turned and found a piece of paper on the pillow. Frowning Jack picked it up and unfolded it.

*Jackass,*

*Well slap my ass and call me Susan! Never would've expected it of you, but one should never assume things. I'll never be able to look at big, big, big handsome man quite the same now. Thank you for a night/morning I'll never forget. Oh yeah, sorry. Take care. Dessie.*

Jack frowned at the letter in his hand. She was gone? Was she apologising for leaving? Jack got out of bed and walked to the window. He looked down onto the courtyard where the *Locke Brothers* stood *en masse*. He wondered why they were standing around his car. Just

then Craven looked up at his window and motioned to the rest of the *Locke Brothers*. Moments later, they stood aside and Jack's mouth fell open. In the space where his car had been parked, spelt out in what looked to be cans of motor oil was the word *Sorry*. Fuck, his woman was gone as well as his car and his hard-on was right there.

## Chapter Four

*Two months later*

Jack stared disinterestedly at the gathering of shifters and humans. The women were giving him *come-hither* looks and the men were looking anywhere but at him. Though he was Alpha Supreme, he couldn't even muster the energy to greet them. He knew it was rude, but he was Alpha. He didn't have to be polite. Of course, he had always been so before attending his best friend's wedding two long months ago. However, the curvaceous Destiny Smith had done such a job on him he'd been unable to do much more than pine away for her the whole damned time.

"Son, is there something you want to tell me?" Samson Mann asked.

Jack looked up at his father, the former Alpha of the Black Ridge Pack and Supreme Alpha of Northern Hemisphere. As always, when he looked upon his father he was taken aback by the aura of greatness that surrounded him. Jack was awed by his father's accomplishments, thankful for his love and guidance, and humbled by his trust. Also a large man, Samson's Native American heritage was evident. The only clue that he had other blood coursing through his veins was the emerald eye colour that each of his six sons had inherited. Samson still wore his hair in the traditional two braids that fell to his waist.

In his human form, Samson was blind, however when he took the form of the wolf he had perfect vision. In the beginning, the other shifters had seen his blindness as a weakness, but they soon learned the folly of underestimating Samson, who had not only challenged the current Alpha of the pack, but had won ... decisively and quickly. Challenges ended in two ways: death or surrender and no Alpha worthy of being called such had ever conceded defeat.

After killing the sitting Alpha, Samson assumed power immediately. For a century he'd ruled and during his reign the Black Ridge Pack had become the fiercest and most-respected shifter pack in the United States. Using a mixture of diplomacy, cunning, and brawn (when he had to), Samson not only strengthened their pack

but single-handedly united all of the packs in the Northern Hemisphere, adding the title of Supreme Alpha along the way.

A powerful leader, his reign went down in not simply Pack history, but Otherworldly history as one of the most successful. Though he was a mean son-of-a-bitch when crossed, the hallmarks of his reign were justice and righteousness. Under his rule, the packs prospered economically, flourished socially, and moved into high positions in human society. Samson stressed education, strong pack ties, diplomacy and family.

A maverick, Samson reached out and forged alliances across not only racial lines but species lines as well. All were welcome to break bread at his table. It was not uncommon to see leaders sitting in council with him. He had the personal contact information of the leaders of Vampire Nation, the Dragon Council, Faeries, and the Elementals. Though he kept the dual identities of the Otherworldlies secret, he even counted several human leaders among his friends.

Even in abdicating his rule he was a maverick. Before him, Alphas didn't abdicate; they generally ruled until they died. And they generally died at the hands of one of their sons who wanted the Alpha status. His sons hadn't had to challenge him as he'd wanted to step down believing that fresh blood was good for the strength of the pack.

Samson didn't simply part from the tradition of primogeniture, her part from the old shifter ways. The Mann brothers didn't have to rip each other up to gain the title. Instead it had been put to a vote. The elders of the pack had decided that Jack would make the best leader.

Sometimes it was hard for Jack to believe that he was Alpha. After all, he was not the first born son. Hell, he wasn't even the most diplomatic son. Or the nicest son. The only thing he could claim was that he was a son. Still, he was Alpha and his brothers were genuinely happy for him. In theory any of them would've taken the position if it had been voted so, but he'd gotten it ... along with a shit load of responsibility. He never realized the numerous challenges leadership entailed until he'd been selected as leader.

Since his rise to Alpha, his father and brothers had made it their business to find him the perfect mate. Until two months ago he hadn't believed any woman - wolf or otherwise - would interest him for more than five minutes. And then *she* had crashed into his life and he'd been pining ever since.

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When Samson took his seat, Jack realised that he hadn't answered his father. *Was there something that he wanted to tell him? Hell, he wondered if there was something that he wanted to tell himself.*

"Not yet, father," he answered respectfully.

Jack was going to say more but they were interrupted by the noisy arrival of his brothers. He watched as four of his five brothers entered his home and seated themselves in a circle. As always, Jack snarled at his brothers and as always they snarled back before breaking out into laughter.

Jack had three older brothers - Jeremiah (whom wasn't present and rarely was), Jamieson, and Jaron. He also had younger twin brothers - Jared and Josiah. Their mother had had a love affair with the letter J when it came to her sons. There were no girls in their immediate family, but they had plenty of female cousins who'd always stepped up and assumed the role of pesky, little sisters.

All six Mann sons looked so alike. That is they all had long black hair; rich, emerald green eyes; and big physiques. Though they all had restrained strength and a deep reserve of honour, that's where the similarities ended when it came to their demeanours.

Jack's quiet observations were interrupted by his father's soft, wise voice.

"Your brothers are concerned son, as am I," Samson spoke softly in Cheyenne.

Jack knew it was serious whenever his father spoke his mother tongue. Leaning his elbows on his thighs and linking his fingers between his knees, he looked at his father. He didn't speak; He wasn't meant to.

"You have been indecisive. Incidents have gone without a ruling. There is talk about you, son. Talk that your brothers, your mother and I are worried about. There are whispers of a challenge."

"Who would dare to challenge, Jack?" Jared burst out in English.

All four of his brothers rolled their eyes. Samson directed an indulgent at his youngest son before speaking.

"Calm yourself, Jared. They are whispers only. No formalities have begun."

"Father-" Jack began but ceased talking when Samson held a hand up indicating his need for silence.

“Son, you must find the source of this deep yearning or you will begin to loose your grip on your position. Weakness is not an attribute afforded to Alpha. I know you are aware of this.”

Jack nodded. He knew his father would not see the gesture like others, but would feel it.

Samson reached a hand out and touched Jack’s stubbled cheek.

“I am fine, Father.”

Samson shook his head. With a smile, he looked at his five sons and made a pronouncement.

“Your brother believes he has found his mate.”

Though Jack’s heart stuttered, he didn’t say anything in response to his father’s pronouncement. What could he say? Despite the fact that he was blind whilst in human form, Samson seemed to be all-seeing.

All of Jack’s brothers stared at him like he’d suddenly grown another head. Jack looked at his father and saw the smile on his face. With a scowl he turned to look at Jamieson whose initial look of shock was slowly transforming into a grin.

“What are *you* grinning at?” Jack asked his Pack Beta (second in command).

Jamieson shrugged casually, his massive shoulders rippling beneath the blue t-shirt.

“You are Alpha, Jack. More of our people will be assured with your mate by your side.”

Jack had a sudden Destiny moment. He saw her kicking him when he’d been in wolf form. Good Lord, Destiny Smith his mate? No. Adamantly no. Not at all. No way, no how.

Jack didn’t realise he was shaking his head and saying those words out loud ... until he heard the laughter. Looking up, he saw that all of his brothers and his father were practically pissing themselves with laughter that was aimed at him! *What the fuck?!* He growled deeply reminding them quickly that *he* was Alpha. They stopped laughing ... kind of ... when they got good and damn ready. And even when they stopped outright laughing, they remained grinning like fucken’ idiots. He growled again and ran an agitated hand through his hair.

His father patted his shoulder.

“Son, you have found your mate. Have you let her know who she is to you?” Samson asked softly.

“She is not a *shifter*,” Jack announced sourly.

“Not a human?” Jamieson Mann asked his little brother, his voice deep like a thunder storm.

Jack shook his head.

“Then what is she?” Jamieson asked.

“Vampire,” he admitted.

Samson did the most peculiar thing at Jack’s admission. He threw his head back and roared with laughter. His five sons stared at him like he’d lost his mind, yet he paid them no mind and continued laughing. When he finally calmed himself down he looked at Jack with mirth-filled eyes.

“I wish you luck, Alpha,” Samson said rising to leave, and effectively closing the meeting.

The rest of the brothers left with their father but Jamieson remained and took the seat their father vacated. The two of them stared at nothing in particular, which was good because Jack couldn’t concentrate on anything for more than a couple of seconds. It was all *her* fault.

Jamieson leaned back in his seat and exhaled noisily through his nose. If they’d been outside, women would be staring. Women couldn’t help but stare at the Mann males, especially the Alpha and Beta of the Black Ridge Pack who looked like they were always on the verge of ripping the shit out of anyone. In other words, they looked dangerous ... all of the time. Even when they were happy. Not that Jack was happy at the moment.

“A vampire, Jack?” Jamieson asked after a few more silent moments.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Jack growled.

Jamieson gave him a look that clearly said that he so didn’t give a damn that he didn’t want to talk about it. He knew that look because Jamieson gave it to him all of the time. And like he was ignoring his wishes, he was also ignoring the glow in his eyes that signalled danger to his opponents ... or passion to his lovers. Not that he had any lovers now ... because of *her*.

“I’m not talking to the Alpha. I’m talking to the snot-nosed shit head kid brother of mine,” Jamieson said quietly.

Jack scratched his stubbled jaw trying to stop the frustration from clawing its way out of him.

“Jamie, she left me,” Jack said softly in Cheyenne.

Jamieson smiled. “Oh shit. The one that got away, eh?”

Jack nodded. "She doesn't want anything to do with me," he said almost forlornly.

Jamieson scowled at Jack before speaking. "She said that?"

It was Jack's turn to frown. "No-," he began.

"What did she say?"

"Apart from *Jack, oh Jack?*" Jack inserted a little humour into his voice as he teased his brother.

Jamieson rolled his eyes. "Seriously..."

Jack looked back at the wall and took his time answering. Rising, he headed outside, not able to stand the confines of the room anymore. Ambling over to the massive side porch, he leaned against the column and finally spoke.

"She's the one that took the Shelby."

"You told me it was in the shop," Jamieson said trying his damndest not to laugh.

"She stole it when I was asleep," Jack said.

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"She stole it!" Jamieson practically yelled.

"Yeah, after he did her all night long," an amused female voice said from behind the Alpha and his brother.

The sudden arrival (via flashing) of the vampire contingent brought the rest of his brothers back to the house. Though none of the other wolves approached, they openly stared at the picture Astarla Montague made as she stood with their Alpha. She was surrounded by five of the baddest motherfuckers available. Her motley band of bodyguards consisted of two vampires, two shifters (handpicked by Jack himself), and a human who had no powers but was from somewhere in the south, the land of moonshine-drinking, gravy-on-everything, football-watching, gun-toting lunatics. True they were dangerous individuals but she was embraced by the most dangerous individual of all - her husband.

She was dressed in her normal outfit of black, and she made it look good. Everyone held their breath as their Alpha stood and enveloped the soon to be Ruler of the Vampire Nation. Such liberties were part of the relationship that had been built between the vampires and shifters back when Samson had been Alpha.

"Empress Montague," Jamieson bowed his head.

Astarla took his hand in both of hers, mainly because it was so damned huge.

“Please, Jack is part of our family. I can’t have my new shifter brothers calling me that. It’s Star or nothing,” Star said with a smile. Jamieson returned the gesture.

“Watch yourself, Jamieson,” Lukas said as he stepped up next to Jack and his wife.

Jamieson rolled his eyes at Lukas.

“The only reason she married you is because she didn’t meet me first,” Jamieson mocked his little brother’s best friend.

While Lukas hugged Jack then shook Jamieson’s hand, they got involved in a bunch of grunting that stood in for conversation. Lukas spotted Jamieson’s custom-made Ducati motorcycle and it was on. Kissing her and warning her to stay out of trouble, he ambled off with Jamieson to have a look at it. It was all good because Star couldn’t wait to talk to Jack who looked like shit warmed over. She tried her best not to let her glee show. It wasn’t that she was happy he was miserable; it was just that she was happy he wasn’t happy without her sister.

Her bodyguards moved back a respectable distance to give her and Jack much-needed privacy but they formed a circle around her that she would bet was impenetrable. She was almost able to ignore them now although it had taken her several months to get out used to them. She smiled recalling the first time she’d seen the bodyguards. Thinking that they were there to hurt her man, she’d almost mortally wounded two of them. They’d all had a little talk after that incident and on the plus side, the one vamp’s face was healing up quite nicely and the other’s limp was almost gone.

“How’re you doing Jack?” Star asked her husband’s best friend, who had the potential to become her very own brother-in-law if he didn’t fuck it up. Because he was a man, he was sure to fuck it up, which was why she was here. She was going to make sure he didn’t fuck it up. Being Empress had its perks and she wasn’t above starting a war between vampires and shifters to make her sister happy.

“Good. How was the honeymoon?” Jack asked.

Star could tell that he was trying to be polite. She bet he didn’t want to know shit except how Dessie was.

“Great, a lot of sex. Good for me,” Star said with a smile.

When Jack only returned her smile half-heartedly, she knew he hadn’t heard a damn word she said.

“You didn’t come to the *Thank You* party we held.”

Star and Lukas had thrown a party for all those who had been involved with the wedding. Two people had been noticeably absent: Jack and Destiny. Neither had responded to the numerous letters, emails, phone calls, or text messages.

Star had heard what the *Locke Brother's* had revealed to Lukas on their return to the mansion. She'd immediately called her sister but Destiny hadn't answered her phone until *after* the party was finished. Both of them were being stubborn, hence the trip into Black Ridge Territory. Star needed to see her sister and Lukas needed to check Jack.

Flashing over to Dessie's beloved garage, she saw that Dessie was mostly fine, which was a helluva lot better than the Alpha of the Black Ridge Pack and Supreme Alpha of Northern Hemisphere was doing. Jack looked like he'd been dragged through a hedge backwards, hit by an 18-wheeler, and trampled by a herd of buffalo. The stubble around his jaw line made his already deadly looks even more dangerous. His green eyes were bloodshot. His clothes though stylish, looked like they needed a prayer meeting with an ironing brigade.

*"He's in love with her!"* Star spoke with her husband. She smiled hearing Lukas burst into laughter.

*"He has told you this?"* Lukas asked.

*"Not yet, but you saw him! He looks like shit that's been flushed twice!"*

*"My little Star, a word-smith,"* he teased.

Star flipped him the finger forgetting that it was just her and Jack on the porch. A female Beta saw this and thinking Star was disrespecting her Alpha, charged without thinking. Well, she tried to charge, but Star had that contingent of bodyguards who took care of things like that ... not that she needed it being that she could kick ass with the best of them.

*"You're not allowed,"* Lukas said in her head.

*"Yes, I am."*

*"Try it, Star. I really don't need a reason to spank that delectable ass, but hey, if you give me one, I'll take it."*

*"Ass."*

*"I've been called worse."*

Before the Beta female took a step Star was surrounded by three of the five guards and Jack Mann who'd placed himself in front of her

and growled the Beta female into submission. Throat was shown, apologies issued, and all was right again in the world.

“Sorry Jack,” Star said.

“Not your fault at all Star,” Jack said softly.

“Have you tried calling her?” she asked.

Jack scowled before answering. “Who?”

“Who do you think, dude?” Star asked.

Jack ran his hands through his hair before answering. “I have no idea where she is.”

Star’s eyes widened in surprise. Her shock kept her from responding for a few moments. Though Jack looked at her, he remained silent.

“Wow, I think you just reached an all-time low there Jack,” Star said.

“What do you mean?”

“I think you actually crossed into the box labelled ‘bitch’ with that line.”

Jack didn’t say anything although he turned slowly to look at Star.

Star didn’t say anything either. She merely raised her eyebrow in challenge. She knew that Jack was insulted because she’d meant to insult him. But even if she hadn’t insulted him, he should’ve been insulted all on his own. He was Alpha of the Black Ridge Pack. He was Supreme Alpha of Northern Hemisphere. He wasn’t afraid of fighting anything, vampires included. Yet, he was afraid to fight for his mate. That was some bullshit. And she didn’t feel bad for calling him on it.

Jack couldn’t recall being called a bitch ... well ever. After hearing Star call him one, he was pretty sure that he didn’t care for that ... at all. But he couldn’t really reprimand her because a) she wasn’t a wolf shifter; b) he really wasn’t in the mood to fight Lukas; and c) she was one-hundred percent right.

## Chapter Five

Destiny tried not to grimace as she battled with a lug nut. Though it was almost twilight she could see clearly. She'd been in her garage all day, so the sunlight had been a constant companion. The daylight affected vampires differently. Some hated it with a passion and remained indoors during daylight hours. Some couldn't care less and just walked around as normal as any human. To be fair, she knew humans that fit into those same categories. She smiled thinking of the irony of vampires who enjoyed the sun being called daywalkers and humans who preferred the night being called vampires.

Destiny was neither the stereotype vampire or a daywalker. She had always been different ... in pretty much every way. She had a love-hate relationship with pretty much everything ... sun included. Now the moon ... that was a different story. She had a BDSM relationship with it. A lunar vampire, she wasn't ruled by the sun; she was ruled by the calendar. Whereas most vampires had to feed daily; lunar vamps only had to feed once a month or when injured. That worked for her because she was always knee-deep in some adventure to have to worry about feeding and the like ... except when chocolate was involved.

Destiny smiled thinking back on the surfer she'd dated a few years back. Or was it decades? Oh, well she couldn't really be bothered with pesky details such as time when eternity stretched out before her. She hadn't surfed, but she'd spent pretty much the whole of daylight hanging out at the beach hanging, chillin', keeping it real.

Of course the surfer dude had always wondered why she would disappear during the full moon. He'd teased her about being a werewolf and she'd teased him about being part dolphin in response being that the man had practically lived in the water. They'd parted ways when they both realised that she may have actually liked his Dodge Viper more than she liked him. There was no 'may' about it. She had liked his car more than she'd liked him. Plus the car had a hotter nickname. She called the car Viper; she called the surfer Flipper.

Despite her torrid affair with his wheels, they'd remained friends. No harm, no foul with him. One of the few. It seemed the older Destiny got the stupider men got.

Two centuries ago she'd been busy being the craziest bitch known to man. Well, her and her sisters. Disliking the myriad social rules that pertained only to women and only to those of African descent, she'd rebelled in every way she knew how. She'd spent pretty much the first half of the nineteenth century causing scandal after scandal and getting out of said scandals by the skin of her teeth.

Some peeps collected flags from the countries; she collected inappropriate lovers and a running list of petty crimes. Most mornings she'd woken up in one of two places: some guy's bed whose name she couldn't remember or jail. The guys she could handle. It was the jails with which she had issues. Regardless of how cool the movies made it look, foreign prison sucked ass. If not for her sisters the early 1800s might've ended up bad for them. As always she got all nostalgic thinking about her sisters.

Even back then, Star had diplomacy ... along with that impressive rack. Starbright could sweet talk her way out of almost anything. She could also sweet talk her way into all kinds of sweet deals.

Whereas Star had a head for diplomacy, Jaylee had a conquering gene somewhere in her shifter DNA. If Star couldn't talk them out of trouble, Jaylee simply fought them out of it. Like Attila, Jaylee didn't have a problem marching through shit and invading it for shits and giggles, although unlike him, she bathed regularly and refrained from raping her way into world domination. Like Genghis, she pursued an aggressive foreign policy. Anyone in their way got their asses handed to them. Like the Aztecs, she could not only adapt to harsh realities but thrive under them. You put Jaylee in a sniper-infested swamp and she simply developed a taste for snipers and built *chinampas*. Unlike the Aztecs she didn't require all of that human sacrifice to her gods ... probably because she was having a bit of a disagreement with her gods for pretty much the whole of her life. Like Pharaoh Thothmes III of Egypt, she never lost a battle. That's why her nickname was Attila Genghis Aztec Thothmes III ... and why they simply called her Jaylee.

And then there was her. Destiny didn't have Star's diplomacy or Jaylee's passion for guerrilla warfare. Nope, she simply had crazy on lock and knew how to soup up anything that had wheels. So while Star was busy trying to use diplomacy and Jaylee was busy fucking up shit, she was in the background acting like a lunatic and rolling up with the getaway wagon, carriage or muscle car. Sure she might get

into shit, but you know what she drove up to it in the hottest ride of the day and hauled ass from it the same way.

And now? Yep, now Star was Empress and shit. Jaylee was God only knew where doing only God knew what. Meanwhile she was busy doing what she loved the most. Elbow-deep inside of the 7-litre 415 horsepower, slate silver 1968 Dodge Charger with chrome mags and accessories. Destiny was in heaven. Sure not as much heaven as a romp with Jack Mann would've produced, but heaven nonetheless.

Destiny wrenched the lug nut too hard and felt it split. *Dammit!* Now she would have to wait until the stores opened the next day to get the particular nut that would fit under the carburettor. Throwing the rag onto the motor casing, she stood back and perused her work. She was almost finished with the makeover on the most gorgeous of muscle cars. It was amazing what two months without sex could do for a restore job!

With a couple more sighs and one last glance, she clapped her hands and grinned like she always did when the lights went out. It was a good thing that humans were lazy as hell, because damn, she loved modern inventions. Singing, she made her way to the apartment that was housed above her workshop.

Glancing at the large mag wheel clock on her kitchen wall she saw it was early. *What to do, what to do?* Her programs were being recorded so she really had nothing to do with herself. Making her way to her balcony she briefly wondered what day it was and where the days had gone. Looking out at the street from her perch on her balcony she saw the full moon reflected at her. *Oh shit.* Sure enough the hunger began to rise as soon as her thought was finished. Off to feed it was.

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Jack felt his body shudder as he swallowed the fifth swig of tequila from the bottle that Jamieson pressed into his hand earlier. His brothers in either stupidity or wisdom had decided that he needed a good old boys night out. As a result, he was stuck in the back seat of the glossy, fire engine red Chevrolet Impala '67. Jared, who occupied the passenger seat, was busy singing badly at the top of their lungs. Jack smiled to himself as he remembered his Destiny. He grinned then as his brain recited that little phrase ... *His Destiny.* More than fate. Jack cringed as Jared tried to hit a falsetto note that didn't sound right at all considering that his normal voice could barely get above bass.

“Where to now, Jack?” Jaron asked him as he looked at him in the rear view mirror.

Jack really preferred that Jaron keep his eyes on the road as he drove but he didn’t say that. Sighing, he looked around checking to see if the other vehicles in their entourage were there. They were. He smiled at the picture they made. The two remaining cars in their entourage were the same model different although different colours. The car Jamieson drove was black. The car Jeremiah drove was sky blue. Each vehicle was driven by one of his brothers and loaded with trusted friends. It was a full moon so there would be a hunt, but not until they got their Alpha well and truly wasted. Jack believed it was his father that had ordered the night out, especially being that Jeremiah was in attendance. Instead of being angry at Samson’s interference, he could only smile.

“Woo hoo!!!!” Jaron called out to a female on the street. Jack chuckled at the woman’s reaction. From her eye roll, it was apparent that she didn’t appreciate the catcall. She might not appreciate it but he could see why Jaron had made it. The woman was a stunner: slim, slim, tall, blonde and everything he had always lusted after ... until *her*.

“Strip bar!” Jared said forcefully.

Jaron’s eyebrows rose in the rear view mirror but he just threw a grin over his shoulder and sped down the street towards the nearest strip joint.

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“Girlfriend, c’mon get up,” an effeminate voice coaxed her. Destiny opened one eye and immediately wanted to close it. The bright neon lights assaulted her as she attempted to open the other eye.

“Are you trying to kill me?” she questioned hoarsely.

“Sweetie, the girls are gonna’ be right pissed at you if they think that you’re fucking with their corner,” the non-threatening voice cajoled.

Destiny’s eyelids lifted slowly but as if being pulled by a bungy cord they kept trying to close.

“Girls? What?” Destiny struggled to find her bearings. With a deep breath she tried to sit up. It was during that little process that she realized that she was a long way down. *She was on the ground? What the fuck?*

Destiny's eyes finally cooperated ... and opened. Mercifully, someone had slipped her sunglasses on her face.

"Sweetie, you're on 'The Avenue.'"

"The strip bar street of the city?"

"Yep."

*Uh oh, Destiny thought to herself.*

"I saw you get thrown out of there," the person pointed her gaze in the direction of one of the hottest male strip clubs.

Destiny grinned as she thought about that place. Then her grin turned to a frown. Then her frown turned into a deadly scowl.

"Those motherfuckers!" she spat while getting to her feet.

She stepped off of the curb paying no attention to the surprised exclamations from the men in the fire engine red 1964 Chevy Impala. So focused on she hurting the bouncers for throwing her out onto the street, she didn't even notice the fire engine red 1964 Chevy Impala that they rolled in. Nor did she hear the growl that emanated from the man in the back of the red Impala and she definitely didn't see the glowing emerald eyes that ran over her like a starving man.

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Jack was lost in another memory of Destiny Smith that refused to let him go when Jaron suddenly slammed on the brakes as a curvy woman with soft curls stepped off of the curb and into the path of the car. Jack snarled at the inconvenience of almost getting whiplash. Seeing *exactly* who the crazy woman was, that snarl turned into an all out growl. Seeing her stalk across eight lanes of traffic without paying attention to the cars that narrowly missed her caused his chest to fill with growls. Then seeing her skip around to the back – the darkened back of the famous avenue where danger lurked in various forms – caused the growls to hit unprecedented volume. How dare she be so careless with her life? Before he could get out of the vehicle, she'd made it safely across the street. Though he could no longer see her; his hearing told him everything he needed to know. Destiny had rounded the corner and jumped all up in the bouncer's shit.

Demanding that Jaron stop the car, the car skidded to an immediate halt. Jaron headed his orders with all due haste and used the lane closest to oncoming traffic as a makeshift parking lot. Jack was out of the car almost before the car came to a complete stop. Jack knew that his brothers and pack mates were right behind him because that's how they rolled. They kicked ass and never bothered asking questions.

Cutting across traffic, he ran behind his woman. His wolf hearing allowed him to easily hear the heated exchange between Destiny and the bouncer. Jack wasn't surprised that Destiny's muttered curses dominated the conversation. Nor was he surprised when he rounded the corner just in time to witness her launching herself at the bouncer. Trust Destiny to take on the biggest motherfucker in any fight. He'd have much to say about that later. He watched as she swung her tiny fists wildly. One of the other bouncers stepped in and lifted her off the ground, yet she never stopped throwing punches. The biggest bouncer easily avoided her badly-aimed fists.

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"I'm not going to tell you again lady. Get the fuck out of here!" the bouncer said as he mushed her hard enough to throw her back several feet. Picking herself up, Destiny launched herself at the motherfucker; even though her strength was almost drained being that she hadn't fed yet. She'd been trying that when this bouncer had pulled her off the dude and thrown her out! She'd never had to resort to raping a man, and the *donor* she'd selected had been all over her so she didn't understand what the fuck the bouncer's problem was. And she sure as shit didn't appreciate him tossing her in the back like she was garbage. She shuddered thinking of what could have happened if anyone other than, damn she really had to find out that cross dresser's name, had found her. Though she could normally kick freakin' ass, she was severely weakened at the moment.

"I warned you!" the bouncer yelled in her face as she wrapped her hand in his t-shirt and tried to head butt him. He managed to free himself from her grip and though she felt someone pulling her from behind, she broke free. She ignored everything but trying to hurt the hulk of a bouncer. Using the last of her strength, she jumped up and kicked the bouncer square in the jaw. And though it must've hurt him, he simply shook his head, pulled back and punched her. There was nothing she could do but fall and hope that her landing didn't hurt as much as the bouncer's punch did. But she didn't fall ... well, at least not all the way down. She fell into strong arms. Arms that she recognized, even in her weakened state.

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Jack tried to get to Destiny as fast as he could. Though his wolf had been triggered at the sight of her, something about the man she was arguing with triggered the dangerous part of his wolf. Something

about the way the bouncer watched his woman rubbed Jack the wrong fucking way. It was one thing to ban her from the club, but another thing to manhandle her like he'd obviously done. On top of that, the bouncer didn't even look at Destiny. He simply stood with his arms folded and acted like Destiny didn't exist. Jack felt the change coming and he didn't even try to stop it. *How dare that bastard look at his Destiny as if she were insignificant!* Knowing that his brothers and pack mates could deal with unknown variables, he made his way to the bouncers all the while focusing on Mr. About to Fucking Die. But before he could get there, Destiny caught the man in the jaw with a wicked kick and the bouncer retaliated with an uppercut that sent her flying. Everything went still. Sound ceased. No one moved.

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Destiny was handed to another someone who felt just as big as her Jack. All she saw after that was a blur of long black hair. When the blur came to a standstill, three of the bouncers lay in a pile of fresh-off-the-grill ass whipping. Before she could wonder about the asshole bouncer who'd punched her, she witnessed him fall to the ground dead.

"Oh fuck!" Destiny yelled before doing the oddest thing. She threw back her head and started to laugh. The men surrounding her watched her with variations of shock and surprise. Their eyes went from her to Jack to the pile of shit that he'd just disposed of.

When Jack turned around, she began to laugh harder as she pointed at him. Jack lifted her gently by her hips and cradled her against his chest. Her laughter slowly dwindled down to a chuckle then down to a couple of giggles here and there as he led her around to the populated side of the building and to the car.

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Destiny's laughter was like hot fire across Jack's senses. It burned away the aching and longing that he'd felt for the past two long months without her. Exhaling the last vestiges of fear-laced anger, he turned and faced her properly. Ignoring her laughter he picked her up and marched to the car leaving his pack mates and younger brothers to deal with the dead man and his colleagues. They would remember nothing. The dead man would never be found. They'd probably chalk up his disappearance to an accident, but Jack didn't give two shits. The motherfucker had hurt his woman. No one. Touched. HIS woman. No one that *lived* that is.

He settled Destiny in the passenger side of the vehicle, but as soon as she got in, she immediately scooted over into the driver's seat. She turned her head and looked at him with her crazy grin still in place. Despite the bruise on her jaw and her customary state of dishevelment, she looked good enough to eat. Jack felt his incisors lengthen and his cock get hard. He also heard Destiny's sigh of impatience.

He looked up hearing the return of his brothers and pack mates. He noticed that none of them attempted to come near his woman. Instead, they all crawled into the remaining two vehicles and awaited his orders. He thanked his brothers with a nod of his head.

"Today Jackass, we're holding up traffic!" she said as she patted the passenger seat.

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Jack gave Destiny directions to *Wild Dogs*, the canine sanctuary he owned and operated with the entire pack. The ride was ruled by Destiny's idea of music, her choice of conversation topics, which were so diverse he'd immediately got lost when she started speaking. But Jack didn't care. He couldn't take his eyes off his Destiny. Her hair was pulled every which way by the wind. She was driving as fast as the Impala allowed. She also talked so animatedly that every now and then she just had to express herself with her hands ... both hands ... at the same time, which left the car to steer itself. Luckily, he had fast reflexes. Yet every time, he reached over to grab the steering wheel, she swatted his hand away.

None of that mattered to Jack. All he knew was that her scent was once again invading his wolf senses. Not that he'd forgotten it but actually being in the presence of the woman who'd taken his mind, body and soul reminded him of why he felt her so strongly.

"Who are you scared of, Jackie?" Destiny asked as she spied the huge gate at the entrance.

"No one. The gates are to keep others safe from us," he said as he reached across her and pressed the button on the visor that opened the gate.

"O-kay," she mocked as she manoeuvred the sleek car through the gates. He directed her to the main house where he resided. The smattering of houses that lined the long driveway belonged to his immediate family, but luckily they were far enough apart that they wouldn't be kept awake with the sounds of the orgasms that he planned to give Destiny as soon as he returned from his hunt.

As soon as she threw the car in park, she jumped out of the car and pulled the hood release. She had her head under it before the hood was all the way extended.

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When the two other Impalas parked on either side of the car Destiny had driven she almost got wet. Who was she kidding? She did get wet. She was in automotive heaven.

“Oh, that is divine,” she moaned as she caressed the chrome air cleaner mounted over the carburettor. The motor was hot against her fingers tips but the clean lines of the motor made her shiver orgasmically. A growl reminded her that she wasn’t alone. Reluctantly, she turned to look at the men that surrounded her. Her face went from the warm glow of a woman discovering the joys of what made a vehicle go *vroom*, to surprise as her gaze fell upon each male.

“Oh shit! Hey, Jackie, there are dudes bigger than *you*!” was the first comment out of her mouth.

She grinned at Jack who looked very, very angry.

“Leave us,” he said on a growl. The men dispersed immediately.

Destiny watched them leave. Jack clamped his hands around her hips and walked up the steps of the log cabin. He slammed the door behind him as he set her in front of him. His eyes looked wild and his windblown hair only added to the *wild* look he had going for him. Destiny’s eyes travelled hungrily over her big, big, big man. *Oh hell, she’d missed him!* The thought popped into her head unheeded.

“How’s it going, Jackass?” Destiny asked him calmly as she took a look at the interior of the large house. The room was filled with Native American objects and artefacts.

“You steal my car, leave me some bullshit note thinking it was okay with me that you stole it, then gave it back-”

“Wow, you just cussed,” Destiny said cocking her head to the side and looking up into Jack’s eyes.

Jack paused. His pupils almost took over the green irises yet she didn’t know if that was due to the dimness of the interior or something else. Before she could figure it out, Jack did something Destiny didn’t expect. He leaned down and shoved his face into the area between her shoulder and neck and breathed in her scent.

Destiny stood stock still. She’d had a shower so she was sure that if anything she smelled like the shower gel that Star had brought back from her Pacific Island honeymoon. Jack nuzzled her neck and though it felt good, she took a cautionary step back. Yet for every step

she took back, Jack took one forward. He looked all predatory as they silently played the weird version of a dance. Finally, Destiny backed into a wall. Rather, Jack had stalked her there ... and kept coming.

Her eyes wide, she watched him. He moved slowly, sinfully slow. His hands came up and his palms lay flat on either side of her head. He lowered his head never once breaking their eye contact. Against her mouth he spoke.

“What did I tell you, Destiny?” he asked his voice no more than words wrapped in a growl.

“Huh?” she said her lips tingled as his brushed against hers. Hell, her entire body was tingling simply from having him near her. She couldn’t form more than that word considering her brains were somewhere near her pussy.

“About you putting yourself in danger or into fights-” Destiny scowled at Jack.

“Dude, honestly, I had it handled-” she began.

Jack shook his head and rubbed his lips across Destiny’s, effectively shutting her up. Her eyes remained open as she watched Jack lick his lips inadvertently slipping the tip of his tongue between her lips. The combination of his nearness combined with his sweet, tequila-flavoured tongue made Destiny instantly wet ... well wetter than she already was. Jack pressed his open mouth onto hers and it was all that she could do to remain still. She had an overwhelming desire to consume him. Their tongues were gentle at first. Destiny enfolded her arms around Jack’s big, thick neck and rocked her hips into him. He held her arms there and lifted her off her feet, growling out between hot wet kisses.

“Wrap your legs around me honey,” he ordered.

Destiny did as she was ordered. Jack walked through his home with her wrapped around him. Finally, he reached his bedroom and kicked the door open so hard that it hit the wall. With one of his huge hands palming the cheeks of her ass, he buried the other in her curls. As soon as he walked into the bedroom, he headed straight towards the ornate, heavy oak bed that dominated the room. Though he didn’t release her lips, he stood back and allowed her to slide down his body. It was a delicious slow but delicious journey. Sitting her on the bed he pulled back.

“Rest here, Honey. I’ve got to go for a few hours,” he said softly.

“What the fuck? I know you are *not* going to get me all worked up and just leave me here! Who the hell does that?!” Destiny yelled as she made to move off the bed.

Jack gave her no warning. Opening the drawer, he pulled something out and before Destiny knew what he was about she was flat on her back. *Oh yeah, come to mama, Jackie, her pussy crooned.* Jack was right where she wanted him – between her legs. He ground his big cock into her allowing her to feel his weight for a moment. Destiny could not stop the hiss of pleasure from escaping. The man just felt too damn good, knew how to play her body too damn well for her to do otherwise.

“I will talk to you more about tonight when I return,” Jack said as he held her arm up above her head before bending and kissing her.

Destiny was about to tell him off for being such a dominating motherfucker, but then his tongue found its way between her lips and she forgot her own name. Her eyes closed and she gave herself up to every feeling that she received from Jack. She should’ve been frustrated by his actions, or lack thereof. The fact that he was holding her arm at such an odd angle irked her because it meant that she couldn’t use it to drag his big, fine ass closer.

She didn’t emerge from her Jack-induced haze until Jack pulled back. Before she could complain he dropped another kiss on her. But before she could get into it, he pulled back and stood up. She went to follow him but her body wasn’t cooperating. Looking back she saw why. Jack had handcuffed her to the iron bar on his headboard. Though he left enough room for her to move, that wasn’t the point. She didn’t mind kinky, but she needed her hands free in order to have her way with his body.

“Kinky, Jackass. I didn’t think you were into that. Does this mean that I get to buy a leash and collar for you?”

Jack didn’t respond to her taunt. Instead he casually crossed his arms over his massive chest and smirked. Her eyes narrowed then turned a burning caramel-colour as she prepared to tell him off.

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Jack was prepared for Destiny’s temper. He knew that any argument they had would be far outside the realm of normal so when she spat that leash and collar remark he wasn’t all that surprised. The actual words didn’t surprise him. What surprised him was the fact that he her anger turned him on so good. He didn’t know his cock could get so hard.

His heart reacted just like he knew it would. It began beating a tattoo that was as wild and uncontrollable as the woman on his bed tempting him like nobody's business. Jack stood still and let Destiny's words wash over him.

"You do realise that you're on Pack land as we speak" Jack said softly.

"Oh yeah. Hey, what?" Destiny stared at him, confusion clouding her face.

Jack swallowed before answering. "I'm the Alpha of the Black Ridge Pack and Supreme Alpha of Northern Hemisphere."

Jack watched Destiny's face. She looked pensive.

"You think I can't take y'all in a fight, right? That's what you're saying. Of all the arrogant motherfucking things to say. You wolves, you're all the same. You think you're stronger than everyone else."

Before Jack could respond, Destiny's voice changed into what he guessed was supposed to be an imitation of a weak individual. He hoped she didn't a) think she could pull off a weak voice or b) think that he saw her that way.

*"Ohhh, look at me. I'm just a big baby who can't help herself. Ohhh, I need a big, strong man to fight all of the bad guys for me,"* she purred.

Reverting to her own voice she continued cussing him out.

"Man, you can just shove that shit right up your ass, you fucking bastard! I can fight, dammit! Sure, I haven't got any fancy moves," she began.

Jack shook his head and interrupted her tirade.

"Honey, I hate to be the one to break it to you but you can barely fight off humans. How would you expect to fight a whole Pack?"

"I'm just a little weak is all," she responded.

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Jack gave her an indulgent smile that said *'yeah I totally believe you, honestly!* But he didn't say anything.

"I am! I haven't fed for a couple of months is all."

As soon as the words were out of her mouth she realised her mistake. It didn't even take Jack charging his fine ass back to the bed where she was handcuffed. Staring down into her eyes, he visibly attempted to rein in his temper.

"Why have you not fed for so long? You have endangered yourself-" he spat.

"I was busy," she interrupted.

"Trying to kill yourself?" Jack asked angrily.

"Jackass, honestly, this whole Alpha thing seems to have gotten to you. I'm gonna' let you in on a secret. *You are a werewolf. I am a vampire,*" Destiny spoke slowly as if explaining something simple to a child.

Jack's eyes narrowed. "Meaning?"

"I answer to *The Society*. You answer to your pack and elders. I am neither of those things," Destiny said softly.

Though she was angry, she still got turned on watching Jack try to rein in his wolf. She could see his muscles tensing and releasing. *Oh yeah.*

"You need to feed," Jack said abruptly changing the subject.

Destiny frowned at him, but before she could tell him to mind his own business, he pulled his shirt apart revealing that huge chest. *Oh, Lord.* Destiny's mouth watered. Reluctantly peeling her eyes away from that wide expanse of chest, she looked into his eyes. It was a long way up being that he stood so close.

"It's not that simple, Jackie-" she began.

Shaking his head, he interrupted her.

"This is one area where I will not compromise with you, my Destiny."

"You're not the boss of me," she pouted.

"Please," he began as he got impossibly closer.

Destiny bit her lip. She could feel his pulse. He was offering her his blood? Oh dear.

"I'm merely ensuring the safety and wellbeing of my woman-"

"Whoa! Hold your horses there, pal!" Destiny shouted. "I'm not your anything!"

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Jack did not know why she was being so stubborn. Yes, he did. It was because she was stubborn ... and beautiful ... and his.

"I will not argue with you about this," Jack said angrily.

Destiny didn't say anything but her face said plenty. Stepping back he watched the myriad emotions flittered across her features. Right now, he'd give a lot for a glimpse inside of her head. He needed every advantage that he could get. When she cocked her head to the side and merely looked at him quizzically, he knew that he desperately wanted to know what sort of thoughts ran through his Destiny's mind.

But he couldn't read her mind and when she remained silent, he spoke. "What?" he asked her not understanding why she was rejecting his offer.

"Jack, if I feed from you there's a chance I could turn *rogue*."

Jack shook his head again. "Your will is too strong."

Destiny felt a small smile coming to her mouth at the way he advocated for her.

"You're just saying that so you can get into my pants again," she said joked.

Jack smiled at that comment before leaning down and whispering against her ear.

"Not at all, Honey. I can get inside you now and I know you're hot and wet for me, aren't you?"

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Destiny tried to deny it, but that's when the bastard leaned down and kissed her. One touch and she was creaming all over the show.

"Jack, look I just don't think you understand the repercussions of what you're offering," Destiny said once he released her lips. For once in her life, she was actually serious.

Jack gave her that indulgent fucking smile she was beginning to hate. He wrapped the hand that wasn't being held out to her around the back of her neck and leaned in close. Shuttering, she licked her lips that had suddenly gone dry.

"Honey, I know you're going to make it good for me. Let me care for you," he rasped.

Destiny shook her head. The motherfucker may not be vamp, but damn if he didn't have the most compelling fucking voice in the world!

"Jack, I will be able to see things you have been through, things you have done, thoughts of," she began.

Her words came to a stop when she felt Jack dig his fingers into the muscles at the base of her neck. Her lips parted in a sensual gasp at the feelings he evoked in her. Her muscles loosened immediately and she felt like melted chocolate on a warm summer afternoon. *Yep, she was definitely getting more and more poetic! Destiny thought with a giddy giggle inside her head. She was also getting wetter.*

"Feed, Honey," Jack whispered as he pressed his wrist to her mouth.

Though she shook her head, she gripped his decadent hair with her free arm and pulled his mouth down for the hottest kiss that she'd given any man. She said thank you in that kiss. She said so many thank yous that she almost forgot what she was thanking him for. She might've never remembered had Jack not raised his head and exposed his neck.

Seeing the vein in his strong neck tempted Destiny as she'd never been tempted before. Taking her time she kissed a trail down his neck finding a spot she wanted. Destiny had never fed off a man as big as Jack. Jack wasn't just any man though. Jack was the man she loved. And just as she'd never fed off of a man as big as Jack, she'd never fed off of a man that she loved.

Destiny wrapped her lips around a small area of Jack's thick neck. Her fangs elongated and taking inhaling a lungful of her man, she bit down and penetrated his skin. The moment his blood touched her tongue, her whole body clenched in pleasure before being rocked by an explosion of lust such as she'd never felt in all of her centuries ... and that was saying something being that she'd actually been blown up before. Ah the good old days when any Tom, Dick and Harry could go to the General Store and get dynamite.

When Jack growled in the back of his throat, she lost it. That low, guttural sound crawled through her and claimed everywhere it touched. Destiny's brain burst into colours as she fed from Jack. She felt the sense of belonging. Not ruling over his pack, but belonging. She literally shook from the emotions that rose inside of her as his feelings washed through her mind and made a beeline for her heart.

Pulling back with a moan, she swiped her tongue over the small pricks to begin the healing process. Instead of letting him go, she held on for a few moments trying to catch her breath. She'd never. Oh goodness. She watched in fascination as the two tiny pinpricks that her fangs had made almost immediately began to heal. *Holy shit.* In humans it took a good 24 hours, with a wolf, it was almost instantaneous! *Wow!*

She felt lethargic from the feed. She looked up at her big, big, bad man/wolf and smiled. Jack leaned down and took her lips in a deep kiss before rising. Destiny was finding it too hard to keep looking up so she just kept her eyes front and centre, which put her eyes almost level with his cock.

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If Jack thought that he was riding need before, he was wrong. Having Destiny feed from him had need straight whipping his ass. He hoped that she didn't think that she'd be feeding from anyone else for the rest of their lives. He wanted her but first he needed to hunt and she needed to rest. But first, she had to stop staring at his crotch. His jean-imprisoned cock jerked in response to her scrutiny. It wanted her and unlike him, it wasn't being subtle about it.

"Rest now, my Destiny. I must hunt. I will be back soon. There are guards at all of the entrances and exits so do not attempt to leave me. Sleep peacefully, Honey," he whispered as he covered her with the light comforter. He couldn't help but smile when he heard her snores. Trust his woman to fall asleep before he finished giving her instructions.

Stepping back, Jack groaned at the picture his woman made. She should always be spread out on his bed, satiated from what his body did for her. Rejecting his cock's plea to wake her up, he gave her one last kiss before stepping away.

Stepping back from the bed, he made quick work of his clothes. Well, as quick as he could considering that his jeans were in the process of strangling his cock. When he was bare-assed naked he shifted.

Before he padded from the room, he looked back noting that even his wolf couldn't resist Destiny. She was their mate. Once outside of the house the wolves that stood waiting for him came forward. With their shared language Jack informed the strong male wolves that if they allowed Destiny to leave he would kill them. When he was sure that they understood him, he then advised them that if any one of them touched his Destiny he would kill them ... slowly and then kill off every male in their immediate family. None of them questioned their Alpha, which was a good thing. They busied themselves pondering ways to carry out their Alpha's instructions. Jack grunted and he and his brothers left for the hunt.

## Chapter Six

Jack and his brothers returned from their hunt within an hour. There was something wrong with their Alpha. Because they were his blood they ensured to keep it quiet during the hunt. Nothing was said until they returned to the Alpha residence. Shifting, they walked into the house and retrieved their clothes.

Though it was warm out, Jack was shivering. Jamieson reached out and touched his brother's shoulder. Instead of his usual reaction, Jack turned and stared at him almost like he couldn't see him. Before he could question Jack, the silence of the house was shattered by a scream that emanated from the direction of Jack's bedroom. All five Mann brothers ran and burst into the bedroom.

Destiny was in the throes of her nightmares. She was so deep inside of them that she was levitating as far as the handcuff would allow. She was twisting and turning in agony.

\*«\*»\*

For the first time since he could remember, Jack did not enjoy his hunt. His mind was on his mate. He couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong but since he didn't get any distress from the wolves he'd left to guard her he stayed out. He'd never been so glad as when Jamieson called an end to their hunt.

He knew that his brothers wanted an explanation but he didn't have one. Destiny's screams pulled him into the present and he ran to her. Seeing her fighting her nightmares hurt him. Closing his eyes against the pain, he realised that he could *see* what Destiny's nightmare was.

There were flames eating away at everything. There was a female vampire screaming in the flames. Jack watched as the screaming woman was approached by a dark figure holding a sword. There was a moment of silence in Destiny's nightmare. It was a heavy silence, a threatening silence. Everything slowed down allowing Jack to see the malice that permeated his woman's sleep in vivid detail. The woman's head was lopped off. It rolled through the flames then stopped by the little feet of a child. Jack's wolf snarled disliking its mate being threatened even in her dreams.

"Jack!" he felt someone shaking his shoulder.

He snarled and turned to look at who had dragged him from his Destiny's nightmare. The bedroom was silent. He looked back at his

bed and found Destiny staring back at him with wide, caramel eyes. Her lips were parted as she panted from the exertion in her nightmare.

“Out now,” he growled at his brothers.

They moved swiftly, however Jamieson remained. Although he was full of violence, Jamieson returned his agitation with calm.

“She needs to be cleansed,” Jamieson voiced Jack’s innermost thoughts.

Before he could reply, Destiny snorted from the bed. “Says the dude who’s got blood all over him,” she said sarcastically.

Jamieson turned his eyes on her, and in typical Destiny fashion she raised her eyebrow at him, daring him to say something else. She didn’t realise that she was goading the Beta of the Black Ridge Pack, but even she did know, knowing her she wouldn’t have cared.

“You know that I’m right,” Jamieson said to him.

Jack nodded curtly, which was apparently enough for Jamieson who gave Destiny a mock bow before quitting the room.

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“So when do I get to eat?” Destiny asked Jack as he moved towards the bed. Though she’d just finished seeing all of his hot brothers naked only Jack caused her body to react so wantonly. Only Jack caused her heart to skip a beat. Only Jack caused everything in her to go haywire. Now that she had fed and rested, her body was reminding her that Jack hadn’t seen to her sexual appetite. Taking a moment to check him out, she bit back a moan.

“Damn Jack, even with the blood you look fucking hot” Destiny said with a quick lick of her lips.

Jack didn’t say anything but he moved so that he was sitting beside her.

When he didn’t make any further moves Destiny jingled the cuffs to get his attention. “You think you can let me go now?” she asked.

“I can take them away,” Jack said softly.

“Then do it big, bad wolf. I wanna’ touch all of you,” she said while giving him a lust-laden look.

“Not the handcuffs,” he began.

“Oh, you wanna’ do it all kinky like? Should I act coy and shit? I can do that know.”

“Your nightmares; I can remove them,” Jack said gently as he brushed one of her errant curls off her forehead.

Destiny grinned at him. "Oh yeah, I know exactly how you can remove them *and* my panties."

"I'm being serious Destiny."

Destiny cocked her head to one side and was silent a moment before answering.

"So am I Jackie. You being naked and all is not helping me."

When Jack reached out and cupped her head in his huge hands, she looked up into his glowing green eyes.

"We have Shaman who can deal with your nightmares."

"They're just bad dreams, Jackie. Nothing to worry about," she said with a shrug.

\*«\*»\*

Jack heard her bravado and in that moment he hated it. He knew that Destiny would attempt to shrug off her nightmares because she didn't want to appear weak ... not even to herself. Still, he'd seen her nightmares and it had caused his wolf to howl in protest so he could only imagine what it had done to her over four centuries. He wasn't going to let this go. She was his mate. He couldn't let it go.

"Bad dreams that cause you to levitate and scream in your sleep?" Jack asked pointedly.

Destiny swallowed hard. Shaking her head, all of a sudden she seemed reluctant to look at him.

"I'm starving how 'bout you?" Destiny asked while avoiding his eyes.

Jack blew out a breath laced with frustration. With a sigh he stood and reached for his jeans. Though he pulled them on, he didn't bother with buttoning them all the way. He smiled knowing that Destiny watched him raptly. Her bottom lip was tucked under her teeth, her eyelids were heavy with desire, and her body was humming with need. Letting out a low moan, she jingled the cuffs to remind him to unlock her. Reaching into the bedside drawer he retrieved the key and quickly unlatched her.

He didn't see it coming.

As soon as Destiny was free from the cuffs she used her replenished strength and the height of the bed to kick him in the side of the head. Not expecting the blow, he fell to his knees. Before he could recover, she used another one of crazy moves and kicked him again. Jack grunted as he was kicked not once but twice in the same spot. Destiny was right. She had no technique, but she was fast - *really* fast! And she was also nuts. Jumping off of the bed, she ran.

Jack chuckled as he sat up then climbed to his feet. He shook his head to clear the cobwebs and took his time as he strolled after his mate. He could find her easily by scent, but it was simply easier to follow the sounds of her talking shit.

“Hey look, it’s a full moon, y’all should be off howling at it or whatever it is you guys do,” Destiny tried to convince the six wolves that surrounded her.

She tried moving but they all moved with her. She jumped over them but when she landed a few feet away she found herself still surrounded. He could see her frustration.

“For goodness sake, dudes. Hey, what was that?” Destiny asked as she pointed to a clump of trees a good hundred feet away.

None of the wolves took the bait. They had their orders and they followed them. He silently waited wondering how long it would take Destiny to realise that he was there ... and that he was Alpha. He watched as she realised that she couldn’t win this little battle. Hearing her sigh in defeat, he waited for her to turn around.

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Dammit. Obviously, these wolves weren’t going to fall for any of her tricks, which meant that obviously, she wasn’t going anywhere unless Jack wanted her to. Dammit. Dammit. Dammit. She was about to turn around when her skin prickled. She turned back to the clump of trees feeling for the malice. Though she opened her senses wide she no longer felt it. Her skin had been prickling more as of late, but being that she couldn’t feel the malice now; it’d have to wait for another day.

Taking in her surroundings, she couldn’t fail but notice the beauty of the night ... and the howling coming from all directions. Strangely enough the howling didn’t bother her as much as the man behind her. The howling she could handle. Jack Mann was a different story. Oh, she could handle *‘fuck a girl into a coma’* Jack Mann but *‘let me love you’* Jack Mann was a whole ‘nother story.

Blowing out a breath, she finally turned. “Good night for a stroll, eh?”

“If that’s what you want,” Jack answered softly.

Destiny couldn’t peel her eyes off of the fine motherfucker. He was still barefoot and shirtless but he’d taken time to wipe the blood from his body.

Destiny didn’t answer his question aloud. She simply nodded. Jack walked up and took one of her hands in his. She didn’t know

why but she let him. She wasn't into PDA's but she couldn't help but feel so fucking comfortable with her big, big, big bad man/wolf.

\*«\*»\*

"So tell me about this place," Destiny said cautiously.

Jack heard the question but more than that he heard the caution in her voice. Instead of leading her to the house, he let her in a different direction. He walked her past several kennels that housed numerous dogs.

"It's a sanctuary for all canines," Jack began.

"All? I thought wolves didn't like to share territory," Destiny talked over him.

Jack shook his head.

"This isn't about territory; it's about helping the helpless," he said softly as he rubbed his thumb along the inside of Destiny's wrist. Feeling her pulse speed up he did everything he could to calm his woman.

"So, you lock them up?" Destiny asked him as she walked up to the wire fence.

Jack followed her and stood behind her.

"For their own safety and only during full moon," Jack answered as he placed his hands on Destiny's soft hips. Though he was tempted to press up on her, he just let his hands sit there not doing anything. Destiny still moved away from him though. Smiling, he simply followed her.

"So who lives in those?" Destiny asked him pointing to the houses down the long, wide driveway.

"Pack members."

"And those dudes with you tonight are your brothers, right?"

"Yes."

"You guys all look alike," Destiny said quietly.

Jack gently pulled her against his chest. He kneaded the back of her neck with one hand, smiling when she leaned into him and softly exhaled.

"Let me take care of the nightmares, Destiny," he said softly.

Before she could turn him down, he gently turned her around and made Destiny look at him properly. Though she didn't waver when he looked into his eyes, he saw the uncertainty in her caramel eyes.

“Jack,” she sighed. “For four hundred years I’ve relived that night. I’ve tried remembering other memories but I could never find them,” she whispered.

Though she hadn’t said much, she looked like she regretted saying as much as she did. Jack didn’t pressure her anymore. He was simply glad that she’d shared that much. Picking her up, he carried her the few feet to his home.

“I can walk you know,” she said into his shoulder.

Jack felt her smiling and smiled in return. He liked when she smiled even though most of the time she smiled at his expense. Still, anything was better than that defeated look he glimpsed in her eyes.

“I know, Honey.”

\*«\*»\*

“Why do you call me that? Of all the nicknames in the world, why ‘honey’?” Destiny asked Jack as he lowered her onto the bed. The handcuffs were ignored as Jack began to undress her.

“You don’t like me calling you that?” Jack asked as he pulled her t-shirt off and became enamoured with her bra. It was made to tantalise the watcher and from the look in Jack’s eyes, it was doing its job. It was forty bucks well spent. And two seconds later when Jack ripped it off, it was forty bucks very well spent.

“You do realise that those cost money right?” she asked.

“You do realise it was in my way, right?” Jack mimicked her.

Destiny burst into laughter. “Wow, you fully got me there big, bad wolfie.”

Jack smiled slowly. “Big bad wolfie?”

Destiny gave Jack an innocent look before asking. “You don’t like that?”

“You can call me motherfucker for all I care, woman. Now spread ‘em,” Jack said on a growl.

Destiny hadn’t realised that she was completely naked. Somewhere along the way Jack had also undressed himself. Now all he was wearing was that glorious hair and a smirk. Kneeling at the end of the bed, he slowly began crawling towards her.

“Oh shit,” Destiny said in awe as she watched her man stalk her on his hands and knees.

Grabbing her around her ankles, he pulled her beneath him. He remained hovering above her, his hair enveloping them, curtaining them off from the world. Destiny ran her fingers through his silky strands.

“I love your hair,” she whispered as she rubbed strands between her thumbs and forefingers.

“I love *you*, Destiny Smith,” Jack announced hoarsely.

Destiny’s eyes flew up to meet his. Before either of them could say anything else Destiny tightly gripped his hair in her fists and pulled. She didn’t let go of his hair as she kissed Jack like she’d never be able to get enough of him.

\*«\*»\*

Destiny was frantic. So was he. His hands weren’t idle as she rubbed her hard nipples against his chest. One of his hands was already between her legs stroking the source of her heat. He inserted a finger into her and Destiny moaned into his mouth. Jack smiled as he felt her fangs scrape against his bottom lip. When her head fell back against the pillows, Jack moved his mouth down her chin, her neck and kept moving down, until he settled between her breasts.

The scent of her arousal flooded the room and he inhaled deeply before returning to her breasts to suckle. He could hear Destiny’s heartbeat beneath his lips. Like his, it beat a staccato rhythm. Taking a nipple into his mouth, he laved it before gently biting it. A just man, he made sure to give equal attention to both breasts. She arched off of the bed every time his teeth came into contact with her pebbled nipples. The movement of her hips caused her to take his fingers deeper.

“Come for me, Honey,” he whispered into her soft breast.

\*«\*»\*

Destiny groaned as she felt Jack’s thumb begin to circle her clit. The moan had barely passed her lips when he took a nipple into his mouth and sucked hard before nipping her.

“Yessssssssssss!” she gasped through her orgasm.

As soon as the tension left her body Jack slid his fingers from her pussy and brought them to his mouth. Destiny watched as he licked his fingers. Watching him lick her essence from his fingers pushed her into another orgasm and she shivered as the aftershock hit her.

“On your knees, Honey,” Jack said his deep, rumbling voice causing her to shiver.

She barely had the energy to roll over, but somehow she managed to get onto her hands and knees. Feeling Jack get off the bed she looked over her shoulder to see what he was about. He moved her around so that her knees were on the edge of the bed and

positioned her hips just so. Standing behind her, he guided his cock slowly into her. Destiny trembled at the power she felt in him. Taking his time, he worked his way inside her. Once he was fully inside her, he was still for a moment before slowly pulling out and easing back in. The feeling of his leashed power combined with his tender ministrations tumbled her right over the edge ... and he was only on the first stroke.

“Oh damn,” she moaned in ecstasy as Jack held onto her hips and rhythmically stroked her to orgasm. His control was slowly driving her insane; his patience tested her control. She began to wriggle her hips a little every time Jack withdrew. He simply chuckled and teased her with the head of his thick cock before painstakingly burying it back into her needy, wet pussy. It felt good, but she was getting more and more agitated that he wouldn’t pound into her hard!

“Harder,” she whispered.

Jack did as requested. Gripping her soft curls he pulled her head back as he drove into her so hard she was sure he hit her womb. He kept that up through at least two orgasms, and still he did not quit. Growling, he continued pistoning into her. After her fourth orgasm, Destiny finally felt him beginning to lose some of his supreme control. Yesssssssss! He drove into even harder and his hips hit the back of her thighs with greater frequency. Oh damn he felt so good, so good, so fucking good. Tears springing from her eyes, she screamed out the hardest orgasm she’d ever had.

Destiny felt Jack lean over her and when she felt the scrape of his canines it was such a pleasurable sting that the orgasm that she was in the middle of had an orgasm. She screamed; he howled. She didn’t know who was louder when they came but she knew they were equally sated.

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Jack gritted his teeth as he rocked into Destiny’s tight, hot pussy. Feeling her orgasms rip through him had brought him closer and closer to the brink, but her last orgasm pushed him over. There was no way, absolutely no fucking way that he could hold back the wolf. Clamping down on her shoulder, he marked her moments before he released inside of her. She tightened around him and nearly squeezed the life out of him. Throwing back his head he howled out his pleasure.

As soon as Jack regained his breath he pulled out of Destiny amid her grumbled protests. He grinned as he kissed the shoulder that he'd marked. Pulling back her curls, he turned her face towards him and took her mouth in a kiss that rocked him to his core. Feeling her body tremble from his touch, hearing her heart stutter from his voice, he deepened the kiss.

Satisfied that he'd satisfied her, he pulled back and padded to the bathroom. Turning on the taps, he waited as the huge bath filled. Jack poured some bath salts that had mysteriously appeared in his bathroom into the steaming water. He'd be sure to thank his father later. Right now his thoughts were fully focused on his mate.

Destiny was the only woman that he'd ever loved. She was the only woman he wanted to share everything with. She was the only woman ... full stop. Jack smiled to himself feeling at peace with his decision. Standing, he walked back into his bedroom to get Destiny. Anticipating the pleasure of bathing his mate, he walked into the bedroom with a smile. Finding his bed empty, his smile was replaced with a look that promised retribution. Not again! Dammit, his woman was impossible!

## Chapter Seven

Lukas smoothed his fingers across his wife's shoulder which sported a tattoo with his and her name intertwined. He loved that tattoo. It had been done by the same tattooist that added to his *Locke Brotherhood* tattoo every decade. His musings were interrupted by a knock on the bedroom door. It was just day break so he wasn't expecting company. With a scowl, Lukas pulled on some jeans. Stepping out into the hall he found a concerned-looking Craven.

"What's wrong?" Lukas asked the man whom he was considering for his replacement.

"Destiny Smith is here, sir."

Lukas nodded but Craven didn't leave immediately. Lukas looked expectantly at the other man waiting for whatever it was that he had to say.

"She has been marked, sir."

Lukas's scowl got worse. "Who?"

"Smells like Wolf," he answered.

Lukas's eyes widened slightly, but he managed to keep his cool and nod at his second in command. Craven bowed before making his exit. Walking into the bedroom he shared with his wife he contemplated waking her. He didn't want to wake her as he'd worked her pretty good all night. Glimpsing the satisfied smile on her face, he decided to see to Destiny himself. Pulling on a t-shirt, he dropped a quick kiss on her beautiful mouth and headed downstairs.

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"How can you say something stupid like that? There's no way the Chevy big block could win against the 6.1 litre SRT Hemi V8. I mean yeah, it would be a fucking awesome race, but there's no way it could out run the new Hemi," Destiny argued with Boris who merely rolled his eyes at her statement.

"Depends on the driver-" he said.

Destiny snorted rudely. "Dude, that's like saying if your grandmother drove a Honda at Talladega she'd win ... eventually. Do you truly believe the words that are coming out of your mouth, Boris? I mean come on; I know you're Russian but-"

"What does me being Russian have to do with this conversation?" Boris asked the most annoying and crazed Vampire femme he'd ever met. He'd known her since forever, and she'd been

annoying for just as long. But as annoying and mental as Destiny was he couldn't help but admire her. The centuries had taught most vampires that the *Trifecta* was one group of vampires no one really wanted to tangle with.

"Well you don't really have a reputation for making great cars," Destiny said sympathetically.

Boris shook his head trying to clear it. Whenever he had a conversation with Destiny Smith he was always left with a headache as he tried to figure out *exactly* what he'd been talking to her about in the first place. His confusion was cut short by his Commander.

"Boris," Lukas said quietly as he entered the kitchen.

Familiar with his Commander's ways, he hugged Destiny and gave the Commander a polite bow before exiting the kitchen.

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Being alone with Destiny was always a new experience. One didn't know which Destiny you'd get. Lukas didn't know exactly what to do but he figured that if since she'd showed up at the crack of dawn, something must be wrong. Walking over to her, he reached down and gathered Destiny in his arms and hugged her tightly. He smelt his best friend on her.

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Destiny's head was mashed against Lukas's hard chest. He smelt nice, and his body was warm, but it was nothing like her Jack. *Uh oh, ownership titles.* That was not good.

"Destiny there is-" Lukas got three words out before the sound of smashing glass and splintering wood was heard. Lukas scowled and Destiny dropped her spoon back into the bowl of cereal that she'd been enjoying.

"Stay in the kitch-"

"Oh fuck no. Move your ass, Lukey," Destiny said as she moved quickly away from Lukas before he did something stupid like try and thrall her.

Before either of them could make a move, the kitchen doors burst inwards. They actually came off of the hinges, and a wild-eyed Jack Mann swept the kitchen and looked around until he locked onto her. Destiny was pretty sure that Jack was unaware that he had the entire *Locke Brotherhood* trained on him. Even if he did know, he sure didn't look like he gave a damn.

"Woman," his voice was so deep that she could feel the wolf that was so close to the surface.

Her Jack's features appeared to be extra sharp. In fact, his face looked more human-wolf than anything Destiny had seen before. And he was naked again. *Oh yeah*, she licked her lips as she watched him.

\*«\*»\*

Jack had had enough. He wanted his mate and he wanted her now. Spotting a *Locke Brother* who'd been dumb enough to step in his line of sight, he growled out a warning.

"Come, Destiny," he growled.

Lukas was now the only thing that stood between him and his Destiny. Regardless of their friendship, he would kill him if necessary. His woman had left him again. His wolf howled within his chest. He was angry. He was tormented. He wanted his mate. He wanted her and people were in his way. With the way he was feeling, he was unsure if he would leave anyone but the women in the house alive. He tried to take a calming breath but it wasn't working. Every time he breathed he got a lungful of her scent. There had never been a time when he'd been unable to control the wolf. That is, until Destiny Smith had walked into his life.

The little firecracker rocked his world and calmed his heart. She also came close to breaking it whenever she refused to share her pain or when she ran away from him, and ran from what they had. On his way over, Jack had decided that his lack of control was all her fault. Yep, all hers.

"Ah, no," Destiny said tapping her cheek as she contemplated her short answer.

*Did she just tell him no?* Hearing that no set him off all over again. Jack swiftly moved towards her. He battered left and right not caring that he was wrecking his best friend's house or that he was naked. Her disappearance had brought out his wolf, so naturally, he'd shifted. So what if he was naked and tearing shit up. He didn't give a fuck. All he cared about was getting Destiny home, back to him where she belonged. She was after all, his. He'd marked her so that was that.

Seeing Destiny go back to eating her cereal caused him to tear shit up faster in his haste to get to her.

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Star had been enjoying a well-earned rest when she heard the unmistakable sounds of shit getting torn all to hell. Briefly, she

wondered if Jaylee was here. Getting up, she'd gone downstairs only to discover that her kitchen had become a war zone.

"Enough!" Star yelled as one of the *Locke Brothers* slammed into the wall beside her head.

Her eyes scanned the once pristine cooking area. The *Locke Brothers* lay scattered around her kitchen in various states of injury. Her kitchen doors were ripped completely off the hinges. The heavy oak doors leading into the house hadn't fared any better. Jack was naked and looking all wild. His body taut with aggression, he stalked Destiny. He also tore up anything in his way, which worried Star because Lukas was in Jack's way.

Focused on Jack, he stood in fighting stance. She just couldn't have them two fighting. That was just a lose-lose situation waiting to happen.

And where was Destiny? Destiny was calmly shovelling cereal into her mouth and watching all of it like she would her favourite television program ... which just happened to be Kung Fu Theatre.

Inserting authority in her voice, Star addressed the room.

"Boris, could you please find Jack some clothes? *Brothers*, the rest of you may leave."

Turning to her bevy of personal bodyguards who didn't even look surprised to see a war zone in her vicinity, she addressed them. "If you guys don't back the fuck up, there are going to be a lot of people having a bad day."

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Lukas looked over at his wife and his cock got rock hard. She'd always been hot, but everyday he discovered something new about her that turned him on. He attributed his present hard-on to how good she looked giving people orders. Smiling, he noticed that his men immediately jumped to obey her commands. His Star sounded so sexy telling people what to do. He especially liked it when she gave him orders. Orders like '*fuck me harder, fuck me now.*'

Striding fully into the wrecked kitchen, Star stopped several feet from Jack and spoke in a low tone. He watched his best friend immediately calm. Lukas watched as Jack closed his eyes and exhaled. Jack's muscles became looser, his eyes lost the look of a wild animal and his wolf settled and retreated ... a few steps at least. Though Jack had calmed considerably, his focus was remained situated on Destiny who was still calmly eating her cereal and

wouldn't look at the man who loved her enough to kill everyone in the world.

"Babe, why don't you take Jack to get dressed," Star suggested aloud before speaking telepathically.

*"Please Lukas. I need to speak to Dessie alone. She's going to be resistant and I don't want Jack to go crazy again. Though he's settled, the wolf is still very near the surface."*

Lukas nodded and turned to look at Jack who was still looking at Destiny. Getting that wolf to leave his mate was going to take some doing. He had no idea how to go about making Jack leave the kitchen, but apparently Star did. He watched as Star mouthed assurances to Jack that she wouldn't allow Destiny to leave. Damn, his woman could talk stink off of shit.

"Jack," Lukas held his arm out towards the now wrecked doors to the kitchen.

For a moment, Jack didn't move but he inhaled and walked with him.

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"Guys, give me some more space," Star ordered the six bodyguards.

They bowed slightly and walked the five feet out of the kitchen and took up post there. Star hid her grin and took her time pouring herself a coffee. She then grabbed a muffin before taking a seat across from Destiny. She said nothing; she simply enjoyed her breakfast in silence knowing that it would bug the shit out of her sister. This continued until Star had finished all but two bites of her muffin.

"Okay fine!" Destiny exclaimed angrily before dropping her spoon noisily into the now empty bowl.

Star raised her eyebrows but didn't say a word. She merely watched Destiny run her fingers through her curls.

"What?" Star said acting innocent.

Destiny looked at her and snorted rudely. "Your silence is deafening me, Starbright."

Lowering her hands to cover her face, she soon gave up and simply laid her face on the counter.

"What's going on, Dessie? Why is Jack naked and wrecking my house?"

Though she didn't move her face from the counter, she at least turned met Star's gaze.

“He said he loves me.”

“And...?”

“Then he fucked me good and hard, you know just the way I like it. I was all like, yeah, yeah and then he was all-”

Star spat out her coffee.

Apparently, all it took was spitting your breakfast all over yourself to get Destiny back on track because after swallowing hard, Destiny met her eyes and finished.

“And it scares the living shit outta’ me, Star.”

Star would normally smile at the admission from her sister, but she didn’t. She knew how difficult it was for Destiny to admit anything that had to do with emotion that she couldn’t control. She knew because all of them were like that. They’d made some school girl pact to never fall in love and it had worked for a long time.

Star smiled thinking on how it had only taken Lukas about two centuries to convince her of the fact, but now that he did, she couldn’t imagine her life without Lukas. Thinking of how well he loved her caused her to fall into a smile. Inevitably, whenever she thought of Lukas her thoughts turned to the baser elements of their life together, probably because the man was everything she needed *and* wanted.

“Can you not smile all crazy like that?” Destiny asked.

Star tried on what she hoped was a less-crazy smile before addressing Destiny.

“You love him,” Star said with certainty.

“Hell fucking no, bitch! He’s hot, he’s actually fucking hot. Damn that man is hot. Wow. Do you know he has the biggest co-”

“Stop! What the hell are you telling me?! Even though he was standing butt naked in my kitchen, I kept my eyes above his chin. I can’t know how big my husband’s best friend’s cock is?!” Star exclaimed.

Destiny threw her head back and laughed heartily.

“I was actually talking about his collection of cars.”

Star didn’t even comment. She just gave Destiny the *yeah, right bitch* look.

“And you can just stop thinking about my big, bad wolf’s cock, thank you very much” Destiny said softly.

Star grinned. “See? You are so in love with Mr. Mann.”

Destiny grimaced and rolled her eyes.

“So?” she said petulantly.

“What’s the problem?”

“He ... you know,” Destiny trailed off.

“He what? Obviously fucks good and proper.”

“Oh he’s amazing, Star. He can also go for hours, and he’s so big *everywhere!*”

Star slapped a hand over her mouth as she pretended to gag. Destiny stopped talking and laughed with her sister.

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Jack dressed in some sweatpants and a plain t-shirt, which were the only clothes that came close to fitting him. Lukas watched his best friend stare at the kitchen doors longingly.

“What’s going on Jack? I’ve never seen you like this before?” Lukas asked the man/wolf he’d known for a century or so. The two of them had had a common enemy which they’d managed to defeat together. They’d been best friends ever since.

“She drives me insane. When she left me after your wedding I was fine. I didn’t care. Okay, that’s a lie. I cared but I was able to function.” Jack shook his head with and drew in a deep breath before continuing. “Until I saw her again, and then ... I can’t give her up Lukas. I can’t make it without her.” Jack admitted.

Sitting on the fifth step of the wide, sprawling staircase, Lukas looked over at Jack.

“Destiny and my Star are sisters you know,” he said helpfully.

Jack frowned. “What the hell does that mean?”

“It took me a good two centuries to convince my Star that she was meant for no one else *but* me,” Lukas said softly.

Jack raked a hand through his long mane of hair,

“I will not survive another day without her!” Jack ranted.

“Have you told Destiny this?”

Jack nodded.

Lukas reiterated. “Jack, have you told her that you cannot live without her?”

Jack turned to look over at Lukas.

“I told her that I love her.”

Lukas shook his head. “She needs to know what’s involved in being loved by you, Jack.”

Jack scowled. “I *need* her. I need to know that whenever I turn my back she won’t disappear.”

“I understand that, I do, but *you* need to realise that Destiny is vampire. We have differing ways to *shifters*.”

“She’s already informed me of our *differences*,” Jack spat.

“What has she told you?” Lukas remained calm in the face of his best friend’s frustrated anger.

“She answers to *The Society* and I have my responsibilities to Black Ridge and continent packs.”

“Did she mention that she’s the most sought after healer of our people? That there are none above her?”

Jack turned to look at Lukas his eyes wide with shock, “I’m going to take your expression that the answer is a no.”

“My Destiny is a healer?”

Lukas nodded in answer to Jack’s question.

“Then why is she still haunted by her nightmares?” Jack asked.

“That I know nothing about. What I do know is that there’s more to Destiny Smith than what *you* want, Jack.”

“There’s more to Destiny than the whole of the world wants, Lukas, but I’m the one who loves her.”

“She’s important in both our worlds,” Lukas said softly.

“Yes, but Destiny is my world. I marked her, Lukas,” Jack admitted.

“I know.”

“She doesn’t,” Jack admitted.

Their conversation was interrupted by a stream of cusses that escaped the kitchen seconds before a crazed-looking Destiny Smith.

“Ah, I think she does now,” Lukas said quietly as he watched Destiny storm out of the kitchen. It was obvious that the vamp was not happy. Though it may have taken him damn near two centuries to claim his own woman, one thing he’d quickly learned was that an unhappy Destiny was an unstable Destiny and an unstable Destiny was danger personified. He didn’t want to be anywhere near her molten anger and thus flashed his ass to someplace the object of her anger was not.

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Jack knew that his Destiny was going to be mad the moment that he’d decided to mark her, yet he marked her anyway. He wasn’t ashamed of what he’d done; she was after all his mate. Just because he didn’t tell her this didn’t make him scared. He simply didn’t tell her because he didn’t want her concocting some crazy ass way to get out of it. Knowing Destiny, she’d try and then he’d have to start killing people ... lots and lots of them.

Seeing his mate fly out of Star’s kitchen should at least have made him wary. He should’ve gotten the fuck out of dodge the

moment the first 'motherfucker' left her succulent lips. He should've tried to at least look apologetic for what he'd done. But he was a wolf shifter and Destiny was his mate.

He wasn't wary; he was rock hard. Even in full on anger, he couldn't help but react to her. Right now he wanted to pin her against the nearest flat surface and surge into her creamy pussy.

He wasn't leaving her; in fact, he'd chase her beautiful, crazy ass to the ends of the earth ... and back ... if he needed to. And knowing Destiny, he had a feeling that he'd need to ... on more than one occasion. But he'd chase her down every ... single ... time because she was his.

He also wasn't apologetic. He was Alpha. Destiny was his mate and that is the way that it was going to stay at least until time ceased to exist and even when it did, he'd file for an extension.

Feeling Destiny launch herself at him, he shuddered from the feel of her curves pressed against him and had to tamp down the wolf. He could've defended himself but he didn't. Destiny needed this fight so he'd let her have it. He simply stood there and took it. All of it. After tackling him to the ground, she drove her fist into his cheekbone. He was pretty sure that he heard a crack, but the pain in his face caused him to momentarily lose the ability to hear. He thought that she'd be satisfied with one good punch, but he forgot how crazy she was although he didn't forget how beautiful she was. Enduring the cyclone of punches and kicks, he was forced to duck when she came dangerously close to taking out his left eye.

Before he could form another thought Destiny wrapped herself around him. Grabbing fistfuls of his hair, she hurled cusses at him the like of which he'd never before heard. He might've been insulted if he could just concentrate on something other than how good she felt in his arms. Damn, he hurt all over but he'd take it if it meant that she'd forgive him, accept him, and love him back.

He didn't feel the shift of the atmosphere, but when he opened his eyes, he was inside of an apartment that was covered in wall-to-wall classic car memorabilia. If he didn't know better, he'd swear that his mate was involved in some kind of torrid affair with a muscle car. His attention was brought back to the present when he felt Destiny plant her knee in his chest for leverage. Gaining her feet quickly, she damn near walked the tiles raw in her pacing.

"I can't fucking believe you! What were you thinking? You fucking *marked* me Jack! You marked me knowing that I don't want anything with you," she began.

"Honey," he began.

Though she'd left him on his back panting, those words she spouted had him on his feet in an instant. Stalking towards Destiny as she ranted, he grabbed her arm and turned her to face him. Underestimating her reflexes, he took a punch to the gut that caused his breath to whoosh out of his body. It hurt like a motherfucker but he refused to let her go.

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A moan almost escaped her traitorous mouth when she heard Jack call her *honey*, but then he grabbed her and she lost the rest of her mind.

"Don't manhandle me motherfucker! You were wrong! You would give any other bitch a fucking choice! Why didn't you give me one? You have no idea how wrong that was," she spat.

Jack's eyes were glowing but she didn't really give a fuck. She kept cussing him. She kept flailing out at him. She kept doing everything she could to push him away, but he was so fucking – him. If he'd just hit her or call her out of her name or say he hated muscle cars, she could find the strength to hate him, but he did none of those things. Jackass.

Destiny was barely holding onto her temper when Jack's mouth came crashing down on hers. She was holding on to the remnants of her hate by the skin of her teeth when his tongue breeched her lips and incinerated the cusses lining her mouth. The dam of her anger was near breaking point when he pushed his hot body all up on her and burst her need wide open exposing her desires. She was holding onto her need by the skin of her teeth when he picked her up and wrapped her legs around his waist and ground his big, hard cock against her.

Her musings were interrupted by the sound of Jack's voice in her ear. "I love you, Destiny. I love you. I love you. I love you."

"*Oh damn, oh damn, oh damn,*" she chanted in between gasps. She knew he would be able to smell how hot she was for him, just like she could smell his wolf close to the surface of his skin. So she was hot, needy, wanton, and holding onto her pride like a miser holds onto gold, but when Jack growled out his declaration of love she

became crazed. It wasn't the fact that he'd said the words; it was *how* he said them. His '*I love you*' was ripped from his soul.

Speaking of souls meant that she had to think about God. There were moments when she wasn't sure that wanted to believe in a God that allowed the existence of so many bad things. And she said that knowing that sometimes she was one of those bad things. Destiny didn't know if she'd make it to Heaven when she died. For that matter, she didn't know a lot of things. But in that moment when she was wrapped up so tightly in Jack's love she knew two things. One, she loved this man. And two, she'd hit Hell at the speed of light, burst it wide the fuck open and split it in half if she tried to deny it even one more time. She loved Jack Mann. She loved him. She loved him. She loved him ... and one day she'd be able to actually say the words that overflowed from her heart.

Touching him like he was sugar lace, she softly kissed his mouth before pulling back. Pulling his hair back, she stared into his eyes and hoped that he could see the love there. "I hate you. I hate you so much," she whispered.

His eyes blazed emerald, his heartbeat went into hyper drive, and his voice dropped an octave when he answered her. "Hate me harder, Destiny. Hate me faster, Destiny. Hate me forever, Destiny," he rasped as he rid himself of his borrowed clothes.

Destiny went wild beneath him. He wanted harder; she'd give him harder. She was scratching and clawing and trying her damndest to crawl inside of his skin even as she helped him get out of his sweatpants. Feeling Jack shudder, she smiled and marvelled at the fact that he held her so easily. Hell, there were days when she could scarcely hold herself. Yet, here he was holding her weight as if it was nothing. He hadn't even let her go when he undressed; he'd simply held her up with one strong arm while using his other to rip off his clothes. She loved this man and not simply because he was strong but because, just because.

"Bedroom," he rasped.

Destiny simply flashed them onto her bed because she couldn't be bothered with directions plus her mouth was full of Jack and she didn't want to let go. When Jack thrust two of his long fingers into her creamy pussy, her fangs suddenly shot out of her gums. *When had she gotten naked?* When Jack started stroking in and out of her pussy, she not only lost interest in the answer; she couldn't recall the question.

“Come for me, Honey,” Jack’s deep voice vibrated through her causing an avalanche of orgasms to descend upon her.

Destiny felt her body bow in shock. When she buried her face in his throat and screamed his name, she felt him smile. Flicking her clit, he once again declared his love and pushed her over the edge once more. Shivering in ecstasy, she laid back and responded to everything.

“Motherfucker,” she breathlessly whispered.

Settling himself against her headboard, he carefully lifted her. Positioning her, he held her hips in his big hands and simply held her suspended in the air.

“As soon as you have my child I will be, but right now I’m just practising,” he responded before slamming her down onto his thick, imposing cock.

She was on fire with need and then Jack had to go and ignite it by whispering in her ear.

“I love you, Destiny.”

*You know those moments when you think you’re dead?*

Destiny had one of those. Stars literally burst inside of her head. Her back arched, her nails dug, her hips rolled and her body demanded more of the pleasure that only Jack Mann had been able to give her. She didn’t say it but she might as well have with the way that fine motherfucker smirked. How rude. And that was the last thought that Destiny Smith had for a long while.

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Holding the piece of paper, Star paced the study. Lukas watched his wife as she moved agitatedly in front of him. Grabbing her around the waist and pulling her down on his lap, Lukas bent his head to her fragrant neck. Inhaling noisily, he felt Star laugh.

“What is it, little Star?” he asked hoarsely as he nipped at her earlobe.

“Jaylee,” Star answered breathlessly.

She was breathless because he was busy getting into mischief with her. Smoothing his hand around her waist, he burrowed into her jeans and beneath her panties.

“What about her?” Lukas asked Star as his fingers delved into her pussy. His thumb circling her clit, he worked her until Star squeezed his thick wrist with those thighs.

“Who?” Star asked.

“Jaylee,” Lukas answered softly.

“What about her?” Star asked with a frown.

With a smile in his voice that he made no attempt to conceal, he answered softly. "You were the one who mentioned her, little Star."

He fingered her harder, deeper, and when he attempted to remove his hand from her pussy, Star slapped her hand on top of his and threatened him.

"If you take your hand away I will fuck you up! Now do it harder!" Star demanded.

With a chuckle, Lukas followed her order. Nipping kisses along her neck and shoulders, he fingered her hot pussy exactly the way she liked it. The symphony of their combined moans drowned out all other sound. Wrapped up in their pleasure, Jaylee was forgotten.

## Chapter Eight

Jack rolled over feeling all of the muscles in his body stretching and aching in that *'fucked my woman so good'* kind of way. Taking a deep breath all he could smell was Destiny all over him ... even though she wasn't in the bed. His eyes shot open, the emerald colour on the verge of glowing. Though he turned his head left then right it didn't make her appear. Destiny was gone!

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Destiny adjusted the last piston. She went through her mental list. All eight pistons secured. *Check*. Piston pins. *Check*. Pin fittings. *Check*.

Leaning back, she looked at the completed motor in front of her. It was a picture of beauty with chrome fittings and a glass cylinder. Getting the glass cylinder had cost her a little of her precious knowledge but considering the absolute beauty of the engine it was a sweet deal indeed. Destiny sighed. There was officially nothing left for her to repair. After hours upon hours of meticulous work she was finally finished.

Closing the hood she came face-to-face with a glowing-eyed Jack Mann. She grinned at him in return. Though he looked at her intently, his expression didn't change. He still looked pissed. *Okay, don't know what that's about it she thought*. Slowly the glowing receded and she saw his breathing calm. He was naked - *again* - not that she would ever complain. The man was pure eye candy with all that hard muscle and decadent hair.

"You weren't beside me when I woke," he said his voice tight with tension.

"I wanted to finish up with Barbara-Ann."

Jack frowned in confusion. "Who's Barbara-Ann?"

"Her," Destiny said as she gently caressed the hood of the car with the tip of her finger.

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Seeing that Destiny hadn't run from him allowed his wolf to back down. Taking a calming breath, Jack took a moment to stare at the car. He didn't know what surprised him more: the fact that she'd named her car or the fact that she'd named it Barbara-Ann.

"You named your car?"

Destiny nodded with a shy shrug.

“*You did all of this?*” he asked in disbelief.

Destiny nodded again and lifted the hood and went straight into car talk. Though he wasn’t a car expert, he knew that she’d done a bang up job. In a word, the completely-restored 1968 Dodge Charger was smoking.’ Jamieson had owned one until he’d smashed it to pieces racing with some friends. All he’d talked about was *that* car. It had been nice but the one in Destiny’s garage blew it out of the water. And Destiny blew that car out of the water.

There was so much that he didn’t know about Destiny. There was so much but none of that mattered because the one thing that he did know was that he loved her. Still, he owed her the words.

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“... there was no way in hell that I was going to let the Big Block win, you know? So I got all the original parts and just cleaned most of them up, cos’ you know the main thing aboffmph,” the last word was garbled as Jack had kissed the rest of it away.

She should’ve been mad as she didn’t like anyone interrupting her car lectures, but this was Jack and Jack kissed like he’d invented it.

“You actually built an entire car?” Jack asked when he finally released her lips.

She heard the incredulity in his tone and took offence at it.

“You doubt me? Why? Cos’ I’m a woman?” Destiny’s eyes narrowed on her Jack’s face.

“No, honey. I do not doubt you due to your gender. Just give me a moment to get used to the fact that I’m in love with a woman that all of my brothers will want. You know that they’re going to challenge me for you,” Jack said.

“What in all hell are you talking about?” Destiny asked as he took one of her hands in his and held it to his heart.

“I marked you Destiny Smith. In my world you are mine; in your world you still have a choice. If you believe that my feelings are not true and you cannot bear the thought of being with me then I will let you go.”

Having done a little research, Destiny knew what the mark meant. Knowing Jack as she did, she also knew how difficult those words had been for him to say. She knew that he loved her; she could literally feel Jack’s love but she didn’t want to do this right now. She attempted to tug her hand out of his grip but Jack didn’t relent.

Instead, he wrapped an arm around her waist and lifted her onto her pristine work bench.

“Jack,” she whispered but shushed when he shook his head.

“I can’t change that I’ve marked you Destiny. I am a wolf shifter and at times I am ruled by the wolf. Wolves are possessive and when we love we are slightly unreasonable.”

Destiny snorted. “*Slightly unreasonable?* Jackass, you wrecked the *Locke Mansion*.”

“And it was all *your* fault,” he returned.

Destiny’s eyes widened in shock before narrowing in disbelief. *Oh, no this motherfucker didn’t.*

“The hell it was, motherfucker! I told you,” she began but was interrupted by Jack’s growl.

Destiny supposed that it was meant to be scary and it would’ve been if he wasn’t naked! And if she didn’t know that he loved her. And if she didn’t think he was *kinda a’ight*. Destiny suddenly burst into laughter. *Kinda a’ight*. Jack Mann was all that ... and then some.

Laying a hand against his smooth, hot, sexy ass chest, she made sounds of appreciation.

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“Damn Jack, you’re so fucking hot,” she said as she leaned in and took a nipple into her mouth.

Jack moaned. Destiny was doing him so good. Damn, she knew how to play his body. He would’ve allowed her to continue if he hadn’t heard her voice in his head.

*I love you. Why can’t I say it out loud? I want to Jack. I do, but I can’t. Loving me can bring nothing but trouble. You’ve already killed for me ... that’s just the beginning my big, bad wolf. I am not who you think I am.*

Jack pulled Destiny’s head back so that he could look directly into her eyes. He had a telepathic link with his immediate family. And though he could occasionally link with strong alphas, he’d never linked with another woman ... ever. Making sure that he had Destiny’s complete attention he spoke via their link.

*I can hear you, Honey.*

He watched as Destiny’s eyes rounded like saucers. She attempted to pull away but his hands stayed her hips and held her in place. When she wouldn’t look at him, Jack continued speaking via their link.

*I admit that loving you is an adventure, but I don't want half of you Destiny Smith. I want all of you.*

Destiny shook her head. *I don't want to burden you.*

Jack grinned at his sexy little vampire.

*So you continue to run away from me? You can't do that anymore, Honey. I will always have this connection with you. I will find you no matter where you try and run to.*

When Destiny opened her mouth to speak he placed a finger against her lips. She attempted to distract him by sucking his finger into her tempting mouth. Jack smiled as he savoured all of the things she did in an attempt to distract him.

It felt good but he was holding back because he needed for his woman to realise how much he felt for her. Though his cock was so hard she could use it for a ledge, he didn't touch her, which allowed him to hold onto a smidgen of control. When Destiny finally became conscious of the fact that he wasn't reacting like she wanted she stopped.

He could tell that Destiny was pissed. Obviously, this wasn't going to be easy.

"Why didn't you tell me that you were a Healer, Honey?" Jack asked casually as he dragged her to him.

"I don't heal anymore," Destiny said with a hint of petulance.

"Why?"

"I choose not to."

"And?"

"And what? I chose not to heal anymore so I don't," Destiny said with a scowl.

Jack brushed his hand over one of her heavy breasts. He smiled when he realised that Destiny was paying him back. Though he could smell her arousal, she didn't arch into his hand, didn't moan out his name or offer herself up to the only man who could play her so well.

"Lukas speaks as if you still do it."

Destiny shook her head. "Lukas doesn't know shit. There are a lot of things *you* don't know about me, Jack. Things that will make you rethink this whole *marking* thing."

Jack watched his woman. There was a tense moment when she didn't look away. Something shifted in Destiny. He knew because he literally felt it before it was blanketed by white noise. He wanted to know more about *that* situation but it could wait.

“How about you take me out for a ride in the car that Destiny built?” Jack suggested instead.

Destiny grinned at him, “deal.”

When he smiled his acceptance, she jumped into his arms and hugged him. “I dare you to ride with me naked.”

Jack burst into laughter and responded to her dare by kissing her. He would’ve continued kissing Destiny but he needed her to see him in a different way. He needed her to see for herself that he was right in marking and claiming her as his mate. He needed to *prove* to Destiny that he meant every word he’d shared ... well all except that bit about letting her go. That shit wasn’t ever going to happen.

“Maybe next time, Woman,” Jack punctuated his answer with another kiss. He made a mental note to thank Star for whatever it was she did that resulted in a suitcase of his clothes appearing in Destiny’s bedroom.

“Wow, never thought I’d say it, but guess what, Jackass? I do believe you’re chicken!” Destiny teased him.

He liked it when she did that. Of course he also liked it when she cussed him out, when she beat him in pool, when she ... everything. Lifting her from the workbench, he headed back into her apartment to dress so that he could prove exactly what sort of animal he was ... and it wasn’t poultry.

## Chapter Nine

Jack woke as soon as he heard the first moan. His heartbeat erratic, he opened his eyes and immediately felt for Destiny. Reaching for her, he felt it ... and wanted to kick its ass. Destiny was in the throes of another nightmare. Curled in the foetal position, she whimpered. Rolling onto his side, he wrapped her into his massive arms and felt her nightmare slam into his brain. It was different from the last time. And this time he didn't see the dream through Destiny's eyes; this time he saw it from an outsider's perspective.

Jack could see Star and another woman. The woman he didn't recognize was covered in cuts and bruises, her clothes bloodied. Star looked worried, yet the bloodied woman looked anxious and angry all at once – heavy on the angry. He felt Destiny's guilt even before he heard their voices.

*I can't do it, Dessie said.*

*Try harder, Dessie!* The third woman demanded.

*She's done everything she can. Do nothing more. We need to take him to someone else.* Star said calmly.

*No! I love him! It's my fault he lays there! You have to fix it! I turned him.*

*You turned him?* Star gasped.

*Jaylee, you know that I can't heal rogues.* Destiny said impatiently.

The third woman turned feral eyes on Destiny before speaking.

*You claim that I am your sister, but you can't even do this small thing I ask of you? Leave. I don't need either of you!* She said before turning her back to Star and Destiny.

*Jaylee, that's not fair. C'mon you can't expect me-* Destiny began to defend herself.

Before she could finish the sentence Jaylee turned and attacked her with a sword. Jaylee's strength was fuelled by her anger and pain.

Jack felt the burning sensation as the sword cut through Destiny's chest as if it had been his own. He watched as Star threw Jaylee away from Destiny with such force that she landed thirty feet away. Star crouched over Destiny and pulled the sword from her wound before covering it with her hand.

*Breathe Dessie, breathe. What have you done, Jaylee?* Star cried.

Jack saw Jaylee watching Star and Destiny just as he saw the mixture of anger and pain in her eyes before she shifted into a tawny-coloured wolf. He watched as the wolf took one last look at Star and Destiny before loping off into the forest.

Jack felt the subtle shift from one place to another in Destiny's dream-world. He saw the tawny wolf again. This time the hazel eyes glowed with anger. There was a tinge of madness in the depths. It was a madness with which he was familiar as his own brother Jamieson had gone through something similar when his mate had been killed in a massacre. His brother had gone mad for a long while. He'd been brought back only with the assistance of The Shaman but Jack could see that this wolf was almost beyond help.

He could feel the wolf's intention. He wanted to warn Destiny of the pending attack but there was no need. Destiny remained calm as the wolf silently stalked her. She knew the wolf was there but she waited until the last moment to turn so that she could take the full impact of the wolf.

The two of them rolled. Jack watched as the wolf continuously shifted between human and wolf. One of the times she was human Destiny had a slow motion moment. Jack saw her raise her arm and thumb-off the cap protecting the needle before slamming it into Jaylee. It took several moments and Destiny suffered several blows before the wolf fell back unconscious.

Jack felt the pain shred through his woman's heart as she stood. Her struggle with the Jaylee had sapped what energy she'd had, but the pain and heartache of what she'd been forced to do had taken its toll. She hung her head but not before he glimpsed her tear-filled eyes. Moments later several vampires emerged from the shadows. Lord de Vires was among them. While the other vampires dealt with Jaylee, Lord de Vires spoke with Destiny.

*She will live little, Ajali.*

Destiny shook her head. *She is battling with something no one can fix, My Lord.*

*I have known this for a decade.*

*And yet you didn't want to share that information? You couldn't tell us that earlier?!* Destiny asked angrily.

Ajali- Lord de Vires moved to touch her but Destiny stepped back and faced him with angry tears falling from her caramel eyes. Her hurt and pain were evident and Lord de Vires almost flinched.

*I couldn't heal her True Mate. She has every right to hate me but I can't believe that you used me like this. You knew she was on the verge of being all out rogue. You knew that she hated me. You knew that she'd come for me yet you did nothing. You used me and I helped you capture my own sister...*

Destiny looked back at Jack, Jack wanted to take her into his arms, but he was powerless in the dream world. As if she could feel his need, Destiny turned to him as she continued speaking. After the first few words he realised that she was speaking to him.

*I will never heal again, my Lord. Never.*

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Destiny jerked out of her nightmare still crying. She felt Jack wrapped around her. He was like a hot brick wall at her back and she snuggled deep into his massive chest. Her dreams had hurt but they'd hurt a lot less knowing that Jack was there. He trekked to her dream world so that he could understand her pain; he remained in the real world to share it and heal her.

He held her tightly and whispered into her hair.

"I'm here, Honey. I'm here."

He gently rocked her in his arms and told her that he loved her over and over. Destiny held onto him. She believed him. And finally, she did something that she hadn't done in decades. She fell into a peaceful sleep and dreamed of her future with Jack instead of her pain-riddled past.

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Nafrini de Vires stood in the circle of her True Mate's arms and waited for sunrise. Neither said a word as they watched the orange fireball slowly make its appearance. Once the sun had fully risen, Nafrini turned in Serafeim's arms. Linking her wrists around his neck she pressed her body against his and held him to her. She could feel his anguish and knew that he needed her comfort.

"Star has been notified of Jaylee's recent activities," Serafeim said softly against her.

"What was said?" Nafrini asked concern lining her features as she stared into her man's eyes.

"Jaylee is uncontrollable. Star is contemplating finding and dealing with her sister alone."

"What of Lukas?" Nafrini frowned.

"He will do everything to prevent that from happening but all of our daughters are headstrong at the best of times and Star is no

different,” Serafeim said. As always, pride glowed on his handsome features whenever he spoke of their daughters.

“That will do him no good. Should we speak with Star?” Nafrini asked.

“I do not believe it will make a difference,” Serafeim admitted.

“Should I send for *The Guardian* again?” she asked.

“Considering what happened the last time do you see him improving Jaylee’s, ah ... mood?”

Nafrini threw her head back and laughed. Before she could answer she found herself against the wall with Serafeim’s tongue in her mouth, hands in her hair, and cock in the vee of her thighs.

*You are the light to my constant darkness*, he purred via their telepathic link before deepening their kiss. When they finally pulled apart, he kissed a line across her jaw and down her cleavage. And then he kissed his way back up. Only when she was breathless from his ministrations did he pull back.

“*The Guardian* it is then,” Nafrini decreed and then she went silent as Serafeim flashed them into their opulent bed chamber. Nafrini didn’t feel her robes being removed, but then her True Mate was an Ancient of powerful proportions. Serafeim had her hovering over the edge of orgasm in nanoseconds. Pushing him onto his back, she crawled atop him and seduced Lord Serafeim de Vires from the inside out.

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“No,” Lukas said firmly as he watched his wife pace back and forth beside their huge bed.

Star came to a sudden halt and slowly turned her head to look at her husband. Her eyes were wide with amusement, but her body was rife with temptation. Encased in the black satin sheath he’d gifted her with, all her goodies were displayed temptingly. That is what had gotten them into their debauchery. He wanted to continue said debauchery but after glimpsing the look his Star had shot him, he knew it was not to be.

“That’s cute how you think I’m part of the *Locke Brotherhood*,” Star said with a small smile.

Though Star had a beautiful smile, the smile she gave him couldn’t be categorized as anything remotely resembling pleasantry. Lukas didn’t return the gesture. Sitting up, he got out of the bed that they’d been frolicking in for the better part of the day. He picked up

the jeans that he'd tossed on the floor in his haste to be buried in his True Mate's body.

Though he was agitated, his movements were measured. Breathing deeply, he turned and faced his wife.

"I will not allow you to place yourself in such a vulnerable position," Lukas said sternly.

Again Star shook her head and this time her smile turned feral. Ah, so his little Star wasn't backing down. Fancy that because neither was he.

"You will not *allow*? Since when did I become one of the *Locke Brotherhood*, Commander?" Star asked. Her tone practically dripped with hinted violence.

Lukas walked to his woman. His hands were unyielding as he gripped Star's upper arms. Looking directly into his True Mate's eyes he spoke through his teeth being that his temper was so close to the surface. Only his little Star could test his control thusly.

"You cannot bring Jaylee back. She is to be judged by *The Society*, not you. You are unable to convince them otherwise, you know this Astarla."

\*«\*»\*

Wow, Lukas used her full name. Whenever he did that that was usually a good time to back down, especially when he had that stubborn tilt to his chin that indicated that compromise was not in the cards. Being that she had no intentions of backing down either, she was sure the next few minutes would prove to be interesting. A big believer in the art of diplomacy, this was something that she could not/would not compromise on.

"I will do whatever I feel is needed to ensure my sister's safety," Star said as he attempted to pull her arms out of her husbands grasp.

Of course Lukas had to be an ass and refuse to let her go. "A sister that attacked and almost killed your other sister? A sister that hasn't contacted you in decades? A sister who turned her True Mate *rogue* in order to keep him alive? Do you truly hear what you're saying, my little Star?"

"There are circumstances you know nothing about," she responded.

"Star, my men have hunted for Jaylee before. So far she has killed off everyone the Society has sent in to capture her. She was exonerated for that once it was understood that she was under your father's protection. But she has committed other crimes within our

Nation for which she hasn't been judged. I know that you love your sister but what about the Nation that will soon fall under your rule?"

Though her husband had attempted to appeal to her sense of justice, it was not working. Neither was his blatant attempt to distract her with his hot ass body. She knew exactly what he was doing standing in front of her bare-chested looking fine as hell. His body was highlighted by his *Locke Brotherhood* tattoo and his silky hair fell down his back like liquid silver. Star clenched her fists and her thighs in an attempt to stop the onslaught of heat that travelled through her at lightning speed.

"I'm sorry, Lukas. I really am, but I am going to get my sister. You may not agree but I'm not asking you to. I cannot change who I love."

"I'm not asking you to!" Lukas exclaimed.

"Yes, you are. With the exception of Dessie, everyone else has given up on Jaylee. We're all that she has left. Other than her mate, we're all that she's ever had. We know her like no one else and we can help her like no one else."

\*«\*»\*

Lukas contemplated his next words. He didn't want to say them as they would cause her pain but they needed to be said. Gently cupping her face in his hands he spoke.

"You do realise that Destiny was the one that brought Jaylee into custody the last time?" Lukas asked.

"Nice try, but Dessie would never get involved in *The Society's* politics."

Lukas inhaled and exhaled slowly before responding.

"It was ordered by your father, my little Star."

\*«\*»\*

For a second Star wanted to stab him. Lukas dropped that little emotional bomb like it was the trump card in a game of spades. Star's eyes burned with rage. Taking a deep breath, she flashed herself from his embrace and stalked away from him.

\*«\*»\*

With a sigh Lukas realised that the honeymoon was most definitely over.

## Chapter Ten

Destiny flipped the bird at Jaron and though he initially looked shocked he burst into laughter. He might be the second-oldest but yeah, he was still a man. And though he was her man's brother, yeah, again, he was still a man and not above being flipped the finger.

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Jamieson couldn't help but watch the little vamp that had taken Jack's heart by storm. This was the first time any of the Mann brother's had seen the vampire since two nights ago when she'd initiated that brawl. Currently, she was sitting on Jack's lap engaged in conversation with their father. The feisty, non-stop chattering, cussing queen, little vamp definitely had her own brand of *charm*. Though he suspected that she was a tad on the crazy side, she loved his brother. He knew that she loved Jack as he saw it in the small gestures that he was sure she didn't realise she did.

She continuously rubbed a lock of Jack's hair between her finger and thumb as she spoke, cussed, laughed, teased, and schooled them. Jamieson couldn't help but be impressed with the little vamp as she made amused faces and flipped off his brothers in between answering the various questions thrown at her.

She seemed to take everything in stride. At least that's what he thought until his mother handed her a plate of chocolate cake. Their mother was of the opinion that no meal was complete without dessert and her favourite dessert always involved chocolate. Hell, they all liked chocolate but when the little vamp spied that chocolate cake, he saw her eyes glaze over. Destiny looked wide-eyed at the cake then looked back at Jack who was busy laughing his ass off for some reason.

"Ah, um, thank you, Charity," Destiny said as she held the plate like it had plastic explosive on it instead of the mouth-watering chocolate cake.

\*«\*»\*

Jack pulled his woman back against his chest and after cutting a piece of the cake he lifted the fork and waited for his mate to open her delectable mouth. He knew that she wanted it yet Destiny kept her mouth closed. Biting her bottom lip, she looked into his eyes.

"Dude, you know what's gonna' happen if I eat that."

Jack grinned widely displaying his incisors to all in the room. Hell yeah, he knew what was going to happen, which is why he'd asked his mother to make the chocolate cake in the first place. Pulling her closer against him he knew that she felt his erection even before she gasped. And though she still had that delicious bottom lip in her teeth, he knew that she bit into her bottom lip for entirely different reasons now.

"I'm counting on it, honey," Jack whispered hotly into Destiny's ear as his tongue trailed a path from her ear down her neck to rest upon the mark he'd made a mere twenty-four hours ago.

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"Ahem!" Josiah coughed loudly trying to get everyone's attention away from the couple who were totally oblivious to the show they were putting on for them. None of them had ever seen their Alpha so enamoured with *anything*. Their brothers little vamp was close to finding out that wolves were more than happy to mate in front of family or anyone for that matter if the mood suited. The brothers grinned as they all got a whiff of Destiny's arousal. Damn, she smelled delicious. The entire room was riveted by Jack and his woman.

It was only when Jamieson growled low that all eyes turned away from the mated couple. Shaking the scent of Destiny's arousal from their nostrils, the rest of them quickly caught the other scent that had nothing to do with Destiny. Suddenly all the brothers were stripping and shifting all at the same time.

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Jack dropped a quick kiss on his woman's mouth before standing and placing her gently back on the chair that they'd shared. Stripping, he shifted and waited for his father to join them. He was sure that Destiny would have questions and he was just as sure that his mother would answer them.

\*«\*»\*

Destiny didn't know what the hell had just happened. Turning, she looked at Charity with a slightly-dazed look. Wow, she was sitting in a room with her man's Mama and a big ass chocolate cake.

"What was that about?" Destiny asked Charity.

"There's a threat on Pack Land," Charity answered although she was looking quizzically at Destiny.

Watching Charity move closer to her, she eyed the older woman.

“Is there a reason why my son becomes aroused when you eat chocolate cake?”

Destiny’s eyes widened and then she burst into laughter. She was glad when Charity joined her because otherwise she would’ve just seemed crazy.

“I have a funny *reaction* to chocolate in any form.”

When Charity raised her eyebrows in question, Destiny bit her lip then answered.

“I get a little hyperactive.”

“Oh, that would be like me with alcohol. I don’t even have to have an entire glass and I’m all over Samson like white on rice,” Charity admitted candidly while handing Destiny the plate of cake.

Destiny grinned at Jack’s Mama. “Wow, I really like you Charity,” Destiny said in between bites of chocolate cake.

“Good, I like you too Destiny. I especially like the fact that you love my son. I can tell that you will keep Jack on his toes for a long time to come,” Charity said with a smile.

“And on his back,” Destiny said with a waggle of her eyebrows. Charity threw her head back and laughed warmly.

\*«\*»\*

Jack, his brothers and father could feel the intruders on their land. Moving as one unit Jack led them through the forest. Catching an odd smell, Jack stopped and raised his muzzle to sniff the air. It was an old worldly scent he caught. The pack looked around them cautiously.

*Demons?* Jamieson’s deep rumbling voice vibrated in Jack’s head.

*No, old, but not demonic,* Jared said certainty in his voice.

*Vampires?* Jaron suggested.

Jack was sure that he knew the scent but he was unable to place it.

*Rogues* Samson said firmly.

*On our land? They wouldn’t dare.* Jack said angrily his eyes becoming brighter with every passing second.

*They are chasing someone,* Jaron said.

For a moment nothing moved. Then a battered and bleeding tawny-coloured wolf emerged from the trees and sped past them. The Black Ridge Pack held their position waiting to see what was coming next. What came next was a group of *rogue* vampires. The Black

Ridge Pack trailed after the uninvited guests. Running all out, Jack began to issue out orders.

*Get the rest of the pack. It will take all of us to take them down!* Jack ordered his youngest brothers. Jared and Josiah immediately heeded his orders. *Father, you and Jamieson go wide. I need you to come from the west.* Jamieson and Samson broke away. *Jaron, follow and come from behind. I will head them off,* Jack said before putting on a burst of speed in order to catch up to the horde chasing the tawny wolf.

Jack was familiar with all of the forests that surrounded the pack land. He knew there was a clearing coming up and that the tawny wolf may be trapped if the *rogues* were also familiar with the land. He made sure to lay low as he came to the clearing. Hunkering down, he was nearly invisible. Just as he feared the tawny wolf was indeed trapped in the middle of the clearing. The rogue vampires encircled the lone wolf. Jack caught sight of his father and Jamieson. In position, they awaited his command. A few moments later, he felt and sensed Jaron approach from the rear.

While the others did recon, Jack sized up the enemies that had dared violate their pack's land. He counted at least twenty, at most twenty five. His brothers and father were extremely strong wolves but *rogues* were notorious for their strength and their dishonour, hence why only Vampires hunted them. Wolves were vulnerable except when in large groups.

*We are one and a half, two at the most minutes away Alpha,* Jared's voice came through loud into Jack's mind. Jack grinned. His baby brother was always so efficient. He glanced back at the tawny wolf trapped in the middle of the circle of *rogues*. The wolf wasn't backing down. Whenever a *rogue* attempted to make a move towards it the wolf would turn eyes that blazed fire on the culprit. Jack couldn't help but be impressed with the way the wolf fought. It never stood still, but continuously paced ensuring to keep its eyes on its surroundings.

*It is a she-wolf,* Samson said softly.

With a silent snarl of disgust, Jack reconsidered the situation the she-wolf was in. He had a feeling that he should know this wolf, but he didn't. She was not known to the Black Ridge Pack, because if she was, he would've killed the rogues immediately. No one fucked with his pack - especially the females in his pack - and lived. Where

did this wolf come from? Why was she here? Before Jack could come up with answers hell broke loose.

\*«\*»\*

Destiny and Charity shared a moment of complete comfortable silence. Destiny grinned at her good fortune. Her wolf's mother was totally cool and cooked amazing chocolate cake and made hot, big, big, big sons. What was there *not* to love about Charity Mann? Destiny contemplated her answers when she felt the air move around her. Turning she found Lukas and the *Locke Brotherhood* standing behind him in the room. Star stepped forward surrounded as usual by her new bodyguards.

"I apologise for the intrusion, Mrs. Mann," Star said politely to the former Alpha's wife and the present Alpha's mother.

"Oh, that's all right dear. Would anyone like something to eat or drink?" Charity asked.

Having no takers, she rose. "I'll let you all talk in private then. I'll just be the kitchen, dear," Charity said gently and kissed Destiny on the cheek.

"Thank you, Charity," Destiny said with a smile.

As soon as Charity left the room, Destiny turned to Star. "What's going on?"

"There are *rogues* here. We believe they're chasing Jaylee," Star said quietly.

Destiny shook her head. "Isn't she..." Destiny trailed off as she saw the banked anger in Star's eyes.

With a small smile that was nothing more than a lifting of one corner of her mouth Destiny looked Star right in the eye. "So you found out, eh?"

Star's eyes closed for a moment. "Why, Dessie?"

Destiny inhaled and met her sister's eyes without flinching from the hurt and anger she saw there.

"She needed help. Lord de Vires came to me and asked for help. You were down and out and couldn't help me help her. I was out of options," Destiny said.

She sat quietly and awaited the reaction of the occupants of the room wondering if she was going to have to fight some of them or all of them. Lukas and the *Locke Brothers* stepped back. Star's bodyguards didn't move a muscle. Star stepped forward. Destiny assumed a fighting stance ... just in case.

"She was upset," Star began.

Destiny shook her head sharply and frowned at the woman who she'd known all her life.

"Jaylee was more than upset, Star. She was almost *rogue* when she came after me. I wasn't going to ignore that and simply pat her on the head and let her continue the way she was going."

"She's our sister!" Star exclaimed.

"The woman I brought in wasn't our sister, Star. The woman I brought in was barely human. Jaylee was the closest thing to a monster that I'd ever dealt with."

"She'd lost her True Mate," Star began.

"He wasn't her True Mate," Destiny said softly.

"How-" Star began.

"Look Star, Jaylee was on the verge of *rogue*. I know you're pissed off about how shit turned out but deal with it. Jaylee didn't come after you. Jaylee came after me and she kept coming and kept coming ... even in my sleep. So if you have a problem with me not waiting around for her to kill me, get over it. I might be the craziest vamp bitch you know, but I'm not about to let someone kill me just to stay friends."

"Dessie, that's not..."

"Ladies, there's a problem in the forest," Lukas interrupted.

"Let's go then," Destiny said as she stepped forward.

When Lukas shook his head, Destiny's eyes narrowed to slits.

"You and Star are to stay here," he stated.

"Don't you dare," Star said at the same time Destiny yelled her displeasure.

"Oh, fuck no, you didn't."

Rather than argue Lukas and the *Locke Brotherhood* flashed out of the room leaving the bodyguards with the women. Star and Destiny looked at each other with disbelief in their eyes.

\*«\*»\*

Lukas grimly eyed the scene that faced him. There were injured wolves and yet the *rogue* vampires were far from finished. He caught sight of a tawny wolf watching from the trees. When he looked again he didn't see it and he briefly wondered if it had been a mistake of the light. His musings were interrupted by the growl of a wolf at his knees.

*No one touches the wolves*, Lukas commanded his crew. His men silently acknowledged his order and pulled their swords. Without warning they strode forward and began dispensing smack

downs like only *The Locke Brotherhood* could to rogues. Up to his ass in rogues, Lukas growled seeing his wife and her sister jump into the fray.

“Shit!” he muttered as he strode forward kicking ass on anything that looked even remotely *rogue* that stepped between him and his woman.

\*«\*»\*

“Move, Dessie!” Star cried as she saw a *rogue* dripping in wolf blood rush her sister.

Star tried to reach Destiny but the *rogue* was faster. Star watched in amazement as Destiny levitated just as the *rogue* went to grab her. Destiny kicked in the crazy and took the *rogue* out using moves that looked like a cross between bad karate films and the wild, wild west. It looked crazy but it worked beautifully. Someone threw Destiny a weapon that she used lethally. Star was totally stunned by the display of violence, mainly due to the fact that as a Healer Destiny had not been privy to defence and attack lessons like her and Jaylee.

“Why does everyone look like that when I kick ass?” Destiny said as she brushed the ashes that her victim off of her jeans.

Star was about to answer when Destiny looked up at her and with a deftness she didn’t know Destiny possessed tossed a dagger past her ear imbedding into the heart of the *rogue* that had been creeping up behind her. Star twisted her arm and sliced the head off the *rogue*. Retrieving the knife she handed it back to Destiny.

“Possibly because you fight like a girl the rest of the time?” Star suggested lightly.

She caught sight of her husband noting that he did not look pleased. Well *too fucking bad. That made two of them.*

He stalked towards Star and Destiny. *Was it wrong to think about how fucking hot he looked at a time like this?* Another *rogue* got in his way and immediately met a gruesome end.

“Wow, he looks pissed. You are sooooo in trouble Starbright,” Destiny sing-songed right before breaking into her trademark grin.

Star was about to respond to her when she felt a wolf nuzzling her knees. Being that it was a freakishly large jet black wolf with emerald green eyes she knew it was a member of the Black Ridge Pack, though she knew it wasn’t Jack. She also realised that it wasn’t nudging her to get her attention; it was nudging her to move back. And so was the wolf at Destiny’s knee.

“Fido, do not mess with me right now,” Destiny warned.

Another wolf joined in and not-so-gently nudged her sister and got cussed out for its efforts.

“Don’t make me get the dog whisperer,” Destiny hissed.

“You’re part of their pack, Dessie. They’re trying to protect you being you’re their Alpha’s woman and all,” Star told Destiny softly.

The noise from the fight had dissipated. There were only a few rogues still standing and all of the males – both two and four-legged-were fighting their way over to them.

“But the ass-whipping’s almost over,” Destiny said before crumpling to the ground. Star was beside her in a second as were the wolves.

“What’s wrong?” Star asked her worry etched into her features.

“Something ... I can’t...” Destiny gasped out. Her eyes went wild as she searched the area.

“What are you looking for? Dessie!” Star yelled as Dessie struggled to her feet and stumbled around.

“I have to find ... arrggh,” Destiny once again fell to her knees.

“Lukas!” Star screamed out to her husband.

Lukas was next to Star in a blink of an eye. The two of them tried to carry Destiny to safety but they couldn’t hold her. Writhing uncontrollably, levitating, all while in acute agony made the task dangerous, especially when one considered the weapons in her hands.

Destiny could barely talk through her pain. They didn’t understand most of what she said until finally she muttered one word they all understood: “Jack...”

\*«\*»\*

Destiny was on fire. She tried to take a breath but every time she moved her lungs she felt like her insides were being incinerated ... slowly. She couldn’t get any air or maybe she could but it couldn’t get past the burning pain in her side. It seemed as if her skeleton was trying to climb out of her body ... all at once and in all different directions.

Dammit, she needed to find Jack. She kept trying to convey that simple message but since air couldn’t make it past her lips, words were having a hell a time. Unless her brain was going to voice sound out of her ass, she was going to be in a world of trouble trying to explain. Destiny cried out as something shattered through her head. Briefly she wondered if her fucking brain head had exploded. Not all the way, just enough to make her need a shitload of pain meds and a good plastic surgeon. *Would Jack still want to fuck her if she was in*

*a body cast?* Fuck, she needed to get to Jack. Something was wrong with Jack. Grabbing onto Star and Lukas, she dug up every ounce of energy and breathed out his name.

“Jack.”

“We have to get her out of here!” Lukas shouted.

Destiny began to shake her head wildly. “Find Jack.”

Vampires kept trying to pick her up; wolves kept trying to drag her away. Rolling away she beat the ground with her hands in frustration. “Jack. Jack. Jack.”

She didn’t know where she got the energy. For that matter, she really didn’t give a fuck. Dragging herself to her knees and then her feet, she searched for the most peaceful place in her mind to help her clear out all of the pain. She smiled when she found it. The most peaceful place in her mind was Jack. Closing her eyes she stumbled across the woods. The vampires tried to pick her up but the crazy seeped out of her along with a little bit of ‘*you don’t want none*’.

The vampires didn’t understand but one wolf did. He got behind her and emitted a growl that clearly said ‘*keep your fucking hands off.*’ Suddenly, she had a pack of wolves surrounding her howling out warnings.

She fell with every other step until finally she gave up trying to walk and simply crawled all over that forest until she found him. Her knees were cracked wide open and bleeding. Her fingernails were caked with dirt. The palms of her hands were raw, but she’d found Jack. And though she was all kinds of fucked up, she was about to kick some fucking *rogue* ass.

\*«\*»\*

Lukas and Star followed Destiny’s gaze. Jack’s human form was lying prone beneath two *rogues* who were about to feed off of him. Before anyone could stop her, Destiny ran to her mate. As Destiny ran she grabbed a lone sword that was embedded in a pile of ashes. Baring her teeth, she ran for the two *rogues* hovering over Jack. She threw the sword into the air above the two *rogues*, leapt up, grabbed the sword out of the air and twirled around like a funnel on an F5 tornado and decapitated both rogues with a single swipe of the sword. Within seconds it was over and ashes rained down on her and Jack. No one said anything. After all what could you say to that fucking awesome display of lethality?

\*«\*»\*

Kneeling beside Jack, Destiny assessed the damage that had been done to her man. Her hands remained steady as she lightly ran them over Jack's battered human form. Damn, even fucked up he was still the hottest fucking man she'd ever seen. He was breathing, although it was laboured. Still, she'd take fucked up breathing over no breathing any day.

"C'mon, Jackass. Don't do this to me," Destiny whispered as she found all the broken bones and ripped tissue. She looked into her beautiful big, big, big man's face. His eyes opened but the brilliant green was dimmed by the torturous pain he felt. He quickly closed his eyes and his breathing almost stopped.

*Honey, I think it's lethal.* Jack's deep voice whispered through her mind.

Destiny shook her head. It didn't escape her notice that in his close-to-death state her man didn't mention the pain. Instead he tried to block her from feeling anything, which only served to further weaken him.

*No fucking way, Jackass! STAY WITH ME, MOTHERFUCKER!* Destiny screamed into her man's head when she felt his essence fading.

*Honey...*

Jack said with so much love in his tone, Destiny almost gave in to her tears and pain.

"If you give up I will fucking kill you, Jack! I mean it!" Destiny yelled at her mate.

She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. Destiny stared at her hands for a moment then she turned the bloodied palms up. Lifting them to the sky she bowed her head and offered up pleas and prayer to every bit of goodness in the universe. She also offered up prayer calling God by all the names she knew. Keeping her palms up, she slowly brought her hands together. When her hands were full of blessings she turned her hands over and poured the blessings out over Jack.

\*«\*»\*

Every warrior in attendance watched Destiny with a new kind of awe. She'd been willing to fight everything in the universe to protect her mate ... even if the thing she had to fight was herself. And though she was bloodied she served as Jack's shield.

No one spoke above a whisper knowing that they were witnessing something sacred. Their silence allowed the sounds of the

night to serve as the choir. The space where Jack lay was an Altar. The words that fell from Destiny's lips formed prayers.

"What is she doing?" Lukas whispered to his wife.

"Asking for favour," Star whispered. "And then she'll summon her healing powers."

The wolves formed a loose circle around their Alphas. The vampires formed a circle around the wolves. The rest of the Black Ridge Pack surrounded the forest quietly howling for their Alphas.

An amber glow formed beneath Destiny's palms. Holding her thumbs against each other Destiny placed her hands directly over the gaping hole in Jack's side. The wound healed. It was as if someone had stitched it from the inside out, but there was no scar. Moving her hands over the rest of his body she healed every hurt, closed every laceration, and mended every break. Every where she touched glowed and when she repaired the last wound, most of Jack's body glowed. The light was blinding against the inky darkness that was their backdrop. Like a comet in their midst the glow rapidly faded until there was nothing left but darkness.

\*«\*»\*

Destiny's kiss woke him. Breathing in a lungful of crisp night air, he smiled realising that it was Destiny's scent that invaded his nostrils. He sat up just in time to catch Destiny.

*Destiny*, he breathed her name.

Destiny opened her eyes briefly.

*Jack*, she sighed his. Smiled weakly, she reached up to touch his hair. After a moment, she allowed her eyes to close but not before tears escaped and poured down her cheeks.

"Honey," Jack's voice vibrated through the forest.

When she didn't respond, he turned to Star frantically. "What is wrong with her? What did she do to herself?"

"She saved you," Star whispered.

"If she did it at the cost to herself she didn't save me; she merely postponed my death," his voice cracked.

"She's merely tired. It's been centuries since she used her Healing and your injuries must've been fatal for it to drain so completely," Star said softly as she crouched beside her sister.

"I'm so sorry, Dessie," she said before rising.

\*«\*»\*

Jack rose with his arms full of his woman. Looking around him he thanked Lukas and Star. "Thank you for your help," he said and

gave a respectful nod to the two soon-to-be leaders of the Vampire Nation.

“You never have to thank us, Jack,” they said before flashing out.

Reaching out to his entire pack, he thanked them and received a chorus of howls in return. Looking down at his future, he closed his eyes and listened to the steady rhythm of her beating heart before placing a gentle kiss on her lips. Lifting Destiny high in his arms, he held her up to the sky, closed his eyes and thanked the Creator.

## Epilogue

The half moon moved slowly across the sky as Jamieson Mann sat watching the valley where the Black Ridge Pack resided. He could see his brothers' homes from where he sat. All were dark, except for the Alpha's house.

His blood was still humming through his veins after that evening's events. He'd witnessed his brother's mate fight for him as well as bring him back from the brink of near death. Jamieson had been impressed and he knew that his brother had been gifted with the one woman meant *only* for him.

Jamieson grinned to himself as he thought of Jack's mate. Destiny was a firecracker and everything his little brother needed. He laughed at the way she talked junk to him. Whenever he watched his brother watch his woman he smiled and tried not to think of the time in his life when he'd had something similar.

Jamieson laughed out loud as he heard the protesting howls of his youngest brother. His house was closest to Jack's so he took the brunt of their Alphas noisy lovemaking. And they were loud; he heard their cries from all the way out here. As soon as Destiny had regained consciousness, Jack had had her flat on her back.

Jamieson smiled and silently contemplated each star above him. Exhaling, he allowed himself to slowly let the fight out of his system. Two minutes later, he was fast asleep.

\*«\*»\*

Destiny was lying on top of Jack. Idly, she played with a lock of his hair and enjoyed the feel of his big hands kneading the full globes of her ass. She'd almost drifted off to sleep when Jack suddenly spanked her ass ... hard.

"Ow! What the fuck was that for?" Destiny yelped as she sat up and straddled Jack's wide torso.

"That was for putting yourself in danger – *again*," he answered quietly as he reached his other hand up and pinched her nipple.

"Oh please—" Destiny began.

The hand that lay cupping her abused buttock moved again and came down in exactly the same spot.

"Dude, do not make me kick your ass," she said as she made to get up.

Jack didn't let her up. Using both his big hands he held her hips in place. Destiny turned her caramel eyes upon him.

“If you think—” she was interrupted by the feel of Jack’s hand on her ass once again.

Destiny moved then, or rather tried to. Though she managed to get off of Jack she soon realised that it was because he allowed her to when she found herself positioned on her hands and knees. Feeling Jack cover her with his big, hard body, she couldn’t stop the moans that fell from her lips or the cream that slid down her thighs.

“Jack, c’mon dude,” she pleaded.

\*«\*»\*

Jack liked it when his mate pleaded. There was just something about her sexy ass purring his name, begging him to fill her with his big cock. Yeah, he liked it when Destiny pleaded. He did not, however like it when she placed herself in danger. Thus, he raised his hand and smacked his mate’s plump ass.

“Months ago I told you that I would handcuff you to the nearest immovable surface if you put yourself in danger. I’ve done that and I see that it doesn’t make a difference,” he growled as he continued smacking her ass.

“So you’re going to spank me now for not listening to you?” Destiny gasped out.

Jack paused his spanking and bent over his woman’s ass and kissed her buttock that was turning a dark red from his ministrations.

“Yes,” he replied and smiled when he felt his woman’s cream coating her thighs.

Being that she knelt before him, he simply bent down and swiped his tongue through the tight curls and growled his pleasure as her flavour hit his taste buds. He felt Destiny pushing her ass back at him but he ignored her silent plea. Straightening, he continued his spanking.

“That’s not fair!” Destiny gasped out as Jack spanked her good.

“Who said anything about fair, Honey? But now you know the consequences of putting yourself in danger. Don’t you?” Jack asked as he smoothed his big hands across his woman’s fine ass.

“Yes,” she panted.

Gripping her hips, he plunged his hard cock balls deep inside of his woman. He felt her walls contract around him as he withdrew. Destiny gripped his cock like a lifeline and he was soon driving them both to orgasm.

Destiny never did answer his question; then again Jack really couldn’t be sure if he’d asked it. He’d kind of got distracted by her

delectable body. Regardless, he sure as hell didn't expect this to be the last time he needed to spank his woman. She was feisty and he wouldn't want it any other way.

Later that night, Jack held a snoring Destiny in his arms. He felt the spirits of Peace settle inside his human body. His wolf was at rest and his heart felt the joy of love. He nuzzled his nose into Destiny's curls. She smelt sweet; she smelt like him, she smelt like forever. Oh yeah.

She sighed in her sleep and gripped him tighter with her body then went right back to snoring. Jack pressed a kiss to her soft cheek and smiled at the picture his woman made. Naked as the day she was born, she managed to be all over him and around him all at once.

"I have waited all my life for you," Jack whispered into Destiny's hair.

"You are my light, my heart and my soul. Forever is how long I will need and cherish you."

Jack finished his vow and sealed it by kissing her lush mouth. Closing his eyes he allowed his mind to rest. Just as he was about to slip into slumber, he heard his mate reply.

"Me too, motherfucker."

\*«\*»\*JJ\*«\*»\*

**This concludes Destiny and Jack's beginning.  
Thank you for reading the second book in the Otherworldly  
series. I hope that you enjoyed the tale as much as I enjoyed  
writing it. -Jeanie Johnson**

**Praises, compliments, adulation and the like for Jeanie can  
be left at:**

**[www.authorjeaniejohnson.com](http://www.authorjeaniejohnson.com)**

## **Jeanie Johnson**

Jeanie is a shagalicious word slinger who will be world ruling side-by-side with her momma. As long as her Polar Bear (*shhh it's a secret*) does not drink all of her Cokes, all will be well. After gifting her clan with a knee buckling narrative or two, Jeanie intends to relax by throwing on her favourite hoodie and jumping in her chromed-out truck in search of the alpha that is the basis of the heroes in all of her stories.

*See people, this is the kind of praise you get when you have Yvonne as your MMFIC. Thanks for the props Von.*

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