

Changeling Press

Sex and Chocolate



Seducing Destiny

Anne Kane

Sex and Chocolate: Seducing Destiny

Anne Kane

**All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2009 Anne Kane**

WARNING: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this or any copyrighted work is illegal. File sharing is an International crime, prosecuted by the United States Department of Justice and the United States Border Patrol, Division of Cyber Crimes, in partnership with Interpol. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is punishable by seizure of computers, up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000 per reported instance.

**ISBN: 978-1-60521-253-1
Formats Available:
HTML, Adobe PDF,
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:
Changeling Press LLC
PO Box 1046
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046
www.ChangelingPress.com**

**Editor: Chrissie Henderson
Cover Artist: Karen Fox**

This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Sex and Chocolate: Seducing Destiny

Anne Kane

Jack, the alpha of the Northern Rockies pack, knows Destiny needs some time to come to grips with her werewolf heritage before he springs the whole mated for life thing on her.

Destiny has no intention of buying into the whole pack mentality, howl at the full moon thing. Sure, she practically drools at the sight of red meat, but that's no reason to give up her comfortable life. Besides, she already has a boyfriend, a slick up-and-coming lawyer.

But when a band of rogue werewolves move into the area, Jack can't afford to have his attention divided. He needs to convince Destiny that she belongs both in his pack and in his bed so he can concentrate on the new threat.

Chapter One

Destiny stared in dismay at the box in the middle of her kitchen table. Her stomach lurched, a ball of anxiety settling in the very middle of it. Gold gilt covered the small box, giving it an exotic look. An artfully tied crimson bow surrounded by curls of white lace sat cheerfully atop it, adding to the air of decadent luxury.

She knew who'd put it there, and she knew why. Jack. The Alpha of the Northern Rockies werewolf pack. The man who made her knees feel weak whenever she glimpsed him walking down the main street, or lounging at a local coffee shop. The man who'd made it plain that he intended to be her mate. The absolute last man on the face of the planet that she intended to get serious about.

She had a boyfriend, one carefully picked with the future in mind. A trial attorney she'd met when she attended a convention in Calgary, Quentin Karnes had everything she wanted in a mate. On the fast track to a partnership in his prestigious law firm, he was cultured, rich, and moved in the highest social circles. Their children would grow up attending private schools, vacationing at the most prestigious resorts, dressing in the latest fashions. They'd want for nothing.

She'd worked hard to carve out a niche for herself in Riverton. Her accounting office catered to farmers and small businessmen, and she'd slowly managed to gain a reputation of being the person you wanted on your side when the government called to audit your tax returns.

She steeled herself and reached for the box, somehow hoping that wishing would make it go away. When she'd moved here two years ago, she'd made it clear to Jack and every other member of the pack that she didn't intend to join their little social group. She preferred to run alone. She hadn't grown up in a pack, and if she could, she'd ignore her inner wolf entirely. So what if the sight of a full moon awakened an

overpowering urge for a steak with the blood oozing out the sides? A girl needed to curb her baser instincts and make plans for the future.

No point in putting this off. Her sensitive nose could smell Jack all over the damn thing. She caught the trailing lace between a thumb and forefinger and gently undid the bow, dropping the cheerful piece of ribbon on the table. Taking a deep breath, she plucked the lid off.

Her breath caught in her throat. An exquisitely detailed chocolate wolf nestled in a cushion of crushed white velvet. Every detail from the tip of its muzzle to the dominant curve of its tail was perfect. Jack had reproduced himself exactly. She knew if she turned the little wolf over, she'd find a jagged scar running along its left flank.

"I suppose I could always bite your head off." Destiny felt a wry smile tug the sides of her mouth. Although she didn't like the idea, being the Alpha meant Jack had complete authority over all the werewolves in the Northern Rockies. Even those that didn't want to accept him. The fact he'd chosen not to force her to take him for her mate didn't mean he'd agreed to let her leave the pack. He'd said he'd give her some time to settle in. She'd hoped he'd forgotten about her and settled down with some other female. One who liked her inner beast.

She sighed and looked at the dark chocolate confection. The full moon was less than a week away. She'd been ignoring her darker side for a long time now, and she knew she wouldn't be able to avoid going into heat this month. What were the chances Jack's timing was coincidental?

Destiny jumped, startled by the sound of a loud knock on her front door. Quentin must have gotten out of court early. She hadn't expected him to show up for at least another four hours. Sweeping the ribbon up off the table, she stuffed the box and ribbon into a drawer and slammed it shut.

"Come on in, the door's open." She hoped Quentin couldn't hear the guilt in her voice. Not that she had anything to feel guilty about. Damn Jack and his fancy little chocolate creatures! She smoothed her hands down her skirt and tried to look calm.

"I know, I was just being polite." Jack strode into the room, a crooked smile on his rugged face. "You're not usually this happy to see me."

Destiny's heart did a little flip-flop. Jack was taller than her five foot eleven. His dark hair was tied at the nape of his neck with a strip of leather, and his sapphire blue eyes alight with mischief. Thickly roped muscles stretched his tight shirt and rippled with every step he took. He looked every bit as yummy as the chocolate creations he sold in his trendy boutique.

"I thought you were my boyfriend." She looked pointedly behind him as if she expected Quentin to materialize any second. "I'm expecting him to drop in after court today."

Jack ignored her reference to Quentin and gave her a toothy grin. "I intend to be a lot more than a friend, and it's been a long time since anyone referred to me as a boy." He advanced, his eyes sparkling. "Glad to hear you finally think of me that way, though, because unless my nose is deceiving me, you're going to be begging for my attention shortly."

Destiny felt a surge of color flood her cheeks and she turned away so he couldn't see her face. It mortified her to know he could smell her eagerness. "You wish." Now that was lame!

He took her by the shoulders and turned her around to face him, his touch surprisingly gentle for such a large man. "No, I know. The full moon is on Saturday. You haven't slept with that wimpy boyfriend of yours, and you're not going to if you want him to live to see Monday. A human male can't begin to satisfy your needs. I wouldn't have to lift a paw; you'd tear him apart yourself. Your frustration level is about to escalate to hellish proportions." A devilishly wicked smile curved the corner of his mouth. "Fortunately, I can help you deal with that."

He slid his tongue across her lips, and she felt fiery darts of lust flash along every nerve. He cupped the back of her head in his hand, angling it so he could thoroughly plunder her lips.

Damn, this wasn't fair. Against her better judgment, she melted against him, letting him wrap his arm around to pull her close. She could feel the thick length of his cock pressing against her belly, and she fought the urge to reach down and explore.

When Jack finally lifted his head, he didn't say a word. He didn't have to. His blue eyes gleamed with triumph.

Destiny felt a surge of anger push its way through her lust. She'd worked too hard at organizing her life and her future to blow it all away on a one-night stand, no matter how sexy the man. Damn Jack. He had no part in her plans for the future. She intended to marry the man carefully chosen to give her a secure life in the comfort of a real family. Something she'd never had during her childhood.

With a twinge of regret, she squirmed out of Jack's arms and stepped back to put some distance between them. "I don't need you." She had a sneaking suspicion that might be a lie. "And I don't want you." She knew that was definitely one.

Jack just smiled, an annoying smirk that made her want to shift and attack him with teeth and claws. She had a feeling he knew that and did it on purpose. Werewolves tended to act more impulsively in wolf form, and the Alpha's influence would be stronger. "Kid yourself all you want, but that fancy-assed lawyer is not going to make you happy." His voice had a definite bite to it.

She lifted her chin defiantly and ordered her hormones to back off. She ignored his remarks about Quentin. "I need to get ready for my date tonight, so you'll have to see yourself out." She pivoted on her heel in what she hoped was a regal fashion and headed for the stairs. A cold shower might be a good idea about now. Or a run in the woods.

* * *

Jack lounged patiently in the meadow, his nose twitching in the gentle spring breeze. As the Alpha, he could feel each member of his pack, distant touches in the back of his mind. When he wanted, he could concentrate on each individual connection and contact that wolf directly.

His connection to Destiny was far stronger than the others. At any given time, he knew where she was and what she was doing, which was how he knew she hadn't slept with the lawyer. Lucky for the lawyer. Jack would have cheerfully disemboweled any male who tried to make a move on his chosen mate. The veneer of civilization didn't stretch that far.

Maybe it was the slick, arrogant shyster attitude, or just the fact that Destiny chose to consort with him, but Quentin Karnes set his hackles on edge. He'd had to make a conscious effort to avoid thinking about Quentin when he was around Destiny. He'd gritted his teeth every time he'd seen that pretentious foreign sports car zipping down the main street of town.

Now that Destiny's first heat cycle loomed, it was time to make his move and send the slimy shyster packing. Destiny belonged at his side, and he intended to use all of his skill to seduce her.

A flash of reddish-brown fur on the path below alerted him to her approach. Head held high, ears swiveling alertly, the female wolf loped gracefully up the steep trail. He admired the way the sun glinted off her sleek form as she ran. Rising to his feet, he stretched his muscles in preparation for the chase. She wouldn't surrender easily. He bared his teeth in a wolfish grin before he trotted off at an easy pace to intercept her. The waiting was over.

* * *

Destiny reveled in the feel of the hard-packed dirt beneath her feet. Whenever she shifted to wolf form, life seemed simpler. She felt strong, powerful, invincible. All the doubts and insecurities that plagued her as a human melted away like the morning banks of fog along the edge of the river.

The forest became her playground. Here she could run until her sides heaved and her paws ached. She could hunt small game, or chase the deer and mountain goats if she cared to. Indulging her less civilized instincts was one of the few benefits of discovering she was a werewolf.

A chipmunk scurried across the path in front of her and she pounced, letting the little creature go after a playful toss in the air. Meat wasn't what she craved right now. She lifted her muzzle, testing the scents carried on the cool mountain breeze.

A howl shattered the silence. Eerie. Haunting. The voice of a lonely wolf calling to his mate. Jack was up here. Somewhere. Waiting for her. She could feel his presence in the back of her mind.

She hesitated for a split second. Deep inside her, a tiny voice objected. *You are not an animal, it whispered. You don't want this life. You don't need this. You are human.*

She ignored it, throwing her head back to let her answer vibrate through her body before she pointed her muzzle to the sky. Her own confusion, her loneliness, her need reverberated through the air as she howled her reply.

Darting down a side path, she circled, hoping to find some sign of the dark male who haunted her dreams. She emerged farther up and settled into a ground-eating lope, heading for the meadow at the summit. Twigs and branches bent back to let her pass, grabbing at her thick coat. Thick spring grass crushed beneath her feet, releasing its sweet fragrance.

She stopped briefly to rub herself along the bark of an ancient oak tree, marking her territory with her scent. This was her forest. These were her trees. And somewhere up here, her mate waited.

She caught a blur of black fur flashing to her right. She whirled, but too late to avoid Jack's charge. His superior weight sent her tumbling backward, legs flailing helplessly in the air. He stood over her, snuffling the fur of her neck with his muzzle. His tongue lolled out of his mouth in a goofy canine grin. He whined, inviting her to come play with him.

Destiny lay still for a moment, luxuriating in the presence of another wolf. Someone who shared her shameful secret. Someone who understood the instinctive need to chase, the satisfaction of sinking your teeth deep into the neck of your prey.

She closed her jaws around Jack's foreleg and yanked, throwing him off balance.

When he stumbled, she leapt on top of him, claiming the victor's position. Jack twisted free and they tumbled playfully through the undergrowth, snapping and snarling like two pups out to enjoy the spring sunshine.

Destiny fought to regain the top position, using every trick in her repertoire to keep the larger wolf off balance. She knew Jack had to be careful not to hurt her with his superior size and weight, and she shamelessly used that knowledge to give her the advantage.

When he scrambled on top of her and tried to close his jaws around the scruff of her neck, she leapt sideways and started to run. They raced joyfully through the forest, stretching their muscles as they covered mile after mile of ground. Destiny could hear Jack crashing through the brush behind her, and she swished her tail teasingly in front of his face.

The path narrowed to a single dirt track, thick brush lining either side. Sunlight filtered through the forest canopy to warm her back. Life had never seemed so good. She swiveled her ears back at the sound of Jack veering off to the left, his larger body crashing clumsily through the brush. Destiny increased her speed, stretching low to the ground. They'd played this game before. He'd try to circle in front of her and cut off her escape route.

She could feel him probing gently in her mind, tempting her to open up to him, to speak directly to him, mind to mind, but she resolutely ignored it, knowing Jack would never force her. Having him as a shadow in the back of her head was bad enough. The thought of a constant mental link, of casually exchanging information in such an intimate manner, scared her more than she cared to admit.

Sure enough, when she emerged into the sunlit meadow at the summit, Jack charged into her side and pounced, landing heavily on top of her. His sharp teeth sank into her ruff and he pinned her in place, asserting his dominance.

Destiny stilled, ceding the top spot to the pack Alpha. He held her there for a few moments, his blue eyes glinting with triumph. He released her ruff and backed off, nudging her to her feet. She knew what he wanted.

He'd chased her and caught her. He'd established dominance, now he wanted his due. He wanted to mate. The little voice in her head screamed out a warning, and this time she listened, fear lashing through her. He was too big, too dominant, too much the Alpha wolf. He'd consume her, body and soul, until there was nothing left of her. Nothing but the Alpha's mate.

She whirled and ran, not in play but in an all-out bid for her soul's survival. She crashed through the brush, twigs and leaves grabbing heavily at her fur. She could hear Jack behind her and the sound spurred her on to even greater efforts. If she could just reach the safety of her house, she could shift back; become the self-assured businesswoman who didn't need a mate. If only she truly believed that.

She scrambled onto the deck at the back of her house, and pushed her way in through the patio door she'd left ajar. For a wolf, doors presented a special challenge and she didn't fancy shifting outside in full view of any stranger that happened to be passing by.

She skidded to a halt in the security of her bedroom and closed her eyes, bracing against the pain that tore through her as muscles and bones reshaped into her human form. Fur receded, replaced by human skin and tissues.

She opened her eyes and got shakily to her feet. It always took a few minutes to recover from the change and she gulped oxygen into her lungs while she waited for the pain to recede. She'd come so close to giving in to Jack, to allowing him to dominate her completely, and the thought terrified her.

Sitting on the edge of her bed, she looked at her image reflected in the mirrored doors of her walk-in closet. Naked, she didn't look like much. Too much muscle to be considered feminine, too tall to be considered delicate. Her breasts were high and full, showing the benefit of her vigorous exercise routine.

Her hair was a wildly tangled mess of reds and golds that she despaired of ever getting under control. She had no idea why Jack insisted he wanted her for his mate. She knew there were several she-wolves in the pack far prettier than her. Any one of

them would jump at the chance to mate with their Alpha. The guy must have a masochistic streak a mile wide.

She stood and slid the mirrored door open, running her hand down the gaily-colored rack of clothing. She needed to get dressed before she changed her mind and went looking for Jack.

Chapter Two

"I don't think you'll need those just yet, darling."

Destiny whirled around to find Jack lounging against the doorjamb, a suggestive smile curving the corner of his mouth. His gloriously naked body showed exactly what he had in mind, and he didn't bother to hide his engorged shaft. He straightened up and sauntered into her bedroom as if he belonged there.

She jerked her gaze back up to his face. Her heart started pounding at the lustful look he swept down her naked figure. She knew she should throw him out. Now. Before her treacherous body talked her into doing something she shouldn't. She opened her mouth. "You shouldn't be here." She winced. Even to her ears that sounded lame.

"No, we should be back in the meadow, making love on a soft bed of grass with the spring sunshine warming our naked flesh." He reached out and ran a finger down her naked arm in a gentle caress. "But you ran away."

Destiny jerked backward, the skin on her arm tingling where he'd touched it. "No!"

His eyes darkened to a stormy blue and he grasped her wrist in a firm grip. "You want me, whether you're willing to admit it or not." He pulled her up tight against his deliciously male body. "Time's up, Destiny. I've come to claim what's mine."

Destiny could feel the tension in his taut muscles, the impatience. Although she would never admit it to him, her psychic connection to him was strong. His urgency vibrated through her, heightening her own barely contained lust. She watched his lids droop, concealing his expression while his lips swooped down to devour hers in a kiss that seared away all her reservations.

Lust washed through her, quieting the little voice in her head. She didn't have to make a lifetime commitment here, she rationalized. He wanted to fuck her. She wanted him to fuck her. Simple.

She opened her lips to let his tongue invade her mouth. Sizzling hot darts of pure lust danced down her spine when he took immediate advantage, his tongue sweeping in to taste, to tease, demanding her surrender. She gave it, melting passively into his muscular embrace. The kiss softened slightly, and he ran his tongue down the side of hers, exploring. He slid his hands down her back to hold her butt with his large palms, kneading the plump cheeks.

Destiny moaned, and placed her hands palm-flat on his muscular chest. She could feel the thump-thump of his heart, beating strong. Smooth, firm skin belied the years she knew he carried. He had to be at least sixty, and yet he had the physique of a man a third his age. He'd make a wonderful husband, if not for one inescapable fact. He was a werewolf.

He swept her up and tossed her onto the bed, following her down to straddle her with his massive thighs. Destiny licked her lips, watching his rigid shaft bobbing gently above her belly. She had to admit there were some enjoyable points to being a werewolf. The males all looked great in the buff, and weren't shy about parading around nude, which was a good thing, because their clothing didn't shift with them. They often found themselves in human form miles from their wardrobe.

"Still planning on denying you want me?" Lust swirled in his gorgeous blue eyes.

Destiny shook her head slowly from side to side. "I never denied I wanted you." Her voice came out in a husky whisper. "As a lover." She wanted to feel his rough hands on her skin, his hard body pressing against hers, his warm breath on her naked flesh.

Jack captured her chin in one hand and held her still, his expression somber. "This isn't a one-night stand, Destiny. Wolves mate forever." He lowered himself to savage her lips in a kiss that shattered her will to resist.

She returned the kiss with everything she had. Her body moved of its own accord, arching up against him, burning with want, with need. For now, she didn't care about life-mates or packs or the fact that he was the Alpha. All she cared about was the desire burning through every nerve in her body.

Jack's skilled hands traced the curve of her breast, the line of her hips. He stopped to toy with her dimpled navel, his palm splayed across her belly. A path of liquid fire burned across her skin as he trailed kisses from her mouth to her ear, then nibbled his way down to her throat, his warm breath feathering across the sensitive hollow.

Destiny gasped, dazed by the depth of response. She opened her eyes to stare into his. "What are you doing to me?" she whispered.

He smiled, a predatory display of sharp white teeth. "I'm courting you." He swept a stray lock of hair off her face. "Seducing you." He scored his teeth across one sensitive nipple. "Persuading you."

He sucked the tip of her breast into his mouth, and Destiny gasped. Heat slid from her breasts down to pool low in her belly. She lifted her hands, tangling them in his dark hair, holding him to her. Nothing mattered right now except the feel of his hands on her hips, his mouth on her breast. Nothing.

His fingers brushed the dark tangle of curls at the junction of her thighs and Destiny whimpered, thrashing and squirming beneath him. He nudged her legs apart with his knee, and cupped her mound in his palm. Liquid darts of heat spread through her, curling their way into the depths of her belly. A wicked grin lit his face and he slid one finger into her slick pussy.

"You are so hot and tight." He nibbled on the tender skin in the hollow of her hips. "I can't wait to feel your sex clamped around my cock." He slid a second finger in, stroking the tender flesh of her channel, and Destiny's control shattered. She lifted her hips, humping his hand as he continued to slide his fingers in and out. She could feel herself spiraling out of control, lust and need merging into one fiery flame, burning so bright that it wiped away all her misgivings.

Jack withdrew his fingers and shifted lower, fastening his mouth over her pussy. His tongue stabbed deep, and he scored his teeth across the sensitive nub of her clit. Destiny cried out, her world shattering into tiny fragments. She bucked her hips up into his face, pressing her aching pussy against him while wave after wave of pleasure washed through her. He lapped at her sex, feasting on the hot juices flowing from her slick channel as tiny aftershocks rocked her.

Jack lifted his head, a primitive growl of triumph and satisfaction escaping him. Destiny lay sprawled across the bed, feeling each unique ripple of pleasure wash through her. He braced himself above her on thickly muscled arms, shoving her legs farther apart to settle himself between her thighs. The head of his massive erection probed the wet lips of her labia. "Tell me you want me." His eyes shone with barely contained lust.

"You know I do." Her husky whisper caused him to smile in triumph.

"Forever." He rocked his hips to stroke his cock across the sensitive nub of her clit.

"No."

"Yes." He snapped it out, a command.

"For now." Destiny let out a tormented little cry.

"Forever." There was steel in his voice, and his eyes.

She couldn't. He'd consume her, leave her nothing. But she wanted him so badly. "I need you inside me." The minute the words left her mouth, Destiny realized they were true. She needed to be fucked. Now. By Jack.

"You're mine!" Triumph flashed in the depths of those gorgeous blue eyes. He buried himself deep inside her with one hard thrust of his hips, his heavy balls slapping against her ass. "My mate. Forever."

He didn't bother waiting for her reply. Good thing, because Destiny was far beyond rational thought. He could say whatever he wanted so long as he kept burying that gorgeous cock of his in her aching sex. Over and over. Harder. Faster.

Jack settled into a steady rhythm, each thrust of his hips planting his enormous shaft deep inside her slick channel. Destiny met him thrust for thrust, lifting her hips to make sure she got every last inch of his cock. The pleasure felt so intense, Destiny wasn't sure she would survive it. She felt another orgasm begin to swell, deep down in her core. It bubbled up, consuming her, taking her to the stars and fragmenting her world into a thousand tiny pinpricks of light.

She let out a scream, her inner muscles contracting around Jack's massive shaft and drawing him over the edge with her. A surge of hot liquid jetted into her core and he covered her lips, tasting his name.

They clung to each other, their bodies convulsing as wave after wave of intense pleasure washed through them, leaving them breathless and weak. Destiny kept her eyes closed tight. She could never be his mate, but just for now, she relaxed in his arms and enjoyed the feel of his muscular body wrapped around hers.

A tiny dart of worry stabbed at her, and she stirred restlessly against him. They'd consummated their mating and they hadn't taken any precautions. She always took precautions. What if his seed took root? She gave her head a mental shake. What were the chances of getting pregnant from a single coupling?

* * *

Destiny stared at the little box in the center of her kitchen table with a feeling of déjà vu. A sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach told her Jack had known the news before she did. How the hell had he managed to get her pregnant in just one hot session? She'd tried seven different pregnancy tests before she'd finally admitted that she was, indeed, pregnant.

In the family way. Knocked up. Whichever way you chose to say it, a child unquestionably threw a monkey wrench into her plans. She couldn't quite see Quentin agreeing to raise another man's child, and since she'd avoided sleeping with him, she couldn't very well pass the child off as his. The fact that the child would be a full-blooded werewolf definitely complicated things.

She reached for the box, tearing the pink and blue ribbons off it, and lifted the lid. An exquisitely detailed wolf bitch lay in a bed of shredded white chocolate, her mate watching over her. Cuddled protectively against her belly, a wolf pup slumbered in complete safety. Only a suicidal maniac would attempt to take a pup from a mother werewolf and her mate.

Destiny stared at the domestic scenario and felt a familiar tightening in her throat. A family. Something she'd never had. Did Jack know how very much she'd missed that as a child?

Long ago, before she'd given up on dreams and wishes, she'd wished on every star, asked every department store Santa, even prayed to every god she could find. Give me a family. A home. A mother and a father.

Then, at the age of fourteen, she was sent to a new foster home, and she'd discovered there were a lot worse things than loneliness. Pain and terror had triggered her first shift. Most of that night was thankfully blank, but she'd never forget the blood, rivers of it, sticking to her fur and her paws, the sweet coppery taste of it in her mouth.

She'd run until she couldn't run anymore. Her paws were torn and numb, her lungs ached and she'd collapsed in a heap, dragging herself into the privacy afforded by a clump of bushes in a municipal park. She'd fully expected the local animal control to find her and destroy her. Lucky for her, she'd survived and managed to learn how to control her werewolf urges.

She studied the little chocolate family. Jack had an artistic flair that made his confectionary shop a roaring success. The advent of the Internet had seen his sales multiply dramatically when people around the world discovered his website and ordered original pieces to celebrate special events. It seemed an odd occupation for the Alpha of the Northern Rockies werewolf pack, but Jack managed to look very male and too damn sexy for her peace of mind with a ladle in his hand.

She glanced at the clock on the wall. Ten to six. Quentin would be here to pick her up for their dinner date any minute. She put the lid back on the box and opened the fridge. Bending down, she placed the little box beside its predecessor at the back of the

top shelf. Closing the door firmly, she went upstairs to get ready. She'd figure a way out of this. Somehow. Right now, she needed to keep her pregnancy a secret until she decided what to do.

The doorbell rang at precisely six o'clock. Destiny jumped at the shrill sound peeling through her house. "Come on in." She smoothed her blue floral skirt with nervous hands, and pretended to be putting away the last of the dishes from the dishwasher. The front door slammed shut, and she turned to watch Quentin stride down the hallway.

He walked with the self-assured air of a man who knew exactly how important he was. His Armani suit hung perfectly on his lean frame and his short black hair lay smoothly against his head, perfectly styled. His dark eyes glittered with satisfaction, and even his teeth were flawlessly straight and white. His shoes gleamed, the rich dark leather showing signs of a recent polish.

He was perfect, everything she'd ever wanted in a man, so why did the image of a tall, dark Alpha with smoldering blue eyes and ragged scars crisscrossing his bulky torso haunt her dreams?

She conjured up a smile when he dropped an arm around her shoulder and bent to drop a chaste kiss on her forehead. "You're early. Court go well today?"

"Very." He flicked a piece of lint off his suit with one finger. "The prosecution didn't do their homework and we blew them out of the water. The jury will have to find in our favor." He grinned. "That should net me a nice fat bonus check." He stepped back and studied her outfit. "I can wait if you'd like to run up and change into something a little dressier. I thought we'd go to the Topaz Room and celebrate."

Destiny ducked out from under his arm, feeling vaguely uncomfortable. "Sounds great. I'll nip upstairs and get ready." She thought she saw a fleeting look of annoyance cross his face before he flashed a toothy white smile.

"Go ahead. I'll call for reservations." He pulled his phone out of his jacket pocket.

Destiny turned and practically ran up the stairs to her bedroom, her heart racing. This was just great. She could feel the tenuous connection to Jack strengthen in the back of her mind and she cursed the power of the pack. She didn't understand it, but the Alpha had some sort of psychic connection to the members of his pack, even with those members who refused to accept his authority.

She tried to ignore the reproof she felt radiating from him. Jack could damn well back off. Just because she'd been foolish enough to sleep with him once didn't mean she'd changed her mind about joining the pack or about accepting him as her mate. She had no idea what she'd do about the fact she'd conceived during that one stormy session.

She quickly changed into a simple black cocktail dress and ran a brush through her unruly mass of hair. She hesitated a moment, then swept it up into an elegant knot at the nape of her neck. Quentin wasn't a fan of the wild and unruly look. Several times now, he'd suggested she get it cut.

"Are you almost ready?" Quentin's courtroom voice easily carried up the stairs. "We've got reservations for seven o'clock, and you know they won't hold them if we're late."

Destiny took a last quick check in the mirror. "Coming." She squelched the urge to snarl. Quentin liked to be in charge. That was one of the things she admired about him. Her mood had nothing to do with him. She turned out the light and headed downstairs.

Chapter Three

Quentin opened the door and extended his hand to help her out of the car. His manners were impeccable, and Destiny felt a twinge of shame for her earlier annoyance. He was a well-respected trial lawyer. Of course he took charge.

“Looks like quite a crowd tonight.” She smiled up at him and accepted his hand.

“Yes.” Quentin handed the keys to one of the hovering valets and casually settled his arm around her waist. “I heard rumors that some wealthy investors from Calgary are in town looking for property to develop.” He guided her past the ornate fountain and into the lobby.

And of course he’d want to make sure they saw him. Destiny smothered an irritated sigh. If she wanted to be a trial lawyer’s wife, she’d better get used to living life in the spotlight.

The maître d’ led them to a small table in the center of the room and assured them the waiter would be along shortly. Quentin held her chair, and Destiny sat down, glancing over at the table of black-suited businessmen to her left. Probably the high rollers from Calgary.

The waiter came over, and Quentin ordered for both of them. At least she wouldn’t have to go home and devour something to stave off a change. Her werewolf appetite could be quite voracious, and hunger lessened her control. She’d gulped down a snack before Quentin had arrived for the dinner date so she wouldn’t embarrass herself.

Destiny sipped her water and listened politely to Quentin dissecting his day in court. Although she loved the idea of marrying a lawyer, the actual details of his profession bored her silly. She’d perfected the art of looking interested and making appropriate noises from time to time.

Her gaze roamed around the room. Not all of the diners were high rollers. A young couple seated in a quiet corner by the kitchen held hands across their table and ate from a single plate. The girl's face shone and she looked adoringly at the awkward young man. Young lovers. Destiny couldn't remember a time when she'd felt that young or that innocent.

A movement to the couple's left drew her attention. Destiny sucked in a startled breath. Partially hidden by a potted palm, Jack sat at a table with several high-ranking members of his pack. She recognized Jeff, Jack's second, and Jeff's mate Katie. Katie resembled a department store doll, with blond hair, blue eyes, and a tiny figure. If she wasn't such a genuinely nice person, Destiny could easily hate her for her figure alone.

The pack's enforcer, Garret, lounged at the far end of the table, one arm draped casually across his mate's shoulder. Diane looked over at her, giving an almost imperceptible nod of her head before she turned to whisper something in Garret's ear. A slight smile hovered on the huge enforcer's face before he flicked an amused look in her direction.

Destiny felt her appetite melt away. The pack rarely gathered openly in public. Either they had a serious problem, or Jack had known she and Quentin would be here and decided to send her a message. She wasn't sure which alternative she'd prefer.

"So how was your day?"

Destiny dragged her attention back to her date. "Fine. I finished up two files, and managed to get a start on the insurance audit." She smiled ruefully. "If I could just get my receptionist to show up regularly, I might actually be able to catch up. Tax season put me way behind on the rest of the files this year."

Quentin gave her a sympathetic look. "You should fire that girl and hire someone more reliable."

Destiny sighed. They'd been through this before. As a single mom, Sonia didn't have anyone to fall back on when the kids were sick. Daycare refused to take them when they weren't feeling well, so Sonia had no choice but to stay home and nurse them. Her admiration for the way Sonia managed to juggle work and family was one of

the reasons she'd hired the girl in the first place. "It's not her fault. The kids have been having a rough time lately, what with all the colds and flu going around."

Quentin shook his head. "You're too soft, Destiny. That's her problem, not yours. She should apply for government assistance. That's what they're there for. You need to develop a thicker skin."

Right then, the waiter arrived with their salads, saving her from having to answer. The last thing she wanted was to get in an argument with Quentin with half of Jack's pack watching.

The main course should have been wonderful. The steak was rare, just the way she liked it, and after his remarks about Sonia, Quentin went to a great deal of trouble to be an entertaining companion.

Destiny just couldn't keep her mind from wandering. Why was Jack here? A pack meeting? Keeping an eye on her? Pure coincidence? She imagined she could feel his eyes, watching her flirt with another man. Damn, this wasn't fair! She wondered how she'd managed to get herself in such an awkward position.

"Compliments of the gentleman at the far table." Destiny looked at the plate the waiter put on the table in front of her. Tiny chocolate creatures of every persuasion cavorted on a bed of tri-colored chocolate shavings. Jack. They had to be his creations. No one else could coax chocolate into such lifelike images. Her heart skipped a beat.

"What gentleman?" She looked up and saw only mild curiosity in Quentin's eyes. As if any woman he took out would, of course, attract the admiration of other men.

"Mr. McRoy." The waiter turned to gesture at the now empty table behind the palm tree. "His party was dining over there. I believe he mentioned an acquaintance with the young lady. We offer a selection of his confections on our dessert trolley."

Quentin raised a brow and looked over at her. Destiny tried to appear casual. "Oh yes, Jack. He owns the Chocolate Boutique in the town square. This is very nice of him." She picked up a chocolate chipmunk and popped it in her mouth, playing for more time.

"A client of yours?" Quentin looked at her over the plate.

Good idea! Destiny could have kissed him for supplying her with an excuse. She swallowed the chocolate tidbit. "Yes. Nice man. I'll have to thank him the next time I see him." She picked up the plate and offered it to Quentin. "He makes excellent chocolate. Would you like to try one?"

"No." Quentin shook his head, an odd look in his eyes. He signaled the waiter, and glanced over at her. "I'm going to have a cognac to finish the evening off. Would you like a nightcap?"

"No thank you." Destiny picked up a chocolate bunny, studying it curiously before she bit the head off. The plate contained all the different furry creatures she liked to chase when she let her inner wolf out to play. She wondered if Jack wanted to remind her of her heritage, or if she was just being paranoid. She finished the bunny and licked her fingers. Dark chocolate. Her favorite.

* * *

Quentin leaned down to help her out of the car. Destiny felt tired. She let Quentin draw her up into his embrace, tilting her head back for his kiss. His lips brushed hers lightly, very properly. He'd never overstepped the bounds of propriety, never pushed her further than she wanted to go. Sometimes she wanted to bite him, just to see what he'd do.

They walked up the path to the front door, holding hands like a couple of teenagers out for an evening stroll. "Thank you for a wonderful evening."

"You're very welcome." He brought her hand up to his lips and kissed her palm. "I hope I didn't bore you with all my shop talk. You seemed a bit distracted."

Destiny smiled, ashamed of her earlier impulse. He was so thoughtful. What was she going to tell him about the baby? "No. I love hearing about your cases. I'm just a little tired tonight." A movement on the far side of the street caught her attention. A young couple, taking a late night stroll together. *Garret and Diane. What the hell?*

"Well, I won't keep you up then." He dropped a chaste kiss on her cheek. "Go get some sleep. I'll be tied up in court for the next few days, and I have to fly to a

convention in Toronto next week. How about I give you a call late next week to see if you want to make some plans for the weekend?"

Destiny yanked her attention back to Quentin. "That would be good." She punched in the security code to unlock the door. "I'm sorry I wasn't better company."

"You were great," he assured her gallantly. "Good night." He turned and headed back to his car.

Destiny slid inside and made sure the door closed behind her. Seeing Jack and company at the restaurant might have been a coincidence, but Garret lived on the far side of town. And he and Diane were so not the late night strolling hand-in-hand types. They were more the run wild through the woods and kill something types. She picked up the phone and punched in Jack's cell number.

"Destiny. Home already?" Jack's voice boomed cheerfully through the connection.

She didn't bother with niceties. "What the hell is going on? You never hold pack meetings in a public restaurant. And why did I just see your enforcer walking down my street?"

"We've had some issues you need to be aware of. How about you let me in and we can discuss them?"

Let him in? Destiny walked into the living room and looked out the window. Jack waved at her from the middle of her front lawn. She hung up the phone and stomped to the door, yanking it open. "Get your ass in here."

Jack grinned unrepentantly. "Thanks." He pocketed the phone and slid past her into the hallway. "I'll just fix us some drinks." His gaze slid to her belly. "Lemonade would be good. Go sit down, I'll be right with you."

Destiny seethed at the casual way he took over her home. Following him into the kitchen, she grabbed a bottle of Perrier water from the fridge. "Water's fine for me. So what's with the sudden presence? Afraid I'm going to do something rash now that I'm pregnant?"

Jack grabbed a can of beer and flipped the lid into the garbage. He looked her in the eyes, his expression serious. "No. You'd never hurt a child, yours or anyone else's. You've waited too long to be part of a family."

He herded her back to the living room while she digested that. She hadn't known he was aware of her childhood. She perched on the edge of her favorite chair and stared up at him expectantly.

He took a long swig of his beer and paced across the room. "A couple of rogue werewolves are in town, stirring things up. Looks like they want to start a turf war, and the easiest way to do that is to take a shot at the reigning Alpha." A wry smile curved the corner of his mouth. "If it were just me, I'd go call them out and settle it right now. Unfortunately, it's not that easy. I've claimed you as my mate. That makes you a target as well."

Destiny collapsed into the chair and frowned at him, trying to understand what he meant. "They'll use me to get to you? But I didn't agree to be your mate. I don't want to be your mate."

Jack's expression hardened. "You don't have to agree. You're a wolf, you're in my territory and I claimed you. So far, the fact that you're carrying my child isn't common knowledge, or you'd be in real danger." He walked across the room and looked out the window. "The fact that you're living here alone puts the entire pack at risk. They are honor bound to do whatever it takes to protect you."

He whirled to face her, and she could see tension in every line of his body. "I don't want to risk their lives for yours. And you shouldn't expect me to. Until we find out what's up, I want you where I can keep an eye on you." He held his hand up to forestall her outburst. "I won't force you to sleep with me but you will move into my house and live under my roof. Until this is settled, either I or one of the pack will be with you at all times."

Destiny jumped to her feet. He couldn't be serious! "What about my life? My business? What about my boyfriend? You want me to drop everything so you can play some kind of he-man games with a couple of strays?"

Jack shrugged. "Frankly, I don't care about your life here, or your so-called boyfriend. He's going to be history when you start to show anyway. He's not the type to tolerate someone else's child." He held up his hand when she opened her mouth to retaliate. "If you're worried about work, you can bring your files with you. It won't take much to set up an office at my place, and Jeff's a whiz with computers. He can give you access to your server without you having to be here. You can tell your friends you have urgent family business and will be gone for a couple of weeks. Unless you get the urge to go waltzing down the main street, they'll assume you're out of town."

Destiny hesitated, tempted. It would give her some time to decide what to do about the baby. Jack was right. Quentin would not be happy with the news. The thought of terminating the pregnancy horrified her, so she needed a plan.

The warning look he gave her made her wonder if he could read her mind. "That is my child too. You will remember that when you decide what you're going to do."

She glared at him, frustration sharpening her voice. "That doesn't give you any rights over me."

He raised one brow, and she wanted to slap the smug look off his face. "I'm your pack Alpha. I already have complete authority over you. You might want to consider that occasionally. Just because I don't force you to accept me doesn't mean I can't."

Destiny swallowed the urge to scream. This was not the direction she'd pictured her life taking. "I appreciate that. But I sure as hell didn't foresee this happening, and I need some time to get used to the idea." She slanted an assessing look up at him. "How did you manage to get me pregnant the first time we made love?" She winced. She'd meant to say "had sex." Love had nothing to do with it.

He reached out and tucked a stray lock of hair back behind her ear, skirting around the question. "I believe every child is a gift from the gods. We're meant to be together, you and I. I've known it from the minute you set foot in my territory. Our child will want for nothing."

Destiny snorted, taking a step backward. "Except a normal life. She'll be a werewolf."

"That's not such a bad thing. Some of my best friends are werewolves, not to mention both of us." A ghost of a smile crossed his face. "And don't be thinking this child is a girl. I don't think I could handle two of you, at least not without some help. I think we need to have a few boys first."

Destiny sighed, suddenly too tired to argue any more. "You're getting ahead of the game here. I'm still coming to terms with one child."

He leaned down to place a gentle kiss on her lips. "You need to go up and pack. I'm guessing a week or so, but it could be longer."

"I didn't agree to go with you." She looked at him from beneath her lashes, suddenly feeling shy.

"You know it's necessary. You'd never put our child in harm's way."

She hesitated, chewing on her bottom lip. He did have a point. "I can have my own room?" Jack nodded. "And you'll leave me alone?"

He grinned. "I didn't say that. I said I wouldn't force you to sleep with me."

She sighed. Trust him to see where she'd been heading with that one. "Okay, but just for a week or two. Until you get this rogue thing settled. Promise?"

Jack laid his hand palm down across his heart. "I promise. It'll be like a vacation. Now go pack that suitcase so we can get out of here."

Chapter Four

Destiny looked around the guest room. She hated sleeping in strange beds, but it wouldn't be for very long. She ignored the tiny voice in her head telling her she wouldn't care what she slept on so long as Jack's sexy body was snuggled up against her.

She'd called Quentin's office and left a brief message telling him she'd left town on unexpected family business and would be in touch. He'd be out of town himself, so that shouldn't be a problem. By the time he got back, she hoped to have something sorted out.

There were fluffy towels hanging from the heated rack by the shower and an assortment of soaps and shampoos lined the wicker shelving. Somebody had taken the time to get the room ready for company. This invitation hadn't been as casual as Jack had made it sound.

"Finding everything you need?" Jack appeared in the doorway. His dark hair hung loose to his shoulders, tempting her to run her fingers through it. "It's late, so I'll let you settle in and we can talk in the morning." His eyes searched her face. "If you need anything, just holler. One of the pack is on guard duty at all times, so you'll be safe."

"On guard?" She tilted her head. "You're taking those strays quite seriously, aren't you?"

He lounged against the doorframe. "These aren't just a couple of young pups. Those usually come into town, start a brawl and we kick their asses home." A ghost of a smile flitted across his face. "Unless one of the females takes a liking to him, and petitions to let him join the pack. That's how Garret came to us."

Destiny raised her brows in surprise. "Garret was a stray?"

He nodded. "Diane was young, feisty and in her first heat. She had suitors lined up just to get a glimpse of her. Garret followed her home one day and got in a fight with her brothers. Diane sided with Garret and they managed to hold off her two brothers and six of the most pissed off werewolf suitors this side of the Canadian Shield. I figured if he could manage that, he'd make one hell of an addition to the pack. Only thing that scares him is Diane in a bad mood." He grinned. "I'm starting to understand how that feels."

Destiny felt a reluctant smile curve the corners of her mouth. She had been more than a little snappy for the past few days.

* * *

Jack watched the emotions chase each other across Destiny's face. He wondered if she had any idea how easily he could read her. Fear lurked in the depths of those gorgeous green eyes. Fear of him, fear of her heritage and most likely fear that the child growing inside her would change everything. Which it did.

That was his child and he had no intention of letting it grow up without a father.

He'd known when he followed her up the hill that the chances of her conceiving were excellent. Female werewolves were at their most fertile during the first few days of their heat cycle. Pure animal instinct had led him to seduce her when he knew her resistance was at its lowest. The entire pack knew of her condition, a side effect of their psychic connection, and the entire pack would fight to the death to protect their Alpha's pup. He didn't intend to put them in that position.

He paced across the room and drew her into his arms. She'd had to cope with a lot during the past few days, and she needed her rest. Tilting her head up with one finger, he placed a gentle kiss on her lips. "Get a good night's sleep. We'll talk in the morning."

He didn't give her time to answer. Or to argue. He left, shutting the door firmly behind him.

He needed to think, and he thought best on his feet, all four of them. He stepped out the side door and stripped off his clothing, tossing it onto one of the garden chairs.

He dropped to his hands and knees in the cool grass and breathed in a lungful of clean mountain air. His yard backed onto government land, a huge tract of untouched wilderness.

He relaxed, willing the change to come. Sometimes, like now, it came easily. Other times he had to work a little harder at it. Pain rocketed through him. Muscles flexed, bones shifted and his body reformed itself. Dense, dark fur covered his entire length and he stood on all fours, slowly stretching each muscle. Satisfied that everything had gone well, he shook himself off and trotted down the path, nodding at a light gray timber wolf lying in the shadows. Raymond, taking his turn at guard duty.

He leapt the fence at the bottom of the yard and loped easily into the beginnings of the forest, nose alert for the scent of rabbit.

* * *

Jack looked around the clearing. He'd called a meeting of the entire pack, only the third such meeting since he'd become Alpha. He made the nose count at twenty, including Destiny. The only ones missing were a newlywed couple who'd taken a cruise to the Bahamas.

Destiny sat on an old stump to his left, looking decidedly uncomfortable. She'd pleaded with him to let her skip the meeting but he'd been adamant. A meeting of the entire pack meant just that. It was time she started participating in pack business. Jeff, his second, had done a preliminary scouting of the strays last night and the news wasn't good.

He nodded at Garret, who stalked into the center of the clearing and called for attention. When everyone quieted down, Jack thanked him and took his place.

"First, let me confirm the rumors." He reached for Destiny's hand and drew her to her feet. "Destiny is pregnant, and the child is mine." He tilted her chin up to place a hard kiss on her mouth. When the cheering subsided, he let her loose to retreat back into the shadows. If looks could kill, that glare of hers would have mortally wounded him.

"Now for the bad news." He paused. "I sent Jeff to scout out the strays that have been shooting their mouths off in town. He tracked them to an old farmstead on the logging road above the cliffs. He estimates there are at least twelve of them, all young. They've converted two old outbuildings to grow marijuana, and they're working on a third. From what he could overhear, they plan to take over the pack and turn Riverton into a base of operations for drug smuggling. He had to beat a hasty retreat in order to avoid detection, so we don't have any more details." He looked at each member of his pack, making sure they understood the seriousness of the situation. "We need to stop them now. If the authorities start poking around, they could uncover a lot more than another drug operation. This is our home. We are going to defend it."

"Do we know who the ringleader is?" One of the older wolves, Sam, always saw the practical side. "Take out the brains, and the strays won't know what to do. We can run them off quietly."

"I'll let Jeff answer the questions." Jack stepped over to sit on the ground by Destiny while his second took his place. Jeff explained what he'd seen, and gave his assessment of the situation. He hadn't been able to determine who the leader was, and he suspected the boss didn't visit the site much, if at all. He'd heard a couple of references to a Mister, but nothing he could nail down. He shrugged and called for questions. After answering what he could, he turned the meeting back over to Jack.

"So." Jack looked around the clearing. "What do you think? Wait and see, or go in now and take them down?"

"Take them down." Tyler, a young single male, stepped forward. "The longer we wait, the more organized they'll get."

"And the more time they'll have to set up defenses."

"We don't need to let them recruit more help."

"Or do something stupid and bring the authorities into town."

The comments came thick and fast, but the theme remained the same. Hit them now. Hit them hard.

Jack stood, taking up his spot in the center of the clearing, and held up a hand. The group settled down, looking at him expectantly. "I agree. Next Thursday starts the first quarter of the new moon. These guys are young and inexperienced. Chances are, they'll wear themselves out during the full moon and be at their worst next week. We'll go in then, a full-out assault and clear them out." He turned his head and spat on the ground. "I have zero tolerance for drug smugglers, and even less for anyone who thinks they can come in here and threaten my pack."

He looked over at his enforcer. "Garret can go scout the homestead and come up with a plan of attack. We'll rendezvous Thursday on the old settlement road, an hour before sun up. Be ready for a fight. Everyone's in." He glanced at Destiny. "Including you, unless you're afraid of hurting the child."

A slow smile spread across Destiny's face, and he knew he'd guessed right. She relished the thought of a fight. "I'm in." Her voice quivered. "I'm not far enough along for it to slow me down."

"Good." He turned back to the rest of the pack. "Any questions? No? Then I'll see you all next Thursday." He motioned Garret over. "Go take a look, but be careful. We want to take them by surprise."

Garret rolled his eyes. "I'm not a moron. I have done a few scouting trips in my time, you know."

Jack did know. Before crossing the border to join their pack, Garret had served in the Navy SEALs. He rarely talked about those days, but Jack knew he could slip in and out of anywhere unseen.

He gave him a friendly slap on the back. "Just make sure you come back in one piece or Diane will have my head on a stick."

Garret grinned. "Yeah, that woman of mine has the temper of a wolverine with a sore tooth." He glanced over at Destiny and lowered his voice. "Yours doesn't look too happy either, and we can't afford to have our Alpha injured. You sure it's safe to go home with her, or do you need some backup?"

Jack cuffed the big enforcer across the side of his head. "I can handle her; you go take care of your own house." Garret's laughter echoed through the clearing, and he turned to go collect his mate from the group of women on the far side of the clearing.

Destiny gave Jack a quizzical look when he crossed the clearing to her side. "What was that about?"

"Just some pack business." He had no intention of getting her riled up. "I need to get back to the store. I have a special order to work on."

"Really? What kind of order?"

Jack gave her a sharp look, but she appeared to be genuinely interested. "It's for an anniversary. The lady ordered a chocolate rendering of both her and her husband." He paused. "She wants the figures nude, and she's sent full color photos in various positions for me to work from. It's very challenging, but I know how much it means to her. She plans to surprise him with the chocolates at a very private party."

Destiny smiled, the expression lighting up her face. "What a unique gift. She must love him very much to put that much thought into a present."

Jack couldn't resist. He tilted her head up to place a kiss on her soft lips. "You look good enough to devour yourself. Pregnancy becomes you." She blushed, and tried to pull out of his arms. A deep chuckle sounded from the far side of the clearing, and he realized half the pack was watching their Alpha in open amusement. "Get used to it." He held her firmly in his arms and ran a finger down the soft curve of her cheek. "I'm a hands-on kind of guy, and I don't care who's watching."

"I didn't agree to any of this!" Panic filled her eyes, and Jack felt a brief flash of guilt. He was running roughshod over her feelings, but he didn't plan to back down. He had no intention of letting her go back to her big-shot boyfriend, or anyone else she decided made good husband material.

She belonged with him.

Chapter Five

Destiny watched Jack adjust the temperature of the chocolate vat. He'd agreed to let her watch him work, but only if she stayed quietly in the corner. He'd already fashioned the two figures, and was now adding the details that would make the characters come to life.

The female was on all fours, looking back over her shoulder. The main body consisted of dark chocolate, but Jack skillfully blended the different types of chocolate to create a perfectly lifelike figure.

He worked on the male figure, a frown of concentration creasing a deep furrow on his brow. He'd used a generic mold to get the basic shape, but now he softened and pulled, hardened and shaped. For such a large man, his touch looked almost delicate. The male figure came to life under his talented hands, gloriously naked. Destiny felt heat rising to her cheeks when her attention dropped to the man's rigid shaft. She couldn't help asking, "Do you do this kind of thing a lot?"

Jack looked up, a startled expression on his face. She got the impression he'd forgotten she was there. "Do what?"

She gestured at the chocolate couple. "Nudes. Like them."

Jack glanced down and chuckled. "Sometimes. I do whatever the customer asks for. Sometimes it involves people, sometimes pets and sometimes the poses are quite..." He paused as though searching for the right phrase. "Natural."

He put the male down beside the female figure. "Now these go into the cooler for a few hours to harden. Then I do the finishing touches, and ship them off to the customer." He consulted a sheet on the counter beside him. "They need to make it to Anchorage before the twenty-first of the month."

He looked over at her, a mischievous grin curving the corner of his mouth. "I still have to pour this chocolate into the molds for the animal lines. You were supposed to sit still and be quiet."

Destiny arched her brow. "I was. Mostly."

He shook his head, making little tsing sounds. "I can see you're going to be a handful."

Destiny laughed. "Well, since I'm only going to be here for a week or two, you can probably manage to cope." Jack just looked at her, not saying a word, and Destiny felt a tiny dart of doubt lodge itself in her belly. Flustered, she directed her attention to the vat of warm chocolate. "How do you know when the chocolate is ready to use?"

Jack picked up a ladle and stirred the vat. "After you've worked with it for a while, you just know. It's a combination of texture, color and how it pours." He held the ladle over the counter and poured a thin stream of chocolate onto a silicon baking sheet. "Come and see." He put the ladle down and ran his finger through the soft chocolate before he lifted it to his lips and sucked the gooey liquid off. "Try it."

Destiny sidled up to the counter. The smell of warm melted chocolate filled her sensitive nostrils. She recalled reading somewhere that chocolate was an aphrodisiac. She stuck her finger in the sticky puddle, pleasantly surprised at the warmth.

Jack put his hand over hers and swirled her finger through the chocolate. "Now taste it." He lifted her finger up and opened his mouth, sucking it in.

Destiny gasped at the sensual feeling of his tongue swirling around her finger. The liquid chocolate slid down to her palm in a warm trickle. Deep inside her an aching need built, a fiery hunger she couldn't deny. She wanted him. She'd always wanted him, and for now, that was enough. She'd worry about the future tomorrow.

She reached out and grasped his hand, dragging his finger through the cooling chocolate before she lifted it to her mouth. Slowly, making sure she had his complete attention, she parted her lips. Darting her tongue out, she flicked it at the chocolate-covered finger before she closed her lips over it and sucked the heady mixture into her

mouth. She ran her tongue down the side of his finger, teasing, tasting, flirting with her every move.

Jack kept eye contact and lowered his other hand to the counter to scoop up more of the chocolate. He traced a warm wet line down her chin, following along behind with his tongue to clean it up. "Take off your shirt." The husky note in his voice caused her pussy to clench in anticipation. "And your jeans."

Destiny hesitated for a split second, and then slowly unbuttoned the shirt, still sucking on his finger. She slid the material from her shoulders with a sensual shrug and let it drop to the floor. Undoing the metal snap at the waist of her jeans, she wriggled her hips provocatively to let them slide down and pool at her feet. A quick kick had them out of the way, and she stood before him clad only in two scraps of black lace that left nothing to the imagination.

Jack sucked in a deep breath and let his gaze travel down her body. "Damn, you are gorgeous." He swept her up in his arms and sat her on the counter beside the chocolate vat. He ripped the lacy bra off her and cupped her breasts. Dipping his fingers into the dark liquid, he then smeared chocolate over both her nipples.

Destiny gasped as warmth encompassed her, spreading from the chocolate dripping from the tips of her breasts to her belly, and lower. His mouth fastened over her nipple, licking and sucking at the sweet coating, sending darts of seductive flame searing their way through her body. She couldn't tell where the heat of the chocolate ended and the flames induced by his aggressive mouth began. His hands roamed over her skin, trailing over her belly, exploring the soft skin covering her ribs. He licked the last of the chocolate from her breasts, and his mouth ventured lower. Licking, nipping, sucking.

He stepped back, his hands going to the bottom of his tight shirt. "I'm suddenly feeling a little overdressed for the occasion." He grasped the stretchy material and dragged it over his head, dropping it in an untidy heap on the floor. He grinned wickedly as he skinned his jeans down over his hips and kicked them over to land with the rest of the discarded clothing.

Destiny watched him, her gaze roaming his sexy body as it appeared. She reached over and dipped her hand into the vat, boldly spreading cooling chocolate over the sensitive flesh of her inner thighs. Jack dropped to his knees, grasping her legs to drape them over his shoulder. He looked up, his eyes molten blue, shining with barely restrained need. Stark lust lit his face before he dipped his head to run his tongue down one sweetly coated thigh.

Destiny shrieked, feeling like she could levitate right off the counter if Jack didn't hold her legs firmly in place. She leaned back and gave herself up to the erotic feelings racing through her. Squirming in his strong grip, she tried to inch her pussy closer to the warmth of his mouth.

"Stop that!" Jack nipped the tender flesh of her upper thighs, and then kissed the hurt away, laving the tender spot with his tongue. Destiny whimpered, arching up, writhing and moaning, giving herself to the pleasure of his mouth. He cleaned the chocolate from each thigh with long strokes of his rough, wet tongue, his warm breath blowing teasingly across the flimsy fabric covering the sensitive folds of her labia. She leaned forward to tangle her fingers in his shaggy hair, urging him toward her sex.

Jack obliged, lifting his head to rip the black lace panties off her with his teeth. He ran his tongue across the aching lips of her sex, from clit to anus, in one long wet stroke.

Destiny whimpered, her hands clenching and unclenching in his hair as he scored his teeth across her tight bud. Lust and need sizzled in her veins, traveling to every part of her body. He stabbed his tongue into her wildly creaming sex, and she cried out.

Jack settled in to feast between her thighs, holding her firmly in place to let his tongue tease and torture her aching pussy. He licked and nipped, nuzzled and tasted, and all the while, his hands roamed, warm palms sliding over her heated flesh.

She could feel herself spiraling upward, out of control, getting closer and closer to the edge of madness. Then he slipped a finger inside her, scoring it down the

sensitive flesh of her slick channel, and her world exploded into a blinding shower of stars.

Jack let go of her legs and stood up between her thighs. Destiny's attention focused on his cock, the massive shaft bobbing eagerly when he stepped forward. He grasped her hips and let the head of his cock push against the moist, wet entrance to her sex.

She tilted her head, teasing. "Don't I get a turn to lick chocolate off you? It smells heavenly."

"Nope." Jack circled his hips, and Destiny gasped at the feel of his shaft as it dragged across her clit. "Maybe later, if you're a good girl. Right now I'm going to fuck you so hard you won't remember your own name." He closed his eyes and leaned forward to sink into her inch by slow, sensual inch.

Destiny tilted her hips up to get a better angle, allowing him to penetrate to her very core. Already, she could feel the heat rising again, her body reacting to the friction of his enormous cock sliding in and out of her creamy channel. Her heartbeat quickened. She watched the taut slide of the heavy muscles roped across his chest. He was magnificent, an Alpha werewolf in his prime. A savage beast hidden beneath a thin veneer of civilization.

The rich smell of warm, dark chocolate hung heavy in the air, and Destiny inhaled deeply, taking the intoxicating smell deep into her lungs. She didn't need an aphrodisiac to help her appreciate Jack's sexual prowess.

She realized now that no ordinary human would ever be able to satisfy her needs. Much as she'd fought the idea, Jack could give her everything she wanted; a family, and children and a home. But right now, she had more immediate things on her mind.

Jack growled, the sound loud in the small room, and his hands tightened their grip on her hips. She looked deep into his blue eyes.

"You're mine." It was a statement, not a question. He quickened the pace, shafting her with long strokes that sent liquid heat racing through her.

She moved against him, driving up to meet him thrust for thrust. She could feel her orgasm gathering momentum, building on the previous one until there was nothing but the wonderful feel of Jack's cock. Her inner muscles clenched tight around him and he drove himself into her one last time, taking her over the edge into a wild orgasm that had her screaming his name over and over. Wave after wave of sensation racked through her, leaving her gasping for air.

Jack wrapped his arms around her, holding her against him while his hot seed spurted deep inside her. They lay locked together, silent. Tiny aftershocks rippled between them, and their hearts beat erratically as she waited for sanity to return.

Destiny snuggled into the hollow of his shoulder, not wanting to face reality just yet. The aroma of rich dark chocolate mingled with the smell of sex. This felt so good, so right, and yet it changed all her carefully laid plans.

* * *

Jack shook his head as Garret limped through the back door of the shop. He gestured his blood-spattered pack mate up onto the table, before pulling the blinds and turning on the Closed sign. The gash in Garret's side looked nasty, but Jack could see signs of healing along the jagged edges. The smaller lacerations on his right leg had already closed over. Blood caked most of his body, and by the smell Jack could tell it wasn't all his. If the big enforcer looked this bad, he sure didn't want to see the other guy.

Destiny stuck her head around the curtain separating the back room from the storefront, a frown marring her lovely features. "What's all the noise about? This place is about as peaceful as a wrestling ring at the local fair."

Her gaze fell on Garret and she gasped. "Oh my stars! What happened?" She pushed through the curtain and rushed over.

Garret raised his head, a cocky grin on his face. "It's not as bad as it looks. I tripped over one of the strays in the woods, and I had to keep him from warning the rest." He looked at Jack. "He won't be warning anyone. I disposed of the body in the

north swamp. His buddies will think he got a better offer and ran off. Strays have no sense of pack loyalty."

Jack nodded. "True. Let's just hope no one heard the fight. Let's get you in the back and cleaned up some."

Garret looked down at his side. "Shit, Diane is not going to be happy. She told me to be careful."

Jack gave him a friendly slap on the back. "We can wash off the worst of the blood, and by the time you get home most of the damage should be healed." He looked over at Destiny. "Can you go get us some rags? Should be some in the storage room."

"Coming right up."

The two watched her head toward the back of the building. "That's one nice female you got there, boss." Garret didn't bother to lower his voice. "You plan on keeping her?"

Jack snorted, eyeing her gently swaying hips. "I always planned on keeping her. I just need to convince her to stay."

"Well, getting her pregnant should keep her occupied for a while." A faint smile hovered on Garret's face. "Nothing like a young one to make a wolf feel like settling down."

"Didn't do it on purpose, but here's hoping. I caught her holding her tummy this morning and humming one of those silly lullabies." He laughed when Destiny turned to glare at him.

"I'm pregnant, not deaf!" she hollered, but Jack could see the mirth dancing in her eyes. She was warming up to the idea of having him for a mate.

Garret plunked himself down at the table, and Jack noticed he avoided putting any weight on his left arm. Destiny bustled back into the room with a stack of rags. "You need to wait until I'm at least out of sight before you start talking about me."

Jack grabbed her wrist and pulled her close to drop a quick kiss on her lips. "That takes all the fun out of it." He let her go and turned his attention to Garret.

Destiny put the rags down on the table beside the injured werewolf, and he saw her try to suppress a shiver. He bet her pregnancy made her more sensitive than usual to the ripe, coppery smell of blood that permeated the small room. "Why don't you go open some of the windows?" He waved her away, picking up the first cloth. "It's starting to stink in here."

A look of relief flashed across Destiny's face, and she practically ran to slide open the big patio door. "I need some fresh air. Be back in a minute."

She disappeared outside, and Jack grinned at his long-time friend. "She'd never admit the smell of blood is making her gag."

Garret grinned back. "No. She's a fighter, that one. Be glad to have her on our side when we go in."

Jack picked up a couple of rags and tossed one at Garret. "Clean yourself off." Most of the smaller wounds had healed over while they talked, and Jack concentrated on the gash in Garret's side, using his power as Alpha to encourage it to mend quickly. Despite the amount of blood, he figured Garret would be in prime fighting shape in less than a day. "So what did you find out? Are they organized or just a bunch of strays who think they can waltz in here and do whatever they want?"

Garret paused, looking thoughtful. "I got the feeling someone else set this up. The strays I saw were mostly young, brawny and stupid. I don't think they'd be capable of running this kind of slick operation. There has to be someone on the outside pulling strings." He winced as he ran the cloth over a gaping wound on his shoulder. "If we take out the brawn, the mastermind will have to either show himself, or give up and move on. Either way, we win."

"So you think we should go ahead with the attack?" Jack shifted position and held his hands over the gash in Garret's shoulder

Garret nodded. "Definitely. They set perimeter guards at night, but by daybreak, they're getting pretty sloppy. If we go in just before dawn, we should be able to take most of them out before they know what hit them."

The whoosh of the door opening alerted Jack to Destiny's return. Jack glanced up. "Feeling better?"

She nodded. "I'm good. How's he doing?"

"Ugly as ever, but I think he'll live." He ducked Garret's half-hearted swipe. "He's tough. Most of the wounds are already healed over. You might want to call Diane to come fetch him, though. I don't think he should be driving until he's had a chance to rest up from healing."

"Will do. Can't wait to see her face when she sees you." She flipped open her cell phone and punched in the number. "So Thursday is still a go?"

"Yup. I was just telling Jack that they're young and arrogant, and sloppy. Shouldn't be any problem." He lifted his arm, rotating his shoulder. "Been a while since we got in a good rumble. It'll be fun."

Chapter Six

The pack rendezvoused on a small dirt road two miles upwind of the stray's headquarters. They'd killed the headlights when they turned off the main road, using the dim starlight to see. Luckily, werewolves had excellent night vision. They locked their vehicles and scattered, each looking for a private spot to shed their clothing and shift. For those first few minutes, when they were in the midst of the change, they were very vulnerable.

Destiny found a dense thicket and crouched down to crawl into the center of it. Shivers of excitement rippled through her, making it difficult to concentrate. She'd never participated in a pack hunt, and the thought of running with others of her kind thrilled her.

She knew the pack wouldn't hesitate to kill the strays if they felt it necessary. The thought of violence didn't bother her. Anyone who participated in the drug trade had to be prepared to accept the violence.

The pain lanced through her, red-hot darts of fire burning in her joints. She panted heavily as her shift progressed. She could hear another wolf snuffling around the thick vegetation outside the thicket. Jack. Waiting for her.

When the shift was complete, she got to her feet and shook herself off.

Let's go. The rest of the pack is waiting. Jack's voice slid easily into her mind, and he greeted her eagerly when she exited the thicket, rubbing his muzzle against hers, a silly wolf-grin on his face.

Destiny stalked past him, her nose held high, only to tangle her foot in a trailing vine and land in an undignified heap on the ground. Jack sat patiently on the path, his eyes laughing as he watched her chew the offending vine from her foot. She scrambled back to her feet and glared at him. *That was not funny.*

Yeah, actually it was. He approached her, ears tipped forward, tongue lolling out of his mouth. He rubbed along her side, his tail brushing against her nose. Destiny sneezed at the long hairs tickling her nose. Jack turned and bounded off in the direction of the cars, looking over his shoulder. *Come on, slowpoke. Time to hunt!*

Destiny followed, feeling an unfamiliar sense of belonging. Family. Pack. This was dangerous; she could get to like it too much. She burst into the clearing to find the rest of the pack milling around, playing roughly with each other while they waited. She sat on her haunches and looked expectantly at Jack. He and Garret had outlined the plan to the rest before they'd gotten in the cars, so they all knew what to expect.

Jack took the lead, and the pack moved off at a steady lope, stringing out along the cool forest path and jostling good-naturedly amongst themselves. The outing had the festive air of a family holiday. She noted the strict adherence to status. As Alpha, Jack was at the head of the pack, followed by his second and then Garret. Their mates ran at their sides and the rest of the pack followed, with the younger unmated males bringing up the rear.

The sun had not yet made its way over the horizon, and the predawn chill gave the air a crisp, clean taste. Destiny ducked under low hanging branches, and enjoyed the feel of her muscles stretching with each step over the soft packed earth.

Jack ran beside her, slightly ahead so he could protect her from any danger that arose. Some pack behavior hadn't changed since ancient times. She had a sudden urge to turn her head and nip his well-muscled chest. Even in his wolf form, he sent shivers of lust through her. She restrained herself. This was serious. And a whole pack of wolves could see their every move.

Jack slowed to a walk when they approached the target zone. He dropped to his belly and crawled to the top of the last rise, peeking out from under the thick foliage that surrounded the compound.

Destiny followed his lead, and soon twenty wet black noses pointed at the dilapidated house below. Jack turned his head to lick her muzzle, giving a low woof. She rubbed her chin along his neck, acknowledging the greeting. Jack turned his

attention to the scene below, and Destiny looked down the grassy slope. They waited a few minutes, and the first guard came into view.

He was young, with stringy blond hair that looked like it needed cutting months ago. He dropped his shotgun to the ground with an alarming lack of concern and proceeded to dig around in his pockets for a few minutes until he found a package of cigarettes and a lighter. Destiny's lips curled in disgust.

Jack gave a low growl and the pack split up, the individual members melting into the shadows to take up their pre-arranged posts.

Destiny followed Jack, belly-crawling toward the main building. When he'd agreed to let her join in the attack, he'd been adamant that she stay close to his side. She smiled happily, her tongue lolling out the side of her mouth. This sure beat the hell out of working on the legions of paperwork sitting on her desk back at the office.

Her ears swiveled to the left as a muffled thump reverberated through the ground. Her sensitive hearing detected a moan from the unfortunate perimeter guard, then silence. One stray down.

Jack froze in mid-stride, and Destiny strained to see what he'd found. They were still twenty yards out from the house. Smoke from the chimney curled down toward the ground, but her sensitive nose could still sense the presence of a man. For a moment, she couldn't see him, then a shadowy figure detached itself from a tall maple tree and flicked a cigarette butt in their direction before he strolled back toward the front porch. Destiny felt the thrill of the hunt zinging through her veins.

Jack resumed his stealthy approach, Destiny right on his heels. The man on the porch would be the first target. He conveniently sat down on the railing with his back to the approaching wolves. His total lack of awareness of the approaching danger amazed Destiny.

She veered off to the right, giving Jack lots of room to attack. The shadows were starting to lighten up as the sun began to peek over the horizon, and she made sure she kept to the darkest parts of the yard, blending in with the shadows. She placed each paw carefully on the ground to avoid making any sound that might warn their prey.

* * *

Jack crouched behind his target, gathering his muscular hindquarters under him in preparation for the attack. He surged up onto the hapless stray from behind, knocking him forward to the wooden deck. The stray's head made a hollow thunking sound when it struck the solid surface, and he lay still. Destiny bounded up onto the porch and nudged the splayed form with her nose. Unconscious but still alive.

Adrenaline-laced blood raced through her. Her heartbeat increased, the excitement and thrill of the hunt flooding through her. She had to resist the urge to raise her muzzle and howl a challenge to the sky.

She licked Jack's muzzle, and he butted her playfully on the flank before slipping back down to the ground. They needed to make sure there were no other sentries posted around the house before they entered. Destiny glanced down at the still form on the deck before she turned to reluctantly follow Jack. She wanted to fight, to run, to attack. She wanted to hunt and kill.

Jack took three lunging strides and rounded the corner to overwhelm another sentry who was at the back of the building with surprise and his sheer weight. The young male, barely in his twenties, couldn't have weighed more than a hundred and twenty pounds dripping wet, and stank of alcohol and smoke. He went down without making a sound that might alert the occupants of the building. Jack hesitated, standing over the still form. Destiny knew he was fighting the urge to sink his teeth in and tear the man's throat out. The instinct to kill was the hardest one to overcome.

She woofed softly and he raised his head to look at her. His eyes glowed, and he curled his lips in a silent snarl. He stalked over to her and she could see the frustration in his rigid stance. He rubbed himself against her side. He wanted a real fight.

Destiny heard a faint sound from behind them, and Jack whirled in time to avoid a shaggy black wolf leaping directly at him. The wolf's momentum carried him to the edge of the house, and he whirled to face them as soon as his feet hit the ground, lips peeled back in a savage show of sharp teeth.

Jack lunged forward, jaws wide open to show his teeth. The two wolves met in midair, a snarling mass of teeth and claws. They landed on the ground with the stray on top, and Destiny's heart jumped. Jack twisted his back and flipped the stray over, using his size and superb physical condition to force the other wolf to the ground. The stray sunk his teeth into Jack's shoulder, making Jack leap backward.

The stray leapt free and the two circled warily, each looking for an opening. Destiny sat back on her haunches. Unless Jack needed her help, she wouldn't interfere. Jack feinted forward, snarling loudly as he snapped at his opponent's foreleg. The stray scrambled backward to avoid him, and the two went back to circling, growling noisily at each other.

Blood stained Jack's shoulder where the stray had bitten him, but it didn't seem to be affecting his movements. He feinted, showing his teeth in a ferocious growl, and this time the stray rose to the bait, lunging across the clearing. Jack stepped aside and grabbed the other wolf by the scruff of the neck when he went careening past, snarling ineffectively as his teeth snapped shut. The stray gave a startled yelp, trying desperately to stop his forward momentum, but Jack held on, and shook his head. He jerked the stray off his feet and forced him to the ground. The smaller wolf flailed helplessly under Jack's weight, his snarls slowly turning to terrified yips, but the stray couldn't get enough leverage to dislodge him. Jack shifted his grip, a bit at a time, until his jaws closed around the windpipe.

Panic filled the stray's eyes when Jack applied pressure, cutting off the supply of oxygen. His struggles became frantic, and for a brief second, Destiny thought he might manage to escape. Then his movements became feeble and his eyes closed. Jack let go of him and the stray slid bonelessly to the ground. Dead or not, Destiny wasn't sure and didn't care. He'd attacked her mate. She savored that thought for a moment. Her mate. Father of her child. It sounded right.

Unfortunately, the noise of the fight had alerted the occupants of the house, and they came swarming out to see what was wrong. The rest of the pack had heard as well, and those that had finished their assigned tasks rushed to the aid of their Alpha. Before

long, the clearing behind the house was full of humans, armed with assorted clubs, bats and whatever they could find to use as weapons against the snarling wolves. Destiny threw herself into the middle of the melee with reckless abandon.

A slimy-looking thug took a swing at her with a short club, the blow glancing off her ribs. She snarled and pounced, her teeth closing over his wrist with a satisfying crunch. He dropped the club with a screech of agony and grabbed at the mangled mess of his wrist.

Destiny turned and found herself face to face with a strange wolf. Instinct told her this was not one of her packmates, and she snarled a warning before she launched herself at him. He growled as he slipped under her, his teeth scoring a line of blood down the soft skin of her underbelly.

The urge to kill wiped the veil of civilization from her. This was the enemy. He'd attacked her, a pregnant female, endangering her unborn pup. For that alone, he would die. The sounds of the other wolves, the humans crying out in pain, even Jack's beloved scent, faded away. She kept her head low, protecting her throat as she circled her adversary. He feinted right, snapping and snarling loudly, but she ignored the ploy. If she waited long enough, he'd get cocky, make a mistake. He was young and arrogant. She could see it in the way he held his head, the way he looked down on her from his superior height, the careless way he exposed his vulnerable throat when he swung his head to taunt her.

There! A noise behind him distracted the stray, and just for a moment, he turned his attention from her, swiveling his head to see behind him. His throat made an irresistible target, and Destiny gathered her powerful hindquarters under her and leapt. Her teeth closed around the soft folds of his neck and her momentum bowled the other wolf over backward. Blood sprayed in all directions from the jagged tear as she ripped his throat out. Nobody threatened her child and lived.

She dropped the limp figure and turned back to face the house, searching for Jack. She'd lost track of him in the free-for-all. The yard was a mess of bodies, human

and wolf, some lying prone on the ground, others still moving. The grass was slick with blood, and the combatants slid on the treacherous ground.

She spotted Jack on the far side of the yard, squaring off with a giant gray that already had several cuts and gashes on his body. Blood matted thickly on Jack's fur as well, but she doubted much of it was his. His movements were too sure, too graceful, for him to be injured.

The sight of a human circling the clearing caught her attention and she swiveled her head in his direction. The sun had finally crested over the mountain and in the bright light of dawn, Quentin was clearly visible.

Destiny's heart sank. She stared at the lawyer in disbelief. Quentin was not a physical kind of guy. He didn't stand a chance in this fight, and the pack would never let him leave unless she intervened on his behalf. She had to protect him, and he wouldn't recognize her as a wolf. She dashed off behind a bush and shifted hurriedly back to human. Ignoring the pain, she cursed the more immediate problem. She was naked.

She dashed back into the yard and grabbed the first human she saw lying unconscious on the ground without too much blood on their clothing. She struggled to get the shirt off the uncooperative body, and then quickly put it on. A man's denim shirt, it hung well past her knees, and she fumbled with the buttons, her hands slick with sweat. She ran her fingers through her hair in an attempt to smooth out the tangle. Not exactly how she usually dressed to impress, but it would have to do.

She looked around, and for a moment couldn't locate Quentin. Then she spotted him, still trying to keep out of sight in the shadows. Jack was stalking him from behind.

She made her way across the yard, skirting bodies of humans and wolves alike, waving her arms wildly in an attempt to attract Jack's attention before he attacked. She realized she'd never marry Quentin, would never have been happy attempting to fit into the human world, but she still felt a fondness for the lawyer. He had nothing to do with this, and she couldn't believe his bad luck. The strays must have needed a lawyer for something and called him in. Hell, the last she'd heard, he'd still been out of town.

* * *

The frantic waving of Destiny's arms distracted Jack from his prey. She had shifted back to human form, and was working her way toward him through the middle of the brawl. He growled, his teeth clicking together in displeasure. He couldn't slide his thoughts into her mind when she was in her human body, and her human body was so much more vulnerable. Why the hell had she shifted?

He'd caught sight of Quentin, Destiny's wannabe boyfriend, attempting to sneak away while the strays kept Jack and his pack occupied. Suddenly everything had clicked into place and Jack realized who had set up this operation, and how they'd managed to keep it a secret. It even explained why the strays always seemed to be able to stay one step ahead of the pack. Quentin must have been using his relationship with Destiny to keep track of the pack's activities. He hesitated, torn between the urge to protect his mate and the urge to tear this piece of human garbage into bloody shreds.

Quentin made it a moot point. "Destiny, over here." The asshole gestured frantically, and Jack watched in horror as his mate actually ran toward the worst drug lord ever to set foot in his territory.

"Quentin, you have to get out of here! It's not safe." Destiny detoured around a motionless body to get to Quentin's side, too focused to notice Jack's frantic attempts to head her off.

"Come with me." Quentin threw a triumphant look over his shoulder at Jack. "This is insanity." He reached out and grasped Destiny, his fingers digging into her wrist.

"Ouch! You're hurting me." A look of confusion crossed Destiny's face.

Quentin dragged her up against him, dropping his innocent act. "Too damn bad." He laughed, the sound ugly and harsh. "Did you really think I didn't do my homework before I set this operation up? I can name every member of your pitiable pack, in human and wolf form. What a bunch of losers. You're all werewolves, for God's sake. You could take whatever you wanted, but do you? No! The fucking Alpha

makes cutesy little chocolates. He's never taken a human life, or used his abilities to get ahead. What a pathetic loser! So I decided to set up my own pack."

Destiny stared at him. "But you're not a werewolf. How could you even know we existed?"

Quentin laughed, and the sound was pure evil. "I'm a trial lawyer. I defend people, and they pay me. You didn't really think they were all innocent, did you? One of my less savory clients was a little short on cash, so he proposed a deal. At first I thought he was nuts, talking about werewolves and monsters, but he proved it. Then he led me to others like him who didn't mind a little violence, and we set up this operation." His eyes shone with madness. "Your pitiful excuse for a boyfriend isn't going to stop us. As long as I don't kill you, lover boy is going to do anything I say." He twisted her arm behind her back, and swung around to face Jack. "Isn't that right, Jack? You're going to be a good little doggy and call off your pack. Then you're going to let me and my little band of entrepreneurs take over this territory. When I'm sure you've all relocated somewhere far away, I'll send your bitch to you."

Jack tensed, seeing the blazing anger in Destiny's eyes. "You bastard! You can't believe you're going to get away with this." Destiny squirmed in his grasp.

"I already have." He twisted her arm a little more, a manic light in his eyes. "Haven't I, Jack?"

Jack sat back on his haunches, his head tilted slightly back. A deep-throated growl escaped his muzzle, but he didn't make a move toward them. He concentrated on sending reassurance to Destiny at the same time as he conveyed his intentions to Garret and Jeff. The two had been busy with the strays down in the barns and were just now heading up to the house. Sensing the distress radiating from their Alpha, they'd quickened their pace.

"See." Quentin nodded in Jack's direction. "He's not going to risk having me hurt you. I could kiss you right here and he'd sit there and behave like a trained poodle." A sadistic grin twisted his face and he dipped his head toward Destiny, keeping his gaze locked on Jack. Jack tensed in alarm, coming to his feet as she snarled

and spat in Quentin's face. "You bitch!" The lawyer wiped the spittle off his cheek and drew his hand back to slap her.

Jack fought the urge to leap forward and take the asshole down. In the time it took him to reach Quentin, he could easily have snapped Destiny's neck. He couldn't risk anything happening to her, he wasn't sure he'd survive.

From the corner of his eye, he saw Jeff and Garret break out of the woods. Keeping low, the two wolves crept silently up behind the man abusing their Alpha's mate. Jeff didn't waste any time, neatly inserting himself between Quentin and Destiny, deflecting the blow he'd aimed at her and breaking his grip on her arm. The larger of the two wolves, Garret, sprang on Quentin's back, knocking him to the ground.

When Quentin fell forward under Garret's weight, Jeff herded Destiny to the relative safety of their mates, patiently waiting to one side.

As soon as he knew Destiny was safe, Jack bounded up to where Garret held Quentin pinned to the ground. His wolf instincts urged him to pounce and tear the other man to bloody pieces. Quentin had threatened his mate, and the law of the pack demanded retribution.

With an almost imperceptible nod to Garret, Jack bounded off to shift. His wolf would go for a clean kill. He wasn't feeling that generous.

The shift came easily, years of practice giving him complete control of his body. He strode back into the clearing, and Jeff, who'd also shifted, tossed him a pair of pants. Jack pulled them up over his hips and zipped them shut.

Ignoring Quentin completely, he walked over to Destiny, pulling her gently into his arms. He needed to feel her, hold her, and assure himself she hadn't been harmed. He took her lips with a hungry urgency, letting her know how frightened he'd been when she'd gone to Quentin, his horror when the drug dealer had threatened to use her as a hostage. The kiss softened as she surrendered, letting him take what he wanted, giving him everything. Surrendering. He felt the knot deep in the pit of his stomach unravel, and he slipped one hand under her shirt to place his palm on her warm

tummy. He imagined he could feel his child resting beneath it. His mate and their child, both safe.

He kissed her one last time, then firmly put her aside and turned to face Quentin. He nodded, and Garret cuffed the lawyer across the back of the head before he released him. Quentin clambered to his feet, eyeing Jack warily. The brawl around the house had died down, with the strays lying dead or unconscious on the bloody ground, and the rest of the pack drifted over to form a loose circle around the two combatants. Jack could almost feel sorry for the doomed man.

“What are you going to do? Have your goons hold me so that you can kick the shit out of me?” The lawyer eyed the circle of wolves. Jack didn’t bother to reply. Bringing his hands up, he slipped into a guard stance and circled. “What’s the matter, you too stupid to talk to a full human?” Quentin brought his fists up awkwardly, holding them at an ungainly angle.

Jack snorted in disgust. The man did not have a clue about fighting. This wouldn’t take long. Quentin made the first move, jabbing awkwardly with his left fist and leaving his face wide open. Jack turned and let the fist slide past him, then jabbed with a quick left hook that connected solidly on Quentin’s chin. The lawyer yelped and staggered backward. Jack danced forward and delivered a roundhouse kick that struck Quentin on the side of the head. Before Quentin could react, Jack was back on guard.

With a bellow of rage, Quentin charged at Jack, swinging wildly. Jack smiled coolly. He delivered another upper jab. A left hook. A right jab. He settled into a rhythm. Punch. Jab. Kick. Sidestep. He timed his assault carefully, wanting to inflict the most amount of pain possible before he delivered a killing blow.

Quentin started to falter, blood streaming from his nose and mouth. He lunged forward, half blinded by the sweat and blood dripping down his face, and swung wildly with his right, landing a glancing blow to the side of Jack’s face.

Jack shook the hair out of his eyes and smiled. Time to end this. He pivoted to deliver a roundhouse kick, and then landed a reverse punch squarely on Quentin’s

nose. The cartilage snapped with an audible sound, blood sprayed, and the lawyer screamed in agony, grabbing his face with both hands.

Jack drove his foot into the lawyer's knee. Quentin's leg collapsed and he dropped to his knees, still clutching his broken nose. Jack stepped behind him and wrapped his arm around the man's throat. Using his werewolf strength, he gave a quick jerk. A sickening snap echoed through the yard, and a look of stunned disbelief crossed Quentin's face, quickly fading when his dead body sagged to the ground.

Jack paced over to where Destiny huddled with Diane and Katie. He pushed his hair back from his face, staring down at his mate.

She ran to him, throwing her arms around his neck. "I was so afraid you'd get hurt, Jack. It was like a nightmare, finding out Quentin was behind all this." She reached up to frame his face in her hands and placed a soft kiss on the tip of his nose. "I'm so sorry. I should have been able to see what a jerk he was. I would never have forgiven myself if you or our child got hurt."

Jack felt a slow smile spread across his face. He wrapped his arms around her and drew her up against him so he could bury his face in the glorious mass of her hair. "It doesn't matter, it's over." He inhaled deeply, letting the sweet smell of her penetrate to his very core. Garret cleared his throat, and Jack looked up, keeping Destiny in the shelter of his arms. "Let's get this mess cleaned up."

Chapter Seven

Destiny picked up one of the little chocolate prairie dogs and examined it. "This is amazing. It's almost a shame to eat it."

"Well then, don't." Jack plucked the little figure out of her hand and sat it back down on the tray. "I have an order for two hundred of those, and if you keep eating them I'll never get it finished."

Destiny licked a telltale trace of chocolate from the corner of her mouth. "I can't help it. I'm pregnant and I'm craving chocolate. What on earth is someone going to do with two hundred chocolate prairie dogs?"

Jack shrugged. "I have no idea. They send the order. I fill it. They pay me." He carefully pulled the next little dog out of the mold and sat it on the tray with the rest.

"Aren't you even the tiniest bit curious?"

"Nope. Once they pay me, they can do whatever they want with the little critters. No questions asked."

"What if I ordered a giant chocolate penis?" She let her gaze slide suggestively down his muscular body. "Would you ask questions?"

"No. I'd be afraid of you answering them." Destiny giggled, and plucked another little figure off the tray to pop in her mouth. Jack sighed. "You're not going to let me finish this in peace, are you?"

Destiny grinned and batted her lashes at him. "No."

He sighed again, but Destiny could tell he was struggling not to laugh. She slid off her perch on the counter and sauntered across the floor. "Since you disposed of my nasty boyfriend, it's your duty to look after my needs." She waggled her brows suggestively. "Care to guess what I need right now?"

Jack snorted. "Since you're not exactly being subtle, I don't have to guess." He looked over at the pot of liquid chocolate sitting on the warmer and his eyes lit with mischief. "A giant chocolate penis, eh?"

He grabbed the tray of chocolate figures he'd been working on and slid them into the cooler. "One giant chocolate penis coming right up."

Destiny watched, intrigued to see what he had in mind. He undid his jeans and skimmed them down over his hips, kicking them off in an untidy heap. His jockey shorts quickly followed, and his cock sprang free, rigid and ready for business. Dragging his shirt over his head and tossing it on the pile, he stood before her, gloriously naked.

Destiny swallowed hard, liquid heat already starting to pool in her tummy. "I'm not sure I'd call that giant." The word "enormous" came to mind. "And it's not chocolate."

"Well," Jack walked over to the warmer, "I think it's up to you to make sure the dimensions meet your approval." He picked up the ladle and held it over his shaft, his gorgeous eyes twinkling with mischief. "Think you can manage that?"

She licked her lips, wondering how she'd ever managed to get so lucky. Jack was smart, sexy, and would make a wonderful father to their child. Her gaze dropped to his cock. Make that their children. She doubted they'd be stopping at just one. "I'll certainly give it my best." Her voice came out a husky whisper.

She lowered herself to her knees, holding onto his muscular thighs for balance. Jack tipped the ladle, and poured a thick stream of dark chocolate over his impressive shaft. Destiny opened her mouth, darting her tongue out to catch the drops that escaped, sliding off his cock before they hardened. This chocolate had been specially treated to harden quickly when Jack removed it from the warmer, and she watched in admiration as it quickly encased his full length.

A giant chocolate penis. She engulfed the cockhead, scoring her teeth across the chocolate and cracking it away from the rest. Gulping down the sweet morsels, she sucked his shaft into her mouth, and took her time freeing him from his chocolate

prison. She loved the way he responded to her attention, his hands fisted in her hair to hold her close so he could thrust shallowly with his hips.

When she finished licking him clean, she took her time exploring, sliding her tongue along the thick vein running the length of his shaft, sucking and nibbling in turn while Jack clenched and unclenched his hands in her hair. Jack groaned, rotating his hips. "That feels amazing. You are damn good with your mouth, woman."

Destiny curled her tongue around the base and reached up between his legs to cup his balls. They were hard and tight, their cover of curly hair soft beneath her roaming fingers. She kneaded them gently.

Jack swore softly, pulling away from her. "As great as that feels, if you keep it up, I'm going to come down your throat, and that's not what I want."

He pulled her to her feet and led her to the living quarters behind the shop. He threw a wicked grin at her over his shoulder. "Time for some good, clean fun."

Destiny let herself be led, not sure what he planned, but willing to play along. The sight of his naked butt preceding her down the hall had her licking her lips. He had one fine ass, and the rest of him was infinitely drool-worthy as well.

Jack led her into the bathroom, and stopped in front of the oversized shower stall. Pivoting to face her, he perused her skimpy tank top and hip-hugging jeans. "You're a little overdressed for what I have in mind." He wrapped his arm around her waist and dipped his head to take her lips in a searing kiss that left her knees feeling weak.

Grasping the hem of her top, he pulled it up over her head and tossed it to the floor. Her bra followed, and he paused to run his tongue across the tightly pebbled nipples before he stripped off the rest of her clothes. Destiny giggled when he twirled the lacy thong around his finger before dropping it on top of the rest of the clothes.

He kissed her again, his lips devouring hers with a hungry urgency. He reached one hand into the shower stall and turned on the taps, adjusting the water temperature. "Ready?"

Destiny nodded, not trusting her voice. His giant hard-on pressed into her belly, and anticipation sent curls of heat racing through her. Jack stepped into the gentle spray and drew her with him, placing her in front of him facing the wall, directly under the showerhead. Warm water cascaded down her naked body, and Destiny lifted her head, closing her eyes to let it wash over her face.

"You are so beautiful." Jack's low voice sent shivers through her. Destiny opened her eyes. She'd been looking so hard for security, she'd almost missed what was right in front of her. Jack might not be on the Forbes 500 list, but he loved her enough to give her time to find her way to him instead of forcing her to accept him, as was his right as the pack Alpha.

Jack squirted a line of soap down her back and worked it into a lather, spreading it around to massage it onto her breasts and neck. He soaped her all over, pausing briefly when his palm slid over her belly.

Destiny pushed back impatiently, spreading her legs wide. Lust ran through her in ever-increasing surges, and she'd had enough of the foreplay. She wanted to feel his big thick cock stretching her sex wide when it slid in and out of her. She turned her head to look at him over her shoulder. "If you don't fuck me right now, I'm going to turn around and take you by force."

Jack chuckled, the sound rich and sexy. "Impatient, aren't you? Good to know I affect you that much." He held his hands up to the spray to rinse the soap off before he reached down and guided the head of his cock through the soft folds of her labia, letting it press teasingly at the entrance to her sex.

Destiny whimpered, bracing her hands on the wall in front of her. Jack thrust hard, and his cock slid deep into her slick channel, his balls slapping against her wet ass. Reaching around, he fondled her breasts, squeezing and kneading the tender mounds. He pinched one nipple between his thumb and forefinger and darts of lust raced from the sensitive tip to her core.

The feeling of warm water sliding over her soap-slicked body while Jack impaled her from behind sent her spiraling upward, lust and need building toward orgasm. Jack

pounded his cock into her slick channel. Faster. Harder. She could no longer tell where she ended and Jack began. She gloried in the union, holding the wonder of it deep within her heart. Her mate. Her family. Her child.

Wave after wave of sensation rocketed through her as her world exploded in a glittering rainbow of colors. Her slick pussy clenched around Jack's cock, and she arched back onto him. She could feel his hot seed jetting deep into her core as his own climax rocked through him. Her sex clenched repeatedly around his shaft, holding it deep within her, and multiple aftershocks ran through her.

Jack held her upright, his strong arms wrapped around her, holding her close and she collapsed against him, content to let him look after her. Slowly, she sank back into reality. She turned in his arms to raise her face and place a lazy kiss on his beloved mouth. "I love you."

"And I love you." He nuzzled the wet hair that clung to her throat. "You're mine. My Destiny."

Anne Kane

Anne Kane lives in the beautiful Okanagan Valley with a bouncy Jack Russell terrier, a cantankerous Himalayan cat and too many fish to count. She has two handsome sons and three adorable grandchildren. By day, she's a respectable bean counter, but after hours her imagination soars and she writes romances that span the galaxy and encompass beings of all sizes, shapes and origins.

She first started telling stories as a toddler and she just can't seem to stop. When she's not busy working on her laptop, her hobbies include kayaking, karate, hiking, motorcycles, swimming, skating, playing guitar, singing and of course, reading.

Website: www.AnneKane.com

Blog: www.annekane.wordpress.com

Twitter: www.twitter.com/annekane

Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/anne.kane.author>